

INFINITY'S EDGE

"Pilot"

"Parts 1 and 2"

By

Anthony M. Dionisio

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foxtrotfenris@gmail.com

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ACT 1

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The commercial freighter PAX NIMBUS silently drifts through space. Cylindrical and long, the vessel is heavily battered from years of navigating the solar system.

Docked onto the old ship is the smaller MERIDIAN, a gorgeous super-yacht, reserved for the wealthiest of space travelers.

EXPLOSIONS blast open the hull of the Pax Nimbus. Inner decks quickly expose to the vacuum of space. The superstructure burns from within...

INT. PAX NIMBUS - HALLWAY

An ear-piercing fire alarm wails throughout the hallway.

FAYE **NYX**, 35, quickly shepherds HALEY, 7, down the long hallway. Both narrowly escape --

DEADLY SPARKS sizzling from an electrical panel.

Pausing to gather their bearings, they find themselves --

AT A HALLWAY INTERSECTION

Smoke begins to flood the connecting corridors.

Emerging from the black cloud is a wheel chair bound male, ROBERT **DEVIN**, late 40s, exquisitely dressed.

DEVIN

The airlock -- go, go!

Devin points to a sealed AIRLOCK door.

Hastily joining him is the pilot of his yacht, RON FRANKLIN, 30, rag covering his mouth -- followed by...

camera-toting, GUY DONOVAN, 20, pretty-boy extreme.

FRANKLIN
Hoop -- where the hell's Hoop?

DEVIN
He's cut off. Positively time we
make an immediate scarper.

Devin enters a door code. The airlock opens to Meridian.

FRANKLIN
I won't leave him!

DEVIN
Forget it. He's bloody gone!

Nyx assists Devin out of his wheelchair, over the bulkhead
and then safely into the Meridian.

INT. MERIDIAN - AIRLOCK

Franklin enters the lock. He desperately calls into the
hallway of the doomed freighter...

FRANKLIN
Hooper! Hooper!

DEVIN
Franky, that's a wrap, mate --
bloody time to blow out.

The pilot's finger reluctantly hovers over the bulkhead
switch.

A brown shape leaps from the smoke, over the airlock frame,
and into the Meridian. The agile legs of K-9 Hooper, mix
Labrador, carry him to safety.

FRANKLIN
Hoop! You made it -- attaboy.

THUD. The airlock and bulkhead join together. The Meridian
is now safely sealed from the doomed freighter.

Hooper sneezes, then sloppily licks Devin's hand.

FRANKLIN
He still loves ya, boss.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS

Lights emanate from inside the Meridian's forward cockpit.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

High tech and luxurious. Young Guy videos the emotional reactions of his peers. Franklin straps into the pilot seat, quickly adjusts the helm controls while his fingers tap virtual buttons.

FRANKLIN
Engines, now online. Buckle up.

Hooper leaps onto the CO-PILOT chair...

FRANKLIN
(imitation)
Hooper drives the boat!

Devin's wheelchair locks into position near the helm. Nyx fastens Haley's safety harness.

NYX
We're going home, sweetheart.

Haley has no reaction. She continues woolgathering.

FRANKLIN
And... outta here.

Franklin yanks on a lever... NOTHING. Resets it and tries again -- not the result he was hoping for.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS

The DOCKING MECHANISM tightly grasps the Meridian. A ruptured conduit has the clamp locked in a frozen state.

High pressure COOLANT also flows into the starboard manifold of the supercharged engine.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

Audible alarms wail. Franklin scans readouts -- face turns cold with fear. He attempts futile adjustments.

NYX
Why aren't we leaving?

FRANKLIN
Losing power to the starboard engine.

DEVIN

Fastest ship money can buy. Break
us free.

The pilot throttles up his remaining engine...

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS

The lone engine desperately surges. The fiery destruction engulfing the Pax Nimbus continues to advance on the yacht.

An old thruster on the Nimbus EXPLODES which then sends shrapnel cascading into and off the hull of the Meridian.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

Franklin struggles with the helm. The others sit helplessly as the ship violently shakes. A COMPUTER VOICE resonates...

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)

Warning. Port-side engine
over-temp.

The engine overheats and begins to throttle down.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)

Warning. Hull integrity exceeding
safety limits.

DEVIN

Get my bloody ship outta here!

Caution indicators everywhere... and then something else: piercing BLUE and RED lights brightly flood the Meridian from the outside.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS

The heavy rescue ship ARC JULIET swiftly arrives on scene. The bow is heavily armored. Positioned topside are robotic cutting tools and first responding equipment.

Mid-ship houses the TOWER/BRIDGE. This is the transparent nerve-center control room.

The side reads: HEAVY RESCUE along with a double capital-F, representing the FIRST FLEET logo. A large letter 'J' for easy hull identification and the ship's name in smaller lettering: ARC-JULIET

The vessel is equipped with aft mounted, reaction-less, engine-racks. Blueish-glowing plate-fields replace conventional force thrusters.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

Communication speakers transmit the voice of a young male.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
 (Juliet comms. officer)
 Vessel in distress, this is the
 First Fleet Advanced Rescue Craft
 Juliet. Can you respond?

Smiles everywhere. Franklin returns communication...

FRANKLIN
 We copy you, Juliet. This is the
 Meridian, British Cosmic Registry.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
 Meridian, what is your crew status?

FRANKLIN
 Zero-five souls. Minor smoke
 irritation. Unable to release from
 docking hold. Can you assist us?

JOSHUA (O.S.)
 Stand by one, Meridian.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The room layout is multilevel and designed to give a 360° view outward and around the ship. Lower level is operations and communications. Upper tier is helm and command.

Proudly standing on the upper tier is Captain EVANDER REYNOLDS, "#1 Captain" coffee mug in hand. The seasoned 50 year-old monitors every action his crew makes.

REYNOLDS
 Joshua, run data on the Meridian
 and identify that freighter.

JOSHUA, early 20s, works from a station on the lower tier.

JOSHUA
 Accessing logs. Launching probe.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS - ARC JULIET

A small PROBE launches from the Juliet and darts towards the Pax Nimbus. GREEN SENSOR BEAMS begin to scan the freighter.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Now standing next to Reynolds is Lieutenant Commander WAYNE "Ell Cee" HARDING, mid 30s, handsome and stalwart.

HARDING

Ready fire fighting systems. Gonna need a solution for that docking clamp. You got one, speak up.

Sergeant **RYDER**, 38, short, yet built like a brick shit house. He is a gut-sucked-in, attention-standing, beady-eyed S.O.B. His boots are over-polished and he always chews an unlit cigar.

RYDER

(muffled, cigar dangling)
Torch it off.

REYNOLDS

Not with that coolant leak.

Ryder grins with rejection and returns to his stiff posture.

HARDING

Anyone else?

Joshua activates a high-res HOLOGRAPHIC image of both the Nimbus and Meridian -- positions it for all to see.

JOSHUA

Freighter is Pax Nimbus, expired registry. Probe indicates negative life on board.

Harding points to massive chambers within the Nimbus.

HARDING

Fuel tanks are compromised. Won't be long till they go up.

REYNOLDS

Freighter's out of play, focus on the yacht.

HARDING

Bump 'em loose like we did during the Jupiter collision.

The Captain contemplates. An ELEVATOR slowly rises from the deck floor. It opens into the control room...

Sergeant **LACI** MIKAH, 25, athletically built, now stands within the chain of command. Her perpetual super-smile is polar opposite to Ryder's constant smirk.

REYNOLDS
Wayne, we'll go with your plan.
(toward Laci)
Your team ready, doc?

LACI
Standing by, cap.

REYNOLDS
I want them medically cleared,
hangar bay.

HARDING
(toward Laci)
Preliminary reports of smoke
inhalation.

LACI
Copy that, Ell Cee.

She harmlessly backhands Ryder's arm, grunts and imitates his stiff posture, then motions for him to follow her.

LACI
You come, now, no?

He sighs. She chuckles. Both exit via the fancy elevator.

Harding places both hands on the shoulders of helmsman HEIMY TIMON, 40 -- points directly at the docking clamp.

HARDING
Drive her right in... *there*.

REYNOLDS
Joshua, inform the Meridian of the
play. Helm, get us into position
and execute.

JOSHUA
Meridian, Arc Juliet. Prepare...
(MORE)

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

The crew peers through the cockpit window as the front RAM of the Juliet grows in size and aims straight for them.

JOSHUA (O.S. CONT'D)
...to be broken free.

Franklin shows Devin a look of complete exasperation.

DEVIN
They bloody kidding?

MERIDIAN COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
Warning. Proximity alert.

The crew braces. Hooper whimpers and then lowers his head.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS - ARC JULIET

The bow of the Juliet rises upward. Top section of the ram SLAMS into the side of the Nimbus, easily ripping into the docking clamp and airlock. Steel crumples like tin-foil.

The frozen clamp EXPLODES into tiny bits. The Meridian pops free but not before taking damage to the starboard engine.

The Juliet's engines glow brightly as she slams into reverse, aggressively powering the ship away from the smaller yacht.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Helmsman Timon exhales as he steadies the controls. Harding pumps his fist, celebratory style.

HARDING
Way to crush it, Timmy!

Crew members briefly smile until professionalism takes over.

REYNOLDS
Secure that yacht. Wayne?

Harding eagerly looks towards his Captain.

REYNOLDS
Good call. My quarters in fifteen.

Harding nods in appreciation, steps into the elevator.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - MERIDIAN

The Juliet spins in place ready to receive the Meridian. The HANGAR BAY entrance is above the engines, protected by a stasis field. Simply put, a door made from pure energy.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

The rescue ship is visible through the front view-port.

FRANKLIN

Engine one's fried. They want us to dock.

DEVIN

Bloody straight. I ain't paying for this fargon damage.

NYX

Juliet, what a pretty name.

FRANKLIN

It's phonetic for the letter J.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - MERIDIAN

The Meridian limps towards the rear of the Juliet.

INT. ARC JULIET - LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S QUARTERS

Harding sits down at his desk and activates a VIDEO TRANSMISSION. The monitor shows MICHELLE **CLARKE**, late 30s, Captain's regalia.

Screen reads: LIVE FEED: ARC-SIERRA.

CLARKE (VIDEO AND AUDIO)

Lieutenant Commander Harding.

HARDING

Captain Clarke, Ma'am.

Clarke drops the formalities. This is a social call.

CLARKE

I hate MA'AM. You know that. Kinda feels like ya been avoiding me.

HARDING

Been busy doing hero stuff...

He appears apprehensive. Clarke has a look of concern.

HARDING
Zero-five P.O.B, all saves. Captain
wants me to babysit.

CLARKE
How is Evander -- excited about
retiring?

HARDING
Actually, doesn't mention it much.

CLARKE
I owe my entire career to him. I
miss you so much.

HARDING
Three more days, honey.

CLARKE
Long distance relationships...
(beat, off his nervous look)
All right, what's the matter? You
don't make Captain without a keen
sense of people.

HARDING
My own ship, what if I'm not ready?

CLARKE
I'm always here to help, and I also
wanna be the first to congratulate
you, Captain...

HARDING
Marry me?

CLARKE
...Harding -- HUH? What did you
say?

Clarke looks stunned, mouth ajar. Blind sided.

HARDING
You know, matrimony, courtship. I'd
get on one knee but then the camera
can't see me.

CLARKE
I... sure.

HARDING
Sure? You don't have anything a
little more definite sounding?

Big smiles. She turns giddy...

CLARKE

Yes, I will! YES! And mom said it would never happen. I gotta tell her. Call you back. Oh, love ya!

The monitor turns black with a graphic: CALL TERMINATED. Harding kicks back into his chair, puts on dark sunglasses.

HARDING

Swept her off her feet...
(contemplates, smiles)
Future's so bright that I gotta wear shades.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Automated equipment roams the bay. The Meridian is about to penetrate the high tech stasis-field and enter the Juliet's hangar. In the background, a still burning Pax Nimbus.

Sergeant Laci enters the bay, pauses, sees...

JANE BUCKLEY, 20, timid in appearance, who now sees Laci.

BUCKLEY

Sarge, guess what?

Laci shakes her head at Buckley, tries to warn her of...

Sergeant Ryder. Buckley's face goes cold with fear. She turns, wants to leave -- too late as Ryder locks onto her.

RYDER

ROOK! Get back here. NOW!

Buckley has no choice. She heads to him like a cowardly puppy. Ryder holds up a small, cylindrical TECH device which scrolls open...

RYDER

What, pray tell, is this?

Buckley maintains an attention stance.

BUCKLEY

Uh, aft-casing status report, sir.

RYDER

A horses' ass! You absent the day they taught report writing? You need more T on the god damn J. Redo this, ASAP -- you get me?

BUCKLEY
Sir, yes, sir!

RYDER
Get out of my face, disgrace.

Buckley bolts out of the hangar. Ryder turns, sees Laci IMITATING him. Her chest and arms are puffed out...

LACI
More T on the god damn J.

Laci can't help but laugh even though she continues to act out her stiff imitation of the Sergeant.

RYDER
You done?

LACI
What is it with your hard-on for her anyway?

RYDER
It's my damn job. I turn boys to men and girls into woman.

LACI
Sounds illegal, and gross. Give her a break, she's really trying.

Ryder spits a wet mass of his chewed cigar onto the deck.

RYDER
I'm god damn under-paid and under-appreciated round these parts.

They watch the Meridian slowly land inside of the bay.

LACI
You're under-something all right, but it sure ain't paid.

INT. ARC JULIET - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Captain Reynolds sits. CHIME.

REYNOLDS
Come in.

Harding enters the room.

HARDING
You wanted to see me, cap?

REYNOLDS
Wayne, sit. I'll come right out
with it. I spoke with command. They
aren't giving you the Juliet.

Harding appears blind sided.

HARDING
Kidding me, right? I thought it was
a done deal. Who?

REYNOLDS
They won't say. Someone without
arc-class experience.

HARDING
I'm next in line. *Damn-it!*

REYNOLDS
I told them they were making a
mistake. But, bureaucrats have
their favorites. Isn't the first
time. Still got a long career
ahead.

Harding sits, looks down, his hands cup his forehead.

HARDING
With you retiring, I'll put in for
a transfer, I guess.

REYNOLDS
Promise me you'll think this
through.

HARDING
If H.Q. wanted me to stay here --
they sure have a funny way of
showing it.

REYNOLDS
If you're considering transferring
to the Sierra, that'll backfire.

HARDING
Not really in the cards as of ten
minutes ago. I asked Clarke to
marry me.

REYNOLDS
 Congratulations. Good news often
 follows bad. This isn't the end,
 son.

HARDING
 Sure has that final feel to it.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

The Meridian's crew exits the yacht and enters the Hangar bay. The ship's name is clearly visible on the hull.

Laci, still standing with Ryder, is joined by two rookie EMT techs, SARAH EVANS, 22, and TONY KAYLE, 24.

LACI
 Meridian? Like the Meridian movies?

Guy pans his camera, gets a good shot of the bay.

EVANS
 I'm liking the scenery so far. What
 a hottie.

RYDER
 (to Laci)
 Look at that, a video camera --
 right up your alley, eh, princess?

Laci's eyes wide at the sight of Nyx ushering Haley.

LACI
 Oh my god, that's Faye Nyx -- my
 favorite actress! When I die I
 wanna come back to life as her.

Ryder snickers, then points to the SIDE-AIRLOCK...

RYDER
 Jump in, hit the airlock override
 and presto -- *instant movie star!*

Laci flashes him a "screw you" look before bolting past Devin and straight to Nyx. The techs begin crew assessment.

DEVIN
 Bob Devin, director and...

LACI
 Faye Nyx, welcome on board the
 Juliet -- I'm Sergeant Mikah, a
 huge fan. I love your work.

DEVIN
 Sergeant, I will see your captain
 about the resulting damage to...

Laci ignores Devin, focuses on Haley clinging to Nyx's leg.

LACI
 Haley, I knew you'd be back for
 another movie.

NYX
 She can't talk, or hear you.

Laci crouches in front of the young girl and begins
 communicating a greeting in SIGN language -- the hello
 salute. Nyx produces a small, electronic device which she
 offers to the Sarge...

NYX
 It's a... communications board.

DEVIN
 Sergeant Stacy...

LACI
 It's Laci. Get cleared in medical,
 then I'll ask the Captain to come
 down and see you.

Haley signs -- responds that she feels fine

A now irritated Devin grabs Laci by the elbow.

DEVIN
 I bloody better...

RYDER
 Hey, listen here now...

Laci quickly interjects, she is razor sharp.

LACI
 Since I'm down here on your level,
 let me make something clear:
medically, I'm in charge, so you
 gotta get past me first. Got it?

In the background, half of the Pax Nimbus EXPLODES into an
 orange flash!

Laci shoves Devin's wheel chair in motion...

LACI
Shall we?

DEVIN
Uh, ya -- medical sounds good.

LACI
(fake accent)
Right-oh, mate.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The scorched hull of the Pax Nimbus floats visibly behind the stern of the Juliet. Joshua refreshes the hologram.

JOSHUA
Captain, she's all burnt out.

Reynolds confidently spins around in his command chair.

REYNOLDS
Tag it. Set course back home.

Joshua taps commands. Update the holographic NAVIGATION DISPLAY screen to read: NAV-COM: COURSE LOCK - TERRA ONE.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - PAX NIMBUS

The Juliet fires a small BEACON from an open bow hatch. It travels to the Nimbus and attaches to its torn hull.

The rescue ship spins in place, begins accelerating.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Reynolds looks at each station. Smiles. Slowly nods his head up and down. His longest ship mate and close friend, Helmsman Timon, returns a positive gesture.

REYNOLDS
I'll be... about. Timmy, you're in command.

Before the Captain can leave, an incoming audio transmission over the loud speakers...

H.Q. (O.S.)
Headquarters to Arc Juliet.

JOSHUA
Arc Juliet.

H.Q. (O.S.)
Juliet, we show you closest to a
distress call -- two trapped,
condition currently unknown.

JOSHUA
Juliet, copy. En route.

Reynolds, about to descend down the elevator, pauses as if to resume his command -- thinks twice and then decides to leave his old friend in charge.

Update the holographic navigation display screen to read:
NAV-COM: COURSE LOCK. ASSIGNMENT-INTERCEPT.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet throttles up and lurches to her new course.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY

Harding exits the Captains Quarters, pauses, still visibly upset. Collects himself. Begins to move down the hallway.
LOWELL BURNS, 46, chef-garb, intercepts and whispers...

BURNS
Ell Cee, where's the Captain?

HARDING
I ain't his keeper. Why are you
whispering?

Burns is one of those quick talkers. Annoying as hell.

BURNS
Keep him away from the conference
room. Still setting up in there for
tonight's party -- those chicken
appetizers he likes, real meat, not
processed, you know the...

HARDING
...wonderful, really is.

BURNS
Saved enough plums for a cake --
one slice each, smuggled a little
something special for our captain
to be -- it's spiritual, if you
know what I mean.

The chef creates fake drinking motions.

HARDING

You can forget about that. I'm not gonna be our next captain, or anyone's damn captain.

Harding continues down the hallway. Burns is flabbergasted.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

P.O.V. tour of the ship through the main hallway. Pass a CAFETERIA. Pass a GYMNASIUM. Crew members acknowledge P.O.V. as a ranking officer. Turn into MEDICAL...

INT. ARC JULIET - MEDICAL

The previous P.O.V. belongs to Harding. He enters the hospital where the crew of the Meridian sit on examination tables, some inhale an oxygen cocktail through masks. A downtrodden Harding approaches Laci...

HARDING

Where we at?

LACI

No serious exposures.

Devin and Franklin arrive. Laci moves off-screen.

DEVIN

Finally, an important rank. I'm quite concerned about the damage my ship suffered when your Captain went barmy.

HARDING

Went what?

DEVIN

I'm overdue at my studio. Obviously, the speed of this vessel is not up to snuff -- bloody bodge up job.

Harding's irritation levels begin to skyrocket.

HARDING

If you think we did something reckless then put in a complaint to First Fleet. Please, force a full inquiry. I guarantee they'd have a boat load of questions regarding that freighter fire.

Devin struggles to remain silent. Seems to know better.

FRANKLIN

If I may, a proper thanking to you
and your crew is in high order.

HARDING

Yeah, we can't release your ship
until both engines are operational.
Enjoy the ride, and get him to
knock it off with that shit, this
ain't no reality T.V. show.

Harding points to Guy, who in turn, is focused on the BACK
of Laci, CAMERA ACTIVE. Exit Harding. Laci quickly turns,
catches Guy in a stare -- displays a fake smile.

LACI

You get enough shots of my ass?

GUY

No -- I mean, I'm not...

LACI

(compassionately)

Just ask next time, I don't mind.

GUY

Really, it's okay?

LACI

NO, you little perv! Smoke get to
your pea brain?

The boy is out of his league. Laci points at the door.

LACI

Get out of my office. OUT! OUT!

Guy stumbles out of Medical, nearly falling on his face.
Evans moves next to Laci, both bust out laughing.

EVANS

I'm gonna have every one of his
babies.

Nyx removes the oxygen mask. Moves closer to them.

NYX

That was something earlier...

A look of astonishment from Laci. Evans now off screen.

Nyx eyeballs Devin, who is now privately conversing with Franklin -- other side of Medical.

NYX

Him getting treated like that -- he always gets his way, yet you shut him down. Rare sight indeed.

LACI

So much for my movie career, I guess. How can you stand that guy?

NYX

He's pompous and demanding, but one of the best at what he does. I stay with him cause of the two Academy awards he got me.

LACI

I'd love to know how you got your big break?

NYX

Nepotism. Surely you have an uncle in the business, right?

(chuckles)

So, you wanna be on the silver screen, yet you're out here playing Nurse Chapel. Why's that?

LACI

My Mom says I should be a doctor. Dad's old-school -- thinks I should stay home, barefoot and all.

(fake finger gag)

So protective. It must be awesome being a star. Spare some advice?

NYX

Med school, darling. Definitely, med school.

EXT. SPACE

The Juliet at full-drive speed.

INT. ARC JULIET - STAIRWELL

Buckley enters the stairwell and briskly descends. Bad timing as Ryder awaits her mid stairwell.

RYDER

Where you going there, rook?

Ryder inspects her uniform, footwear.

RYDER

Holy Christ. You out of shoe
polish? Those boots are an
embarrassment to the whole fleet.

Captain Reynolds enters the stairwell -- eavesdrops.

BUCKLEY

I'm not...

RYDER

You're not anything, now are you?
Don't you be eyeballing me!

Clenched and stiff, she is now in Ryder's face.

BUCKLEY

I'm not in training anymore! I'm
the only one you treat like this!
Why? You need to back the HELL off,
NOW! You get, *ME?!?*

RYDER

(off guard)

Well, fine then... carry on, cadet.

Buckley appears mad, several other emotions as well --
mutters something, continues up the stairs. The Captain
moves near Ryder.

REYNOLDS

Good job, Sergeant.

RYDER

Thanks, Cap. This one's taking me a
bit longer than usual. Must be
get'n old.

Reynolds pats Ryder on the back, continues down the stairs.

REYNOLDS

We're all getting old, son.
Alternatives... *not so good.*

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

Buckley emerges from the stairwell. Pauses, recalls...

FLASHBACK TO:**INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS**

Buckley holds out her hands in front of her waist. They shake. She can't get them to stop.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 MONTHS EARLIER...

INT. ARC JULIET - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Buckley enters the room, appears quite stressed.

REYNOLDS

What can I do for you, Cadet?

BUCKLEY

I have to quit. Can you get me back home?

REYNOLDS

You know, Jane, the family separation we all face doing this job is not easy for anybody.

BUCKLEY

It's not that, it's just... the crew doesn't trust me. I hear them talking about me messing up everything. I just plain... *suck*.

REYNOLDS

You can't control what other people say about you. Those that tear down others have little confidence in their own ability, especially to teach.

BUCKLEY

I'm screwing -- messing... sorry, everything I do completely up.

REYNOLDS

There has to be someone on this ship you look up to -- someone you can trust to take you under their wings?

BUCKLEY

I don't know... Sergeant Mikah helps me. She's busy and everything she does is always so perfect.

REYNOLDS

She made mistakes and wanted home too. Stood here, just like you.

BUCKLEY

Really?

REYNOLDS

Everyone wanted to quit at some point, even me. I'll be retiring after this tour ends. I didn't do too bad, now did I?

BUCKLEY

No, you're the Captain.

REYNOLDS

And as Captain I don't want a ship of robots. I want real people who have lived through mistakes and can adjust, adapt to whatever they need to, whenever they need to. Your uniqueness is what makes this vessel the best in the fleet. I truly believe that. This ship and its crew are a family that I very much want you to be part of.

Apparently, the speech is getting through to her.

REYNOLDS

Sergeant Mikah helps you?

She nods.

REYNOLDS

You want to let her down, cadet?

Buckley shakes her head.

REYNOLDS

Good. Oh, and Jane, you don't suck.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

Buckley struts down the hallway, a rejuvenated person.

INT. ARC JULIET - MEDICAL

A small medical staff attends to the crew of the Meridian.
The INTERCOM activates...

JOSHUA (O.S.)
Control, medical.

LACI
Medical.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
We are sixteen minutes E.T.A. for
multiple-subject-trapped. Condition
unknown. K-9 assist.

LACI
Copy that.
(to Evans)
Sarah, have Vernon wake up the
dogs.

Reynolds enters the room, joins Devin and Franklin.

REYNOLDS
I'm Captain Reynolds. Can I
rightfully assume my staff is
taking well care of your crew?

DEVIN
To say the least, Captain. I'm to
understand there is another
emergency?

REYNOLDS
Yes, injuries aboard a science
vessel. We have to divert. The good
news -- the call is en route to
Earth, so we should have you back
home by tomorrow night. Not what
you may have hoped to hear, but
best I can do.

FRANKLIN
On behalf of my crew and employer,
I genuinely thank you, Captain.

A beat so that both men can ascertain opposing mettle.

REYNOLDS
How did the fire start?

Devin glances at Franklin.

DEVIN
We're not sure.

REYNOLDS
Deep space, on a cargo ship, with
an expired registry -- care to
explain what you were up to?

DEVIN
Re-shooting one of our scenes.

REYNOLDS
Must be expensive -- to come all
the way out here for a movie.

DEVIN
Exciting is how I see it.
Otherwise, what can I say, I'm a
perfectionist. Truly, a curse to
bear.

Reynolds raises an eyebrow.

REYNOLDS
I'll have my engineer assist in
your repairs. Perhaps, you can get
going under your own power, yet.

DEVIN
Cheers, mate.

INT. ARC JULIET - ENGINE ROOM

The four engines and power plants are downright unimpressive
and also tiny compared to the size of the ship. Overall, not
much to monitor or even maintain.

Reclined and apparently asleep is ship engineer PAULY
KRAEMER, 50, hardly appears service-worthy.

Ryder enters the room and approaches the snoring engineer.
He shakes his head in general disapproval.

RYDER
Tench-HUT!

Kraemer falls backwards, off his chair, onto his fat ass.

KRAEMER

What da fuck!

RYDER

Oh... did I wake you, so *not* sorry.

KRAEMER

The hell you want?

RYDER

Captain wants you to help our guests fix their shit -- I mean ship. Not that you can do either.

KRAEMER

Funny little man. Look around at this modular techno-crap they build these days. You don't fix anything anymore, just pop in a replacement part. A bum can do it.

RYDER

We got the right guy then. Get popping, hobo.

KRAEMER

God, I miss the old days of crawling into a plasma assembly array, wrench in hand, elbow deep in stasis gel -- I was a miracle worker I'll have you know.

RYDER

I'll cry you a river so you can float down to the hangar bay.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Franklin leans into the damaged engine of the Meridian. Hooper ventures out of the ship for the first time. He is in explore mode and may have roamed too far...

Hooper is now nose to nose with two large German Shepherds, Popeye and Sinbad.

Good thing both search dogs are leashed and controlled by their handler, EDGAR VERNON, 30.

VERNON

Whoa, down boys. Cute doggy.

Hooper quickly retreats back to the Meridian, his adventure over before it even begins.

In the forward section of the hangar bay is the UMBILICAL/AIRLOCK and telescoping SKY-BRIDGE -- the preferred method for ship to ship transfers.

At the airlock is Laci, Evans and Kayle. They make final adjustments to their RESCUE SUITS and emergency gear.

A clock readout counts backwards, just reached the five (5) minute mark. Vernon and the rescue dogs arrive. Evans is an animal lover...

EVANS
Popeye, Sinbad!

LACI
Five minutes folks.

Captain Reynolds approaches the airlock. He dials up a rescue suit. Begins to dress. Others at attention...

REYNOLDS
At ease. Mind if I tag along -- for soon to be old times' sake?

LACI
No. I mean, of course not. It's my, our pleasure.

EVANS
The more the merrier, Cap.

Behind them, Guy moves into view. He films the crew's preparations. Laci glares at him as Evans radiates pheromones in his direction.

REYNOLDS
Look, we may be on TV. How exciting.

LACI
He's got a thing for private parts.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Meet the DIGITAL ARRAY -- a small research station with a long neck ending in a tiny, global shaped, command pod.

A distant light grows in size and intensity. The light is the Arc Juliet and it quickly approaches the Array.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Acting-Captain Timon mentors the Male Crew Member who trains at the helm position. Satisfied, he watches the Juliet come to a stop *side-to* the Digital Array.

JOSHUA

Juliet, arrival on scene -- Digital Array. Zero-nine-forty. Deploying Sky-Bridge.

Emerging from the fancy elevator is Harding. Instantly assumes command. Timon back at the helm.

HARDING

Structure appears intact. Joshua, any contact?

JOSHUA

Negative.

HARDING

Wanna ring the door bell?

JOSHUA

(into comms.)

Arc Juliet, Digital Array?

(beat)

Arc Juliet, Digital Array?

(to Harding)

No immediate response sir. I'll start up a probe.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - DIGITAL ARRAY

The sky-bridge mates with the Digital Array's outer airlock.

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

'ROMEO TEAM' is Reynolds, Laci, Evans, Kayle, Vernon and two rescue dogs. They stop at the end of the narrow bridge, just inches before the sealed airlock to the Array.

LACI

(into communication system)

Romeo Team in position, sky-bridge, outer airlock.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Copy that. Awaiting contact.

LACI

Possible we're early to a rescue call?

REYNOLDS

First time for everything, right?

EVANS

Cap, we're gonna miss ya. The ship won't be the same.

REYNOLDS

I leave her with the best crew in the fleet. Time for me to move on -- got other dreams to pursue.

LACI

What's life without dreams, right?

Laci appears more emotional than anyone else.

REYNOLDS

I recall a scared young cadet the first time she stepped through this door. Your first case was that skinny guy, you remember?

LACI

Like it was yesterday, Cap.

On Laci as she recalls...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Umbilical airlock/sky-bridge prep area. Sergeant GREG "Morty" MORTENSON, late 30s, right foot in a cast -- hunched over on CRUTCHES near Laci and Captain Reynolds.

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 Years Earlier...

Rookie crew member Laci is gearing up in a rescue suit. She appears overly nervous and lacking her usual poise.

MORTENSON

Keep your check-backs current and don't administrate anything without running it by me first.

LACI

Copy that, Sarge.

MORTENSON
 Slow and steady just like our
 practice jumps.

Laci exhales as Reynolds hands her a backboard and gear.

MORTENSON
 Damn odds, eh cap? I break my foot
 and my other certified tech gets
 the flu. All I got is the rook. You
 wanna take this jump?

REYNOLDS
 Nah, Morty. I have confidence.
 Let's see how far she's come.

MORTENSON
 Alright, crack it on open.

The airlock door to the claustrophobic sky-bridge opens.

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

Laci proceeds down the narrow tunnel followed by two MALE
 "JUMP" OFFICERS both carrying cutting tools. They are the
 three members composing ROMEO TEAM (flashback).

LACI
 (into communication system)
 Romeo team in position, um,
 outer... sky-bridge, uh, airlock.

Both airlock doors open granting Romeo Team (flashback)
 access to steel corridors. They are greeted by one MALE and
 one FEMALE (both white suits). Romeo Team enters the hall.

INT. UNKNOWN TRANSPORT SHIP - HALLWAY

Laci is scared, yet quite eager to get to work.

WHITE SUIT FEMALE
 This way, hurry. Please.

The team quickly follows the "suits" down a corridor.

LACI
 What... what happened?

WHITE SUIT MALE
 The deck, it just collapsed.
 Everyone is accountable except for
 James.

The end of the hallway is now fully blocked by a twisted pile of steel.

WHITE SUIT FEMALE
Can you save him?

The collapsed decking is a tangled mess except for a small opening that leads into darkness. Male Jump Officers examine the wreckage -- very unstable looking.

WHITE SUIT MALE
We've been talking to him.

Laci calls loudly into the opening.

LACI
James, can you hear me?

JAMES (O.S.)
(faint, tranquil-like)
Yep, I can hear you.

LACI
I'm officer Mikah with First Fleet.
We're working on getting you out of
there. Okay, James?

JAMES (O.S.)
(faint)
Alright, that'll be awesome.

WHITE SUIT FEMALE
Please, you have to help him. He's
just the nicest guy ever.

MALE JUMP OFFICER #1
We cut into it and the whole thing
will shit down on us.

Laci points to the tunnel entrance...

LACI
Can you cut this piece so I can get
through?

MALE JUMP OFFICER #1
Totally nuts if you go in there.
This deck is hanging on by a
thread.

LACI
Cut it... and hurry.

Male Jump Officer #2 activates his cutting tool and slices through steel. The opening into darkness is big enough for Laci to fit. She beams a light directly into it...

LACI
 (into communication system)
 Romeo team, contact with one adult male. Subject trapped under debris. Unable to clear to him. Going in to pull him out, over.

MORTENSON (O.S.)
 Copy that. Proceed with caution.

She takes a deep breath and vanishes into the dark tunnel.

COLLAPSED DECK TUNNEL

Laci crawls deeper into darkness. Her flashlight is the only source of light. The tunnel narrows.

LACI
 JAMES?

JAMES (O.S.)
 Yeah.

LACI
 Alright, I'm almost to you.

JAMES (O.S.)
 I see your light.

She squeezes past an obstruction and winches in pain as a jagged piece of steel cuts her arm. The rubble above slightly SHIFTS and scares her into moving faster.

JAMES, 48, lanky build, lays awkwardly -- trapped by debris.

LACI
 Are you hurt?

JAMES
 I don't think so.

LACI
 Can you move?

JAMES
 Something's got my leg.

Laci struggles -- sees his leg which is positioned behind him and remains unnaturally bent underneath him. She stretches around his torso to assess the injury.

LACI
Jimmy, this hurt when I do this?

She examines dark blood on her gloved hand.

JIMMY
Nope.

LACI
(into comms.)
Sarge, subject has a two inch laceration high on his left leg possibly into the femoral artery. There's a piece of debris pinning the leg. Could be all that's keeping him from bleeding out.

MORTENSON (O.S.)
Copy that, administer Syn-Quag to seal the wound.

Laci searches through her medical kit.

JAMES
I almost became an officer in the First Fleet, but I failed the drug test.

LACI
Really?

JAMES
Ya, they detected morphine in my system. My Mom had some left over. I said, Ma, gimme a blast of that stuff. They found out and I didn't make the background check.

She holds the fully prepared syringe high up -- pauses.

LACI
You on morphine right now?

JIMMY
Uh, ya, good thing too. Imagine the pain I'd be in otherwise.

LACI
(into comms.)
You copy that, Sarge?

MORTENSON (O.S.)
Copy. Don't use Syn-Quag, he'll
hemorrhage combined with morphine.
You certain that artery is cut?

LACI
Affirmative, I can fit my finger in
it.

MORTENSON (O.S.)
Can you clamp and extract?

Laci grabs a nearby piece of steel -- a good pry bar.

LACI
It's high on the leg. I think so.

MORTENSON (O.S.)
Think later, do now.

James' leg tight with a tourniquet. RUBBLE SHIFTS loudly.

MORTENSON (O.S.)
Get the hell outta there!

She inserts the steel into the debris trapping his leg.
Leans into the pry with all her might...

His smashed leg flops freely. Arterial blood pulses and
sprays -- her patient is unconscious.

The rubble shifts yet again. Laci frantically drags James
through the rickety tunnel. His blood loss nears critical.

HALLWAY

An exhausted Laci clears the debris tunnel, James in tow.
The tunnel collapses -- deck smashes downward. A save!

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

Romeo team waits at the end of the sky-bridge.

LACI
So there's multiple aided over
there and we're waiting here *why*?

REYNOLDS
Patience is no longer a virtue.
(into comms.)
Control -- what's the hold up?

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Harding spins around and locates the connecting sky-bridge.

HARDING
(into comms.)
We're still figuring this out.
Captain, you're on the jump team?

REYNOLDS (O.S.)
Affirmative, Is there an emergency
on this array or not?

HARDING
Joshua, get serious with these
yahoo's.

JOSHUA
(into comms.)
Digital Array, this is the Arc
Juliet. Are you capable of
responding? Boarding team standing
by. We insist you respond ASAP.

HARDING
Someone work on that door's
override.

Bridge speakers echo with a MALE VOICE (Zachary).

ZACHARY (O.S.)
How many on the boarding team?

Harding and his crew look mystified.

JOSHUA
Five, standard team. You have a
medical emergency, or not?

ZACHARY (O.S.)
That's too many. Send less.

More confused looks. Harding will have no more...

HARDING
(into comms.)
This is Lieutenant Commander Wayne
Harding. We are responding to a
rescue call. You will open your
airlock immediately or I am
authorized to override your
systems. Can you comply?

Silence. Beat.

HARDING
 What's this station used for,
 anyway?

Joshua quickly scans his terminal for data.

JOSHUA
 Corporate research. Specialty
 unknown.

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

The airlock parts and Romeo Team now has access to the white hallway inside of the Digital Array. It's eerily vacant.

The dogs BARK as though they want no part of this place.

VERNON
 Whoa guys. Ahead. Ahead.

They won't budge.

EVANS
 What's with the dogs?

REYNOLDS
 Take 'em back, rest proceed.
 (into comms.)
 Good job with the override, Wayne.

HARDING (O.S.)
 Wasn't us Cap.

Minus Vernon and the dogs, Romeo Team proceeds down the hallway.

INT. DIGITAL ARRAY - HALLWAY

At the end of the hallway, a white-clad figure races briefly in and out of view.

LACI
 Hey! Hold up.

The deck plates GROAN with sounds of stress.

Romeo Team proceeds to the end of the hallway.

The hallway branches off -- to the left: an open-door LABORATORY. To the right: a narrower hallway that apparently leads to the COMMAND POD and finally, another closed door labeled: CHAMBER 1.

A loud HUMMING NOISE pierces eardrums. Similar to the sound a big electrical engine may produce. It lasts five seconds, almost maddening in intensity.

REYNOLDS

What the hell was that?

THE LABORATORY

MO **ZACHARY**, 30's, slams shut a metallic SILVER CASE.

He notices Romeo Team at the doorway -- hastily shuts another case which is being loaded by ADENA JORDAN, 25, exotic-looking Middle-Eastern female. Romeo Team cannot see the case's contents.

The rescue Team remains at the door to the Laboratory.

LACI

Where are the injured?

ZACHARY

You're too late. We must leave here immediately.

REYNOLDS

Stop wasting time and tell me.

ZACHARY

Chamber one, but it is you who wastes time.

REYNOLDS

Get them back to the Juliet.
Sergeant, come with.

Kayle and Evans escort Zachary and Jordan, along with their cases, towards the direction of the airlock door.

Reynolds and Laci stop in front of the door marked CHAMBER 1. The steel door opens just as the crippling noise repeats and lasts six seconds -- this time more intense than previous. They must totally cover their ears.

CHAMBER 1

Bulky machines lay torn from their deck mounts and cluttered against the far wall.

Reynolds and Laci inspect the pile of machinery -- human appendages are combined with the machinery on a molecular level. Where one human begins, the other ends. No one remains alive to rescue.

Laci touches what appears to be a male arm clad in a white lab coat. She quickly recoils from the experience.

They share a look: "what the hell happened here?"

The crippling noise is now a few seconds longer. The array receives a jolt, our heroes are knocked to the wall.

REYNOLDS
You alright?

Laci nods. Rubs her neck area. Collects herself.

REYNOLDS
Time we get the hell outta here.

A stronger vibration jolts the array. Lights flicker as power and life support systems struggle to remain online.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - DIGITAL ARRAY

The Digital Array begins to slowly move closer to the side of the Juliet. The sky bridge buckles under stress, begins slacking -- low point sags in the middle.

The event consuming the Array is also spreading to the Juliet. Power interrupts. Lights flicker.

The Juliet begins listing port-side into the Digital Array. The yaw change is greatest at the control tower.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The crew is tossed to the port-side of the room.

HARDING
Stabilize!

TIMON
Controls not responding!

HARDING
(into comms.)
Captain. We're losing helm response
and ship-wide power!

REYNOLDS (O.S.)
Something ain't right. Abort.

HARDING
(into comms.)
Roger that. Engine room -- report!

INT. ARC JULIET - ENGINE ROOM

Kraemer, bleeding head, lays unconscious.

HARDING (O.S.)
Engine room! Respond! Damn it!

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Harding sees the Array and Juliet creep closer.

HARDING
(into comms.)
Captain, we're gonna collide!

INT. DIGITAL ARRAY - HALLWAY - AIRLOCK

Reynolds and Laci race back at the airlock/sky-bridge. He guides Laci through. She carefully descends. The Captain remains on the station.

REYNOLDS
Go. Get back to the ship.

Laci realizes his intentions, tries to tighten her grip.

LACI
Not without you!

Reynolds taps a control panel, the airlock door begins to close. Laci tries to pull him into the sky-bridge until her hand slips. Reynolds does not assist her.

She slides from the Array's airlock down to the bridge's low point. Both now out of reach of one another.

LACI
Captain!

Reynolds looks at Laci until the airlock closes.

LACI
Open the door! Captain!

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

FROM THE HANGAR BAY LOOKING INTO THE SKY-BRIDGE --

Laci climbs up the sky-bridge and towards the Juliet's airlock. Struggling and almost at the top, she is assisted by Evans who then helps her the rest of the way.

EVANS
The Captain?

LACI
Stayed behind.

VERNON
Retracting and seal'n before we
lose atmospheric pressure.

LACI
NO! Level out the bridge, I'm going
back for him. Right now!

Vernon uses the manual override to close the airlock.

Laci moves to the sky-bridge but is immediately restrained by Kayle and Evans. She struggles but can only watch the airlock completely seal, finally breaks free.

Behind her, the crew of the Meridian watches. She backs away from everyone, turns and bolts out of the hangar bay.

INT. DIGITAL ARRAY - COMMAND POD

The crippling noise is practically constant now.

Reynolds enters -- covers his ears -- struggles to stay on his feet. Scans the instruments and finds the navigational controls -- EMERGENCY THRUSTERS -- *Yahtzee!*

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

Laci stumbles down the dimly lit hallway as the ship continues its unnatural list. Fancy elevator -- powerless. Finds a red emergency LADDER -- hastily climbs up to a hatch.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

FROM THE CONTROL ROOM VANTAGE

Harding and crew helplessly watch the core of the Digital Array about to collide with the side of the Juliet.

A GOLDEN energy-based LIGHT intensely radiates from the center of the Array. It builds to an epic conclusion.

BANG -- The EMERGENCY THRUSTERS on the side of the Array fire. A temporary flash and then a pivoting thrust...

The Array begins to move away from the Juliet, TURNING, and successfully separating the core of the station from the Juliet. As a result...

The command pod on the end of the Array's neck quickly swings, and heads straight into the Juliet's own control tower! It's moments from smashing into the safety glass.

HARDING

Seek cover!

An emergency trap door on the edge of the floor opens. Laci climbs through the emergency hatch in time to see...

The Array's command pod STOP a meter away from impacting into the Juliet's control room glass.

Visible through the pod's portal stands Captain Reynolds, his hand still clutches the emergency THRUSTER button.

The Captain sees his colleagues from his position. The crew of the Juliet stares back. He slightly exhales, totally relieved his ship has ultimately been saved...

Or has it?

Like a capsule filled to capacity -- time stops... serenity... silence... and then finally...

A golden FLASH fizzles to darkness. The event has now concluded.

The look on the Captain's face changes to TERROR and PAIN.

The crew sees the Captain CRUMPLE with the Array into a mass one-hundredth of its original size. Moments later, what's left of the Array and the Captain are completely gone.

TIMON

Evander!

Space is PITCH BLACK. Not a single star anywhere.

On the aghast faces of the crew. Harding, Laci, Ryder, Timon, Joshua -- speechless. Heartbroken. Devastated.

Power snaps back online. Systems are in a state of reset. Ship operations slowly return to normal...

And from pitch black, to dim, and then to bright, so do the stars -- as though the Galaxy has been reset, or re-booted.

HARDING

(throat tight, low)

Captain?

The crew's faces all register the same reality -- their captain, mentor, and dear friend is gone.

HARDING
Find him. NOW!

JOSHUA
(into comms.)
Digital Array, can you read us?

HARDING
What the HELL just happened?

The NAV-COM holographic guidance system, usually a pin-point accurate display, now only reads: NAV-COM: NO GALACTIC REFERENCE AVAILABLE. SCANNING...

JOSHUA
(into comms.)
Captain Reynolds, can you respond?

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Supply containers are stacked in a secluded corner of the hangar. Adena Jordan stands nearby as... *a lookout?*

She spots a break in crew activity and then cautiously moves behind cover to where Mo Zachary kneels -- guarding the silver cases that he took from the Array.

Adena nods to him -- her all-clear signal.

Zachary opens the case. The lid blocks its contents. He appears spellbound. The familiar GOLDEN GLOW reflects onto his face. He looks at Adena with awe. Carefully, he spins the case so that she can confirm...

Suspended in the small containment compartment is a cube of golden energy. Now it morphs into a star-like structure -- then a circular form, and back to a cube, which then repeats. It appears dynamic and robust, yet completely stable.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

CLOSE ON THE JULIET'S COMMAND TOWER

Laci is pressed against the glass and looking out into the vastness of space -- teary-eyed and quite comatose.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
(comms. filtered)
Captain Reynolds, please respond.

Zooming further away... the rest of the ship is idle against the lonely backdrop of unfamiliar stars...

even further, until the ship is but a tiny speck of light.

FADE OUT

THE END (PART 1)

"INFINITY'S EDGE"

"PILOT - PART 2"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

RAPIDLY THROUGH SPACE --

The heavy rescue ship, ARC-SIERRA, travels at maximum speed. She is identical to the Juliet except for I.D. markings.

INT. ARC SIERRA - CONTROL TOWER

Captain Clarke, arms folded, anxiously stands on the top tier of the control room.

CLARKE

Time till arrival?

An optical ring around the circumference of the control room pulses RED with each syllable spoken by the ship's R.A.S., or ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE. A male voice known as: SIERRA.

SIERRA (O.S.)

Forty eight seconds, which is time-minus fifty three seconds from the last time you asked. Your inquiry before that was also exactly fifty three seconds. Incidentally, the time immediately before...

CLARKE

... that'll do, Sierra. Hard to believe Captain Reynolds turned off the R.A.S. in the Juliet.

SIERRA (O.S.)

I detect a high stress level in your bio-stream, Captain Clarke. Would you like me to schedule an appointment for you with Doctor Brown?

CLARKE

I'll tend to my personal issues
personally.

SIERRA (O.S.)

Very well Captain Clarke.

Clarke now stands besides Helmsman WELCH, late 20s, female.

WELCH

We'll find 'em, boss.

Clarke half-heartedly nods. Welch slowly pulls back on the ship's throttle --

FROM THE VANTAGE OF THE CONTROL ROOM -- INTO SPACE...

Two massive military DREADNOUGHTS quickly appear off the Sierra's port and starboard sides.

Welch slams the throttle control to STOP position...

WELCH

Holy shh...!

The crew lurches forward and struggles to remain a foot.

EXT. SPACE

The Sierra is full stop. Dreadnoughts position to flank.

To her port, the Galactic Defense Council, VICTORY.

To her starboard, the sister ship, RYZE.

Centered and background to them, a smaller, utility-type vessel -- the DELANEY, shines super-bright lights onto what looks like a twisted piece of steel (the actual remains of the Digital Array).

INT. ARC SIERRA - CONTROL TOWER

LUCAS, 20s, Sierra communications officer, sitting center on the lower tier...

LUCAS

Incoming comms, Captain.

CLARKE

Allow it.

A holographic image of a uniformed, stern, 50s male -- ADMIRAL GEHRING, appears front and center.

CLARKE

Admiral.

ADMIRAL GEHRING (VIDEO & AUDIO)

Captain of First Fleet vessel, for your safety you will adjust minimal safe distance to three thousand K.M. of designated space-zero.

CLARKE

I'm Captain Clarke of the First...

ADMIRAL GEHRING

... Captain, I know exactly who you are. If my instructions are not immediately obeyed consequences will ensue. I find little joy in repeating myself.

Clarke appears uneasy. She inquisitively glances at her senior officers before dialing herself back...

CLARKE

Admiral, please. We are rescue responding to...

ADMIRAL GEHRING

... at this point, your services are not necessary. Re-position.

CLARKE

No way, I won't just stay on...

The image deactivates.

CLARKE

Son of a...

The Sierra begins to move in reverse.

CLARKE

Hold position, damn it!

Welch frantically taps on the helm instrumentation.

WELCH

I'm locked out from the controls!

CLARKE

SIERRA, all stop! Right now!

SIERRA (O.S.)
 Captain Clarke, any Galactic
 Defense Council orders override all
 First Fleet jurisdiction, let alone
 such orders coming from a standing
 and on-scene Admiral. It would be
 most prudent to...

CLARKE
 ...PRUDENT for you to follow your
 Captain's orders or I will rip your
 damn circuitry from wherever it may
 lie!

SIERRA (O.S.)
 As you wish, Captain. May I add
 that I still strongly recommend
 scheduling a stress test with
 doc...

CLARKE
 ... not another word from you
 unless I ask a direct question.
 Ensign Lucas, get the Admiral back
 on the damn screen.

The Sierra stops. The dreadnoughts continue flanking. Welch
 stares at the twin harbingers of destruction that threaten
 the rescue ship...

WELCH
 (to herself)
 We're in over our heads.

LUCAS
 Hailing the Victory, Captain.

Clarke taps fingers on her crossed arms awaiting the
 communication. Moments later, the holographic image of the
 Admiral reappears...

ADMIRAL GEHRING
 I have the power to strip you of
 command if you further test me.
 You'll be placed under arrest, and
 given a good view when I order your
 ship towed to the Earth impound
 yard.

CLARKE
 Admiral, I could care less about
 your mission. The Juliet is my only
 concern. I will not move until I
 (MORE)

CLARKE (cont'd)
get some answers, starting with
where in the hell is she?

The Admiral closes his eyes. Exhales...

ADMIRAL GEHRING
If you wish to place your own ship
and crew in danger, so be it, but,
your missing vessel is not here.

CLARKE
What kind of danger?

ADMIRAL GEHRING
The classified kind.

Clarke moves down onto the lower tier, closer to the
hologram, and the communications station.

CLARKE
You have my word I will not move
any closer. This is the Juliet's
last known position. No distress
call, no departure angle, no...
nothing. I can't believe an
ARC-class ship just disappeared
without a trace.

No comment from the Admiral. Beat.

CLARKE
That object -- why are you so
interested in it? Is that what's
left of...?

The Admirals upper lip slightly twitches -- he doesn't
appreciate answering to anyone, let alone Clarke.

ADMIRAL GEHRING
No, it's not your missing ship, I
assure you.

On screen, an OFFICER whispers into the Admiral's ear.

Clarke takes this opportunity to casually reach down to the
communications station and the PROBE LAUNCHING controls. She
preps "PROBE 1" and then presses the "FIRE" icon.

EXT. SPACE

PROBE 1 launches from the Sierra and heads towards the Delaney. Before it can make it past the Dreadnoughts, the Victory fires a pulse of light that just misses.

ZAP -- the second shot from the Victory is a direct hit. The probe is incinerated into a flash of light.

INT. ARC SIERRA - CONTROL TOWER

The Admiral glares at Clarke, displays a slight grin...

ADMIRAL GEHRING

You just exhausted the last of your courtesy. Come any closer or repeat that foolish move and the First Fleet will have another missing ship.

The visual is terminated. Clarke falls into the Captains chair, appears quite defeated.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The ARC-JULIET, motionless before the vastness of space.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

A full crew compliment is on duty...

TIMON

Navigation diagnostics complete, Ell Cee.

Harding spins around in the command chair.

HARDING

Still tip top?

TIMON

Functioning as intended. Beats me why we have no link-up.

The computer hologram reads: NAV-COM: NO GALACTIC REFERENCE AVAILABLE. SCANNING...

HARDING

Joshua, raise anyone yet?

JOSHUA

All channels idle -- kinda like there's nobody on.

HARDING
The Captain?

Joshua shakes his head. Crew members appear quite fatigued.

HARDING
Stay on it till you get something.

Harding looks at Laci -- still pressed against the glass of the command tower. He moves to her, places his hand gently on her shoulder.

LACI
I feel him. He's still out there.

HARDING
Men like him -- they live forever.

On Harding as he recalls...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The Juliet is moored inside of an orbiting SHIP YARD "dry dock." She awaits her maiden voyage.

A small transport SHUTTLE approaches the rear of the ship.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

At the front end of the bay, two "unidentifiable men" wearing blue jumpsuits are working to assemble a pre-fabricated structure -- similar to office cubicles.

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 YEARS AGO...

The shuttle passes through the stasis field. It lands in the open area of the hangar bay. The ramp opens and out emerges a familiar face: SERGEANT HARDING. He is in full dress uniform and wheeling luggage.

Harding scans the ship's bay -- appears impressed. Must be his first time here. Heads over to the workers...

HARDING
Excuse me, guys. Any officers around?

Sergeant Mortenson turns...

MORTENSON

Ya... around. You're the new sarge
huh? Here ya go...

... he hands a wrench to a sorta-offended Harding.

HARDING

Thanks, but I gotta meet up with
the Captain and get situated before
the maiden launch. I hear he's a
stickler for detail.

Harding laughs then hands the wrench back to Mortenson, who
returns a sarcastic grin.

MORTENSON

Suit yourself. I'd figure as new
Sergeant you'd wanna know if this
triage functioned properly in the
event we ever needed it.

HARDING

Yeah, you can handle it.

The other man wearing a jumpsuit turns around to face
Harding -- *it's Captain Reynolds*. He wipes his greasy hand
on his suit then extends it in gesture...

REYNOLDS

Welcome on board, Sergeant -- I'm
Captain Stickler.

Harding appears besides himself... way besides himself.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

The Meridian rests inside the Juliet's hangar bay. The
bewildered crew perched around the navigation computer.

FRANKLIN

I have no freak'n idea where the
hell we are.

NYX

None of my calls to home are
getting through.

DEVIN

I won't have this arse'n-around any
longer. Time to find out exactly
who's bloody responsible for this.

Devin exits. Franklin, still searching the computer...

FRANKLIN

These nearby celestial patterns
don't match anything on file.

NYX

If I miss out on my next gig so
help me I'll just...

(she sighs, then to Guy...)
Why don't you poke around with that
camera of yours, see what you can
find out.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Harding sits in the Captains chair, deep in thought. A beat,
then he stands up, sternly...

HARDING

Joshua, have all the officers meet
me in the conference room, ASAP.

Harding heads to the fancy elevator.

INT. ARC JULIET - LACI'S QUARTERS

Laci picks up a cracked photo frame from the floor. The
picture is a group photo shot of the crew. She gently rubs
her thumb over Captain Reynolds.

LACI

I've known for about a year now,
but... decided not to tell you... I
hated you for how you left her...

She picks the broken glass away from the frame.

LACI

But I understand why -- the way it
was going... the problems. By
letting me and mom go, she
eventually gave me the father you
couldn't have given me yourself.

Laci, against the wall, slumps down to the floor and wipes
away a tear or two.

LACI

But, you still... some how, some
way, found your way into my life...
Dad.

She hugs the photo frame.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
 All officers report to the
 conference room immediately.
 Repeat, all officers to the
 conference room.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

Harding walks down the hallway. Devin rolls up and intercepts.

DEVIN
 Lieutenant, I don't appreciate
 being kept in the dark. I have
 questions that require answers.

HARDING
 Not now, man.

They stop before the door to the CONFERENCE ROOM. The ships
 RANKING OFFICERS begin to arrive.

DEVIN
 That won't bloody do.

Devin begins following, but instantly stops when Harding's
 foot aggressively kicks into his chair...

HARDING
 Don't push it.

Harding enters the conference room. Devin watches from the
 hallway as the door seals behind him.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONFERENCE ROOM

Ship's officers -- gazing at the room which has been
 decorated for the Captain's surprise party.

Harding, standing in front of a chair at the head of the
 table -- aggressively SLAPS a "congratulations" place
 setting onto the floor. Sits down. Rest of them follow.

There is an awkward beat of silence.

HARDING
 What happened to us? Anyone?

Tight lips. Somber mood.

HARDING
 Nobody has a clue what's going on?
 No one can figure out where the
 hell we are? How about a guess?

(beat)
So what your all telling me is
we're just gonna float around here
forever until we die like the
Captain?

LACI
Ell Cee!

Harding raises his hand -- motions for a take back.

RYDER
We're still a First Fleet ship, and
we have procedures. You need to
enter yourself as ship's acting
Captain -- at least temporarily.

Harding slowly nods his head. Beat. He settles down.

HARDING
Any system damage?

KRAEMER
Engines are in perfect working
order.

HARDING
If this... 'diversion' becomes
prolonged, how are our food
supplies?

BURNS
What food supplies? This is the end
of our tour. We don't have anything
left!

HARDING
If we ration, how many days?

RYDER
Don't forget the extra mouths we
picked up.

BURNS
Two, three days. Maybe four. There
will no longer be a six-course
entree menu, that's for sure.

RYDER
Like there ever was one?!?

HARDING

Alright, mark this spot with a probe and let's start charting the area. Begin emergency stranded protocols. Priority will be any planets that can support life. Prepare to get underway. Sergeants with me to the Captain's quarters. Rest of you, dismissed.

They begin clearing the room. Harding is last to walk out...

HALLWAY -- MAIN TRUNK

Harding walks into a waiting Devin -- they exchange looks.

DEVIN

I'm a trillionaire success, formerly renown scientist, and always the smartest man in any room. I don't take a fargon back seat to anyone and no one, I repeat, no one ever ignores me.

Harding ignores him and continues down the hall.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ARC JULIET - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Harding enters the room, joins Ryder and Laci, both waiting at the computer terminal.

HARDING

Let's get this over with...

...taps a command, speaks to the terminal...

HARDING

Lieutenant Commander Wayne Harding -- authorize Arc-Juliet crew roster update.

He turns to the Sergeants.

RYDER

Sergeant Ryder, authorized.

LACI

Sergeant Mika, authorized.

HARDING
 Authorize and update, Harding to
 acting ships Captain. Execute.

The computer terminal reads: UPDATE INITIATED.

HARDING
 Let's make this as temporary as
 possible. Try to get some rest.

Ryder and Laci exit.

A beat.

The computer terminal flashes and responds with the text:
 HOW COULD YOU LEAVE THE CAPTAIN ALONE LIKE THAT?

Harding rubs his eyes, can't believe what he is reading.
 Looks around the room...

HARDING
 What? Who sent this?

The computer goes blank.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The Juliet marks space-zero with a probe. Moves away.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Adena Jordan guards the twin silver containers. Hooper
 approaches her and barks. She snarls back at the animal.
 Hooper circles her closely guarded treasure.

ADENA
 Shoo. Be off with you.

She lashes outward but the dog is too quick, circles, begins
 to growl and show fangs. Then he makes his move...

Hooper leaps at her fore-arm and sinks his teeth into her
 flesh. He immediately releases his bite.

Adena has no expected reaction to the attack. Makes no
 noise. Exhibits no pain. She merely examines the wound, then
 glares at Hooper with a nasty expression.

ON FRANKLIN AT THE MERIDIAN'S ENGINE --

A YELP comes from behind the supply cases. He turns...

Hooper retreats back to the Meridian with a slight limp. Franklin cautiously walks to the cases and peers around the corner. Adena stares eerily back at him.

He briefly waves, receives nothing in return -- turns to leave. He slowly shakes his head at her cold reception.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Ryder is in command. Joshua reacts excitingly...

JOSHUA
I got something!

RYDER
You raised headquarters?

JOSHUA
No.

RYDER
What the hell you got then?

Joshua displays a PULSE graphic on the visual. It shows a distant line that returns focus back to the Juliet.

JOSHUA
Magnetic energy pulse.

RYDER
Ya, so what?

JOSHUA
On a twenty to twenty-five varying,
pulsating, Q increment.

Ryder folds his arms, looks at him impatiently...

JOSHUA
It's definitely a complex signal.
We should alert the Captain, I mean
Ell Cee.

RYDER
He's resting and I ain't about to
wake him cause you found a flock of
seagulls.

TIMON
It's not gonna kill us to take a
peek.

RYDER

Bah, do what you want -- sounds like a waste of time. Besides, the Elle Cee wants us to find chow, remember?

Timon activates the helm controls...

TIMON

Fifteen minutes till intercept.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet turns and accelerates on a new course.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Zachary arrives at the door to the Captain's quarters. He leans his left ear closer and attempts to eavesdrop.

LACI (O.S)

You lost?

Laci quickly approaching...

ZACHARY

Who's in charge now?

Her answer -- tightly folded arms and a stern look.

ZACHARY

No matter. Let me guess, you can't figure out what happened, right? Can't figure out where you are?

LACI

You did something back on that station. I don't know what, but I saw what happened to those people and it was ungodly. Let's you and me go have a chat with the Ell Cee.

She grabs his arm by the elbow. Zachary jumps back as though Laci has the worse case of cooties ever -- squeals...

ZACHARY

Don't touch me!

LACI

What's the matter, scared of girls?

Harding emerges from his quarters...

HARDING

What the hell? Sergeant, what's the damn problem?

ZACHARY

She attacked me.

LACI

What? No way. He's hiding something. You wanna see attacked, watch this, you fu...

Laci advances on Zachary. Harding easily catches and subdues her...

HARDING

Alright, all ready! Sergeant, my quarters -- right now. Your name?

ZACHARY

Professor Jordan.

Harding motions for him to follow Laci into his quarters.

HARDING

This way, Jordan.

ZACHARY

I wish to be called -- Zachary.

Laci snarls...

LACI

Call you murderer, how do you like that, you...

HARDING

Hey Fire Cracker, I said I heard enough! Ain't gonna tell you again.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Timon turns to Ryder...

TIMON

Eight thousand meters.

Ryder contemplating...

RYDER

I don't wanna take any risks till we know what we got. Lights out, slow her on down to a crawl.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet's exterior running lights turn off.

INT. ARC JULIET - LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S QUARTERS

Harding, Laci and Zachary.

HARDING

Start talking, Sergeant.

LACI

He knows what happened to us.

ZACHARY

She must respect my tactile boundaries.

HARDING

Ya, well, I'm really tired, so I'm only gonna say this once. You -- keep your hands to yourself. I don't think that's the first time I had to tell you this, and you... find something to do. Play with your chemistry set until we figure out this mess.

LACI

He did something. Something that killed his crew and got us lost all the way out...

CHIME from the door.

HARDING

Christ, who the hell now?

Harding opens the door. Devin begins to roll in.

HARDING

Awesome. It's migraine #2.

DEVIN

Lieutenant Commander, I want myself, as representative to my crew, included in all briefings from here on out. As earlier stated, my scientific ingeniousness is invaluable.

Zachary laughs.

DEVIN

You find something bloody amusing,
Mr...?

ZACHARY

I'm familiar with your scientific
work. Instead of the words
ingenious and invaluable, inanity
and inapplicable fits the bill more
precisely.

Laci chuckles, she liked that one. Harding rubs his tired
brow and shakes his head with irritation.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

A stealth Juliet slowly approaches a small metallic object
in the shape of an ARROW HEAD. Underneath the object is a
small ASTEROID.

Between object and asteroid is severe ELECTRICAL dancing. It
appears to be emanating from the rock to the arrow head,
almost as though they are purposely bonded together.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The crew and acting Captain Ryder study the details
mentioned above...

RYDER

Is that a ship or what?

JOSHUA

Doesn't match known databases.

Ryder moves to the front glass to get a closer look.

RYDER

Light em up and let em see us.
Joshua, alert the Ell Cee.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet's light array jolts to life. The objects are
flooded with brightly lit rays. No response from the
U.F.O's.

INT. ARC JULIET - LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S QUARTERS

Devin and Zachary loudly argue. Harding turns to Laci...

HARDING

This is like mediating for a high school debate team.

He interrupts...

HARDING

FINE, I'll include each of you in the decision making -- limited though, and with conditions...

They eagerly look at Harding as he points to Zachary...

HARDING

Start coming clean about what we are facing here and work with my crew on a solution to getting the hell out of it.

ZACHARY

I'll need full access to the ship's R.A.S. prior to beginning.

HARDING

Little good that'll do. It was never engaged.

A look of deep confusion on Zachary's face. Harding points to Devin...

HARDING

Mr. Belvedere, stop following me around the damn ship. We ought a put a bell on you.

ZACHARY

What do you mean, *never engaged*?

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Ell Cee, report to control.

Harding activates the comms...

HARDING

What's up, Joshua?

JOSHUA (O.S.)

We have something. The Sarge thinks it may be a ship.

HARDING
Finally, some answers. On my way.

INT. MERIDIAN - CREW QUARTERS

Faye Nyx tucks a blanket around a sleeping Haley. Satisfied to the quality of the tuck, she smiles at the girl.

Franklin enters the ship. Nyx watches as he opens a storage closet, then begins to remove a military-styled assault rifle. Now another, and then a smaller side arm.

He places them on a table and begins field stripping the units.

NYX
What are you doing?

FRANKLIN
Force protection.

Nyx laughs.

NYX
With movie props?

FRANKLIN
Won't be props when I'm done with them.

NYX
What? You have real bullets too?

Franklin chuckles as he removes the lid on ammunition.

FRANKLIN
You think I'm just here to fly us around? The boss pays me handsomely to be prepared for anything and everything.

NYX
Really, you prepared to explain this to our hosts?!?

FRANKLIN
What they don't know won't hurt them.
(racks the weapon)
Right...?

Nyx shakes her head in disapproval, walks away.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The fancy elevator opens. Harding and Laci take their places. Devin and Zachary are also in attendance.

HARDING
Any contact?

JOSHUA
Negative.

RYDER
Probe is having problems cutting through that electrical field. So far we got large quantities of H2O on board.

ZACHARY
Where there's water, there's life.

JOSHUA
Now confirmed, oxygen levels suitable for human consumption.

HARDING
What do you make of that rock underneath? It appears to be stuck onto it.

DEVIN
More like trapped onto it.

JOSHUA
The signal emanates from the asteroid, not the metallic structure.

TIMON
Ell Cee, the starboard side, looks like an access port.

A hologram visual zooms onto the outline of a doorway.

HARDING
Big enough for us to board?

TIMON
Smaller than a standard sized lock, but indeed big enough.

HARDING
Alright, let's treat this like any other rescue and do what we do
(MORE)

HARDING (cont'd)
best. Activate cutting torches.
Let's separate metal from rock.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Articulating cutting torches extend from the top of the Juliet outwards and to the small asteroid. Plasma begins to shred into the rock surface.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Crew members watch as the metallic craft now floats freely.

HARDING
Get us in closer for sky-bridge
deployment.

Devin begins rolling to the fancy elevator.

HARDING
You two can watch from here.

That doesn't sit well with Devin and Zachary.

DEVIN
If this is first contact, my team
must be included... are you
prepared to document this?

ZACHARY
Captain, will you break your deal
already?

In the background, the sky-bridge mates to the metallic ship.

Harding turns to Zachary and Devin, reluctantly...

HARDING
Both of you will stay out of the
way. Advisers only. That perfectly
clear?

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

Harding, Laci and Kayle proceed down the bridge to the airlock. Devin and Zachary in the back. Alongside, and jockeying for position, is Guy, with his camera active.

Laci abruptly stops. Guy walks into her. She turns, glares and grins at him. He looks down and away.

Kayle checks the readout on the final airlock...

KAYLE

Outer seal at one-hundred percent.

HARDING

Let's do this.

The lock on the sky bridge opens.

The closed lock from the alien ship is directly in front of the crew. They study the only feature alongside the access door -- a small rectangle. It has no buttons, readouts, or levers. Kayle appears puzzled.

Zachary steps forward and reaches to touch the pad.

HARDING

Wait, don't...

Too late. His fingers touch the surface.

ZACHARY

It's malleable.

His fingers sink into the material, followed by his hand. Reaching further into the unknown -- now up to his elbow.

HARDING

Careful, I don't like this one bit.

ZACHARY

I feel something. I think it's a lever

Zachary is successful... the AIRLOCK opens. Condensation from inside the ship floods the sky bridge. Harding calls into the dimly-lit unknown...

HARDING

This is the rescue ship Juliet. Is anyone injured?

The crew shines lights into the unknown ship. They deeply inhale the clearing condensation...

KAYLE

It smells...

LACI

Rejuvenating.

HARDING

Hello? Anyone on board?

Harding steps inside. SPLASH. The floor is about a half a foot lower than the lock.

Numerous additional sounds of cascading water...

INSIDE THE UNKNOWN SHIP

Harding is in the lead followed by Kayle and Laci. Each member cautiously surveying their surroundings -- flashlights continue scanning the interior.

The walls flow with motion -- like gentle waterfalls. Unseen sources of liquid line every inch of the ship without flooding the core. It's like a living sauna.

SPLASH from behind them -- startled, they turn to see Devin wheel into the vessel, followed by Zachary.

LACI

Don't you rust now.

This small room has no apparent corridors or additional sections. A pedestal is mounted in the center. The far wall has a large tank of cloudy water, which almost reaches to the top of the ceiling.

Kayle examines the pedestal. It has a few levers and blinking, organic, colored lights. Laci moves closer to the tank and squints to see inside.

HARDING

Someone can't possibly travel in this thing... right?

On the pedestal, a red light begins to blink and then...

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Ell Cee, we got approaching.

Harding into comms...

HARDING

More of these ships?

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Negative. Multiple, small sized asteroids.

HARDING

(into comms.)

Copy that. Appears to be unmanned here. Finishing up.

At the tank, something swims by the glass. Laci leans closer to see...

A FISH HEAD, OR...

A FISH FACE? -- which blinks at her and then instantly disappears into the murk.

LACI

What the...? Ell Cee?

HARDING

Yeah?

LACI

You see that? Something moved...

A bluish blur LEAPS from the top of the tank and then stands directly in front of them...

It's about three feet tall, bi-pedal, roundly shaped head, with big black eyes with huge floppy ears. Think a cross between a large guppy and a human child, holds a SPEAR -- and it's intently gazing directly at Devin!

LACI

Holy...

The marine LIFE FORM moves like a wind-up toy after drinking a case of Red Bull. It bounces up and down, shakes it's head, flops it's ears and then blinks at them -- clanks it's spear on the floor and then takes a few steps towards Devin.

HARDING

No sudden movements.

KAYLE

Tell that to fish sticks over there!

Harding pulls Laci away.

ZACHARY

Amazing! Absolutely amazing!

The Life Form executes a somersault and is directly in front of Devin. It appears to be studying his wheel chair, however, never seems to stand perfectly still.

DEVIN

Hello, I'm Robert Devin.

Devin extends his hand in gesture.

HARDING
At least *he* ain't ignoring you.

DEVIN
Little fella, we mean you no harm.

The Life Form POKES the spear at his wheel chair -- and again, but this time a bit harder.

HARDING
Whoa, back up.

Life Form bobbles its head, ears flopping about, water sprays everywhere -- then it grabs the front of his chair, lifting it up and knocking it completely over -- Devin falls freely to the FLOOR, covered in the liquid.

A PISTOL pops out of Devin's chair and kicks over to Harding's feet. He retrieves the weapon and assumes a defensive stance with it. Devin sees and objects...

DEVIN
No, don't!

Kayle and Harding make a move to protect, but Devin immediately motions for them to stay put.

DEVIN
It's okay, I'm okay.

Life Form leaps closer to the prone backside of Devin and GRABS at his spine -- a SHRIEK from Devin, prompting Kayle and Harding to quickly move on the creature...

NO DEAL -- the Life Form is too fast for them, leaping back and then quickly cartwheeling around the room..

Laci kneels at the side of Devin who screams out...

DEVIN
Ah, bloody hell, man!

She checks his lower back where the creature poked him. A small amount of blood oozes from a tiny puncture wound.

HARDING
Get him out! Everyone out!

Fish Sticks returns to the inside of the tank and peers outward -- intently watches their every move.

Kayle secures his chair as Laci and Harding lift Devin up and onto it just as he screams out again...

LACI
Where's the pain, your back?

DEVIN
My legs. Ahhhh, bloody Christ!

They all retreat into the...

SKY-BRIDGE

Harding safely seals the lock to the alien ship. He code-locks the door.

LACI
It sting, like maybe a toxin, or something?

Devin begins to laugh -- shock, perhaps?

HARDING
Talk to us. What are you feeling?

DEVIN
(ecstatically)
You don't bloody understand... IT'S MY LEGS!

Devin rolls up his pants to rub his atrophied knees.

DEVIN
It's been twenty five years since I last felt anything!

HARDING
Get him to medical.
(references the pistol)
We'll talk about this later.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Three, oblong-shaped ASTEROIDS are on a direct path to a distant Juliet. The asteroids are not tumbling through space, but rather leveled out and cruising in formation.

CLOSER NOW...

These asteroids are small SHIPS!

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Quickly enter Harding who assumes command...

HARDING
Collision course?

TIMON
Affirmative. Minimal threat to our
asteroid armor.

HARDING
Retract the bridge and evade.

Timon makes course adjustments. Ryder stands near Harding.

RYDER
Anything interesting over there?

...only a weird gaze from Harding, followed by an exhale.

TIMON
Ell Cee, asteroids back on
collision course.

HARDING
Yeah, I said adjust our position.

TIMON
I already did.

TACTICAL DISPLAY -- on the asteroid ships, as they path
directly in line to the Juliet.

HARDING
Move us already...!

... the Juliet moves off line. Moments later, the asteroid
ships adjust and follow.

HARDING
You did say there was no threat,
right?

Timon turns around, faces him and appears quite unsure.

HARDING
Joshua, send out a global ship
warning. Everybody else... batten
down the hatches.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
 All decks, prepare for impact. I
 repeat, all decks prepare for
 impact. This is not a drill.

INT. ARC JULIET - MEDICAL

Laci tends to a heavily sedated Devin and also listens to the ship wide announcement. She calls out to her Techs...

LACI
 Make sure all equipment's secure.

Nyx quickly enters medical and approaches the bedside.

NYX
 How is he?

LACI
 He's under. I could better treat
 him if I knew more of his
 condition.

NYX
 Spino something axis.

LACI
 Spinocerebellar ataxia?

Nyx appears semi-sure.

NYX
 Ya, that's it... I think -- sounds
 like it, anyways.

LACI
 I need to know for certain.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The lead asteroid splits open and hinges, mouth-style...
 it's a jaw with rock teeth.

CRUNCH... it attempts to take a bite out of the Juliet's
 front ram. The armor easily wins.

The SECOND ship attacks the port bow -- THIRD heads straight
 at the control room glass...

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Harding stands tall and alert...

HARDING
Thirty-degree yaw to starboard!

Timon aggressively shifts the helm levers. The Juliet quickly rolls.

The crew fights to stay upright...

Ryder slips and falls, tumbles backwards -- slams his head into a railing -- he's out cold!

BLACKNESS

A beat.

FLASHBACK TO:**FADE IN:****INT. UNKNOWN TAVERN - NIGHT**

Ryder lies prone on the floor against a halfway open front door. A broken bar stool is scattered on his legs as he tries to collect his senses. The guy's stone-cold drunk.

Drunken LAUGHTER erupts from BAR PATRONS.

The BARTENDER extends his hand to assist Ryder...

BARTENDER
Using your head as a door stop?
Wooden one not good enough?

Ryder laughs as he struggles to regain his footing -- dusts off his civilian clothing. Speech is slurred.

RYDER
Fuck you, door!
(grabs his head)
Fuck you, head!
(laughs, then to bartender)
Hit me again, Pete!

He barely makes it onto another stool and impatiently taps the bar in front of him -- demands yet another shot.

RYDER
PETE, fuck the glass. Pour it on the bar. I'd lick that shit off a legless hooker's ass!

Ryder displays drunken rage -- doesn't notice the MAN who entered the bar and now stands directly behind him...

REYNOLDS (O.S.)
Pete, he'll have a water this round. I'd like a tonic, please.

RYDER
WATER! I ain't drinking no FU...

He turns, barely able to focus his sight on Captain Reynolds -- attempts to stand up and salute but is unable.

REYNOLDS
At ease, Ensign.

RYDER
CAPTAIN! Captain Captain Captain...

He chuckles. Reynolds can only manage a pity smile.

RYDER
Everyone! This is my Captain -- he's a good, no, *GREAT* Captain.

Reynolds places PAPERS on the bar in front of him.

REYNOLDS
AWOL discharge papers.

Ryder hesitates...

RYDER
Oh. Ha, ha, huh. Ha.

Nosy patrons know better. They scatter...

REYNOLDS
It's what you want, right?

Ryder thinks for a moment...

RYDER
Fuck it! Fuck everything!

He grabs the discharge papers... can't find a pen.

REYNOLDS
Here, use mine.

Ryder takes the pen from the Captain, can barely focus on the pages.

REYNOLDS

You know something, son -- that could'a been my family going down on that shuttle, could'a been anyone else in this bar. But, it was yours, and unfortunately... you can't change it. No one can.

Ryder stares at the bottles -- a distant look. He then taps the pen which apparently is not working.

REYNOLDS

I can't begin to imagine the pain. One thing is certain, next month or next year even -- it'll get a little easier, and then after that, a little easier still.

The pen continues to malfunction. Ryder breaks down...

RYDER

They were coming to visit ME!
(beat. choked up...)
I killed them. It was me! I did!

REYNOLDS

No.

RYDER

Yes. I did it!

REYNOLDS

No, you didn't.

RYDER

They came for me.

REYNOLDS

Son, your family would want you to live a long life and be happy.

Ryder sobs into the shoulder of his captain.

RYDER

How? I have no one left...

REYNOLDS

You have the Juliet. Come back with me. Come back, and we will take the necessary steps... together.

He contemplates... nods, then clears the tears from his eyes and returns the pen back to him...

RYDER
It doesn't work.

REYNOLDS
I know. You think I was gonna give you one that did? Let's get you to bed before we ship out in the morning.

Reynolds grins -- rips apart the papers.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

Metal Ship intercepts Rock Ship before it impacts into the command tower of the Juliet. They violently ram each other... *bludgeoning is how these aliens fight.*

Rock now ignores the Juliet and gangs up on the Metal Ship. The fight is about powerful-rock versus the agility of the smaller metal vessel.

The fight continues...

Rock counters Metal. Metal gets spun about and now appears disoriented. Whatever fight was initially there has all but left the lone underdog...

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The crew watches the battle. Within no time, the rock ships have their prey subdued, latching onto and rendering powerless.

RYDER
If rock wants to duke it out with metal who are we to stand in the way?

Harding thinks, quickly decides...

HARDING
Timmy, get us the hell away from here.

ZACHARY
Hold on, you won't help?!?

HARDING
This is not our fight and we don't even belong here -- *wherever here is.*

Zachery clearly appears to disagree.

HARDING

R.A.S. control is main trunk, aft.
Engineer is waiting. He'll get you
into the system.

(he grabs the arm of
the fleeing scientist...)

You better not fail us.

Zachery quickly leaves the control tower, irritated and disappointed at best.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet backs away from the alien skirmish.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Joshua checks newly active readouts, excitedly...

JOSHUA

Emergency incoming transmission...
it's on a Galactic Defense Council
frequency!

A relieved crew smiles. They all know what that means.

RYDER

Bout time they got here.

Harding, both happily and anxiously...

HARDING

Bring it up.

A holographic window opens -- a closeup of a male, CAPTAIN TIGRIS, 40s. He looks fatigued, beaten, uniform is dirty and torn. His face is bruised and swollen, voice is parched and desperate sounding...

TIGRIS

You're First Fleet?

HARDING

So glad you found us, Captain.

TIGRIS

I wish that were the case.

Tigris is holding a portable COMMUNICATION device close to his upper torso. It pans out to include the massive hand that clutches the back of his neck area -- *and it's not a human hand...*

... it's that of a heaving ROCK CREATURE.

The Rock Creature smacks the head of his prisoner...

TIGRIS

Captain, surrender at once. They will board, take your ship and imprison your crew. Fighting them is utterly hopeless. We tried and we failed.

Harding displays a look of "what the hell?"

INT. ARC JULIET - R.A.S. CONTROL ROOM

The middle of the room houses the R.A.S. systems.

The door opens, Kraemer enters, followed by Zachary...

... who eagerly rushes to the side of the housing.

KRAEMER

All yours. Hope ya know how it works, cuz I got no clue.

Zachary checks readouts on the unit...

ZACHARY

I'm a genius, of course I know how it works.

The front casing slides open. Inside is a transparent shielding that has a biological mass within.

ZACHARY

System is stable. Initiating start up. Hm... BIOLOGICS are massively spiked...

(leans closer to the mass)

What the hell's been going on in here?

Kraemer displays the: "I don't know anything" look.

The shielding is breached from within. Biological tentacles have spawned and broken straight through the casing -- as though they have been spreading outward and searching for an exit from the housing.

ZACHARY

Look at this, will ya?!?

KRAEMER
Fascinating... truly is.

ZACHARY
That phrase just doesn't work for
you. Don't use it anymore.

Kraemer smirks.

ZACHARY
However, I concur with the
analysis. I suspect that what we
see before us is a likely example
of a semi-conscious entity that was
deprived of any means to
self-expression. The spreading
outward suggests an attempt to
countermand a dormant scenario.

KRAEMER
Uh, ya. So... you saying it wants
out?

ZACHARY
System is green to go.

KRAEMER
Think it'll work after all these
years?

ZACHARY
I'm willing to ask it.

Zachary engages the system.

The room goes completely dark, like the main breaker was
flipped.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The Juliet powers down. The ship is dead in space and
nothing more than fodder for the rock ships.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Emergency lights activate, which barely are able to provide
ample lighting for the bewildered crew.

A red optical ring around the circumference of the control
room randomly pulses. It matches an incoherent and digitized
voice. The voice is deep at first, then feminizes...

This goes on for a few seconds until...

POWER is restored to full.

JULIET is now online, and her voice is crystal clear.

JULIET (O.S.)
Platform initialized. R.A.S. Juliet
-- fully online. So nice to finally
make your acquaintance, acting
Captain Harding. How may I assist
you today?

Harding looks around -- quite unsure of what to say.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The Arc Sierra is still at space zero. In the background, the Dreadnoughts and the Delaney drift.

INT. ARC SIERRA - CONTROL TOWER

The Sierra's R.A.S. is flipping out and malfunctioning. It's blinking and making a barely recognizable tone, then it immediately calms down and returns to a normal speech pattern...

SIERRA (O.S.)
The Juliet is alive.

Clarke with a look: wide-eyed and full of hope.

FADE OUT

THE END (PART 2)