

PANDORUM

by

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DEEP SPACE

A darkness like no other, a silence that is unsettling. Sharp pinholes of light show a sea of distant stars across the void of outer space. Our own motion is only realized as an enormous object slowly moves towards us, taking shape.

A SPACE SHIP of unimaginable size, a tubular freighter easily ten times larger than any aircraft carrier. At first glance it appears lifeless and adrift, but slowly the small glow of cockpit windows come into view as we move closer.

Moonlight cuts across the hull, displaying the name; EDEN.

BOWER (V.O.)

Where were you... when Eden was lost?
Like every other kid on my block, I was
in the middle of a dream, envious of
those who were chosen to be part of
mankind's greatest quest. Dreaming of
the unknown and trying to imagine what
only the lucky few would encounter.

We PUSH IN towards the cockpit windows and...

DISSOLVE THRU:

INT. COCKPIT (EDEN) - CONT.

Inside the flight deck it's ghostly vacant, rows of empty flight chairs and numerous guidance computers gently blinking. With half filled coffee-cups and jackets hung over the seat backs... it appears the control deck has been suddenly evacuated.

Muffled SCREAMS are heard somewhere deeper inside the ship.

BOWER (V.O.)

As the entire world watched in wonder,
there were only a few, skeptical of the
journey's success.

(beat)

Only a few... who would be right.

The further we move into the ship... signs of violence appear, smears of dark blood sharply standing out on the bright white paneling and several broken computer screens.

The muffled SCREAMS grow louder and clearer... an argument between men, panicked rage over-lapping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA slowly moves past a corner to see the middle of a violent confrontation. One OFFICER is locked inside a sleep chamber, banging on the glass and pleading with panic. Another OFFICER is on the floor, mortally wounded, his body still twitching with his head bashed in. The INSANE OFFICER, a young corporal is moving from terminal to terminal, typing in commands with a casual and emotionless nature.

Blood streams have run down his face from both ears and nose as he continues to type commands into the flight computer... heightening the trapped OFFICER'S muffled screams.

TRAPPED OFFICER

(in French)

STOP IT! STOP FOR GOD'S SAKES! PLEASE!
GOD NO!

The INSANE OFFICER hits the final command key and warning buzzers ignite with flashing lights. He closes his eyes, taking a breath of relief.

TRAPPED OFFICER

(in French)

STOP IT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS WILL
DO TO- YOU'RE NOT- STOP! YOU'RE GOING
TO FUCKING KILL US ALL!

The trapped OFFICER begins pounding on the glass with a crazed panic as the INSANE OFFICER calmly goes to his own sleep-pod and climbs inside, sealing the hatch.

TRAPPED OFFICER (CONT'D)

(in French)

PLEASE GOD! NO! NO GOD DAMMIT!

Control panels flash and hydraulics ignite. Like a row of tumbling dominos, each of the sleep-chamber pods shift positions with a SHUSH of hydraulics and then... they are launched with a ROAR of micro-jets.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP "EDEN" - CONT.

We're suddenly back into the unsettling silence as... like a bee hive that's exploded, thousands of coffin-sized sleep pods are ejected from the ship in unison. They are sent tumbling into open space in every direction as the ship slowly continues its unaffected course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The trapped OFFICER is seen SCREAMING in silence inside his own pod.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

We slowly float towards an asteroid field. As we grow closer it's the sea of sleep pods slowly floating through space.

BOWER (V.O.)

Where was I... when I heard we'd lost Eden? Just like every other kid on my block... I was dreaming... of being one who would be chosen to follow.

As we move closer to the asteroid field of sleep pods, it's obvious that time has passed, a single skeleton inside each of the pods, hands in a clawing position towards the glass.

We PUSH IN towards one pod, moving towards the SKULL, still locked in a SCREAMING position, wide mouthed and...

CUT TO:

INT. HYPER-SLEEP CHAMBER

A RUMBLE passes... EYELIDS TWITCH... A GASP.

Inside a coffin-size chamber, a dim glow of light seeps through a small glass porthole. A MAN is asleep, a mask attached to his face, tubes of liquid feeding into his arms.

CORPORAL BOWER, military physique, chiseled features. His chest lightly expanding, blood pulsating through his veins.

Lights FLICKER PAST and his body comes to life, muscles flinching, breath quickening. He squirms with discomfort, ripping away the mask. He gasps, trying to SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER COMPARTMENT - CONT.

His scream is muffled under three inches of glass. The hatch door is hit with a THUD and white gases erupt from the edges.

THUD, THUD... THUD! The door bursts open and BOWER scampers out, struggling to rip away the feeding tubes. He HITS the floor, naked and gasping. His pores ignite, dripping sweat. He tries to get to his feet, but his legs wobble underneath him, collapsing. He yells at the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER

Burns are red! Bruises... blue-

His voice echoes into the dark, alone in a cavernous room as he pauses, struggling for orientation. He gets to his feet, muscles twitching. His short-cropped hair is... pure white.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Hey...? HEY!!? Someone?

A constant low RUMBLE is present, joined by the occasional MOAN and CREAK of a large ship. A SHUDDER travels through the room with a random FLICKER of LIGHTS to reveal...

A massive steel compartment, tangled with technology. It's cold and institutional. High-tech computer terminals slope out of the floor. The FLICKER passes, taking us into black.

We hear him: fumbling through the room, switches are thrown with no result and compartments are pulled opened and...

SNAP! A glow stick comes to life.

He squints at his darkened surroundings with confusion. A drip of liquid catches his eye and he staggers back to his sleep pod. He grabs the dangling tubes that were ripped from his arm and he sucks on the tube, pulling as much liquid into his mouth as possible.

After a few heavy gulps, he suddenly heaves towards the floor. He painfully forces himself to drink, gasping.

He looks up to notice two sleep chambers next to his own. He leans closer with the glow stick to see the first one, the name plate reading; 2nd Lt. Cooper. It's EMPTY.

The third pod's name plate reads; LT. PAYTON. Deep inside there is the figure of a man, asleep under a mask.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Payton? Lieutenant... Payton?

He turns back to his own pod, seeing the name plate that reads; CORPORAL BOWER. Even this name doesn't seem familiar.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Bower? Bower...?

The loss of memory heightens his fear even more as a shiver travels through his body while he staggers towards a nearby computer terminal. He taps the keys on a computer terminal. Nothing. He frowns, leaning closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As he taps the keyboard, powder blooms out from under his fingers. He wipes the surface of the panel to see a thick layer of dust. Under the smear is...

Elysium - Flight Systems - Operation Terminal #87153-D.

He pulls focus to see... his FINGERS are trembling uncontrollably, an odd vibration of nerves. He slowly makes a fist with concern.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BOWER walks along a row of storage lockers reading each name plate. He stops at the locker labelled; Corp. Bower. He pauses, mumbling the name once again with no recognition.

BOWER

Bower.

He opens the locker to see an assortment of personalized belongings, uniform and gear, none of it seeming familiar.

He uses a towel to wipe off the layer of sweat and oily substance coating his body, pausing to see an identification tattoo on his forearm that reads: FLT>>005>>015.

He pulls on a black flight suit, emblems and military markings of rank on the chest. He pulls on shoes and a tool belt with a high powered pen-lamp.

On the inside of the locker is a emergency manual card with block figures displaying breathing and stretching exercises, labelled; Hyper-Sleep Disorientation Recovery Procedures.

BOWER (CONT'D)

(reading to himself)

...in the event of mild memory loss...
resulting from extended-

He freezes on... A PHOTO tucked inside the door. EVALON, a beautiful young woman smiling towards camera. He stares at the photo, his frown deepening with confusion. He checks the back for a name, but nothing. He tucks the photo into a pocket and exits.

DISSOLVE THRU BLACK:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER COMPARTMENT - LATER

BOWER waves his hand over a sensor... no power. He steps in front of a heavy set of steel doors, flipping several switches and... nothing.

CUT TO:

BOWER breaks open a storage bin, pulling out beverage packets and a cup, taking a seat at the control desk. With Evalon's photograph leaned against the console, he becomes lost in a gaze as he gulps down nutrient pills and stirs an instant coffee as we...

PUSH IN

There is a conflict in his eyes, memories trying to return.

FLASH CUT

An image FLASHES past, EVALON smiling as BOWER kneels next to her, gripping her hands.

BOWER'S gaze remains hollow, frown deepening as he sips the cup and... winces with disgust.

BOWER

Faa-uck!

Distant THUMPS. He pans the pen-lamp across the ceiling and toward the sounds... PAYTON'S sleep chamber.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP! Muffled and desperate. CRACK! Bower jumps back as someone kicks their way out from inside, the hatch bursting open. Out climbs...

PAYTON, a man in his forties, but the rugged physique of a man half his age, lean and agile. His military-style hair cut is also pure white. Gasping for breath, he hits the floor as BOWER tries to help him. PAYTON jerks with shock.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Whoa! Hey... easy! Lt. Payton? You're-
Sir... whoa!

PAYTON chokes and gasps, then glances up, giving Bower a once over with a frown and a sobering tone.

PAYTON

Who are you?

BOWER

Bower. Corporal... Bower, sir. I'm the-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7.

PAYTON
(not familiar)
Bower?

BOWER
That's right. You're waking from
extended hyper-sleep-

PAYTON
Corporal?

BOWER
Yes, sir. This is disorientation from-

PAYTON
Corporal... Bower.

BOWER
Yes. That's right, I'm-

PAYTON
Wanna get that fucking light out of my
eyes, pal?

BOWER
Sorry... sir.

PAYTON rubs his face with a frown.

PAYTON
Where... are we?

BOWER
We're aboard the Elysium. From what I've
gathered-

PAYTON
(not familiar)
Elysium...? Where are we?

BOWER
I don't... really know. There's no power
in the com and I can't even-

PAYTON
Where's the... rest of the crew? It's
our shift? Our rotation-

BOWER
I believe so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAYTON

Aren't they suppose to be here... to wake us?

BOWER

Sir... I don't know where anyone is.

PAYTON takes breaths, trying to regain his senses, glancing around at their darkened surroundings.

PAYTON

Hit the lights, will ya?

BOWER

Ah... we're having some power problems-

PAYTON

Who woke you up?

BOWER

Umm, not sure. It had to have been the flight computer. There's no one here...
(off his look)
...except us.

PAYTON

Cold in here.

BOWER grabs him a towel and water container, turning back to see PAYTON doesn't waste any time, stretching his limbs.

BOWER

There's no power coming off the main grid. Can't fire any of the...
(searching for word)
Dynos. Can't even open the doors.

PAYTON glances to the other empty sleep-chamber with a frown.

BOWER (CONT'D)

(off his look)

Our 2nd Lieutenant? I don't know where he is. It was empty when I woke up. None of the systems are on-line. Mainframe is down, so I don't know how or why it engaged independently-

PAYTON

Bower.

BOWER

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAYTON

Until I have two coffees you're just gonna have to repeat all this shit, so let's just idle here for a bit.

BOWER

Sorry. I just- Just glad to see you awake. I was... a little concerned. I didn't know what to do if-

PAYTON gets to his feet, stumbling. BOWER catches him under the arm as they stagger into the wall.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Easy... Lieutenant. Easy.

PAYTON

Coffee?

BOWER

I'm on it.

PAYTON

Good man.

BOWER helps him to the locker room as LIGHTS FLICKER past.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PAYTON staggers along the row of storage lockers as BOWER helps guide him with the flashlight beam. PAYTON pauses with a frown as he glances across the name-plates, none of them seeming familiar. BOWER gestures toward the locker, the name-plate reads: LT. PAYTON.

BOWER

This is you, sir.

PAYTON

How do you know that?

BOWER

It's... the name on your sleep pod, sir.

PAYTON opens the door to see his belongings inside, a photo of WIFE (MARIANNE) inside the door. He stares at it with utter confusion. BOWER takes this in, looking to the memory recovery card inside the locker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER (CONT'D)

It says that the memory loss is only
suppose to be a momentary loss that's-

PAYTON

Very reassuring. I guess when you gamma
the brain into extended REM, sometimes it
can take a while to get it back.

PAYTON pulls on his flight uniform and squeezes his feet into
his shoes. BOWER notices the identification tattoo on his
forearm, partially obscured from view;

FLT>>00... (obscured by grime, hair and angle). Unlike his
own, PAYTON'S tattoo is faded with age.

BOWER

I've been awake for at least an hour and
I still can't remember my... anything.

PAYTON

Listen, the last time I crawled out of a
hyper bunk, it took me... quite a while
to get it all back.

BOWER holds his frown as PAYTON squeezes his finger into a
wedding ring.

BOWER

What was... your last flight, sir?

PAYTON

(beat)

Don't recall. The Kuiper Belt Odyssey?
Don't worry, it'll come back, eventually.

PAYTON kisses the photo of his wife.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

I've gone through this before. I just
can't remember why I would agree to do it
again.

PAYTON goes to close his locker and BOWER motions with a
serious tone.

BOWER

Sir? I know this is going to sound
strange, but do you even know where we're
going? I can remember the training,
but... not the mission. Know the
procedures, not the... destination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAYTON
I figured you'd tell me.

BOWER
Didn't even know the ship's name until I
saw it on the console. For all I know
this was another damn training exercise-

PAYTON
Trust me, it's not. If this is a
simulation...

PAYTON notices both of their reflections off the mirrored
panel inside the locker... revealing their WHITE HAIR.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
Someone is taking the joke a little far.

He shuts the locker and they exit, the flashlight's beam
panning away, taking us into darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER COMPARTMENT/CONTROL DESK - LATER

BOWER and PAYTON are standing at the control console, the
screens flickering with distortion. BOWER hands him a coffee
and PAYTON takes a sip... with a wince of disgust.

BOWER
None of the activators are working.

PAYTON
Figures. We can ride two hundred
thousand tons of space freighter across
the galaxy without a dent in the hood,
but can't get one good cup of coffee.

PAYTON flips a few switches with no result of power.

BOWER
Without the mainframe, we can't connect.
I don't know how we'll ever be able to-

PAYTON is in his element at the control desk, flipping open
an emergency auxiliary-power panel. He snaps open a handle
and he forcefully gives it several rotations with a MOAN of
whirling magnetos. The hand-crank allows a dim glow of
electricity to the light panels.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Oh, I- didn't even think of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON gives him a look with a grin and flips a switch.

PAYTON

Payton on the com. Respond? This is Lt.
Payton of flight Team...? Shit-

BOWER

Five.

PAYTON

Five? How do you know that?

BOWER pulls up his sleeve, exposing his tattoo ID. PAYTON
nods, "good thinking."

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Lt. Payton of Flight Team Five. Does
anyone copy? Anyone... respond? Anyone
awake up there?

Dead static.

BOWER

Team Four suppose to be here for the
shift rotation. Where could they be?

PAYTON

Fucking teamsters. Maybe they couldn't
get to us.

BOWER eyes the third empty sleep-chamber.

BOWER

Where could he have gone?

PAYTON gazes off blankly. A RUMBLE of FLICKERING LIGHTS pass
and the computer screens slowly fade, going black.

PAYTON

The power systems must be free-floating
off blown circuits or something. The
over-ride grid won't even lock in.

BOWER

Whatta ya think?

PAYTON

I think we need to find a deck of cards
and call the union.

Distant THUMPS are heard overhead and they freeze... watching
the ceiling with uncertainty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER

Somebody... is up there.

PAYTON

Hmm. Ventilation... maybe. Systems keep re-booting after each surge. That could be anything.

THUMPS fade as the ship eerily MOANS and CREAKS.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

I say we get out of here. I'd rather be up and out then stuck in the trunk.

The room is blocked by the two heavy steel doors on either end, security doors ten feet wide. PAYTON leads the way towards one end, gesturing towards the doors.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

We're not far from the bridge but without the circuits locked in... I don't know how we could ever get this thing open.

As they approach, their flashlight beams pan across the door to see jagged chips and scratches all along the edges. Tools are scattered on the floor, the control panel ripped open.

BOWER

Jesus. Somebody was trying to get out.

PAYTON

Ironical. I think it was built to protect us.

BOWER

(gesturing to the third pod)
Well, he got out... some how.

A RUMBLE approaches... another SHUDDER that FLICKERS the lights. They watch the ceiling as BOWER counts in his head as it fades.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Cycle is broken.

PAYTON

What?

BOWER

It's not circuitry. Reactor timing is off-set in the core. Seems sporadic, but it's not. Each revolution decreasing before starting over from the beginning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOWER (CONT'D)

It's trying to reconnect, but it won't until it's reset.

PAYTON

How the hell do you know that?

BOWER

I dunno. I can't remember my own- but I know everything there is to know about that damn reactor.

PAYTON

The training stuck.

BOWER

And I know that...

Another SHUDDER approaches.

BOWER (CONT'D)

That's twelve revolutions, before recycling. And this one will only last-

As they watch the ceiling, their flashlight beams stop on a small ventilation shaft that's been ripped open. They exchange a look and...

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Their lights spill inside an endless steel shaft only a foot and a half in diameter, leading into darkness.

PAYTON

Now if we only had a monkey and a rope.

PAYTON climbs down as BOWER rotates his jaw with eagerness.

BOWER

Our 2nd Lieutenant must have gone this way. Don't you think?

PAYTON

Must have.

BOWER

It's the only way out.

PAYTON

I think we're better off... waiting here-

BOWER

For what? If the mainframe is off-line-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON

We're not going to be able to get to the bridge or even be able to open that door from the other side-

BOWER

But we can at least find out what's happened-

PAYTON

Do you remember just how big this ship is, kid? We don't know where that will come out, if at all-

BOWER

But, we can at least try to-

PAYTON

(soberly)

I can't do that.

BOWER

Can't do... Sir?

PAYTON

Listen, I have to take a handful of Doxitol just to get in the hyper-bunk.

BOWER

You're... claustrophobic?

PAYTON

I can take a lot, that's not one of 'em.

BOWER

(boldly)

I can take it.

PAYTON

(sigh)

Real boy scout, is that it? You get lost in there and you're a footnote in the flight report-

BOWER

You can guide me... over two-way.

PAYTON eyes him over with reluctance.

BOWER (CONT'D)

You know there's something wrong. How long can we wait in here before we have to try something?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER (CONT'D)
(gesturing to 2nd Lt pod)
How long did he wait?

Silent stare as a SHUDDER passes, flickering the lights.

BOWER (CONT'D)
What if no one else is awake and there's
no one at the wheel?

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They dig through compartments, collecting tools. BOWER puts on a boom-mic, clips the radio on his belt and tests the transmitter. PAYTON goes through a drawer of office supplies, handing him an ENVELOPE OPENER.

PAYTON
Just in case...
(off his lock)
...there's mail you need to open quickly.

BOWER tucks it into a zipper pocket and his photograph falls out. PAYTON watches as he tucks it back in and zips up.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
Wife...?

BOWER
Yeah... I think so.

PAYTON
Must be newlyweds. How can you forget
something like that?

BOWER
What do you remember? Anything yet?

PAYTON
Some pieces.
(eyes narrowing)
Still a little fuzzy but you're the cocky
little shit who wanted the window seat?

BOWER
And you're the cranky old bastard who
made me take the aisle.

PAYTON
Give it some more time, pal.

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

BOWER squeezes inside, pushing himself forward several feet as PAYTON peeks inside behind him. With one last look, BOWER holds the pen-lamp in his teeth and begins to crawl, pushing himself forward on his stomach, only several inches at a time in a rhythmic motion.

Grunt, slide, breath. Grunt, slide, breath.

PAYTON'S flashlight slowly fades from sight.

DISSOLVE THRU BLACK:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - LATER

Slowly the sound approaches...

Grunt, slide, breath. Grunt, slide breath.

BOWER'S pen-lamp slowly emerges and he pauses to catch his breath. With anxiety shown across his sweat coated face, he squints down the endless shaft.

BOWER
(gasping)
Dammit.

PAYTON'S voice crackles over the radio.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
How we doing?

BOWER
Nothing yet. Christ, not a single vent opening or- Nothing. How about on your end?

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

PAYTON is seated at the control desk, the light panel fading. He hand-cranks the auxiliary handle and then continues tapping the keys as they flicker with distortion.

PAYTON
Power surges keep coming across in longer increments, just like you said.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON (CONT'D)
I'm gonna keep trying to get inside and
run a dyno. Or at least try to get a
pizza delivered.

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CONT.

BOWER frowns as he squints down the shaft.

BOWER
Hey?

BOWER quickly pushes himself forward reaching an intersection
in the shaft.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Got an intersection here.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
What are the choices?

The light pans to endless shafts in each direction. He SNAPS
a glow stick to life, letting it drop down the vertical
shaft... silently into nothing.

BOWER
A whole lot of the same... nothing.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
If you're gonna take a turn let's keep
track. That way you can get back if
there's no way out.

BOWER
Don't say that.

BOWER lowers his head, breathing heavily.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
If you haven't seen anything yet... maybe
you should head back now.

BOWER sets his jaw and suddenly spots a SPIDER, gently
dropping down from a string of web. It lands and quickly
scurries away.

BOWER
(under his breath)
I'll be damned.

BOWER collects himself, a tightened jaw of determination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER (CONT'D)
I'm taking a left. Make a note.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Left it is.

BOWER turns the corner to follow the spider's path, the glow of the lamp slowly fading.

DISSOLVE THRU:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

A wall of monitors FLICKER, only offering a quick glance of surveillance cameras on the ship, images too quick and distorted to recognize but resembling empty corridors and vast cargo compartments.

PAYTON looks to the name plate that reads Elysium and a small emblem above it, a global shape with a spiral design.

PUSH IN

As he stares at the emblem, it seems memories are returning, a frown hardening on his face.

Distant THUMPS snap him from his trance and he pans his flashlight towards the wall.

THUMP... SCRAPE... THUMP.

He nervously pans his light slowly up the wall and across the ceiling. A shiver of uneasiness goes through him as he sits, trapped within the room alone. He tries to divert his fears, turning to the control screen, giving the hand-crank a whirl.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - LATER

Pitch black. Grunt, slide, breath. Grunt, struggle, breath.

BOWER pauses, digging for his lamp. He's soaked with sweat, eyes nearing desperation. Pipes are cutting through the shaft on both sides, making his crawl space even smaller and much more difficult.

BOWER
(gasping)
Payton?

Nothing but STATIC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER (CONT'D)
Payton!? Do you copy!? HEY!?

Finally...

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
(filled with static)
I'm here. You alright?

BOWER rubs the sweat from his eyes, anxiety increasing with his heavy breathing.

BOWER
I dunno. I dunno if I can- I can't tell
if I'm going in circles or- There's
nothing to- Can't breath-

PAYTON
Easy, pal. Breath easy. Listen to me-

BOWER squirms, pushing outward against the walls of the shaft with an increasing panic.

BOWER
I just want... to stand up for God's
sakes! Can't breath-

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Calm down. Listen, you gave it a shot.
Let's get you back here.

BOWER
Back!? Are you kidding- I can't turn
around! I can't even- Do you know how
far I've gone!?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Take it easy-

BOWER bangs the wall of the shaft with desperation.

BOWER
I just want OUT of this FUCKING THING!

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON is helpless, listening as BOWER is heard on the radio starting to FREAK OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON

Bower? BOWER!? Stop it. Stop it!
Just listen to me. Put it out of your
head. Stop moving and breath. Listen to
my voice-

BOWER (ON RADIO)

I can't... breath!

PAYTON

Put your mind somewhere else-

BOWER (ON RADIO)

Like WHERE!?

PAYTON

Well... this may not be the best time to
tell you, but I got the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

BOWER freezes in shock.

BOWER

WHAT!? Are you fucking kidding me!?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Yeah. I'm kidding you.

BOWER lowers his head with exhaustion and a chuckle.

PAYTON (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)

There ya go. Now just breath. Easy,
pal. Easy. We'll get you through this.
We'll figure this out together. Hear me?
I do remember something.

BOWER

What's that?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

My dream. On the way out. Real doozy.
There I was at the Rose Bowl game. Naked
and everyone was drunk but me. Spent two
years looking for clothes. Long fucking
Rose Bowl game.

BOWER chuckles, his breathing growing more steady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER

Dream like that, sounds like you've got
some... guilt issues.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Or just... clothing issues.

BOWER

Two years?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Huh?

BOWER

You said two years. You think we've been
asleep for two years?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

I do remember that being our duty
rotation and... if we're team five that
means we've been out for...

BOWER

(haunting realization)

...eight years.

BOWER pulls the photo from his sleeve pocket, shining the
flashlight onto Evalon's image.

BOWER (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

That can't be right.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

What can't be?

BOWER

Why would I leave her? I can't even
remember saying good-bye. Why would I?

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

PAYTON ponders the thought while gazing at the ship's emblem.

PAYTON

Well, you aren't here on default. This
was a select pick. This flight was...
different.

BOWER (ON RADIO)

Different... how?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON
We're not just doing speed laps on the
belt. This was something... special.

CLOSE UP

PAYTON gently rubs his hand across the emblem carved in the
steel, brushing away the layer of dust as his finger tips
TREMBLE. He pauses with a frown as a SHUDDER approaches...

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CONT.

The SHUDDER is felt inside the shaft, EVALON'S photo
trembling under the flashlight beam.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
I remember... being interviewed. My
mother seeing me on the news. This
flight was... like no other. We weren't
just pilots...

BOWER looks up, shining the light down the shaft as the
SHUDDER fades. He pauses to see small bolts protruding from
the wall, small pieces of ripped fabric and smears of blood.

PAYTON (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
We were... heroes. We were-

BOWER (INTO RADIO)
Someone's been through here.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
What?

He pushes himself closer, squeezing between pipes for a
closer look.

BOWER
Someone's been....

BOWER notices the droplets of sweat dripping off his chin are
rolling forward across the shaft floor with a frown.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Wait a second-

PAYTON
What's wrong?

BOWER
I'm... I'm at an angle! Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER panics as he begins to slide forward into a downward sloping shaft, clawing at the walls. The flashlight falls, rolling and sliding into the darkened abyss. He frantically tries to grip a pipe, but his hand slips, picking up speed.

BOWER (CONT'D)

No, no... NOOOOO!

He slides head first into a vertical drop, the shaft tightening like a funnel, crushing his lungs and SLAM! He crashes into a steel grate where his flashlight lays. It's a nightmarish head stand, his neck twisted with all his weight on top of himself, squirming with no where to squirm.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

BOWER!?

The flashlight falls through the grate and he watches in horror as the light drops, fading from sight, taking him into darkness.

BOWER

Aaaaairrrgh!

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON quickly leans toward the console, gripping the radio.

PAYTON

Bower!? What happened? Bower!?

All he can hear is the muffled, panicked struggle. The RUMBLE of a power surge approaches.

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

Pitch BLACK. BOWER squirms, twisting and heaving inside the steel vise deathtrap. GASP, GASP, GASP! And then...

The RUMBLE approaches. A SHUDDER that sends a domino effect of metallic CLANKS towards him from below. Small shafts of light break through as small vents open in the side walls. His fingers dig the envelope opener from his pocket as the RUMBLE fades, CLANKING the vents shut just as...

He stabs the envelope opener into an open vent. Metal bends. He begins to BANG his elbow against the vent, over and over.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Bower!? Answer me!

BANG, BANG... BASH! He breaks the vent and kicks until he's able to push his legs through, into darkness, scrambling.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON is on the edge of his chair, pressing the speaker to his ear.

PAYTON
Bower...!?

Through the static comes a HOWL of victory.

BOWER
I'm... out! I'm-

PAYTON breathes a heavy sigh of relief.

PAYTON
Jesus, don't scare me like that! Where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE BIN

BOWER snaps a GLOW STICK to life to see himself inside a small box-shaped bin, kneeling on top of dozens of BOOTS.

BOWER
I'm- I'm inside a boot locker!

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
A what!?

BOWER
I'm inside a God damn-

He shoves outward and the door SNAPS open. He falls out, flips through the air and SLAMS to the floor, an IMPACT on the radio sends...

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

A POP of static erupts over the speaker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON
Bower...? You alright? BOWER!?

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE COMPARTMENT - CONT.

BOWER painfully gets to his feet to see rows of storage compartments, looking up to the storage bin he fell out of.

BOWER
Make that an overhead compartment. You with me, Payton? I got out. Hear me?

He checks the transmitter, crackling with static.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

PAYTON adjusts the frequency with concern.

PAYTON
Bower? Do you hear me? Bower...?

Nothing but STATIC.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE COMPARTMENT - CONT.

BOWER digs into a storage bin, finds another flashlight and goes to a single paneled hatch. He flips the switch and ...nothing. His eyes quickly search for a solution.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE COMPARTMENT/CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

A panel is BUSTED open and BOWER jabs a pipe into the gap, forcing the door open. SHUSH... the hydraulic pistons ignite and the hatch slides open with an echoing... THUD!

He cautiously steps out into...

FOLLOW THRU:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONT.

His beam of light stabs into the darkness of the massive corridor. This is our first sense of the enormity of the ship, endless steel ribbed passageways that stretch in both directions as far as the light will illuminate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER (INTO RADIO)
Payton? You there...?

He cautiously ventures down the corridor as LIGHTS FLICKER past, getting a quick glimpse of just how incredibly far the corridors run. He steps up to an intersection of corridors, adjusting the frequency on his radio.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Payton? Can you hear me!?

Dead static. He sighs, looking down each of the corridors, all appearing identical and endless.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Which way is which?

He examines the piping that runs along the ceiling, checking the direction of the valves and guesses, picking a direction.

He walks to the edge of the next corridor and pauses with a frown. Glancing down the side corridor, fifty yards away, something is off. Within the symmetrical framing of steel, there is a rounded shape that is out of place.

He cautiously steps closer as the object takes the shape of... a MAN, standing at the edge of a doorway, head slightly cocked, peeking out.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Hey...!?

BOWER freezes, caught in a silent stand-off, the MAN'S motionless stare is unsettling.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Hello...?

A low RUMBLE approaches as LIGHTS FLICKER past to reveal...

The MAN'S face, hauntingly contorted, swollen features. The MAN is dead, hanging from a cable around his neck, naked and gutted like an animal, his feet hanging an inch off the floor. His face is brutally beaten.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Jesus... Christ. Jesus-

BOWER back pedals with fear and confusion as distant THUMPS make him quickly click off his light and he backs away, fading into the dark. His whisper fades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Payton...? Are you there? Answer me.

FADE THRU BLACK:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - LATER

PAYTON is pacing back and forth while switching his radio transmitter through the channels, one at a time.

PAYTON
Bower? You there?
(click)
Com'on, man. You there?
(click)
Bower!?

The familiar sound slowly returns overhead...

SCRAPE... THUMP... SCRAPE.

The "sounds" are heard, muffled and now closer than before. With the flashlight leading the way he explores into a corner of the room, tangled with pipes.

SCRAPE... THUMP!

Something is just beyond the wall, trying to get in. PAYTON back pedals, searching for any form of a weapon. He SNAPS the handle off a storage bin, wielding it like a baseball bat as he slowly back pedals to the control desk.

He continues his search across the radio channels, keeping his eyes toward the corner as... his FINGERS on the switch seem to be TREMBLING with more intensity.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
Bower? Can you hear me?
(click)
Bower? Answer me, God dammit.

DISSOLVE THRU BLACK.

INT. MESS HALL - LATER

SHUSH... THUD! BOWER forces open a single paneled hatch door and cautiously enters into an institutional style mess hall. Hundreds of lunch tables and chairs. Random SPARKS of light erupt from neon lights overhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he moves across the massive room, the neatly lined rows gradually become more dishevelled, chairs knocked over and unknown liquid dripping from the tables. Garbage litters the floor, a dim glow of light emerging from the galley.

He crawls along the edge of the counter and peeks inside the galley, horribly ran-sacked. In the midst of the wreckage, a darkened FIGURE is seen scavenging through the cupboards, angrily tossing empty containers aside.

The FIGURE pauses, sensing a presence and glances back as...

BOWER ducks. He contemplates, pulling out the envelope opener and slowly peeks back out and...

POW! He's HIT in the face, blood spraying, slamming onto his back. The pen-lamp and envelope opener spin across the floor. BOWER tries to get up and he's grabbed by the hair, a blade pressed against his neck.

A woman's voice growls into his ear, in German.

NADIA

Keine Bewegung!

BOWER

What-!?

He tries to look up and... CRACK! Instant swelling over his eye from a hit. She kicks the envelope opener away.

NADIA

(German accent)

Don't move!

BOWER

(dazed)

Wait a second-

NADIA

Don't you move MOTHER FUCKER!

She quickly pats him down, stealing tools. All he can see is her bare feet, blackened from oil. He frowns to see her toenails painted with bright pink polish.

NADIA, a torn jump suit, snarled hair hiding her face, skin smeared with oil. A beautiful woman underneath an apocalyptic smear of grunge. Her hair is pure white, highlighted with smears of oil.

BOWER

Wait- I'm part of the crew! I'm-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CRACK! A hit silences him and the forceful frisk continues. She pauses to see Evalon's photograph, throwing it aside. He grabs the photo and she shoves the blade deeper into his neck.

NADIA
DON'T FUCKING MOVE!

BOWER
I won't! Please! Just listen- I'm not-

NADIA
Take them off!

BOWER
What!?

NADIA
SHOES! I'll gut your ass-

BOWER
Alright, alright! Take it easy!

He begins to remove his shoes and the radio on his belt suddenly CRACKLES with activity.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Bower? You there-?

BOWER lunges and they go into a violent spin, crashing over a table. Dishes clatter, gasps and grunts... only glimpses of the fight through the flicker of light.

CRACK! BOWER'S hit, sent flying and he looks up to see her silhouette approaching, edged weapon in her hand.

BOWER
Stop! Stop it! Listen to me! Hold it!

She attacks and he frantically throws dishes and chairs to fend her off. She throws the blade, the blunt end deflecting off his forearm.

BOWER (CONT'D)
You crazy fucking bitch-

He wields the only weapon he can find... his shoe. And her attack abruptly halts, slowly back pedalling with fright. BOWER is confused, realizing her eyes are looking past him.

A BLUISH GLOW seeps in from the doorway, approaching from the corridor. He looks back to see NADIA is running for the kitchen... gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOWER (CONT'D)

Shit-

He ducks below the tables as a FIGURE slowly enters the room, carrying a long steel spear-like device with a splinter of blinding BLUE FIRE on the tip, fueled with a chemical sprayer like a welder's torch.

His obstructed view reveals the FIGURE as a tribal warrior, scantily clad, elongated muscular frames, pale skin coated in hydraulic fluid. Bald head with clumps of tangled hair. It moves smoothly and silently, jabbing the tip of the flaming device into each corner and crevasse, as if flushing out anything hidden.

BOWER (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

What the hell is-

The FIGURE quickly spins his direction and SNAPS a lever on the spear-device, killing the blue flame and taking us instantly into darkness.

BOWER holds his breath with fright, back pedalling on his knees as his eyes try to adjust to the dark. He takes an uneasy breath to realize... there is more than one.

Slowly moving out of the shadows, four more HUNTERS slowly emerge, like a unified pack on the prowl. They carry an assortment of crudely made weapons, spears and blades of sharpened metal.

The apparent leader of the pack is HEFLIN, the largest and strongest of the group and he directs the pack with an assortment of odd vocal sounds, deep HISSES from the throat and gargled CACKLES.

On command, the one HUNTER flips a lever and the BLUE FLAME crackles back to life with a burst of flammable liquid. The hunt continues, the pack weaving through the debris, following NADIA'S path.

As the BLUISH GLOW fades, BOWER is left bewildered and terrified. Suddenly, his radio sounds...

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Is that you!? Bower-

BOWER frantically flips it off as one of the HUNTERS suddenly turns back.

WEASEL, a small framed hunter searches the area like a hunting dog, sniffing the spot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

On closer examination, WEASEL is coated with war paint and decorative scars marking his skin.

BOWER POV

The only clear view is off an overturned bowl that shows WEASEL'S face, oddly contorted in the rounded reflection.

WEASEL is headed directly for BOWER until... a HISS from HEFLIN calls him back. WEASEL takes one last look before turning back, the torch fades from view, taking us into black.

We hear... BOWER'S breath, heightened gasps of fear as he begins to crawl away.

DISSOLVE THRU BLACK:

INT. OFFICER'S QUARTERS - LATER

Pitch black. Sounds of the ship surround us along with the occasional FLICKER of LIGHT. A whispered conversation between BOWER and the radio slowly comes into ear-shot as we find him, hidden beneath a console.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
(muffled with static)

...with that marking, she's got to be part of the passenger manifest. Possibly a glitch in the LFS support system, a breakdown in the main grid must have woken passengers, instead of the flight crew.

BOWER
But, why would she try to kill me!? She was going to slit my throat! And why would they look like that?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Look like what?

BOWER
You should have seen these guys. They were... a very fucked up looking gang. Why the hell would they be-- Payton, they were hunting.

BOWER gives himself a shiver as he fearfully checks over his shoulder, eyes shifting with fear.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Hunting!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER

They sure-as-shit weren't a welcoming party from the Promenade deck! These guys were... looking to do some damage.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Take it easy-

BOWER

We've got to try to contact the bridge.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

You're assuming there is someone on the bridge.

BOWER

You're not!? We're not the only ones awake. Team Four wouldn't go back to sleep without waking us for rotation. Maybe they're on the main deck?

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

PAYTON goes to the doors, coated with desperate scrapes and dents.

PAYTON

If they're in there... why haven't they thrown the security hammer into lock down? Seal and freeze it until the emergency units wake?

BOWER

Maybe they can't. With the systems kicking on and off- Maybe they're flying blind, with no control of the LFS?

PAYTON eyes the scattered tools across the floor and the ripped open ventilation shaft.

PAYTON

Either way we can't assume help will be coming. On-board or off. Out here, there is no rescue. There is no turning around. This thing wasn't even built...
...to return.

He pauses off the involuntary memory relapse, looking to the computer screens, taking in the thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER

What are you talking about?

PAYTON glances across the control console, nodding with more memories returning.

PAYTON

This is no regular transport. We're not out collecting data off the belt or hauling cargo... we are the cargo. It was a single launch trajectory for...

That's as far as his memory allows, his words trailing off.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICER'S QUARTERS - CONT.

BOWER completes his thought, in a daze.

BOWER

...Tanis. Planetary processing and population. We're a settler's vessel.
(haunting realization)
Elysium. This was a one-way ticket.

BOWER'S gaze goes distant as...

FLASH IMAGE

Another place, another time, BOWER leans closer on a bed, watching EVALON sleep. There is a deep love in his eyes.

BOWER (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

How could I have... left her? Why would I have done that? I loved her...

BOWER snaps out of his trance.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Payton!? Where is your wife?

PAYTON

What?

BOWER

We didn't leave them behind. No one did. They're on this flight! Remember the recruitment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER (CONT'D)
The fucking breeding tests- The wives,
the husbands- The- She's on this God
damn flight!

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON is remembering, eyes widening with the realization,
not completely at ease with the thought.

BOWER (ON RADIO)
They're here. Somewhere on board.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICERS QUARTERS

With a new energy of determination, BOWER crawls out of his
hiding place, panning the light to reveal the compartment, an
officer's living quarters. The room is designed in a
circular shape, angling up the wall at a ninety degree angle.
He quickly begins to search for tools and weapons.

BOWER
I've got to find her... before those
fucking animals do! I've got to-

BOWER ransacks the compartments, tossing aside items.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Try to think of where they would be? A
sleeping compartment for non-service
personnel or-

PAYTON
Hold it, hold it! Think about this for a
second-

BOWER
What's there to think about!? I
remember! There was thousands of
passengers that weren't part of the
development team. Families that-

PAYTON
No, listen to me! LISTEN! You know how
big this ship is and there's no way of
knowing exactly where- If you go on some
wild goose chase to try to find her-

BOWER
I HAVE TO-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON

And then we would be no closer to getting out of this situation with even less time to regain control of the ship.

BOWER stews, wanting to retort, his mind is racing.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Our job is to obtain control of this ship. Once we've taken control of the systems, finding them would be easy. Are you hearing me? We save the ship... we can save them all.

BOWER

But... how do we-

PAYTON

Where are you?

BOWER

(panning the light)

I dunno. Officer's quarters, somewhere above D-level, I think- I don't-

PAYTON

I can guide you. Find out where you are. Hatch marker. Over the door.

His flashlight finds one of the hatch doors and he climbs up the slanted wall to read the marker.

BOWER

D-71643-L.

PAYTON

Take it.

Climbing up the angled furnishings, he searches for any available weapon. He notices a mantel that displays several antique astrological and navigation devices. He spots an antique pistol. He breaks the glass, grabbing the gun, but it crumbles under his grip, falling to pieces.

He sighs, but pauses to see... because the furniture is angled, his light spots a hiding spot underneath the desk.

He pulls out a silver flask, bone dry. He reaches further, pulling out an unusually shaped weapon, much like a sawed-off shotgun with rounded edges. He snaps open the hand-crank lever and gives a forceful whirl. A slow MOAN of magnetos causes the weapon's lights to dimly come to life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He climbs upward to an open hatch in the ceiling as we...

ANGLE ON

In the foreground, there is a small fish tank, completely dry with a tiny fish skeleton laying on the bottom.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

PAYTON spins the hand-crank, allowing the computer screen to glow brighter. He quickly works the keyboard, pulling up a diagram of the ship.

PAYTON (INTO RADIO)

Alright. I'll lay out a path for you and see if we can by-pass the main security doors.

BOWER (ON RADIO)

Guide me to where?

PAYTON

Back toward the flight decks. Back to me.

BOWER (ON RADIO)

I'm not coming back to you. What good would that do? I can't open that door from the other side-

PAYTON

What chance have you got out there on your own? We'll figure out a way to breach the command bridge-

A power surge sends a SHUDDER and FLICKERING LIGHTS past...

FLICKER CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONT.

The same shudder of FLICKERING LIGHTS passes BOWER as he looks down the endless stretch of corridors, pondering.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Bower...?

BOWER

Listen... if you can get me to the reactor bay. I can... reset the reactor's cycle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
You know how to do that?

BOWER
(masking uncertainty)
Yes. If I can... we can take control of
the ship. Open the doors, lights, get on
the bridge. You got a better suggestion?

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

PAYTON'S fingers slide across the blueprints, jotting down
hatch numbers and markers leading to the REACTOR BAY.

SOUNDS are heard in the walls... THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

PAYTON is too focused on the job at hand to acknowledge them.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR INTERSECTION - LATER

The flashlight emerges from the dark as BOWER reaches an
intersection, checking the marker and gasping for breath.

BOWER
(gasping)
Third crossing. Marker D-5381-X.

PAYTON
Okay. Hold up. I don't want you to go
too far down that lane. Just catch your
breath and-

BOWER
(gasping)
I don't need a rest. Which way?

PAYTON
I don't know yet. Hold on-

BOWER backs to the wall, nervously scanning the corridor,
struggling for breath.

In the background a SHADOW moves at the end of the corridor.

Feeling uneasy, BOWER slowly backs into a nearby compartment.

FOLLOW THRU:

INT. INFIRMARY - CONT.

BOWER looks across the wreckage of what was once an infirmary, slash marks and battle scars from bladed weapons. Through the wreckage he spots... what appears to be a WINDOW. The haze of outer space and an odd-colored MOON are visible.

BOWER
(under his breath)
Eden.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON suddenly leans forward in his chair, memory sparked.

PAYTON
What did you say?

BOWER (ON RADIO)
The Eden.

PAYTON nods, memories returning as he mumbles the name.

PAYTON
Of all things to remember, why would you
pick that?

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY

BOWER climbs through the debris towards the apparent window, but it's pretty far up a slanted wall and he begins to climb.

BOWER
I'm just thinking, maybe there's
something we haven't considered. Eden
failed... because of ODS syndrome. The
one officer who was suffering from
Pandorum. Cabin Fever. Maybe there was
something similar with one of the earlier
teams-

PAYTON
No, no, no. You're talking about- Eden
was lost because of a mechanical failure,
simple as that. A systems malfunction.

BOWER pauses his climb, looking up towards the "apparent window", inside what appears to be a bluish moon, dotted with craters. He eagerly continues his climb, growing closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER

That was the report... but don't you remember the story of the one flight officer... the real story? They say he went lunar, launched the entire ship, five thousand people killed with the flip of a switch. All from a bad case of cabin fever-?

PAYTON

Spook story, along with a million others. Eden was mechanical failure, not human error. A glitch... that was remedied way before we ever-

BOWER

And why did they switch the rotation shifts from three years to two? And they eliminated the manual over-ride-

PAYTON

They did that for obvious reasons, not because of Eden.

BOWER pauses... within reach of the window only to realize it was an illusion. A glass compartment door left slightly ajar was reflecting a circular light panel, smeared with oil to give the illusion of craters. His shoulders drop in defeat.

BOWER

Well, at least we didn't wake up... floating away in a coffin.

PAYTON

(under his breath)
Who says we didn't?

BOWER climbs down, peering out into the corridor.

BOWER

Something happened to the other team?
Maybe there was... Pandorum.

BOWER looks to his own hand, cradling the weapon... his FINGERS gently TREMBLING. He makes a fist and shakes his hand, firmly grabbing the weapon.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Which way?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Left at the third marker. Two more levels down and we're there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER heads down the corridor, making a turn as...

ANGLE ON

A shadowed FIGURE steps into view, slowly following his path into darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON is lost in thought as he watches the computer screens slowly fade with power. He grabs the hand-crank lever, but pauses to hear the sounds are returning, muffled and distant.

THUMP, SCRAPE... RATTLE.

He turns his light towards the ceiling and wall, which almost seems to silence the sounds. The crackle of the radio snaps him from his thoughts...

BOWER (ON RADIO)

This can't be right-

PAYTON

What's wrong?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

BOWER is crouched in the corridor, panning his light down the corridor with shifting eyes of confusion.

BOWER

Have I done a circle or am I doubling back?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Why do you say that?

BOWER

I've seen this before. This-

We follow his flashlight to reveal... a BODY tangled in a wire snare. It appears to be the same dead body he witnessed before, but as he steps closer, it's different. This body has ripped clothing and isn't gutted.

It's... SHEPARD, a thin-framed man in a torn crew uniform, tangled in a wire snare wrapped tightly under his arm and around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER (CONT'D)
...a different one. There's booby-traps,
rigged to the-

SHEPARD'S eyes POP open wide with a terrified expression,
completely silent until BOWER sees him. BOWER jumps with
fright and SHEPARD wildly squirms, SCREAMING bloody-murder.

SHEPARD
AAAAEEEEEEIH!

His SCREAMS echo down the corridor, desperately fighting
back, like an animal caught in a trap.

BOWER
Stop it! Jesus, I'm not gonna- SHUT-UP!

SHEPARD
NO! PLEASE!! AAAERRGH!

BOWER hits him in the gut, knocking the air from his lungs.
SHEPARD crumbles, wheezing for air, going silent.

BOWER
(angered whisper)
I'm not gonna hurt ya! Just shut the
hell up! I'm gonna get you out of this
thing. But, you have to be quiet,
understand?

SHEPARD'S gaze is hollow and disturbed, deeply traumatized.
BOWER pulls on the wire that's rigged to the hydraulics of a
nearby doorway, SHEPARD moans.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Bower, you sure that's a good idea? He
could be-

SNAP! The wire snare snaps free and SHEPARD goes to the
floor gasping. BOWER kneels over him to help, but SHEPARD
erupts with a shriek, like a hyper-sensitive rape victim.

PAYTON (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
Watch yourself!

BOWER hesitates, the flashlight reveals SHEPARD'S
identification tattoo through the ripped uniform and blood-
soaked bandages. It reads; FLT//006//017

BOWER
He's... team six. The unit that's
suppose to follow us. He's-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As BOWER tries to wipe away blood, SHEPARD erupts again, trying to scamper away from his touch.

BOWER (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)
Quiet! I'm not gonna hurt you!

SHEPARD begins to moan, mumbling and weeping as he rubs circulation back into his limbs with nervous laughter.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Hey? You with me? You're gonna be alright. Hear me?

Squinting past the glare of the flashlight, SHEPARD notices BOWER'S clean uniform and the radio boom on his chin. He begins to weep, tears of joy and agony.

SHEPARD
Shepard, Thomas L. Team Six. Sector Eight. I think I'm the only one, sir. I knew it. I knew you'd be coming.

BOWER
Huh?

SHEPARD
Where's the rest of your squad?

BOWER
Squad? My Lieutenant and I were the-

SHEPARD
Where's the shuttle?

BOWER
Shuttle? What are you talking about?

SHEPARD'S expression drops.

SHEPARD
Aren't you the... retraction team? The rescue-

BOWER
No, no. Hold on. I'm from this crew. I'm from Team Five.

SHEPARD'S face goes pale, eyes going hollow. His demeanor slowly begins to shift.

SHEPARD
You... just woke up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOWER

Six... maybe eight hours ago. I had to
crawl all the way from the upper deck
through the-

SHEPARD seems bitterly impatient as he quickly begins
gathering his tools off the floor. His eyes watch the end of
the corridor, now he's in a hurry.

SHEPARD

So... you don't have a fucking clue to
what's happened? Is that it?

BOWER

That's what we're trying to figure out!
Tell me- what happened!?

SHEPARD

(chuckle of disgust)
You know as much as I do.

BOWER

I don't know anything.

SHEPARD

You'll fit right in.

SHEPARD feels along the pipes until he finds one leaking oil.
He vigorously begins to rub the oil onto his body.

BOWER

What are you doing?

SHEPARD

Get the scent off.

BOWER

What!?

SHEPARD rubs oil across his neck and then goes to check the
corner, wrapping a strap around his fist to secure a
screwdriver into his hand.

SHEPARD

I can't help you. I'm sorry.

BOWER

Help me? Wait a second-

SHEPARD

They go off scent and sound as far as I
can tell and they're a lot fucking
stronger and faster they you'd think.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHEPARD (CONT'D)

When they come... run. Don't look back,
no matter what.

BOWER

They- Who the hell are they!?

SHEPARD

I can't wait for you.

BOWER is bewildered as SHEPARD poised like a sprinter,
preparing to run.

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Bower, you tell this asshole the chain of
command and a direct order to-

BOWER

God dammit, WAIT! You're still an
officer of this ship and at present time,
your CO is ordering you to-

SHEPARD

(scoff)

Ordering? For your information, there's
a new CO on board. So fuck you and your
dress blue-

BOWER shoves him against the wall with force. Their struggle
freezes as distant THUDS are heard down the corridor. They
both look to see... the GLOW of BLUE TORCHES growing.

SHEPARD begins to tremble, backing away. BOWER sets his jaw,
stepping out into the corridor and slowly cranks the power-
lever... with a WHINE of magnetos, raising the weapon.

SHEPARD (CONT'D)

(terrified whisper)

That's not going to help you.

SHEPARD runs as BOWER hesitates, holding the gun towards the
GLOW that grows brighter, HISSES and CACKLES approaching.

PUSH IN

Fear over comes BOWER.

BOWER

Payton...?

PAYTON (ON RADIO)

Get the hell out of there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BOWER turns and runs, trying to follow SHEPARD as SHADOWED HUNTERS move past the end of the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. FILTRATION COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

BOWER has a difficult time trying to keep up as SHEPARD weaves through a compartment filled with filtration units and a maze of piping.

BOWER spots a clear path but BUMPS into glass. He realizes the compartment is separated by thick glass dividers. He changes directions and sees SHEPARD crawling through a vent.

He tries to follow as... a BLUE TORCH moves past the doorway, bare feet running across steel. A collection of HISS and CACKLES grow louder.

BOWER crawls under piping to hide. He notices the activation lights on his weapon fading... and he quietly tries to give the energy lever a few turns... but the WHINE seems too loud.

He spots SHEPARD twenty feet away, hidden behind a console. They exchange a look and SHEPARD angrily waves him away.

SHEPARD

(mouthing)

Don't follow me! I can't help you-

SHANK! A wire noose SNAPS tight around SHEPARD'S neck. Much like a pole and wire rig used to wrangle alligators, the wire is released from the rig and SHEPARD bursts into a wild frenzy, trying to run while on a thirty foot long leash. The wire loops and tangles around the piping as...

HUNTERS move in from every direction, blades whirling. SHEPARD'S SCREAM intensifies as the HUNTERS huddle over him.

BOWER viciously cranks the energy lever on the weapon and climbs out of his hiding place as... SCREAMS intensify within the brutal attack as the HUNTERS begin to feed. SHEPARD'S neck is twisted far enough to SNAP!

BOWER

Fucking bastards-

BOWER raises the gun towards the back of the lead hunter, only fifteen feet away. He pulls the trigger and rusted metal SCREECHES! Jammed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He panics, grabbing the gun with both hands, checking for a safety switch and... KA-WHAP! The weapon discharges a tremendous BLAST of energy off to the side.

-The weapon is designed to destroy biological and organic material, but for safety precautions, it's unable to penetrate man-made materials like lead, glass or steel. It's unable to puncture the ship's hull.

The energy blast is an electrical discharge that CRACKS like lightning and echoes like thunder. The blast HITS the side of the wall with a deafening RIPPLE of aftershocks, shattering anything fragile and knocking over anything not fastened down within a thirty foot radius. This little thing packs a punch.

The HUNTERS turn towards BOWER, the lead hunter turning to reveal itself as...

HEFLIN, a muscular-frame larger than the rest, skin glistening with a layer of hydraulic fluid along with tribal scars and distorted war paint. His eyes hidden under shadow. He slowly lifts his shoulders while lowering his head, much like the fluid motions of a reptilian predator.

BOWER frantically cranks the energy lever and raises it toward HEFLIN, completely unaffected by the threat. He squeezes the trigger and...

KA-WHAP! The gunshot is THUNDEROUS, HITTING the unseen glass divider between them. The safety glass absorbs the blast, sending a SHUDDER through the hull.

HEFLIN barely flinches, stepping closer with a HISS. Off his command, the HUNTERS take chase, swarming in every direction, searching for a route around the glass divider.

BOWER runs for his life.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

PAYTON jumps to his feet, eyes darting across the flickering monitors, gripping the radio.

PAYTON

Bower!? BOWER!? Answer me God Dammit!

All that is heard is GARGLED STATIC and PANICKED BREATHING.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONT.

BOWER is running like a madman, ricochetting off doorways and tripping over pipes in the darkness.

BOWER
They got him! They fucking ripped him
apart! They're-

PAYTON (ON RADIO)
Don't look back! Hear me? Just go! GO!

BOWER finds an open corridor and sprints as...

Blades SCRAPE across metal, Blue torches ROAR, HISSES echo.

BOWER gasps heavily, hyper-ventilating as he catches glimpses of HUNTERS on his trail and running parallel in adjacent corridors, closing in with unnatural agility and speed.

BOWER
(gasping)
They're everywhere! They're-

He runs through a doorway and a thin metal strip HITS him in the legs... SHANK! Wires SNAP and HYDRAULICS MOAN. Hitting the booby-trap at full speed causes the wire to rip out of the door frame and...

BOWER tumbles as the wire loops around his leg and he FALLS off the edge of a loading shaft, into an open elevator shaft that drops into darkness.

The wire tightens and he's swung by the foot back into an open corridor, two floors below, like a demented base-jumper. He SLAMS into the ceiling and spins wildly over the open shaft as his transmitter falls all the way to the bottom exploding on IMPACT.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

The radio STATIC instantly changes to a HISS. PAYTON looks to the meters... signal gone.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

BOWER grabs the wall to stop from spinning and frantically pulls on the wire around his leg as it rips through his skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER

Aaaargh!

Footsteps are heard approaching overhead. On the floor below him are his weapon and flashlight. He stretches for the gun... too far from his reach.

The flashlight is "on", illuminating the area. He pushes off the wall and reaches for it... fingers touching, but unable to grab it.

The GLOW of torches grows in the loading shaft and BOWER pushes off, reaching for the flashlight. Unable to retrieve it, instead he pushes it... into the open loading shaft. It drops all the way to the bottom as...

ANGLE ON

HUNTERS step up to the edge of the shaft, looking down to see the flashlight fall from sight...

ANGLE ON

BOWER swings back, grabs the wall and freezes.

ANGLE ON

The HUNTERS hear the flashlight HIT the bottom of the shaft and then slowly double back. Torches fading.

ANGLE ON/CLOSE UP

BOWER'S face fills with blood as he hangs upside down, trying to catch his breath. His grip is weakening as he looks up to see... a shadowed FIGURE crouched with a spear in hand, leering at him from the shadows, approaching. With no time to defend himself and no where to go...

SCREECH!

The cable is violently tugged from above, jerking BOWER upward, pulling him away from the wall. He spins wildly trying to grab back onto the wall as...

SCREECH!

The cable yanks BOWER upwards with enough force to hit the ceiling and swing toward the open shaft. His fingers claw at the wall as he's literally being reeled in like a fish. He sees the FIGURE charging with a bladed spear. He's knows he's done for and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SNAP! The wire is slashed, BOWER breaks free hitting the floor as the cable is jerked up and out of sight.

ANGLE ON

The silhouettes of the HUNTERS on the ledge, several levels above, inspect the loose cable and after a HISS, they turn back, fading into the shadows.

BOWER lays on his back, squirming in the tangled wire as the FIGURE hovers over him, spinning a bladed weapon in his hand.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Please... don't- Please, listen-

The FIGURE slashes BOWER'S sleeve, rips away the fabric and looks at his identification tattoo.

BOWER quits squirming as the FIGURE leans closer into the light with a curious frown.

TANAKA, a Japanese man in ripped and modified clothing. Unlike the awkward gauntness of the HUNTERS, he has a full-framed, hard-edged physique and soft brown eyes.

TANAKA
Japanese- No Subtitles

BOWER
What...?

TANAKA
Japanese- No Subtitles

BOWER
I don't understand. I- I don't speak-

TANAKA jabs a finger into the emblems on BOWER'S uniform.

TANAKA
Japanese - No Subtitles

BOWER
I'm sorry. I don't- Do you... speak English?

TANAKA
Japanese- No Subtitles

They share a nod and an awkward silence, BOWER still eyeing the razor sharp weapon in his hand and not wanting to move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOWER

Thanks. Thanks for... that.

TANAKA is dead pan. BOWER flinches as TANAKA picks up the energy gun and then... flips it over, handing it back to him. BOWER cautiously accepts as he climbs to his feet.

TANAKA

Japanese- No Subtitles

BOWER

I'm sorry. I don't...

TANAKA

Japanese- No Subtitles

BOWER

I don't know what you-

TANAKA jabs the emblem on his uniform and presents his own identification tattoo that reads: AGR//812//673.

TANAKA

(matter of factly)

Japanese - No Subtitles.

BOWER

You're with... agriculture!? Jesus...
Listen, I'm not-

TANAKA jabs the emblem on BOWER'S chest, taps his tattoo.

TANAKA

(bluntly)

Japanese- No Subtitles

BOWER

Yes! I know! I'm with the flight crew!
But, I don't know what's happened! I
can't-

Another jab.

BOWER (CONT'D)

(bitterly)

I'M NOT IN CHARGE HERE!!

Realizing louder doesn't mean clearer, BOWER sighs at his own idiocy. TANAKA nods, but with obviously no clue what was just said. They stare at one another in silence.

TANAKA hands him a flashlight. BOWER does his best charades, gesturing to himself and pointing to the ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOWER (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm going to find out what went wrong... with the ship.

TANAKA

Shhee-ip?

BOWER

Yes, I'm going to the reactor to try to-

TANAKA

Ree-actoh?

BOWER

Right. It doesn't really matter- You should stay put. Or go back to your compartment sector- Wait for the security systems to engage. Okay? We're gonna take care of this problem.

Dead pan.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Okay?

BOWER slowly backs away and TANAKA follows. BOWER stops, eyeing his numerous bladed weapons.

BOWER (CONT'D)

No. Listen, you should stay. Wait here... for the systems to- Alright? Stay!

TANAKA frowns as BOWER backs away, gesturing. BOWER reaches the next intersection and looks back. TANAKA is gone. He continues down the corridor as LIGHTS FLICKER past.

FLICKER THRU:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - LATER

BANG! BANG! BANG!

PAYTON is coated with sweat, viciously pounding on the locked doors with a heavy pipe. It's obviously having no effect and he collapses with exhaustion and frustration.

PAYTON

GOD DAMMIT!

He lowers his head and slowly... the "SOUNDS" return.

RATTLE.. SCRAPE... THUMP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Like a dripping faucet of annoyance, PAYTON bitterly turns his flashlight quickly towards the corner. Wielding the heavy pipe, he cautiously approaches.

SCRAPE... RATTLE.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
WHO'S THERE!?

SCRAPE... THUMP.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

His flashlight pans up the wall to the ventilation shaft.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
Bower...? That can't be... you-

The SOUNDS remain muffled, deeper within the wall, possibly from inside the ventilation shaft.

PAYTON contemplates, eyes panicked. He climbs up the wall and wedges the panel cover over the shaft opening, jamming it closed with a screwdriver. He backs away, gripping the weapon, ready for anything. He tries to control his breathing as he sits... watches... and waits.

THAP.

A blood droplet hits the floor by his feet and PAYTON wipes blood off his nose with confusion and a nervous frown.

DISSOLVE THRU BLACK.

INT. REC ROOM - LATER

A pin-point of light appears at the end of a circular tunnel. Slowly the light grows as BOWER approaches and cautiously steps through a doorway and into...

A rec room with several rows of pool tables, video games and a ran-sacked bar. The floor is heavily littered with broken glass and BOWER wipes his finger across a wet surface on the bar, tasting it with an eye brow raised.

BOWER
(to himself)
Open bar. Gotta be... E-deck?

He climbs over the bar, checks numerous cabinets only to find more broken glass and emptied containers. About to give up, he pops open the last cabinet and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POW! A FIGURE lunges out, a direct HIT under his jaw sends him backwards over a table. The FIGURE jumps on top of him, jabbing a blade toward his neck. He grabs the wrist just as the tip begins to dig into his throat.

BOWER (CONT'D)
AAAAARRRRGH!

A quick struggle ensues and just as BOWER is about to be sliced open... CRACK! The ATTACKER is HIT and sent flying.

TANAKA has come to his rescue, twirling a pipe across his palms. The ATTACKER rolls to her feet to reveal... NADIA. She snatches a pool ball off the table and throws it directly into TANAKA'S chest.

TANAKA
UUUGH!

She rolls across the floor, grabbing her knife and... BOWER BLINDS her with his flashlight, raising the gun with a quick whirl of the energy lever, laser sights flaring brightly.

BOWER
HOLD IT!

BOWER ducks as a broken bottle WHIZZES past his face, smashing against the wall. He raises the gun and...

KA-RAAAACK! A deliberate warning shot goes past NADIA and HITS the bar, SHATTERING every piece of glass that's near by and NADIA and TANAKA are both blown off their feet.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Knock it off! Both of ya!

TANAKA and NADIA slowly recover, both quickly try to find their weapons on the floor.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Listen... nobody needs to get hurt here.
Both of you just... cool out. And stop
throwing that shit.

Her eyes dart with uneasiness as she finds her knife.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Let's all just... go easy here. I
understand it's been every man for
himself around here lately, but if we're
going to get out of this- A little God
damn solidarity wouldn't hurt.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER (CONT'D)
We can work together here. We all want
the same thing... right?

NADIA remains poised, ready to fight, knife raised. Sighing
with defeat, BOWER gestures, hands raised as he motions for
TANAKA and they slowly back towards the door.

BOWER (CONT'D)
(motioning to Tanaka)
Thanks... again.

TANAKA motions toward the emblem on his uniform and gestures
to himself.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah. I get it. We can work
together on this, right?

TANAKA grins.

BOWER (CONT'D)
As long as we understand each other.

They head out of the room as... NADIA watches from the
shadows with a curious frown.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

BOWER and TANAKA head down the corridor, both of them
checking their backs as they come to a sealed doorway.
TANAKA is still wincing, rubbing his chest with pain.

TANAKA
(bitterly)
Japanese- No Subtitles

BOWER
Yeah... well no sympathy here. She left
me with a few sore spots too, pal.

They both go to work, attempting to wedge the door open with
pipes. BOWER looks back to see... NADIA. They back pedal
with weapons in hand and NADIA is unaffected, watching them
with a frown.

BOWER (CONT'D)
Listen, lady. We don't want any-

NADIA
(soberly)
Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER
Huh?

NADIA
You're... part of the flight crew?

BOWER
Yeah. I'm... a corporal, I'm-

NADIA
I didn't think there was any flight crew left. What's happened to us?

BOWER
That's what I'm trying to figure out. Malfunction of some sort-

NADIA
Gee, you think? Where are you going?

BOWER
I'm heading for the reactor bay.

NADIA
You just wake up?

BOWER
Just joining the program already in progress, yeah.

She eyes him over and TANAKA keeps the pipe raised.

NADIA
You'll never make it.

BOWER
Oh yeah? And why is that?

NADIA
You're going the wrong direction.

She grimaces and turns, heading back up the corridor. BOWER and TANAKA exchange a look. BOWER chases after her.

BOWER
Hey? Wait a second- HEY?

NADIA
SSSSH! Keep it down-

BOWER
Hold on. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADIA

Nobody.

BOWER

Wait- Can't join the team without a name.

NADIA

Team? Why would I want to join?

BOWER

Because I need you to show me the way.

NADIA

To the reactor? No thanks. Don't like going that far down. No one ever comes back.

She continues up the corridor and BOWER grabs her arm. She yanks away from his touch, squaring off, weapon in hand.

BOWER

Hold on. Please- There's not much time left before we lose everything onboard. You understand what I'm trying to-

NADIA

Do you know where this ship is headed?

BOWER

I'm working on it.

NADIA

Can you fly it?

BOWER

Huh?

NADIA

Can you fly it... if you have to?

BOWER

(not sure)

Sure.

NADIA eyes him over, sizing him up.

NADIA

I'll get you as close to it as I can. But, I won't wait for you.

BOWER nods with a frown and she heads up the corridor. BOWER and TANAKA watch on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TANAKA
Japanese- No Subtitles.

BOWER
My thoughts exactly.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR ATRIUM - LATER

LIGHTS FLICKER past as...

NADIA leads them down a long corridor that widens into an atrium of shafts going into the darkness in every direction. The further their lights pan across the shafts... a strange assortment of odd colored algae and moss is revealed growing up the walls of the shafts.

TANAKA keeps a watchful eye as BOWER frowns at the surroundings.

BOWER
You know where you're going? This
doesn't... "feel" right.
(no response)
How long have you been awake?

NADIA
Don't know. There's no way to tell time
in here. Two... maybe three months.

BOWER
MONTHS!?

His voice echoes across the cavernous atrium and she glares.

NADIA
Quiet! You wanna get us killed!?

BOWER
(whisper)
How could you have- You telling me
people have been running around on board
for several months!?

NADIA
Longer. I wasn't the first one up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGH ANGLE

Their flashlight beams continue across the enormous room like two small searchlights. She leads them down into a side shaft, their lights fade from view.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO-LAB VAULT DOOR ENTRANCE - LATER

NADIA stops at the foot of a large steel door, gesturing for them to crouch in the shadows, watching the corridor.

BOWER

Where are we going? What are we doing-

NADIA

Shush! We're waiting.

BOWER

Waiting for what-?

NADIA

Quiet!

At the far end of the corridor, a faint BLUISH GLOW grows stronger. Shadows are moving, growing closer.

BOWER

Shit-

NADIA gestures for them to stay put. TANAKA wants to leave, but BOWER grabs his shoulder. They both grip weapons, glancing to NADIA as the HUNTERS seem to be headed their way.

BOWER (CONT'D)

We can't-

NADIA

Sssst!

The HISS and CACKLES of the HUNTERS grow closer and it seems they're shortly going to be cornered and done for until...

A SHUDDER is felt, a FLICKER of LIGHTS approaching. She goes to a control panel, holds down a switch and presses her palm across a scanner.

As the power SURGE passes, the control panel activates, scanning her hand and the steel door activates with a MOAN of hydraulics. BOWER notices her ID tattoo; BIO-T>>218>>076.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SHUDDER passes, killing the power and the door stops... open only a half foot. She squeezes through and BOWER and TANAKA quickly follow. They help her push it shut, sealing the lock with a CLANK.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO-LAB VAULT - CONT.

NADIA secures the lock on the door and jams a pipe in the handles, her own added insurance.

BOWER

Who are they? What the hell are those things?

NADIA

(shaking her head)

Never quite felt like sticking around to find out. Running... is always the best option. Believe me.

BOWER

They're not- They can't be from this ship. They don't seem... human. Do you think something got on board or maybe something...

He turns to follow her and pauses to see...

The BIO-VAULT. A large lab storage compartment that has been "lived-in" for a long time. A bed has been created from assorted chair cushions and there is a collection of scavenged items. NADIA adds to the items, dumping the belongings of her bag onto the floor.

BOWER is in awe as he approaches an entire wall of glass test tubes, a maze of micro-biological containers, glimmering with condensation.

BOWER (CONT'D)

What is... all this?

NADIA

Ecological Development, Embryonic Charter. Livestock and wildlife re-population.

The rows of glass tubes are labelled, ranging from mountain goats to octopi, everything a new world would need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA checks a few gauges on the wall of tubes and makes adjustments on the monitoring system. He senses her meticulous care for the material.

BOWER

You've been living in here? You're... protecting it?

NADIA

It seems to be the only living thing left on this ship worth protecting. Regardless of the situation, we still have a mission. We've only lost about thirty percent of the specimens, mostly reptilian class. Never was big into snakes anyway.

BOWER doesn't share the attempt at humor, wandering towards a darkened digital screen on the wall, displaying a charted graph of the new planet, TANIS.

BOWER

(under his breath)
Tanis.

NADIA

(off his look)
You couldn't remember?

BOWER

No, I- I didn't remember just how far away it is... until now. This was a hundred and twenty-three year flight.

NADIA begins to gather a few items shoving them into a bag. TANAKA leans closer to the glass display with fascination, tapping the tubes to see movement inside.

BOWER (CONT'D)

How could I have forgotten that?

NADIA

It comes only in pieces. Even after a few months. I know everything about this vault and its systems... but I still can't remember where I grew up. Or my brother's name. Only pieces... And the training comes back first. For good reason, I guess.

BOWER eyes the darkened computer terminals, portions of the consoles coated in algae.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER

How could we have become like this... in
only eight years?

NADIA ponders the thought, rotating her jaw. She digs into
her supplies and tosses him a small block of orange material.

BOWER (CONT'D)

What is this?

NADIA

Dehydrated meatloaf. House special. I
save 'em for the weekends.

BOWER sniffs it with a sneer and tries to break off a
piece... hard as a rock.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Do you know how long it would take to
turn dehydrated meatloaf into that?

BOWER

How long?

NADIA

I don't know, but it takes more than a
couple years to turn coal into fucking
diamonds.

BOWER

You think we've over slept?

NADIA

This ship was built to outlast our
children's children... and any engineer
could tell ya the warranty is running
out. I think we've been asleep longer
than you may think.

BOWER tosses the orange brick to TANAKA and he sniffs it with
a grin, breaking off a piece. NADIA finishes gathering tools
and she slings the bag over her shoulder, "ready to go".

BOWER

Do you have a radio?

NADIA

(shaking her head)
Who the hell is there to call?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOWER
I'm not the only flight crew officer
awake. We're not in this alone.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - LATER

PAYTON is asleep, seated on the floor, back to the wall. He
is awoken by...

RATTLE... THUMP, THUMP!

He instantly grips the pipe and turns on the flashlight. The
"SOUNDS" are closer then ever before as something is heard
crawling towards the panel in the ventilation shaft.

ANGLE ON/CLOSE UP

A vent panel lightly RATTLES, the metal begins to bend.

PAYTON
You want in? Come and get it you fu-

The screwdriver SNAPS and the panel hits the floor. PAYTON
raises the pipe, preparing to fight and... A desperate gasp
is heard from inside the shaft.

GALLO (O.S.)
Help... me!

PAYTON pauses, angling the light inside to see... GALLO, a
young flight officer, boyish innocence, short-cropped hair,
heavily coated in sweat, desperation in his eyes. His hair
is dark brown, the only person without pure white hair.

PAYTON
Who the hell... are you!?

GALLO is tightly wedged inside the shaft, squirming to crawl
out, trembling with fear and exhaustion.

GALLO
Help me- I'm part- of the flight crew!
I'm- Please- HELP ME!

PAYTON oddly hesitates... before lowering the weapon. He
digs into the shaft grabbing GALLO'S hand, pulling him out.

GALLO collapses onto the floor, crumbling into a fetal
position, naked. His hands are locked in claw-like grips,
trembling uncontrollably. His gasps are rapid and unsteady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON

Easy... Easy. You're all right.

PAYTON runs to grab a towel and water. As he turns back he notices GALLO'S hip and legs are sprayed with dried blood. PAYTON kneels over him and GALLO spasms from his touch.

GALLO

AAAARRRGH!

PAYTON

EASY! I'm here to help you!

PAYTON lifts the bottle to his lips, but the water runs down his face, GALLO is frozen in shock.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Com'on. Try to drink a little. Here.

GALLO is unresponsive, wide eyes locked in a trance.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

What's your name? Huh? Can you hear me?

GALLO

(mumbling)

Gallo.

PAYTON

What's that? Gallo...?

PAYTON frowns, mumbling the name with a hint of recognition.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Corporal... Gallo?

GALLO

(trembling)

Yes, sir.

PAYTON

Where did you come from, Gallo?

GALLO

The... bridge.

Saying the words seems to send him into a terrified trance.

PAYTON

The bridge!? Where are we? What's happened? Can you tell me-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The more PAYTON inquires, the more GALLO begins to unravel, emotionally. His eyes widen with terror, breath quickening.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Corporal?

GASP, GASP, GASP...

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Tell me... what happened?

GALLO is hyper-ventilating, eyes wide with terror. A droplet of blood slowly builds in his nostril, refusing to drip. A low whine is heard in his throat as... LIGHTS FLICKER past.

FLICKER CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - LATER

A hatch is broken open and BOWER'S flashlight beam peers into a ventilation shaft. Twenty feet inside the shaft the walls are collapsed, blocking passage. NADIA sighs with dread.

NADIA

We can't get through this way.

BOWER

I'd prefer to stay on foot.

NADIA

It's the safest way to travel. And there's only one other way to get through that I know of.

BOWER

And what is that?

CUT TO:

INT. PERSONNEL SLEEP CHAMBER/MAIN CORRIDOR - LATER

Light breaks through as our gang wedges open a door, all sneering in unison when hit by an odor.

BOWER

Where are we?

NADIA

Main corridor. Hyper-sleep chamber, Personnel. Keep your light down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leads the way along the wall and into a compartment of unimaginable size, fifty foot high steel walls that channel through the room. The walls are lined with hundreds of sleep chambers, stacked ten high on either side.

They round a corner into the main atrium to see dishevelled equipment and smashed control consoles, scarred from battle. Old blood stains are worn deeply into the floor.

BOWER

Jesus...

As they venture deeper inside they see numerous sleep-chambers, open hatches and empty. The further they move along the wall, more and more empty pods, too many to count.

BOWER (CONT'D)

My God. They're... empty. They're all-
Where the hell is everyone?

NADIA

Keep quiet.

As the dozens and dozens of nameplates move past his flashlight, BOWER pauses.

BOWER

Wait a second. My wife-

NADIA

Keep moving.

BOWER

No, wait. My wife could be in here.

BOWER'S focus completely shifts, turning towards the pods, reading name plates.

NADIA

What does she do? What's her specialty?

BOWER

She's not part of the crew, but spouses
were brought with. I remember there were-

NADIA

Then she's not in here. This is
development settlers. Engineers.

NADIA quickly continues as BOWER tries to keep up.

BOWER

Do you know where the family members are-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADIA
(growl)
Quiet!

They look to see TANAKA has fallen behind, crouched and peering off towards the dark. He's poised like a dog on the prowl that's caught a bad scent. They crouch and crawl to the adjacent corner.

BOWER
I don't see what he's looking at, do you?

NADIA
We have to keep moving. We don't want to stay out in the open for too long. Especially in here.

BOWER
(to Tanaka)
Hey...? Let's go!

Distant THUMPS are heard somewhere in the room and they tighten up with their weapons, eyes scanning. TANAKA refuses to look away, poised like a hunter.

NADIA
We can't stay here!

NADIA heads across the main floor and BOWER tries to wave him on, but TANAKA is locked onto something, refusing to waver.

BOWER
Let's get out of here! Com'on-

The THUMPS grow louder and TANAKA heads into the shadows. BOWER hesitates, turning to follow NADIA through a barricade of dishevelled equipment, leaving TANAKA behind.

CUT TO:

INT. PROCESSING DOCK -CONT.

BOWER emerges from the barricades into a processing center for loading passengers, darkened and in shambles. NADIA is scanning the corridors ahead, choosing her path as BOWER rushes to catch her.

BOWER
We can't just leave him. We have to wait-

NADIA
Then you wait... and find your own way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER

We can't split up the team, it's all we've got-

NADIA

I told you I'm not going to wait. I'm not gonna get myself killed for-

BOWER

The guy saved my life twice already. I'm not gonna leave him-

NADIA

What do you think he's doing in there!?

BOWER

How the hell should I know-

NADIA

He's hunting! Bagging the next notch on his belt. You wait for him! Good luck.

NADIA quickly heads deeper into the room and down a darkened and narrowing tunnel. BOWER hesitates with frustration. Having to choose, he turns and chases after NADIA.

They crawl through a maze of machinery and NADIA'S pace is difficult for BOWER to keep up.

BOWER

Wait! I'm coming-

There's a CRUNCH under his foot. He lowers his light, picking up a small white object. He brings it closer to the light to realize it's... A HUMAN FINGER BONE.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Jesus!

NADIA turns toward him to see...

REVERSE ANGLE

Behind BOWER is a massive stack of human skeletons and carcasses. They've just crawled into a pit of human remains.

They both back away with horror only to see a mountain of carcasses on both sides. The only route is upward and they begin to crawl up the slope on their bellies, over dead remains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER (CONT'D)
(horrificed)
My God! Wait- Where are we going!?

NADIA suddenly grabs him, a quick jerk to silence him. A SHADOW passes with a CACKLING HISS. They freeze, laying on top of the remains, the bones CRINKLING underneath them.

The HISS grows stronger... and they look up to see a silhouetted HUNTER crouched over like a gargoyle on a rafter, leering in their direction.

NADIA
(whisper)
Don't move.

They try to remain motionless, but the slope of the remains CRINKLES underneath them and the hill of remains begins to slide. The HISS grows stronger.

They hold their position until... a SHUDDER approaches with FLICKERING LIGHTS. The power surge is enough to ignite a small landslide underneath them.

BOWER
Shit-

NADIA grabs his arm as bones snap and they slide helplessly to the bottom within a landslide of bones and flesh.

The finally slide to a stop at the bottom of the slope and BOWER quickly raises his weapon towards the rafters to see... the HUNTER is gone.

NADIA
(whisper)
Where... did it go-?

He pans the light and... ROAR! The HUNTER lunges at them from five feet away. BOWER is STRUCK with enough force to send him flying, CRASHING into a pile of bones.

NADIA spins around with a bladed pipe in her hands... but the HUNTER is already gone. She spins back and... THWAP! She's HIT from behind and sent with break-neck force into the floor. The HUNTER pounces onto her back and a claw-like hand grabs her hair... teeth opening towards her neck and...

POW! BOWER charges into the HUNTER, tackling it and they spin into a brutal and distorted fight, seen under the FLICKERING LIGHT. Even though the HUNTER is a smaller one of the pack, smaller than BOWER, its speed and strength is in-human. It grabs BOWER by the head with a GROWL and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THWACK! TANAKA lunges out of the shadows, delivering a blow with his bladed pipe into the HUNTER'S face. It's a hit that would normally kill anything, nearly taking its head off.

The HUNTER stumbles, staggers and... HIIIISSSSSST! It HITS TANAKA, sending him airborne, nearly knocking him out.

Under the FLICKERING LIGHT, BOWER, NADIA and TANAKA all attack the lone HUNTER, taking all three of them to bring it to the floor. They viciously pound it with pipes and blades until it finally stops flinching beneath them.

Its pale white skin seeps a thick black colored blood. The three of them back away, gasping and coated in its blood.

BOWER
(gasping)
Jesus... Christ- Jesus-

Its face is smashed beyond recognition, but its facial features are horrifically distorted, no sign of eyes under the shredded tissue.

BOWER (CONT'D)
What the... what the hell is it!?

The HUNTER flinches and our gang back pedals with fright. NADIA continues back pedalling, looking towards the rafters to see... HEFLIN silhouetted, leering towards them.

NADIA
Another one-

BOWER quickly finds his weapon on the floor and HEFLIN slowly begins to TAP his spear against the wall, echoing a continual clank through the hull.

BOWER
What is he... doing?

BOWER, NADIA and TANAKA quickly realize the effect as shadows begin to move... the room is filling with HUNTERS, alerted by the tapping of metal.

NADIA
Run.

BOWER
They're... everywhere-

NADIA
Run!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

A low gargled HISS is heard from HEFLIN'S throat.

NADIA is already gone. BOWER and TANAKA chase after her as the walls come to life, HUNTERS swarming onto their path like a pack of wild dogs.

Before diving through the barricade, BOWER looks back to see HEFLIN and his pack have paused... to eat the fallen HUNTER.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/MAIN CORRIDOR - CONT.

It's a panicked and mad dash through the dark as they crawl through the barricade and run back into the main corridor of sleep chambers. HUNTERS can be heard closing on their trail.

They round a corner and NADIA jumps inside an empty sleep-chamber, frantically trying to pull the hatch closed. TANAKA follows suite, jumping inside another chamber and BOWER scrambles, in search of an open door as footsteps are heard quickly approaching.

In a frenzied panic, BOWER dives into the chamber with NADIA, tugging the hatch closed.

FOLLOW THRU:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER - CONT.

BOWER and NADIA are cheek to cheek in the cramped space, both gasping for breath and dripping sweat with terror.

Through the porthole... silhouetted HUNTERS move past with weapons in hand, search and destroy style. One HUNTER steps up only a few feet from their porthole and they freeze, holding their breath. Slowly the HUNTERS continue past, the shadows slowly fading from sight.

BOWER

What the hell happened to them!? What
the hell are those things!?

NADIA

Shut-up!

They listen for a long moment... hearing nothing as BOWER looks at his hand, finger tips trembling.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEPING CHAMBER/MAIN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The hatch door inches open and BOWER peeks out. He and NADIA crawl out quietly to see TANAKA waiting for them.

TANAKA

Japanese - No subtitles.

BOWER

I second that. Let's get the fuck out of here. Which way did we come from?

NADIA

You want to go back?

BOWER

No, I mean... let's just go!

NADIA

We should go back. Find a different path. I don't think we can get through to the reactor bay from-

BOWER

You said there was no other path.

NADIA

I'm ready to explore other options-

BOWER

Which way did they go-?

NADIA

You really want to discuss it here!?

A RUMBLE is heard approaching and they all crouch in unison. It's a power surge that sends FLICKERING LIGHTS across the massive corridor and a BLINKING LIGHT is activated on a nearby sleep-chamber. And then...

BANG! The hatch door is KICKED from the inside, white gas erupting from the seam. Our gang quickly crawls toward the shadows, crouching behind equipment to watch as...

Another KICK bursts open the hatch and a BIG PASSENGER crawls out, slamming onto the floor with a shiver of agony, gasping for breath, muscles twitching.

BIG PASSENGER

AAAAAARGH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BIG PASSENGER tries to get to his feet, gasping and heaving, mumbling in Russian. BOWER tries to stand but NADIA pulls him back.

NADIA

What are you doing-!?

BOWER

They'll hear him- They'll- We've got to help him-

Footsteps thunder across the floor and... WHACK! The BIG PASSENGER is STRUCK by a single blow from HEFLIN. The HUNTERS have returned in full force and they come out of the shadows from every direction, bladed weapons spinning.

BOWER pulls away from NADIA'S grip and prepares to intervene, but TANAKA suddenly grabs him, holding him back with force.

With the BIG PASSENGER wounded and moaning on the floor, the HUNTERS gather in a circle in ceremonial fashion, praying thanks for the feast the ship has presented.

They watch helplessly as the BIG PASSENGER is then brutally attacked and eaten alive. WEASEL leads other HUNTERS under the flickering light in a demented and twisted celebratory dance, a frenzy of pure evil.

This attack is heard more than it is seen, under flickering lights, obscured view and most of the camera angles on Bower and the groups reactions.

Frozen in horror, BOWER is tugged by TANAKA, following NADIA to the corner where she's lifted a grate in the floor. They climb into a shaft under the floor and into the dark as...

The SCREAMS and HISSES echo through the hull.

FADE THRU BLACK:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - LATER

PAYTON is seated at the control desk, scrolling across radio frequencies, talking softly into the boom mic.

PAYTON (INTO RADIO)

Bower? Do you copy? You out there?

Dead static. He sighs and glances toward GALLO, passed out on a nearby bunk. He hesitates, holding the pipe as a weapon, tucking it away and cautiously approached GALLO for a closer inspection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He feels his neck for a pulse. He notices the dried blood under his nose then gently pulls aside the blanket to see GALLO'S identification tattoo, reading; FLT>>004>>012.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
(frowning to himself)
Team Four. Flight Team... Four?

He glances up to see GALLO is now awake, staring at him.

GALLO
What are you doing?

PAYTON
Just... checking you.

GALLO narrows his eyes, pulling the blanket tighter.

GALLO
For what?

PAYTON
To make sure you're... alright. You...
passed out. You-

GALLO
Who the hell are you?

PAYTON
Payton... Lieutenant Payton.

GALLO
Lieutenant? You're... a lieutenant?

PAYTON
That's right. You're Team Four? You're
suppose to be... my predecessor.

GALLO deepens his frown, glancing around with disorientation.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
You said... you came from the bridge?

GALLO shifts his eyes back on him, a bad topic.

GALLO
(leery)
Yeah. So....?

PAYTON
Where are we? I can't get guidance off
this system and I have no idea where-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GALLO
I don't know.

PAYTON
Well, what did you see? How did-

GALLO
Listen, I'm not a navigator. Stars all
look alike. I don't know! How the hell
would I know!?

Sensing GALLO is about to break down again, PAYTON tries a
calmer approach.

PAYTON
Easy. I just want to make sure...

GALLO'S hands are trembling, uncontrollably.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
...you're okay-

GALLO tucks his shaking hands under the blanket, defensively.

GALLO
I'm fine.

PAYTON lowers his stare, hesitating, glancing across the
dried blood still splattered across his legs.

PAYTON
Is this your blood... Corporal?

GALLO
Some of it is... sir.

PAYTON
Whose blood is it?

GALLO holds his stare, jaw muscles tightening.

GALLO
They didn't give me any choice.

PAYTON
Who didn't?

GALLO
There was something wrong with them.

PAYTON
Something was wrong with who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Off his stare, he understands the implication.

PAYTON (CONT'D)

Your crew?

GALLO

It was... Pandorum.

(off his look)

Of the worst sort. They were- I
couldn't even- I had to defend myself.

PAYTON

Pandorum. Both of them-?

GALLO

You don't believe me?

PAYTON

(unconvinced)

I believe you.

PAYTON goes to a nearby compartment, popping open a First-Aid case; inside is a pistol-gripped syringe. He turns back and GALLO squares off, clenched fists.

GALLO

What are you doing? What is that?

PAYTON

It's just a sedative. Help you relax-

GALLO lifts his fists with a threatening posture.

GALLO

Then you take it... and relax.

PAYTON backs off, setting the syringe aside.

PAYTON

Take it easy. We're on the same team here. Alright?

GALLO

(flatly)

Sure, Lieutenant.

PAYTON turns back to the control console and continues his search across the radio frequencies. He discreetly pulls the pipe weapon closer to his seat.

GALLO holds a hollow stare on the back of his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GALLO (CONT'D)

If you would have seen them... you would
have done the same thing... sir.

LIGHTS FLICKER past...

FLICKER CUT TO:

INT. SUB-LEVEL SHAFT - LATER

A FLICKER of LIGHT passes to reveal... BOWER crouched inside a three-foot high, narrow passageway, a crawl space beneath a steel grated floor. He follows the tunnel into a large silo lined with octagonal filters.

TANAKA and NADIA are both looking for a way out, jabbing pipes into the grate overhead, unable to budge it.

BOWER

Didn't we come through here already?

NADIA

We gotta find a way out.

BOWER

Out? Why did we come in-?

NADIA

I was trying to get us out of there alive-

BOWER

I thought you knew where you were going.

NADIA

I was trying to save our asses-

BOWER

Could've mentioned that after the first
mile. If I would have known we'd be
doing laps down here-

She angrily turns towards him, pipe in her hand.

NADIA

I didn't need to help you at all! You
and the Hong-Kong Express would still be
playing ding-dong-ditch on level eight if
it weren't for me!

Their heightening confrontation is halted by...

TANAKA

HIISST! (...and whispered Japanese)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They pause to hear... CLASSICAL MUSIC echoing from below.

BOWER

What the hell is that?

They climb down the shaft, jumping from filter to filter. At one level they follow the sound into a shaft opening and towards the soft, warm GLOW of YELLOW LIGHT.

They reach an open hatch, peering inside to see...

Inside an empty storage tank, a comfortable living space has been created; numerous chairs surround a make-shift dinner table made from storage crates with hand-made candles and various food containers. The tank appears empty.

BOWER (CONT'D)

What is this!?

BOWER and TANAKA begin to climb through and NADIA hesitates with uncertainty. They crawl through the hatch...

FOLLOW THRU:

INT. TANK - CONT.

They climb into the empty tank, lined with valves and filtration screens. The music is playing from crackling speakers hidden in the darkened circular catwalk overhead.

TANAKA goes straight for the food and as soon as NADIA steps through the hatch... a wire SNAPS! Levers clank and a mouse-trap has triggered... SLAMMING the hatch closed. Trapped!

They instantly turn back to the door, yanking and tugging in a panic. BOWER pans his light towards the catwalk only to see a FIGURE (LELAND) scampering through the shadows.

Another lever is turned and... FOOOOOSH! A stream of vapor shoots out of several vents along the wall. The colorless gas hits them and they instantly gag, choking for air.

With the slanted walls of the tank, there seems to be no escape, but TANAKA runs up the wall, diving and grabbing onto a pipe, climbing upward toward the catwalk.

The shadowed FIGURE (LELAND) quickly hobbles to the railing.

LELAND

No, no, no. Back in der' big boy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LELAND uses a spear to jab TANAKA'S hand. He loses his grip and tumbles back to the bottom of the tank. BOWER pulls NADIA out of the way of the hatch.

BOWER
Get back! BACK!

BOWER whirls the magneto lever on the weapon and he raises the barrel towards the hatch, nearly point blank.

KA-CRAAAACK! The energy blast from the weapon hits the hatch like a lightening bolt sending a tremendous JOLT through the entire tank. A spark IGNITES the chemical gas and there's a BURST of flammable gas that rolls upward into the catwalks.

LELAND is knocked off his feet and he GASPS with shock.

LELAND
Whoa... WHOA! What the hell was that!?

LELAND is exposed from his hiding place, waving the smoke from his face, bewildered. He's an older man who's lost all vanity over survival. A thin-framed, spidery little man with assorted clothing and a clutter of tools on his belt.

LELAND (CONT'D)
What did you do!?

BOWER whirls the lever on the weapon and points it at him.

BOWER
Shut off the gas!

LELAND
Where did you get that?

BOWER angles the barrel towards a vent blowing out the chemical gas and LELAND jumps with fright.

LELAND (CONT'D)
NO-NO! HO-HO!

BOWER
SHUT IT OFF!

LELAND scampers across the catwalk and quickly lifts levers and twists nozzles, shutting off the flow of chemical gas. His frown transforms to a grin, raising an eye brow as he stares into the barrel of BOWER'S weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LELAND
Fancy looking piece. Looking to trade?

CUT TO:

INT. WATER PROCESSOR - MOMENTS LATER

CLICKITY-CLICKITY-CLANK! LELAND cranks an energy lever that ignites a string of auxiliary lights around the tank, widening their view of the unusual living space. Several crates and an assortment of mechanical junk and supplies.

LELAND
Com'in, com'in! Make yerselves at home.
Just throw the coats on the bed and don't
pet the rat, it's not mine. Just
watching it for a friend.

LELAND is excited to have guests as he runs along the catwalks, lighting candles and sealing valves. They watch him with leery suspicion, weapons still in hand.

BOWER
You... live here?

LELAND
Sublet. Got a roomier flat in the bow
for the off season, but from here, ya
just can't beat the commute.

He grins, expecting a laugh, but doesn't get one. LELAND eyes BOWER over, admiring the uniform.

LELAND (CONT'D)
You really a flyer, or did ya grab that
off the rack? I didn't think there was
any crew left.

BOWER
Left? Have you seen any?

LELAND
Well, only the captain. Informally, mind
you.

BOWER
Captain? Where!?

LELAND
Umm, up on B-Deck. Some on C. A few
pieces on the promenade and I think his
nuts are in the foose-ball game in the
rec room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles, revealing several missing teeth. No one laughs.

LELAND (CONT'D)

Tough crowd. Com'in, com'in. Grab a bunk. Three singles or will a queen do?

LELAND laughs to himself, digging through supplies. BOWER scans the walls, seeing no way up to the catwalks.

BOWER

Why don't you come on down so we can meet properly?

LELAND

Oh, no-no. No-can-do. I'm real touchy to the dust bug and who knows where yawl have been. No offense. There's something funky going around. But don't let that spoil the party. Here...

LELAND lowers down a bin filled with assorted food items, using a wire to drop it to them. TANAKA sniffs it with suspicion.

LELAND (CONT'D)

It's Kosher.

BOWER peeks through one of the valves, turning to NADIA.

BOWER

Where do you think we are?

NADIA

I don't know. Gotta be somewhere below B-deck.

LELAND

Why, where you gotta be?

BOWER

The reactor bay. Know where it is?

LELAND

Reactor? Now why would you want to go down there?

(grin)

You just woke up, didn't cha?

CUT TO:

INT. WATER PROCESSOR - LATER

A small propane flame is lit. LELAND hovers over a make-shift stove, heating a can of water. He pours in some powder and stirs it up with the meticulous nature of a chef preparing fine cuisine.

LELAND

It's tough to properly season with a motor oil base. But if you use your imagination, kinda tastes like...

(sip)

Herb and garlic dog shit.

Below the catwalks, TANAKA has found a spot to rest, NADIA is using water to clean a wound and BOWER is peering through a slit in a vent.

BOWER

How long have you been awake?

LELAND

Mmmm. Lemme think. What's today, Tuesday? That would be about, mmm...

He counts in his head and across his fingers, carefully calculating, then a grin.

LELAND (CONT'D)

No idea.

He turns back to his make-shift stove, chuckling to himself.

LELAND (CONT'D)

I quit counting after the band broke up, ooooh twenty... thirty years ago.

BOWER and NADIA exchange a look of uncertainty. The classical music begins to SKIP and without even looking LELAND kicks a piece of equipment, correcting the music.

LELAND (CONT'D)

Then again, an hour in this place feels more like... one-fifteen, one-twenty. Know whatta I mean? HA-HAW!

(soberly)

Not naming names but I'm writing a very strongly worded letter to the airline.

LELAND chuckles, nodding to TANAKA. TANAKA glares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LELAND (CONT'D)

But I just treat each day like it's Christmas. Festive and violent. Let's eat! Shall we? Who needs a bib?

LELAND sets several bowls of soup into the bin and lowers it to them with the cable. TANAKA is the only one interested, sniffing the soup with a glare. LELAND winks.

BOWER takes a seat, showing exhaustion and defeat.

BOWER

Those things out there. Could it have been something... that crawled out of your lab? Something that-

NADIA

No. That's... not possible.

BOWER

Then something got on board. Some kind of life form. Something that-

NADIA

Or something that was already on board, with us in the hyper-bunks.

BOWER

What does that mean?

NADIA

It could have been the accelerator.

BOWER

What?

NADIA

It's the only theory I can come up with. The synthetic enzyme in our feeding tubes. The accelerator that would help our bodies adjust and adapt to the environmental conditions on Tanis. From what I've seen... these things have adapted... to the ship instead.

BOWER

But, why would- You're saying we'll become like them? Why would they be affected like that and we're not-

NADIA

I don't know. Like I said, it's the only theory I can think of- Unless...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER
Unless what?

NADIA
Unless they've been awake for a very long
time... maybe that would be enough for
the compound to- I dunno.

LELAND is crouched on the catwalk directly above them,
closely listening in on their conversation.

LELAND
You don't know who "they" are?

BOWER and NADIA exchange a look.

BOWER
And you do!?

LELAND grins, pleased to have their full attention.

LELAND
They are the Keepers.

BOWER
What does that mean? Keepers of what?

LELAND
Waiting for their sleeping King to rise.

BOWER
What the hell are you talking about?

NADIA
Sleeping king?

The gleam in his eye and the raspy tone of his voice is
haunting as he speaks, words he's shared many times before.

LELAND
The young officer... the messenger of
doom who created all of this for them.
Their King... who promised to return...
to deliver them all to paradise. To take
us through Hell before getting to Heaven.

They stare at him with fright as he grins with self
amusement.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

GALLO'S gaze is hollow and translucent as he stares through the glass porthole in the empty sleep chamber, his mind is deeply pondering. Pupils dilated.

ANGLE ON

GALLO is looking at the empty sleep chambers while PAYTON remains at the control console, determined not to give up on contacting BOWER.

GALLO

Do you know the symptoms of Pandorum?

PAYTON

What?

GALLO

Orbital Dysfunctional Syndrome.
Pandorum. Ever witnessed the symptoms of first-hand?

PAYTON

I've seen it before. But nothing that-

GALLO

It's not something you can easily detect. Starts with a shiver. An itch. A slow boil... and without being able to get off the ship... there's no shutting off the heat. It'll boil over, no matter what you do.

GALLO is slowly pacing the room and PAYTON watches him with uneasiness out of the corner of his eye.

GALLO (CONT'D)

You don't believe me.

PAYTON

I didn't say that-

GALLO

How could they both have had it? The odds are insurmountable.

PAYTON

I wasn't about to question any of your actions-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO

But, we all know Pandorum is greatly affected by any substantial psychological. It has an emotional trigger effect.

PAYTON

(off his look)
That's what they say.

GALLO slowly rubs his temples, with hesitation.

GALLO

How do you think you would react... if you knew the truth?

PAYTON

The truth... about what?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATER PROCESSOR - CONT.

LELAND flips on dim flood lights, illuminating the upper walls of the tank where... like ancient cave-drawings, a story has been crudely sketched out along the wall of the tank. LELAND lurks through the shadows, telling the tale with a campfire, spook story, flare of dramatics.

LELAND

BOOOOOOM! Oh, how the world cheered to the thunder of it's mightiest creation. Eylisium! The heaven for heroes, to venture further and farther then any of man's machine dared before it.

BOWER and NADIA watch intently as TANAKA lazily sips the soup. The first image is off the ship's launch and LELAND hobbles across to the crudely sketched image of three figures, flight officers.

LELAND (CONT'D)

Three of our bravest... atop the watch tower as we slept. A slumber deeper then any have dared... with only three little Indians left to mind the store...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

GALLO slowly unravels his own tale as PAYTON watches on with suspicion and caution.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO

We were only into our second term. All flight systems nominal. I'd picked up on symptoms with my CO and 2nd Lieutenant. Mild symptoms. Nothing I thought would... become a problem. Until we got the transmission.

PAYTON

What transmission?

GALLO'S eyes are welling up, his lip begins to shiver.

GALLO

The final transmission. The last message... from home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATER PROCESSOR - CONT.

LELAND continues across his wall-drawings, the three pilots pictured, receiving a radio call.

LELAND

...until the last cry from home. All of God's creation... ending with mere words of encouragement. Mother Earth's last call. Boop! Leave a message, momma.

LELAND presses a switch on a Jerry-rigged piece of equipment, a disc player... speakers crackling with static. A VOICE plays, heavily distorted.

RECORDER VOICE

Hoove arr awl dadz efft ah uz. Bood uck, boogz guezz... ab hoobz deeb.

BOWER and NADIA are now completely engrossed in the story, both getting to their feet and walking closer to hear. TANAKA is asleep. LELAND is thrilled by their attention, doing a dance as he plays the recording... over and over.

RECORDER VOICE (CONT'D)

Hoove arr all wadz efft ah uz. Good wuck, boogz guezz... abb hoobz deeb...

BOWER

What is that... saying?

LELAND cranks a power lever, speeding up the play back with eagerness, whispering along. The recording slowly grows less distorted the more he cranks the lever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECORDER VOICE

Yoove are all watz efft uf uz. Good uck,
gog besh... ab Gogz deez. You are all
whadz left uf uz. Gog besh... and Gogs
sheeb... God blezz... and Gogz speeb...

Slowly LELAND'S whisper and the recording come into unison,
eerily echoing through the tank.

LELAND & RECORDER

You are all that's left of us. Good
luck, God bless... and God's speed.

LELAND and the recorder echo throughout the tank as...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

GALLO matches the echo with...

GALLO

You are that's left of us. Good luck,
God bless... and God's speed.

PAYTON

Earth... is gone?

GALLO puffs across his hand with twisted amusement.

GALLO

Wiped away. We ran a full sweep off the
grid and they were... gone. One day
there, the next... nothing.

PAYTON

In one day... it had to be nuclear or-?

GALLO

Whatever it was, they knew it was coming.
Wished us well. We're all that's left.

PAYTON sits back in shock, shaking his head in disbelief.

PAYTON

Oh my God...

GALLO

You can see why I was hesitant... to tell
even you. My fellow crew members didn't
take the news too well. I wanted to wake
the primary crew... but my 2nd Lt was
already over the edge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO (CONT'D)
ODS came through with flying colors. No logic, no reasoning left. No future, no past, no hope. A dangerous mix when you're stuck inside a tin can like this. The blow was more than he could handle. My lieutenant wasn't far behind. Pandorum.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATER PROCESSOR - CONT.

LELAND moves past a wall-drawing of Earth destroyed, moving to the image of the three pilots.

LELAND
Three little Indians, with the burden to bare... no more law and nothing left to care. Three poor souls, destiny undone. Chop, chop, chop... now there's only one.

The sketches reveal violence between the three pilots, two of them killed, one remaining alive.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

GALLO'S hands are beginning to tremble as he struggles through the story.

GALLO
They were my commanding officers. Men who had guided me through FT. I looked up to these men. But... it wasn't them anymore. They... were gone. They... tried to... I had no choice. I-

With his body beginning to tremble, PAYTON tries to console him, touching his arm. GALLO flinches.

PAYTON
Easy...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATER PROCESSOR - CONT.

LELAND continues across the wall-drawings, showing the one remaining pilot all alone aboard the massive ship.

LELAND
One little Indian left... all alone with his doom.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LELAND (CONT'D)

Refused to go to bed, stayed up to play in his room. Oh, and what naughty little games he would play with the slumbering prey. Slayer, master, both God and the Devil, some would say. The boy would grow to manhood, a self-proclaimed King, ruler of his vessel, home to his own sin.

The sketches show the lone pilot torturing and devouring passengers from their sleep chambers as he grows old.

LELAND (CONT'D)

And then one day the king cast out all those who had behaved, exiled into the barren cargo holds to fend for themselves... scavenging against the others within their own domain.

The sketches show tortured victims forced out into the corridors of the ship, the King returns to his sleep chamber.

LELAND (CONT'D)

King Lonely no longer wanted to play... he yearned to see the morning Sun on a Tanis day. He returned to his bed of slumber, waiting for the day. But the survivors lived on, as the King slept, a whole new world of evil grew as we wept. The seed driven beyond-

BOWER

HOLD IT! HOLD IT!

LELAND

(sober frown)

You want me to back up?

BOWER

Play that transmission again. I want-

LELAND

Save yer questions til the end please. We'll have a review.

LELAND continues his performance as NADIA leans toward BOWER with concern.

NADIA

Could that be real? You think that could-

BOWER

I dunno. It can't be- It just-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER is quickly growing drowsy, slurring his words as he takes a seat with exhaustion and disbelief. NADIA rests her chin on her knee... eyes growing heavy as LELAND continues telling the tale, softly like a child's bedtime story.

LELAND takes a piece of chalk-like material, drawing a new sketch.

LELAND

And now the newest chapter comes to us...
three weary travelers, guided by the
light. The new brave flyer, woken by the
dying machine.

He sketches Bower and his journey towards the reactor.

LELAND (CONT'D)

A gallant knight who will wake the fiery
beast, light the rockets torch that will
sail our mighty ship to port! A new king
to deliver us to paradise! Hail to the
new King... Hail!

LELAND looks to see... everyone is asleep. He adjusts a nozzle that... is pumping a colorless gas out of the vents at the bottom of the tank. With a slow forming grin, he blows out a nearby candle, taking us into...

FADE THRU BLACK:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - LATER

PAYTON'S eyes scan across the dim flickering computer screen, a radar scan across a chart of planets... with no Earth shown on the screen.

PAYTON is silently in shock as... GALLO watches him closely from across the console.

PAYTON

How could they... how could they have
let this happen?

PAYTON slides his hands off the keyboard, his finger tips nearly twitching, an uncontrolled tremble. He tries to hide his hands, sliding them under the console as...

GALLO watches him blankly before wandering away to let him sit alone with the horrific realization. PAYTON shakes his head, refusing to accept it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A low SHUDDER approaches, more powerful then felt before, rattling the pipes as it passes with a FLICKER of LIGHTS as...

FLICKER DISSOLVE TO:

DREAM (FLASHBACK)

EVALON is smiling towards BOWER as he kneels in front of her, gripping her hands. As he speaks, her smile fades, slowly pulling her hands away and...

INT. WATER PROCESSOR - CONT.

The powerful SHUDDER is felt, amplified in the tank. NADIA shakes awake to see... LELAND is kneeling over her, eyes wide with hunger, deliciously sniffing her body. They both jump with fright and yell in unison.

NADIA & LELAND

AAAAAEEIH!

NADIA jumps to her feet, choking and gasping, jabbing her weapon toward LELAND, a small breathing tube clenched in his teeth. BOWER and TANAKA are woken by their exchange, dazed.

BOWER

What are you doing!? What the-

NADIA

He was- He was gonna fucking eat me!

LELAND

(mouthful of tube)
Whaw!? I waddn't-

NADIA

He gassed us! He was gonna- All of us!

LELAND is appalled, spitting out the breathing tube.

LELAND

Gas! What gas!?

They see he's holding a fork and knife that he quickly tucks behind his back. NADIA jabs the weapon and he shrieks.

LELAND (CONT'D)

NEVER!

THE SHUDDER shakes the tank with more force then ever before as they watch the ceiling. It's followed by two quick SURGES, higher pitch. NADIA looks to BOWER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

What is that?

BOWER

It's gone... into the final cycle.

NADIA

What does that mean?

BOWER

It means we have less time than I thought. The last phase... before shutdown. It means we're... done.

BOWER is oddly defeated, taking a seat, hanging his head.

NADIA

Done!? What do you mean done? What do we do? Hey!?

BOWER

What difference does it make?

NADIA

What are you talking about? You said you could reset the reactor- That we could- That there's a chance to-

BOWER

For what? They're gone. Everything is gone. There's no Earth to go back to, there's no-

NADIA

We weren't meant to go back! We were meant to go on. And now it's more important than ever! We're the last of-

BOWER

And what is left of us? What's left, worth saving? This flight's over.

NADIA is angered by his defeat, shoving LELAND aside and squaring off in front of BOWER.

NADIA

What about your duty? What about... your wife!? There's still a chance she's-

BOWER

She's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADIA

You don't know that for sure!

BOWER

I know...

NADIA grabs him with rage, glaring him in the eye.

NADIA

DON'T DO THAT! DON'T GIVE UP ON ME!

Off her look, BOWER holds his stare, slowly seduced by her will. The look is broken by... LELAND'S stereo system CRACKLES with static, power slowly returning after the power surge, music playing.

BOWER snaps out of his daze, turning to LELAND.

BOWER

You got a radio?

LELAND

Who the hell are you gonna call-?

BOWER

DO YOU HAVE A RADIO!?

LELAND

(beat)

You promise to bring it back?

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

The radio speakers on the control console suddenly CRACKLE with STATIC and PAYTON leaps forward in his chair, snapping out of his daze. GALLO looks up with a frown.

BOWER (ON RADIO)

Payton? Do you copy? Can you hear me?

He grabs the receiver.

PAYTON

BOWER! I'm here! Where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. WATER PROCESSOR/CATWALK - CONT.

Our group is now crowded on the catwalk above the tank, huddled around an assortment of patched together electronic equipment. BOWER is speaking into a receiver, bound together with wire while LELAND cranks the power lever.

BOWER

Storage Tanks, just below B-level. Mid-ship Sector twelve... we think.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON vigorously cranks the power lever and slides his finger across the screen of the ship's blueprint.

PAYTON

How the hell did you get all the way to the other side of-

BOWER (ON RADIO)

Payton, listen to me. Listen. The reactor is in its final stage. Its last rotation. It's worse than we thought.

PAYTON looks to GALLO, who is silently watching with a hollow glare from the corner.

BOWER (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)

The ship is dying and I think that's why it finally woke us up. The entire system is heading into permanent shutdown and there will be no return. This entire ship will float off into eternity with no way of stopping it. We need to reset it. Are you hearing me?

PAYTON and GALLO share a silent stare.

PAYTON

I hear you. How do we get you in there?

BOWER

I need you to give me a path.

PAYTON and GALLO'S silent stare hangs in the air for a moment, the tension between them unclear. PAYTON turns to the console, quickly typing into the keyboard.

CUT TO:

INT. LADDER SHAFT/CORRIDOR - LATER

A flashlight beams cut into a shaft. It appears as if the gang is crawling backwards toward us, until our perspective realizes they're crawling down a long ladder.

They reach the bottom level where a distant RUMBLE has grown louder. They follow the sound through a field of debris to a clear path leading to an open hatchway.

BOWER checks the marker over the door and leads them down the corridor, preparing to step through and TANAKA grabs him, pulling him back.

BOWER

What?

TANAKA motions toward the hatchway, shaking his head. He gestures for them to follow and leads them over debris and through a hole, hidden in the paneling.

TANAKA

(Japanese - No Subtitles)

LELAND

What did he say?

BOWER

I dunno. But do what he says.

They follow TANAKA, crawling through the hole and into...

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING PLATFORM

As they head across a loading dock, the room gradually grows more disturbed and dishevelled. Battle scars and centuries of wear and tear grow more and more evident as they cross.

The BLUE GLOW of light can be seen through the passageway and a low RUMBLE grows louder as they approach. They crouch behind a large industrial condensers to catch their breath.

BOWER glances up to the surface of the condenser with a frown and he touches it with his fingers to find an odd-colored algae. He looks up to see it's grown all the way to...

He freezes to see a small shadowed FIGURE in the rafters above them, a smaller gargoyle-type silhouette, possibly some type of guard outside the entrance to the reactor bay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They exchange silent gestures and TANAKA heads one direction as BOWER heads the other... to corner it. The FIGURE begins to move across the rafter as TANAKA flushes it out.

The FIGURE is forced to climb down, hopping to the floor, BOWER waits with his gun raised. Out of the shadows steps...

A ten-year-old CHILD HUNTER.

BOWER flinches with shock. The CHILD is a younger version of the hunters, awkward physique, pale skin coated with hydraulic fluid, oblong shaped head, eyes hidden in shadow.

NADIA lowers her weapon.

NADIA
(devastated)
Oh... my... God...

The CHILD suddenly crouches in a fighting stance with a gargled HISS from its throat, the light catching its eyes to reveal WHITE RETINAS deeply hidden under a thin membrane of skin. Everyone is too stunned to react except for TANAKA, who instantly raises his weapon, preparing to kill it.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Stop it! STOP IT! Are you crazy? It's
just a child!

BOWER
Child!? That's no child! What the hell
is it!?

TANAKA lunges, but NADIA blocks his attack. The CHILD HUNTER erupts with a horrific SCREECH, HISSING at them before turning and leaping back up and over the rafters, disappearing into the shadows. They are speechless.

LELAND
Not as cute when they're little, are
they?

TANAKA runs after it. It takes a moment for the rest to react, chasing after.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/NEIGHBORING COMPARTMENT

They run down the corridor and into the neighboring compartment, stacked with broken and discarded equipment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CHILD runs up a wall of tubing and ducks through a small hole punctured in the vents. TANAKA sighs with defeat.

NADIA

My God. They're... breeding.

BOWER

What!? What do you mean they? How could they- That's impossible.

It appears the CHILD has alerted his group as the BLUISH GLOW of flame can be seen growing stronger in the corridor, the sounds of CACKLES and HISSES approaching.

LELAND

Little bastard rang the bell.

They all quickly turn back, running down a side corridor and into...

FOLLOW THRU:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER COMPARTMENT - CONT.

They crouch and hide inside a smaller compartment as... the BLUISH GLOW passes outside the doorway. The CHILD appears to be leading the group, silhouettes passing, more HUNTERS than they've ever seen together before.

They silently share the horror of the possible numbers they're up against.

LELAND

This isn't going to work. Too many of them. Have to turn back.

NADIA

There's no where to turn back to. We can't give up-

LELAND

Told you this wouldn't fly.

NADIA

You didn't tell us anything. You never said that. You said you'd love to come-

LELAND

(pondering)
Oh... then I forgot. This won't work.

BOWER

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LELAND

This is where they live. Reactor is the
Keeper's temple.

They watch and wait as the shadows move past the doorway with
the GLOW of BLUISH TORCHES and vocal CACKLES.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON is pulling wires out from under the console and going
to the sealed doors where he's pulled apart the control
panel, preparing for a hot-wire.

GALLO watches him while slowly pacing the room.

GALLO

What are you doing?

PAYTON

I think the direct channels are fried.
I'm gonna run a patch so we can get this
door open as soon as we're back on-line.

GALLO

What's so important on the other side of
the door?

PAYTON

The bridge. As soon as we're up we'll be
able to take control of guidance. But
only from on the bridge.

GALLO continues pacing, throwing glances toward the empty
sleep chambers.

GALLO

This ship is not dying.

PAYTON refuses to look to GALLO, continuing his work.

GALLO (CONT'D)

It's already dead. You really believe
that kid will be able to save this ship?

PAYTON

He can do it.

GALLO

Twelve hours ago, he didn't know his own
name. Now, you think he's ready to re-
configure a nuclear reactor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON refuses to give him eye contact, continuing to work on the computer as GALLO paces back and forth in front of the sleep chambers, fingers rapidly twitching at his side.

PAYTON

He's the only shot we have. Gotta have a little faith.

GALLO

Faith? After what you know now, you can actually say that with a straight face? A little faith?

THAP. A droplet of blood hits the floor at GALLO'S feet.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER COMPARTMENT - CONT.

The GLOW of the HUNTERS slowly begins to fade from sight as BOWER notices what he's hiding behind is an empty sleep chamber, coated with dried blood and signs of violence. He looks to the labelled name plates with a frown and wanders deeper into the room.

NADIA follows him with a frown as LELAND and TANAKA remain poised with weapons near the doorway.

BOWER'S walk slows as he moves past rows of sleep chambers, nearly all of them have been opened and signs of violent deaths left dried and splattered across the floor.

NADIA

What are you doing? What is it?

BOWER

(dazed)

These were... family members of flight personnel.

NADIA

Family of-

She notices BOWER is holding EVALON'S photo and glances to the row of empty chambers, slowly realizing his grief.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You think she's... here?

BOWER

She's not here. She's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

How do you know for sure? She could be-

BOWER

She's not on this flight. She wouldn't come with me. She wouldn't marry me.

(sigh of disgust)

That's why I came. There was nothing left for me there. She stayed on Earth. Gone... with everyone else. And I left because of her.

His gaze begins to gloss over, taking it all in.

NADIA

Well, then... she saved your life.

BOWER frowns on the thought, slowly nodding in agreement. His eyes look to the label of the chamber he was led to, the label reads; M. PAYTON. He mumbles to himself, memory returning.

BOWER

Marianne.

NADIA

You... knew her?

BOWER

I remember her. Payton's wife.

NADIA

Who's... Payton?

BOWER

I remember her. I remember-

His eyes pull focus, coming out of his daze, memories returning with confusion.

NADIA

Are you alright?

BOWER

Com'on.

BOWER grips his weapon with a flexing jaw of determination, heading back to where TANAKA and LELAND are waiting as we...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON

M. PAYTON'S name plate and the dried remains of her apparent death lay in the foreground.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

THAP... THAP... THAP.

Droplets of blood hit the floor at GALLO'S feet as he paces back and forth near the sleep chambers.

GALLO

He's right about one thing. Once that thing shuts down, we're as good as dead. Nothing on this ship will ever turn on again. Ever. Not the air, not the lights, the heat... not even the pod's escape launch systems.

PAYTON refuses to look up from the computer.

PAYTON

What are you saying?

GALLO

I'm saying... once it's done. We're done. But, we still have a way out of this... before it's too late.

PAYTON

What are you suggesting, Corporal?

GALLO

We can still launch ourselves in the pods. Before the ignition systems are completely dead, sir.

PAYTON

Launching ourselves... into deep space when we don't even know where we are? We wouldn't last more than a few days inside those things. That's suicide-

GALLO

A few days is better than what we have left here. I'll take my chances. How long do you think that reactor has been sitting? That thing could melt-down when he tries to fire the core. This ship could be ripped in half-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON

Stand down, Corporal. We're not going to abandon anything and we're not going to leave them behind-

GALLO

We can't stay on this ship. You know that as well as I do-

PAYTON

I said stand down, Corporal! That's an order!

GALLO steps up behind PAYTON, his face revealed with a thin stream of blood oozing from under his nose, dripping off his chin, eyes hollow and pale. PAYTON refuses to look at him, continuing to type.

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING PLATFORM - CONT.

The HUNTING party has faded from sight in the opposite direction, leaving the hatch open to the reactor bay.

BOWER

This is our chance.

BOWER leads the way out of the hiding place, heading quickly towards the open hatch where an eerie glow and rumble is felt. They crawl through the hatch and enter into...

FOLLOW THRU:

INT. REACTOR BAY - CONT.

They crawl out onto the top of a massive cylinder shaped shaft, numerous catwalks lining the walls with nothing but an abyss of darkness below them. An odor hits all of them in unison.

BOWER

This is it. We've got to get down there before they come back.

BOWER looks for a path downward along the tangled metal of catwalks, coated in algae. LELAND'S fear has instantly surfaced, unable to move.

LELAND

(haunted)

House of the Keepers. A descent to Hell itself. We can't... go in here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWER ignores his pleas, heading down a ladder into the darkness, TANAKA and NADIA follow, pushing past him.

LELAND (CONT'D)

You're crazy... You can't-

NADIA

Shut-up! Move!

LELAND stays behind, watching as they begin a perilous descent down the walls of the reactor bay wall. Clinging onto the pipes and railings of the catwalks, the odd-colored algae grows more and more dense... a dim glow slowly coming into view from below.

With a gap in the catwalk, BOWER leaps across, nearly losing his grip. He looks down to see an odd pattern of white shapes near the bottom.

Squinting into the darkness, he's unable to make out what he's looking at and he manages to crawl down further, reaching a gangplank that crosses to the towering reactor. He motions for NADIA and TANAKA to stay put and begins crawling across... towards a darkened control panel.

LELAND is nervously watching from above, leaning further over the railing and... a pen-lamp slips free from his belt.

The pen-lamp CLANKS off one of the catwalks and tumbles past BOWER... dropping to the bottom... hitting the floor and illuminating the strange white objects covering the floor as... DOZENS of HUNTERS, all sleeping. Their pale white bodies are intertwined and over-lapped resembling an orgy of the living dead.

BOWER

Christ Almighty-

The fall of the pen-lamp causes one HUNTER to instantly spring to its feet, lifting its nose towards the air like a guard dog checking the scent.

BOWER remains frozen, gripping the gangplank that hangs twenty feet above the field of sleeping HUNTERS.

Slowly the HUNTER returns to sleep, slithering its way back into the folds of flesh and BOWER continues his crawl across... reaching the control panel.

Upon seeing the sleeping HUNTERS, LELAND fearfully backs away, exiting the room. NADIA and TANAKA grip the ladders, watching BOWER, holding their breath in fright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOWER grabs a vine, but it breaks away and he dangles over the side, losing his grip. NADIA jumps across the gap and climbs down, extending her weapon for him to grab. Together they cling to the side of the reactor and BOWER taps the control panel switches and... nothing.

His eyes widen with horror, quickly searching for a solution. He slowly pumps a primer switch and... the light panel flickers gently under centuries of dust and vegetation...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

A light gently blinks on the control console and PAYTON spots it with a frown, running back from the door.

PAYTON

He's in! That's the reactor's activator panel. We're going to make it out of this. Trust me.

No response. GALLO'S shadow moves behind him, his voice taking on a slight raspier and "older" tone.

GALLO

Trust you? How can I trust someone who isn't even honest with himself. Tell me?

PAYTON refuses to acknowledge him, continuing to monitor the control panel. He discreetly slides his hand closer to the pipe weapon as he senses GALLO'S presence behind him.

PAYTON

Gallo... you have to listen to me... Carefully. You don't have to-

GALLO steps closer behind him, his shadowed outline showing an imposing posture, his voice is forced and unsteady.

GALLO

Don't do that.

THAP... THAP... THAP. Blood drops hit the floor heavily.

PAYTON

Don't... do what?

PAYTON slides his hand further across the console, reaching for the pipe weapon, eyes on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO

Don't talk to me like some child that needs reassurance. Think I don't know the risks? Think I don't know this ship?

PAYTON

Take it easy-

GALLO'S presence is felt behind him, his voice seeming to grow raspier and uneven with breath, anger simmering.

GALLO

I know this ship and what she's capable of better than anyone. I know her... and I know what she can and can't do.

PAYTON

Easy...

GALLO

And this... she can't do! Why are we even arguing. You know it-

PAYTON

I'm giving you an order...

GALLO

You wanna stay here to die, that's your choice, not mine!

PAYTON

...to stand-down... Corporal.

GALLO

NOT MINE!

PAYTON shoves himself out of his chair, reaching for the pipe weapon to find nothing! He spins to see GALLO holding the pipe and the pistol-gripped syringe, glaring down at him. The heavy streams of blood are oozing from his nose and ears, insanity shown in his hollow gaze.

GALLO (CONT'D)

Who's being irrational here, Lieutenant? Tell me? Who's being delusional!? Hmm?

PAYTON raises his hands, calmly submitting.

PAYTON

Think about what you're doing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GALLO
I'm getting off this ship. My flight's
over. OVER!

Another panel on the console begins to gently blink as...

CUT TO:

INT. REACTOR CONTROL TERMINAL - CONT.

BOWER and NADIA cling to the side of the reactor, quietly flipping switches and entering codes as... the sea of HUNTERS sleep below them.

BOWER unfolds the auxiliary power lever, each movement creating a CREAK of rusted metal. He grips the handle and slowly begins to turn the magneto crank. The CREAKS of rusted metal and the low WHINE of magnetos grows louder.

HUNTERS begin to stir in their sleep as NADIA watches them with fright.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

GALLO is jabbing the pistol-gripped syringe towards PAYTON, motioning him closer to the sleep pods. He motions and PAYTON kneels at the panel... entering the code.

PAYTON
This won't work...

GALLO
Shut-up.

GALLO jabs the syringe gun towards the back of PAYTON'S head while putting one foot inside the pod.

PAYTON
Just think about what you're doing-

GALLO
SHUT-UP!

PAYTON continues entering the launch code as GALLO steps inside with his other foot.

PAYTON
It wasn't the crew that was sick, was it?

GALLO
Finish the code...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON

What did you really do to them...?

GALLO slides into the pod and...

GALLO

FINISH IT!

PAYTON hits a key and LIGHTS BLINK. GALLO looks away for a second and PAYTON suddenly grabs the hatch lever... SLAMMING it closed. He cranks the latch, locking GALLO inside.

GALLO (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

PAYTON wedges a pipe through the handle as GALLO violently kicks the hatch.

PAYTON

For your own good-

GALLO

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!?

PAYTON

You're not well, Corporal. You just need the proper treatment-

GALLO

LET ME OUT GOD DAMMIT! OPEN IT!! THAT'S AN ORDER MOTHER FUCKER!

PAYTON

This isn't your fault-

GALLO

I'LL FUCKING CARVE YOU UP- HEAR ME!?
I'LL GUT YOU LIKE A FUCKING-

PAYTON

Your mind... has turned against itself.

GALLO EXPLODES with RAGE... POUNDING on the hatch with a jack-hammer of fists, bones shattering in his own hands. PAYTON ignores his screams, going back to the console and typing into the keyboard.

GALLO

OPEN THIS HATCH CORPORAL!

CUT TO:

INT. REACTOR CONTROL TERMINAL

BOWER cranks the hand lever faster and faster, the MOAN of magnetos growing louder and louder. He gives one last spin and hits the primer switch. A split-second of nothing and then the panels brightly come to life. The digital panel reads: >> ROTATION SEQUENCE >> CODE INITIATE TO PROCEED >>

BOWER takes a sigh of relief and glances to see NADIA is frozen with fright. He follows their eye-line to see the entire floor of HUNTERS are awake, heads turned towards them. HEFLIN steps closer in their direction with a HISS.

BOWER gasps and the entire pack of HUNTERS moves toward them and... suddenly, TANAKA bangs his bladed weapon against the railing with a heavy CLANK! The HUNTERS instantly turn toward his direction and TANAKA throws his weapon, HITTING one of the HUNTERS directly in the head.

TANAKA jumps to the neighboring catwalk and breaks through a hatch, coated with vines and vegetation. HEFLIN screeches a command and the HUNTERS ignite in a chain-reaction, grabbing their weapons and taking chase like a swarm of attack dogs. They climb the wall with inhuman speed and rush out the hatch, following TANAKA.

NADIA

Hurry! Go!

BOWER turns back to the panel, flipping more switches and continuing the process as the reactor begins to HUM as...

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING PLATFORM

TANAKA is running at full sprint, bounding over dishevelled equipment and weaving through debris as the pack of enraged HUNTERS emerge from every direction to follow his path.

One HUNTER gains quickly at a sprinter's pace and TANAKA runs directly for the open hatchway. (The hatchway they detoured earlier.) He dives through as the sprinting HUNTER is almost upon him.

A booby-trap is sprung, hydraulic pistons SNAP a razor-wire that "clotheslines" the HUNTER, nearly ripping him in half as TANAKA hits the floor, rolls to his feet and keeps running.

HEFLIN and the HUNTERS slash the tangled snare with their weapons, trying to break through.

CUT TO:

INT. REACTOR BAY - CONT.

BOWER types quickly, flipping numerous switches and... a SHUDDER is felt, the tower begins to TREMBLE with a low bass MOAN, like an engine trying to turn over.

BOWER

Com'on...

NADIA looks back to see there are still HUNTERS in the reactor bay, ones who didn't join the chase, slowly coming out of the shadows, crawling up the walls.

NADIA

Bower...?

BOWER

I'm going as fast as I can-

NADIA

(terrified)

Bower-

BOWER

Wait-

He hits the final key as NADIA grabs his shoulder. He turns to see... WEASEL and numerous HUNTERS have them surrounded, waiting to pounce. With nowhere to go, they are done for as WEASEL CACKLES a command, the HUNTERS moving in, just as...

SHIIIISSSSH! High pressure steam erupts from the reactor's pressure relief valves. The HUNTERS back pedal in fear as the ventilation system ignites... fresh oxygen hits the blue torches... BURSTING into BRILLIANT ORANGE FIREBALLS..

The HUNTER'S scatter in a panic as the BRIGHT FLAMES are blinding and a tremendous SHUDDER travels through the ship like an earthquake...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

The SHUDDER hits the control desk, rattling the monitors and WARNING LIGHTS and BUZZERS ignite as the ship feels full power after centuries of laying dormant.

GALLO slows his POUNDING, blood coating his fists.

PAYTON

My God... he did it! He did it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SCREENS FLICKER BRIGHTLY, all of the systems engaging. GALLO is shocked, pressing his face against the glass, peering across the computer terminals that are igniting.

GALLO

Let me out. I can... help.

PAYTON ignores him, typing rapidly into the keyboard.

GALLO (CONT'D)

I'll help you! Please- I can help!

PAYTON runs over to the security door and hits a switch on the sensor. The door doesn't react.

GALLO (CONT'D)

What are you doing? You can't- You're trying to get on the bridge?

PAYTON runs back to the console, typing into the terminal.

GALLO (CONT'D)

You don't want to go in there, Corporal.

PAYTON throws him a glare, continuing to type in commands as the room erupts with activity.

GALLO (CONT'D)

What are you going to tell them? Huh?
How are you going to explain that?

PAYTON

Shut-up.

GALLO

(devilish grin)
They'll know what you did.

PAYTON

SHUT-UP!

CUT TO:

INT. REACTOR BAY - CONT.

Other HUNTERS have retreated away from the reactor, cowering in fear with the exception of WEASEL, enraged by the temple's disturbance. He HISSES as he lunges for BOWER. Trying to duck, they SLAM into the reactor wall and CRASH to the catwalk below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEASEL has incredibly quick reflexes as he springs back to his feet just as BOWER charges into him, slamming into a wall of burning algae. The fire quickly spreads across WEASEL'S skin, igniting the oil that's been rubbed across his body.

With WEASEL SCREECHING wildly and engulfed in flame, BOWER viciously continues pummeling him, throwing a rage of blows until the body stops twitching. The flames begin to catch on BOWER'S arms and NADIA pulls him back.

They look to see most of the HUNTERS fleeing the room, but others have grabbed weapons. BOWER grabs her arm, pulling her towards the hatch.

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING DOCK - CONT.

As BOWER and NADIA run, the ship comes to life all around them, every LIGHT FLASHING and every mechanism ENGAGING at full power. A startling contrast of blinding white walls and glowing floors as they run down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR ATRIUM - CONT.

STEAM ERUPTS from pipes and LIGHTS BLINDLY FLICKER as HUNTERS scatter and run off in separate directions.

Slowly, TANAKA emerges from a hiding place, dropping down from the rafters overhead. With a grin he turns to head back the other direction to see...

HEFLIN waiting for him.

They stare one another down, both raising their bladed weapons as LIGHTS shatter and implode around them from their own intensity.

HEFLIN lunges with a HISS and blades CLASH!

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK

PAYTON rapidly pounds his fingers into the keyboard and... LIGHTS activate... causing one of the security doors to engage... sliding open. But, it's the wrong door, revealing a corridor leading endlessly into the back of the ship.

PAYTON

Dammit-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALLO

Where do you think you're going?

PAYTON

Quiet-

PAYTON continues to work the control panels, looking to the sealed door on the other end of the room.

GALLO

Think about what you're doing, sir-

PAYTON

Shut-up-

GALLO pushes his knees against the hatch, the pipe beginning to bend, the seal CRACKING open.

GALLO

You don't want to see what's in there-

PAYTON

SHUT-UP!

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/MAIN CORRIDOR

The control panel on a sleep-chamber is FLASHING as a passenger KICKS his hatch open from the inside. The haggard and bewildered passenger crawls out to find himself in the middle of CHAOS. Before he can get a breath he's attacked by HUNTERS.

What was once a dark and haunting chamber of metal, is now a disco tech from hell as lights FLASH across the corridor in what appears to be a massive riot, PASSENGERS and HUNTERS fighting.

ANGLE ON/CRANE UP

BOWER and NADIA run across the top of the sleep chamber wall, thirty feet above the havoc that's ensuing below. A LIGHT BULBS BURST as...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ATRIUM - CONT.

Metal blades SPARK as they connect between HEFLIN and TANAKA. The sword play is crude, but powerful and brutal. HEFLIN can't match his skills and pile-drives him, ripping into him with his own bare hands and a horrific SCREECH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TANAKA tries to grab a hold of him, but HEFLIN digs in with his teeth, biting into his stomach. TANAKA screams, hitting HEFLIN'S head with everything he's got, but he won't let go.

TANAKA lifts HEFLIN'S feet and ROARS as he charges himself directly into the wall, neck bones SNAPPING! HEFLIN goes limp, dropping to the floor dead as TANAKA gasps... looking down to see the damage has been done, blood flowing heavily.

He takes a breath, turns to exit FREEZING to see... the CHILD HUNTER standing alone, sensing the death of HEFLIN with almost an expression of sorrow. TANAKA lowers his weapon and... THWACK! The CHILD stabs TANAKA in the chest with a small bladed weapon.

TANAKA gasps with shock, collapsing to his knees, eyes wide before going to the floor. The CHILD begins to feed.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/MAIN CORRIDOR

BOWER and NADIA climb to a cat-walk only to see HUNTERS are following their trail. They run to a ladder and spot LELAND already climbing above them.

BOWER
Go... GO! GO!

Half way up, LELAND looks back to see them coming with HUNTERS close behind. He gives them a look before closing the hatch and latching it.

NADIA
You snake bastard- OPEN IT!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONT.

With the YELLS muffled under the hatch, LELAND runs towards an open door at the far end of the long corridor.

ANGLE ON

Inside the door at the far end... PAYTON is at the control console, quickly typing into the keyboard. He hears the hatch CRACK open and he spins to see GALLO, out of the pod, with a twisted grin, holding the pistol-gripped syringe.

GALLO
We both know who needs this shot...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON counters with the bladed weapon.

PAYTON

Stay back-

GALLO

Who's the one suffering... sir-

PAYTON

I MEAN IT!

PAYTON lunges with the weapon, RAGE in his EYES as... GALLO jabs with the pistol-syringe, they lock hands, grabbing one another's wrists... slamming into the wall.

Upon IMPACT with the wall, GALLO suddenly appears slightly older, his voice lowering in level.

GALLO

Corporal...

PAYTON slams him against the wall, making him older.

PAYTON

(rage simmering)

STOP IT!

PAYTON slams him again, a FLASH that reveals GALLO has aged almost matching PAYTON, their voices sounding the same...

GALLO

Your mind... has turned against itself,
Corporal-

PAYTON

I'll FUCKING CARVE YOU UP!

Within the struggle, hands grab at weapons, a wrist is twisted... lining up both of their identification tattoos to be identical... FLT>004>>012>>.

The syringe is stabbed into skin. The trigger fires liquid, injecting the chemical into someone's arm as their voices converge, over-lapping at first and becoming one voice...

GALLO & PAYTON

It's for the best... Corporal.

ANGLE ON

LELAND runs up the corridor, through the doors and into the room, gasping for breath, pausing to see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAYTON is ALONE. He's just injected the syringe into his own wrist. He's the only person in the room. Heavy blood streams are running from his nose and ears.

We will now refer to PAYTON by his real name, GALLO.

LELAND and GALLO exchange a look... GALLO seeming to snap out of his trance. LELAND approaches, wheezing for air.

LELAND

We made it! We- I'm with your boy. I was the one helping with-

GALLO suddenly SLASHES his throat! LELAND reels back in shock, throttling his own neck in horror, blood gushing.

GALLO casually turns back to the console, continuing to type as LELAND tries to cry out, his voice gargled with blood as he staggers, collapsing to the floor. GALLO hits a key and LIGHTS IGNITE, the last door finally engaging.

GALLO sigh with relief as the doors slide open revealing a corridor of stairs leading to the bridge. A warm and gentle smile widens on his face.

PAYTON

Captain on the bridge.

He heads toward the bridge, while flipping another switch that ignites the opposite doors just as...

ANGLE ON

BOWER and NADIA angrily burst through the hatch in the floor, jamming it behind them and run up the corridor. They see the doors sliding shut.

BOWER

That's it! GO! Go for it!

With HUNTERS hot on their trail... they run full sprint towards the sliding doors. HUNTERS lunge out of side corridors with SCREECHING HISSES as BOWER and NADIA dive through the sliding doors...

One HUNTER is crushed by the doors, split nearly in half with a heavy THUD of steel and a MOAN of hydraulics. The HUNTER spasms wildly, kicking and clawing as BOWER and NADIA back pedal into the room. HUNTERS gather at the gap, stabbing weapons between the doors, trying to crawl through with SCREECHES and HISSES of rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOWER and NADIA back further away, turning to see the room. The original room that BOWER woke up in now looks quite different with all the systems engaged, BLINDING LIGHT coming from the monitors and computer terminals.

They move through the room, passing the empty sleep chambers and the control console, seeing the entire pathway of dripped blood across the floor.

NADIA

Where's... your lieutenant?

BOWER

He's not my lieutenant.

She frowns off his look and turns to see... LELAND on the floor in a pool of blood, throat slashed, dead.

BOWER pulls the gun and heads into the open doorway leading towards the bridge as NADIA follows behind.

FOLLOW THRU:

INT. COMMAND BRIDGE - CONT.

A tunneled stairwell widens out into the main flight bridge. A stunning sight, a split-level glass control deck, rows of blinking control panels and flight chairs. It appears undisturbed, a thin layer of silt floats out from under their footsteps.

BOWER leads the way, panning the weapon throughout the room with no sign of GALLO. On the far wall, cockpit windows coated with a black fungus that obscures the view, but hints to the illusion of outer space, a haze of cosmic dust without stars.

NADIA

(in awe)

What's happened... to us? Where are we?

BOWER goes to the nearest control console, tapping the keyboard. The computer instantly responds, data scrolling across the screen.

BOWER

Flight log. It'll tell us how long we've been out... and how far we've gone.

BOWER types in a command and the computer begins to scroll through the flight computer's time-code. Starting with the launch date and time the numbers begin to roll faster and faster. BLIP... BLIP... BLIP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA walks towards the windows and suddenly jumps back with fright to realize one of the flight control chairs has a FIGURE sitting in it. GALLO, motionless and gazing toward the windows.

Off her gasp, BOWER grabs his gun and approaches as the computer time-code continues to roll even faster with no sign of slowing... months becoming years.

BOWER approaches from behind GALLO... his identification tatto now clearly visible... FLT>>004>>012>>. He cranks the lever on the gun with a WHINE of magnetos and the laser sights flare brightly onto GALLO'S back.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Seems my little memory lapse has finally worn off... "Lieutenant".

BOWER slowly approaches, moving closer to his profile, the stream of blood from GALLO'S ear shown running down his neck.

GALLO

(dryly)

Mine too.

BOWER

Who the hell are you?

GALLO keeps his gaze towards the windows, emotionless.

BOWER (CONT'D)

You're team four. Why would you... switch bunks? Pretend to be someone else? What would you be wanting to hide? Who the hell are you?

GALLO

I was younger then you when I first came on board. Funny, I can't even remember what it was like... before this flight began. It's all I know.

BOWER

You were the one... who first received the final transmission. Who refused to go back to sleep. You stayed awake... for all those years. What were you doing... what crimes were you hiding from when you took Payton's bunk?

The time-code display rolls faster, years rolling into decades... BLIP, BLIP, BLIP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GALLO
(impressed)
How the hell would you know all that?

BOWER
Is it true? What have you done to us?
Where are we now?

GALLO lazily nods towards the windows.

GALLO
Go ahead. Take a peek. You tell me.

BOWER hesitates, looking toward the darkened windows. He stays with the weapon on GALLO as NADIA wanders toward the front control console, towards the glass.

With the lights fading on the weapon, BOWER gives the lever a quick whirl, motioning the barrel closer.

GALLO (CONT'D)
What are you gonna do, Bower? There's no one left to hand out merit badges. No one left at all.

BOWER
And that makes it okay? To play God?

GALLO
You think God survived? He's gone... with the rest. There's no one left to judge you, Bower.

NADIA approaches the glass, squinting towards the heavily smudged glass. She frowns, trying to wipe away the layer of sludge.

BOWER
Judgement will come for you. You think you could cover it? Your victims survived. Evolved. That's your creation out there. Your crime.

BOWER jabs the gun into his back with force.

BOWER (CONT'D)
And you thought you'd be able to hide it? Who would ever suspect that? Who would ever remember? I remember.

NADIA rubs the glass with her hand, squinting into the darkness. The time-code display rolls faster, decades into centuries... BLIP, BLIP, BLIP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GALLO

No world left. No law. No order. Only us. You the law now? You gonna be the one that brings order to what's left? Wanna take a shot at it? I did my best with what I was given. Wanna be King for a day? Give it a whirl, Corporal. I'd like to see how you fare.

With the laser sights fading on the weapon, BOWER quickly cranks the power lever, keeping the gun raised.

A slow grin spreads across GALLO'S face as he finally looks to him, revealing the thick streams of blood that have dripped from his nose, coating his chin and neck.

GALLO (CONT'D)

Try to imagine it. Imagine... yourself for five minutes without morality. I'll bet you'd surprise even yourself, kid-

BOWER

Shut-up.
(to Nadia)
What's out there?

NADIA shakes her head, rubbing away the sludge from the glass, squinting harder.

GALLO

Imagine... us both. What's left to stop you? I offer you the kingdom and you-

BOWER

Shut-up-

GALLO

There's still quite a few sleeping beauties down there... a thousand flavors. You up for a little window shopping?

BOWER

Shut-up!

GALLO

(licking his lips)
I wanna see it. I'll bet you'd be a reeeaal tiger-

BOWER suddenly shoves him out of the chair, slamming him to the floor, jabbing the barrel into the back of his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOWER

There will be law... in whatever world we create. And you'll pay for what you've done. Believe me.

GALLO chuckles with his face pressed to the floor.

GALLO

A real boy scout, is that it, kiddo?

BOWER

HEAR ME ASSHOLE?!

NADIA suddenly GASPS... flinching away from the cockpit windows, having just seen what's outside. Her expression is ghostly as she back pedals.

BOWER (CONT'D)

What is it?

GALLO looks up with a blood-soaked grin.

BOWER (CONT'D)

What do you see!?

GALLO

You ready for the new world, Corporal?

BOWER keeps the gun on him as he goes to the windows. NADIA has a ghostly expression, unable to speak. BOWER leans toward the glass, squinting into the darkness and...

SWISH! An object moves past the outside of the glass. He leans closer, squinting to see... a school of ALIEN FISH dart past. The ship is underwater.

BOWER staggers in shock, back pedalling as GALLO continues to chuckle.

BOWER

(disbelief)

We've... we've already crashed. We've already... we're...

The time-code display rolls centuries past, more than a thousand years accounted for as it finally slows to a stop.

BLIP... BLIP... BLIP.

BOWER (CONT'D)

We've been... down here... all this time!? All this... time-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BOWER staggers against the console in shock, the weapon lowering to his side.

GALLO

I guess this thing does land itself.
Just doesn't float too well.

BOWER lunges towards him and GALLO is ready for this one, quickly countering his move and SLAMMING BOWER into the console. He unleashes a vicious BLOW into BOWER'S throat.

BOWER collapses, choking for air and GALLO kicks the gun away. He kneels over BOWER, slowly pulling out a blade.

GALLO (CONT'D)

And you thought you could be King!?

He slides the blade under BOWER'S neck and... there's a WHIRL of magnetos.

He looks up to see NADIA cranking the lever on the energy gun. She tries to turn the gun towards him and...

GALLO lunges toward her just as she's able to FIRE! The BLAST of energy goes into the console with a CRACK of THUNDER, knocking everyone off their feet. Shattered glass and metal HIT the cockpit window like a spray of shrapnel...

CLOSE UP

...sending a thin crack across the surface of the glass.

She struggles to crank the lever again as GALLO charges, hitting the gun away. He SLAMS her over the console.

GALLO (CONT'D)

My apologies. Ladies first... of course.

ANGLE ON/CLOSE UP

The crack on the window begins to spiderweb across...

ANGLE ON

GALLO grabs her hair to expose her neck and angles the blade upward, forcing her to take a GASP as...

BOSSSH! Water explodes through the windows, hitting the room like a hundred fire hoses. GALLO is hit directly and thrown across the room as NADIA and BOWER are engulfed by the blast of black water, sent tumbling.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER/CONTROL DESK - CONT.

The tremendous ROAR of rushing water rolls them down the stairwell and into the sleep chamber compartment in a raging torrent, a tidal wave slams into the wall.

BOWER grabs onto NADIA and they claw themselves along the wall as computer terminals SPARK and LIGHTS go black. He pulls her to a sleep-chamber and he jumps inside the open hatch, pulling her with.

NADIA

NO!? Are you crazy-

BOWER

GET IN!

He pulls her inside and turns to the control panel. He hits the keypad to read: >>> DETACHMENT INITIATED >>>

BOWER struggles to close the hatch as water rushes in, SLAMMING it shut on top of them.

GALLO struggles to keep his head above water as the fast moving current SLAMS him into the edge of the doorway. His fingers claw at the manual lever for the door, tugging and tugging with no effect as the water rises above his head.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER

BOWER and NADIA are squeezed together inside the pod as water quickly rises above the porthole.

NADIA

(gasping)

Not like this! I can't- like this!

BOWER

Hold on!

Under the roar of the rushing water, hydraulics ignite. Micro-jets FIRE and WHOOSH! The pod launches, shooting down a tunnel until they're HIT with a tremendous JOLT.

They are sent spinning into a wild tumble as bubbles and gas erupt across the outer surface. BOWER and NADIA slam into one another as the chamber turns end over end.

Its roll seems to slow for a brief moment and BOWER squints toward the porthole to see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV

They are pulling away from the side of the ship. The exterior hull of the massive space ship slides past at a high rate of speed with a swirl of ocean water and bubbles.

BAM! The pod SLAMS into something as SPARKS fly and seals are ruptured as WATER sprays in with a blinding BLAST. The chamber is sent into another violent roll as NADIA and BOWER tumble head over feet, as if caught within a washing machine.

The chamber finally steadies as water washes across the control panel, one last burst of sparks knocks out the lights, taking them into BLACK.

Only their gasps are heard as they squirm towards the upper corner... only a foot of air remaining.

He grabs the mask connected to tubes in the side and pulls the straps over her head.

NADIA

What are you doing!?

BOWER

Put it on!

NADIA

No! I can't- Not like this! I'm not going to wake up and drowned-

BOWER

PUT IT ON!

He pulls it over her face as the water rises with only several inches of air inside the chamber. BOWER gasps desperately into the corner.

NADIA gasps the air through the mask, making her eye-lids droop, slowly going unconscious. BOWER gasps one last breath and the water rises over his head.

BOWER watches her body go limp and squirms for air as... a warm GLOW of WHITE LIGHT grows brighter through the porthole.

As sunlight dances through the porthole, he kicks at the hatch and...

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

BOWER kicks open the hatch, gasping for breath. A gentle breeze ripples across the water with a sunlight flickering across the surface of an ocean.

He pulls NADIA out of the chamber, ripping the mask off her face. Her eye-lids slowly begin to flicker back to consciousness.

BOWER
Hey...? Hey?

She chokes on the air and struggles to orientate herself, looking up to see him gazing down at her, coated with bright sunlight.

NADIA
(gasping)
Where are we? What happened?

BOWER
(grin)
It's all right. It's safe to wake up
this time.

With eyes of disbelief, they turn to see...

WIDE ANGLE

They sit on the edge of the sleep chamber as it lightly bobs within the ocean waves. They're just off shore from a stretch of mountainous tropical islands with waves crashing against the beaches. The unusual shape of the islands and their geography are nothing like we've ever seen on Earth. Several moons dot the sky and the sun is rising with a brilliant glow on the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. COMMAND DECK

Pitch black. A low CHURNING is heard, a motor that is pumping as the water lowers, allowing us to see across the dishevelled command platform, the walls dripping with water. The water is being drained through the grates in the floor as unseen bilge pumps are heard loudly WHIRLING. The pump motors whine down and shut off as...

CONTROL CONSOLE

A hand flips off the switch for the ventilation ducts. It's GALLO...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

standing at the console, having changed clothes and recovered from the ordeal. He examines the empty tank where BOWER'S sleep chamber once sat. He eyes the other sleep-chambers, deeply contemplating.

He goes back to the control console, scanning across the numerous surveillance monitors that reveal...

PASSENGERS and HUNTERS engaged in a variety of activities all across the ship. Some are seen fighting, some searching for food, some searching for a way out, some alone weeping. A kingdom, for the taking.

He pulls out a coffee packet and slowly begins mixing himself a cup, deeply contemplating as he looks across the screens. He glances over to see... YOUNG GALLO, the younger version of himself, who is seated nearby, watching with a grin. The blood is gone from his face, appearing clean-cut, clean uniform.

YOUNG GALLO

Well, if you're gonna be captain... what are we gonna do now?

Off his look...

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER COMPARTMENT - LATER

SHUSH... THUD. Doors open to another sleep chamber compartment, completely undisturbed. Four undisturbed sleep-chambers are lined against the wall.

GALLO enters, now wearing the CAPTAIN'S uniform, he straightens his collar and kneels next to one of the pods, typing into the panel. A grin appears as he removes the wedding ring (PAYTON'S ring) he'd forgotten he's still wearing.

GALLO

What is a King... without his Queen.

He hits the control panel switch and...

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER

A FEMALE CREW MEMBER, a beautiful young woman, deep in hyper-slumber suddenly twitches... her EYES opening wide with a GASP as she stares into CAMERA.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

