



CIRCLE OF CONFUSION

THE GOD PARTICLE

by

Oren Uziel

Circle of Confusion
8548 Washington Blvd.
Culver City, CA 90232
(310) 253-7777

Circle of Confusion
107-23 71st Road – Ste. 300
Forest Hills, NY 11375
(718) 275-1012

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Sunlight illuminates a golden-hued space station, shaped like a shoe-box suspended in a spherical maze of beams and wires.

It looks a bit like the seed head of a dandelion.

It rotates as it hovers in an endless sea of black.

Written on the center: *Dandelion - U.S.A.*

INT. DANDELION - SLEEPING QUARTERS ("S DECK") - FOYER

We move along the walls of a large circular foyer, passing a series of doors, beyond which lie the private sleeping quarters of the crew.

We stop outside a door marked: Hamilton.

INT. DANDELION - HAMILTON'S QUARTERS

The floor is coated with rubber nubs to comfort the feet; furniture and appliances are built into the walls, giving the room the sleek, modern feel of a boutique hotel in Brussels.

An ALARM BEEPS at increasing volume.

CLOSE on a woman in the bed. AVA HAMILTON, 30s, an engineer and a woman: usually, but not always, in that order.

HAMILTON

You don't hear that?

The ALARM BLARES.

PULL BACK to reveal a man beside Hamilton. EVAN KIEL, 30s, strong and confident: exactly the guy you'd peg to get laid on a space station with one female resident.

KIEL

Your room, your alarm.

HAMILTON

Bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hamilton gives Kiel a light shove of her hips and he tumbles to the floor. The beds are narrow. Made for one.

Kiel walks across the room and silences the alarm.

INT. DANDELION - MAIN DECK ("M DECK") - MORNING

M deck is pristine and well-lit. Central to the large square room is a bank of computers, and a few console chairs. Along one wall is a floor to ceiling observation window, that isn't exactly a window.

Because of the gravity-simulating rotation of the station, looking out a window would be dizzying. To reproduce the effect, a camera sends a real-time, fixed-position image to a massive monitor that serves as each of the Deck's observation windows.

Adjacent to the observation window is a red carpeted lounge area with red couches and chairs that serves as the official meeting area.

MIIKA FLYNN, early 30s, reed thin and boyish, pours coffee into two cups and walks them over to CHRIS KUNDALINI, aka MONK, late 30s, a pious man with eyes that have seen it all and found it rather disappointing.

[A clothing note: The Dandelion crew is exclusively attired in pale blue NASA-issue gear, which ranges from flight-suits, to cargo pants and flight jackets, to shorts and T-shirts.]

Both men sip their coffee and gaze out the observation window at the distant, but brightly illuminated bodies of the Earth and its moon.

FLYNN

Fourth time around and I'm still
not used to it.

Monk doesn't say anything, as nothing needs to be said.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

How long since you've been back?

MONK

Going on twelve years.

Flynn whistles and raises his eyebrows in awe.

FLYNN

You don't miss it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONK

Everyone on this station was selected in part because we have minimal ties to home. No spouses, no kids --

FLYNN

Sure, but you re-upped three times.

MONK

(beat, thinking)

The Earth I miss has been gone for thousands of years. It's like a prodigal son: less painful to see from afar.

INT. DANDELION - EXPERIMENTATION DECK ("X DECK")

X Deck hosts a vast network of tables, the surface of each doubling as both touch-screen computers and table tops supporting chemistry sets, mineral samples and other paraphernalia of a laboratory.

The view out of X Deck's window is the same as M Deck. A brightly lit and perfectly centered Earth and moon.

BENNY MARTINEZ, 40s, clean-cut and serious, delicately solders a chip onto a panel with a simple push-button soldering iron. A bead of sweat drips from his forehead.

Over his shoulder peers MADDUX COSBI, 40s, a sharp-nosed physicist with a take-no-prisoners, make-no-friends attitude that has never won him any popularity contests.

BURT MUNDY, 30s, with shaggy hair tucked beneath a Cubs hat, sidles up behind them.

He lingers, silently observing the tense adjustments.

MUNDY

(shouting)

Sausages!

Cosbi and Martinez, deep in concentration, both jump.

MARTINEZ

(ticked off)

See this, Mundy? It's a soldering iron. It's hot. See that over there? That's hydrogen. It's flammable. Do you want to kill us all? Is that what you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNDY

No, I want to tell you we cracked open the last box of sausages.

Martinez and Cosbi shake their heads at one another.

INT. DANDELION - RECREATION DECK ("R DECK") - LATER

R Deck includes the kitchen, dining room, a video booth for recording and receiving communications with Earth, and an exercise area with weight machines and a small pool.

R Deck is the homiest area of the station, meant to convey the creature comforts of Earth to a station that will serve as the crew's only home for four years.

Seated around a long green table are Monk, Flynn, Martinez and Mundy. Cosbi sits in the video booth.

Kiel and Hamilton arrive and head for the food trays.

HAMILTON

(peevved)

You ate all the sausages?

MUNDY

We figured you'd already had plenty.

Everybody snickers but Monk.

MONK

Mr. Mundy!

HAMILTON

You don't need to defend me. He's just being funny.

FLYNN

And jealous.

MUNDY

So jealous.

MONK

I'm not defending you, Miss Hamilton. I just don't appreciate such talk on this station.

MUNDY

Lighten up, huh Monkeyfuck?

Monk abruptly gets up and leaves the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNDY (CONT'D)

Man, that guy is stiffer than a priest at Pre-K disco party.

Hamilton and Kiel remain over by the food containers.

HAMILTON

I can't believe you didn't save us any sausage.

From out of nowhere, a snarling dog leaps at them and Kiel and Hamilton jump.

Flynn steps out from behind them and puts an arm out to shield the no-longer-concerned couple.

FLYNN

(all drama)
I'll save you.

Flynn points a finger gun at the dog, DUKE, a golden retriever, and a permanent resident on the station.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(pulling the trigger)
Pow.

Duke promptly lowers its gums and collapses to the floor, paws in the air, tail wagging.

HAMILTON

(sarcastic)
Our hero.

Flynn tosses an apple in the air and Duke whirls and catches the fruit in a flash, then gambols off to demolish it.

Across the room, Cosbi watches a news report.

NEWS ANCHOR

A second round of peace talks appear to have failed, as European forces sank two U.S. Destroyers off the coast of Bordeaux. The U.S. responded by shelling as far inland as Toulouse. At this point, the U.S. advance onto French soil can be measured in days not weeks.

Kiel arrives behind Cosbi and watches over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Across the pond, European brigades continue to arrive along the coast of Quebec, and are expected to begin a counter-offensive into Northern New York and New England in the very near future.

HAMILTON

If that's news from a month ago, by now we might live in Europe and they might live in the U.S.

Before Cosbi can respond to the rhetorical question, MUSIC suddenly BLARES at max volume from the stereo. It's something loud, akin to BACK IN BLACK.

Cosbi and Hamilton turn to see Mundy rocking out by the stereo, and roll their eyes. It would appear this is very much a frequent occurrence.

INT. DANDELION - M DECK - LATER

The entire crew sits in the lounge area, listening to Martinez's daily report.

MARTINEZ

Lastly, Mr. Cosbi and I have our final space walk today. If all goes well, we'll initiate our first test of the collider this evening.

Hoots and hollers erupt from the crew.

FLYNN

Never thought I'd see the day.

MUNDY

An experiment 42-months in the making, and I still don't understand what we're building.

There's a collective groan from the rest of the crew.

MARTINEZ

Mundy, you know damn well what we're building.

MUNDY

Sure, a particle accelerator. But what does it do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cosbi stands and walks over to the observation window, and immediately a chorus of "No!" and "We get it!" rings out from the entire crew.

Everyone, that is, but Mundy, who's laughing his ass off. He's asked this question a million times, knowing that every time he does, Cosbi is compelled to answer.

Cosbi takes a white chalk-shaped tool from the base of the observation window. Using the tool he traces a large white rectangle directly onto the window, which, after a tap of his hand, goes pitch black, like a blackboard.

Cosbi then traces two overlapping circles in the form of a Venn Diagram.

COSBI

On the left, we have --

HAMILTON

General Relativity!

COSBI

(writes the words)

On the right --

KIEL

Quantum Mechanics!

COSBI

(he writes again)

And in the middle --

FLYNN

(overly dramatic)

Conflict, chaos... anarchy!

COSBI

(he writes the words)

For a hundred years physicists have been searching for the final piece of the puzzle that will unite these two powerful theories into one cohesive, comprehensive explanation of the universe.

Cosbi picks up a black eraser-like tool and wipes away the intersection of the two circles and the words he's written.

He then combines them into one circle, and starts writing inside it.

EVERYONE (IN UNISON)

The Theory of Everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

After a goofy round of hoots and hollers, Mundy speaks.

MUNDY

Right, but what does it do?

MARTINEZ

Mundy, you guys are engineers.
You're paid to build, not to
understand the physics.

MUNDY

(to Flynn)

To be honest I'm mostly here to
make sausage jokes.

FLYNN

(clapping Mundy on
the shoulder)

Those are good jokes, man.

MUNDY

Thank you.

MARTINEZ

The time is now 10:40. X-Deck at
noon for the walk.

INT. DANDELION - GREENHOUSE - EARLY AFTERNOON

The greenhouse occupies the entire top section of the station. Hamilton walks through row after row of vegetables, tossing her selections into a canvas tote. Kiel follows behind her, pumping nutrients into the soil.

KIEL

We have to talk about it
eventually. Today might be --

HAMILTON

Can't we just enjoy what we have
without making it into something
else?

KIEL

Ham, we're going home soon, and I
want to know where I...

Kiel trails off, realizing Hamilton's no longer listening.

HAMILTON

Sometimes I wish we could just
stay up here forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIEL

What, with these assholes?

Hamilton offers up a half-hearted laugh, but Kiel sees right through it.

KIEL (CONT'D)

How come every time I talk about going home I lose you?

HAMILTON

I'm supposed to be excited to go back to World War Three?

KIEL

No, even before the war. You were weird about home three years ago.

(beat)

What are you so afraid of?

Hamilton stares at Kiel. Maybe she's thinking about telling him, maybe she's just waiting for him to drop it.

It's hard to tell, but what's clear is she's not talking.

KIEL (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Nice, there it is. That fucking look. You know what? If I'm just some piece of meat to you, I'd rather you say it to my face than string me along and then drop me the second we get back to Earth.

Kiel storms off.

KIEL (CONT'D)

(as he leaves)

Christ... I feel like I'm fifth grade.

HAMILTON

Kiel! It's not like that. Kiel!

Hamilton could chase after him, but she doesn't.

EXT. DANDELION - SOMETIME LATER

The Dandelion spins slowly in empty space. We linger a moment and then a flash of light reflects off something off in the distance.

WE MOVE toward the glimmering light and see a chain of man-made cylinders floating over a mile from the station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The massive chain connects to the Dandelion via a reinforced cable, attached to which is a ski slope style chair lift.

Strapped into the lift is Martinez, and strapped above him is a four-foot by four-foot panel that houses all of the collider's operational systems.

The closer we get, the bigger and longer the chain proves to be. Each cylinder is ten-meters in diameter and the chain extends at least a mile off into the abyss.

INT. DANDELION - X DECK

Hamilton stands behind Cosbi and Mundy.

HAMILTON

Tell me again why it has to be so far away from the station?

COSBI

(serious)

In case it works.

Hamilton offers a tense smile and walks over to Kiel and Flynn, who strain their eyes for the occasional twinkle of light that reflects off the chair lift.

Hamilton pokes Kiel in the ribs and he rolls his eyes.

She pokes him again and he switches places with Flynn.

HAMILTON

(to Flynn)

Tell Kiel that I say I'm sorry.

KIEL

(to Flynn)

Tell Hamilton that I say she should blow it out her ass.

FLYNN

You guys are adorable.

KIEL

Eat shit, Flynn.

The trio falls silent as they stare out the window.

HAMILTON

Twenty bucks says this collider gets us all killed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIEL

Deal.

(to Flynn)

If she wins, how's she gonna collect?

INT. DANDELION - X DECK - SOMETIME LATER

Mundy stands behind Martinez and Cosbi who enter a series of numbers into a computer table.

Mundy yawns, audibly.

COSBI

Nobody's asking you to watch.

MUNDY

Are you kidding? This is the most exciting thing that's happened up here since Duke got the runs.

Martinez punches in one last number and looks at Cosbi.

MARTINEZ

You ready?

COSBI

Ready.

Cosbi steals a glance at the crew now huddled behind him.

Flynn lifts his eyebrows at Monk. Hamilton grasps Kiel's hand in hers. Mundy bites his fingernails.

CLOSE on Martinez, who takes a breath and exhales slowly.

He hits enter.

Nothing.

Martinez shoots a disappointed glance at Cosbi.

MUNDY

Don't worry fellas... I'll still tell you my sausage jokes.

Suddenly a halo of light emerges from the back end of the accelerator. The halo gets bigger, brighter at a rate that rapidly exceeds any human ability to focus.

In a flash, the entire window is white. A sound, a rip, from within and without explodes their ears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yanked from its rotation and sucked into the severely warped fabric of space, the station loses gravity.

The crew and all unmoored objects float into the center of the room. They hang, baffled, terrified, for maybe three seconds, before being

SLAMMED back into the floor.

The white light disappears, the station's rotation resumes, and all systems are go. Whatever happened is now over.

The place is chaos, with chairs, computer tables and lab instruments strewn haphazardly across the floor.

The crew lies shaken on the floor.

KIEL
(to Hamilton)
Are you alright?

Hamilton nods.

KIEL (CONT'D)
Is everyone alright?
(beat)
Is anyone hurt?

FLYNN
I can't... I can't see.

Kiel and Hamilton rush over to Flynn, who sits by the observation window staring at his hands.

MUNDY
(to Cosbi and
Martinez)
What the hell just happened?

MARTINEZ
Collision.

MUNDY
Is it supposed to do that?

Over by the window, Flynn stares, wild-eyed at nothing.

FLYNN
I watched it. I saw everything.
I saw the Earth.

KIEL
Take it easy, Flynnny, it'll come
back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLYNN

I saw. I saw the universe. I saw
everything!

By now everyone but Martinez and Cosbi have arrived by
the stricken Flynn.

KIEL

What are you talking about?

FLYNN

The Earth!

HAMILTON

(looking out the
window)

Oh my god.

The crew stares in stunned silence at a million
shimmering stars.

The Earth and moon are gone.

FLYNN

It's gone, isn't it?

KIEL

(to Martinez)

Display the Western view.

Martinez hits a key and the image on the observation
window changes to a different array of stars.

KIEL (CONT'D)

East.

(same)

North.

(same)

South.

FLYNN

I saw.

HAMILTON

What did you see?

FLYNN

I saw the world die.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY - SOMETIME LATER

The infirmary consists of a main room, filled with gleaming white medical instruments and a surgical table in the center. Flanking the main room are a pair of recovery rooms.

Hamilton exits one of the recovery rooms, leaving Flynn lying down in the bed behind her.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK

Hamilton enters R Deck to find the entire deck soaked with water. During the momentary loss of gravity, the water lifted from the pool, and with gravity's resumption subsequently doused the entire deck.

Hamilton walks past the now empty pool and notices the hatch to the maintenance area beneath is open.

She jumps into the pool and peers into the open hatch.

HAMILTON

Hello?

INT. DANDELION - R DECK - BENEATH THE POOL

Beneath the pool is a small maintenance area that houses filters, pumps and gauges.

Crouched in a ball, lit only by the light filtering in through the open hatch, is Monk.

HAMILTON

You alright?

MONK

God did this.

HAMILTON

Monk, we don't know anything yet.

MONK

On the contrary... We know too much. Don't you see? We weren't content with the world as given to us. We pushed and pushed, and now we've tampered with elemental nature and the punishment has been swift and severe.

INT. DANDELION - X DECK - SOMETIME LATER

Data streams across the table top computers.

KIEL
(reading the data)
I don't understand any of this.

MUNDY
We're absolutely certain we
weren't thrown out of orbit in the
flash?

KIEL
Our position is unchanged, Mundy.
Stop asking that.

A door opens and Hamilton arrives.

KIEL (CONT'D)
How's Flynn?

HAMILTON
Blind. Sedated.

MUNDY
Did he say anything?

HAMILTON
Same as before. He saw the
universe come together. He called
it a singularity. Says when it
snapped back the Earth was gone.

MUNDY
What the hell does that mean?

Hamilton shakes her head, as confused as anyone.

KIEL
Monk went AWOL.

HAMILTON
I saw him.
(shakes her head)
Not good.

Across the room, Martinez sits at a black monitor that
bursts into life.

MARTINEZ
Got it.

The crew shifts their attention to the monitor, which
displays a video of the event.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see the view as we saw it before, the Earth and moon centered on a black sky, the ambient light reflecting off their surface obscuring all other celestial bodies.

The halo of light appears on the left side of the screen.

The light grows and bleeds across the entire frame.

The light cuts out abruptly, replaced by a billion stars.

A beautiful, heavenly, Earth-less universe.

HAMILTON

I don't... It's... What the hell are we looking at?

MUNDY

What did you do?

Mundy advances on Martinez, but Kiel pulls him back.

MARTINEZ

We don't know.

KIEL

You must know something.

MARTINEZ

It seems to have been much bigger than expected.

HAMILTON

What was expected? Big what?

COSBI

(tense)
Watch it Martinez.

MARTINEZ

(loose)
What difference does it make now?

KIEL

What difference does what make?
What are you hiding?

COSBI

We're not hiding anything.

HAMILTON

So what's he supposed to watch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COSBI
(deliberately)
Something has obviously gone
wrong, and emotions are running
high.

MUNDY
(incredulous)
Emotions are running high?

COSBI
I don't want something he says to
be misinterpreted. I don't want
to fall victim to frontier
justice.

MUNDY
Victim? The earth is gone! You
destroyed the earth.

COSBI
We don't know that.

MUNDY
We don't know there's no Santa
Claus either, but at this point
I'm pretty well convinced.

No one speaks for upwards of a minute.

HAMILTON
We should send word. Even if we
can't see them we should --

KIEL
A message from us has no value.
With the month lag in relaying
messages, it'll be two months
before we could possibly hear
back.

(beat)
We'll know in a month from the
news feed. If it cuts out...

The gravity of the situation slowly begins to sink in.

MUNDY
(shaking)
This isn't happening.

KIEL
All those people.

MUNDY
This can't be happening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mundy steps over and slugs Martinez in the jaw, knocking him to the floor. He turns on Cosbi, who blocks Mundy's punch and retaliates with a chop to Mundy's throat.

Mundy collapses to the floor, gasping for breath. Cosbi rises to strike again, but Kiel catches his arm from behind and wrestles him to the ground.

Martinez and Mundy recover enough to join the scuffle.

HAMILTON

Stop it! Stop!

When the men ignore the entreaties, Hamilton screams at the top of her lungs. It's a piercing scream of such soul-crushing desperation that the men quit fighting.

Tears flow down Hamilton's cheeks.

Martinez buries his face in his hands.

FADE OUT.

MONTAGE

Time passes, and we see snippets of the crew going through their grieving and coping processes.

A) The entire crew sits in the communications booth watching a month old report about the war.

NEWS ANCHOR

In the first week of heavy fighting, casualties are high, but military gains have been minimal. The President hopes --

The feed cuts out, and Martinez rewinds the video and watches again.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

...military gains have been minimal. The President hopes --

Rewind.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The President hopes --

Communications have officially been cut off.

B) Flynn lies on his bed. Duke lies at his feet, waiting for him to throw him the toy that rests at his paws.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C) Cosbi sits at a computer table. On the screen, we see the computer scanning the visible universe for the Earth. The scan is 16% complete. Kiel sits a few feet away, shaking his head.

D) Mundy constructs an alcohol still in his quarters.

E) Monk sits on a couch on M Deck, looking unnerved.

F) Kiel sits in front of the observation window, staring out at the stars.

G) Cosbi lifts weights in the gym.

H) Hamilton flips through a kindle-like display of photographs. Mother. Father. Husband. Son. Daughter.

I) Mundy, his Back in Black song BLARING, stands ankle deep in the pool as it slowly refills with water. He takes a drink of the gray product from his still, and his face goes haywire. He grunts, shudders and drinks again.

J) Monk wanders the rows of the greenhouse.

K) Hamilton fixes a loose clamp on a valve.

L) Mundy, drunk and wearing a space suit, sits at the bottom of the pool.

INT. DANDELION - M DECK - TWO MONTHS LATER

The entire crew sits in the lounge on M Deck.

HAMILTON

(halting, unsure)

I'm glad you all agreed to get together this morning. I know, on some level, maybe every level, there's not much to talk about. But, it's been almost two months.

Hamilton swallows, she's not a natural public speaker.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

The computer's scan of the visible universe is complete, and the situation remains unchanged.

Mundy gets up and heads for the door.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Mundy, hear me out.

Mundy stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNDY

What the hell for? So you can
tell me what I already know?

HAMILTON

We have food. We have a renewable
food supply. We get our power
from the sun.

MUNDY

What's your point?

HAMILTON

My point is we can live out the
rest of our days here, and our
lives won't be any shorter for not
having an earth.

MONK

So we should just proceed as if
God hasn't chosen to wipe the
entire human race out of
existence?

MUNDY

God didn't do shit, it was Cosbi
and Tex-Mex.

MARTINEZ

It was an accident.

MUNDY

An accident?!?

FLYNN

You murdered the entire planet.

HAMILTON

Listen, we need to move beyond
finger pointing.

MUNDY

And do what, exactly? The earth
is gone, and we're stuck on a
station that doesn't move. We're
fucked.

KIEL

We're alive.

MONK

To what end?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIEL

I don't know. But Hamilton's right. We need to come up with a plan. Or if not a plan, a constitution. Some ordering principal.

MUNDY

Fine. Here's my plan: I'm going to go to my quarters and beat off. After that I'll probably head over to R Deck to grab some lunch, then maybe head back to my quarters for another go round with Mr. Right.

Mundy stands up, looking proud of himself.

KIEL

Thanks, Mundy. Always helpful.

MUNDY

If you haven't noticed, we're over pal. We're the legless casualties lying on the killing field at Gettysburg waiting to bleed out.

KIEL

What do you suggest, mass suicide?

MUNDY

No way, Kiel. I'm gonna win this thing. Gonna carve my name in the wall. B.L. Mundy: Last man standing.

Cosbi coughs up a grim chuckle.

COSBI

You're a sick fuck, hombre.

MUNDY

Takes one to know one.

COSBI

You want to settle this right here and now?

MUNDY

Love to.

The two men stand up and step towards each other.

HAMILTON

Guys, knock it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MUNDY

Blow it out your ass, Hamilton. I haven't the slightest idea who elected you class president.

Now Kiel's up.

KIEL

Really, you're going to attack her for trying to fill the leadership void left by Cosbi and Martinez?

MUNDY

I guess you're mad because filling voids is supposed to be your job?

Kiel advances on Mundy, and now it's Flynn's turn to speak up.

FLYNN

Cool it, people.

KIEL

Fuck off, Flynn. Just because you blinded yourself doesn't make you some kind of wizard.

MARTINEZ

Flynn's right. You little bitches need to calm the fuck down.

MUNDY

Mind your own business, murderer.

MARTINEZ

Murderer?

Things quickly devolve into a collective shouting match.

The shouting becomes jostling becomes shoving and is about to become fighting.

MONK

(with escalating
fury)

Stop it. Stop it! Stop this right now!

The shouting knocks the combatants out of the moment, and everyone stops and stares at a red-faced Monk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MONK (CONT'D)

For two months now, I have tried to express my concern to you about the manner in which you speak, and the manner in which you behave.

(beat)

The first time God destroyed the earth for man's wickedness, he chose Noah and his ark to carry on. I have struggled, alone it seems, to understand why this time God has chosen the seven of us. I have prayed and prayed on it. Why us?

The crew stares at him in slack-jawed silence.

MONK (CONT'D)

But perhaps I've got it all wrong. Maybe God didn't choose us at all.

(beat)

Maybe we were simply overlooked.

INT. DANDELION - HAMILTON QUARTERS - NIGHT

Hamilton paces, wearing out the nubs on the floor. Kiel sits on the bed, elbows on his knees, looking tired.

HAMILTON

Don't.

KIEL

Just sit down. You're being irrational.

HAMILTON

Don't you dare give me that irrational woman bullshit. This entire situation is insane.

KIEL

It's early still. They'll get it together.

HAMILTON

Get it together? How? No, things are only going to get worse.

KIEL

You don't know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMILTON

Kiel, I'm the only goddamn woman.
Every morning I wake up wondering
if this is the day I'll get raped.
Every night I lie in bed listening
for them to show up at my door.

KIEL

I keep telling you I'll never let
that happen.

HAMILTON

My knight in shining armor.

KIEL

What the hell do you want me to
say? That it's hopeless? That we
all might as well take a cyanide
pill and be done with it? If
that's what you think, than to
hell with you.

Kiel storms out of the room, leaving Hamilton alone on
her bed. She sits a moment in silence, tears forcing
their way out of her eyes and onto her cheeks.

She pulls out her photo-player and turns it on.

Mother. Father. Husband. Son. Daughter.

Hamilton puts the device down and exits her room.

INT. DANDELION - SLEEPING QUARTERS - FOYER

Hamilton walks through the foyer and out into the hall.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY

We continue to track her as she makes her way to an air
lock. She lifts the hard plastic cover and pulls down
the lever that opens the hallway door.

INT. DANDELION - AIR LOCK

Hamilton steps inside the lock and stares out the window.

She turns and lifts the plastic cover, then pulls down
the lever to close the air lock door, sealing her inside.

She eyes the suit she has no intention of putting on.

Hamilton closes her eyes and mumbles a quick prayer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She lifts the cover to the outside door of the lock.

She reaches for the lever.

KIEL (O.S.) (FILTERED)
 Everyone! Main deck. Now!
 (beat)
 There's something out there.

Hamilton's hand lingers a moment, then drops to her side.

She'll live a little longer.

INT. DANDELION - M DECK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The entire crew huddles around a computer monitor. In the center of the monitor is an icon of the space station, surrounded by concentric circles. Off to the far corner of the screen is a small, blinking dot.

KIEL
 I thought it was just debris at
 first, but then...

COSBI
 Then what?

KIEL
 It slowed down.

No one knows what to say. Hamilton walks to the window.

There's another long beat of silence, as the blinking dot grows steadily closer.

HAMILTON
 Guys.

Hamilton points at something outside the window.

MONK
 What is it?

It's a space shuttle.

CUT TO:

INT. DANDELION - M DECK - SOMETIME LATER

The crew, sits in front of a large black screen. In the background, we can see the shuttle resting about 200 yards from the space station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Written on the hull: *Lily - Euro 4*

The video screen bursts into life, and we see a crew of four European astronauts. The man in the center speaks.

EUROPEAN

Hello everyone. My name is Philip Tam, and I don't think I have to tell you how wonderful it is to see you all.

There are a few hellos from both crews, followed by an awkward silence.

COSBI

What can we do for you, Mr. Tam?

TAM

(clears his throat)
We would like to dock with the station and restock our shuttle with food, fuel and water.

COSBI

And why would we allow that?

This question takes both crews by surprise.

TAM

Because we're fellow human beings?

COSBI

I'm not sure what that has to do with your request to raid our station and plunder our supplies?

TAM

Your station is self-sustaining. We spent half our fuel just to get to you, and in a week we'll be out of food. If you don't let us aboard we'll certainly die.

COSBI

This station is self-sustaining for a crew of up to nine people. With your four, we'll have eleven.

TAM

As I said, we have no intention to stay. And with your help we could extend our search another few months at a minimum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COSBI

Your search for what?

TAM

For Earth, naturally.

There's a dull murmur from the Dandelion crew as they absorb the heartbreaking nature of the Lily's predicament.

TAM (CONT'D)

By helping us you will extend the possibility that we'll locate the earth and send a rescue party.

The prospect of this crew aimlessly wandering the galaxy in search of their missing planet stops even Cosbi short.

TAM (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Mr. Cosbi, our position is plain: Our fate is entirely in the hands of the crew of the Dandelion. We can offer you nothing more than our word and our eternal gratitude.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK - SOMETIME LATER

Everyone but Monk are present and shouting. Amid the din it's clear there is disagreement as to whether or not to allow the Lily to dock with the station.

COSBI

Might I remind everyone that we're at war with Europe. Aiding that crew is nothing short of treason.

HAMILTON

That's ridiculous. The countries fighting that war don't even exist anymore.

MARTINEZ

It matters with regard to trust. How we can believe they'll take what they need and go? And as outlandish as it is, let's say they do find Earth. Then what? Then we're still at war, and you can bet your ass they don't send help. It's lose, lose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMILTON

Unless, of course, you're a human being, in which case it's win, win.

COSBI

You'll be singing a different tune when food starts running low.

HAMILTON

So your solution is to kill all four in order to prevent us from having to kill two.

MARTINEZ

Who says it'll be us killing them?

MUNDY

This is bad.

FLYNN

But aren't they doing exactly what we would in the same situation?

KIEL

Yes.

FLYNN

And if it was us, would we keep our word and leave?

HAMILTON

There's no possible way to know what we'd do.

FLYNN

Then it follows that there's no way to know what they'll do.

COSBI

Then you agree it's a bad idea.

FLYNN

No, I simply want us to make an informed decision.

MUNDY

Where's Monk?

HAMILTON

Are we really contemplating letting those people die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COSBI

Are you really contemplating
letting them on board? What are
you suicidal?

Hamilton's eyes widen.

MUNDY

Where the hell is Monk?

INT. DANDELION - GREENHOUSE - SAME TIME

Monk quietly stands at a row of carrots, pumping
nutrients into the soil.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK

The crew sit at the table staring at Mundy, who holds his
Cubs hat upside down and shakes it vigorously.

COSBI

It's not bingo, asshole. You
don't need to mix the votes.

Mundy stops shaking the hat and stares at Cosbi.

HAMILTON

Can we do this, please?

Mundy pulls a folded slip of paper out of his hat.

He unfolds it and reads it as he flips it over.

MUNDY

Let them on.
(repeating the
process)
Keep them off.
(again)
Keep them off.

Hamilton steals a glance at Kiel.

MUNDY (CONT'D)

Let them on.
(to Flynn)
This is fucking intense.

COSBI

Just read the votes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNDY
(unfolding another)
Let them on.

Cosbi pounds the table with his fist.

Mundy reaches into the hat.

MONK (O.S.)
Keep them off.

Everyone turns to see Monk standing in the doorway.

MONK (CONT'D)
(approaching the
table)
I prayed on this, and the lord has
told me to keep them off.

HAMILTON
(stunned)
Why?

MONK
The lord works in mysterious ways.

MUNDY
Are you fucking kidding?

COSBI
It's three votes a piece. Read
the last vote.

Everyone's eyes zero in on the final slip of paper.

Even Mundy's sucked into the gravity of the situation.

He reaches in and pulls out the paper. Reads it. Makes
a face that can only be described as inscrutable.

MUNDY
(flipping the paper)
All aboard.

It reads: Let them on.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. DANDELION DOCKING PORT/OUTER SPACE - LATER

The Lily has maneuvered itself to within 100 yards. A
massive cylindrical arm extends from the Dandelion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The entire crew waits in the docking port. Cosbi and Martinez each have a fire-ax at the ready. Mundy eyes the Dandelion's arm through a monitor, and as it drifts closer to the Lily, he flips a switch and it stops.

A trio of HATCHES POP open on the Lily, exposing magnets that pull the ARM into place with a powerful BANG.

As soon as the arm connects, the Lily begins to move in a long, sweeping arc, as the arm pulls it into rhythm with the gravity-simulating rotation of the Dandelion.

Once the two crafts' rotations are synchronous, Kiel unlocks the bolts on the port door and swings it open to reveal a long gangway that leads directly to a door on the Lily.

The Lily door opens, and the crew of the Dandelion finds themselves staring at the crew of the Lily, 100 yards away.

Kiel and Cosbi head down the gangway.

Hamilton moves to join them but Kiel stops her.

KIEL

It's not chivalry, it's common sense.

Hamilton reluctantly backs down.

INT. GANGWAY BETWEEN DANDELION AND LILY

Kiel and Cosbi walk toward the center of the gangway.

Approaching from the Lily is a large bruiser of a man.

They reach each other and Kiel extends his hand. The man eschews the hand and gives Kiel a warm hug.

The bruiser turns to Cosbi and receives a vigorous pat down. Satisfied he's unarmed, Cosbi nods toward the Dandelion.

The bruiser continues down the gangway, and another European approaches from the Lily.

INT. DANDELION - M DECK - LATER

The crew of the Lily stand at the window, staring off into the space the Earth once occupied. Duke, tail at full wag, gives each newcomer a good sniff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

[Second clothing note: The Lily crew is exclusively attired in crimson ESA-issue gear, also in a wide variety of styles.]

There's PHILIP TAM, 40s, Chinese, lanky, serious; CAMILLE GIREAUX, 30s, the French beauty; ERNST SCHMIDT, 40s, a Werner Herzogian astrophysicist; RUUD WIBLE, 30s, a handsome doctor with a short haircut and glasses.

The crew of the Dandelion eyes them from across the room.

FLYNN

What's Duke doing?

Duke is on his back, exposing his belly to Schmidt.

MUNDY

Showing off his junk.

FLYNN

Good sign.

Monk arrives with a tray of coffee, which the Europeans accept with glee. It's been awhile.

[NOTE: Each international crew member speaks English with the accent of his native land.]

TAM

Thank you, Mr. Mundy. And thank you all for welcoming us on board the Dandelion. We know this could not have been an easy decision.

HAMILTON

It was a difficult situation, but an easy decision.

SCHMIDT

Well said, Miss Hamilton.

COSBI

But bullshit, of course.

WIBLE

Of course.

An awkward silence ensues.

MARTINEZ

Should we get to work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCHMIDT

If you don't mind, Mr. Martinez, it's been some time since we've experienced a simulacrum of gravity. Perhaps we could have some time to get our sea legs.

KIEL

Of course.

FLYNN

Why don't we take the day off. Relax. Forget our troubles.

(beat)

There'll be plenty of time tomorrow to remember we're all doomed.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK - EVENING

For the first time since the incident, R Deck is bubbling with life. Wible plays fetch with Duke; Mundy hits on Gireaux and Tam prepares dinner in a large wok.

MUNDY

You had a shower?

GIREAUX

Yes, thank you.

MUNDY

You smell amazing.

Flynn arrives with Kiel, and Gireaux immediately leaves Mundy to join them.

Mundy exits, as Cosbi and Hamilton waltz in carrying baskets filled with raw vegetables. They set them down by Tam, who pours the cooked food into a bowl.

Steam and the scent of stir-fried vegetables fills the room. Duke dashes over and begins to beg.

Monk arrives with Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

You have a very interesting perspective, my friend. Most convincing. But while you believe this was the hand of a higher power, I believe nature is its own higher power; it is something to be neither mourned nor celebrated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONK

What you call nature, I call God.

SCHMIDT

But your God is a sentient entity.
Nature is unconscious, and
therefore indifferent to the moral
actions of man.

Mundy reenters the dining area, carrying a large beaker
filled with a cloudy liquid.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

What have you got there?

HAMILTON

Poison.

MUNDY

She means, pwa-sonn, which is
french, for gin.

GIREAUX

No it's not.

MUNDY

Trust me, I've been drinking this
for weeks.

(beat)

You want a guinea pig?

FLYNN

Not the dog.

Mundy grins, then knocks back a shot. His face goes
haywire. Then he grunts and shudders. Then he grins.

Mundy pours a shot for everyone and hands them around.

MUNDY

Drink up, everybody. It's good.
Tastes like hell, but it's good.

Everyone takes one but Monk.

MUNDY (CONT'D)

Please, Monk, just this once.

Surprised by the sincerity, Monk obliges.

MUNDY (CONT'D)

(raising his glass)
To humanity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVERYONE

To humanity.

They all drink, make pained faces, then smile.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK - SOMETIME LATER

Everyone sits around the table, where two steaming bowls of stir-fry sit beside two heaping bowls of rice.

Kiel forks an asparagus spear into his mouth and starts chewing. He digs into a bowl and grabs another.

MONK

If you all don't mind, I'd like to say grace.

Sheepish, Kiel tosses the spear to a drooling, Duke.

MONK (CONT'D)

Lord, thank you for this station, which provides us shelter and succor in our time of need.

MUNDY

Amen.

Mundy stabs a mushroom with a fork, but Monk continues.

MONK

And let us give thanks for this wonderful meal, prepared by one of our new friends from the Lily.

Mundy lifts the fork to his mouth.

MONK (CONT'D)

And thank you for the crew of the Lily. If we must be alone, it is better to be alone together.

(beat, eyeing Mundy)

Amen.

There's a murmur of amens, followed by a long, pathetic whine from Duke.

MUNDY

(to Duke)

You saying amen?

FLYNN

I'm sure he's just hungry.

Duke whines again, a dreary guttural moan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNDY

You hungry, boy?

Mundy tosses Duke the mushroom he's been holding and the dog ignores it.

Mundy shoots a worried glance at Flynn.

Duke sits there, panting heavily, his front legs quivering.

FLYNN

You okay, Duke?

Duke whines again, then vomits. Flynn stands up and goes to the dog, who bares his teeth and snaps at him.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Duke.

Everyone watches as Duke vomits again, whines, then falls flat on his side. Flynn lays his hand on Duke's ribs.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

He's not breathing.

HAMILTON

(to Mundy, sharp)

Did you give him that gin?

MUNDY

No! Ham, No.

Wible gets up and moves to the dog's side.

TAM

He ate some of the stir-fry.

Everyone looks from Tam to the bowls of food before them.

KIEL

(nervous)

I ate the stir-fry!

TAM

We don't know it has anything to do with the food.

WIBLE

The dog's dead.

KIEL

(freaking out)

What's in the food? Did someone do something to the food?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAM

It's just sesame oil, onions,
chili peppers... It's nothing.

HAMILTON

Kiel, Duke could've been sick with
anything. We don't know.

KIEL

That's right, we don't know. We
don't know Tam, or his motives.

TAM

Mr. Kiel, I assure you --

KIEL

You can't assure me of anything.

MUNDY

Dude, you want me to eat the food?
Will that make you feel better?

Mundy reaches for the stir-fry, but Martinez stops him.

KIEL

What? You're in on this?

MARTINEZ

Kiel, it's just common sense.

Kiel's breath becomes labored. He jumps up, the back of
his legs sending his chair skittering across the floor.

KIEL

What's happening to me?

Hamilton rushes to his side. Kiel unzips the top of his
suit, his skin is pink and sweaty.

Wible leans over and smells Duke's mouth.

WIBLE

(to Flynn)

Do you feed the dog almonds?

FLYNN

Almonds?

MUNDY

We don't even have almonds.

WIBLE

Almond scent is an indicator of
cyanide poisoning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KIEL

Cyanide?

Kiel's skin grows pinker, his breaths shorter. Eyes dart in every direction at once.

KIEL (CONT'D)

Ham...

(struggling)

Ham?

Kiel stops, his hands clutching at his throat, then pitches forward, his head striking the table, and lands face down. Blood trickles from the wound in his head.

Everyone bolts up from the table, not knowing what to do.

Wible checks his neck for a pulse. He shakes his head.

FLYNN

What happened?

(no one answers)

Kiel? What happened?

MARTINEZ

Kiel's dead.

There's a long beat as everyone contemplates the situation.

Then Cosbi leans over and plucks a knife from the table.

TAM

Mr. Cosbi, there's no need for that.

On the other side of the table, Wible scoops up a knife of his own.

COSBI

Your countryman seems to disagree.

Martinez grabs a knife as well.

TAM

(to Wible)

Put the knife down.

Wible says something to Tam in what is likely Dutch. Whatever he says appears to ratchet up the tension level of the four European crew members.

TAM (CONT'D)

Put. The knife. Down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Wible stares Tam down for a moment, then looks to Schmidt for support. Not getting any, he puts down his knife.

Cosbi and Martinez keep theirs.

TAM (CONT'D)

(very deliberately)

I assure you we had nothing to do with Mr. Kiel's death. But this is your station, and Mr. Kiel was a member of your crew. So we will do whatever you need us to do to put you at ease.

COSBI

You could start by leaving.

TAM

If that's what you want, we will oblige.

(beat)

But you might as well kill us all right now.

FLYNN

The infirmary. We can lock them in a recovery room until we figure out what happened.

COSBI

Why keep them here? I warned you this would happen if we --

HAMILTON

I'm with Flynn.

COSBI

What?

MUNDY

Me too.

Cosbi throws his knife down on the table.

COSBI

This is bullshit.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY - LATER

Through the glass window we see Wible, Schmidt and Gireaux locked inside one of the recovery rooms.

In the main room, Tam sits on the surgical table being interrogated by the Dandelion crew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAM

Why would I poison Kiel?

COSBI

To lower head count. You never had any intention of leaving, did you?

TAM

That's not true. If that were true why would we voluntarily agree to be locked in these rooms? We've put ourselves completely at your mercy.

MARTINEZ

Mr. Tam, put yourself in our shoes. Everything was fine until the moment you got here.

HAMILTON

That's a joke. Things were far from fine.

MARTINEZ

What are you saying?

HAMILTON

I'm saying if one of us had wanted Kiel dead, tonight would've been the perfect night to do it.

MARTINEZ

Why would anyone want to kill Kiel?

HAMILTON

(to Cosbi)
Secrecy.
(to Martinez)
Isolationism.
(to Monk)
Insanity.
(to Mundy)
Jealousy.

MUNDY

(indicating Hamilton)
Revenge.

HAMILTON

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUNDY

I heard the two of you fighting yesterday. Maybe he dumped you and you couldn't take it.

HAMILTON

Fuck you, Mundy.

TAM

What is Mr. Cosbi secretive about?

COSBI

Nothing. Hamilton, I'm not sure I understand your motives for defending the Europeans.

HAMILTON

I don't give a damn about the Europeans. I'm just pointing out that locking them up doesn't mean we've isolated the murderer.

INT. DANDELION - M DECK

Hamilton, Flynn, Monk, Mundy, Martinez and Cosbi all stand in a semi-circle around the bodies of Kiel and Duke, both wrapped in sheets.

No one speaks for a few moments, and the only sound comes from Hamilton, who sniffles lightly.

MONK

(to Hamilton)

If you'd like I could say a few words.

HAMILTON

No offense, Monk, but he wouldn't have wanted you to. Just... I don't know. Look, this isn't about me. Just...

Hamilton turns to go, then turns back, walks up to Kiel's shrouded body and slaps him in the chest.

Her head drops, and then she gathers herself.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

(wiping her eyes)

Shit.

She gets up and storms off.

EXT. DANDELION

The twinkling stars that surround the Dandelion are joined for a brief moment by the passing bodies of Kiel and Duke, as they float off into infinity.

INT. DANDELION - GREENHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is dark, as the roof panels of the greenhouse are closed, providing the plants with a simulated night.

The lights click on, and we see Martinez standing in the middle of the room holding a small vial filled with a clear solution.

Hamilton stands by the light switch by the door.

HAMILTON

Sudden bout of insomnia?

MARTINEZ

Curiosity.

HAMILTON

Honesty's always the best policy.
What have you got there?

MARTINEZ

It's a soil sample, mixed with
iron sulfate.

Martinez pulls a blue vial out of his pocket.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

This one's from the residue in
Kiel's mouth.

Hamilton goes pale.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, about Kiel.

Hamilton nods.

HAMILTON

His is blue.

MARTINEZ

Prussian blue, which means
cyanide.

Martinez shakes the soil sample. It stays clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMILTON

I suppose that's what passes for good news.

MARTINEZ

Very good.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Do you really think it was one of us that killed Kiel?

HAMILTON

I don't know what to think.

MONK (O.S.)

I'm sorry, too.

Martinez and Hamilton jump, then turn to see Monk.

MONK (CONT'D)

About Kiel. He was a good man.

Hamilton nods again.

MONK (CONT'D)

And I'm not insane.

HAMILTON

I'm sorry, Monk. I was simply trying to make a point.

MONK

Can I ask a stupid question?
(off their looks)
What are we going to do with the Europeans?

HAMILTON

What do you mean?

MONK

I'm just worrying that we haven't thought this all the way through.
(beat)
Let's say it was them, what then?
And how would we even prove it?
And if we can't prove it, what then?

(beat)

I mean, right now, best case scenario is we've got a room full of murderers in our infirmary.

Hamilton and Martinez look at Monk blankly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONK (CONT'D)

That's what I was afraid of.

The BASS BEAT of Mundy's Back in Black song emanates up through the greenhouse floor.

MARTINEZ

I'll fucking kill him.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK

Hamilton, Martinez and Monk arrive to find a drunken Mundy leaned face-first against the stereo, barely able to hold his head up.

The MUSIC is DEAFENINGLY LOUD.

Cosbi arrives in boxers and an undershirt, looking like he just woke up.

COSBI

(nearly inaudible)

What the hell is going on?

Mundy keeps bobbing and swaying, not quite in time to the music.

Across the room, we see the tennis-ball knob and then shaft of Flynn's makeshift blind cane, followed by Flynn.

FLYNN

What's going on in here?

Cosbi walks over and picks up a remote control. He taps it and the music cuts out.

The room is suddenly silent, but for the sound of Mundy softly singing along to music that's no longer there.

COSBI

Mundy, have you lost your mind?

Mundy stops, and slowly turns around.

He's covered in blood.

COSBI (CONT'D)

Jesus!

MUNDY

(to Cosbi, maybe)

You could have at least had the decency to show me your face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mundy slumps to the floor, dead.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY

The five remaining Dandelion crew members stand in the main room, staring at the four Lily crew members, all safely locked in one of the recovery rooms, staring back at them.

HAMILTON

This doesn't make any sense.

FLYNN

Could they have slipped out and slipped back in.

MARTINEZ

No way. Those are quarantine rooms. They're airtight to prevent an infectious outbreak.

As if to prove the point, you can see Tam's lips moving on the other side of the reinforced glass window, but no sound escapes the room.

HAMILTON

It doesn't make sense.

MONK

It makes perfect sense. God --

COSBI

Monk, not now.

HAMILTON

It has to be one of us. It has to be.

FLYNN

Why? For what possible reason?

The question hangs in the air, hovering, waiting for an answer. All five crew members eye one another coldly.

MARTINEZ

I have something to say.

All eyes turn to Martinez.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Cosbi and I haven't been entirely straight with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSBI

Martinez, calm down. Think.

MARTINEZ

I am thinking. Protocol says if we detonate successfully, we wipe the crew. But there's no earth, Cosbi. Why do this?

HAMILTON

Detonate what successfully?

COSBI

(fooling no one)
I have no idea what he's talking about. He's lost it.

MARTINEZ

Cosbi and I are military. The collider we were testing is a weapon.

The rest of the crew gasps audibly.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

A few dozen years ago the Europeans proved the existence of the Higgs Boson, a massive scalar elementary particle.

HAMILTON

Speak english, Martinez.

MARTINEZ

Elementary particles have no substructure. Break an atom down and you get nucleus and electrons. Break a nucleus down and you get protons and neutrons. Higgs Bosons are made of nothing but themselves.

(beat)

Splitting the atom gave us Fat Man and Little Boy. Splitting the Higgs Boson yields... Well, that's what we aimed to find out.

FLYNN

Good lord.

HAMILTON

But why? Why design something like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COSBI

(rhetorical)

Why would a superpower arm itself with enough nuclear warheads to destroy the Earth ten times over?

MARTINEZ

The idea was to test it at a safe distance. Learn its scope.

FLYNN

You're insane!

COSBI

You're naive. The Europeans had the Boson. It was only a matter of time before they did the same thing.

HAMILTON

(to Martinez)

You mentioned a protocol. What does that mean?

MARTINEZ

The weapon was classified. I mean, beyond classified. The President doesn't even know about it. Other than Cosbi and me, anyone else with knowledge of it's existence was to be killed.

HAMILTON

But we helped you build it; We were obviously going to know it existed.

Martinez doesn't say anything, which says everything.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

There's a long beat as Hamilton, Flynn and Monk contemplate what to do with this information.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

(referring to Cosbi)

We need to lock him up.

COSBI

Good luck with that.

HAMILTON

You won't go willingly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COSBI

I didn't do anything.

HAMILTON

But you don't deny Martinez's story?

COSBI

Martinez's story is irrelevant.

(beat)

Do you expect me to apologize? We're at war, and I am a soldier. Sacrifices must be made for the greater good.

HAMILTON

So you admit killing Mundy and Kiel?

COSBI

(flustered)

No, that's not what I'm saying.

Flynn shuffles in Cosbi's direction and swings his cane wildly.

It's a swooping, obvious assault, and Cosbi instinctively grabs the cane and delivers a short right cross to Flynn's nose.

Flynn drops to the floor in a heap, and Cosbi looks down at him, looking more than a little ashamed for punching a blind man in the nose.

The action brings the four Europeans to their feet, all watching through the soundproof window in rapt attention.

HAMILTON

Cosbi, get in that room!

COSBI

If I go into that room I'll be dead by morning.

HAMILTON

Sacrifices must be made, Cosbi.

COSBI

I'm not going in that room.

Another beat, as Hamilton gauges their chances.

HAMILTON

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Hamilton walks quickly to the door of the room holding the Europeans.

MARTINEZ

What are you doing?

HAMILTON

I'm letting them out. Those four people are the only ones I know didn't kill Mundy.

MONK

What about Kiel?

HAMILTON

You expect me to believe one person killed Kiel for one reason, and then someone else killed Mundy for an entirely different reason?

The question hangs in the air a moment.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

I'm standing in a room with a blind guy, Mr. Doomsday and two maniacs who just admitted they had every intention of killing the entire crew. Right now I'd feel safer with them than without them.

Hamilton opens their door.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

(pointing to Cosbi)

Him.

(pointing to the other room)

In there.

Schmidt, Wible, Tam and Martinez advance on Cosbi, who erects a fighting posture.

He takes a vicious swing with Flynn's cane that nearly breaks Wible's wrist, but is quickly overwhelmed by the other three.

The struggle comes to an abrupt conclusion, as Cosbi is not-so-gently put to sleep by Schmidt's heavy right hand.

CUT TO:

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY - SOMETIME LATER

Monk and Flynn stand in the main room, Monk looking in through the glass of the recovery rooms:

In one room, Hamilton leans against the wall, talking to Cosbi, whose hands are bound to the bed;

In the other, Martinez sits and talks coolly, while the Europeans shout and flap their arms in reaction.

MONK

The Europeans don't appear to be enjoying what Martinez has to say.

FLYNN

I don't reckon they would. Although now there's room for them to stay on the Dandelion.

MONK

Huh. That's mighty convenient.

FLYNN

Tell me something. You still think we're just a bunch of sinners being punished by God?

MONK

What do you think?

FLYNN

(beat)
Is it too late to repent?

MONK

It's never too late.

FLYNN

Too late for Kiel and Mundy.

MONK

Fair point.

Flynn feels his way for the door to Cosbi's room.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY - RECOVERY ROOM

Flynn enters the room. Hamilton leans against the far wall, in mid-conversation with Cosbi, who sits calmly on the bed, his hands bound to the frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSBI

Mr. Flynn, I was just telling Hamilton about the prisoner's dilemma.

FLYNN

Remind me.

COSBI

In a non-zero-sum game a Nash equilibrium need not be a Pareto optimum.

(beat)

Martinez played me.

Flynn cocks his head, curious. But Hamilton's lips flatten out with skepticism.

COSBI (CONT'D)

If we both played dumb, we'd have been fine. But he couldn't be sure I wouldn't sell him out. So he blabs, pins the murders on me. Suddenly I'm the bad guy.

HAMILTON

You are the bad guy.

COSBI

Think about it. The only reason I'm locked in here and Martinez is wherever he is, is that he's a fast talker.

(off Flynn's look)

Listen to me. I built that weapon. I lied to all of you. Martinez was right about the protocol. In the event of a successful test, the crew was to be eliminated.

(beat)

But ask yourselves this question: what if I'm not the crazy one? What if I didn't kill anybody? I'm not asking you to believe I'm innocent, I'm asking you to keep your guard up. For your sake and mine. I'm a sitting duck in here.

Hamilton clucks and heads for the door.

HAMILTON

I've had enough of this. Flynn, don't get too close to him, okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLYNN

Yes, ma'am.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY

Hamilton exits Cosbi's room, where she finds Monk, Tam and Gireaux.

Martinez remains locked in the other recovery room.

HAMILTON

Where are Schmidt and Wible?

TAM

They went back to the Lily. They are of the opinion that we should leave the Dandelion immediately.

MONK

(to Tam)

I thought with Kiel and Mundy dead, you'd be staying on board the Dandelion.

TAM

That would certainly be my preference.

Hamilton eyes him with suspicion.

TAM (CONT'D)

But this is your station, and our continued presence is, as always, at your discretion.

Hamilton glances at Monk, who confirms Hamilton's skepticism with a look of his own.

GIREAUX

(referring to
Martinez)

What do we do with him?

Hamilton peers in at Martinez in his recovery room.

HAMILTON

I'll deal with him.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY

Hamilton leads Martinez down an empty hallway of the Dandelion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martinez's hands are tightly bound behind his back with medical tape.

They arrive at the door to S Deck.

INT. DANDELION - S DECK - FOYER

The pair make their way over to Martinez's quarters.

INT. DANDELION - MARTINEZ'S QUARTERS

Standing beside Martinez's bed, Hamilton unravels the tape that binds his wrists.

Finished, she spins Martinez around.

They stare at each other while Martinez rubs his raw wrists.

HAMILTON

Get it.

MARTINEZ

Get what?

HAMILTON

Whatever it is you planned to use
to execute the protocol.

Martinez cracks into a smile and opens the drawer beneath his bed.

He removes a locked case.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Open it.

Martinez goes to his cupboard and returns with a key. He inserts it in the lock and opens the case.

A brown-handled FNP-45 rests inside.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Is it loaded?

MARTINEZ

No.

HAMILTON

Load it.

MARTINEZ

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMILTON

You heard me, load it.

Martinez lifts the foam tray that held the gun and removes a clip of ammunition.

MARTINEZ

You're not worried that I might have set Cosbi up?

HAMILTON

I'm extremely worried. But I'm playing with house money at this point, and I'm betting on you.

Martinez pops the clip into the handgun and smiles.

He turns and stands, facing Hamilton, and not handing the gun over.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Well?

Martinez waits another beat, shakes his head, and gives the gun to Hamilton.

MARTINEZ

You're loco.

Hamilton tucks the gun into the waistband of her pants.

No sooner has she done this, then Martinez sticks his hand out in request of the gun.

Hamilton squints, unsure, and Martinez gestures to just fork it over.

She does.

Martinez takes it, flicks the safety on, and hands it back.

INT. DANDELION - X DECK

Wible and Schmidt sit side by side at computer tables, performing calculations and jotting down notes.

WIBLE

Are you seeing what I'm seeing.

SCHMIDT

The solution is more elegant than I gave the Americans credit for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTINEZ (O.S.)

What the hell is this?

Wible and Schmidt jerk out of their computational reverie to find Hamilton and Martinez standing behind them.

SCHMIDT

I was just saying your mathematics are quite exquisite.

MARTINEZ

Thank you, but I'd like to know who gave you permission to access our computers.

SCHMIDT

And I'd like to know who gave you permission to leave the infirmary.

HAMILTON

I did. And why are you in here? I thought you two wanted to get on the Lily and go?

SCHMIDT

We do indeed, Miss Hamilton, but before we go we thought we would take a look at Mr. Martinez's little device to see if it might yield some clue as to what happened to the Earth.

HAMILTON

The Earth is gone.

WIBLE

Possibly.

(beat)

Probably. But what would you have us do, simply concede our worst fears and do nothing?

MARTINEZ

That would be fine by me.

SCHMIDT

Mr. Martinez, your fatalism is as destructive as your quote, unquote, collider.

MARTINEZ

And your sanctimoniousness is as irritating as your accent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

You two were obviously working on the exact same science or else you wouldn't understand a word of it.

SCHMIDT

Same science, different purposes, I assure you.

MARTINEZ

Consider me unassured.

(beat)

You might be interested to know that before we allowed you to board, Cosbi and I added a few extraneous lines to our formulas.

Schmidt and Wible's eyes narrow.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Forethought's a bitch, isn't it?

WIBLE

Mr. Martinez, how do you expect us to figure out what happened to the Earth if we can't accurately retrace the events immediately preceding its disappearance?

MARTINEZ

How do you expect me to trust you when you claim to be on the Lily preparing to leave, and instead we find you taking copious notes on my quote, unquote, collider?

Wible stands.

WIBLE

How do we know for sure that it wasn't you that killed Mundy?

Martinez steps right in Wible's face.

MARTINEZ

How do we know it wasn't you who killed Kiel?

HAMILTON

Excuse me, but what the hell is wrong with you people? Does every conversation have to end in a dick-measuring contest?

MARTINEZ

I hope not. I'm Mexican.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The joke does nothing to ease the tension.

HAMILTON

I think we all need to take a step back and reevaluate our situation.

SCHMIDT

It is no surprise that the voice of reason emerges from the mouth of a woman.

(beat)

Your suggestion is a good one, Miss Hamilton.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK - EVENING

The four members of the Lily crew sit at one end of the main table on R deck, while Martinez, Hamilton and Flynn sit at the other. Monk stands by the observation window.

TAM

I don't understand why you find us so suspicious? You yourself said that Cosbi's the killer.

MARTINEZ

I never said Cosbi is the killer. I said Cosbi could be the killer and I explained why.

WIBLE

So you don't believe it was Cosbi?

MARTINEZ

Of course it was fucking Cosbi.

GIREAUX

Then why continue to antagonize us? Is it simply because we are European?

MARTINEZ

Jesus, could someone help me out here?

HAMILTON

Martinez's point, I believe, is that independent of Martinez and Cosbi's deception of this crew, your behavior has been less than above board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHMIDT

As I explained earlier, if we are indeed going to get back on board the Lily, it would be insane to do so without fully availing ourselves of every piece of information that might lead to our rescue, no matter how far fetched it might seem.

MARTINEZ

If you're so concerned about your survival, why leave the Dandelion at all?

SCHMIDT

You mean, because the survival rate on this station is so high?

The comment stops everyone short.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I apologize. That was uncalled for. I am simply stating that at this point the situation appears grim from all angles.

MARTINEZ

You're full of shit.

TAM

Mr. Martinez, as we said from the start we never had any intention of staying on board.

GIREAUX

What would you have us say, that even if you asked us to stand by our word, that we are not leaving this station?

MARTINEZ

Yes, that's exactly what I want.

HAMILTON

I agree. What we need right now is honesty. It's absurd to continue on as though the normal rules of decorum still stand.

SCHMIDT

But what if we truly don't wish to stay? Mr. Martinez, Miss Hamilton, with all due respect, the universe is calling.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

This is an unprecedented predicament, and for you to presume that there is only one rational response is a failure of both imagination and empathy.

MARTINEZ

So you're just going to blast off into space, with no destination and no hope for survival?

(off Schmidt's laugh)

How is that funny?

SCHMIDT

How is it not, Mr. Martinez? Shall we talk of the humor in the notion of surviving in a world with no Earth? Or the humor of spending the next thirty years trapped on board this station and calling it survival?

(beat)

No, Mr. Martinez, I prefer the other way. Think of the places you can go. Freed from the concerns of returning safely, the possibilities are limitless.

MARTINEZ

You're a loon.

WIBLE

Perhaps you mock what you refuse to understand?

HAMILTON

Can we get back to nuts and bolts? Who's staying and who's leaving? And for those leaving, what supplies will you need?

TAM

What's your hurry, Miss Hamilton? I would think a night to sleep on it is not an unreasonable request.

Hamilton eyes Martinez, Monk and Flynn.

HAMILTON

I suppose not.

The two crews begin to stand up from the table.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

There's one last thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They all sit back down as Hamilton takes the GUN from her waistband and sets it on the table with a heavy metallic THUD.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

This afternoon, Mr. Martinez willingly turned over his firearm. However, when we searched Mr. Cosbi's room we found his gun has gone missing.

Eyes dart from face to face, no one conceding anything.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

I think we'd all sleep more soundly if we knew the location of the second gun.

Another beat yields nothing.

TAM

Perhaps Cosbi has the gun on him?

MARTINEZ

No. I checked.

WIBLE

Maybe he stashed it?

HAMILTON

For what purpose?

More silence, as everyone contemplates what no one wants to contemplate.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

One of us took the gun. Best case scenario: they're scared and want protection. I doubt I need to tell you the worst case scenario.

(beat)

In light of the possibility that we're not completely out of the woods, I think it would be best if both crews spend the night locked on board their respective vessels.

This suggestion catches the Europeans off guard.

TAM

You still don't trust us.

HAMILTON

Frankly, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GIREAUX

What happens if you wake up and decide not to let us back on board? I for one do not share Schmidt and Wible's dreams of rocketing off to nowhere.

TAM

Yes, we're taking a great risk allowing ourselves to be sequestered back on the Lily.

HAMILTON

I suppose you are.

TAM

And?

HAMILTON

And I guess you'll just have to trust us.

INT. DANDELION - DOCKING PORT - LATER THAT EVENING

Schmidt, Wible, Tam and Gireaux walk slowly through the docking port door and onto the gangway to the Lily.

HAMILTON

See you in the morning.

TAM

I certainly hope so.

Hamilton steps out of the docking port and into the hallway beyond.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY

As Hamilton walks past him and down the hallway, Martinez closes and then locks the air lock door.

INT. DANDELION - M DECK - NIGHT

Hamilton, Flynn, Monk and Martinez all stand in a semi-circle around Mundy's shrouded body.

No one speaks.

MARTINEZ

(surprised)

I actually kind of liked him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLYNN

Me too.

HAMILTON

He had his moments.

There's a pause, as the other three wait for Monk to chime in.

MONK

He... He...

(no idea what to say)

He was one of God's creatures.

And there simply aren't very many of us left.

MARTINEZ

Amen, brother Monk.

INT. DANDELION - HAMILTON'S QUARTERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Hamilton sits on the edge of her bed, looking through her pictures once more.

Mother. Father. Husband. Son. Daughter.

She glances at the clock on her wall, which reads 9:17.

She bites her nails, rubbing the faces of the pictures with her other hand.

Another look at the clock, which shows 9:18.

HAMILTON

Fuck it.

Hamilton puts the photo-display down on her bed, picks the gun up off the desk and tucks into the back of her waistband.

She heads for the door, reaching for the handle just as someone KNOCKS on the other side.

Hamilton stops, looks panicked, raises the gun.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Who's there?

MARTINEZ (O.S.)

Martinez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hamilton curses under her breath and alters her plan. She ditches the gun under her pillow and quickly pulls off her pants, leaving her in nothing but panties and a tank-top. She opens the door, one hand rubbing her eyes.

HAMILTON

What do you want?

MARTINEZ

You were asleep? Jesus, Hamilton, you are cold blooded.

HAMILTON

What do you want?

Martinez smiles, takes in the sight of her body.

MARTINEZ

Thing is, you've got my gun. And I know Cosbi's locked up, and the Euros are on the Lily, but I still thought maybe we could find a little safety in numbers.

Hamilton offers a curious smile.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Can't be the worst idea you've ever heard.

HAMILTON

You think we've got something brewing, you and I?

MARTINEZ

I wouldn't wanna be presumptuous, but yeah, I think there's some mutual... respect.

Hamilton sits down on her bed, then pats the blanket for Martinez to sit down beside her. No sooner does his ass hit the bed does Hamilton crack him in the jaw with the butt of his own gun.

HAMILTON

(pointing the gun at
his head)

You think I'd ignore that in a perfect world you and Cosbi planned to murder the entire crew in cold blood?

Martinez takes it, the gun pushing harder and harder into the soft flesh of his temple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

You think I ought to let bygones
be bygones? We should kiss and
makeup?

Martinez remains still.

Then, in a flash, he's got the gun, and his hand is at
Hamilton's throat.

He leaves it there, clamped down hard and long enough to
see the fear in her eyes.

Martinez releases her and tosses the gun in her lap. He
shifts his attention to her photo-display.

MARTINEZ

What's this?

Hamilton grabs for it, but Martinez pulls it out of her
reach.

He flips through the pictures.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

(surprised)

You have a family?

(beat)

How the hell did you score this
detail with a family?

Hamilton grabs the display away from Martinez and tucks
it under her pillow.

HAMILTON

I don't want to talk about it.

Martinez, not one for sensitivity, continues.

MARTINEZ

That's right, I guess they're all
dead now.

(because he's
supposed to)

Sorry.

(because he can't
help himself)

Still though, what kind of mother
signs up to spend four years away
from her family?

A tear makes its way out of one of Hamilton's eyes,
followed by a tear from the other. The look of
unadulterated sadness solves the riddle for Martinez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

They were already dead weren't
they? Before the bomb?

(off her look)

Shit.

Martinez quickly stands, as though he's afraid to be near someone in that kind of pain.

He heads for the door, but when he gets there he stops, still facing the door.

Unable to deal with his emotions, Martinez hauls off and punches the closed door, hard enough that it's surprising he doesn't break his hand.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

I'm glad I didn't have to kill
you, Hamilton.

Martinez opens the door and leaves.

Hamilton chuckles grimly.

HAMILTON

(to herself)

I'm not so sure I am.

INT. DANDELION - SLEEPING QUARTERS - FOYER

Martinez walks through his open door and closes it behind him. A few moments pass, and Flynn's door slides open.

Flynn, led by his makeshift cane, shuffles out the door.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY

Flynn continues his slow procession through the ship.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY

The door opens and in marches Flynn. As he slowly makes his way over to the room containing Cosbi, we see something that Flynn does not.

There's someone standing inside Cosbi's room, wearing a mask to conceal their face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The assailant holds a knife, and judging by the bloody pulp that is Cosbi's face, he's been working Cosbi over pretty good.

Flynn arrives at the doorway and raps on the glass with his cane, alerting the intruder to his presence.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY - RECOVERY ROOM

Flynn enters through the door, and the intruder quickly slides around behind Cosbi and presses the blade of the knife hard against his throat.

Flynn remains utterly unaware that anyone is in the room but Cosbi.

FLYNN

Hey Cosbi, you awake? Cosbi?

Cosbi opens his mouth to speak, but the sound that comes out is little more than a grunt, as the intruder pushes forcefully enough to draw blood.

Flynn hears the grunt as the response of a groggy Cosbi.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Listen, I want you to know that I've come to believe that while you may be guilty of being a horrible person, I don't think you're the one responsible for the murders.

(waits for a reply)

Cosbi, do you hear me? I think you're innocent. And not only that, but I think I know who's behind everything.

Flynn waits for a reply again.

Still getting nothing, he becomes suspicious.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You hear me Cosbi? Cosbi?

COSBI

(flinty as fuck)

Run.

The next sound Flynn hears is the sound of the intruder briskly dragging the knife across Cosbi's throat, severing his carotid arteries and jugular vein.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cosbi chokes and gags and Flynn is out the door and running for his life.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY

Flynn swings his cane wildly as he runs, his body knocking into rolling trays of medical supplies, glass beakers and surgical tools as he goes.

It's raw animal instinct on display, as the root of Flynn's brain fires every neuron and wills him to the far hallway as fast as it can.

Three seconds behind him is the masked assailant.

Knife in hand, the murderer moves fast.

He grabs for Flynn, but his bloody boot slips on a fallen medical instrument from Flynn's haphazard retreat.

Flynn rips open the hallway door.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY

Flynn continues his mad dash down the hallway, swinging his cane at the LIGHTS in the ceiling as he goes.

He HITS a few, misses many, and the light in the room goes gray.

Knowing he can't outrun someone who can see, Flynn feels along the wall until he reaches a door, and yanks it open.

From the doorway at the end of the hallway, the assailant is back on his feet, watching Flynn slip into the room and close the door.

INT. DANDELION - UTILITY ROOM

Flynn, vaguely aware of which room he's in, frantically, but methodically, SMASHES out every single LIGHT in the large, square room.

Bulb by bulb, the light in the room dims until only one light remains, and with a SMASH the room is cloaked in near total darkness.

The only illumination that remains comes from the dim light in the hallway that filters through the heavily frosted glass of the windowed door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the dark, we see nothing, and hear only the short, rapid BREATHS of Flynn, hiding somewhere within the room.

We hold a beat.

Two.

The killer's outline appears in the window of the door.

We HEAR Flynn getting control of his BREATHS. They grow quieter.

The door opens.

Weak light outlines a two-foot by six-foot rectangle on the floor, but the bulk of the room remains in shadow.

The killer steps inside, then calmly pushes the door closed behind him. He pulls down the blind, cutting off all light in the room.

Black. Darkness. Nothing.

We hear two sets of BREATHS now, nearly synchronous, but alternating ever so slightly between inhale and exhale.

There is no movement, whatsoever.

None.

Suddenly a CLICK, and a small circle of light appears, illuminating a two foot by two foot patch of tiled floor.

FLASHLIGHT'S POV

Slowly, deliberately, the beam begins to move around the room.

The circle of light reveals floor... chair... closet... bucket... wall... ceiling... floor... table...

Finally the light passes a pair of feet. The light moves up, tracing the outline of Flynn's body, knees tucked to his chest, cowering in the corner.

The circles grows larger, as the killer slowly advances on Flynn.

Three yards.

Two yards.

As the killer gets closer and closer, Flynn betrays no awareness, but for a slight cock of his head as though he might, just maybe, hear something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A yard away, the blade of the knife appears within the circle of light, as Flynn, terrified, tears in his useless eyes, waits unaware for the mortal blow.

CRUNCH

of a boot on BROKEN GLASS, as the killer steps on the fallen shards of the shattered lights.

In an instant, Flynn's right hand rises into the circle of light and in his hand is a gun: Cosbi's gun.

BANG.

The muzzle of the gun EXPLODES in light and SOUND.

Four, five, six more BANGS follow, as Flynn empties the gun in the direction of his pursuer.

As he fires, the circle of light swings wildly away from Flynn's gun, and WE STAY on the circle as it falls to floor level.

It slowly rolls in a small arc and comes to a stop, tight on the attacker's masked face.

The face is perfectly still on the tile floor, and we linger, until slowly the white tile turns red with blood.

INT. DANDELION - SLEEPING QUARTERS - FOYER

Flynn stands in the foyer, deep in contemplation. He walks slowly to the far side of the room. He trails his blood-stained fingers along the wall until he hits a door.

He knocks.

There's no response.

He knocks again, harder.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)

What?

Flynn nods, not surprised, but pleased. Whoever he just killed wasn't Martinez.

Flynn turns and works his way past one door, then stops at the next and knocks.

No response.

He knocks again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONK (O.S.)

Who is it?

Flynn nods again. So far so good.

Martinez's door slides open and his head darts out and back in nervously. Seeing nothing but Flynn, Martinez steps into the foyer.

MARTINEZ

What's going on?

MONK (O.S.)

Who's there?

FLYNN

It's Flynn. And Martinez. You better get out here.

Monk's door slides open and he steps out.

MARTINEZ

Flynn, what the hell are you doing?

FLYNN

I'll explain in a second. One more door.

MARTINEZ

Hamilton? She's in there.

Flynn and Monk are surprised by his certainty.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

I wanted my gun back.
(holds his hands up)
No dice.

Flynn makes his way over to Hamilton's door and knocks.

No response.

He knocks again.

No response.

Monk and Martinez exchange puzzled looks, unsure why Hamilton isn't answering, and unsure what Flynn's up to.

Flynn knocks three more times, loudly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLYNN

Hamilton, are you in there?
 (beat)
 Hamilton?

HAMILTON (O.S.)

(suspicious)
 What the hell's going on?

Behind them, Hamilton stands in the open hallway door.

MARTINEZ

(suspicious)
 Where were you?

HAMILTON

Why are you all knocking on my door?

MARTINEZ

(indicating Flynn)
 Ask him.

They all turn to Flynn.

FLYNN

You'd better come with me.

MARTINEZ

Not until you tell us what the fuck is going on.

FLYNN

(after a long beat)
 Cosbi's dead.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY

Flynn leans against the main operating table, watching through the window as Monk, Martinez and Hamilton survey the murder scene in Cosbi's recovery room.

INT. DANDELION - INFIRMARY - RECOVERY ROOM

It's a gruesome scene, with nearly all the blood from Cosbi's body coating the floor of the room.

MONK

(rattled)
 D-did Flynn do this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTINEZ

Blind guy working Cosbi over this good? No way. Plus look how clean the cut is... I don't give a shit if he was restrained, Cosbi wasn't going out that easy.

Hamilton looks at Cosbi, then looks at the chaotic scene in the main room of the infirmary.

HAMILTON

Jesus.

There's a muted TAP, TAP, TAP, and the three of them look up to see Flynn, banging his cane against the window.

Flynn waves the cane toward the far hallway.

FLYNN

(inaudible)

This way.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY

Hamilton, Martinez and Monk trail behind Flynn, who leads the way down the half-lit hallway... the blind leading the ill-informed.

MARTINEZ

You gonna fill us in on what the hell happened out here?

Flynn arrives at the door to the utility room and gestures for them to stop.

FLYNN

You're about to tell me.

The three others stand in the hallway, baffled, as Flynn ducks into the pitch black room.

He emerges, a moment later, dragging the masked corpse of Cosbi's killer into the hallway.

Hamilton gasps, and Monk goes white. He looks nearly catatonic, overwhelmed by all the killing.

MARTINEZ

(amazed)

You did that?

(off Flynn's nod)

How?

Flynn pulls Cosbi's gun from his waistband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

You sneaky fucker.

HAMILTON

Who is that?

FLYNN

You tell me.

Martinez steps forward and kneels beside the body. He grabs the bottom of the mask and lifts it off.

The three sighted crew member's eyes go wide with horror and confusion as they stare at the face of the killer.

It's... a complete stranger.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

It's nobody isn't it? A stranger.

MONK

Who is he?

HAMILTON

Oh no.

Martinez pats down the corpse and finds he's strapped to the teeth. There's a gun, a silencer, another knife strapped to his calf...

MARTINEZ

This guy's military.

MONK

(terrified)

Who is he?

FLYNN

There were more than four people on board that shuttle.

HAMILTON

Oh shit.

FLYNN

After you left me this afternoon, Cosbi told me about his gun. He told me to grab it before someone else did.

(beat)

At first I thought he was only telling me to make himself seem more sympathetic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

After all, why lead a blind man to a gun unless you wanted it in the hands of the person least likely to use it.

(beat)

Then I actually allowed myself to contemplate the notion that Cosbi was telling the truth. If Cosbi wasn't the killer, then surely he'd be the next target. He said it himself, restrained to that bed he was a sitting duck. So I thought, why not give Cosbi back his gun? If he was still tied up, he couldn't kill me without proving his own guilt. But if someone did come to kill him, the last thing they'd expect was him to be armed. It seemed like the perfect trap.

HAMILTON

So what happened?

FLYNN

I was too slow. I showed up just as that guy was about to kill Cosbi. He'd have killed me too if Cosbi hadn't told me to run.

MARTINEZ

Jesus... They show us the four, then allow us to lock them up to give themselves an airtight alibi for the second murder.

HAMILTON

Why bother? Why not storm the station right off the bat?

MARTINEZ

Why fight fair when you can fight dirty? Why risk the uncertainty of trying to make it all the way down the gangway with seven of us on high alert?

(beat, impressed)

No, you come in friendly, get the lay of the land, then pick us off one by one. Then once we're outmanned and outgunned, ya come in hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FLYNN

But why attack us? That's the part I don't understand.

HAMILTON

I think I know why.

MARTINEZ

You do?

As she speaks, a glowing orange dot suddenly appears on the wall beyond Flynn, who still holds Cosbi's empty gun.

HAMILTON

I noticed something strange tonight. That's why I wasn't in my room earlier. I think --

MONK

Wait a second, wait a second, wait a second...

HAMILTON

What?

The dot slowly and steadily moves from the wall to Flynn's forehead.

MONK

(pointing to the corpse)

If that guy's in here, he could have opened the gangway to the Lily. There's no telling --

(spotting the dot on Flynn's head)

Flynn, your head...

Martinez and Hamilton turn to look. Just as Flynn puts his hand on his head, shifting the dot to his hand --

PFFT

A bullet turns the orange dot into a half-inch black hole, and Flynn falls dead to the ground.

They turn and see four Europeans, all with assault weapons, orange beams extending from each, at the far end of the hallway.

With the gun he plucked off the dead European, Martinez sends an unexpected volley of shots in their direction, hitting one square in the chest and causing the other three to scatter for cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The three Americans race out the door at the far end of the hall, with both Martinez and Hamilton shooting, haphazardly now, as the more heavily armed Europeans return fire.

BULLETS WHIR through both ends of the hallway.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK

The trio arrive on R Deck, where they find Tam and Wible waiting on the other side.

Tam and Wible immediately open fire on the Americans, who turn tail and duck back into the hallway.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY

Receiving fire from both directions, the Americans are pinned down, Monk on one side of the hallway and Martinez and Hamilton on the other.

Martinez and Hamilton return the occasional shot, hopelessly trying to delay their inevitable doom.

Just as all appears lost, the shooting from the far end of the hallway suddenly stops.

Schmidt's voice rings out, shouting something in a foreign language.

Beyond them, the shooting from R Deck cuts off and Wible hollers something back.

MONK

Why are they stopping?

MARTINEZ

They're in each other's crossfire.

HAMILTON

What now?

MARTINEZ

In a second Schmidt will move his men forward, and they'll either kill us here or flush us out to be killed on R Deck.

HAMILTON

How many bullets do you have left?

Martinez pops his clip and examines it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTINEZ

Six.

HAMILTON

(handing him her gun)
What about me?

Martinez pops the clip.

MARTINEZ

Heh... None.

Monk begins mumbling prayers under his breath.

Schmidt calls out some more instructions to Wible, who quickly responds.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

This is it.

SCHMIDT

Throw down your weapons and we can talk. You don't have to die.

MARTINEZ

I have a better idea, Schmidt...
Why don't you come a little closer
so I can shoot you?

SCHMIDT

Don't be a cowboy, Mr. Martinez.

MARTINEZ

Martinez? Cowboy? You're a
little off on your history.

Martinez pokes his head out and back, real quick, checking Schmidt and the Europeans' position.

The Europeans FIRE a few rounds towards the Americans.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Any ideas?

HAMILTON

(beat)
The subbasement.

MARTINEZ

Subbasement? Not bad. How do we
get there?

HAMILTON

There's an entrance point in every
room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTINEZ

What about the hallways?

HAMILTON

No.

The nearest room is beyond the position staked out by the Europeans.

MARTINEZ

That doesn't do us very much good then, does it?

Martinez sneaks another peek and sees Schmidt and the Europeans tentatively advancing. Martinez FIRES one of his remaining ROUNDS in their direction.

SCHMIDT

Miss Hamilton, your friend is trying to get you killed.

HAMILTON

Fuck you, Schmidt.

We hear the sound of Schmidt's guttural laughter.

SCHMIDT

You Americans are so coarse. But I admire your solidarity. What about you Mr. Monk? Are you also prepared to die?

MONK

(to Martinez and Hamilton)

I know a way we can get to the subbasement.

Martinez FIRES another ROUND towards Schmidt.

HAMILTON

Enlighten us.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK

Fifteen fight inside R Deck, Tam and Wible stand at the ready, their guns trained on the open hallway door.

Martinez rapidly pops his head out and back in, scouting their location.

Tam and Wible exchange a glance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martinez pops out once more, sending TWO SHOTS in Tam's general vicinity. As he does, Monk makes a mad dash through the doorway.

Wible gets off THREE errant ROUNDS, as Monk heads straight for the pool and dives in headfirst.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY

Schmidt and the other Europeans FIRE a DOZEN ROUNDS of ammunition to pin Martinez and Hamilton where they are.

Schmidt yells out to Wible.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK

As Wible answers, Martinez pops out and sends TWO ROUNDS his way.

Now it's Hamilton's turn to make a mad dash into the pool.

Tam's SHOTS at her aren't even close.

Before the Europeans can coordinate and close in, Martinez follows Hamilton's path and heads for the pool.

We PLUNGE into the water along with Martinez, and from beneath the surface, we see Monk and Hamilton hard at work on the circular handle of the large hatch at the bottom of the pool.

They've got it open, but are struggling to lift it.

As the perplexed Europeans arrive at the side of the pool, Martinez gives them the last bit of required muscle to hoist the door open a crack, and then full bore.

Water rushes through the opening, and as BULLETS begin to WHIZ through the water,

First Hamilton,

Then Monk

And finally Martinez follow the water beneath the pool.

INT. DANDELION - R DECK - BENEATH THE POOL

Water flows in all directions, nearly filling the maintenance area, which is obviously meant to be utilized after the pool has been drained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a loud WUMP, followed by ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, as the Europeans leap into the pool above them.

The Americans submerge themselves and push down to the floor, where Martinez and Monk force out the pins that keep the trap door to the subbasement aloft.

The door whips open under the weight of the water, and again the Americans follow the water into the area below.

INT. DANDELION - SUBBASEMENT ROOM J-8

The subbasement spans the entire bottom of the station, and consists of about two-hundred interconnected ten foot by ten foot rooms.

The low-ceilinged rooms are identical and spare, nothing in them save for ducts, piping and supply lines.

All four ends of the square rooms have submarine-style doors with rod handles.

Other than the number and letter scrawled on the inside of each door, there is nothing to distinguish one subbasement room from another.

Once more HEARING the Europeans GIVING CHASE above them, the Americans waste no time splashing through the half-flooded room, opening one of the doors and ducking into the next sub-basement room.

INT. DANDELION - SUBBASEMENT ROOM J-7

The Americans arrive in J-7, identical to the room they just left, which fills again with what water remained above the line of the elevated doorway.

Again they immediately cross the room, open a door and step through.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The Americans pass through door after door of what for all intents and purposes is a maze.

Sometimes they cut straight across.

Sometimes to the left.

Sometimes to the right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their path is random, which makes them nearly impossible to follow, but also leaves them completely blind to what lies beyond the door ahead of them.

INT. DANDELION - SUBBASEMENT ROOM S-2 - SOME TIME LATER

Martinez, Monk and Hamilton yank open a door and head across to the far door.

HAMILTON

Stop.

Monk ignores or doesn't hear her, and opens the far door.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Stop!

Martinez stops and turns back. Monk is halfway across the far room before he finally stops and turns back.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

At this point we're as liable to run into them as they are us.

MARTINEZ

Where are we?

Monk steps into their room and closes the door.

HAMILTON

(reading the door)

S-2. So we're below S-Deck.

Monk slumps down against a wall, spent. Hamilton leans against the wall, her head in her hands.

Martinez, all nervous energy, paces.

MARTINEZ

(after a short beat)

You were saying...

HAMILTON

Huh?

MARTINEZ

Before, in the hallway, you said you knew why the Lily crew wants to kill us.

HAMILTON

I need a minute.

(beat)

They killed Flynn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monk looks stricken, but Martinez just looks irritated.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

You're a sociopath.

MARTINEZ

Hamilton, our planet was destroyed, by my hand, we're sitting in the bottom of a space station, hiding from murderers, with no possible hope for survival. My being a sociopath is very much besides the point.

MONK

He's right. We're just prolonging the inevitable. I think at this point the lord would forgive us for giving up.

HAMILTON

No. No way. I felt that way once, but not anymore. Not only are we not giving up, we're going home.

Monk looks truly flabbergasted, but Martinez just shakes his head.

MARTINEZ

This oughta be rich.

HAMILTON

I saw Mars tonight.

Martinez squints, not understanding the significance.

Monk, on the other hand, looks curious and confused.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

(to Monk)

I saw Mars tonight.

MONK

You couldn't have seen Mars. It's March. Right now Mars is on the other side of the sun.

HAMILTON

You're right.

(beat)

But you're wrong. It was Mars. And Cygnus. And Cepheus. That's where I was tonight, before, when you were knocking on my door.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

I was on M Deck checking the charts. This whole time we've been focusing on our position relative to distant galaxial markers, ignoring the markers within our own solar system.

(beat)

If you look at just our system, everything appears to be six months out of whack.

MARTINEZ

Time anomalies!

Martinez looks like he's just been hit by a bus.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

They were one of the more far-fetched concerns raised in the days of CERN and the early accelerators.

MONK

I'm not following.

Martinez stands and removes his jacket. He pulls his shirt taught.

MARTINEZ

Einstein said space-time is like fabric. Left alone, it's flat and smooth.

(Martinez uses his hand to push up beneath his shirt)

But apply a force and it will bend and stretch to accommodate it.

Martinez steps up and approaches one of the dust-coated subbasement walls.

With his finger he begins sketching pictures of what he describes.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

The sun applies such a massive force that space time warps enough to pull eight massive planets in an endless orbit.

Martinez draws a shallow bowl -- a pasta bowl -- with the sun at its center, and the eight planets aligned on one side of the bowl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

The force of the sun comes from its sheer mass. The nuclear fusion that powers the sun, the conversion of hydrogen to helium, is actually quite weak. And a nuclear reaction is only as strong as the bonds that bind the element's component particles.

Martinez draws the letter H and the number 1 next to the picture he's just drawn.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

The Higgs-Boson has no component particles. To split one would produce a force the likes of which the Earth has never seen.

Below his H and 1, he now draws the letters HB and the number 1 to the 100th power.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

A chain reaction of split Bosons...?

Now he draws an HB and the number 1 to the power of a question mark.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

It was hypothesized that the amount of energy these particles can produce could be capable of warping space time itself.

He now draws another bowl, but this time the bowl is deeper, and the outer lip narrower -- a cereal bowl.

The eight planets remain on one side, but at a steeper incline.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Make the warp strong enough...

Martinez now draws an extremely deep and narrow container -- a bud vase.

Now the eight planets are stacked vertically, no longer on the right side of the vase, but right in the middle.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

...and the two sides of space-time could actually meet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Martinez erases the bud vase and draws another cereal bowl.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

When the applied force is subsequently removed, it would be possible for the masses to actually skip from one side to the other.

This time when he draws the planets, they're all on the left side of the bowl.

Martinez steps away from the wall and wipes the dust from his hands.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

But it was all quite theoretical.

HAMILTON

Not anymore, pal.

Monk nods his head, squinting. But he's not all the way there yet.

MONK

What does this all mean for us?

Hamilton steps up to the chalkboard like wall and draws the sun, the Dandelion and the Earth with her finger.

HAMILTON

The Dandelion orbits the Sun every six months, meaning that in six months we would be in the exact same spot.

Hamilton erases the Earth adjacent to the Dandelion, and redraws it on the other side of the sun.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

But in six months time, the Earth would be on the exact opposite side of the sun.

MONK

The Earth is still there!

HAMILTON

The Earth is still there.

Beside himself, Monk grabs Hamilton and gives her a gigantic bear hug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

He's so beside himself, in fact, that he gives the same hug to Martinez.

MONK

(tears in his eyes)
I didn't realize... I didn't
realize how much I believed in
humanity until I thought God had
taken it all away.

Martinez, not one for sentimentality, is already on to the big picture.

MARTINEZ

The Europeans.

HAMILTON

I've been thinking about it. You
said yesterday that the Europeans
were working on a Boson Bomb of
their own. Do you think they knew
about this project?

MARTINEZ

It's possible.

HAMILTON

(pointing at the
diagram on the wall)
If the Earth was here, and we were
here, how long do you think it
would take for the Europeans to
launch the Lily and get her to us?

MARTINEZ

(beat, thinking)
About two months.

HAMILTON

The bomb went off two months ago.

MARTINEZ

(enraged)
Cocksucking, motherfuckers.

Off his anger, Hamilton suddenly twigs to the ten thousand pound elephant in the room.

HAMILTON

If the Earth still exists, so does
your original protocol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARTINEZ

Hamilton, please. I think we're beyond that now.

HAMILTON

Really? Why? I'm not even sure you're capable of getting beyond anything.

MARTINEZ

Hamilton, right now there are Europeans crawling around this station, desperately trying to kill us and steal the bomb. I'm not going to kill you guys.

HAMILTON

Right now.

MARTINEZ

Hamilton.

MONK

I believe there's a simple solution here.

MARTINEZ

Yeah, what's that?

MONK

Destroy the bomb.

MARTINEZ

Destroy the bomb? Are you nuts?

HAMILTON

He's right.

MARTINEZ

Listen you tree-hugging morons, if we can keep that bomb away from the Europeans and get the technology back to Earth, we'll win the war. With the threat of a six-month monkey wrench thrown into the European's seasonal battle plans, they'll have no choice but to surrender.

HAMILTON

Martinez, six months without warning means winter in the middle of summer. Do you have any idea what that will do to the global harvests?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Martinez hadn't considered this.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

No wheat. No corn. No sugar.
Global famine. Financial chaos.

(beat)

For all we know you didn't have to
physically destroy the Earth to
destroy everything on it.

MONK

We need to destroy that bomb.

Martinez remains silent.

Hamilton and Monk exchange a look.

HAMILTON

Martinez, we can't do this without
you.

Martinez explodes with laughter.

MARTINEZ

Hell, you probably can't do this
with me!

HAMILTON

Please, Martinez. This is your
shot at redemption.

MARTINEZ

Fuck redemption.

MONK

Trust me, Martinez, you'll think
twice about that comment when
you're rotting in hell.

Martinez whirls on Monk, but the look of complete
sincerity on Monk's face makes Martinez stop.

It's almost as if he's registering pain.

Martinez starts to chuckle, ruefully.

MARTINEZ

(to Monk)

You know the last thing my mother
said to me before she died?

(beat)

I'll see you in hell.

Martinez spits, and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

A beat passes.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

You really think your God will
forgive me if do this?

MONK

Our God is a forgiving God.

MARTINEZ

Ten minutes ago you thought he
murdered 6 billion people in one
go.

MONK

(with a wink)

We all have our lapses in faith.

Martinez smiles, wondering if maybe Monk isn't all bad.

MARTINEZ

Fuck it. I'll take any chance I
have to avoid spending eternity
with that *jodienda puta*.

We hear the SOUNDS of nearby FOOTFALLS.

HAMILTON

Which way are they coming from?

MARTINEZ

(beat, listening)

That way. Which way is the lift
to the bomb?

MONK

(pointing the other
way)

That way.

MARTINEZ

Let's do it.

The trio wastes heads out through a door, as the
FOOTFALLS get louder and louder behind them.

INT. DANDELION - SUBBASEMENT - AL-2

Hamilton, Martinez and Monk all stand in the room
directly beneath the air lock that opens onto the chair
lift that connects the Dandelion to the Boson Bomb.

The trio gathers around a ladder in the center of the
room that leads to a circular door in the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMILTON
I don't hear anything.

MARTINEZ
Me either.

MONK
So, what do we do, draw straws?

MARTINEZ
Are you serious?

Martinez looks at Monk like he's got six heads, and proceeds to climb up the ladder and slowly open the door.

INT. DANDELION - AIR LOCK

From Martinez's POV, we see the door pop open a crack.

All we see are feet in every direction, at least four sets of them.

The door slowly lowers.

INT. DANDELION - SUBBASEMENT - AL-2

MARTINEZ
It just gets better and better.

HAMILTON
Someone's up there?

MARTINEZ
Multiple someones.

MONK
Shit.

Martinez and Hamilton look at Monk in complete shock that he just cursed. Monk just shrugs.

MARTINEZ
(to Hamilton)
Okay, hotshot. Got another idea?

Hamilton looks at both of them and puffs out her lips.

HAMILTON
Nothing.
(beat)
I'm starving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTINEZ

Really? That's where you're going with this? Food?

HAMILTON

I can't think when I'm hungry.

MARTINEZ

How about you Monk? Any thoughts?

The three sit in silence. Tired. Wet. Hungry.

HAMILTON

I can't believe you guys ate all of that sausage.

Martinez and Monk laugh. It's a pitiable laugh. The laugh of men pushed to the brink.

MONK

I could sure go for an Egg McMuffin right about now.

HAMILTON

A sausage Egg McMuffin!

MARTINEZ

(stunned)
Unbelievable.
(beat)
Sausages!

Hamilton and Monk look at Martinez.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

We had those sausages the morning we detonated the bomb. I remember because I was soldering on the CPU socket pins, and Mundy snuck up behind me and yelled sausages! I almost fried the whole board.

HAMILTON

So Mundy being an ass almost saved us all a lot of trouble.

MARTINEZ

Yes. And he might have just saved our lives, too. Follow me.

WE FOLLOW the trio through three different subbasement rooms until we arrive in Subbasement X-3M.

INT. DANDELION - SUBBASEMENT X-3M

MARTINEZ

Am I right that we're now directly
below the maintenance closet on X
Deck?

HAMILTON

Yes.

Martinez cocks his head, gives a quick listen and then
climbs jauntily up the ladder.

INT. DANDELION - X DECK - MAINTENANCE CLOSET

Once again, from Martinez's POV, we see the door lift
open and begin scanning two inches of floor in every
direction.

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

We CUT to a WIDE SHOT and see Martinez throw open the
hatch door and step into the large closet.

On one side of the room is a workbench full of tools, and
on the other, four carts holding tanks of gas that are
used for research on X Deck.

Martinez locates two tanks marked hydrogen, and opens up
both valves full blast.

MARTINEZ

Hydrogen is extremely flammable.

He makes his way to the workbench and locates his
soldering iron.

He CLICKS it to make sure it works and sure enough a
yellow-blue flame spouts from the tip.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Apply a flame...

Martinez unscrews a vise built into the workbench.

Open wide, he lines the soldering iron up and tightens
the vise until it compresses the on/off switch with a
CLICK and a spurt of flame, holding the soldering iron in
place and lit.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

...and you get a bomb.

Martinez starts making his way back down the ladder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
 (with a mischievous
 grin)
 This'll get those Euros running
 over here faster than if someone
 yelled techno party.

INT. DANDELION - SUBBASEMENT - X-3M

Martinez shuts the hatch above him.

HAMILTON
 How long til that goes off?

MARTINEZ
 I don't know. Three, maybe four
 minutes.

The three of them stand there.

Tense.

Waiting.

HAMILTON
 Tell me something, Martinez.

MARTINEZ
 What's that?

HAMILTON
 Do Mexicans really have small --

BOOOOOOM!!!!!!

The sound is accompanied by the instant and violent
 depression of the ceiling above them, dented in as if
 someone had dropped a tractor trailer from a hundred feet
 up.

The impact knocks all of them off their feet.

MARTINEZ
 (loving it)
 Game on, people.

Hamilton is first to her feet, then Martinez, then a very
 rattled Monk.

They immediately head back to the air lock that leads to
 the chair lift that leads to the Boson Bomb.

INT. DANDELION - AIR LOCK

The room is now deserted, everyone presumably having gone to investigate the explosion.

The hatch door opens an inch or two.

A moment later Martinez opens the hatch door wide and climbs in, followed closely by Hamilton and Monk.

MARTINEZ

I'm a fucking genius.

HAMILTON

That was pretty good, Martinez.

They share a smile and get to work.

First Hamilton closes the door to the Dandelion hallway, sealing them inside the air lock.

They need to move fast: Until they're in their suits and strapped to the lift, the Europeans can kill them just by venting the outside door.

Martinez is first to his suit, releasing it from its perch on the wall and stepping inside feet first.

Hamilton is right behind him, pulling hers off the wall as well.

Meanwhile, Monk removes a large set of straps and carabiners out of a chest on the floor.

MONK

How many of these will we need?

MARTINEZ

Just grab all of them. We'll need to tie them up tight.

INT. DANDELION - X DECK - SOME TIME LATER

Wible, Gireaux and two unknown Europeans battle the blaze that spreads out from the closet and into the main room of X Deck.

Using powerful foam extinguishers to supplement the ceiling extinguishers activated inside the closet, the fire is quickly tamped down.

GIREAUX

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIBLE

I think I'm suspicious.

GIREAUX

Moi, aussi.

The pair turn and head back for the air lock.

INT. DANDELION - HALLYWAY - OUTSIDE AIR LOCK DOOR

They arrive to find the door closed from the inside.

Gireaux looks through the window and sees the outside door ajar, the chest wedged in the open doorway, and three U.S. space suits missing from their hangers.

GIREAUX

Merde!

WIBLE

(furious)

Open the door.

GIREAUX

The far door is blocked, we can't close it from here, and we can't open this door without a suit.

EXT. DANDELION - CHAIR LIFT TO BOSON BOMB

From behind, we see Hamilton, Martinez and Monk, all in their suits -- their names stitched on the back.

They sit side by side on the chair as it slowly moves away from the Dandelion and towards the Boson Bomb.

INT. DANDELION - M DECK

Tam and Schmidt sit on the Main Deck watching the American astronaut's progress along the line.

Gireaux hurries in from the hallway.

TAM

Why aren't you after them?

GIREAUX

They vented the lock. Wible is retrieving a suit from the Lily.

Schmidt is up and furious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHMIDT

He's wasting time. Come.

Schmidt, Tam and Gireaux race out of the room.

INT. DANDELION - HALLWAY - OUTSIDE AIR LOCK DOOR

Schmidt, Tam, Gireaux and two unknown Europeans stand in a line, each person holding firmly onto the right sleeve of the person to their right.

Schmidt, the closest to the door, begins to inhale and exhale deeply and rapidly.

With his free hand he counts it out. One. Two. Three.

Schmidt inhales and opens the door. He then steps quickly into the freezing vacuum of space that now occupies the air lock room.

With each person holding tightly onto the next, the chain makes its way to the far door and Schmidt grabs at the chest.

He's not quite far enough.

He reaches again, a little further, and his finger tips brush against the frozen metal handle of the chest.

He pulls again, harder now, stressing the links of the chain and pulling the last man from his grip on the doorway.

The Europeans begin to drift out through the far door, out into space, until the back three Europeans fall to the floor to anchor themselves in the room.

Stuck, losing breath and freezing, it looks as though the Europeans have just killed themselves.

Then Wible appears in the doorway, wearing a suit from the Lily, and begins to heave them back inside the Dandelion hallway.

He pulls Schmidt in last, throwing him immediately back into the Dandelion hallway as Wible pulls the chest out of the doorway and closes the outside door.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - BOSON BOMB

Hamilton, Martinez and Monk reach the outer wall of the massive cylindrical Boson Bomb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martinez unclips the main carabiner, freeing them from the lift, but keeping the three astronauts clipped together to the overhead line.

INT. DANDELION - AIR LOCK

Back inside the air lock, Wible (in a European suit), a recovered Schmidt and three other Europeans (all wearing the remaining American suits) stand in the air lock, guns strapped to each of their suits.

One by one their helmets are lifted over their heads and locked into place.

Wible swings the door open, and one by one, the five astronauts proceed to clip themselves to the lift-line and leap out into space.

They pull themselves hand over hand toward the bomb, a task that would be impossibly draining under the weight of gravity, but in outer space is a breeze.

They move fast.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - BOSON BOMB

A hatch in the side of the Boson Bomb is open, and Martinez, the last American astronaut to step inside, reaches out to close it.

Martinez stops, seeing the faint outline of the four Europeans hot on their trail.

MARTINEZ

This is gonna be tight.

INT. BOSON BOMB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Europeans yank open the hatch and step inside, one by one.

The interior of the Boson Bomb is an exhaustingly long octagonal tunnel, with massive girders and piping running the length.

The long run of the collider is all that's really needed to produce the types of collisions necessary for Boson fusion, with most of its length coming from the repetitive coupling of large ring-like sections that clamp together.

It's not a complicated device.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Europeans float straight to the Operations Ring located a few yards from the entrance hatch.

Mounted in the Operations Ring is the four-foot by four-foot panel that houses the bomb's operational systems.

The panel door lays open and torn wires spill out haphazardly.

Schmidt lifts his reflective visor to reveal his face.

SCHMIDT

The Americans have the motherboard.

(beat)

There is only one direction they could have headed.

The Europeans push off, heading further into the depths of the bomb.

INT. BOSON BOMB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

From the Europeans POV we see the Americans ahead.

They're small at first, but grow larger as the Europeans rapidly advance on their position.

They make contact about halfway along the length of the bomb.

Hamilton and Monk stand, leaning against one of the girders running lengthwise along the interior.

Martinez works feverishly to uncouple the ties that keep this particular ring connected.

Uncoupling one ring will split the bomb in two, much the way uncoupling one train car will split a train in two.

With three of the four links uncoupled, Martinez floats across to the final link.

That's when he notices the Europeans, standing twenty feet away, guns in their hands.

Schmidt speaks, his voice amplified by an external microphone.

SCHMIDT

That's quite enough, Mr. Martinez.

Martinez shoots a glance at Hamilton and Monk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their visors are shielded and reflective, obscuring their faces, but their body language says plenty, as both Hamilton and Monk are frozen in place.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Give us the motherboard.

MARTINEZ

(lifting his visor)

I don't think so, Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

Please, Martinez, it doesn't have to end this way. Give us the motherboard and explain the precise design of the bomb, and we can offer all three of you a chance to defect.

(beat)

You can all live long and fruitful lives in the golden pastures of the European Union.

MARTINEZ

It's a tempting offer and everything, but you see we all talked about that. Me, Hamilton and Monk.

(gesturing to
Hamilton and Monk)

And the thing is, we could learn to live with the Speedos and the lack of ice and the constant singing. But what tripped all of us up is the rampant B.O.

SCHMIDT

I don't think you're taking the situation serious enough, Mr. Martinez.

Schmidt delivers an order in German to the two anonymous Europeans, who promptly turn their guns on Monk and Hamilton.

MARTINEZ

See? That's the thing with you Germans, no sense of humor.

SCHMIDT

I warned you, Mr. Martinez.

(beat)

Schießen!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Europeans open FIRE, SHOOTING Hamilton and Monk each in the chest.

Hamilton and Monk remain frozen in place, as though their suits were somehow bullet-proof.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

What is this? *Schießen!*

The Europeans redouble their efforts, RIDDLING Hamilton and Monk with bullet holes.

As the holes increase in number, air begins to leak out of the suits.

Hamilton and Monk appear to melt like the Wicked Witch, as their suits deflate and crumple to the floor.

Hamilton and Monk were never in those suits.

INT. DANDELION - SUBBASEMENT - DP-1

Hamilton and Monk quietly lift open the hatch to the docking port that connects to the gangway to the Lily.

A pair of Europeans stand idly by the entrance to the gangway, armed, but very clearly not on their guard.

INT. DANDELION - DOCKING PORT

Hamilton emerges from the hatch first, carrying a fire-axe.

Monk follows right behind her with an axe of his own.

Hamilton and Monk sneak up behind the Europeans and simultaneously wallop them in the heads with the butt end of their axes.

Both men collapse to the floor in a heap.

Hamilton retrieves the gun from the man she just attacked, but Monk demurs.

HAMILTON

C'mon.

Hamilton leads the way as the duo heads quickly down the gangway, Hamilton's gun at the ready.

INT. BOSON BOMB

The ruse exposed, Martinez hustles to unclasp the final set of links that connect the bomb.

The Europeans open FIRE on Martinez, the BULLETS penetrating his body just as he opens the final clasp.

The tunnel remains intact momentarily, with no force present to knock it loose, but when Martinez's limp body collides with the far wall of the tunnel, the massive uncoupled portion slips free.

The bomb is breaking in two.

INT. GANGWAY BETWEEN DANDELION AND LILY

Hamilton and Monk race down the gangway.

Gireaux and Tam appear at the Dandelion end of the gangway and give chase.

The two sets of astronauts run, fast as they can, along the narrow passageway.

A BULLET WHIZZES past Hamilton and Monk, and Hamilton slows just enough to turn and send a VOLLEY of her own back in the direction of their pursuers.

Monk arrives at the door to the Lily first, and from his position halfway inside the shuttle, he leans out and grabs onto Hamilton.

Hamilton immediately unclamps the first of three clamps that connect the gangway to the Lily.

As she works, Gireaux continues her pursuit, closing to within thirty yards.

Tam stops, drops to one knee and steadies his gun.

Gireaux is twenty yards away as Hamilton releases the second of three clamps.

Tam FIRES, and a BULLET tears through the sleeve of Hamilton's suit, grazing her arm ever so slightly.

Hamilton winces, but continues working.

Gireaux closes fast.

MONK

Hurry! Hurry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tam FIRES again, and the BULLET finds a way between Hamilton's chest and arms... a miracle miss.

With Gireaux a mere ten yards away, Hamilton releases the third and final clamp.

The Lily immediately breaks free from the gravity-inducing rotation of the Dandelion.

Gireaux, too close to stop, closes the final few feet and leaps from the edge of the gangway towards the open door of the Lily.

Gireaux's expression is one of sheer terror, as the rotation of the gangway at the final moment of her leap sends her ever so slightly off course from the Lily.

Monk holds Hamilton from inside the Lily, as Hamilton instinctively reaches out to save Gireaux.

Their fingers graze one another, but there is no purchase, and Gireaux floats hopelessly past Hamilton's outstretched hand.

She ricochets off the nose of the shuttle and pinwheels off into space.

Monk immediately pulls Hamilton on board the shuttle and closes the air lock door behind her.

INT. BOSON BOMB

Schmidt advances on Martinez in the hopes of locating the motherboard before it disappears into deep outer space along with Martinez and the back half of the bomb.

Schmidt arrives on top of Martinez as the free portion of the bomb begins to drift away.

A foot.

Five feet.

WIBLE

Hurry, Schmidt.

Ten feet.

Soon there'll be no way for Schmidt to make it back across the widening gap between the two halves of the bomb.

At last, Schmidt locates the board, pulling it from an outer pocket on Martinez's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a grin, Schmidt secures it and bends his knees in preparation to launch himself off one of the girders.

He makes his leap, hurling himself toward his compatriots on the moored section of the bomb.

But he's trailing something...

ROPE

While Schmidt searched for the board, the badly wounded Martinez had clipped the rope he'd used to attach himself to the lift to tether himself to Schmidt.

The rope snaps taut.

Schmidt is jerked to a halt, and Martinez is yanked from his perch inside the tumbling back half of the bomb.

Schmidt struggles to unclip the rope, as the moored half of the bomb tumbles further and further out of reach.

But it's no use: with nothing to push off of, he's powerless to change direction.

Martinez, an honest to goodness sociopath -- albeit one who's just enjoyed a major moment of redemption -- laughs.

INT. LILY - COCKPIT

Just beyond the closed door, Hamilton lies on the cockpit floor sucking in air and regaining her strength.

Monk sits beside her doing the same.

HAMILTON

I could have had her.

MONK

Hamilton, you did everything you could, especially given the circumstances.

HAMILTON

I could have had her.

MONK

Let it go, Hamilton

In zero gravity, Hamilton and Monk guide themselves into the front seats of the cockpit and strap themselves in.

Thousands of switches, buttons and dials surround them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Securely fastened into their seats, both astronauts sit for a moment, absorbing the madness of recent events, and the journey still to come.

As the Lily drifts in space, the back half of the Boson Bomb floats into view.

HAMILTON

Well I'll be... That son of a bitch pulled it off.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Martinez and Schmidt drift through space.

Reaching down and grabbing a handful of rope, Martinez slowly reels Schmidt in.

The pair eventually come face to face.

SCHMIDT

You're not dead yet?

MARTINEZ

Not quite, no.

The two remain silent for a moment, unsure what to make of one another.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Some way to go, huh?

SCHMIDT

Indeed.

The pair drift further, the universe spread out all around them.

MARTINEZ

So what do you want to talk about?

Schmidt offers up a guttural laugh.

SCHMIDT

For the sake of our friendship, I suggest we steer clear of religion and politics.

Bound together, the two astronauts drift slowly into the void.

INT. LILY - COCKPIT

Hamilton and Monk remain strapped into the two front seats.

HAMILTON

Well, what are you waiting for?
Start her up.

MONK

Me? I thought you knew how to fly
this thing.

HAMILTON

You're kidding, right?
(beat)
Tell me you're kidding.

MONK

How in the world would I know how
to fly a space shuttle?

HAMILTON

How the hell would I?

The two of them stare at each other in horror, realizing they've gotten this far only to be stymied by something so obvious.

MONK

This is a real problem.

HAMILTON

(laughing, in
disbelief)
Unbelievable. Un-fucking-
believable.
(beat)
You think we can wing it?

They look around the cockpit and take in the absurd number of controls.

MONK

I bet it takes about two years of
training just to turn this thing
on.

Hamilton lashes out against her harness, and ushers forth a feral scream of frustration.

She's done.

She's been tough throughout the past few days. She's been tough for the two months since the bomb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's been tough all through training. She's been tough her entire life.

But this is too much for her.

Tears pour from her eyes, and she sobs quietly.

Monk stares serenely at her tear streaked face.

MONK (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Hamilton. We'll be alright. God has a plan for us.

HAMILTON

Monk, not now, okay.

MONK

Look at me, Hamilton. Look at me.

Hamilton looks up, absolutely zero hope left in her body.

MONK (CONT'D)

We're going to be okay.

HAMILTON

I just want to go home now.

(beat)

It's time to go home.

MONK

Hamilton. We'll get there.

Monk is so certain in his faith that for a moment Hamilton actually believes him.

The two sit in silence for a minute, and we're TIGHT on their faces.

MONK

At peace with the universe, and their success in ridding the world of the evil of the Boson Bomb.

HAMILTON

Distraught, tortured by how close they came to pulling off the impossible and making it home alive.

VOICE (O.S.)

¡Dios mio!

We GO WIDE and see a SPANIARD standing at the side window, watching the Dandelion drift further and further away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hamilton and Monk turn and see him.

HAMILTON

Fuck!

Her outcry alerts the Spaniard to their presence and he freaks.

The gun Hamilton took earlier sits on the wide dashboard in front of her, but strapped into her chair she can't reach it.

The Spaniard follows her gaze, and as she removes her harness he pushes himself off the door and across the cockpit towards the gun.

Hamilton beats him to it, and seeing she's got him dead to rights, he guides himself to his knees and raises his hands.

SPANIARD

¡No dispere! ¡No dispere! ¡Por favor, te ruego!

Hamilton, the gun trained on him, right at the edge of firing, steals a glance at Monk, who remains utterly calm.

The Spaniard erupts in a torrent of Spanish, clearly continuing to make the case that he should not be killed.

HAMILTON

(to Monk)

Do you speak Spanish?

MONK

Not much. A little.

HAMILTON

What's he saying?

MONK

He doesn't want you to shoot him.

HAMILTON

I get that.

(off the Spaniard's continued ranting)

He's saying more than that.

Monk looks at the Spaniard and listens.

MONK

(shaking his head)

He's speaking too quickly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MONK (CONT'D)

I can't make it out.

(beat)

He's saying he's not like the
other Europeans.

(beat)

He's saying he's just a...

(Monk squints)

Just a...

HAMILTON

Just a what?

MONK

Just a ball?

HAMILTON

Just a ball? What the hell does
that mean?

MONK

I don't know.

(to the Spaniard)

¿Usted es un pelota?

SPANIARD

(relieved)

Si, Si, sólo soy un piloto.

MONK

(shrugs)

He says he's a ball.

HAMILTON

What the hell is he talking about?

Hamilton keeps the gun on the Spaniard, which only serves to recharge his nervousness. As does the blood on Hamilton's arm.

MONK

¿Qué tipo de pelota?

SPANIARD

*¿Qué tipo? Piloto de
transbordador espacial.*

Hamilton looks at Monk, who shakes his head.

MONK

I have no idea what he's saying.

SPANIARD

¡Transbordador espacial!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The Spaniard begins motioning with his hands as though he's driving a car.

SPANIARD (CONT'D)
¡Transbordador espacial!

Hamilton's eyes go saucer wide.

HAMILTON
He's not a fucking ball, he's a pilot!

SPANIARD
¡Si, Si, soy piloto!

Hamilton lowers the gun.

HAMILTON
¡Piloto!

SPANIARD
¡Piloto!

Hamilton gestures toward her seat with the empty gun.

HAMILTON
Okay, *piloto, piloto us home.*

The Spaniard hesitates, then points out the side window at the Dandelion and asks something in Spanish.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)
(shakes her head)
No. You, me, him. That's it.

SPANIARD
(indicating the three of them)
¿Solamente los tres?

HAMILTON
That's right. *Solamente los tres.*

The Spaniard thinks about it a moment.

A long moment.

Then, as if to prove he was never really with the other Europeans, he hoists himself into the seat.

He straps himself in and immediately begins hitting buttons and flipping switches.

He nods his head towards an open seat, and Hamilton straps herself in tight.

EXT. LILY

From a distance, WE SEE the Lily, the Dandelion and both halves of the Boson Bomb.

The engines of the Lily burn bright with the combustion of a pulse or two of fuel, as the pilot guides the Lily into the proper angle for launch.

A moment passes, and then, with the massive flash of total ignition, the Lily stutters into motion...

Accelerates...

And rockets for home.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END