

a screenplay by
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EXT. SPACE

A crescent of white hot light cuts through the black -- a rigid shadow passing over the SUN. An ECLIPSE.

Below emerges a majestic blue and white swirled dome -- the EARTH. The horizon envelops the field of view, leveling as we move closer.

Hovering miles above the atmosphere, a glint of light, reflecting like a tiny mirror. Closer. A metal form begins to take shape.

Closer. A grid, with a shiny steel center. Closer. Solar panels, dozens of them, supported by a network of metal trusses. Affixed in the center is a series of connected modules, cylindrical in shape and each about the size of a shipping container. Together all of this forms SCION (SALVAGE AND COLLECTION INTERNATIONAL ORBITAL NETWORK).

Super: 2020 A.D. - SCION: Salvage and Collection International Orbital Network

A voice with a Russian accent crackles over a radio transmission --

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
Jonathan, do you see this?

Now even closer, under SCION's DOCKING MODULE is its ardent commander, JONATHAN McALLISTER (40), floating in a space suit. We stop with him, the Earth moving below at 17,500 miles per hour -- the view is staggering.

Jonathan is beneath the DOCKING PORT's wide mouth, repairing one of its SIX DOCKING CLAMPS with a Pistol Grip Tool (PGT), a drill designed for use in space.

With a human body in perspective, the sheer size of SCION becomes clear -- close to four football fields.

JONATHAN
See what, Yuri?

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
The Sun. Look.

Sweat on his brow and focused, Jonathan continues to work. In the shadow of SCION, the Sun is not in his field of view.

JONATHAN
You're just going to have to describe it to me.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
Hurry. Trust me. You do not want to miss.

Jonathan collects himself, not wanting to pull away.

Strapped to his back is a mobility unit. With a few short BURSTS of compressed gas, he maneuvers forward from SCION.

JONATHAN
I swear to God, old man, the Sun better be going supernova--

Clearing the hull, he gets a view -- a shadow is cast over him and SCION, where there should be unfiltered rays.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Where's the Moon supposed to be right now?

Mission specialist YURI NOSOVA's (65) sharply featured Eastern European face peers out the window of SCION'S NAVIGATIONS MODULE. He's tall and lanky, but in tremendous shape for his age, like a Russian Ian McKellen (minus fifteen or so years).

YURI
Other side of planet. Strange, no?

BACK WITH JONATHAN --

JONATHAN
What the hell is that?

He presses a button on a panel mounted on the forearm of his suit, switching his radio frequency to include the CAPCOM Mission Control down below in Houston.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
(To CAPCOM)
Houston, we're seeing an eclipse up here without a moon. Are you getting this?

Through a camera mounted on Jonathan's shoulder, we see a coded and time stamped VIDEO FEED of the eclipse.

A stiff, older male voice responds on the radio --

CAPCOM (O.S. FILTERED)
Roger, Jonathan, we see it on your feed. Must be something in your line of sight, because we're not seeing it from down here.

The eclipse is ending, and now too bright for the naked eye. Jonathan flips down his visor.

JONATHAN
Copy, Houston. Any ideas on what may have caused that?

CAPCOM (O.S. FILTERED)
We're looking into it right now. Preliminary analysis of the region reports negative on an NEO. We're guessing a rogue satellite pulling out of orbit.

JONATHAN
Copy that, Houston.

He switches radio frequencies.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
(To Yuri)
A satellite couldn't do that. They don't know what that was.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

(Note: There is artificial gravity within the spacecrafts and habitats.)

Yuri steps away from the window and sits in front of a computer terminal. Next to him is American-Korean mission specialist VALERY HWANG (33). She chews bubble gum ferociously as she coordinates with Mission Control --

VALERY
Roger, Houston, T-minus ten minutes.
(To Yuri)
Sir, should we be concerned?

Attempting to mask his uncertainty, Yuri shakes his head reassuringly.

YURI
No no, nothing to worry.
(To Jonathan)
What are you thinking?

EXT. SPACE - SCION

Bursts of gas from Jonathan's back, he maneuvers back to the docking port.

JONATHAN
Well it ain't space junk, that's for damn sure. We would know, we're the ones cleaning it up.

INTERCUT JONATHAN/YURI

YURI
What do you expect, Jonathan? We are space janitors, recycling floating trash for a living. It is not good old days.

Jonathan is back to repairing the clamp.

JONATHAN
When you get the chance, take a closer look at my feed. But don’t get too distracted; we have guests arriving and a schedule to maintain, both of which are riding on getting this damn thing fixed.

YURI
Getting nervous, want to make good impression, eh? A week stuck in tin can with Christine should be interesting.

JONATHAN
Get back to work.

YURI
(Patronizing)
Copy that, commander-sir.

JONATHAN
How much time do we have, Valery?

VALERY
Venture-SCION rendezvous: T-minus nine minutes, twenty-two seconds, sir.

EXT. SPACE - OVER FLORIDA

The whole peninsula. Looks like a beautiful day down there, except for some stormy weather off the coast.

A small white SPECK appears over the coastline. The speck grows -- fire, an explosion, hurling up into the sky. It’s moving at us fast.

A ROCKET ROARS past us.

Now following the powerhouse, we see that there are actually a PAIR of rockets, staged upon an enormous space shuttle -- VENTURE.

Venture arcs backward, leveling its ascent to bring it into orbit. The rockets are RELEASED from the shuttle, plummeting back to Earth.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Tremendous RUMBLING from the thrust. Trying to stay strapped to their seats are -- THREE ASTRONAUTS -- CHARLES FREEMAN (54), commander of Venture. Beside him is mission specialist CHRISTINE HENDERSON (36). And behind her is mission specialist TERRENCE CHILLICOTHE (41).

Charles flips a switch on a panel. He's what you would call an All-American dad; a perfect crew cut and built like a football player, with a piercing gaze that could cut steel -- he's probably kicked ass at everything he's done in life.

CHARLES
Confirm solid rocket booster separation. Everything looking good.

CAPCOM (O.S. FILTERED)
Roger, Venture. You are go for orbit SCION rendezvous.

Christine's striking blue eyes study the instruments and gauges on the navigation monitor. There's an intensity about her that only the most beautiful and intelligent women possess.

CHRISTINE
Roger, Houston. SCION, this is Venture...

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)(O.S. FILTERED)
...heard you were having trouble with the docking port, how's the schedule looking?

Valery looks to Yuri, who is scrubbing through Jonathan's video feed of the eclipse at a terminal.

VALERY
What should I tell them, sir? Jonathan hasn't even run a systems test yet.

YURI
Jonathan has got it. Tell them we are a-okay.

Still unsure, Valery speaks into her radio --

VALERY
Copy that, Venture, we're right on schedule.
(Changing tone)
So Christine, how you holding up? Did the g-force make you puke yet?

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Disarmed, Christine tries to hide a smile, even though no one else can see her.

CHRISTINE
Valery. Is now really appropriate to bring that up?

INTERCUT VALERY/CHRISTINE

VALERY
You are weak sauce, Christine Henderson.

CHRISTINE
The one time. Once, and I didn't know I was pregnant. I don't think there's a more legitimate excuse than that.

VALERY
(Laughs)
Lookin' forward to the girls back together again. Drinks are on me tonight.

TERRENCE
Ladies, can I glean some of whatever you're stashin'? Only fair, seein' as I haveta face you two squaklin' like a couple of hens.

Terrence has a rough, southern drawl. Not how you would expect an astronaut to speak, and that's because he's anything but -- a defense contractor capitalizing on man's final frontier.

Christine rolls her eyes.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

VALERY
(To herself, explosive)
Asshole.

Yuri is staring at the video feed, zoomed in on the edge of the eclipse, flipping between filters to enhance the image.

YURI
(Off Valery)
This should be fun vacation. Like frat house, spring break in space.

VALERY
I'm sorry, sir... that wasn't me. I apologize for my unpro--

YURI
No, no need apologize. Terrence is *ebanatyi pidaraz* asshole. He thinks us like janitors so treats us like dirt. Just stay out of his way, eh?

She nods.

YURI (CONT'D)
How long till our replacements get here?

VALERY
(Off monitor)
Three minutes and twelve seconds, sir.

Yuri switches on his radio.

YURI
(To Jonathan)
How's progress? You've got three minutes.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - DOCKING MODULE

Jonathan is still working on the docking port.

JONATHAN
I think I've got it. Go ahead and disengage the port lock.

WRANK -- FIVE of the docking clamps on the docking bay pull back, and a SIXTH doesn't.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Dammit. Three's still not retracting.

INTERCUT JONATHAN/YURI

YURI
What are we going to do?

Jonathan thinks for a beat. With his PGT, he starts to unscrew a metal sheet panel adjacent to the clamp.

JONATHAN
Simulate three's response as active, and if anyone asks, I solved the problem and docking is a go.

YURI
How is docking still "a go"?

JONATHAN
I figure the PGT has enough torque to do it manually.

YURI
You've got balls my stupid American friend.

JONATHAN
If we want to keep our jobs, stupid is our only option right now.

EXTREME WIDE of SCION above the planet. Not too far off, Venture is closing in.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

It's peaceful inside. Now in orbit, it's a smooth ride from here on out.

The three astronauts take off their helmets.

As Christine's spins in mid-air before her, it's like watching magic. Even Terrence is amused.

Charles starts to unbuckle his straps -- Christine eyes him, puzzled. This is not something he should be doing right now.

CHARLES
You know what? The hell with protocol. Unbuckle your straps. I say let loose, enjoy the moment.
(To Christine, grinning)
You aren't gonna rat us out, are ya Henderson?

She grits her teeth at the challenge.

Not missing a beat, Terrence starts the process of unstrapping himself.

Christine decides to go for it, but hesitates.

TERRENCE
God forbid ya lift your spirits, cupcake.

As Terrence drifts up and away from his seat, Christine reaches for a switch marked AG (Artificial Gravity) -- she flips it. Terrence lands on the floor with a thud, groaning in pain.

Charles, only a few inches from his seat, lands safely. He chuckles at Christine's subtle vengeance.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Ain't you all sunshine and rainbows.

Christine indicates out the flight deck window, SCION's size growing as they get closer.

CHRISTINE
We need to dock.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - DOCKING MODULE

100 meters off, Venture is closing in on Jonathan. He removes the last screw from the panel. Opening it, he lets the screws and the panel float away.

Inserting the PGT into a gear, he pulls the trigger. The gear turns slowly, the clamp pulling back.

Jonathan notices -- he's moving. The torque of the PGT is putting him into a spin. Reaching out with his free hand, he grabs a rail of electrical piping to anchor himself, causing him to hug the underbelly of the docking module.

It seems to take all of Jonathan's strength to stay in place with the gear turning ever so slowly.

A red laser dot passes over Jonathan to the docking port, centering itself in its wide mouth. Directly below, Venture aligns itself for docking.

Jonathan looks to the clamp. It's retracting so slow, the damn thing might as well not be moving at all. This is going to be close.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Monitoring the docking assist program, Terrence inputs a command.

TERRENCE
Computer's locked on, boss.

Charles nods.

CHARLES
SCION, we are a go for docking.

VALERY (O.S.)
Roger, Venture. You are a go.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - DOCKING MODULE

Venture rises. The gap between it and Jonathan is closing. Fifteen meters. Ten meters.

Jonathan nervously watches the clamp. It's nearly fully retracted.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Terrence reads numbers off a monitor --

TERRENCE
Ten meters.
(Beat)
Six.
(Beat)
Four.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - DOCKING MODULE

The sheer size of Venture dwarfs Jonathan, especially evident now as it's getting so close.

On top of Venture, ten feet behind the slope of the flight deck's windshield, is its flush circular docking port. SCION's, on the other hand, juts out about two feet.

Only three meters before the docking ports meet, and from the looks of it, there's not enough clearance -- it's going to crush Jonathan.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
Jonathan, this is too close. I must call them off.

JONATHAN
Not yet, old man.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
Jonathan--

JONATHAN
Not yet!

The clamp is almost there.

INTERCUT JONATHAN/VENTURE FLIGHT DECK

TERRENCE
Two meters.

Jonathan struggles to keep still and not let the PGT loose.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
One meter.

Looking below, Jonathan sees Venture, a white wall of certain doom.

Only three feet left. The roof of the flight deck gets to Jonathan, pushing him up. He closes his eyes.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
That's it--

JONATHAN
WAIT!

CLANK -- the clamp locks in place!

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
I got it!

Jonathan's eyes shoot open. He's inching up with Venture, and there's no more room left. This is it.

Venture stops. Silence. Jonathan waits for something to happen. It seems like forever until --

WRANK -- the five docking clamps ENGAGE.

Jonathan lets the trigger loose of the PGT. WRANK -- the sixth clamp ENGAGES. He lets a sigh of relief.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Hearing the late clamp reverberate throughout the shuttle --

TERRENCE
What the hell was that?

CHARLES
Sounded like a late docking clamp.

TERRENCE
Just what we need, bullshit glitches that'll kill us all.

EXT. SPACE - BETWEEN VENTURE AND SCION

Jonathan takes a moment, lets himself breathe.

He belts out a HOLLER in joyous relief.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The crackled radio feed of Jonathan's hollering is loud in Yuri's ears.

YURI
Is that you dying?

INTERCUT YURI/JONATHAN

JONATHAN
I, Yuri, am a champion.

Sandwiched with each direction too narrow for escape, there's only one way to go for Jonathan: feet first toward the nose of Venture. He starts to shimmy his way out.

YURI
The only thing you champion, my friend, is lunacy.

JONATHAN
Well I did just save our jobs.

YURI
Perhaps not when Christine finds out about stupid stunt.

JONATHAN
If luck's still on my side, I'll slip right past the flight deck without anyone noticing.

Jonathan finally slips out from between Venture and SCION.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Charles and Terrence pull down a retractable ladder from the hatch on the ceiling of the flight deck.

Christine is still at her station, making last minute checks.

Out the flight deck window, a pair of astronaut legs fall into view.

Focused on the task at hand, it takes Christine a moment to notice. She looks up, and it registers -- she stands to get a better view.

CHRISTINE
You've got to be kidding me. Charles, look out the window.

Charles and Terrence stop, look -- Jonathan floats away from Venture, toward the airlock.

TERRENCE
That fool's got a death wish.

CHARLES
Where the heck did he come from? Who is that?

CHRISTINE
Who do you think?

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

CLOSE on an impressive, paper-thin tablet device. The iPad of the future. It's displaying an enhanced image of the edge of the eclipse. Yuri points to demonstrate for Jonathan.

YURI
Look at edges. There's structure there, intricate, detailed.

Jonathan stands beside him, still in full space gear. He pulls off his helmet and we finally get a full picture of the man: tall, with broad shoulders and salt and pepper hair. Drenched in sweat, he looks like he just walked off the set of an astronaut-themed Calvin Klein ad.

Mystified, Jonathan takes a closer look.

JONATHAN
What the hell is that?

CLOSER on the image -- there appears to be a grid-like pattern on the edges of the shadow.

YURI
I've seen nothing like this before. It's massive, Jonathan, to cast shadow like that. And it is definitely not natural, it must be man-made. But radar shows no unidentified near earth objects.

JONATHAN
Has NASA reported back to you with anything yet?

YURI
They do not care for us, you know this. But I check with friends who run observatory in Moscow. All the telescopes -- radio, optical, infrared -- found clear sky. They think I am crazy. This simply cannot be.

JONATHAN
Keep looking into it. Call anyone you have to, find out what the hell can blot out the sun and not show up on radar.

Through the windows of the change room doors, Jonathan sees a very pissed-off Christine heading straight for him.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Wonderful. Here comes punishment.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Valery, sitting at a terminal, notices Christine marching to the change room. Valery stands in excitement.

VALERY
Christine! Oh my gosh this is so exciting! You're here!

CHRISTINE
Not now, Valery.

Dejected, Valery turns back to work.

Christine slaps a button next to the change room doors -- they slide open.

Yuri finishes unzipping Jonathan from his space suit and quickly squeezes by Christine as she enters and he exits.

YURI
Christine! Hello! Welcome! How is it being up here first time?

CHRISTINE
Please go away, Yuri.

He does just so, steps out of the change room.

YURI
Have fun, you two!

Jonathan works on undressing himself from his space suit.

JONATHAN
Long time no see.

CHRISTINE
What the FUCK was that?

JONATHAN
It's great to see you too, Christine.

CHRISTINE
Why are you always doing this to me? You know I have to report you for this.

JONATHAN
No Chris, I didn't know that.

Jonathan finally slips off the suit, drops it to the floor.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Pardon me.

He squeezes past Christine, out of the change room and into the navigations module. Computer terminals line the edges of the circular shaped module, with banks of windows providing a spectacular view of the Earth just outside.

CHRISTINE
Where are you going?

Jonathan heads toward the exit at the opposite end of the module. Valery sits at a terminal.

JONATHAN
(To Valery)
Valery, stow my gear, would you?

Christine hurries to follow Jonathan. They walk and talk.

CHRISTINE
Is this what you want? Sabotaging what little the space program has left?

They pass into --

INT. SCION - REC MODULE

A wide open space, separated into several sections: An exercise center, a galley, and a small entertainment center.

JONATHAN
Which is why I've dedicated my entire life to it.

CHRISTINE
No, you've dedicated your entire life to yourself. Success is all that matters, no matter who gets hurt.

JONATHAN
You of all people should know that's not true, Chris. I always take responsibility.
(Looks her in the eye)
Unless I'm forced not to.

Jonathan's struck a nerve.

She follows him through a connecting entry way into --

INT. SCION - SALVAGE BAY

A long workshop, with a labyrinth of old and new satellite parts in various stages of repair.

CHRISTINE
That's not fair and you know it.

JONATHAN
What's "fair" ever had anything to do with it?

Christine grabs his arm to stop him. They face each other in the middle of the module.

CHRISTINE
Can we please at least try to get through the next week without hurting each other every chance we get?

JONATHAN
I'm doing my best, Chris.

CHRISTINE
Please don't call me that.

JONATHAN
You're right, *Christine.*

He turns back to walking, Christine follows.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
The success of the mission is all that matters, right?

CHRISTINE
If you were to truly believe that, you'd tell me what you were doing out there.

JONATHAN
My job.

Now at the other end of the module, Christine follows Jonathan through to --

INT. SCION - CREW QUARTERS MODULE - CORRIDOR

The corridor connects the salvage bay with the docking module. Entrances to six crew bunks line the hall.

Jonathan heads for his bunk, Christine trailing behind.

From the docking module enters Terrence with a duffle bag over his shoulder.

CHRISTINE
Your job is to protect the crew, then the mission. Not the other way around.

TERRENCE
Hey, Jon. You’re a crazy son-of-a-bitch, you know that?

Jonathan is perplexed at Terrence's presence.

JONATHAN
Learned it from the craziest rat in the shithouse. What the hell brings you up here, Terrence?

CHRISTINE
Do you mind, Terrence?

TERRENCE
As you wish, princess.
(To Jonathan)
Holler if ya need the venom sucked out when she’s through.

Terrence goes in his bunk.

JONATHAN
Seriously, what the hell is a defense contractor doing up here?

CHRISTINE
That's none of your concern. Can we get back to--

JONATHAN
None of my concern? I'm the goddamn commander! You're telling me you know what this is about and I don't?

CHRISTINE
Jonathan, I-- it's not my call.

JONATHAN
That’s why the files for this week’s scrap job came up restricted.
(Beat)
Tell me what you know or I find out my way.

Christine’s not going to budge -- Jonathan opens the door to his bunk, but she swoops in and prevents him from entering.

CHRISTINE
Look, I'm not supposed to know, NASA's making it look like he's a billionaire investor on vacation, but you're right. It has to do with that Russian "communications" satellite we're repurposing in a few days, some kind of weapons and defense initiative. You might want to ask Yuri.

JONATHAN
Yuri wouldn't hide something like that from me.

CHRISTINE
That's all I've got.

JONATHAN
Leave it to NASA to sell us out to the war machine.

Jonathan coyly smiles and tries to ease his way through Christine blocking the doorway, but she won't relent.

CHRISTINE
Your turn.

JONATHAN
Okay, fine. You want to know why? Why I will do anything to save the program? Why one trivial failure could end it, permanently? Why one malfunctioning docking clamp could stand between another human and space for decades? I ask myself these questions every day, and there's only one answer: the job comes first.

CHRISTINE
These are our lives, Jonathan!

JONATHAN
No, it’s my life. Yours nor anyone else’s were in danger, only mine.

CHRISTINE
That's still not your call to make. Protecting the crew includes protecting yourself. We can't do this without the commander.

JONATHAN
And if the mission fails, you won't need the commander, so what's the difference?

Christine stares at him sadly.

CHRISTINE
I'm sorry, Jonathan.

She turns and walks away.

JONATHAN
What are you going to do?

CHRISTINE
My job.

CUT TO:

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Christine sits at her station, speaking into a radio headset.

CHRISTINE
Roger that, Houston.

She rips the headset off and throws it.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
(Contemptuous)
We appreciate your concern.

Standing behind her is Charles, who's been listening in on the conversation.

CHARLES
What did they say?

Christine stands, walks over to a bank of compartments. She opens them one by one and packs the contents in a crate on the floor.

CHRISTINE
According to Mission Control, at this stage there's nothing they can do.

CHARLES
Bullshit. I'll do something.

Charles turns to leave.

CHRISTINE
No, for now we keep an eye on him. When he pulls another stunt, we'll take a crew vote and strip his rank. If I know Jonathan, it's only a matter of time before that happens.

CHARLES
Good call. And I'll make sure every move he makes is approved from the top down. One misstep, and he's just a passenger. I'll even convert his bunk into a brig if I have to.

CHRISTINE
Or we can just toss him out the airlock.

They share a laugh when something draws their attention to the hatch above them -- SHOUTING echoing from within SCION.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Is that a fight?

INT. SCION - CREW QUARTERS MODULE - CORRIDOR

Jonathan, Yuri, and Terrence are in the heat of a three-way shouting match.

YURI
I am sorry, Jonathan! It was my only way, you of all should understand. Why else would they put old man on space station?

JONATHAN
What gives you the right to put that kind of firepower in orbit?!

TERRENCE
I didn't put it there, your comrade's commie bastard friends did. It's peacekeeping, Jon, so you best stick your mop back where it belongs!

Christine and Charles hurry toward the commotion from the docking module.

CHARLES
What the hell is going on here?

TERRENCE
Commander McAllister here’s got his panties in a twist 'cause the U.S. government's appropriating a Soviet nuclear war satellite, but what Jon don’t get is the United States government couldn’t give a shit about the feelings of some janitor.

CHARLES
(Beat, considers)
We better be getting hazard pay.

Disgusted, Jonathan resigns from the conversation and makes his way for the salvage bay.

TERRENCE
Where do you think you’re goin’?

JONATHAN
Docking clamp three still requires some custodial work.

CHRISTINE
I’ll join you.

She follows behind Jonathan.

CHARLES
No goddamn way you’re going back out there, McAllister.

JONATHAN
Don’t worry.
(Winks)
Already approved it with Houston.

EXT. SPACE

The MOON, white and full. A foreboding SHADOW creeps across its surface, consuming all the light.

Blotted out, there is now only darkness. BLACK.

An astronaut's HELMET rises into view, then a second. It's Jonathan and Christine, maneuvering carefully along the outside of SCION, headed toward the docking port at the opposite end. They haven't noticed the Moon's disappearance.

JONATHAN
How do you feel? The real thing's quite different than training.

Christine admires the view of Earth below.

CHRISTINE
You can say that again. I was born to do this.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - BETWEEN VENTURE AND SCION

Jonathan shimmies carefully back into the death trap.

JONATHAN
Like crawling back into the womb.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - DOCKING MODULE

Christine inspects the outer surface of the module, looking for something specific.

CHRISTINE
If you're going to say inappropriate things, please turn off your com.

She notices something on a panel she's been inspecting -- closer -- a tiny cloud of gas spitting out a seam.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
(To herself)
Hello there.

With her PGT, she begins unscrewing the panel.

CUT TO:

A SQUARE METAL SHEET OF FOIL

Jonathan places it over the compartment he had left exposed earlier.

With strips of adhesive tape and foil, he begins to seal it.

JONATHAN
Can you believe that the fix for this is duct tape and tin foil?

EXT. SPACE - SCION - DOCKING MODULE

Christine collects the last screw and removes the panel.

CHRISTINE
It fits, don't you think? Simple solution for a simple problem caused by a simple mind.

INTERCUT CHRISTINE/JONATHAN

Jonathan finishes the patch.

JONATHAN
Ouch. Well I'm not hearing any eureka moments from you over there.

Jonathan begins his ascent back out.

CHRISTINE
I haven't finished yet, have I?

With the panel off, Christine peeks in. It's a small compartment, with a mess of tubes and wiring. In the middle of it all are six tubes connected to a junction, except for one -- it's leaking gas.

Christine reaches in, grabs the leaking tube, and screws it back into the junction.

Behind Christine, hundreds of miles out, an ENORMOUS SILHOUETTE of pure blackness is bearing toward the Earth. It looks as if it's coming to swallow the planet whole.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Yuri, can you run the diagnostic?

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

ON MONITOR -- a warning graphic BLINKS with a continuous warning BEEP. Numbers representing navigation readings are changing, with a graphical representation of the SCION shifting its orbit.

YURI
Chto za huy?

CHRISTINE (O.S. FILTERED)
Yuri? Hello?

Yuri slaps a key. The warning signal stops.

YURI
(Into radio)
Sure thing.

With a few keystrokes he brings up a new window on the monitor and runs the program.

YURI (CONT'D)
All clamps active and responsive.
Nice work, Christine!

EXT. SPACE - SCION - DOCKING MODULE

The silhouette passes in front of the Sun. A shadow is cast upon SCION.

JONATHAN (O.S. FILTERED)
Well then. Perhaps I owe you my congratulations.

CHRISTINE
Why did it get dark all of a sudden?

Christine slowly turns around. In the reflection of her visor, stretching from edge to edge, is a massive, intricate METALLIC STRUCTURE hovering above the Earth.

EXT. SPACE - BETWEEN VENTURE AND SCION

Jonathan pulls himself out from between Venture and SCION.

JONATHAN
And I'm born again.

A faint INTERFERENCE is heard in Jonathan's radio. An otherworldly pulsating, its resonance cold and sinister.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
What the hell is that? Do you hear that too, Christine?

Christine doesn't answer. The signal fades.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Yuri, what about you? Did you hear that?

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
Hear what?

JONATHAN
Nevermind.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
Jonathan, wait. You must know...

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

YURI
...Our position, it is shifting. It must be a gravitational field, but I can not find the source.

Yuri finishes entering a command on the keyboard, stands from the terminal and turns to look out the window.

YURI (CONT'D)
At first I thought malfunction but--

Yuri stops cold. Through the reflection of a window on the module is the same image Christine saw. Behind the reflection is Yuri's awestruck face.

YURI (CONT'D)
Bozhe Moy.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - DOCKING MODULE

Jonathan heads for Christine, her back to him. From his vantage point, the hull of the docking module is blocking what she's observing.

JONATHAN
Yuri you didn't finish, say again?

No answer.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Yuri, do you copy? What's happening?

Jonathan is closing on Christine. She just floats there in silence, her back to him.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Christine?

Nothing.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Christine what is it?

Still nothing.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Christine? Yuri? Will someone copy?
What the hell is going on?

As he moves in, the edge of the hull pulls back to reveal the twisted, razor sharp metal of a COLOSSAL ALIEN SPACE SHIP, which we will call the **LEVIATHAN.** It's impossibly long, stretching over five hundred miles back into space, about one eighth the size of the Moon. With what resemble claws at its bow, the ship looks like a terrifying creature that only exists in nightmares.

And it just sits there in orbit, floating above the Earth. If it were to crash into it, it would look as if it could split our planet in two.

Only a few hundred miles out, Venture and SCION are but an insect by comparison.

Jaws dropped, both Jonathan and Christine are stunned.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

CHRISTINE
I think this might change our travel plans.

CUT TO:

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

The massive airlock door swings open, Jonathan and Christine's feet racing out.

HELMETS BOUNCE off the metal grate floor -- Jonathan and Christine ripping their space suits off as fast as they can.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CONTINUOUS

The change room doors slide open, the two astronauts charge out.

Inside the room, it's PANIC -- Yuri, Valery, and Charles are all communicating with someone on the radio. We only catch fragments of their conversations --

YURI
It must have super advanced alien stealth capabilities, I don’t know! Just go outside and look up! You will see!

CHARLES
I don’t know, Jack, from the looks of it, it’s gotta be five hundred miles long...

VALERY
Initiating reboost to offset object’s gravitational pull.

CHARLES
It has mass, for Christ's sake. It’s pulling us toward it!

Terrence, nearby, just gawks out the window.

Jonathan and Christine run over to Charles, interrupt him, talking over each other --

JONATHAN
Charles, I need to talk to Mission Control, I--

CHRISTINE
Have you told Houston to alert the--

CHARLES (CONT’D)
They’re just as in the dark as we are.
(Into radio)
How far did the satellites fall out of alignment?

No time to waste, Jonathan moves on to get Yuri’s attention. Christine remains, hand on hip, in protest to Charles’s dismissal.

JONATHAN
Yuri! Pull up the Snoop!

Yuri snaps a few keys on a keyboard. A real-time image of the Leviathan pops up on the monitor in front of him.

YURI
Already on it.
(Into radio)
You think I have all the answers? Look, see for yourself. I send you video link now.

Yuri places his hand on a joystick next to the keyboard, adjusting a camera, nicknamed by the crew THE SNOOP.

Starting in an extreme wide, the camera zooms in, and just when you think the lens has reached its limit, it keeps going, impossibly close. We're suddenly there with the Leviathan. Slices of razor sharp spines twist and overlap, swirling like edges of a sadistic drill over and around the Leviathan's hull. Yuri pans slowly across toward the bow.

YURI (CONT'D)
The design of this ship, interesting, no? And its size, I did not think such a thing possible. What do you think it is for?

JONATHAN
I don't know, but I'm sure we'll find out soon. Have we detected any radio signals? Any attempt at contact?

YURI
Nothing. Silence so far.

The camera stops, now over the bow, the Leviathan's menacing claws clutching at the Earth.

JONATHAN
Those look like... claws. My God, Yuri, where did it come from?

YURI
All my life, I have dreamed for moment like this. But now it is happening, I don't know, Jonathan.

Behind them, Christine is quietly drawn to the screen. We stay on her, not blinking -- frozen.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
Maybe not all dreams should come true.

CUT TO:

INT. SCION - CREW QUARTERS MODULE - CHRISTINE'S BUNK

CLOSE on a BOY'S FACE (3), innocent and smiling.

BOY
Hi, mommy!

Video chatting with the boy on a tablet just like Yuri's is Christine, curled up in the corner of her bunk.

Unlike his mother's golden locks, CURTIS has wiry, dark hair.

CHRISTINE
Curtis! Oh honey it's so good to see you! Did you and daddy watch the launch?

We can see that the boy is in a hotel room and playing with a toy space shuttle of Venture. In the background is a MAN'S VOICE talking.

CURTIS
Yeah!

CHRISTINE
What did you think? Was it scary?

CURTIS
It was really loud and I had to cover my ears.

INT. SCION - CREW QUARTERS MODULE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan walks down the hallway, headed for Christine's cracked open door. He hears voices, quiets his pace. Stops -- listens.

INT. SCION - CREW QUARTERS MODULE - CHRISTINE'S BUNK - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTINE
Oh no did you hurt them?

CURTIS
No daddy picked me up and I got to see the big 'splosion and I watched it go up and it went--

With a toy rocket, he demonstrates, making an explosion sound.

CHRISTINE
Is daddy there with you now?

An ARM reaches past the screen and pulls the camera around to -- FRANK (42), with eyes that suggest a gentle kindness that are sharply contrasted by his blond buzz cut and decorated marine fatigues.

FRANK
(Into phone)
Yeah. Yeah.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm talking to her right now. I'll call you back.
(To Christine)
How's it going up there? Are you okay?

CHRISTINE
Yeah, of course, everything's fine. Other than the view, we know just as little about that thing as everyone else. Frank, why are you in fatigues?

FRANK
That was your mother on the phone. I'm taking Curtis there to your father's bomb shelter, then I have to report in.

CHRISTINE
But I thought--

FRANK
I know, but there's nothing I can do. Every able-bodied man in the whole damn military has been called in. I think we're mobilizing north where that thing is orbiting.

Christine hangs her head, emotions surfacing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey, look at me.
(She does)
I'm sorry, I truly am. I love you.

CHRISTINE
Promise me you'll be safe.

FRANK
No, you promise me. I'm not the one in shouting distance of that thing.

CHRISTINE
I love you. Call me the first chance you get.

Frank bends over, picks up Curtis and puts him in frame.

FRANK
Hey big boy, say bye-bye to mommy.

CURTIS
Bye mommy!

CHRISTINE
Bye sweetie! I love you! Say hi to grandma and papa for me!

The video feed DISAPPEARS into a clutter of icons, the call ended.

Christine hangs her head.

INT. SCION - CREW QUARTERS MODULE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan, hovering outside the door, takes a breath -- quietly backs away.

EXT. SPACE

The Sun rises over the twisted metal of the behemoth Leviathan, floating ominously above the planet.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Despite the plea of local governments, citizens of nearly every major city around the world are evacuating.

INT. SCION - REC MODULE - ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

Jonathan, Terrence, Valery, and Yuri are crowded around an 80” paper-thin 8K television, watching a NEWSFEED.

ON TV -- shots of gridlock in Sydney, Rome, New York City, Los Angeles, Moscow; cars backed up for miles upon miles going out of the cities.

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Traffic has literally been at a standstill on a global scale since...

The newsfeed cuts to an image of the Leviathan from the vantage point of a satellite in space.

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT’D) (CONT’D)
...the first reports of the alien spacecraft--

Jonathan changes the channel -- buildings on fire, RIOTERS scattered in the streets, breaking windows, flipping cars, raiding stores.

REPORTER (V.O.)
A city-wide riot has broke out amidst home and business owners fleeing...

YURI
That's Chicago. Jonathan, is that not where your family lives?

JONATHAN
Just my folks -- I warned them well before the news broke, they're already at their cabin in Arcadia.

Changes channel -- ONLOOKERS in parkas and heavy coats in some snow-swept country, peering up into the sky. The Leviathan passes by miles above, a massive twisted silhouette obscured by the atmosphere, reaching into infinity.

REPORTER (V.O.)
The alien spaceship is visible from the ground in the upper regions of the northern hemisphere. It appears to be following a low earth orbital path across the Arctic Circle, two hundred miles above sea level--

Changes channel -- two INTELLECTUALS sit across from each other at a table in a heated debate.

INTELLECTUAL #1
It is paramount that we stay calm until we know more about these visitors. Civilization cannot just collapse--

INTELLECTUAL #2
The first thing an invading--

INTELLECTUAL #1
And who's to say this is an invasion?

INTELLECTUAL #2
Have you looked up into the sky recently? Have you stopped to consider the implications of a spacecraft of that magnitude? An alien race would not send, let alone build, a spacecraft the size of a small moon unless it were here to do one of two things: invade or gather resources, both of which are major cause for concern.

INTELLECTUAL #1
Of course, but not at the expense of causing a global panic!

INTELLECTUAL #2
We are dealing with an entity which we know absolutely nothing about. *Nothing*. The implications are clear: We need to run and hide before it's too late!

INTELLECTUAL #1
And hide where exactly?

Back to scene --

TERRENCE
I reckon we coulda used them nukes right about now.

Christine approaches from behind --

CHRISTINE
Any news?

YURI
Other than the world falling apart, nothing we don't already know. Which is still nothing.

Charles enters the module, goes to a table in the galley.

CHARLES
Alright guys, listen up. I just got off the horn with Mission Control.

Jonathan turns off the TV. The crew gathers around Charles in the

GALLEY

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Over the last few hours, all attempts from the ground to communicate with the craft have gone unanswered. Right now, as fate has it, we're in an extraordinarily unique position. Our new mission is to put a two-man team on Venture for a recon flyby.

JONATHAN
I'll pilot.

CHARLES
Absolutely not. It’s my bird until you go home, I’ve got this.

Jonathan wants to argue, but knows this is a battle he won’t win.

CHRISTINE
Should we be doing this yet? We’ve yet to establish contact. Approaching them unannounced could easily send the wrong message.

CHARLES
I agree, but it’s not up to us. NASA’s got the President up their ass and the president’s got the rest of the world up his, and seeing as they’re all looking to us, I think we should follow orders.

VALERY
Have you guys looked out the window lately? Am I the only one that finds this exciting? We, us, have the chance to make first genuine alien contact. We can make history!

JONATHAN
Sure, if we're still around afterward to write it down. Something tells me they didn’t just drop by to say “hello.”

TERRENCE
And let’s not forget the bastards made sure we didn’t know they were comin’. You can count me out of this one.

CHARLES
Which brings me to volunteers. I only need one.

Valery raises her hand as Christine speaks.

CHRISTINE
I’ll go.

Jonathan tenses, not expecting this from her.

CHARLES
Yuri, any interest?

YURI
Me? No, let girls have it.

Charles points to Valery. Relief washes over Jonathan.

CHARLES
Okay, Hwang. Chillicothe, I'm sure you can manage topping off the tanks while the rest of us do real astronaut work.

TERRENCE
Sure thing, boss.

CHARLES
(To everyone)
Let's move.

As the group stands to mobilize, Christine intercepts Charles to protest. Before she can get a word out --

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Next time you go out on an EVA with your boyfriend there, clear it with me first.

Charles turns and walks away. Christine remains, unnerved.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

A short MONTAGE of flight preparation. Charles and Valery slip into their spacesuits, aided by the rest of the crew, and are then strapped into their seats. The hatch seals, a green light turns red. A series of switches are flipped on a control panel. The whir of engines grows louder and louder.

Ready to go, Charles and Valery make their final preparations.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
This is SCION, we are a go.

VALERY
Engines at one-hundred percent. Houston, all systems are a go.

CAPCOM (O.S. FILTERED)
Roger that, Venture. You are a go.

CHARLES
Separation in three... two... one.

He presses a button marked DISENGAGE.

EXT. SPACE - DOCKING MODULE

The docking clamps disengage.

Slowly, Venture drops, separating from SCION.

With bursts of compressed gas, the shuttle heads straight for the Leviathan.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Valery's hand CLENCHES the arm rest of her seat. Sweat beads on her forehead. Her breathing is noticeably heavy, wooshing in and out over the radio of her headset.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
Valery, you make radio sound like car wash.

She chuckles.

VALERY
Sorry sir, just a little excited is all.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Yuri looks at a graphical BIOFEED of Valery's vital signs. Her heart rate is elevated, with stress levels in the red.

YURI
Do not apologize, Valery, I just want to know how you are feeling.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

VALERY
I'm ready. Let's do this.

CHARLES
And five hundred meters. Firing up thrusters.

Charles throttles up.

EXT. SPACE - VENTURE

Blue flames fire out of the thrusters. Venture picks up speed.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan turns to look out the window, watching Venture approach the Leviathan.

In his headset, Jonathan hears a faint PULSATING, just like when the Leviathan arrived.

JONATHAN
Guys, listen! There it is again. Do you hear it?

The others stop, listen. The sound grows, cold and spooky.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Charles and Valery hear it, too.

VALERY
What the heck is that?

CHARLES
Houston, are you hearing this?

CAPCOM (O.S. FILTERED)
The craft must be causing some sort of interference. We're getting it on every frequency.

EXT. SPACE - LEVIATHAN

On the bow: a second set of CLAWS slowly emerge from between the dozens already in place.

The razor sharp knives clutch at the atmosphere. The ship looks like a terrifying meat grinder from Hell, ready to tear into the Earth.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Charles shouts as loud as he can, the interference over the radio DEAFENING.

CHARLES
I'm seeing movement. Wait-- I see-- there's some sort of light glowing at the bow.

EXT. SPACE - LEVIATHAN

Yellow-white ENERGY arcs from the spikes of the meat grinder, collecting into a SPHERE at its center.

The sphere grows brighter by the second.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan watches all this through the window.

JONATHAN
Charles, turn around! Now!

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

CAPCOM (O.S. FILTERED)
Do not turn around! Do not abort the mission! Do you copy?

The pulsating STOPS.

CHARLES
It’s gone. It stopped.

JONATHAN (O.S. FILTERED)
Charles, now, you need to come back NOW!

CAPCOM (O.S. FILTERED)
Negative, Venture, disregard that. There is no direct indication that the craft is hosti--

Mission Control’s transmission abruptly CUTS OUT as a FLASH of blinding white light consumes the flight deck.

EXT. SPACE - LEVIATHAN

<u>The sphere ejects a concentrated beam of INTENSE ENERGY, instantly hitting the surface of the Earth.</u>

<u>Flowing outward from the beam, a wave of energy spreads across the surface, on its way to enveloping the entire planet.</u>

On the dark side of the Earth, lights go BLACK as the wave passes over. An EMP (Electromagnetic Pulse).

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

JONATHAN
Houston, do you copy?

Silence.

YURI
All transmissions from ground have ceased! We are dark!

JONATHAN
Charles, please tell me you're on your way back.

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

Charles veers the shuttle off course for a return journey.

CHARLES
Way ahead of you.

Valery exhales like she's been holding her breath for hours --

VALERY
Oh thank God.

EXT. SPACE

Venture banks outward into space, turning around.

A BLAST of white energy fires from the Leviathan, instantly hitting Venture!

INT. VENTURE - FLIGHT DECK

A BURST OF FIRE consumes the flight deck, disintegrating Charles and Valery!

EXT. SPACE

The EXPLODING fireball of Venture sends debris flying in every direction.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The crew jumps back, shaken to their core.

ON MONITOR -- the biofeeds of both Valery and Charles FLATLINE.

CHRISTINE
Oh my God!

JONATHAN
SHIT! Everyone, brace yourselves!

EXT. SPACE - SCION

Thousands of chunks of DEBRIS from the explosion are on a collision course with the space station.

DING-CLANG-TING -- tiny pieces traveling thousands of feet per second pepper SCION, deflecting back into space, leaving behind countless gashes and dents.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Over the BLARE of a warning alarm, it sounds like they're being pelted by a hail storm. The whole place rumbles like an earthquake, everyone struggling to keep on their feet.

Terrence watches in horror as shrapnel TINGS off the window, leaving behind tiny white marks.

CRASH -- a chunk of flying metal cracks the window. The whole crew reacts, watching as it grows, longer and longer, spreading like a spiderweb. The fracture nearly reaches the edge of the frame and stops -- relief.

SILENCE -- except for the alarm. The torrent seems to have come to an end. Through the cracked window, Terrence spots something big barreling straight for them.

TERRENCE
Ah hell.

EXT. SPACE - SCION

The former metal framework of Venture's flight deck hurdles end over end. WOOSH -- it narrowly misses the navigations module.

It passes over SCION's solar panels, only inches from impact when SMASH -- a huge cloud of gas ERUPTS, the debris tearing into tanks of oxygen affixed to SCION's trusses.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The impact is violent, JOLTING the floor. Christine loses her balance, falls backwards and onto the floor, slamming her head on a desk on her way down.

JONATHAN
Christine!

Jonathan runs in a panic to help.

ON MONITOR -- a gauge of the oxygen supply is rapidly depleting.

YURI
Jonathan, we are losing O2! Fast!

Christine winces in pain, massaging the back of her head. Jonathan kneels down next to her.

JONATHAN
Chris, are you okay?

He gently reaches to touch her bruise -- she swats him away.

CHRISTINE
Help me up.

Just as Jonathan grabs her hand, all the lights in the module go BLACK. A mechanical whir winds down to silence. The only light remaining comes from the Sun out the windows.

In front of Yuri, his coffee cup lifts from the table, the liquid in it floating up into bubbles. Yuri notices that he’s separating from his seat.

Jonathan pulls Christine up, and her feet lift off the floor, her momentum carrying her toward the ceiling in ZERO GRAVITY. Jonathan stops her from going too far.

JONATHAN
I got you, I got you.

Terrence grabs at the air, heading straight for a wall, unable to stop himself. UMPH -- his head smacks into the wall, leaving behind a gash on his brow.

TERRENCE
Shit!

The collision sends him back into wide open space with nothing to grab onto.

Everything not bolted to the floor lifts into the air. Shit is everywhere.

JONATHAN
Terrence! Your company installed the electrical and life support systems, right?

TERRENCE
Yeah.

JONATHAN
Then check the goddamn auxiliary!

Terrence strains, reaches for a rail on the ceiling, grasps it for dear life.

TERRENCE
Let me get my goddamn bearings.
(To himself)
Okay.

He pushes himself over to a computer terminal, clumsily stopping himself from crashing into it. He presses buttons and flips switches, waiting for some kind of response from the computer. He pounds on the keyboard.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Son-of-a-bitch. Auxiliary power ain't respondin'. Must've tore a hole straight through the routing grid.

JONATHAN
Yuri, how fast are we losing oxygen?

YURI
About a day every ten seconds. That gives us less than thirty minutes to restore power and shut off valves.

JONATHAN
We better get moving then.

CUT TO:

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

Yuri hands Jonathan his helmet, already in his space suit. Off checking his wrist monitor, Jonathan through gritted teeth --

JONATHAN
That mother...

YURI
What is wrong?

JONATHAN
Terrence. He didn't fill the tanks. You sure you can't lead me through the repair?

YURI
Unfortunately I am not as qualified. How much time?

JONATHAN
Fifteen minutes. Do me a favor and keep this between us.

Yuri nods.

Terrence pulls himself through the door and Christine follows behind him.

Terrence holds something that looks like a car battery. He hands the large, black ROUTING GRID to Jonathan.

TERRENCE
Here, hopefully it’ll be as easy as swappin’ this.

JONATHAN
This is our only shot, are you sure it’s this?

TERRENCE
If it ain’t the routing grid, then we’re as fucked as a whore’s ass on taco Tuesdays.

JONATHAN
Love the imagery.

Jonathan shoots Terrence a helmet.

JONATHAN (CONT’D)
You’ll need your suit’s radio so we can communicate since everything else is dead.

Terrence nods and maneuvers himself to leave the room.

Jonathan puts his helmet on.

CHRISTINE
Jonathan.
(Beat)
You know that once you depressurize the airlock, if you can't make the repair, there's no getting back in.

JONATHAN
If I can't make the repair, you'll have bigger things to worry about than me.

CHRISTINE
Good luck.

Jonathan nods.

CUT TO:

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Jonathan attaches an umbilical around his waist, fastened to a rail in the airlock.

Clutching the routing grid in one arm, with his free hand, he pulls on the emergency lever on the airlock door.

It won't budge.

JONATHAN
Come on.

He anchors his feet to the floor, putting his weight into it, pulling with all his might. CLANK -- it jerks up -- the door SWINGS violently open, the vacuum of space RIPPING the air out of the room.

Dangling like a rag doll, the powerful force pulls at Jonathan -- but the umbilical prevents him from ejecting into the nothingness.

The vacuum ends just as quickly as it started -- Jonathan floats freely.

No time to waste, he unhooks himself and maneuvers out of the airlock and into

SPACE

where before him, hundreds of miles out, is the idle Leviathan. He gives it a look which could only be described as “I’ll deal with you later,” and turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan glides inches above the module, searching for the damage.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Christine floats upside down above Terrence, stitching the cut on his brow. Below her, paper schematics suspend in mid-air like on an invisible desk. Terrence studies them as he communicates with Jonathan--

TERRENCE
Okay, so what you’re lookin’ for is a panel about three feet in from the rear of the module. You should be able to spot it by the damage.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The exterior of SCION is wrecked with damage -- spotting it by this method alone will not be easy.

JONATHAN
What’s the serial?

TERRENCE (O.S. FILTERED)
NTC-4022A.

Jonathan is just about where Terrence directed him to go. He carefully reads the tiny engravings on the panels. The first one reads NTC-4022F -- races to the next -- NTC-4022B -- dammit, then the next -- finally, NTC-4022A. It has a sizable jagged hole in the center.

JONATHAN
Got it.

With his PGT, and as much haste as he can muster, Jonathan unscrews the panel.

Jonathan rips it off, flying into space. Inside is the damaged routing grid, with cables connected to the front and rear of it.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Okay I see it. On each side there are eight, no, six cables connected to it. Shit, Terrence, a few of these cables got shredded.

TERRENCE (O.S. FILTERED)
The system can reroute power from the damaged lines, but we need the grid back up to make that happen. Just make sure you reconnect the cables in the exact order as they are now.

JONATHAN
Copy that.

Jonathan unplugs each cable, one by one. To keep track of their order, he carefully suspends them in the weightless vacuum -- one small nudge could send everything flailing out of order.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Jesus, you'd think they'd at least have the time to color-code or number these damn things.

Like a surgeon, Jonathan is precise. He puts the last cable in place.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Okay. All unplugged. Now what?

TERRENCE (O.S. FILTERED)
There should be some clasps on either side. Open those and should be as easy as sliding it out.

Jonathan unclasps both sides. He pulls the damaged routing grid out and tosses it over his shoulder.

He grabs the new routing grid and slides it back in its place. He fastens the clasps.

He reaches for the cables, so careful as not to disturb the order, and plugs each one in. He gets to the tenth one, everything going smoothly.

Two to go. He grabs for the eleventh cable -- BEEP BEEP BEEP

Jonathan's hand JOLTS almost imperceptibly, knocking the last two cables out of place -- the order is screwed.

JONATHAN
Shit.

He checks the MONITOR on his forearm. A readout representing his oxygen supply BLINKS with a warning countdown with only FIVE MINUTES remaining.

Not wasting any time, he grabs the two remaining cables, one in each hand. He stares at them for a beat.

Deciding, with the cable in his right hand, Jonathan plugs it in. With the last empty slot below it, Jonathan takes the final plug and slides in -- stops. Wait, is this right?

He unplugs both -- reverses the order -- slides them into place.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Okay, done. Fire her up.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Terrence glides quickly over to the computer terminal. He frantically enters commands on its keyboard and flips switches on adjacent panels.

He stares at the blank monitor, waiting for a response.

TERRENCE
Come on...

Nothing. He bangs out more commands...

EXT. SPACE - SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan watches the countdown on his wrist.

JONATHAN
How's it goin' in there?

Four minutes remain. He then looks to his other problem, the plugs, fearing he made the wrong choice.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

TERRENCE
Hold your horses...

With one last keystroke, he presses “enter.” Waits.

A green cursor blinks on the monitor. Beat. Lines of code flash, the system booting up.

The rest of the monitors in the room turn on.

The lights flicker on, illuminating the crew.

CHRISTINE
Gravity!

A mechanical hum winds up. Gravity kicks in -- everything floating in the air instantly DROPS to the floor. Each of the crew members safely land with a thud.

They quickly pick themselves up and have a look around. The place is a wreck.

TERRENCE
(Into radio)
Jon, we got it!

EXT. SPACE - SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan starts to pull himself along the shell of SCION, pushing himself in the direction of the airlock, relieved by this minor victory.

JONATHAN
Thank God. Get to the airlock, I’m on my way in. Yuri, how’s the O2 looking?

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Yuri quickly enters commands at a computer terminal.

ON MONITOR -- a warning blinks for the leaking O2 as he navigates through a graphical schematic of SCION, zeroing in on the leak.

He finds the valves they need to close, outlined in blinking red.

He enters a few more commands.

Text next to the valve reads UNRESPONSIVE.

YURI
(Yelling)
Sookin syn!!!
(MORE)

YURI (CONT'D)
(To Jonathan)
Jonathan, the valve, it is unresponsive. I cannot shut off remotely.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan, half-way to the airlock, stops himself. He sighs, already knowing the answer to the question he’s about to ask.

JONATHAN
It needs to be done manually...

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
I think it is only way.

Jonathan looks at the timer. Three minutes left.

JONATHAN
Copy that.

He turns around and pulls himself in the other direction.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
What does that mean? You’re coming back to refill tanks first, yeah?

JONATHAN
Yuri, save it.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Christine creeps behind Yuri, listening in on the conversation.

ON MONITOR -- Yuri pulls up Jonathan’s biofeed. Two minutes and forty-two seconds of O2 left.

YURI
(Speaking low)
Jonathan, it’s going to take at least three minutes to get back through airlock. You must turn back now.

JONATHAN
Shallow breaths, Yuri. I’ll be fine.

Christine is right over his shoulder -- he turns and notices her. They lock eyes, like he’s been caught -- he can’t hide the fear. He tries to compose himself.

YURI
What is point. You have already made decision. Good luck my friend. If you need anything, I am right here.

EXT. SPACE - SCION

Jonathan glides from over the hull and onto the trusses, which support the solar panels and O2 TANKS. He's going straight for the leak, a few dozen meters away.

JONATHAN
Going silent now. Can't waste the breath talking.
(Beat)
Good luck to you, too, buddy. Tell Christine... Tell her I lied, the job came second.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Christine stands next to Yuri. He avoids eye contact with her.

YURI
Copy that, commander. When all is done I am confident that will not be necessary.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - TRUSSES

Jonathan chuckles at Yuri's awkward optimism.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

CHRISTINE
He's not going to make it, is he?

Yuri says nothing, but his eyes say it all.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Give me the headset.

She doesn't wait for him to give it to her, ripping it off his head.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Jonathan! Jonathan, you have to come back now.

EXT. SPACE - SCION - TRUSSES

As he glides toward the leak, Jonathan listens, unable to respond.

CHRISTINE (O.S. FILTERED)
This is crazy, when are you going to get it out of your head--

Jonathan turns the radio off, cutting her out.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

CHRISTINE
Jonathan? Answer me!!!

Yuri sees on the monitor that Jonathan has turned off his radio.

YURI
He has turned off com.

CHRISTINE
Son-of-a-bitch-asshole!

She throws the headset.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
How much time does he have left?

YURI
One minute and fifty-two seconds on the O2. I would say four minutes maximum before he loses consciousness.

CHRISTINE
Okay... okay.

She turns around and bolts for the change room.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

Christine finds a rack with five O2 CANISTERS. As quickly as she can, she presses a button on each canister which displays a small green LED readout of the time remaining. The first reads 000:00.

Yuri follows in.

YURI
What are you doing?

She singles out one of the canisters and grabs it.

CHRISTINE
What does it look like I'm doing?

YURI
Christine, it is suicide. I won't let you. We cannot lose two more.

CHRISTINE
This one has five minutes.

She puts it down on a bench and grabs her suit off the rack.

YURI
That is barely enough--

CHRISTINE
It's plenty. I don't know about you, Yuri, but I'm not going to just stand around and let another one of us die out there if there's something we can do about it.

She's got a point. Yuri doesn't argue.

Christine starts to pull on her suit.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Are you just going to stand there or are you going to help me?

EXT. SPACE - SCION - TRUSSES

Jonathan is only fifteen feet from the leak, a steady violent stream of gas spraying into outer space.

Jonathan reaches for a metal bar, grabs it, easing himself to a stop.

ON WRIST MONITOR -- One minute of oxygen left. He presses a button on the keypad next to the monitor. Up pops the same graphical display that Yuri was looking at on his computer, showing Jonathan exactly where he needs to go to repair the leak --

It's a PIPE JUNCTION, with a VALVE that connects the afflicted O2 tanks with the rest of the life support system. It's only ten feet from Jonathan.

He hurriedly pulls himself into the trusses, diving through the narrow path.

En route, he readies his PGT, pulling it out like a gunslinger.

UMPH -- he rams into the pipe junction hard, knocking the wind out of him.

Recovering, he finds the valve. Inserts his PGT -- CLUNK -- it doesn't fit. The bit isn't the right size!

Frantically, he rips open a pouch on his chest, with about a DOZEN BITS velcroed to it. He fumbles for them, with half the bits scattering into space.

He looks for the right bit desperately.

JONATHAN
Where is it? Where is it?

He looks all around him, down, right, left, behind, then up -- there it is, floating into space! He reaches for it -- it's so far, moving away fast. Reaching farther -- almost there, just at his fingertips. He gives himself a little nudge with his foot, propelling him up -- CLUTCHES it tight.

He has it. But now he's drifting up, away from the valve. With nothing to grab onto, he has no choice but to use precious O2 to propel himself downward. With a small burst, he descends.

ON WRIST MONITOR -- the countdown timer goes instantly from 23 seconds down to 15.

He replaces the bit on the PGT with the correct one. Now back at the valve, he inserts the bit. It slides in with ease. He pulls the trigger. A slow wind -- he waits.

PSSSSS -- the gas stops. There's no more visible leak.

BEEP BEEP BEEP -- a gentle alarm sounds in Jonathan's helmet.

ON WRIST MONITOR -- 5 seconds. 4... 3...

Jonathan GASPS deep for one last breath.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
You've got it Jonathan, now go!
Back to the airlock, go now, no
time to waste!

He turns around and pulls himself as hard as he can back the direction he came.

He zips over the trusses, like he's taking a nosedive off a skyscraper.

In the distance, far past SCION, is the Leviathan.

Fixated on it, Jonathan notices something off. It's claws, they're moving again.

Jonathan moves closer, his face red, straining to stay conscious. The eerie radio signal from before slowly builds in his headset.

A BLUE PILLAR OF LIGHT bursts from the claws of the Leviathan. The pillar holds steady, not dissipating, connecting the massive ship with the Earth.

Jonathan can see hundreds of BLACK SPOTS being lifted from the surface of the Earth and up into the Leviathan. The few hundred then turn into thousands, then hundreds of thousands.

Without breath, all Jonathan can do is mouth, "Oh my God."

Like a straw, the pillar is sucking something from the surface! But what? It's getting harder to see. Without O2, Jonathan is losing FOCUS. He's struggling to just keep his eyes open.

Just a distant echo against the sound of the Leviathan, Jonathan can barely hear Yuri's voice.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED) (CONT'D)
You're almost there, my friend.
Just hold on a bit longer.

Things are starting to FADE. He's nearing the edge of SCION. If he keeps going, he's just going to drift off into space.

His eyes are closing, with no strength to pull himself to the airlock.

As he gets to the edge, an arm REACHES up and grabs his chest, YANKING him around the corner, SLAMMING against the shell of SCION. His eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - SCION

Jonathan's POV: Christine's face, obscured by two layers of space masks. She's looking right at us.

CHRISTINE
Jonathan! Jonathan!

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

We're looking up, a RED LIGHT rotating on the ceiling.

Christine floats above us, screaming at Jonathan, her words muffled.

We FADE IN and OUT as Christine tries to shake Jonathan awake.

PSHH -- the room pressurizes, Jonathan's body falls to the floor with the gravity, and Christine next to him -- she pulls off his helmet.

We stay on Jonathan -- feet racing around him. A respirator is put on his face. Christine pumps his chest, performing CPR. We can barely hear her hysterical cries.

CHRISTINE
Come on, Jonathan... Come on, breathe!

Jonathan INHALES sharply, eyes darting open. He COUGHS violently, lifting his head up.

The whole crew is present -- relieved. The crisis is over.

Jonathan looks at Christine -- she wipes the tears from her face, forcing herself to look as normal as she can.

He smiles at her for a beat as he catches his breath.

Yuri kneels next to him. He extends his hand, and Jonathan grabs it.

YURI
(Shaking his head)
Jonathan... My friend.

Jonathan doesn't let go of his hand and uses Yuri to help pull himself to his feet.

JONATHAN
Help me up.

Without Yuri's help, it's going to be tough standing up.

YURI
I think you should rest, you've had hard day.

CHRISTINE
Yeah Jonathan, sit down for a minute.

JONATHAN
Help me up goddammit!

Yuri hasn't risen to help Jonathan up, and with the heavy space suit, Jonathan still struggles to get to his feet. He extends his hand to --

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Terrence.

Terrence reaches in, grabs his hand. Yuri concedes and stands, both helping.

Jonathan deliberately falls into Terrence, grabs his collar and SLAMS him against the wall.

TERRENCE
Fuckin' A commander!

Jonathan locks eyes with Terrence, nearly about to swing. Terrence's face betrays nothing, but he knows what he did.

Jonathan quickly releases him, makes for the change room, breathing heavily and using the walls to keep his balance.

CHRISTINE
What are you doing?

Everyone follows behind him.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan rounds the corner from the change room, facing the windows. He stops cold. Behind him, the other three crew members do the same.

CHRISTINE
Oh my God...

TERRENCE
What the fuck is it doin'?

Jonathan slowly steps toward the window to see -- the Leviathan, with its pillar of blue light pulling something from the surface.

JONATHAN
Yuri, bring up the Snoop.

It takes a second for Yuri to react, frozen by the sight. He then runs over to a computer and sits down.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Whatever it's doing, it's what they're here for.

YURI
We're up.

Jonathan limps over to Yuri. Christine and Terrence follow.

ON MONITOR -- the Leviathan. Like before, through the Snoop's powerful lens we move in impossibly close.

We're at its claws, the BRIGHT energy is blinding, evening into a soft blue beam as Yuri follows the pillar down.

JONATHAN
Zoom in as close as you can.

The Snoop zeroes in on the beam, so close as to where all they can see is blue. Shadowy figures, dozens of them, pass by the lens.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Wait, stop.
(Pointing)
Follow that one.

Yuri tracks with it, following it up into the Leviathan. It's just a black glob, too close and out of focus.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Zoom out a little.

Yuri does so -- we get a clearer picture -- a HUMPBACK WHALE?!

TERRENCE
Fuck me. Is that-- <u>a whale</u>?

Yuri zooms out a little, and more figures pass by with recognizable shapes: fish, sharks, octopus, seaweed, dolphin... any sea creature you can think of, thousands upon thousands of them, being sucked into the Leviathan like a straw.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Is it suckin' up all our water?

YURI
That would not make sense, there is plenty of water out in universe. Coming here for that would be foolish.

JONATHAN
If there were any water we wouldn't have this visibility.

Ocean life cascades past the frame in the hundreds of thousands.

Jonathan points to new figures emerging.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Look at all those trees. That must be an entire forest.

The wildlife abruptly changes as the tractor beam passes over land. Deer, trees, grass, bears, moose, cows, horses, birds, etc. -- the typical wildlife of the northern Canadian coast.

Christine spots another shape.

CHRISTINE
Is that a--

It's a PERSON, floating lifeless into the Leviathan's grasp. Dozens more bodies follow behind. Christine balks in terror, covering her mouth.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Oh God!

There are now tens of thousands human bodies, some of them dressed in military fatigues, cluttered among the other dead wildlife.

TERRENCE
Those are marines.

It hits Christine, and everyone else --

CHRISTINE
Frank...

Jonathan and her lock eyes, not sure how to process this. She swallows hard, keeping it together.

JONATHAN
Yuri, is it pulling up any rock, or metal?

Yuri turns to Jonathan, realizing what he's indicating.

YURI
No, it is all plants and animals -- organic material.

TERRENCE
What are you thinkin', Jon? What is it doin'?

JONATHAN
It's harvesting.

EXT. SPACE - LEVIATHAN

The Earth spins below as the Leviathan strips the land over Sweden. The view is both spectacular and horrifying.

JONATHAN (PRE-LAP)
The energy field seems to only be targeting anything biological, essentially sucking up every living organism in its path, like a milkshake through a straw.

The Leviathan and the Earth MORPH into a crude, computer generated representation, transitioning us into --

INT. SCION - REC MODULE - GALLEY

A graphical visual aid of the Leviathan and Earth, presented on a beautiful futuristic glass monitor. It sits in the middle of the table surrounded by Jonathan, Yuri, Christine, and Terrence, studying the data and listening intently.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
The field is a staggering sixty miles in diameter, big enough to strip everything from New York, LA, Chicago, Houston, and Philadelphia, all in an instant. That's every man, woman, child, dog, cat, even the fungus under the sink or the mold on your bread -- all gone, ripped from the ground in the blink of an eye.

CHRISTINE
How long do we have?

Jonathan presses graphical buttons on the monitor. The orbit of the Leviathan fast forwards, looping around the Earth every second. Starting from the top and moving its way down, with each successive orbit the Leviathan sweeps across the Earth until every inch of the planet has been sucked dry.

JONATHAN
It appears to be starting in the temperate zone just below the Arctic Circle, working its way from the top down. In less than a day, all of Russia and Canada will be gone.

Jonathan looks to Yuri, the fear emerging with the mention of the inevitable destruction of his homeland.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
The day after that, Europe, America, Asia, ninety percent of the human population -- vanished. And then a week later... everything else.

TERRENCE
(Terrence points at himself)
And how long do we have?

JONATHAN
The loss was pretty severe. Less than six hours of O2.

YURI
(Reading his wristwatch)
Five hours and fifty-one minutes, to be exact.

TERRENCE
(Challenging)
So what do we do, commander?

Christine stares solemnly out the window at the Earth. Before Jonathan can answer Terrence --

CHRISTINE
Why here? Why us?

JONATHAN
Because of all the resources out there in the universe, there is nothing more unique and rare than life. Because without life, there is no food.
(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Amino acids, lipids, carbohydrates, they’re all elements life cannot sustain without, and we just happen to be the best all-you-can-eat buffet this side of the galaxy.

TERRENCE
That’s great Jon, and what are we supposed to do about that?

Jonathan takes a breath, looks over his crew --

JONATHAN
We can wait. Communications could come back online at any moment. There could very well be a plan formulating to stop that thing as we speak.
(Beat)
Or we can abort, use the nav module as a life boat for reentry, and take our chances somewhere north of where the craft has already swept.

TERRENCE
That’s the smartest thing I heard all day. There ain’t nothin’ we can do up here but wait to die. At least on the ground we stand a chance.

CHRISTINE
And what if we’re the only chance--

A WHITE FLASH comes from the expansive observation window. The crew jumps to their feet and run to see --

An INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILE, passing by SCION a little too close for comfort. It’s bearing straight for the Leviathan -- but it’s not the only one -- there are dozens, originating from all over the planet.

CHRISTINE (CONT’D)
Thank God.

TERRENCE
Looks like the whole world pitched in for this one.

YURI
I guess the EMP wasn’t entirely effective.

Everyone lights up, hope is restored. They watch in anticipation as the missiles close in.

JONATHAN
If they can launch maybe there's a radio up. Have you checked recently?

YURI
Absolute silence. I have computer set to alert at any activity on all channels. There hasn't been a peep since EMP blast.

POOF -- the missile closest to the Leviathan is reduced to a fireball. One by one, with blasts of energy, the Leviathan picks off each missile before they even get close.

JONATHAN
No no no no no!

The Leviathan picks off the last missile. Hopelessly, the crew watches as the invincible beast continues devouring the Earth.

TERRENCE
There ain't no winnin' this one.

Suddenly, Jonathan lights up. An idea has struck within him --

JONATHAN
Everyone follow me.

CUT TO:

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan races to a computer terminal and rapidly navigates through the operating system. The other three follow in.

Jonathan pulls up SPACETRACK, a program that tracks the orbit of all known objects in space.

Highlighting a specific satellite --

JONATHAN
Yuri, target satellite SPECTREKOSMOS with the Snoop, I pulled up the coordinates on SpaceTrack.

Yuri does so at his computer --

ON MONITOR -- from an extreme wide of the Leviathan over the Earth, the camera zooms in almost instantaneously on its target, SPECTREKOSMOS. The Snoop follows it on its trajectory.

YURI
Why are we --

The Leviathan enters the frame, the satellite heading straight for it. The satellite gets closer and closer, the Leviathan paying no attention to it, when CRASH, one of the Leviathan's sharp protrusions shatters SPECTREKOSMOS into steel confetti.

YURI (CONT'D)
That was very pretty Jonathan, but--

JONATHAN
Look what we just learned. I think it targets heat signatures, which is why it hasn't blown us away. Any time something with thrusters gets close, like Venture or the missile attack, it detects the heat signature and neutralizes the threat. But when something just happens to be floating by, it ignores it.

Yuri's curiosity is piqued.

YURI
What are you suggesting?

JONATHAN
What if -- and this is a big what if -- we were to dock with that Soviet satellite, extract one of its warheads, and float it over to that thing. Find an entry point, get in the belly of the beast, and boom -- save the world.

TERRENCE
(Laughs)
You got a rich imagination, Jon, I'll give you that.

CHRISTINE
How would we arm it? It's not exactly like hotwiring a fifty-seven Chevy.

YURI
I have us covered. If I told you how many times my finger came this close...
(Pinches fingers)
...to pressing that button back in Cold War, you would take shit in your pants.

JONATHAN
I think I just did. Do you really think it could work?

TERRENCE
Are you assholes listening to yourselves? You're out of your fuckin' minds! We ain't got time for this shit!

JONATHAN
We've got the O2 to spare. How could you even consider not doing this?

CHRISTINE
It's a solid plan, Terrence.

TERRENCE
Solid my ass. Getting back to ground before we run out of air was a solid plan. This is suicide!

JONATHAN
<u>This</u> is our new mission, whether you like it or not.

Terrence gets in Jonathan's face, inching closer and closer, each word becoming more and more aggressive --

TERRENCE
Pardon me, but <u>fuck you</u>, commander. If it wasn't for me, your ass wouldn't even have a job. I practically own this god forsaken tin can, so from here on out--

JONATHAN
(Interrupting)
Terrence, before you say another word, I want you to listen to me very carefully. If there's a chance to stop that thing, it is our obligation to give it the best damn shot we can; plain and simple.
(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
And as commander it is my duty to let nothing stand in the way of that. You got me?

Jonathan lets those last few words linger. Terrence fumes.

TERRENCE
Fine. But I ain't dyin' up here, Jon. I ain't.

Terrence turns and barrels away, punching a wall in anger as he exits.

After he's gone --

CHRISTINE
He's losing it.

JONATHAN
(To Yuri)
We do have enough O2 to make it, right?

YURI
Possibly. But we have more pressing matter --

ON MONITOR -- Yuri pulls up a graphic showing SCION, docked with the nuclear satellite FIRESTORM, crashing right into the Leviathan moments after meeting it.

YURI (CONT'D)
Firestorm, as we used to call her, and the alien spacecraft are on collision course. Once we dock with satellite, we won't have much time before that happens.

JONATHAN
Wonderful. Do you have a time frame?

YURI
Maybe half hour upon contact, if we are lucky. And Jonathan, I must tell you... the warhead, it was not designed for detonation outside of missile.

JONATHAN
Can it be done?

YURI
Yes, but I will have to detonate myself. It is only way.

Jonathan darkens.

JONATHAN
Yuri--

YURI
As someone who stands nothing left to lose, I wish to volunteer.

Jonathan pats Yuri on the shoulder.

JONATHAN
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

The despondency in Jonathan's voice suggests he's already made up his mind on the matter. As he exits into the rec module, Christine watches him sadly, this revelation hitting her like a ton of bricks.

INT. SCION - SALVAGE BAY

Jonathan pulls a heavy O2 CANISTER from a rack. As he turns to carry it to the navigations module, Christine appears in front of him.

CHRISTINE
Why does it always have to be you?

JONATHAN
Chris...

CHRISTINE
Tell me, <u>why</u>? Why is your legacy more important than seeing your son again?

Jonathan drops the canister to the floor, landing with a loud THUD. He pulls Christine in, and KISSES her deeply. They embrace like lovers reunited after a long separation through space and time, the touch between them electric.

JONATHAN
There are some things more important to me than being an astronaut, Chris.

Tears well in Christine's eyes. Jonathan grabs her face and pulls his forehead in to hers, resting on one another, as if some bygone ritual between the two.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
I will save our son, and Curtis will see his mother again.

Jonathan bends over, picks up the heavy canister and leaves, as Christine remains alone with her tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - SCION

SCION drifts closer to the Leviathan, more so than it ever has before. The proximity makes SCION look microscopic by comparison, getting completely lost against the backdrop of the titanic alien spacecraft.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

ON MONITOR -- a burst of gas erupts from a vent on the hull of the Leviathan, just above its claws, spouting across its side. Yuri points to the image demonstrating for Jonathan and Christine.

YURI
There. I think that will be good entry point. The gas seems to be cycling every fifteen minutes or so.

CHRISTINE
Where do you think it leads?

YURI
Beats me. On entire surface of craft, it was only entry point I could find, other than its tractor beam. As long as bomb is inside, it should cause enough damage to permanently disable it. Hopefully.

JONATHAN
Yuri, doesn't it bother you that an alien race would travel all this way in a spaceship that doesn't even have a window?

YURI
From what I have studied of craft, the only logical conclusion is there are no extraterrestrials on it. The volume of mass it is consuming suggests there would be no room for passengers. I think it is drone, a harvester, searching the galaxy looking for planets like ours to suck dry for food. Wherever it comes from lies a much more immense power. No, an alien species this advanced would send programmed AI to do such a task, safely from their home world.

CHRISTINE
That's comforting news. We destroy this thing and next thing you know they send the Death Star to just blow the whole planet up.

A light BEEPING sound comes from Yuri's computer. He taps the keyboard.

YURI
We are here. Five hundred meters out. Synchronizing orbit in thirty seconds.

The three go to the window -- through it they see FIRESTORM. The satellite grows in size as they close in on it.

CUT TO:

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

A MONTAGE of Jonathan and Yuri getting suited for their spacewalk, assisted by Terrence. They treat the occasion sacredly, like warriors being suited in armor before going into battle.

Christine enters, goes to her rack with her space gear. She pulls out her suit.

CHRISTINE
Terrence, will you give me a hand?

JONATHAN
Seriously? What do you think you're doing?

CHRISTINE
You’re about to extract a nuclear warhead from a rusty thirty-five year old satellite, something which obviously neither of you have done. Seeing as the fate of the world hangs in the balance, I think it’d be wise to have all hands on deck for this one.

Jonathan eyes at Terrence, indicating that someone needs to be on board to watch over him, but Terrence catches him.

TERRENCE
Don’t you worry about me pops, the house will be spotless when you get back.

YURI
Really, Christine, I don’t need either of you. I could do this with eyes closed.

JONATHAN
Yeah right, old man, you haven't done a spacewalk since Yeltsin was president. You need a chaperone.

YURI
It is like riding bicycle, you never forget. I will show you.

JONATHAN
(To Christine)
There’s no talking you out of this one, is there?

TERRENCE
Haven’t you learned yet that when a woman makes up her mind, there ain’t no unmaking it?

Jonathan nods, for the first time in agreement with Terrence.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

The airlock door SLAMS shut, locked in place. Through the window is Terrence looking inside at Jonathan, Yuri, and Christine, facing away from him, all suited and ready to go.

The red light rotates on the ceiling, the room depressurizing.

YURI
I was thinking, what if they've been coming here for years? There are several mass extinctions all throughout history with virtually no cause. Take the end-Permian for instance, two hundred fifty million years ago ninety percent of all life just vanished...

As Yuri goes on --

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Terrence sits at a computer, rapidly entering commands. The doors that connect the navigation's module with the rest of SCION seal shut.

Terrence pulls up the program that shows a graphical schematic of SCION. He enters a few commands -- a RED BOX pops up with bright yellow letters reading SEPARATION. He hits enter.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

The red light stops flashing, the airlock depressurized -- the three of them lift into the weightlessness.

Jonathan takes the cue and unlocks the airlock door.

YURI
...how do you think scientists account for it? They can't! This explains it!

JONATHAN
Maybe you can write a journal article about it when this is all over.

YURI
Your optimism is touching.

Jonathan pushes open the airlock door. In front of them is the Leviathan, hanging above the Earth, so close it looks like a mega-skyscraper forged from the depths of Hell. The eighty mile-wide beast encapsulates their entire field of vision.

Below is Russia, the top half of it brown and lifeless, the blue tractor beam ripping every living thing from the surface. Yuri looks on -- his soul torn right from him.

YURI (CONT'D)
My God -- Moscow. I did not think it would happen so soon.

Tears well in Yuri's eyes -- fighting with everything he has to hold them back.

Christine puts her hand on Yuri's shoulder.

CHRISTINE
I'm so sorry, Yuri... Do you need a minute?

YURI
No, we do not have a minute. We must go now.

Jonathan puts his arm around Yuri.

JONATHAN
You ready?

YURI
Nope.

Yuri moves to the edge of the airlock. He pushes off the floor with his feet, out into space.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

ON MONITOR -- the red box reading SEPARATION turns GREEN.

INT. SCION - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

The whole room JERKS forward, while Jonathan and Christine remain floating, locked in space, putting them on a collision course with the inner airlock door.

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The module propels itself out and away from SCION, SLAMMING into Yuri's legs, sending him into a cartwheel.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Jonathan grasps a rail to prevent himself from slamming into the inner airlock door. Christine isn't so lucky, with nothing close by to grab onto.

With Jonathan's other arm, he whips around, catching Christine by her mobility unit.

Jonathan uses Christine to pull himself past her, to the inner airlock door -- SLAMS his fist on it repeatedly.

JONATHAN
Terrence! What the hell are you doing?!

Jonathan pulls his PGT out of its holster and uses the blunt of the grip to POUND on the door.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Terrence!!!

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan's pleading can be heard over Yuri's radio.

JONATHAN (O.S. FILTERED)
Pick up the goddamn radio. Terrence!

Yuri situates himself from his tailspin, wobbling to and fro until he's upright with SCION. Unbeknownst to him, there's a small tear in his suit by his ankle, slowly leaking precious O2.

YURI
Jonathan, what is happening?

JONATHAN (O.S. FILTERED)
Terrence decided we're leaving early. Can you manage on your own for now?

Yuri looks over to Firestorm, only a hundred feet from him.

YURI
Like riding bicycle.

Bursts of gas from Yuri's mobility unit propel him toward Firestorm.

He looks below at his homeland being devastated, singing the National Anthem of the Russian Federation quietly to himself.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

ON MONITOR -- an overhead surveillance camera from within the airlock shows Jonathan, pounding on the door, screaming directly at the camera. Every time he pounds the door, a hollow metallic THUNK echoes throughout the module.

On the counter in front of the monitor is a headset, Jonathan's screams blaring from the speakers.

Terrence picks up the headset -- walks over to the change room.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Through the window of the inner airlock door, Jonathan sees Terrence approaching from within the change room.

JONATHAN
Put your headset on!

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

Terrence stops right in front of the door -- just staring at Jonathan, deliberating whether he wants to go through this conversation.

INTERCUT JONATHAN/TERRENCE

JONATHAN
PUT. IT. ON!

With a smirk, Terrence sighs and casually puts on the headset.

TERRENCE
What seems to be the problem, boss?

JONATHAN
Stop this, right now.

TERRENCE
No can do. I already set the coordinates and we're a go for atmospheric reentry.

JONATHAN
Cut the shit, Terrence. Abort now. Yuri's out there alone and Firestorm is right there. We can do this!

TERRENCE
The old man said he can handle it on his own. And from what I hear, he's all about kamikaze-ing straight into those alien cocksuckers. From that end I think we've accomplished what we came to do.

EXT. SPACE - FIRESTORM

CLOSE ON -- the tear in Yuri's suit, O2 spraying out softly.

ON YURI'S WRIST MONITOR -- the remaining time counts back rapidly, from 22 minutes to 21 in just a few seconds -- him being completely unaware of any of this.

Yuri continues to hum the anthem, floating beside the giant satellite, about fifty times his size. The body of the satellite is in the shape of six steel cylinders wrapped together, tapering to a sharp point on the bottom. Stamped on its side is the Soviet hammer and sickle.

Yuri enters a code on a keypad on the side of the satellite, then propels himself away from Firestorm, waiting for something to happen.

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The module drifts below SCION, putting distance between it, Firestorm, and the Leviathan.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK/CHANGE ROOM

JONATHAN
Terrence, you have no idea what you're doing. You're going to burn us alive!

TERRENCE
Then you best shut the door, otherwise you'll be fried as KFC when we hit atmo.

JONATHAN
It's not that simple, Terrence, you haven't --

TERRENCE
Jon, actually it is simple; I'd rather live than suffocate up here with you assholes. Feel free to jump ship anytime.

Terrence pulls off his headset and turns away.

JONATHAN
Terrence! Terrence, don't do this! Terrence!!!

EXT. SPACE - FIRESTORM

It's so close to the Leviathan, it looks like Yuri could almost reach out and touch it.

Having heard Jonathan and Terrence's conversation, Yuri looks off to the distance, seeing the module getting further and further away.

YURI
Jonathan, if you are going to do something, do it quickly. Gravity is going to take over soon.

JONATHAN (O.S. FILTERED)
I'm working on it!

Yuri looks to the keypad on Firestorm, continuously blinking a red light.

YURI
Come on you *glupyi grebanyi* piece of junk!

The light flashes a solid yellow.

With a winding hum, Firestorm begins to TRANSFORM. The body separates in half, exposing a complex mechanism within. Six retractable arms reach outward, forming what resembles a spiderweb. At each point of the web is an ICBM.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Jonathan helplessly pounds on the door for the last time.

JONATHAN
Terrence, you idiot!

He hangs his head in defeat.

CHRISTINE
Jonathan.

Christine puts her hand on his back.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Maybe we should just go along. Maybe Yuri will make it. What else can we do?

JONATHAN
No. If we do that, it's over. All of it is over. We're not gonna make it past reentry, Yuri's gonna run out of O2, and Curtis -- we just can't let this happen.

Jonathan pulls out his PGT.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Screw it.

With the speed and precision of a NASCAR pitman changing a tire, he unscrews a panel off the wall, exposing a myriad of tubing and wires. Christine stops him --

CHRISTINE
No, you can't do this.

JONATHAN
He's left us with no choice.

CHRISTINE
There's got to be another way.

JONATHAN
I wish there were.

EXT. SPACE - FIRESTORM

Yuri works carefully on one of the missiles, which is about twice his size. He rotates a ring about three feet in from the missile's tip. The ring stops rotating -- he presses a release button exposed by a panel directly beneath the ring.

The tip of the missile detaches from the base. Yuri carefully slides it outward, sending it into space.

The tip unsheathes a NUCLEAR WARHEAD, about the size of two footballs, as well as similar in shape. With two hands, Yuri gently begins to unscrew the warhead.

BEEP BEEP BEEP -- a gentle alarm sounds in Yuri's helmet. He looks at his WRIST MONITOR -- five minutes of O2 remain, but because of the leak it's counting back four seconds for every one that passes.

YURI
Chyort voz'mi.

Yuri looks over his suit -- finds the leak on his ankle. His eyes widen.

A SHADOW BLANKETS Yuri and Firestorm. Yuri looks up to SCION, then over to the Leviathan --

It's so close, it's blotting out the Sun. In fact, it's only a couple thousand feet away! Yuri's going to crash into it before he even runs out of O2.

Yuri FREEZES at the sight, realizing he has only seconds to get out of there. He goes back to unscrewing the warhead hastily.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

CLOSE ON -- two sets of tubes, Jonathan's hand gripping them. He anchors his foot on the wall, pulling with all his might, and RIPS the tubes out of the exposed panel -- tiny streams of white gas flow from the ends.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
I've got some good news and bad news. Good news is, I've secured the warhead.

A wave of relief passes over them.

JONATHAN
And the bad news?

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
My suit is depressurizing. I won't make it for much longer.

Jonathan looks to Christine, this new development reinforcing their decision -- they know what they need to do.

JONATHAN
Hang in there buddy. We're comin' for ya.

Jonathan moves over to the inner airlock door.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
You ready?

Christine grips a rail as tightly as she can. She nods.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

Jonathan grabs the lever on the inner airlock door -- closes his eyes, swallowing hard -- pulling up on it with all his strength -- THWANK -- it unlocks.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The sound echoes throughout the module.

Terrence sits at a computer with his hand on a joystick, watching a monitor and navigating the trajectory. He slowly turns his head to the airlock. His face drops -- he knows exactly what's coming --

WOOOOOOOOOOSH -- everything in the room is being VIOLENTLY SUCKED OUT into the vacuum of space.

Terrence grips the desk for dear life, his feet being pulled toward the airlock, debris flying everywhere, hitting him in the face.

Terrence lets go of the desk, but remains still, floating peacefully, the room now completely depressurized and without gravity.

He gasps for breath, choking on the nothingness. He holds his chest, mouth wide open.

His body decompresses -- the veins in his neck begin to swell.

CLOSE ON -- his eyes -- blood starts leaking from the corners.

From every orifice, with no air pressure to contain it, Terrence's blood gushes out -- from his ears, his nose, his throat, the cut on his forehead, his fingertips...

He convulses for a brief moment, and then he is still -- arms spread out. Dead.

Jonathan rounds the corner from the change room to see --

A web of blood painting every inch of the empty space, some splattered over the floors and walls, with Terrence's corpse in the center. The horror show is unsettling.

Jonathan turns around to see Christine following him in --

JONATHAN
Stop. You don't want to see this.

She does just so, just before she gets a view.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Go to the airlock, be ready as soon as we get to Yuri.

CHRISTINE
Copy.

She turns and pulls herself back to the airlock.

The mess of blood and Terrence's body stand between Jonathan and the navigation terminal. Jonathan takes a deep breath and decides screw it -- he forges headlong through the blood, splattering his visor and painting his suit red. He brushes Terrence's corpse aside and grabs the joystick.

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The module is far enough from Firestorm and SCION that they are barely indistinguishable against the giant backdrop of the Leviathan.

Tiny bursts of compressed gas from thrusters mounted on the top bring the module to a stop, then push it back the direction it came from.

EXT. SPACE - FIRESTORM

Yuri turns the final spin on the warhead, successfully extracting it. He looks to his --

WRIST MONITOR -- 2 minutes remain (more like 30 seconds with the leak).

Clutching the warhead to his chest, Yuri propels himself with his mobility unit away from Firestorm, directly toward the navigations module -- which is still pretty far out.

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The module has picked up speed -- the gas from the thrusters cut out.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Christine is at the outer airlock door's wide mouth, watching as the Leviathan grows closer.

CHRISTINE
Can we go any faster?

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan monitors the trajectory, piloting with the joystick.

JONATHAN
This is as fast as we go, and we can't spend any more O2 if we want to repressurize when we pick up Yuri.

YURI (O.S. FILTERED)
Jonathan, you should know...

EXT. SPACE

ON YURI'S WRIST MONITOR -- 60 seconds (i.e. 20 seconds) remain.

The air thins in Yuri's suit, his breathing labored --

YURI
...the arming sequence. Are you ready? Alpha, sigma--

INTERCUT JONATHAN / YURI

JONATHAN
Not yet buddy, we're almost there, you just hold on and save your breath, okay?

YURI
No, Jonathan, there is no time--

JONATHAN
Dammit Yuri, shut up.

Yuri watches the O2 countdown, rapidly depleting.

YURI
Jonathan, you don't understand--

JONATHAN
No, you don't understand, old man. You've never given up on me and I'll be damned if I'm giving up on you. Just hold strong, Yuri. Hold strong for just a little bit longer.

YURI
But Jonathan--

JONATHAN
Yuri, what did I say? We're doing this, now shut up.

Yuri looks to his WRIST MONITOR -- BEEP BEEP BEEP -- the warning that he only has seconds of O2 left. He watches as it counts back.

YURI
(Quietly)
Time's up.

He gulps his last breath, the counter hitting 0.

Now with no pressure left in his suit, and nothing left to breathe, Yuri starts to depressurize -- his breath being pulled from his lungs by the vacuum of space.

Jonathan can hear it over his radio --

JONATHAN
Yuri...

Yuri can't respond, only the sound of a slow, painful exhale.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Yuri! Just hold on buddy, we're almost there.

Although he can't talk, Yuri can move -- barely -- struggling to enter a code into the keypad on the warhead.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Christine! How are we looking?

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Christine looks out, sees Yuri is only a few hundred feet away.

CHRISTINE
Pull up just a little.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan pulls back on the joystick, watching the monitor, which flashes a WARNING due to their proximity to the Leviathan.

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Only five hundred feet separate the module and Yuri, both floating directly toward each other.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

The airlock door is more or less aligned with Yuri.

CHRISTINE
Okay, slow her down.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan presses one of the myriad of buttons at the terminal.

ON MONITOR -- a message flashes SYNCHRONIZING ORBIT.

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Gas bursts from the thrusters, bringing the module to a slow.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Christine lets go of her grip on the mouth of the airlock door. By not grabbing hold within the slowing module, her momentum remains the same, carrying her out of the airlock and into

SPACE

heading straight for Yuri.

She propels herself with her mobility unit, giving her a speed boost.

Not far off in the distance, SCION and Firestorm are only a few hundred feet from collision with the Leviathan.

ON YURI -- He has just finished entering the sequence, his hands trembling, the frigid temperatures of space bleeding into his suit.

A vein on his forehead bulges, his eyes bloodshot. Tiny droplets of blood begin to form in the corners of his eyes and dribble out his nose, floating in his helmet.

CHRISTINE
Yuri I don't know if you can hear me, but I'm here. I've got you.

She stretches out her arms -- only a few feet separate them -- and they COLLIDE, Christine wrapping her arms tightly around his body -- causing Yuri to lose his grip on the warhead, sending it toppling into space!

As Christine works to stabilize their collision, behind them--

SCION and Firestorm CRASH into the Leviathan, and it is SPECTACULAR. Dozens of concussive explosions trigger simultaneously, Yuri and Christine's figures silhouetted by the wall of fire blanketing the hull of the Leviathan, but --

From an EXTREME DISTANCE, we see the damage by the impact is only a mere drop in a bucket relative to the sheer scale of the Leviathan.

BACK WITH -- Yuri and Christine. Christine looks off to the warhead, floating off toward Earth's atmosphere below, too far out of her reach -- panic consumes her.

The warhead topples end over end, hopelessly falling away -- when Jonathan's arm REACHES in and intercepts the warhead!

Christine takes a moment to collect herself -- floored that Jonathan just did that.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Nice catch.

JONATHAN
Thanks.

Jonathan hears BEEPING -- he looks over the warhead -- notices an LED placed over the keypad, blinking a Russian message in red.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Christine is already making her way back to the module with Yuri.

CHRISTINE
What, "oh shit"?

Jonathan propels himself toward the module.

JONATHAN
Nothing, get back to the airlock.

CUT TO:

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

The outer airlock door SLAMS shut, locking.

The red light on the ceiling spins as O2 pours into the room.

Yuri's back hovers just inches above the floor.

Situated upright, Jonathan and Christine carefully hold an end of the warhead, leaving nothing to chance, waiting for --

The red light on the ceiling turns off -- on the wall of the airlock, an indicator changes from DEPRESSURIZED to PRESSURIZED.

Gravity kicks in -- Yuri falls the short distance gently onto the floor. Jonathan and Christine's feet do the same.

They struggle a bit with the sudden weight. Christine nearly drops her end -- but she recovers, maintaining a tight grip on the warhead.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Terrence's body is gone, presumably discarded into space by Jonathan, but the mess of blood still remains. Whatever blood hasn't already stained the room SPLASHES to the floor.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Jonathan and Christine gently place the beeping warhead next to Yuri.

Jonathan takes off his helmet as Christine removes Yuri's.

JONATHAN
Is he alive? Is he breathing?

Christine removes a glove from her suit, digs her hand underneath Yuri's collar, checking his pulse --

CHRISTINE
I've got a pulse.

Yuri inhales -- but it doesn't appear as if he's conscious.

JONATHAN
Oh thank God. Yuri, can you hear me?

He shakes Yuri gently. Christine takes off her helmet.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Yuri.
(Beat)
Get an ammonia tablet, we need to wake him.

CHRISTINE
I'm not so sure that's a good idea--

JONATHAN
I know but do you know how to stop this damn thing from beeping?

Christine nods -- he's right.

She pulls an ammonia tablet out of a med kit next to her, crushing it between her fingers.

She wafts the tablet under Yuri's nose -- he shakes his head back and forth to get away from the smell, inhaling sharply as he awakes. He mumbles in Russian as he comes to.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Yuri.

YURI
What is that awful scent?

Jonathan laughs, grabs Yuri's hand. Christine smiles, happy to hear his voice again. Yuri doesn't open his eyes, as they are crusted in blood.

JONATHAN
Yuri, glad to have you back.

YURI
I am impressed, Jonathan. And you Christine. I really did not think I would make it -- though with how I feel I am beginning to wish I didn't.

JONATHAN
Not if I can help it, old man. Listen, the warhead, it's beeping. What should I do?

YURI
Take off my glove.

Jonathan helps remove Yuri's glove.

YURI (CONT'D)
Now let me feel warhead.

Jonathan guides Yuri's hand to the warhead, feeling around gently. He finds the keypad -- presses the one in the upper left corner -- the beeping ceases.

YURI (CONT'D)
See, I tell you, with my eyes closed.

Jonathan smiles.

YURI (CONT'D)
You must have accidentally armed it. I thought I was most certainly going to die, so I entered sequence for you. To arm, all you must do is press this button --
(Points to the one he just pressed)
Then press the one next to it to detonate.

JONATHAN
Shit, that was close.

Yuri grabs Jonathan's hand firmly at this small victory.

YURI
Perhaps luck is still on our side.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Christine sits overtop of Yuri, who is on the floor next to one of the terminals in the module. She shines a mini-flashlight into Yuri's bloodshot eyes.

CHRISTINE
Can you see this?

YURI
Nope. I am blind as bat.

He shuts his eyes. She puts the flashlight away.

CHRISTINE
Nothing surgery can't fix.

YURI
You and Jonathan both, your optimism. This is why I love you.

JONATHAN
Let's get him in the seat. Brace yourself, old man.

Jonathan and Christine carefully pick up Yuri and set him in a seat in front of a computer terminal, fastening him into it with retractable straps.

YURI
Now I really do feel like old man, I can't even help myself.

JONATHAN
Once we're on the ground, it's straight to the old folk's home with you.

Yuri laughs. Jonathan is about to back away, when Yuri grabs his hand --

YURI
Jonathan, I know what you are planning to do. You are good man, the best any man could ever hope to be -- a much better one than I, that is for sure. It has been an honor to know you, Jonathan McAllister. I will miss you, my friend.

Jonathan fights back the tears.

Christine watches beside them -- she realizes this is it, the time for goodbye is now.

JONATHAN
I'm gonna miss you too, old man, more than you know.

YURI
Good luck, Jonathan.

Jonathan pats Yuri on the shoulder, then backs away. He turns to Christine, but she's gone.

JONATHAN
Christine?

He looks around the corner to see Christine, entering the change room -- she shuts the doors closed.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Christine? Chris, what are you doing?

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

Christine pulls a T-shirt from one of the lockers -- ties it around the handles on the door as a makeshift lock.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Jonathan steps up to the change room doors -- slaps the button to open them -- they don't. He slams his palms into the door. He and Christine can see each other through the vertical windows on the door.

JONATHAN
Christine! Christine answer me!

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

Christine picks her gloves up off the floor, puts them on.

INTERCUT JONATHAN/CHRISTINE

JONATHAN
No, you don't get to decide this!

He pounds on the door again.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Chris, please!

She picks up her helmet, puts it on.

Jonathan gets violent with the door, slamming his body into it.

He's getting emotional, pleading with her to stop, over and over. Christine tries to avoid eye contact, fighting to keep it together.

She picks the warhead and an O2 canister up off the floor.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Christine, this is not your decision to make!

She turns her back to Jonathan, walking into the airlock -- closing the door behind her, locking it.

He rears his elbow back, SHATTERING the door's window. He reaches through to untie the shirt.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

Christine wedges the O2 canister between the lever of the airlock's locking mechanism.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

Jonathan bursts through and into the change room.

He charges to the airlock door, grabbing the handle to unlock it -- it won't budge. He POUNDS on the door.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

THUMP THUMP THUMP -- Christine can hear Jonathan's pounding, but not his voice. She presses a button on the wall next to her -- the red light on the ceiling flashes, the room depressurizing.

She turns to look at Jonathan through the door's window. Their eyes meet -- he stops screaming.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

Jonathan looks to his feet -- sees a helmet, picks it up and pulls the radio headset out of it -- puts it on.

JONATHAN
Christine, please, open the airlock and let's talk this through.

INTERCUT JONATHAN/CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE
SCION needs its commander, Jonathan, you're the only one that can pilot her. If it's not me, then we all die, and Curtis will have no one.

JONATHAN
What are you talking about?

CHRISTINE
Even if this works, the world probably doesn't have much time left. And you have a right to spend that time with our son.

JONATHAN
Are you crazy? I don't even know the first thing about being a father! He needs his mother!

CHRISTINE
He's had his time with me, now it's your turn.

JONATHAN
He doesn't even know who I am! He thinks Frank is his father!

CHRISTINE
And Frank's gone, so now you can have what you've always wanted.

JONATHAN
But it's not what I want, Chris. I don't want this. Not without you!

The red light stops spinning, the room depressurized -- Christine now weightless.

CHRISTINE
Tell Curtis...

It's all too much. Christine can't hold her emotions back any longer.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
...tell him his mommy loves him, and that I'll always be with him. Goodbye, Jonathan.

Christine reaches down, pulls the O2 canister out from underneath the airlock's lever, discards it -- turns around and moves toward the outer airlock door.

Jonathan slams his fist on the door.

JONATHAN
Chris! Please don't do this! Please!!!

Christine presses a button on her wrist, muting Jonathan's voice. Tears emerge from the corners of her eyes, the drops floating freely in front of her face.

She opens the outer airlock door -- revealing the Leviathan, only a short distance away. She spots the entry point on its side, spouting gas into space.

Jonathan pounds his fist on the door, over and over and over. The tears well in his eyes as he screams so hard, his voice ruptures into a raspy cry --

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
CHRISTINE!!!!!

With her mobility unit, Christine propels herself straight for the Leviathan, towing the warhead behind her into

SPACE

and it is quite dramatic, with the Earth being consumed below her as she slowly crosses the distance between the module and the Leviathan. She has a ways to go before she gets there, so she floats peacefully, taking in the incredible view.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - CHANGE ROOM

A warning ALARM blares, but Jonathan ignores it -- all sound fades away as he continues to pound on the door, falling apart. He's lost it, on his knees, begging for Christine to come back, though he knows she cannot hear him.

He rests his head against the door -- broken.

EXT. SPACE

Christine keeps on her path, fighting back her emotions, focusing on what lies ahead. The ominous shadow of the Leviathan envelops her as she nears.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Alarm still blaring, Jonathan shuffles carelessly to one of the computers.

ON MONITOR -- a countdown warning of the module's O2 supply -- 20 minutes remain.

Jonathan presses a button on the dash -- the alarm cuts off.

YURI
Jonathan.

Jonathan turns to Yuri, says nothing, eyes bloodshot from crying.

YURI (CONT'D)
Please come here.

Jonathan steps beside Yuri, still strapped to his seat. He grabs Jonathan's hand.

YURI (CONT'D)
I am sorry, Jonathan. I know what she means to you.

Yet again, Jonathan has to fight the tears back.

JONATHAN
It was supposed to be me, Yuri. It was my plan, my decision.

YURI
I know, Jonathan, but we must go. There is nothing left we can do.

JONATHAN
I don't know if I can do it, Yuri.

YURI
Jonathan, Christine's sacrifice is not just for you, but for your son. She knows that for him to grow up without you as his father would be the greatest sin she could ever commit.

Jonathan wipes his tears on his sleeve, takes a deep breath.

YURI (CONT'D)
I am sorry Jonathan, but we have to go, before it is too late.

Jonathan attempts to pull it together.

JONATHAN
Alright... okay...

He reaches to the floor and picks up Yuri's helmet.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Watch your head, old man.

He puts the helmet on Yuri's head. Grabs his own, puts it on.

Jonathan straps himself to the seat in front of the navigations terminal, quickly entering the coordinates and trajectory for atmospheric reentry.

ON MONITOR -- the flight path shows their landing zone just off the coast of Ireland in the Atlantic Ocean. Above the landing zone, the program shows the Leviathan directly intersecting with it.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
This is going to be interesting.

YURI
When is it ever not?

Jonathan places his hand on the joystick, beginning their descent.

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Compressed gas bursts from the module's thrusters -- it descends toward the Earth's atmosphere, in the opposite direction of the Leviathan.

OVER WITH CHRISTINE -- she's already put a couple thousand feet between her and the module, only a few bodylengths away from touching the Leviathan.

She slows her approach. Before her is the VENT Yuri pointed out before -- close up, its size is tremendous -- like the interior of a nuclear smokestack.

Christine carefully peeks around the corner of the vent, looking inside -- darkness. She illuminates two flashlights mounted above her visor -- but the light does nothing, the vent too immense.

A light haze of gas seeps from the depths of the vent. Christine watches as it thickens -- taking the cue, she backs as far from the vent as she can as --

A dense stream of gas ERUPTS from the vent with enormous pressure, shooting out into space thousands of feet.

Christine narrowly escapes the blasting exhaust -- waits for it to end.

EXT. SPACE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The module hits the mesosphere -- the friction of the descent wrapping it in plasma.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The whole module rumbles, the fire outside the windows strobing the interior.

Jonathan and Yuri bounce in their seats. Jonathan focuses on the navigation monitor, holding the joystick steady.

INT. LEVIATHAN - VENT

Christine enters the wide mouth of the vent with the warhead in tow. She looks into the seemingly bottomless pit, knowing that at any second she can be jettisoned into space.

Conquering her fear, she propels herself, diving into the depths at full speed.

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The module is a fireball, shooting through the atmosphere like a falling meteor.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Sweat forms on Jonathan's brow as he pilots the module through the descent.

INT. LEVIATHAN - VENT

Christine is now deep within the vent, the opening she entered through now only a tiny hole far in the distance.

To her right, she sees an opening that leads deeper into the Leviathan. She takes it, guiding herself inside, maintaining her speed.

At the far end of the vent, Christine can see a pulsating LIGHT. Her breathing becomes heavy, knowing she's close.

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The module hits the stratosphere, temperatures cooling, the fire dissipating. The module cuts into a system of clouds.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE

Clouds rush past the windows.

Jonathan presses a button on the terminal's dash --

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

A Phase I parachute ejects from the top of the module, slowing its descent.

INT. LEVIATHAN - VENT

Christine nears the opening, the light emanating from it dancing off her visor.

Closer. She can make it out -- the blue tractor beam, crowded with hundreds of thousands of people and plants and animals.

She gets to the mouth of the opening and looks out --

The inside of the ship is almost devoid of any structural interior. Paths of bright energy snake in and around the tractor beam, which spans from the front of the ship all the way to the back, so far the ship literally looks infinite. Bulks of matter seem to pass through invisible tubes -- chemical processes and fusion reactions are suspended in mid-air, guided by the force of energy. The technology is so advanced it is beyond any need for complex machinery.

It is unlike anything Christine has ever seen, the technology like magic. It is as beautiful as it is terrifying.

Off in the distance, Christine sees a TORNADO OF GAS headed straight for her, guided by an invisible force. She quickly forges further into the Leviathan, getting out of the way.

The tornado just misses Christine, directing itself right inside the vent. Suddenly, there's GRAVITY beneath her, and she's in a free fall!

She plummets like a bullet into the depths of the Leviathan, just missing beams of dangerous looking energy shooting from every direction.

Out of nowhere, a blue beam of energy shoots through Christine's chest, catching her, slowing her descent. As she looks down to see, the beam RIPS HER AWAY like a child snatching up a doll, guiding her along a path.

EXT. ABOVE ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

The Phase II parachute deploys, catching the air and slowing the module to a safe landing speed.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

The parachute jerks the module, the sudden g-force putting enormous stress on Jonathan and Yuri's bodies.

INT. LEVIATHAN

Christine is guided along the energy path, so fast she can barely hold on to the warhead.

The path snakes around several other similar paths, all carrying different forms of life or broke-down matter.

The path twists and turns, over and under and around like a roller coaster, and finally joining with the main tractor beam that connects with Earth below, Christine hurled into it.

She finds herself in the middle of a group of people. It looks like a town meeting was just sterilized.

A WOMAN'S lifeless face materializes from the crowd. She looks so peaceful and serene, like a porcelain doll. Her arms are wrapped around a YOUNG BOY, not more than 3 years old. Even in death they cling together.

Christine looks down to the warhead -- she knows this is her last shot. She presses the button to arm it... and nothing. No beeping. No lights on the panel. Nothing. She presses it again. And again. Then the detonation button. Still nothing.

CHRISTINE
Shit shit shit.

Christine tries to activate her mobility unit -- she notices the screen on her wrist has gone dead. Nothing electronic is working within the tractor beam. Her eyes widen. What the hell is she going to do now?

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

The interior of the module is peaceful as they slowly descend with the parachute.

Jonathan presses a button on the dash in front of him.

EXT. ABOVE ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Huge rubber tubes INFLATE, spanning the entire underside of the module.

They only have a thousand or so feet to go before they hit the water.

INT. LEVIATHAN

Ahead of Christine, the beam breaks off into several different branches. It seems to be sorting the different forms of life -- one path for mammals, another for vegetation, another for reptiles, etc.

Christine is pulled up and to the right -- the mammal path, which is much narrower than the primary beam. Human bodies and furry creatures alike are all grouped around her.

Outside of the beam she can see she's close to the inner wall of the Leviathan, which is gradually sloping inward.

She uses the dead bodies around her to maneuver through it, pulling on them with her free arm or pushing off them with her legs to get to the beam's outer edge.

At the edge, she finds the carcass of a DEER. Bracing herself with a dead human body, she kicks the deer carcass as hard as she can. The deer pitches forward, breaking through the beam, falling upward as the force of gravity outside the beam is less than the force within it.

She looks at what lies ahead in the beam. Far down the path she sees BRIGHTNESS -- as the bodies pass through it, they're broken down into millions of tiny particles.

Christine turns around, pulling at bodies with her free hand, the other clutching the warhead tight, getting in position for a running start.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

The module SPLASHES on the rough ocean water. The parachute falls next to it, lightly blanketing the water's surface.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

The landing is ROUGH, enough that Jonathan feels like he's going to be thrown from his seat.

And then it's over -- the module gently bobs up and down with the ocean waves beneath it.

YURI
We made it. You defy all odds, Jonathan. Thank you, my friend.

Jonathan unbuckles his straps, stands up. Takes off his helmet.

YURI (CONT'D)
Is there any indication that Christine...

Yuri isn't quite sure how to finish this sentence.

JONATHAN
I'm gonna get some fresh air.

Yuri, immobile and obviously still strapped to the seat --

YURI
I'll be right here.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

The outer airlock door swings open. Jonathan peeks outside. He looks up to the sky in every direction. Other than them being out in the middle of nowhere, there's pretty much nothing happening. He turns back to go into the module.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Jonathan steps in from the change room.

JONATHAN
Nothing.

He walks up to Yuri, takes off his helmet.

YURI
Maybe it's already done, on other side of planet.

JONATHAN
I don't know. Maybe. We'll know soon enough. I'm gonna keep watch, you just sit tight.

INT. LEVIATHAN

Down the path a ways the brightness is closing in on her.

Gripping a dead body with her free hand, Christine pulls herself forward. She grabs another body, then another, like a swimmer pulls through water, picking up speed, putting the kinetic energy in her favor.

With nothing else left to push against, she pulls the warhead close into her chest and DIVES out the edge of the beam --

Gravity catches her, her descent into the Leviathan slower, but the speed still break-neck. If she were to slam into something, she'd be killed instantly.

The wall is sloping in beside her as she falls. Far down below, she sees the slope forms into a sort of platform, which is also the source of the deadly brightness.

The wall is grazing Christine's shoulder. She turns herself, putting her back to the wall. The wall inches in, sliding beneath Christine's back.

Metal against metal, the mobility unit on Christine's back screeches against the wall, slowing her descent little by little as the slope angles in.

The wall has intermittent ridges, Christine's body bouncing over them, knocking the wind out of her. She might be slowing down, but this is painful.

She hits another ridge, sending her into a tumble. She clings to the warhead for dear life as she flails down the side of the wall, hitting ridge after ridge, crippling Christine's body underneath the suit.

Christine loses her grip on the warhead, her eyes fluttering, losing consciousness from the severe beating. The wall's angle now at 45 degrees, Christine rolls onto her stomach, sliding slowly -- if she were able, she could easily stop herself.

Away from her, the warhead rolls down the wall, which has almost leveled out completely -- and it's going straight for the edge!

Just as it approaches the edge, the warhead takes a sharp turn and stops. An inch of it hangs over -- one nudge, one breath of wind and it would fall off the side, into the intense bright energy.

Christine's twisted body slides to a stop, about fifteen feet from the warhead. She lies face-down, motionless.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Jonathan sits with his feet hanging over the side of the airlock, his eyes peering off into the distance --

A black mass edges over the horizon. It's the Leviathan, coming straight for him.

It’s far enough away that he can’t make out the tractor beam yet, but it’s moving so fast it will be upon him within a minute.

Jonathan stands, the realization that Christine may have failed overcomes him.

JONATHAN
Oh no... Come on, Chris...

INT. LEVIATHAN

Christine is still where we left her -- lying face-down, lifeless.

A finger of her right hand moves slightly -- then her whole hand, bulging in and out of a fist. Her other arm is behind her back, dislocated at the shoulder. Her legs are a tangled mess.

With her good arm, she pushes herself up, and we see that her visor is severely cracked. Behind it is Christine’s sweaty face, a cut on her brow leaking blood.

She spots the warhead -- so close. She pulls herself forward, crawling toward the warhead. It’s excruciatingly slow, but it’s the best she can do.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Far off on the horizon, the Leviathan is now completely visible in the sky, an ominous black mass that looks like it goes on forever, with its blue pillar ripping ocean life from the water. It’s closing in fast.

Jonathan looks on in sorrow.

INT. LEVIATHAN

Christine drags herself with all the strength she can muster, struggling harder and harder with each pull, the pain overwhelming.

The suit seems to be getting heavier and heavier, but the warhead is so close now. Three feet away... two feet away...

And she’s there -- notices the warhead sitting over the edge. She carefully reaches out, and gently places her hand atop it -- pulls it toward her.

She rolls the warhead over, finds the keypad. She presses the button to arm -- nothing. She presses again in utter desperation --

CHRISTINE
Come on... Please...

She keeps pressing it as rapidly as she can. After what seems like a hundred times, the keypad springs to life, illuminating -- the light BEEPING Jonathan heard before comes from it.

Christine swallows. Closes her eyes. Finger trembling, reaches out, presses the detonation button --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Jonathan has about ten seconds before he’s sucked up into the sky -- the Leviathan almost directly above, only fifty or so miles away.

And then the blue tractor beam CUTS OUT -- ocean life that was in it falls back to the water from miles above.

Jonathan looks up and sees --

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION -- Jonathan is awestruck.

EXT. SPACE

The explosion BURSTS from the ship, cutting it cleanly in two. The blast reverberates through the entire ship, a crippling shockwave splintering the hull like glass.

The bottom half buckles over, plummeting into the atmosphere -- fire from the friction bursts around it, as if plunging into a lake of fire.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE

The entire sky is on FIRE. Hundreds of thousands of pieces of debris are falling to Earth like meteors as far as the eye can see.

Jonathan enters the airlock, closes the door and locks it.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Jonathan rushes to his seat -- straps himself in.

The ROAR from the falling debris outside is frightening.

YURI
She did it. I cannot believe it.
She did it.

Jonathan nods in sadness, gripping his seat tightly.

EXT. SPACE

The claws of the Leviathan dig deeper into the atmosphere, engulfed in flames.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Falling straight for the ocean and immersed in fire, the Leviathan looks more terrifying than it ever has before.

It impacts the water -- a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION, like the Hiroshima blast. Around it rises a five hundred-foot high TIDAL WAVE, spreading out in every direction.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Jonathan and Yuri hear the blast -- knowing what is inevitably about to happen.

YURI
I've always wanted to go surfing.

Jonathan doesn't register Yuri's comment, his mind elsewhere.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

The wave bears straight for the module, pulling the water beneath it like a rug.

The wave scoops under the module at a hundred miles per hour, the impact staggering --

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

The module RUMBLES TURBULENTLY, so powerful it sounds like it's going to fall apart. Jonathan and Yuri SCREAM, the entire room goes --

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - AIRLOCK

A shaft of light -- it's coming from the round window of the outer airlock door.

Jonathan materializes from the shadows. He opens the door -- BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT from outside envelops him.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN IRELAND - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Jonathan looks out, sees dirt beneath him.

He steps out onto the ground, water rushing up to his ankles. He looks around to see that they are in a beautiful green valley, surrounded by mountains on every side. The tidal wave carried them inland pretty far, as the ocean has no natural presence here.

The module sits in a field next to an ancient stone farmhouse within a small village, half of which is submerged in ocean water.

Above him in the sky, fragments of the Leviathan pepper the atmosphere. The entire sky, as far as the eye can see, is raining fire.

Jonathan turns to the farmhouse to see a young beautiful blonde-haired IRISH WOMAN who slightly resembles Christine. Jonathan's heart sinks.

His eyes connect with the woman, when from behind her a MAN and BOY emerge. The man puts his arms around the woman and boy, all of them looking to Jonathan, sharing this moment of bittersweet victory.

INT. NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Yuri is still strapped to his chair, blind and unable to help himself.

YURI
Jonathan? Jonathan are you there? I would like to go to hospital if possible. Jonathan?

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN IRELAND - NAVIGATIONS MODULE - DAY

Jonathan and the family are still looking to each other. Close by an explosion rings out above them.

They all look up -- but nothing to fear, just more pieces of the Leviathan breaking the atmosphere.

They all watch above, taking the sight in -- the most epic fireworks display the world will ever see.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lush beautiful trees and rolling green hills, untouched by the Leviathan.

Curtis plays with his toy Venture shuttle, making sound effects as he runs with it, zipping it past trees and over grass.

Nearby, his GRANDMOTHER watches over him.

In the distance, Jonathan approaches. He stops for a moment, watching Curtis play -- the first time he’s ever laid eyes on his son.

Jonathan inhales deep, gathering the strength, and takes his first steps toward becoming a father.

FADE TO BLACK