

SOMNIUM

Written by

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EXT. SPACE

The HUM of engines.

A ROCKET gently drifts in orbit. It's white, pointed and missile-like. VIRGIL is written on the side.

INT. VIRGIL COMMAND SHUTTLE

A potted plant floats through the air, spreading dirt from its planter as it spins.

SAM jumps into frame and grabs it; no mean feat in zero gravity, but he does it smoothly and cleanly. Sam has a soft, trustworthy face and boyish grin.

JACK (O.S.)
Come on Sam, let's break orbit,
huh?

Sam secures the plant with rows of other plants.

SAM
Two seconds Jack.

He crouches on the wall of the shuttle and then pounces. The momentum sends him flying -

- past the dense rows of small plants
- past a cramped living area
- through a long corridor with an airlock
- and into the command capsule.

JACK has a large and imposing frame. He looks like the ideal man for 1950. He fills the capsule's left seat.

CONNIE, Asian with bookish looks and total focus, is squeezed into the middle. Sam sits on the right.

SAM (CONT'D)
Cargo's squared away.

JACK
Copy, Capcom, we've got point two
two on the screen here.

(CAPCOM is the earth-based mission control)

CAPCOM (O.S.)
Copy Virgil commander, reading
point two. Clear to engage engines.

CONNIE
Now point eight.

CAPCOM
Copy Connie, reading eight, prepare
to break orbit.

Sam, Connie and Jack engage a flurry of instruments.

CAPCOM (CONT'D)
Engage burn.

JACK
Engaging burn.

EXT. SPACE

The back of the rocket. Four engines, each the size of a house, come alive with explosion.

INT. VIRGIL COMMAND SHUTTLE

The cockpit is shaking. The three astronauts talk like a well-oiled team, overlapping each other's sentences into a single stream of efficiency.

SAM
You got it Jack?

JACK
You're damn right I got it, Connie,
watch the gimbal.

CONNIE
Fourteen degrees.

CAPCOM
Burn is good Jack.

CONNIE
Thirteen point five degrees.

SAM
We're using too much fuel, cut it
back.

JACK
Negative.

SAM
We're going to overshoot.

JACK
No we're not! Shit, yes we are.

CAPCOM
Sam, count it down.

SAM
Copy, prepare to disengage.

CONNIE
Eight degrees.

JACK
Burn complete.

SAM
Release.

CONNIE
Sam, that was beautiful.

CAPCOM
Well done Virgil, good burn Sam.

JACK
Yeah, that was tighter than my ex-wife.

CAPCOM
Uh, copy that.

CONNIE
Goodbye old friend, see you in four years.

We look out the front window to reveal THE MOON, huge in the shuttle's window. The rocket is moving beyond it.

JACK
The sea of fertility sure doesn't look very fertile, Capcom, do you know who named it?

CAPCOM
Uh, negative Jack, we'll get back to you on that one.

SAM
Picking up some noise on H channel.

CAPCOM

Copy, we're getting the same reading, eighty to one twenty arc seconds.

SAM

Is that normal?

CAPCOM

It's in the range. Just a dust cloud.

SAM

Copy, I have it on instrumentation.

On a radar screen there's a menacing red blob ahead of the Virgil.

CAPCOM

Virgil, down here we have the privilege of telling you that you are the furthest mankind has been from earth.

The astronauts cheer.

CONNIE

Call Guinness for us.

CAPCOM

We're opening a bottle of champagne for you right now.

SAM

You'll have to save us all a glass.

CAPCOM

Copy that.

JACK

There ain't none where we're going.

EXT. SPACE

The rocket is passing the moon. Behind the moon is EARTH. It's orange and dry, and there is no ice on the caps.

CAPCOM (O.S.)

It's gonna get awful lonely up there soon.

JACK (O.S.)

Copy.

INT. VIRGIL SHUTTLE

CAPCOM

You're coming up to the dark zone.

SAM

There's another one of those big mothers.

CONNIE

Come on Sam, don't call them big mothers, give them some scientific name.

SAM

There's a, there's another ionized gas cloud. And another. Shit, there's dozens of them.

CONNIE

Are we worried?

JACK

No, Capcom said they're all in the range.

CAPCOM

(with increasing static)

Entering comms blackout in twenty seconds Virgil, we'll see you tomorrow at rendezvous.

JACK

Copy. This is Virgil over and out.

The static increases on the channel. Jack turns it off. All of a sudden it's eerily quiet.

EXT. SPACE

The rocket is now completely in the dark of the moon, heading out into the lonely space between planets. Earth is nowhere to be seen.

INT. VIRGIL SHUTTLE

SAM

There's more noise in these clouds.

CONNIE

How much?

SAM
Three, four seconds, almost four
degrees all up.

CONNIE
Damn.

JACK
They can't hurt us, it's just dust.

SAM
There's another one, shit they're
everywhere.

Sam's radar screen is filled with the red blob.

JACK
Do we need to burn again?

A question with huge implications.

SAM
No, well, I don't know, maybe.

JACK
Sam, this is on you. Your call. Do
we burn?

SAM
How much fuel do we have?

CONNIE
One-one-two-six tonnes. We need one
thousand at Luna four, is that
enough?

SAM
Maybe, I'm not sure.

JACK
Sam!

SAM
Negative, go through. If we can't
handle a little dust we got no
business going to Mars.

JACK
Copy. Connie, watch our gimbal and
drift. Sam, watch our readings. We
hit point seven I want to know.

SAM
Here comes the first one.

A RED WIND flows over the window of the cockpit. It's fast, turbulent and sublime. There's a faint sparkling in it.

SAM (CONT'D)
It's beautiful.

Sam isn't looking at his controls or readings, but up at the RED WIND, entranced.

JACK
Any damage?

CONNIE
None.

SAM
Here comes the second one.

JACK
How is it control doesn't know...

The second cloud of RED WIND is thicker and faster. It rushes over the cockpit. The whole craft shakes and rattles. Red emergency lights start going off. Cracks appear all over the viewport.

SCREEECH! CHUUUNK! TOOOM!

The horrifying sound of METAL BEING TORN FROM METAL fills the cockpit.

All speaking over each other:

SAM
What the hell was -

CONNIE
We've drifted twelve degrees -

JACK
Oxygen leak in the third module -

CONNIE
There's no response from tanks
three or four -

JACK
The fuel's gonna mix with the
oxygen if we don't restore control-

CONNIE
Already mixing in the third tank -

SAM
We're losing pressure.

A split second of silent horror -

JACK
Where?

SAM
One, three, five through seventeen.

JACK
Connie, airlock. We'll work the pressure from outside. Sam, cut our drift and get power back. Save our fuel and oxygen. You might need to hold your breath.

SAM
Got it.

Jack and Connie float away towards the airlock. We stay with Sam, who is furiously pressing controls, toggling switches and cross referencing holographic displays and old school paper manuals.

SAM (CONT'D)
Commencing burn

He engages the thrusters, darting across the cockpit to check the trim on the gimbal.

SAM (CONT'D)
Cutting burn.

Sam yanks back the power toggles and reengages the main power.

SAM (CONT'D)
Four, six, seven and ten. Green.

He is beginning to lose breath.

SAM (CONT'D)
(losing breath)
Two thirty amps to eight. Eight and fifteen on. Tank control restored.

Finally, the cockpit lights up green. Sam is running out of air.

SAM (CONT'D)
(losing breath)
Jack, power is back, I need to
jettison tank four.

Silence.

SAM (CONT'D)
(losing breath)
Are you clear of tank four?

Silence.

SAM (CONT'D)
(losing breath)
Over... Jack?

Silence.

SAM (CONT'D)
(losing breath)
Connie?

SILENCE.

SAM
(barely able to talk)
Jack, come in anyone...

There is no air left. He moves over to the airlock. The ship is empty. He rapidly puts on a suit and inhales in a burst as the helmet goes on.

EXT. SPACE

Sam steps into the airlock. As the first door closes the CACOPHONY OF BEEPS in the cockpit is traded for SILENCE.

The second door opens and Sam is looking out at SPACE. Sam's PANICKED BREATHING is the only sound we hear. He looks frantically over the surface of the ship. Gas is venting from every seam. Jack and Connie are gone. Sam doesn't know what to do.

A silent EXPLOSION rips apart the ship, sending Sam flying at an incredible velocity, spinning and flailing.

He falls towards an enormous, RED PLANET. It soon fills the screen. Terror fills his eyes. At point of impact...

INT. SAM AND KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam wakes up, bolt upright, in a sweat.

He catches his breath. KATE, his wife, lies asleep next to him, naked beneath the sheet.

Sam gets up, picks up his clothes, puts them on and leaves. Kate breathes and repositions, still asleep.

EXT. CAPE HATTERAS - NIGHT

Sam's red 1969 Corvette pulls up on the edge of a sand dune.

He ascends the dune. It looks over the swamps by the edge of the cape, where the rocket from his dream is being prepped on a launchpad. Now that we see it on Earth we realize just how big it is, a monstrous skyscraper of a rocket. It's venting gas into the cool night air.

TITLE: Somnium

INT. SAM AND KATE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

A television broadcast: TWO PRESENTERS with the Virgil rocket in the background.

PRESENTER 1

...at fifteen hundred hours, that's three p.m. by the way.

PRESENTER 2

Oh I know my military time John, and let me tell you conditions are ideal today for this historic launch here at Cape Hatteras. This moment is proudly being brought to you by -

The channel changes. There's now two voices speaking over computer generated images of a base on Mars.

HOST 1 (V.O.)

So tell us what we're seeing here George.

EXPERT 1 (V.O.)

Well this is the base on Mars where our astronauts will live for three years.

HOST (V.O.)
It's very small isn't it.

EXPERT 1 (V.O.)
Well after spending six months cramped up on the Virgil rocket I imagine they'd find it quite spacious.

HOST
And what -

EXPERT 1
And they'll of course be excursioning across the planet, monitoring the terraforming process and -

The channel changes again. It's an image of a massive RED DUST STORM, taller than our highest mountain on earth. Another EXPERT is in an inset image in the corner.

EXPERT 2
...to protect them from the dust storms. Now these dust storms are the biggest challenge facing the mission...

KATE is flicking the channels, nervously. The style of their house is a cross between 2050 and 1950. Kate, in contrast, is modern, a far cry from the beehive and plastic astronaut wife of the 50's, beautiful in a way that makeup can't enhance.

Sunlight is flowing into the room, bouncing off the chrome appliances.

EXPERT 2 (CONT'D)
...it's not uncommon for the entire planet to be covered by one giant dust storm. It affects equipment, transport, and of course let's not forget our astronaut's moods.

HOST 2
Of course not, now with that in mind -

Sam walks down the stairs from the bedroom. Kate turns the TV off, instantly hiding her nervousness. She has years of experience at that.

SAM
Mornin' Kate.

KATE
Mornin' babe. It's here.

SAM
Still feels surreal.

Sam sits, Kate pours two cups of coffee and sits next to him, putting his arm around her.

KATE
They've been playing your interviews all morning. It's funny, seeing you on the TV, all confident and jocky and patriotic, knowing that you're snoring upstairs-

Sam laughs.

KATE (CONT'D)
-probably drooling on the pillow.

SAM
You gonna miss my drooling?

Sam imitates his drooling onto her head. She laughs.

KATE
You went out again last night.

SAM
Mm. Couldn't sleep, just went to get some fresh air.

KATE
You okay?

SAM
Yeah.

Kate looks unconvinced, but lets it go.

SAM (CONT'D)
I had a dream about the mission.

KATE
Yeah?

SAM
We were up to the luna disengage. We did it in only two burns. Perfectly.

KATE
Great. And then?

SAM
It ended after that.

Beat. Kate is observing Sam, Sam is somewhere else.

KATE
It's okay to be nervous.

SAM
I'm not.

Kate stands and pulls his head up with both hands and kisses him.

She breaks off first and takes the cups to the sink, throwing them into the dishwasher. With her back to Sam she allows the nervousness back to her face.

KATE
You're going to be late.

Sam glances at the clock. It's 6:30am.

SAM
I'll see you at the pad.

KATE
Sure babe.

He takes a final sip, kisses her on the head and leaves. We rest on Kate for a beat as she watches him go.

EXT. NASACO BASE - DAY

The base has the bright and optimistic architecture of the 1950's, set on the edge of a lush tropical beach.

A high security, barbed wire fence circles the base. A sign reads 'NASACO: Cape Hatteras' with the NASACO acronym spelled out below: National Aeronautics, Space and Colonization organization.

There's a huge backup of cars trying to get into the base, many of them news vans. Sam bypasses the line entirely, going through a private boom gate.

BOOM GATE OPERATOR
Morning Sam.

SAM
Gene-o.

GENE (BOOM GATE OPERATOR)

Big day.

SAM

You're telling me.

GENE

Hey, at least one of us will have an easier job tomorrow. You're in medical first up.

SAM

Thanks.

Sam drives past dozens of news crews setting up on the edge of the tarmac. A couple of journalists realize who is he is as he drives past. They try to flag him down but he coolly ignores them.

INT. NASACO BASE - DAY

MEDICAL LAB

Sam is in the med lab in a chair with dozens of electrodes connected to him.

The Flight Surgeon, DR TOBY MOREAU, 50's, labcoat, greying hair and classically handsome, is interpreting the readout. The needle is erratic, the readout obviously not ideal. Sam knows this. He exhales heavily.

MOREAU

Come on Sam, we do this every day. Just breathe normally.

Sam exhales again.

SAM

Okay, okay, just give me a sec.

He attempts to force calm. The readout is the same; oscillating wildly.

MOREAU

Just breathe Sam.

SAM

You know that the very act of observing something changes it?

MOREAU

Dozens of monkeys have done this just fine.

(MORE)

MOREAU (CONT'D)
 Why don't you have a banana or
 scratch your balls or something?

Sam laughs. The readout becomes less severe. Moreau quickly stops the test and saves the favorable result.

MOREAU (CONT'D)
 You're still low on potassium, take
 these for that-

Moreau takes a collection of bottles from different shelves and begins giving them to Sam.

MOREAU (CONT'D)
 -these are your regulars-

More pills

MOREAU (CONT'D)
 -you're due for these-

More pills

MOREAU (CONT'D)
 -and this is something new I'm
 putting you on. One in the morning,
 one at night.

SAM
 What does it do?

MOREAU
 Helps you stress less.

Sam looks up.

SAM
 I'm not stressed.

MOREAU
 Just a precaution then.

Sam's collection of multicolored pill bottles looks ridiculous, at least to us unfamiliar with astronaut life.

Connie knocks on the door while Jack swaggers in.

THUMP. Jack sets down a bag full of dripping, raw meat.

JACK
 Sam, we got us six pounds of A
 grade steak, eggs, bacon, onion -

MOREAU
Jack.

JACK
Sir?

There's the slightest bit of tension in the room.

MOREAU
I believe you have a NASACO
approved meal you should be eating.

CONNIE
It's navy tradition sir, before
each mission we have steak and eggs
and we always come home safely.

MOREAU
More like superstition.

JACK
It's not superstition if it works.

Moreau chuckles. The tension is gone.

MOREAU
If you barf up there it'll be a
right job cleaning it up.

JACK
Yes sir.

They realize that the base has become full of frenzied
activity, dozens of people are urgently running past.

Moreau grabs a SOLDIER.

MOREAU
What's going on?

SOLDIER
Fire!

NASACO BASE CONTINUOUS

Sam, Connie and Jack, in a crowd of people, rush towards some
stairs. They surge through hallways and rooms towards an
exit. We follow, caught in the crowd.

The doors open and they're looking across the tarmac at the
Virgil.

FLAMES are racing up the rocket. The flames become an EXPLOSION ripping metal apart. Support structures CRASH to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. NASACO PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

The three astronauts and a dozen ENGINEERS are in an antechamber.

We wheel around to see GENERAL LANG at a podium in front of a crowd of JOURNALISTS. Black, in his 50's but still physically impressive with crew-cut gray hair and a steely gaze, Lang is respected more than liked.

The room is chaotic, full of journalists desperate to get their questions answered. Lang responds to them the way rock responds to water; unbreaking.

LANG

...and the fire was locked down before any astronauts were even prepping for launch.

He gestures to a journalist.

JOURNALIST 1

General Lang, do you believe that this was terrorism?

LANG

No, at this point there is no reason to think that. Our engineers have isolated the concerned engine and are performing every test.

Cut to the astronauts.

CONNIE

(sotto)

Performing every test. Meaning they have no idea.

Back to the journalists.

JOURNALIST 2

Are we still ahead of the Chinese space program?

LANG

Yes we are.

Lang points to the next journalist.

Cut to Sam. He is deep in thought.

INT. NASACO PRESS CONFERENCE - EVENING. FLASHBACK

SUPER: Six months ago

The press conference is in the same room, but it is a completely different feel, full of energy and optimism. A warm, summer day, the mood is festive. Cameras are going off and balloons and ribbons are all around.

The podium is replaced with a long table with Lang, Moreau, Jack, Connie and a THIRD ASTRONAUT we haven't seen before.

LANG

...by using the modified Hohmann Transfer Orbit the Virgil will geosynchronously orbit Mars for three years. During this time our primary crew will take the first steps on Mars, and establish the basis for a permanent colony.

The room erupts. Sam and Kate are in the crowd. Kate is eight and a half months pregnant.

JOURNALIST 3

Who will take the first steps?

Jack leans towards his microphone, preempting LANG.

JACK

Well, after the six month journey in a ship the size of a postal tube I reckon it'll be the first one to the door.

General amusement.

JOURNALIST 4

And how will the recently announced Chinese Mars mission affect your own?

The third astronaut exudes confidence and all around American gumption, with parted hair, square jaw and a winning smile.

THIRD ASTRONAUT

Well, we're training very hard to make sure that Mars is called the red planet only for the color of its dust.

The room cheers.

MODERATOR

Please thank YOUR Virgil astronauts, Jack White, Connie Liu and Tom Bassett!

Everyone is clapping, Sam is smiling, caught up in the optimism.

SMASH CUT

INT. NASACO PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Back to Sam in the present. He, along with everything else, look tired and embattled.

LANG

...and in response NASACO, DARPA and the DD have made a strategic decision to set a new launch in sixteen days. December eight.

A pause. Sam has a look on his face, is it relief?

LANG (CONT'D)

The safety of our astronauts is our first priority. That's it for today, thank you for your time.

Lang leaves the podium and strides, forcefully but with dignity, to the antechamber. Moreau is beside him.

MOREAU

Vultures.

LANG

(under his breath to Moreau)

This program may be a carcass but that doesn't mean it's fair game.

MOREAU

The launch personnel are all here, they'll want you to say something.

Lang addresses the astronauts, engineers and technicians.

LANG

You've got the new date. New
schedules will be up soon.

Moreau gives him a look of "they deserve more."

LANG(CONT'D)

It's going to be a race to the
finish, the Chinese are nipping at
our heels. But I believe in this
program and I believe in everyone
here.

Beat.

JACK

Was this sabotage... sir?

LANG

It looks like it's just a badly
fitted subpart.

ENGINEER 1

Badly fitted by who?

LANG

This is not going to be a witch-
hunt. Do your jobs, do them well.
That's all. Dismissed.

They disperse. Sam, arms folded, considers, before leaving.

EXT. LAUNCHPAD - NIGHT

The rocket is still being sprayed with foam from long cranes.
An entire side is covered in blackened, torn metal.

EXT/INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a small house designed with utility in mind. It's
identical to its neighbors, except that it has a fledgling
garden. We can see the Virgil above the rooftops.

Sam is at the door, hand on the handle. He takes a breath and
then opens.

Kate, on hearing the door, rushes to him.

She stands there, judging his mood. His face contorts into
anguish. Wordlessly she puts her arms around him.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MARTIAN SURFACE - AFTERNOON

Sam's eyes open.

He's lying on the surface of Mars; bruised and bloodied with his suit blackened and torn. Wreckage is scattered around him, billowing black smoke into the sky.

His bones CRACK as he slowly and painfully gets up.

SAM

Gahh, fuck!

He's upright now, but only barely.

SAM (CONT'D)

(into his headset)

Jack, Connie? Do you read me?...

Capcom, do you read me?

He reaches around his back and finds that his communications system is not there: it's at his feet, in a dozen pieces.

Sam looks around - which way to go?

In the thin atmosphere Sam can faintly see the stars. Locating Earth and Venus, he sets off.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam turns over restlessly once in his sleep.

EXT. MARTIAN SURFACE - EVENING

A storm of RED WIND is building on the horizon. It's as high and as wide as the eye can see. Sam sees it, and painfully quickens his pace.

He limps into a shallow bowl of a valley. On the other side is the Martian Base, a cluster of domes set into rock. Sam hurries towards it as the storm gets closer. The storm is now only a mile away, racing towards him.

He's almost at the base. Jack and Connie appear from a door.

Sam starts to run. The ground is shaking, deep RUMBLINGS echo across the valley. The storm is only feet away. Sam dives towards them - their hands almost connect -

But the storm picks Sam up and blows him away -

SMASH! Against the cliff. His helmet shatters, broken glass and dust filling his mouth. The wind doesn't relent. All we can see is a silhouette in red, being thrown backwards like a ragdoll, over and over -

We hear the sickening CRACKS of bones and the BLASTING WIND. The sound cross-fades to -

INT. NASACO TRAINING CENTRE - DAY

- the WHIRR of a treadmill.

Sam is running on it with electrodes all over his body. He's glistening with sweat. Other PERSONNEL are in there as well, undergoing fitness tests. In a glass booth above is Moreau.

SUPER: 15 days until launch

Sam's pace is constant but his movements are becoming less constrained.

Sam has A MENTAL FLASH, an image - the RED WIND of Mars.

He falters a bit.

Moreau looks at a screen showing several lines of readings from his electrodes. They are becoming more severe.

MOREAU
(over a speaker)
Sam, you okay?

Sam waves him off.

SAM
Yeah.

He keeps running. Moreau is now solely interested in his readings.

Sam has another MENTAL FLASH, the RED WIND about to engulf him.

More FLASHES:

The helmet breaking.

The dust filling his mouth and lungs.

An explosion ripping apart the rocket.

The RED WIND.

Then Sam sees the RED WIND in the room with him, whipping around the treadmills and personnel, who are oblivious to it. Sam is hyperventilating, he collapses.

WHAM! Down onto the hard metal edge of the treadmill.

Moreau springs into action, descending the stairs to the testing area.

MOREAU
(quietly to Sam)
Sam, what was that about?

The RED WIND is gone, or more likely was never there.

SAM
(louder so the people
looking at him hear)
There's some grease on the track.

MOREAU
I better do some tests anyway, you
know how pedantic they are about
these things.

Moreau helps him up and they exit.

INT. MOREAU'S OFFICE - DAY

Moreau's office is spacious and private, with shelves full of thick and impressive books. On the walls are Josef Albers artworks, Sam finds himself drawn to their concentric squares.

He sits down in a chair in front of Moreau's desk. Moreau, instead of taking the chair behind the desk, takes the one next to him, turning to face him.

MOREAU
How are you doing Sam?

SAM
Really, I'm fine, I could run
another five miles.

MOREAU
This is all off record.

SAM
(laughingly)
I haven't got anything to tell you,
I just slipped.

MOREAU

Okay then. Taking all your meds?

SAM

Are you planning on grounding me?

Moreau is taken aback.

MOREAU

No, not at all. I'll only ground you if you think you should be.

SAM

Okay.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - DAY

Lang is leaning back at his desk, thumbing through a document. Two investigators are standing in front of him, agents NEWMAN and HART. Their suits scream 'government.'

Lang looks from the document to them and back again. Closeups on the document shows us a few phrases.

"pre-flight checks"

"3rd fuel intake right"

"investigation pending removal of part"

LANG

What are the chances this was sabotage?

NEWMAN

We can't share that information.

LANG

If, **IF**, someone sabotaged the rocket, why would they pull the third fuel injector? That's a short delay, at best.

NEWMAN

It's too sloppy to be a mistake.

Lang absorbs the insult.

LANG

Your investigation will not get in our way, understand?

INT. NASACO SIMULATION ROOM - DAY

A 5,000 page document is being shredded.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Six months of work right there.

Sam and Jack are in a large training simulator, preparing to recreate their flight manual. Connie is disposing of the old one. Dejected, she joins them.

The simulator is a mockup of the Virgil command module, complete with personal photos on the windows. On the dashboard is a bobblehead of a hula girl with a ukelele, their good luck charm.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

We hit Martian atmos sixteen days later, we'll be in a completely different hemisphere by then. So... completely new flight manual in two weeks.

JACK

At least we'll see some sights.

Jack has a small stereo he's smuggled into the simulator. He mounts it onto the dashboard.

SAM

Reentry will be longer.

CONNIE

With a different angle, maybe fifteen degrees -

SAM

Fifteen is too shallow.

CONNIE

No, fifteen more, twenty-five total and that means -

SAM

Hohmann transfer is different too, shit, we change transfer too soon, we'll burn up, so -

CONNIE

We'll have to hit it at Luna six, but -

SAM

But we haven't even modeled that,
now all our amperage has to change
and -

Jack taps the bobblehead so she dances, then starts playing
'Should I Stay or Should I Go' by The Clash on the stereo.

BA DABA DA DUM!

Connie gives him a look of "this is serious, what are you
doing?"

SAM

-every amp needs a-

Jack starts air drumming to the song.

BA DABA DA DAAA!

CONNIE

We'll crosscheck each amp with
Galileo two... Jack, we've got-

Jack sings loudly, obnoxiously and in a terrible British
accent right into her ear.

JACK

Whooaaa! Darlin' you got to let me
know! Should I stay or should I go?

CONNIE

(long suffering)
Jack?

SAM

Four amps here in the...

Jack nudges Connie, 'come on, loosen up.' She gives in and
starts drumming too.

CONNIE

(along with song)
So you got to let me know, do I
stay or do I go?

Sam is still holding out, but there's a grin on his face.
Soon Connie is all in, drumming out her frustration into the
air.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

One day is fine and next is black
So if you want me off your back

They look at Sam-

JACK

Well come on an' let me knooowwwww

CONNIE

Well come on an' let me knooowwwww

SAM

Should I stay or should I go?

BA BADA BA DA!

Connie and Sam continue singing as Jack starts the simulation. It lights up and begins to rise into the air.

SAM

Should I stay or should I go now? Should I stay or should I go now? If I go there will be trouble. An' if I stay it will be double. So come on and let me know.

CONNIE

Should I stay or should I go now? Should I stay or should I go now? If I go there will be trouble. An' if I stay it will be double. So come on and let me know.

Their air drumming turns into the training simulation, pressing buttons instead of hitting imaginary drums, but still singing and bobbing along.

EXT. SAM AND KATE'S GARDEN - DAY

The song continues: This indecision's buggin' me

Kate is outside in the garden, digging and planting. Her jeans and white t-shirt are covered in dirt and her forehead is shiny with sweat. She places a small sapling in the ground, fills the hole, pats the dirt around it and marks it with a wooden stake.

Song: If you don't want me, set me free

INT. TRAINING MODULE - DAY

Sam, Connie and Jack are still rocking along, but deep into simulations and tests. They're flipping switches and writing down readings in thick paper manuals.

SAM
Four amps on the gain-

CONNIE
Three on the reverse.

JACK
Hot dang we got it, Should I stay
or should I go now? ba ba ba BA!

We're close on Sam for this line-

Song: If I go there will trouble...

EXT. SAM AND KATE'S GARDEN - DAY

Song: ...and if I stay it will be double.

Kate gently cradles a dead sapling, brown and drooping.
Suddenly she rips it out, the roots bringing up red dust.

She tears its limbs off, searching for some life. Finding
none she tosses it into a large black bin. Frustrated, she
throws the trowel into the ground and sits back.

INT. TRAINING SIMULATOR - DAY

JACK
Shave four arcs off and it's right.

Sam writes it down.

SAM
Four arcs. Done.

In the foreground a printer is spitting out page after page
of the new flight manual.

The song ends with a final drum beat.

INT. TRAINING SIMULATOR - DAY - LATER

Connie, Jack and Sam are stepping out of the simulation
module, walking and talking through the laboratories.

CONNIE
...point seven on the third stage,
and we shave that off the fourth -

SAM
Point eight.

CONNIE
Sorry, point eight.

JACK
Take point two off the second too,
we'll need it for dock and -

They stop. Newman and Hart are searching through a desk. Lang looks on with intense displeasure.

SAM
Isn't that Frank's desk?

CONNIE
What's going on?

LANG
They want to use the fire to shut
us down.

SAM
'Waste of taxpayer money'?

LANG
They don't care about taxpayers,
they just want rockets pointed at
China instead of Mars.

Newman and Hart put something from the desk in an evidence bag.

EXT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE. EVENING

Sam's car pulls up. Kate is still in the garden, angrily ripping up dead plants and throwing them into the bin.

SAM
Hey babe.

Sam dodges a plant she throws over her shoulder.

KATE
Nothing grows here.

He looks at the bin, full of dead plants.

KATE (CONT'D)
Everything I plant dies.

Sam misses the depth of what she says.

SAM
We're too close to the D.E.Z.

Kate rips up another plant and throws it over her shoulder. Sam dodges it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Displaced environment zone. That's what they're calling it now that the equatorial desert is growing. Try using some of NASACO's nutrient paste on them, stuff tastes like shit but the plants seem to like it. That's how I got that conifer to take.

Sam indicates the only green tree in their yard.

KATE

What's the point? This'll all be desert in a hundred years anyway.

Sam holds her to stop her rampage through the garden. She collapses onto the ground.

KATE (CONT'D)

You always used to say that can't help but be gardeners. We can work, and grow plants and fruit, or we can do nothing and grow weeds. But no matter what something will grow.

SAM

Something will babe. Even in this dirt.

Sam fishes a plant out of the bin.

SAM (CONT'D)

See, this one's still got some life.

Sam sits next to her and they plant it together.

KATE

I turned down the job in Greenville. I thought you'd have launched by now and they wanted me to start today.

SAM

I'm sorry babe, they definitely needed you from today?

KATE

Yep.

Beat.

SAM

I gotta work on the new flight manual.

He gets up. Kate grabs his arm, pulling him down.

KATE

Stay, just a few more minutes.

SAM

I can't babe.

KATE

Mars has you for the next four years, I just want the next few minutes.

How can Sam refuse her when she puts it like that? He sits back down. She touches his head -

KATE (CONT'D)

Tell me what's going on in there.

Sam thinks. What is going on in there?

SAM

You remember when my old man was sick?

KATE

Yeah.

SAM

And he was kind of, saying and doing odd things sometimes, like he'd call you Sally and he was seeing people that weren't there, like my Mom.

KATE

They said the tumor was rubbing against his visual cortex and causing it to malfunction.

SAM

Are you sure that it wasn't real?

KATE

What wasn't?

SAM

The things he saw.

KATE

Well, I know your Mother was never there.

She says 'mother' the same way you'd say 'cancer.'

SAM

He saw other things, like fire and tornadoes, he had a whole conversation with uncle Jim about it, who also wasn't there.

KATE

What does, uh, why were you thinking about that?

SAM

I don't know.

Kate is perplexed but thinks of just the right thing to say.

KATE

I remember he said how proud he was of you.

SAM

Yeah, pity it took a tumor to get it out of him.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam and Kate are in bed. Sam is asleep, Kate is reading.

Sam turns over in his sleep. Then he turns back. His sleep gets more restless and he begins to mumble. Kate becomes worried.

His tossing and turning becomes more violent; he's thrashing around. Kate starts shaking him awake.

A FLASH of the RED WIND.

Sam wakes in a confused daze, lashing out.

KATE

Sam! Sam, stop!

Kate holds him down until he's calm.

KATE (CONT'D)

Sam!? Are you okay?

SAM
Yeah, I'm fine babe, it's nothing.

Kate hits him in frustration. Hard. He's shocked. She hits him again.

SAM (CONT'D)
Babe, stop!

KATE
Don't babe me, you're getting help!
I mean it!

INT. NASACO INFIRMARY - DAWN

SUPER: Fourteen days until launch

Moreau peeks through a pair of blinds into an empty hallway. It's 5:30 in the morning and the base is empty. Sam is inside an MRI machine, watching the spinning magnets.

SAM
Confidential?

MOREAU
Yeah, just keep still.

Moreau watches the results with unease. The magnets spin faster and faster until they blur together.

FADE THROUGH
WHITE.

LATER.

Dozens of brain scans pop up side by side on a screen, glowing with red, green and blue spots.

MOREAU (CONT'D)
No swelling, no lesions, there's
nothing abnormal here.

Sam still looks extremely worried.

MOREAU (CONT'D)
(off his look)
Well don't take it too hard.

SAM
What about that?

He points to a white blob on one scan.

MOREAU

That's your language center. I can take it out if you want, it'll definitely make my life easier.

SAM

Alright, thanks Doc.

MOREAU

Sure, let's just get out before I have to make this official.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - DAY

We're looking at an action figure of Connie: spunky plastic hair, pointy breasts, a stylish spacesuit.

KATE (O.S.)

It looks nothing like you!

Connie and Kate have had lunch. Kate is drinking her way through a second bottle of wine while Connie shows her some mission merchandising.

CONNIE

I know. Watch out for those things in zero-g, take your own eye out. Here's your superman...

She shows her the Sam doll, muscly and action-heroey. Kate rolls her eyes.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

...and finally...

Connie holds up the Mrs Grissom doll - Kate.

KATE

Oh my, oh my... am I listed as a 'Sam accessory?'

CONNIE

Yeah, just be grateful there's no matching oven.

Connie reaches into the bag and brings out some glossy, out-of-date magazines.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You and Sam are page fourteen of that one, and six of that one.

Kate looks at the tacky headlines 'Inside astrowife's Hatteras home,' 'Connie Liu - Lost in Space?' A third magazine has 'Kate Grissom - Martian baby on the way?' - Connie realizes and pulls it away, but Kate has seen it.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

All just junk really.

KATE

It's awful.

CONNIE

I know, it's a distraction, a shiny image to hide all the crap behind.

KATE

It's not that, it's NASACO, the whole system. At least you work, but I have nothing to do, I have to get a pass just to go to the beach. And I can't find anything out, no one tells me anything.

Beat. Kate pours herself another glass, full to the brim.

CONNIE

I was eight when I left Taiwan. I didn't want to leave, I hated it here. But eventually I loved it, and I would've done anything for this country, so when I was eighteen I joined the Navy. And then when Jim died I joined NASACO.

(Beat.)

I guess my point is that anywhere can be a home if you want it to be.

KATE

I guess.

Astronauts are always so black and white on matters of duty.

KATE (CONT'D)

The fire? Can you tell me anything?

CONNIE

I know as much as you do. You know what NASACO stands for?

KATE

National Aeronautics and -

CONNIE
Never. A. Straight. Answer.
Commander's Orders.

KATE
Now that's the truth.

CONNIE
Thanks for lunch hon, I gotta get
back.

INT. NASACO SIMULATION ROOM - DAY

Sam, Connie and Jack are simulating the launch back to orbit over Mars. The simulator is shaking and changing color to simulate the heat of the atmosphere.

JACK
Ready, take eight hundred there
Sam.

SAM
Got it.

JACK
Seven fifty now.

The color of the module is warming, the shaking increasing.

CAPCOM
We're reading six hundred there
Jack.

JACK
We've got seven twenty.

CONNIE
We must be shallow.

JACK
Sam?

SAM
We're still climbing.

JACK
But we'll be dry before we reach
the dock.

SAM
We won't, trust me.

JACK
 (unsure)
 Okay.

CONNIE
 Burn at fifty percent.

JACK
 We're at thirteen gs.

CONNIE
 Thirteen gs?!

The simulator is shaking violently. The hula-girl bobblehead is going crazy.

JACK
 Hoo-ee, feel that burn Sammy?

SAM
 Yep. I think we're too steep.

JACK
 Yeah I think so too. Capcom can we reset?

CAPCOM
 Copy.

The color of the simulator is red now. It starts to cool. Sam rubs his forehead. He sees a FLASH of the RED WIND.

CAPCOM (CONT'D)
 What's the story in there fellas?

JACK
 Just trying a different 'jectory.

CAPCOM
 How'd that work out?

JACK
 Well you got to experiment sometimes.

CAPCOM
 Why don't we get one in our win column first, huh fellas?

JACK
 Copy that.

Jack jumps out and walks over to the printer that's printing the new flight manual. Jack picks up thirty or so pages and puts them in a shredder.

He looks up and sees Newman and Hart watching them and taking notes.

CONNIE
How you feelin' Sam?

SAM
Crispy.

Sam sees a piece of paper wedged into a gap between the controls. He pulls it out.

SAM (CONT'D)
What's this?

It has numbers and equations on it written in pencil.

CONNIE
Tom used to take notes on the drift
and amps.

Sam sees something else in the gap, a photo.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I don't know why, every burn Jack
did changed the amperage anyway

The photo shows Tom, Connie and Jack at a party, dressed in tacky Hawaiian shirts and holding beers and pina coladas.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
if you keep four fifty in the gain
then there's always the amps for an
emergency burn without the...

As Sam considers the photo we hear the TINKLING of glasses and a SLOW WALTZ being played by a live band.

INT. NASACO PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT - 6 MONTHS AGO

POP! A champagne bottle.

The after party for the mission announcement, held in the same room. Red, white and blue streamers are everywhere. Sam and Kate are slowly dancing.

KATE
...it's ridiculous, Jack and Tom
get interviews with Time while
Connie talks to 'US Weekly.'

As they dance Sam is distracted by a scene unfolding over
Kate's shoulder. Tom is arguing with Jack.

KATE (CONT'D)
And if they're not talking about my
dress they ask "do you worry about
him" or "what's it like to be
married to an astronaut?"

SAM
A backup astronaut.

Kate sees the wounded look on his face.

KATE
Aw babe, I'm glad you're on the
backup crew, let them iron out the
kinks before they send you.

Sam kisses her. Over her shoulder Tom is now arguing with
Lang, pointing his finger in accusation while Jack holds him
back. Sam tries to ignore it.

SAM
Aries four sent us back some photos
today. I think I found our spot.

KATE
Our what?

SAM
Our spot.

Sam hands her a small photo taken by a satellite of the
Martian surface. On it is written 'Our spot' with a region
circled and 'xx' beneath it.

KATE
Oh.

She smiles.

SAM
It's got a great view of Pavonis
Mons and once we melt the icecaps
it'll be right on the coast. Two
story colonial -

KATE
With a garden?

SAM
With a garden.

Kate kisses him.

KATE
Earth's just so dull. So much
yesterday.

SAM
Maybe watermelon will grow up on
Mars.

TOM (O.S.)
No! You can't, let me go!

Everyone stops dancing and looks at Tom. He's being
restrained by DOCTORS and SECURITY PERSONNEL.

TOM (CONT'D)
You don't know what's out there,
let go of me!

They remove him from the room.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT - 6 MONTHS AGO

BEDROOM

Sam and Kate are asleep. The bedroom is bigger and more
homely than their current bedroom. The clothes they wore at
the party are hung on an armchair. The clock reads 3:37 AM.

RING! RING! RING!

Sam groggily answers his phone. Kate starts to stir.

SAM
Hello? ... Sir ... yes sir ...
absolutely sir ... oh nine hundred,
yes sir and thank you for the oppor-

DIAL TONE. The caller has hung up.

HALLWAY

Sam opens a cupboard and pulls out a plain cardboard box.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT - 6 MONTHS AGO

Sam opens the box and sets up a telescope. He searches for Mars.

The house is modern and bigger than their current house. The garden is stunning, like a piece of Eden hidden from God's judgment.

Sam finds Mars; a stormy, cracked marble glistening in the heavens. Kate walks over to him with all the awkward grace of a pregnant woman.

KATE

Sam, what on earth are you doing?

Sam gestures her over to the telescope. She looks through.

SAM

I'm on the mission babe, I'm the new navigator.

Kate is silent, looking at Mars. There's a storm brewing in the Eastern hemisphere. Finally -

KATE

What's going on, is Tom okay?

SAM

Discharged, it's all very hush hush. He must've really pissed someone off.

KATE

Does this mean we're moving again?

SAM

Yeah.

KATE

NASACO housing?

SAM

Yeah.

Kate's breathing rapidly, and she's feeling an intense pressure.

KATE

That's a long drive to school for me. All the way up I95.

SAM
They're increasing security and I think they need you to stop working.

Sam takes her hands.

SAM (CONT'D)
This is what we've worked for all along babe.

KATE
Yeah, yeah it is. It is, what we've worked for.

SAM
You okay babe?

She's hyperventilating.

KATE
You won't be here for his first four years. You won't be here, you'll be up there, you'll be gone, you'll be, you'll be-

SAM
Babe, sit down, you gotta breathe, what's going on?

KATE
(pained breathing)
Ow, ow, ow... owwww!

Kate falls to her knees in pain.

KATE (CONT'D)
I think the baby's coming!

JACK (PRELAP)
Sam!

INT. NASACO SIMULATOR - DAY - BACK TO THE PRESENT

Jack jumps back in, stirring Sam out of his reminiscence.

SAM
Yeah?

JACK
Eight fifty this time. Shallow it out and give them a show. We got a little fan club.

Connie and Sam see Newman and Hart. Connie salutes them - with her middle finger.

SAM
Same ascent control.

CAPCOM
Okay Virgil you're clear to ascend.

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

It's a military bar - both a prestigious club and a total dive. Loud and dingy. A US flag covers an entire wall.

The three astronauts are at the bar, Jack and Sam drinking beer, Connie drinking water. The rest of the bar is gravitating towards them, eager to eavesdrop on their heroes.

JACK
I don't care what you say, it is rushed. Rushed and sloppy.

CONNIE
It's only eight steps, you know how many procedures I wish were only-

SAM
Eight steps to take a piss is too much.

JACK
A woman wouldn't understand the importance of a quick draw.

CONNIE
You can't just unzip and whizz Jack, it's zero-g.

JACK
We are putting our asses on the line, if we need to piss it better damn be a second away!

Some officers near Jack cheer.

CONNIE
Oh, please tell me more about your great sit-down struggles. I bet the Chinese don't have these problems.

SAM
I bet the Chinese have a functioning rocket.

JACK
 Hey! You stow that talk, that
 rocket is our baby.

You can joke about the program, but Sam has just crossed a
 line and he knows it.

JACK (CONT'D)
 If the Chinese program wasn't so
 secret we'd see all their fuckups
 too. And while they're tinkering
 with their toilets we'll be
 planting old glory in red martian
 soil. First or bust. No one
 remembers who comes second.

Sam raises his glass.

SAM
 First or bust.

JACK
 First or bust.

CONNIE
 First or bust.

Jack stands on his seat and raises his glass.

JACK
 First or bust.

The entire bar responds -

THE WHOLE BAR
 First or bust!

JACK
 (to the bartender)
 Better give us two more.

EXT/INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CONTINUOUS:

It's near midnight. Sam drunkenly opens the door and sneaks
 in. Like all drunk people he's not as stealthy as he thinks
 he is.

There's dirty dishes in the sink and an empty bottle of wine.
 On the table there's a beautiful home-cooked meal, long gone
 cold.

SAM

Ah shit.

Sam stumbles up the stairs and flops into bed.

SAM (CONT'D)

Babe, babe, you awake?

KATE

No.

SAM

(slurring)

I've been thinking, I want things
to be better, like it was. Like,
babe, you listening?

KATE

You're drunk Sam, go to sleep.

SAM

Okay.

She rolls away from him. He does the same.

PRE-LAP WIND NOISE

INT. MARTIAN BASE INFIRMARY - DAY

Sam is sitting up in a bed. His arm is in a sling, his face is covered in scars. He's got an eyepatch of gauze. There's a surgery scar on the side of his head. In a window behind him we can see the storm of red wind blotting out the Martian surface.

CONNIE

How you doing Sam?

Sam doesn't respond.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

The uh, storm is still going. But
we need to fix the satellite link.
Try and link back home, uh...

(beat)

It's a three person job, we
wouldn't ask if we didn't have to -

SAM

I'll do it.

EXT. MARTIAN BASE SATELLITE DISH - DAY

The three astronauts weld plates and fix wiring on top of a satellite dish. Loose pieces of metal on the dish flap in the storm.

JACK

Third done, Sam, how's the connection?

SAM

I got green from those three, local connection is online.

Sam is soldering some electronics. The wind is making it hard to see.

CONNIE

Fourth one coming online now.

SAM

I got a red there.

JACK

There, try it again.

A gust of wind knocks Sam's soldering tool out of his hands.

SAM

Ah shit.

JACK

What?

SAM

I dropped my solderer.

JACK

So go get it.

Sam looks at the ground. The wind is so much stronger there, outside of the dish's protection.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sam, we ain't got all day!

Connie sees Sam's fear.

CONNIE

I'll get it.

She jumps down and retrieves the solderer.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
 Sam, I'll toss it up.

SAM (O.S.)
 Okay.

Behind Connie's back we see the storm build up at an impossible rate into a massive front, supernatural in size and ferocity.

CONNIE
 Here it is.

She tosses it up. Then she sees the storm.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
 Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!

The storm hurls out a blast of wind, miles high and wide. It throws Sam and Jack into the middle of the dish where they are sheltered.

Connie has no protection from the wind. It picks her up and throws her into the air.

Sam and Jack still hear her in their headsets -

CONNIE (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
 Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,
 (panicked breathing)
 please no, no, no, oh n-

CRUNCH! - as she is thrown to the ground.

STATIC.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - MORNING

BATHROOM
 Sam takes his pills from the
 bathroom cabinet.

SUPER: Ten days until launch

He's in the shower, head down, feeling the water.

KITCHEN

Sam dunks a teabag into a cup repeatedly. His eyes are red and baggy, hair messed up. Sunlight is streaming into the room.

The TV is on, the morning news showing battleships in the Pacific.

TV REPORTER 1 (V.O.)
...with Chinese and American forces
in another naval showdown, and the
flooding of LA and Shanghai fresh
in everyone's memory, the question
being asked is...

KATE
Morning.

Sam grunts.

KATE (CONT'D)
You don't look so good baby.

SAM
I'm fine. What's your plans today?

KATE
I've got that magazine interview,
remember. NASACO's in PR overdrive,
I'm talking about how proud and
confident I am. And who designed my
dress.

SAM
You're proud and confident?

KATE
Course babe, you sure you're okay?

SAM
Yeah.

KATE
Really?

She puts her hand on his forehead.

KATE (CONT'D)
You're burning up! What time, did
you get in? Did you sleep at all?

SAM
Couple hours.

KATE
You're staying home today, I'll
call Moreau.

SAM
(unexpectedly loudly)
No!
(quieter)
No, I'll be fine.

KATE
But you're not, you need a rest.

SAM
It's not a good time to be out of
action.

KATE
Why?

SAM
It's just not.

KATE
What's going on? Is it about the
fire?

SAM
It's classified.

KATE
You used to tell me classified
things all the time.

SAM
Yeah.

KATE
Do you know what it's like to be in
the dark all the time?

SAM
Yes.

Kate leaves in frustration.

KATE
Pick up dinner.

Sam continues dunking his tea. On the television Four Star
GENERAL MITCHAM is criticizing the NASACO program.

GENERAL MITCHAM
...more evidence of this wasted
NASACO spending. Six years, and
nothing to show, while our national
security interests are sidelined by
the current administration...

INT. UNDERWATER TRAINING CENTRE - DAY

POOL

The three astronauts are in their full space suits in a pool the size of a football field. A replica of the Virgil's living module is in the water with them. They are attempting a spacewalk operation, exchanging a huge pipe on the exterior of their living module.

CONNIE

Jack, I'm bringing it around on your six.

She arcs the pipe around the outside of the module.

JACK

We're linking up now.

Jack floats towards her. He begins to work the valves on the high end of the pipe. Sam is much deeper, connecting the lower end of the pipe to the module.

CONNIE

Steady. You're shallow right there.

SAM

I've got it.

JACK

Air is ready for transfer.

Sam is still working the link, struggling to get it into place.

SAM

Not yet.

CONTROL BOOTH

Moreau is in a control booth overlooking the pool with GUENTHER, the simulations manager. Moreau has visible concern on his face. Guenther looks smug-

GUENTHER

I reversed the thread of the linkup.

We see them working on the monitors.

GUENTHER (CONT'D)

He should get it though.

POOL

Sam is still struggling with the link.

JACK

Sam, what's going on?

SAM

It's not connecting.

JACK

We've got to abort the link.

SAM

No, I've got this.

Sam continues to struggle, Jack and Connie continue to hold the pipe as it gets heavier against the module's rotation.

Jack gestures frustrations to Connie, pointing to Sam and then the pipe, mouthing the words "It's going to crack."

Sam looks at his oxygen reading. It's nearly empty.

SAM (CONT'D)

Control, I've got a low oxygen reading.

MOREAU

(over speakers)

I'm reading that you've got plenty left there Sam.

Sam looks at his reading again, it's normal.

SAM

Sorry, my bad.

CONTROL BOOTH

Moreau in the control room, looking at various medical readings. Prominently displayed are three heart rate monitors, one is visibly faster than the others.

MOREAU

You didn't give him a bad tank warning as well did you?

Guenther is offended.

POOL

Sam tries to mixup the link but it's still not working.

He looks inside the module and sees the RED WIND, blowing a furious gale.

He looks again, it's empty and sterile as before.

JACK
Connie, how's our rotation?

CONNIE
Too wide.

JACK
Sam, what's going on down there?

Sam doesn't respond. He turns the pipe into place with a frenzied flurry of motion.

JACK (CONT'D)
We have to abort! Sam!

SAM
(breathlessly)
No, it's in!

Sam drifts back, exhales in relief.

CONTROL BOOTH

Moreau, also relieved, then a sound pulls his focus back to the water.

POOL

A CREAKING sound reverberates through the water, followed by a sickening CRACK. The pipe has over-rotated and split down the middle.

Jack and Connie are thrown back from the module. The pipe begins to fill with water.

CONTROL BOOTH

A screen in the control room shows flashing red lights.

POOL

Jack and Connie drift towards the surface of the pool. Sam looks at the living module as water starts to seep in.

CONTROL BOOTH

Jack storms into the control room, dripping wet.

JACK
What the hell happened?!

GUENTHER
The thread was reversed -

JACK
Why? What in the hell does that test?

GUENTHER
Unexpected complica-

JACK
Because a reversed thread is something we can expect is it? Huh? What else, you'll replace our oxygen with monoxide to test how long we can hold our breath?

Jack now addresses all the engineers in the room, letting out his pent up frustrations. As he's advancing on them they retreat, protecting equipment from the water he's spreading.

JACK (CONT'D)
If you eggheaded fuckwits could build a functioning rocket you wouldn't have to test for this. But instead you build this piece of horse shit and test us on how well we can make the shit fly.

GUENTHER
If you're not happy with your result you can redo the test.

JACK
Fine.

GUENTHER
Tomorrow. After I drain the module.

JACK
Asshole.

Jack storms out.

POOL

Connie helps Sam out of the water.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Sam and Jack are taking off their wetsuits.

SAM
Sorry Jack.

JACK
It's fine.

SAM
The damn thing just wasn't going on, I can't figure it out.

JACK
Just be ready next time.

SAM
I am ready.

JACK
You're not ready, I'm ready, I've been ready for two fuckin' years!

SAM
It's not my fault they're delaying the mission.

JACK
No, it's not... but you're sure as hell not upset about it are you?

This wounds Sam.

JACK (CONT'D)
If you're not ready, we'll cut you loose.

Jack stares at him, then leaves. Sam calls out-

SAM
You need a navigator!

JACK (O.S.)
We need an astronaut!

Sam punches his locker. It opens and some photos fall onto the floor.

Sam picks them up, turns them over - They're photos of red Martian dust storms.

He collapses, heart racing.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As Jack walks out Moreau walks in. Jack turns and watches Moreau go past; it seems odd to him.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Sam is pacing and hyperventilating.

MOREAU
Sam, are you ok?

SAM
Did you tell anyone?

MOREAU
Tell anyone what?

SAM
About, shit. It's Jack, he's rattling my cage, wants me to-

Moreau grabs Sam by the shoulders and sits him on a bench.

MOREAU
Calm, Sam. Breathe. Tell me what's going on.

Moreau grabs a towel and throws it over a security camera in the corner of the locker room. Sam calms down.

SAM
I've been a little distracted... and stressed. And, someone's trying to, to, uh, get to me, make me...

Beat. Moreau chooses his words carefully.

MOREAU
Do you have any other symptoms?

SAM
Symptoms?

MOREAU

Sam, I think you have an anxiety disorder. It's completely understandable. Have you been feeling down at all? How have you been sleeping?

Sam processes this. Finally he says -

SAM

I haven't been sleeping well.

MOREAU

Restless sleeping?

SAM

Yeah, and I've been having bad dreams.

MOREAU

How long?

SAM

A while now, six months.

MOREAU

Uh huh.

SAM

This doesn't make sense, I'm in the ninety seventh percentile for mental agility, I have no history of anxiety, no history of any illness.

MOREAU

Well of course you don't, or else you wouldn't be here-

This worries Sam.

MOREAU (CONT'D)

-but it's not something that we can predict either.

SAM

Are you going to ground me?

MOREAU

Do you want to be grounded?

Sam thinks, for too long.

SAM
(too forcefully to be true)
No! No, I want this mission. Can't
you just give me something?

MOREAU
I already am. Take two of the light
blue ones twice daily instead of
one.

SAM
Okay.

Beat.

MOREAU
Why don't you tell me about these
dreams?

INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

We're extremely close on a pregnancy test stick. Kate sits on
the toilet, watching her watch. She brings the stick close to
see the result -

A pink plus sign.

There are two other used pregnancy sticks on the vanity. She
puts them all in the bin.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Some sausages are burning in a pan.

KATE (O.S.)
Sam, it's burning!

SAM
Shit!

Sam is preparing dinner, badly.

KATE
I thought you'd just get takeaway.

SAM
I wanted to make you something.
Can't even get that right.

Sam starts rearranging the sausages in the pan.

KATE

You know I like them burnt. I've got something to tell you.

On a spatula Sam lifts up a human figure made of burnt sausage and slides it onto a plate.

SAM

I'll call this one Jack on reentry,

Sam laughs and puts another sausage astronaut down.

SAM (CONT'D)

-and this is me if I forget to scrub the o2.

KATE

You can't talk about the fire, but you can do this?

SAM

It's a joke, what? Look, here's splashdown, mission successful.

Sam puts a less burnt sausage onto a bed of greens.

KATE

Can you please communicate with me without using sausages?

SAM

Sure.

KATE

Why are you going? You know they're rushing it.

SAM

We're going to secure a future, everyone's future, and we have to beat China.

KATE

I asked why you're going.

SAM

I'm doing my duty, I'm serving my country.

KATE

You're not on TV Sam, I know when you're full of shit.

SAM

Well what do you want me to say?

KATE

I don't know, something that'll
make all this worthwhile.

SAM

You knew going in that this was the
NASACO life, you knew. We both knew
when I signed up. You can't turn
around and say it's too much now.

KATE

Whatever I knew I didn't sign up
for this.

Beat.

SAM

I can't change anything, but I am
sorry.

He hands her a plate, a peace offering. She takes it.

KATE

I don't want to fight, not when I'm
going to lose you anyway.

SAM

You said you had some news.

Kate thinks for a beat. She decides not to tell him she's
pregnant.

KATE

I, uh, got a job offer back in New
Hampshire, four and five, starting
in January.

SAM

That's great babe.

Kate eats a bite of burnt sausage, it's really bad.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's too burnt, isn't it? Even for
you.

Kate nods and smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Pizza it is then.

EXT. NASACO TARMAC - TIMELAPSE OVER SEVERAL DAYS

The black burns marks are painted over. Scaffolding around the rocket goes up and down. They are working day and night.

The blown up engine is disassembled. A new one is assembled on the tarmac. Launch tests are undertaken.

INT. LAB - DAY

Two ENGINEERS in full HAZMAT suits pull twisted pieces of metal out of the blown up engine. They set them down on a table. Newman and Hart look on.

One of the engineers pulls out a piece, shows it to his colleague who nods. It's put into a plastic evidence bag.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: Six days until launch

We're looking at a security recording. Sam's corvette pulls up at the sand dune on the edge of the base. Sam gets out and leaves frame. The playback pauses.

We pull back to reveal Lang, Newman and Hart.

HART

Night before launch.

NEWMAN

Let's just say if this were a real investigation Major Grissom would be at the top of our suspect list.

Lang is considering.

LANG

He's gone to that dune maybe twice a week for the last four months.

NEWMAN

And that doesn't alarm you?

LANG

What alarms me is you thinking that one of my astronauts is a saboteur working for the Chinese.

HART

We're not just thinking it, we're going to prove it, and then we're going to shut you down.

INT. NASACO SIMULATION ROOM - DAY

Two TEST ENGINEERS are watching the training module. It's suspended at least twenty feet, rising and attempting to dock with a module attached to the roof. Even from here we can see it's off course.

The printer printing the new flight manual is idle, and looks like it has been for some time.

TEST ENGINEER 1

Wonder what's going on up there?

TEST ENGINEER 2

Hate to be in there right now, that's all I can say.

INTERIOR OF THE TRAINING MODULE:

CONNIE

Six gs.

JACK

Fuck, again?

CONNIE

(into an intercom)
Reset please.

Sam groans and rubs his forehead. The RED WIND swirls around him.

JACK

We were nailing this just three weeks ago, why the fuck can't we get this now?

SAM

We're too shallow at transfer.

JACK

That's not it

Jack stares accusatory daggers at Sam.

SAM

You got something you want to say?

JACK
No... because I'm dead, again,
because of you!

SAM
You threw the gimbal lock!

JACK
I wouldn't have thrown it if you
gave two fucks about the -

CONNIE
Both of you, shut the fuck up. I
don't care who did what, if we
don't work it out we'll all be
pieces of charcoal floating around
Mars, so get it together, both of
you.

Sam has reached his boiling point. He opens the hatch, grabs onto a platform and slides down.

ON THE GROUND

The two engineers watch him storm out of the room.

BACK IN THE MODULE

JACK
Major don't you ever talk to me
like that again, I'm the commander
of this mission -

CONNIE
Then act like it.

They lock gaze, a standoff.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Sir.

Connie loses. The module is lower now. Jack jumps out and Connie is left alone.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
(into the intercom)
Capcom, give me a new program.

HALLWAY

Jack is looking for Sam and trouble in that order, fists clenched and blood pumping.

Sam stumbles through the halls, the RED WIND obscuring his vision.

JACK

Sam!

SAM

Leave me alone Jack, you don't understand.

JACK

What, that you're fucking this all up?

SAM

No, there's something not right with this mission.

JACK

Yeah, you.

Sam stumbles around a corner. Newman and Hart grab Jack before he can follow Sam.

NEWMAN

Major White?

JACK

Yeah?

NEWMAN

We'd like to speak with you.

JACK

Do I have a choice?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jack sits across the table from Newman while Hart paces around. The room is stark and white.

NEWMAN

Lang hasn't supported our investigation.

JACK

Well you fellas aren't liked here
you know. I don't know why you
think I'll help.

HART

Because we're on your side. You're
the ones flying, if someone was
trying to sabotage the rocket
wouldn't you want to know?

JACK

You don't know that.

NEWMAN

Help us find out then.

Jack thinks for a moment.

JACK

I'm committed to this mission. So
is Connie. We're not going to be
your spies.

He pauses-

JACK (CONT'D)

But not everyone is as committed as
we are.

Hart sits down at the table. The mood in the room has changed
from an interrogation to the beginnings of a conspiracy.

HART

Who?

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

Swirling black and white shapes surround a tiny white blob.
The blob has a slight pulsing to it, a faint heartbeat.

We pull back to see Kate, alone, looking at her ultrasound.

PRE-LAP WIND NOISE

INT/EXT MARTIAN BASE - NIGHT

The base's exterior door is wide open. Sam's silhouette is
stumbling into the storm of red dust.

JACK
Sam! What the fuck are you doing!

SAM
Leave me alone Jack, let me do
this.

JACK
Do what, kill yourself?

SAM
I have to stop this storm, it's my
fault it's here. It's my fault it
killed Connie. I'm Jonah, don't you
see, you have to throw me
overboard.

JACK
So tell me Jonah, how am I supposed
to run this base without you?

Sam walks away from Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't make me follow you!

Sam disappears into the storm.

JACK (CONT'D)
Damn it.

Jack runs into the wind. Within moments he's disorientated.

SAM (O.S.)
Jack?! What are you doing? Go back!

JACK
I don't know the way, you'll have
to show me.

Sam comes back towards Jack when the intensity of the storm
increases ten-fold, rising up like a vengeful God. Sam and
Jack are thrown to the ground.

SAM
You see why I have to go?

JACK
Sam, come back, it'll pass.

SAM
Not this storm, it'll never pass.

The storm gets stronger, becoming a monster. Grotesque shapes cavort behind the veil of the wind. Tendrils shoot out of the storm, searching for the astronauts.

JACK
You're too close to the edge!

SAM
Just stay down!

JACK
Hold on, I'm coming.

Jack starts to crawl towards Sam.

One of the storm's arms picks Jack up and hurls him against a cliff face. Jack falls to the ground, a lifeless bloodied mess.

SAM
Jack! No!

Sam stands up, ready to die. The storm dissolves around him, creating a small bubble of eerie calm inside the whirlwind.

The bubble extends to create a tunnel through the storm. Sam starts to limp through it.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S BATHROOM - DAY

SUPER: Two days until launch

Sam washes his face in the basin. He shakes two blue pills out of the container, then another two and takes them all together.

He sees Kate in the mirror. The instant he does she walks away.

EXT. LAUNCHPAD - DAY

The rocket has been cleaned and is bright and glistening again. The broken engine has been removed and a new one is being connected.

SAM (PRELAP)
It's a warning. It has to be.

MOREAU (PRELAP)
A warning about what?

INT. MOREAU'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam is pacing across the room, talking freely and comfortable with Moreau.

SAM

To not get on that rocket, to not go to Mars.

MOREAU

You sure there isn't a more mundane explanation?

SAM

I'm all ears if you have one!
(beat)
I'm sorry, that was uncalled for.

MOREAU

It's okay. And you're right, I don't have an explanation.

Sam sits down in the chair opposite Moreau.

SAM

They're getting worse. The dreams. And I'm seeing things more and more.

MOREAU

Are you seeing things right now?

Sam looks at Moreau. The RED WIND is there, faintly.

SAM

Yes.

Moreau goes to his cabinet.

MOREAU

I'll put you on something else to supplement your current dose. I don't like using chemicals to fix an emotional problem, they're a hammer when we need a scalpel. But we just don't have the time.

Moreau gives him a bottle with a yellow top and a warm smile.

MOREAU (CONT'D)

One at night before bed.

Sam looks at the Albers artworks on the wall, the squares repeating in a pattern, getting smaller and smaller.

SAM

I can close my eyes and see Mars.

Sam leans back and closes his eyes. We see Mars with him. Wild. Sublime. The RED WIND is roaring over the barren rocks, filling the valleys like an indigenous people.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's beautiful. But one day it will be just like Earth.

MOREAU

Who is the warning from Sam?

SAM

I don't... you'll think I'm crazy.

MOREAU

(jokingly)

That ship has sailed Sam.

Sam laughs, and catches himself by surprise doing so.

SAM

I think it's from Mars. To keep us out, stop us from trespassing.

MOREAU

Have you ever read Genesis?

SAM

Sure, Catholic school.

Moreau gets a book from his shelf - the Bible. It has harsh wood engravings for illustrations.

MOREAU

When mankind falls and gets kicked out of the garden there's an angel with a flaming sword blocking the way back.

Moreau shows him a picture of Eden's angel.

MOREAU (CONT'D)

It always seemed to me, what kind of angel would kill? Maybe it was there just so we wouldn't try, so we'd accept our own punishment. A placebo effect. Maybe the door was always open, we just didn't believe we could walk through it.

SAM

You're saying I just have to push through, that it's all in my head?

MOREAU

No. No I'm not. But I'm fairly certain the answers are. In your head. You just need the time to find them.

SAM

So I should quit? Give up?

MOREAU

It's not giving up.

SAM

It's cowardice.

MOREAU

It's survival.

SAM

If you tell them about my dreams that'll end my career, I'll be a joke. A disgrace. An astronaut who can't fly.

MOREAU

Is that better than hurting people? Hurting your crew? Your wife?

A painful beat.

SAM

Okay. Do it. Ground me.

Sam gets up to go.

MOREAU

But you still have to take your meds.

SAM

Got it.

He's about to leave when a thought occurs -

SAM (CONT'D)

Doc... Why are you helping me?

Beat.

MOREAU

I had a duty of care to a, uh, to a pilot like you, and I failed in that duty of care.

SAM

Who was the pilot?

MOREAU

It doesn't matter. Get some rest Sam.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate is asleep, Sam gets into bed loudly enough to rouse her.

KATE

(half asleep)

There's spaghetti in the fridge.

SAM

Thanks babe. Things are gonna be different now.

KATE

Uh huh.

She's still more asleep than awake.

SAM

You'll see, things will be better.

KATE

Yeah. Heard that before.

SAM

You should pack some bags.

Kate's awake now, leaning on her elbows and looking at him.

KATE

What did you do?

Sam's looking up at the ceiling, proud of himself.

SAM

Just trust me, you'll see.

He kisses her furrowed brow. She goes back to sleep.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lang is smoking a cigarette. The Virgil fills the window behind the half open blinds, lit up like a Christmas tree.

MOREAU

Joe?

Lang puts the cigarette out and gestures Moreau in.

LANG

(smiling, referring to the cigarette)

You didn't see that Doc.

MOREAU

We might have a problem with Sam Grissom.

LANG

Uh huh.

MOREAU

He's tired and very stressed. I'm concerned about his capability.

LANG

He's tougher than you think. He'll be fine.

MOREAU

You sure about that? We could have another PR disaster on our hands, or worse. Bump him. Surely there's a backup.

LANG

He is the backup, and there are seventy-two hours left. You'll just have to work with him some more.

MOREAU

I've made an official decision to ground him so it's out of your hands.

LANG

Not anymore.

Lang indicates a piece of paper on the table.

LANG (CONT'D)

New security measures have been announced. I overrule you if it pertains to national security.

MOREAU

National security?! I'm talking about his health, his life.

Anger pours out of Lang like water from a burst dam, cold and intense.

LANG

Let me tell you something Toby, and you better hear it. This race for Mars is the only thing keeping the war a Cold War. If there isn't another planet for us to pick ourselves up on, or God forbid the Chinese get there first, then things will get really ugly really quickly.

(beat)

It's not that I don't care about Grissom's health, I do, but he's a soldier. It's a service to his country.

MOREAU

(desperate now)

He's unstable, he could die, he could jeopardize the safety of his crew. Think about what happened to Tom!

LANG

And it's your job to make sure that doesn't happen again. Fix him, whatever it takes. Pump him full of any drug you want, I don't care what you do as long as we launch that rocket, do you understand me Doctor!

Any friendship between Lang and Moreau has evaporated.

MOREAU

Clearly... sir

Lang takes a cigarette from his pack and strikes a light.

MOREAU (CONT'D)

You know if you keep smoking they won't ever let you join the colony.

LANG

Noted.

LANG (CONT'D)

Oh and Toby, I want him seeing our staff psychologist.

MOREAU

What?

LANG

You think anything that happens on this base escapes me? You're his doctor, not his therapist. It's unethical.

Moreau takes his anger out on the door as he leaves.

EXT. NASACO BASE - DAY

Super: One day until launch

Sam drives up to the boom gate. There's a crowd of ANGRY PROTESTERS attacking a chain link fence. One of their signs says "fix Earth first," another says "NASACO lies."

SAM

They're back at it, huh?

GENE

Yeah, the fire was some sort of sign to them. When you do launch they can take it as a sign to piss off.

Sam laughs.

SAM

Well we can hope.

GENE

You're seeing Dr Whitaker first up.

SAM

The shrink? Why?

GENE

They just tell me where, not why.

CRASH! The protesters knock the fence over and swarm into the base. Gene and OTHER SOLDIERS hold them back.

An OLD PROTESTER, grizzled like a homeless prophet, advances on Sam. His sign says: 'A STORM IS COMING'.

Sam is transfixed, he can't move.

OLD PROTESTER
You've seen the storm friend.

GENE
Get out of here Sam!

OLD PROTESTER
You can't escape it!

GENE
Sam! GO!

SCREECH! Sam speeds off, completely rattled.

INT. MOREAU'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam bursts into the room-

SAM
I'm seeing Dr Whitaker, do you know
anything about that?

Too late he sees Jack in the room getting a blood pressure test. Moreau dismisses Jack, who is more suspicious than ever

MOREAU
I tried Sam, I really did, I-

SAM
You said you could get me out!

MOREAU
Sam!

SAM
I trusted you. Shit, how long
before the whole base knows, then
the media-

MOREAU
Sam. Go to the Mental Health
facility in Greenville. Look for a
patient there called Ray DeWalt.
He'll have some answers for you.

SAM
Who is-

MOREAU

I can't tell you anymore, you have
to go see Whitaker now. Go. Go!

INT. NASACO STAFF PSYCHIATRIST'S ROOM - DAY

There are propaganda posters on the walls. An image of JFK
leers at Sam with the text: "Ask not what your country can do
for you, but what you can do for your country."

Sam is sitting in an ergonomic chair at an empty desk. There
is a mirror in the middle of the right wall, obviously one-
way. Sam regards it with scorn.

BEHIND THE ONE-WAY MIRROR:

We see Lang, Newman and Hart watching him.

DR WHITAKER, 70's, white as white bread, enters the room.
He's dressed like an engineer; and regards the human mind the
way an engineer regards any other machine - something to be
picked apart and fixed.

PSYCHIATRIST'S ROOM

DR WHITAKER

Hi Sam, I'm Doctor Whitaker.

Sam nods.

DR WHITAKER (CONT'D)

How do you feel right now?

SAM

Fine.

DR WHITAKER

Good. Good.

Writing in his notepad.

DR WHITAKER (CONT'D)

And what about the night before
launch, how did you feel then?

SAM

Fine, I was asleep.

More writing.

DR WHITAKER

Okay. And what about during the air pipe exchange test?

SAM

Fine.

DR WHITAKER

I see. During the test you said you were out of oxygen.

SAM

I was mistaken.

DR WHITAKER

Did you actually see your oxygen level go down?

SAM

Why else would I say it?

Dr Whitaker stops writing. He picks up a stack of Rorschach tests and begins showing them to Sam.

DR WHITAKER

I'd like you to tell me what you see.

The first has black ink spreading upwards.

SAM

A fire.

DR WHITAKER

Good.

The second has a large black splotch.

SAM

A bird.

The third has wild smears of ink.

SAM (CONT'D)

A hurricane or something.

DR WHITAKER

Ok.

The fourth is just mess, there are no real shapes in it.

SAM

A, uh, it looks like someones spewed their guts.

DR WHITAKER

That's not quite what we're after.

He forgoes the next few and pulls one out from the bottom of the pile. It's not random at all and has very obviously been designed to look like Mars.

Sam looks at it for a bit, indignant.

DR WHITAKER (CONT'D)

Sam, I need an answer

SAM

Your wife's ass.

Dr Whitaker puts the papers down and takes his glasses off. He's trying a new approach - false honesty.

DR WHITAKER

Sam, I know that it is stressful here. This life, it's, it's not for your average Joe, which you're definitely not, but we're also a family here. A family looks out for one another. Supports them. You're part of the NASACO family.

He waits for a response from Sam. There is none.

DR WHITAKER (CONT'D)

But part of being in a family is making sacrifices. You are a part of the NASACO family - aren't you?

He picks up the clipboard again and puts his glasses back on.

DR WHITAKER (CONT'D)

It says here that you and your wife...

(Searches for the name)

Kate, recently suffered a stillbirth. Would you like to tell me about that?

Sam gets up and walks out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Sam's in his car, speeding down the highway. The RED WIND blows across the road.

A FLASH of a mental image, blood on white sheets, the sound of a WOMAN IN AGONY.

Sam overtakes a truck, hands tight on the wheel.

ANOTHER FLASH, the same woman, revealed to be Kate. She's sweating and gripping the hospital bed.

Sam changes lanes. He overtakes, swerving and dodging between cars.

ANOTHER FLASH, Kate in delivery. Sam's in the room with her.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 6 MONTHS AGO

The sheets are wet and messed up. Sam holds her hand. They're wearing the same clothes as they were in the garden of their old house.

DELIVERY DOCTOR
Breathe, that's it, that's it, now
push.

Kate groans.

SAM
Doing good babe.

DELIVERY DOCTOR
And push.

She groans again.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY. PRESENT.

VRRROOOOMMMM!

Sam swerves across the road, going faster and faster. In the rearview mirror there's a hurricane of RED WIND.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 6 MONTHS AGO

A look of worry passes over the DOCTOR's face.

SAM
What's wrong?

The doctor talks quietly with ANOTHER DOCTOR.

SAM (CONT'D)
Tell me what's going on!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - PRESENT

Sam's hands are gripping onto the wheel, the RED WIND is making it hard to see where he's going

SCREECH! He narrowly misses a car. In his rearview the storm of RED WIND is gaining on him.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 6 MONTHS AGO

DELIVERY DOCTOR

The umbilical cord is around the baby's neck. We're concerned he might asphyxiate.

Kate looks on in horror.

SAM

You can still deliver him though?

DELIVERY DOCTOR

The baby's blocking the birth canal. There's a high risk of eclampsia. It's very important we get your wife into surgery to remove the baby.

SAM

Will he be alright?

DELIVERY DOCTOR

Sam, saving the baby is a best case scenario, we need to deal with the eclampsia.

Kate's face is twitching.

KATE

No!

NURSE

Maam, please lie back.

The nurse restrains her.

KATE

Sam! Don't let them, they -

The doctors begin to prep Kate for surgery, putting an oxygen mask on her.

KATE (CONT'D)
They need to save the baby, Sam,
they need to save the baby,

Sam stands there, unable to decide what to say or do.

KATE (CONT'D)
Sam, don't let them, the baby,
don't...

Mid sentence, Kate's arms and head flop backwards, then forwards, then backwards again. Kate is having a SEIZURE.

SAM
What's that?!

DOCTOR 1
The start of eclampsia, we need to
go, now.

SAM
Save her, whatever it takes.

The doctors wheel Kate's bed out.

INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 6 MONTHS AGO

Sam watches through the glass window of the surgery. Kate is anaesthetized. Robotic arms perform the surgery on her belly. Sam watches them as they arc and rotate, like the docking clips of a spacecraft.

The arms all pull back, pulling Sam out of his reverie. A doctor reaches in and takes out the body of the BABY, his face blue and eyes closed.

Sam looks away, tears forming in his eyes.

He turns back to the glass.

There is no one around anymore. The hospital looks older and decrepit, with flickering lights and stained walls.

Inside the surgery room there is only the RED WIND, spinning in a furious hurricane.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - PRESENT

We cut back to Sam as he's just about to crash into the back of a truck.

He SLAMS on the brakes and SKIDS onto the side of the road.
The cars WHIZZ past.

The hurricane of RED WIND engulfs him.

He has another vision, but it's not so much an involuntary
flash as a memory he's been trying to avoid.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 6 MONTHS AGO, LATER

Kate is in the bed, looking pale, drained of blood, energy
and emotion.

Sam slinks into the room. She ignores him.

After some painful silence -

SAM

They're announcing me on the
mission this morning.

No response. Tears are in her eyes but Kate holds them from
falling.

SAM (CONT'D)

I can tell them to postpone,
they'll understand given -

KATE

Go.

SAM

What? No, I'm not going to -

KATE

Just go. You want to go and I don't
want you here. Get out. Go, get
out.

Sam leaves, crestfallen.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - PRESENT

The RED WIND is gone.

Sam turns his indicator on and turns across all the lanes of
traffic to a side road.

EXT. GREENVILLE MENTAL HEALTH CENTRE - DAY

Sam's car pulls up. Writing on the building reads 'Greenville Mental Health Facility.' Sam rubs his forehead, regaining his composure.

Across the carpark, unknown to Sam, we see Jack, Newman and Hart in a black government car, observing.

DR PARK (PRE-LAP)
We have the best therapists on staff. We treat patients-

INT. GREENVILLE MENTAL HEALTH CENTRE - DAY

DR PARK
-according to their needs, either individually or in groups.

Sam is touring the facility with the senior psychologist, DR PARK. The walls are gray and colored lines mark the floor. The patients shuffle, read, talk to others or themselves, but most watch cable in their rooms.

SAM
This is nice. For a nuthouse.

DR PARK
We prefer not to use terms like that Mr Bell. Some patients here have severe mental illnesses that keep them from interacting in the world, but some have only anxiety or depression.

They pass a door that has a radiation and electromagnetic warning on it.

SAM
What's in there?

DR PARK
That is our state of the art electroconvulsive and radiation therapy treatment room.

SAM
So you just shock the craziness out of them?

DR PARK

That's not how it works. The brain's like a computer, sometimes it gets its wires crossed. This is like a hard restart, helps clear all the bad connections. It's painless, usually successful, and the patients rarely remember it. You said your brother has an anxiety/depression disorder and hallucinations, trouble functioning and so on.

Sam nods.

DR PARK (CONT'D)

I'd have to examine him myself but it sounds like he could benefit from electroshock.

Sam tries to hide his alarm. They continue walking.

SAM

I think one of my brother's buddies is here as well, Ray DeWalt?

Dr Park steps in front of Sam. Despite Sam's poor attitude it's only now that she's becoming defensive.

DR PARK

We don't have any patients by that name.

She pauses -

DR PARK (CONT'D)

Let's get started on your admissions

She brushes past him, directing him back the way they came.

Sam looks at the common room at the end of the hallway and sees a patient facing away from him out a window. Sam half recognizes him.

DR PARK (CONT'D)

Mr Bell, that's the end of the tour, please come with me.

Sam obliges. She walks him through the security doors, where some soldiers in uniform guard the way back in.

SAM
(referring to the soldiers)
I didn't know this was a military
hospital.

DR PARK
Of course I can recommend other
facilities, perhaps you'd like to
try the Vidant Center.

SAM
No, I think here is good.

DR PARK
Talk to our receptionist then. Good
day Mr Bell.

Dr Park goes back through the security doors.

Sam tries to follow Dr Park but sees that the soldiers are
looking at him. He goes to the staff entrance and looks
through a glass window - more soldiers.

Sam leaves through the main public entry.

EXT. GREENVILLE MENTAL HEALTH CENTRE - DAY

As Sam is about to get into his car he notices a food
delivery to the side of the building, two men carrying a
heavy crate through.

Sam sneaks through the door behind them just as it's about to
lock shut. Jack, Newman and Hart observe.

NEWMAN
Sneaky bastard.

HART
We need to pull some strings if we
want to get in here.

INT. GREENVILLE MENTAL HEALTH CENTRE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam creeps through the kitchen area. Two soldiers appear -
Sam ducks behind a wall and waits for them to go.

He grabs a lab coat and enters the main patient area.

Dodging soldiers and other doctors, Sam makes his way along
the colored lines to the room at the end of the hall.

He turns a corner and sees -

Dr Park. She's facing the other way, talking to a SOLDIER.

DR PARK
Are you certain it was him?

The soldier holds up a newspaper with Sam on the front page.

SOLDIER
Positive.

DR PARK
I'll make the call. Go make sure
he's actually gone.

They turn around and walk towards Sam. Sam ducks through the electroshock therapy doors to avoid them.

ELECTROSHOCK THERAPY ROOM

ELECTROSHOCK DOCTOR (O.S.)
Clear.

BZZZT!

In the middle of the room a man shakes and convulses on a bed. Two electrodes glisten on his temples. Sam watches in horror as the convulsions die down.

ELECTROSHOCK DOCTOR
Good. Let's go again.

Dr Park has passed by. Sam leaves the electroshock room, a little shaken.

PATIENT COMMON AREA

Sam continues down the hall. He sits down in front of the man by the window.

It's Tom Bassett. He has a distant look in his eyes.

SAM
Tom?

TOM
Sam Grissom, as I live and breathe.
Are you here to tell me I'm back in
the program?

Tom's voice is rich and deep.

SAM

No, sorry.

TOM

Don't be. Leaving was the best thing that ever happened to me.

A wide shot, in case the irony isn't obvious.

Another patient, LEONARD, older, a little checked-out mentally, shuffles over.

LEONARD

This guy giving you any trouble Ray?

TOM

No, no trouble Leonard.

Leonard mumbles and shuffles off.

SAM

What is this place?

TOM

It's what they do with you when they don't know what to do with you. When you embarrass them. When they find out you're not perfect.

Sam looks around - he's aware he only has a few moments.

SAM

I need to know if you had any dreams or did you see things before you got discharged?

TOM

Dreams?

SAM

Yeah.

Tom regards Sam with suspicion.

TOM

You shouldn't go to Mars, Sam.

SAM

Why?

TOM

You don't deserve it.

SAM
What do you mean?

TOM
It's beautiful. You'll make it like here. That's what people like us do, the explorers. We take beautiful things and we make them like us. Paradise to parking lots and all that.

SAM
I don't understand.

TOM
It doesn't matter anyway. The red wind will never let you past.

'RED WIND.'

With those two words Sam's world is turned upside down; all the fears in his head have come alive and been validated.

SAM
(urgently)
The red wind?! It's real?!

TOM
It's the only thing that is.

SAM
You've seen it too.

TOM
I see it everyday now. The angel with the flaming sword, guarding the way.

SAM
(urgently)
The way to what?

TOM
Life.

A flash of anger. Tom powerfully grabs Sam by the collar and stares him in the eyes. His chair CLANGS onto the ground.

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't get on that rocket, don't go to Mars. It's a warning, to stay away.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
 You think you're ready for it, but
 you're not, you'll destroy it, or
 it'll destroy you.

Two soldiers grab Sam and pull him from Tom's grip.

SAM
 (urgently)
 What is it? Tell me what it is!

DR PARK
 Mr Bell, you have to go now. It's
 time for Ray's session.

Tom, or Ray as the facility knows him, slumps back in his
 seat, the same distant look crossing over him.

TOM
 Okay Doctor.

Sam is shaken to bits.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam enters the front door, lost in thought.

Kate is standing there, half anxious, half furious, packed
 bags at the door.

KATE
 Where were you today?

SAM
 The base.

KATE
 Don't lie.

He tries to move past her, waving her away.

KATE (CONT'D)
 They called here, General Lang
 personally called, wanted to know
 where you'd gone.

Sam pours a glass of whiskey.

KATE (CONT'D)
 So where'd you go?

SAM
 Classified.

KATE
That's bullshit.

Sam just shrugs and takes a sip. His head is pounding and the RED WIND is spinning around them.

KATE (CONT'D)
You're really not going to tell me?
You don't trust me? Is this what
you meant by things being
different, because it doesn't look
different to me!

SAM
How do I know you're not in on it,
you and Lang. Huh? This, it's not
real.

KATE
What's not real?

SAM
All of it, the mission, this
bullshit, there's something out
there and no one cares that-

KATE
Will you listen to yourself Sam?
Hear the paranoia? This, this
doesn't seem real to you?

The RED WIND closes in on Sam.

KATE (CONT'D)
Did you cause the fire?

SAM
What? No, I, I, I...

KATE
Did you cause the fire?

SAM
I, I...

The Red Wind is beating down on Sam, suffocating him. He throws his glass into it.

SMASH! - against the wall, narrowly missing Kate. She's shocked.

KATE
You're scaring me -

Sam advances towards her, she backs away.

SAM

You wanted to know how I feel, now
you do, I'm fucking terrified, I-

Kate finds some ground, pushes towards him -

KATE

You should be terrified, but not of
that rocket, you should be
terrified of me. Of losing ME Sam.

They are inches apart.

SAM

I was scared of losing you so I-

Kate advances on him, white hot with anger.

KATE

You know I used to dread the four
years without you, now I live for
it. I live for it!

He pushes her away and stumbles out of the house.

EXT. CAPE HATTERAS - NIGHT

Sam is on the dune overlooking the Cape. The rocket is in the
background, completely fixed and abuzz with activity.

He's pacing, muttering, the RED WIND wisping around him.

He takes a pill from the blue bottle, then a pill from the
yellow bottle. Then another.

Sam collapses against the side of his car as the RED WIND
swirls around him.

CUT TO

LATER.

He's in the driver's seat. The sun is rising. The heat haze
around the rocket makes it look like a monster from hell.

SUPER FADES ON: Launch day

INT. NASACO EQUIPMENT ROOM - Day

TECHNICIANS help Sam into his suit. His head is POUNDING. The RED WIND is HOWLING around him.

The boots go on.

The front of the suit goes on.

Sam's breath is quickening.

The arms and gloves go on.

Every piece of his suit is like a nail in his coffin.

He's HYPERVENTILATING.

TECHNICIAN

(muffled)

Aaaarreee yooouuuu aaaallriiiight
siiirrrr???

The helmet goes on, muffling the sound of everything except SAM'S RAPID BREATHING AND HEARTBEAT.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM.

Sam panics.

He pushes the techs over, sending chrome tables and fragile equipment CRASHING to the ground.

He stumbles out of the room, shoving equipment and people out of the way. One of the technicians sounds an alarm.

SOLDIERS try to contain Sam, he pushes free of them. More DOCTORS and SOLDIERS are coming. He's struggling to get the helmet off.

People are pulling him in every direction. Jack grabs him by the torso.

A FLASH of the RED WIND.

Sam gets the helmet off and -

- Throws up all over the floor.

A needle goes into Sam's neck.

He's on the ground, lying in the vomit, out cold.

FADE OUT

INT. MEDICAL BAY - DAY

A steady drip of fluid inside a canister.

Sam is on a bed with a sedative drip, surrounded by DOCTORS and monitors. Lang is pacing. Connie and Jack are looking shell-shocked. SOLDIERS guard the room. DOCTOR EASTMAN, Moreau's assistant, checks Sam's pupils.

DOCTOR EASTMAN

He seems to be fine, I can't see anything wrong with him, physically that is. We'll know more when he wakes up.

Eastman goes to turn off the drip.

LANG

No, keep him under.

Moreau bursts into the room -

MOREAU

What happened, where is he?

LANG

Stay back Toby.

MOREAU

What?

LANG

You heard me, stay back.

(to a technician)

During launch Sam monitors the AC and auxillary?

TECH 1

Yes sir.

MOREAU

Joe?

LANG

We can monitor and control them from here, yes.

TECH 1

That's right.

MOREAU

What are you doing?

LANG

Keep him sedated. We're going to strap him into the capsule.

MOREAU

You can't be serious, after what just happened you want to force him into space?!

LANG

We'll, we'll reduce his duties, give him time to adjust. It'll be okay.

CONNIE

Is that legal, sir?

Lang ignores her.

LANG

We have to do this now. Get a gurney ready.

MOREAU

He's still my patient, you can't do this, he's not -

LANG

You're fired. Private, please remove 'Mister' Moreau.

Two soldiers forcibly escort him out.

MOREAU

Joe, don't do this, you're gonna kill him Joe, don't do this, think about what happened to Tom-

Lang and the doctors move to the other side of the room and begin getting a gurney ready, leaving Sam alone with Connie and Jack.

CONNIE

(under her breath)
Are you hearing this?

JACK

So what?

CONNIE

So what?! So we have to work with Sam for the next four years. So how will he trust us after this? We're a crew.

JACK

If we don't launch there is no crew. We don't even have a flight manual.

CONNIE

Yes we do, I did it, I finished it, while you were off starting fights. We're Navy Jack. In the Navy we take care of our own.

Connie's words sting.

She checks to see that Lang is distracted and turns Sam's sedative drip off. She slaps him a couple times to wake him before quietly leaving.

Lang and the doctors are about to load Sam onto the gurney when he wakes up.

Beat.

LANG

Go home Sam.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - EVENING

ENTRY

Sam opens the door. It's dark inside, Kate's gone. The house has never felt more lonely. The 'our spot' photo of the martian surface is attached to the railing of the stairs - a grainy reminder of unfulfilled dreams.

BATHROOM

Sam's head is pounding and the walls are shaking.

He opens the blue and yellow pill bottles, takes a couple out, pauses, then pours two dozen into his hand. An easy way out.

Balancing a glass of water and the pills in each hand, he gets ready...

There's no music, just Sam's HASTENING BREATH. He draws a breath, raises the pills,

and...

and...

...and swallows the whole handful.

BEDROOM

Sam lies down on the bed, curled up. Everything is silent. The walls are moving. The RED WIND is blowing around him and he's caught in the eye of its storm. Sam closes his eyes.

FADE THROUGH THE
RED WIND

EXT. MARTIAN SURFACE - DREAM

Sam is limping through the tunnel in the storm. Strange shapes and eerie noises surround him. The storm rages at speeds of hundreds of miles an hour, but inside the tunnel it's calm.

The wind starts to dissipate and Sam finds that he's standing in a garden. Lush and primordial, it's like a throwback to the cretaceous.

Sam sees a FEMALE FORM in the distance, wandering delicately through the growth. Sam clumsily runs towards her, but she disappears behind a tree.

He turns and sees her again, walking by a stream. He tries to run to her, but the roots and vines are blocking him. He pushes through them, pulling down branches and tearing apart the growth. When he's free she's gone again.

He catches a glimpse of her by a banyan tree. He surges through the stream, disturbing its perfect calmness.

He reaches her, touches her on the shoulder.

She turns - it's Kate.

She has a smile on her face, so does he.

Her smiles fades into sadness.

Kate crumbles into RED WIND in front of Sam.

The whole garden starts to shrivel up and die as the RED WIND surges in. The trees turn brown, the water turns to tar and Sam collapses to his knees.

INT. NASACO BASE - NIGHT

An OLD JANITOR is about to mop up Sam's vomit.

JACK
I'll do that buddy

OLD JANITOR
What? You sure, sir?

JACK
Yeah, national security, we can't
let the Chinese know our cafeteria
menu, can we?

OLD JANITOR
Yeah, no, I guess not.

The janitor is confused. Jack mops up the vomit and puts a small amount into a glass sample jar.

Newman and Hart creep up to Jack.

NEWMAN
We're going to arrest Grissom, are
you still with us?

JACK
It's not Sam.

HART
What?

JACK
It's not Sam.

HART
You better not be screwing us over.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Kate has the base in the rearview mirror. Her bags and suitcases are in the car.

Outside the car we see the world of the future, rows of dead crops and empty ghost towns.

GAS STATION

She's filling up the car. There's a television above the pump, a newsroom interview.

TV PRESENTER
Can you give us any idea what's
happened today?

TV TALENT

Well, as I said, NASACO has not released any statements so it's all speculation. What we do know is the launch window is only open for one more day, so if there are...

Kate tries to ignore it, putting her head down and focusing on the sound of RUSHING GAS flowing into the car.

She can't ignore it.

Kate runs into the shop, throws some cash at the ATTENDANT and runs back to her car.

TV TALENT (CONT'D)

...serious mechanical issues like the last launch then it's over for NASACO, the Chinese will launch before February and...

SCRRECH! She does a u-turn, heading back to Hatteras.

EXT. GREENVILLE MENTAL HEALTH CENTRE - NIGHT

Five black cars pull into the parking lot. Jack, Newman, Hart and a dozen other agents get out.

INT. GREENVILLE MENTAL HEALTH CENTRE - NIGHT

Jack is storming through the facility.

DR PARK

You can't go in there, I'll-

Hart hands Dr Park a piece of paper.

HART

Warrant.

Jack throws door after door open, startling the patients.

Finally - he opens Tom's door.

Tom is asleep. We pull focus to a bottle of pills on his bedside table.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SAM'S POV: RED WIND. A shape, a person moves into view. A MUFFLED FEMALE VOICE. She shakes us around. Kate is trying to shake Sam awake.

KATE
Sam! Sam, oh please Sam wake up,
wake up, wake up!

CUT TO:

Kate is on her phone, tears streaming down her face.

KATE (CONT'D)
You have to come, he trusts you,
please, I don't trust the other
doctors.

INT. MOREAU'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack breaks down the door and goes straight to the cabinet with the pills. It's locked, he smashes it open.

Jack gives the pills, including Tom's pills, to Newman.

JACK
Get this analyzed, all of it. And
do science to this.

He holds up the glass jar of Sam's vomit.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SAM'S POV: The silhouette of Kate is obscuring the RED WIND. Another silhouette joins her, coming closer.

Moreau leans over Sam and checks his pulse and pupils. He sees the pill bottles in the bathroom.

MOREAU
(panic)
Oh fuck.

KATE
What?!

MOREAU
Get me some wet towels.

Kate dashes out.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack, Newman and Hart place a spectrograph reading and several bottles of pills on Lang's desk, their faces grim.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate rushes a pile of wet towels up the stairs. Moreau is frantically trying to get Sam to expel the pills.

Sam's cellphone VIBRATES on the floor between them.

MOREAU

I can't expel the pills, there's a facility in Greenville that can help. Don't answer that.

KATE

Why?

MOREAU

It's Lang. You don't know what he's capable of.

Moreau picks Sam up and walks towards Kate, blocking her access to the phone.

KATE

Wait a minute-

MOREAU

We don't have a minute.

Kate is blocking the door, but she's moving backwards.

MOREAU (CONT'D)

Sam trusts me. You should too.

KATE

He does trust you.

She tentatively begins down the stairs.

Then a terrifying realization dawns on her, chilling her down to her core.

KATE (CONT'D)

You're the only one he trusts.

MOREAU

Kate-

KATE

The only one.

She turns back to block Moreau, who is carrying Sam in his arms.

Moreau towers over her. He could easily push her down the stairs.

MOREAU

Kate, he needs urgent attention.

KATE

Put him down.

MOREAU

Lang doesn't care about your husband, all he wants is to make the launch. If you care about him -

KATE

What did you do to him?!

Moreau pushes forward. Kate tries to hold her ground but is being forced backwards.

KATE (CONT'D)

No more lies! What did you give him?!

MOREAU

Dangerous drugs. Psychotropics. Hallucinogens. Every second you waste is dangerous, we're losing his mind.

KATE

It was you, the fire, wasn't it? While they're wondering who sabotaged the rocket you're sabotaging the astronaut.

MOREAU

Get out of the way.

KATE

Did you do this to Tom as well?

Moreau pushes forward, Kate is forced further down the stairs. Her footing is tenuous.

KATE (CONT'D)

Are you working for the Chinese? Or are you one of those eco-nuts?

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

Did they buy you, is it just about money?

MOREAU

Right now I'm the only one that can help him.

KATE

Put him down.

MOREAU

You're killing him.

Moreau pushes forward. Kate is pushed back, she's a moment from slipping.

KATE

(voice wavering)

Put him down. He's staying with me.

MOREAU

You're pregnant aren't you? I saw the morning sickness tablets in the bathroom. That's very exciting, especially after what happened. Sure would be awful if anything happened to this baby. Now get out of my way.

Kate opens her mouth - but no words come out.

Still she won't move.

Moreau pushes her backwards down the stairs-

BANG! The front door opens.

Kate crashes down the stairs -

...into Connie's arms.

SOLDIERS grab Moreau and DOCTORS grab Sam.

Kate faints.

FADE OUT

INT. SAM AND KATE'S - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3 HOURS LATER

SAM'S POV: The RED WIND is not as strong. Silhouettes of doctors pulling a plastic breather away from our mouth. We lean forward - and throw up into a bucket full of nasty green spew.

Lang, Jack, Newman and Hart are standing by the bed as doctors pump Sam's stomach.

DOCTOR EASTMAN

We've got most of it back up, but some will have assimilated into his system. Physostigmine will help, but he might always have the hallucinations to some degree. These pills -

He picks up the pill bottles -

DR EASTMAN

Quincylindyl-Benzilate, I hope I never see anything like it again.
(beat)
He should wake soon.

LANG

Thanks Doc.

NEWMAN

It's over Lang, you're done. The whole program will be mothballed before the end of the day.

Newman and Hart walk out of the room. Lang hangs his head in defeat.

EXT. SAM AND KATE'S GARDEN - NIGHT

The stars are beginning to fade and there's a hint of light on the horizon.

Kate and Connie are sitting in the garden, Kate is holding the 'our spot' photo. The whole garden is dead, every tree drooping and every leaf brown and dry.

Sam appears at the door, unsteady. Kate embraces him.

KATE

I thought I'd lost you.

SAM

I thought I'd lost you.

He looks up at the night sky. The RED WIND is there, passing over like a distant cloud. One reddish star is pushing against the darkness. Mars.

KATE
I'm pregnant Sam.

SAM
What? Are you serious?

KATE
I didn't know how to tell you, I'm
weeks along.

SAM
I thought we decided not to.

KATE
Well, you might have decided that.

Sam laughs.

KATE (CONT'D)
She's healthy too.

SAM
'She?'

KATE
Just a feeling I got.

SAM
I'd like a girl, or a boy, boys are
good too.

KATE
Healthy is enough for me.
(beat)
I just wonder what sort of world we
can give her, what sort of future
she'll have here.

Kate is looking at the garden, the dry grass and the dead
flowers. She plucks a dead leaf and turns it over in her
hands.

KATE (CONT'D)
Go.

SAM
Where?

KATE
I want you to go to Mars. Not for
them, not for you, for her. For
both of us.

SAM
 Kate, no, there's no way I'm
 leaving-

She puts her finger on his lips to stop his protests.

KATE
 You are. And you're going to come
 back. Then we'll all go together.
 It's not up for debate. Go.

She slowly, passionately kisses him. A goodbye, at least for
 now.

INT. SAM AND KATE'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lang, Connie and Jack are sitting around like they're at a
 wake, specifically one for their mission. Sam appears in the
 doorway. Lang begins to stutter out an apology-

LANG
 Sam, I, I, I don't-

Interrupting him-

SAM
 Does anyone remember who comes
 second?

Connie and Jack look at each other, understanding -

CONNIE
 First or bust.

EXT. SAM AND KATE'S FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Newman is on his cellphone, Hart nearby. Four military
 vehicles are pulled up on the lawn.

NEWMAN
 Yes sir, Moreau, his number two
 guy. We can shut them down if -

Lang, Sam, Jack, Connie and a SQUAD OF SOLDIERS burst out the
 front door and into the vehicles. They drive off, leaving
 Newman and Hart stranded.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)
 Shit!
 (into his phone)
 We need pick up right away.

EXT. ROAD TO THE LAUNCHPAD - MORNING

The convoy speeds towards the base. Lang barks orders into his cellphone.

LANG

Yes, get everyone up, get the press liaisons, vent the rocket and get a launch shuttle ready.

The four cars split up, two carrying the astronauts go to the tarmac, the other two go to the base.

INT. NASACO BASE - MORNING

PRESS ROOMS

PRESS LIAISONS are on payphones, calling their news agencies.

LAUNCH SYSTEM LABS

ENGINEERS are running to their workstations, hurrying through the preflight tests.

LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM

Lang and the LAUNCH PERSONNEL take their positions.

EXT. NASACO BASE - MORNING

Newman, Hart and two dozen agents arrive at the base. A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS blocks the door, led by a PRIVATE.

NEWMAN

Open this door.

PRIVATE

I can't sir.

NEWMAN

We have a congressional order, if you don't open the door -

EXT. LAUNCHPAD - MORNING

WHOOSH! The Virgil rocket vents clouds of carbon dioxide.

Sam, Connie and Jack jump into a launch vehicle that races them towards the Virgil. In the vehicle techs help them into their suits. It moves so fast every bump throws them around.

JACK

Hoo-eee, ain't nothin' like a hot launch!

Sam grins as his helmet goes on.

EXT. BASE PERIMETER - MORNING

JOURNALISTS set up cameras and equipment. The NEWS HOSTS hurriedly get through makeup and are put in front of the cameras.

NEWS HOST

Coming to you live from Cape Hatteras where we've just got word...

We swing over to another host.

NEWS HOST 2

...as of yet no explanation has been given for the rushed launch but..

We swing over to a third host.

NEWS HOST 3

...everyone is asking is this: will NASACO follow through on its promise to the American people, or will this be the program's final embarrassment?

EXT. NASACO BASE - MORNING

More cars arrive to support Newman and Hart. Four Star General Mitcham joins them. The private salutes -

GENERAL MITCHAM

Son, open the door.

The private, unwillingly, opens the door. The agents swarm in.

INT. NASACO BASE - MORNING

Newman, Hart, General Mitcham and dozens of agents storm through the hallways, pushing people out of the way.

INT. NASACO LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

LANG
Engines?

CAPCOM
Ninety five percent, primed now
sir.

LANG
Aux systems and oxygen?

ENGINEER 3
Green across the board.

ENGINEER 4
Luna four checks in green sir.

LANG
Light the candle gentlemen.

INT. VIRGIL CAPSULE - MORNING

Connie and Jack are strapped into their seats, facing directly upwards.

Sam gets into his seat. The TECHNICIANS check he's secure before sealing the capsule. The last stars are fading, Sam looks at them through the window.

INT. NASACO LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

LANG
Start the countdown.

CAPCOM
T minus 30, 29, 28

INT. VIRGIL CAPSULE - MORNING

CAPCOM
27, 26, 25

Jack puts the hula-girl onto the dashboard.

INT. NASACO HALLWAY - MORNING

The agents push their way towards the launch control room. Guenther tries to block them but they throw him aside.

CAPCOM
24, 23, 22

EXT. CAPE HATTERAS - MORNING

Sam's corvette pulls up at the sand dune. Kate gets out. She walks up to view the rocket. It's starting to shake and rumble.

INT. NASACO HALLWAY - MORNING

The agents push their way towards the launch control room. Guenther tries to block them but they throw him aside.

CAPCOM
21, 20, 19

EXT. CAPE HATTERAS - MORNING

Sam's corvette pulls up at the sand dune. Kate gets out. She walks up to view the rocket. It's starting to shake and rumble.

INT. VIRGIL CAPSULE - MORNING

CAPCOM
13, 12, 11

LANG (O.S.)
Say goodbye to Earth folks.

CAPCOM
10, 9, 8

CONNIE
Do you think it'll be the same when
we get back?

CAPCOM
7, 6, 5, 4

The RED WIND moves over the capsule window.

SAM
Not a chance.

INT. NASACO LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Newman, Hart and the agents burst into the control room.

They're too late -

CAPCOM

3, 2, 1

EXT. CAPE HATTERAS - MORNING

Plumes of flame erupt from the rocket. Wreathes of smoke trail down its body as it shakes, groans and lifts off the earth. Explosions billow out in every direction.

Kate watches it rise, higher and higher -

It's in the air now, its trajectory true. It passes through the clouds, becoming a glowing orb of hope in the morning sky.

THE END.