

DERELICT (S1, E1)

by

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FIFTH Draft

Update 1

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SCENE 1. RAYNOR VID CALL WITH CHAMBERS

A MIX OF STRANGE SOUNDS.

STATIC. HIGH PITCHED WHINES.

A HEARTBEAT...

AND UNDER IT, BARELY DISCERNIBLE, THE
SOUND OF A SMALL GIRL...SINGING AND
HUMMING HAPPILY...

THEN THE RINGING OF A VID-CALL, NOISY AND
INCESSANT, CUTS IT ALL AWAY.

WE HEAR A WOMAN GROGGILY WAKING UP. SHE
IS NOT HAPPY.

RAYNOR: Perfect...

A COMPUTER TONE AS A THUMBPRINT IS READ.
ANOTHER TONE AS THE CALL IS CONNECTED.

RAYNOR'S VOICE IS FULL OF SLEEP AND
ANNOYANCE.

RAYNOR: What?

THE VOICE THAT ANSWERS IS MALE...AND WIDE
AWAKE.

CHAMBERS: Sarah Raynor?

RAYNOR: Yeah...

CHAMBERS: Band 9 mechanical engineer?

RAYNOR: Who is this?

CHAMBERS: Raynor, my name is Wilson Chambers, I'm with the Maas-Dorian Corporation. I'm calling to--

RAYNOR: I already settled the lawsuit. Any questions, give them to my case worker.

CHAMBERS: No, no, I'm an Offering Manager, I'm not with Legal, that's not what this is about. Not directly anyway.

RAYNOR PAUSES, UNSURE.

RAYNOR: What do you want?

CHAMBERS: I'm sorry to wake you, but this is a pressing matter--

RAYNOR: What do you want?

CHAMBERS: Bluntly, Sarah, I'm putting together an impromptu team for a field assignment, and I'd very much like you to be a part of it. It is, of course, a compensatory arrangement.

RAYNOR PAUSES AGAIN.

RAYNOR: Why in hell would I possibly--

CHAMBERS: I'm authorized to restore your Band 9 status, if that interests you, for one. Successful completion of the contract would mean a guaranteed posting of your choice.

RAYNOR PAUSES YET AGAIN, STUNNED.

RAYNOR: You just fired me three months ago. You pressed charges. You took my patents.

CHAMBERS: I'm aware, yes. Of all of it, I have your file here. I'm glad you mentioned the patents. Reinstatement of your Band 9 would, of course, mean reinstatement of those rights as well.

RAYNOR DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

CHAMBERS SIGHS IN WEARY FRUSTRATION.

CHAMBERS: Raynor, I'm short on time. I need a Band 8 or higher engineer for an executive action near Thornton Station, and the only one downstream from that T-Gate is you. There's a Band 7, entry level ME I can contract from Fudomyo, but, frankly, I'd rather have your experience. Even with your baggage.

RAYNOR'S VOICE TURNS DARK.

RAYNOR: Baggage...

CHAMBERS: I know you went through a withdrawal episode at a design demonstration. I know you were terminated, and that your patents were seized. I also know your son is with Custody Services now, and that you aren't allowed to contact him until you meet prerequisites. I know how the system is stacked against people in your situation.

RAYNOR SOUNDS DUBIOUS.

RAYNOR: Do you?

CHAMBERS: I do. No job means no contact with your son, but...being an addict means no job.

RAYNOR: Recovering addict.

CHAMBERS: Well, we're all recovering, one way or another.

(PAUSES)

CHAMBERS: Raynor, understand, this offer is a chance to start rebuilding things. Maybe even to get your son back. Maas-Dorian can be generous to those who make up their debts. The UEG Corvette I'm on is called the Eldridge, it's inbound on you, docks in...two hours. You have until then to get your gear. Full kit. Alright?

RAYNOR IS SILENT A MOMENT.

RAYNOR: What the hell have you gotten yourselves into?

(MUSIC: "HAUNTING A GHOST", ATTENCIO)

CHAMBERS SIGHS AGAIN, IMPATIENT NOW.

CHAMBERS: Honestly, Raynor...does it matter?

RAYNOR PAUSES, THINKING.

RAYNOR: Full reinstatement, Band 9...and M-D pulls strings to get me messaging to my son in the interim.

CHAMBERS: I'm not sure that's possible.

RAYNOR: It's Maas-Dorian, Chambers. You and I both know it is.

CHAMBERS HESITATES NOW, THINKING. WHEN HE RESPONDS, IT'S CURT...

CHAMBERS: Two hours. Be on the docks.

THE LINE SHUTS OFF.

RAYNOR EXHALES OUT HER TENSION.

RAYNOR: Jesus Christ...

THE MUSIC SWELLS A MOMENT, THEN
EVERYTHING CALMS DOWN FOR A VOICE OVER.
RAYNOR'S TONE IS SOMBER AND SERIOUS,
SLIGHTLY EMOTIONAL.

RAYNOR (VO): People get terrified going through T-Gates. Pass through one giant ring...come out the other side, light years away. Crazy as that is, it's not the worst of it. Something like point seven percent of ships that enter the gates just...never emerge on the other side. And no one knows why, not really. Any particle physicist giving you a hypothesis is blowing it out his ass, because theoretically, one hundred percent of ships should come out the other end. The math says so. But they don't. Which means we don't know anywhere near as much as we think we do. And that makes you start rethinking all kinds of things.

(PAUSES)

RAYNOR (VO): Life's a lot like going through a T-Gate. You don't know if you'll make it out the other side, but you do it anyway. I guess that's the one piece of advice I have for you. You may be scared, you may feel out of control, but when life puts a choice in front of you...you act.

(PAUSES)

RAYNOR (VO): You go through the Gate.

SCENE 2. T-GATE

THE VOICEOVER IS RIPPED AWAY BY A JARRING ALARM TONE, REPEATING EVERY TEN SECONDS OR SO.

BEHIND IT, THE RUMBLING OF ENGINES THROUGH A FUSELAGE. AND VERY NERVOUS BREATHING. BOOTS WALKING ON A METAL FLOOR. A DOOR OPENING.

A VOICE COMES OVER THE INTERCOM.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: All hands, T-Gate protocol. Sixty seconds to X-Core power down, all crew to transport stations. Repeat, sixty seconds. Final call.

A WOMAN'S VOICE SPEAKS, HER VOICE IS TENSE.

FREED: Hi...

FREEDS VOICE IS FOLLOWED BY RAYNOR'S. FROM HER TONE, IT'S CLEAR SHE'S ALSO TENSE.

RAYNOR: Yeah. Salutations...

THE SOUND OF CLIPS CONNECTING INTO A HARNESS.- THE ENGINE SOUNDS.

FREED: First T-Gate?

RAYNOR: Nope.

FREED: Just not a fan?

RAYNOR: T-Gates and I have a kind of...dysfunctional relationship.

FREED: It's the goddamn dark that gets me. You lose the lights when the X-Core goes down. They make you go through the whole damn thing in pitch black. Not sure why they do that...

RAYNOR: Well...we are about to fly into a stabilized wormhole generated by intense magnetic fields that stretch the boundaries of feasibility. Probably best not to bring any other fields in with you. Provided, you know...you don't want to come out the other end wearing your lungs on the outside.

FREED: Admittedly, that would be ideal...

THE JARRING ALARM TONE.

RAYNOR BREATHES NERVOUSLY. AWKWARD
SILENCE.

FREED: You an engineer? Here for the op?

RAYNOR: Yeah. You?

FREED'S VOICE IS SARCASTIC.

FREED: Couldn't be more excited about it.

RAYNOR: Are we it?

FREED: Nah. One more, plus Chambers and Blayne.

RAYNOR: Chambers I know. Who's Blayne?

FREED'S VOICE DROPS TO A WHISPER.

FREED: Maas-Dorian ISD.

RAYNOR: Internal Security? Are you sure?

FREED: Pretty sure. He arrested me two weeks ago.

THE JARRING ALARM TONE. THE CAPTAIN'S
VOICE ON THE INTERCOM.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: All hands, X-Core power down in three...two...one.

LOUD, MECHANICAL CLICKS. THE WHINING
DOWN OF THE HUM OF ELECTRONICS. THE
RUMBLING OF THE ENGINE DIES.

EVERYTHING GOES EERILY QUIET.

FREED: God damned dark...

RAYNOR: Arrested for what?

FREED'S VOICE IS A LITTLE BITTER.

FREED: Just a little corporate espionage. Sounds more exciting than it was. Hacked some stuff, stole some stuff. The usual, I guess.

RAYNOR: Must have gone really well.

FREED: Oh, I got the data. Even got the creds. But then this guy, he shows up at my apartment night before I jump off-world. I'm pretty good in a chase, but Blayne... Has to be augmented. You always hear that about ISD, but... Anyway, I made it about three blocks, and that was all she wrote. M-D gave me a choice. Prison time...or work this op. Not much of a choice...

RAYNOR SMIRKS.

RAYNOR: I am familiar with this no choice phenomena.

FREED: Oh, they got dirt on you too?

RAYNOR: Just leverage. I lost something I want back.

FREED SNORTS CONTEMPTOUSLY.

FREED: I see a pattern forming. Everyone on this thing is defunct M-D.

THE JARRING ALARM TONE.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: All hands, thirty seconds to Gate. Stand by for lockdown. Repeat, thirty seconds.

RAYNOR SOUNDS SURPRISED.

RAYNOR: No one here is a Maas-Dorian employee?

FREED: Oh, ship's crew is UEG, but as far as the action team...just Blayne. You, me, Chambers...all lost souls.

RAYNOR: Chambers isn't M-D?

FREED: Nah. Washed up like the rest of us. Didn't tell you that though, did he? He's sensitive about it. He's spent the last eighteen months trying to worm his way back into offering management.

RAYNOR: Well, I guess he got what he wanted...

FREED: And you know what they say about that, right?

A SHORT PAUSE.

RAYNOR: What do you think's going on? I mean, really?

FREED: Action team full of last chance losers - no offense - put together in a rush and shipped off to the middle of nowhere? What do you think's going on?

(PAUSES)

FREED: It's an off the books op, with a good chance of shit hitting the fan, and if M-D is anything, it's fatally allergic to accountability. If none of us make it back...

RAYNOR: They can whip up any story they want.

FREED: Not like we're employees. Are we?

THE JARRING ALARM TONE. THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE OVER THE INTERCOM.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: All hands, ten seconds to Gate.

A PULSING, STATICKY TYPE SOUND FORMS IN THE DEAD AIR.

FREED'S VOICE IS TENSE NOW.

FREED: My name's Freed. What's yours?

RAYNOR: Raynor...

THE PULSING, ELECTROMAGNETIC SOUND BEGINS TO BUILD.

RAYNOR'S BREATHING QUICKENS. SO DOES
FREED'S.

FREED: See you on the other side, Raynor.

RAYNOR: Admittedly, that would be ideal...

CAPTAIN DUNBAR All hands, lockdown. Three, two, one...Gate.

RAYNOR'S FRIGHTENED BREATHING
INTENSIFIES. IT IS JOINED BY FREED'S.

THE FUSELAGE STRETCHES AND BENDS. THE
PULSING SOUND BUILDS AND BLOTS
EVERYTHING OUT IN A PAINFUL HIGH PITCH.

THEN EVERYTHING GOES DEAD SILENT...

SCENE 3. TEAM MEETING

THE SILENCE IS RIPPED AWAY BY A GASPING
INTAKE OF BREATH,

THE OWNER IS JUST COMING OUT OF
UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

IT'S RAYNOR, AND SHE CONTINUES TO BREATHE
HEAVILY.

A MAN'S VOICE IS HEARD, THE ONE FROM THE INTERCOM BEFORE THE GATE, CALM AND CONTROLLED.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Okay. It's okay. Just breathe. Breathe...

RAYNOR'S BREATHING SLOWLY STEADIES.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: There you go. There you go...

A MALE VOICE WE HAVEN'T HEARD BEFORE, OTHERS WE HAVE.

STEVENS: The hell happened to her? She lost it in a T-Gate?

FREED: Give her room, dickheads. Get back.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Keep breathing. There you go, just relax.

RAYNOR: Where...?

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: The Mess Hall, now. We brought you in after the Gate. Lost you for a few minutes, how are you feeling?

RAYNOR: Ever had your brain shoved out your eyes, then sucked back in?

FREED: Dysfunctional relationship with T-Gates. You weren't kidding.

STEVENS VOICE IS SUSPICIOUS, BORDERING
ON FURIOUS.

STEVENS: Okay, am I the only one that sees the math here? Far as I know, there's only one type of person that blacks out in a T-Gate.

A PAUSE. THEN...

RAYNOR: Busted. Congratulations. Jet addict.

FREED: Ah, no. No, no, no...

STEVENS: Well, this is basic horse shit. You're telling me--

CHAMBERS: Everyone calm down.

STEVENS: Calm down? You brought a Jet user on this op. Are you just all the way trying to get us killed?

RAYNOR: I don't use anymore.

STEVENS: That's not the problem! I mean, Jesus, I have to spell it out for everyone? That drug has made her brain susceptible to anything electromagnetic. Whatever it is we're here to do, given all our expertise, it seems pretty damn likely we're gonna encounter electromagnetics in the near future. Doesn't it?

CHAMBERS TAKES A MOMENT BEFORE HE
RESPONDS, FORCES HIMSELF TO BE PATIENT.

CHAMBERS: You're exactly right, Stevens. There are many risks to accepting this offer. And it is...an offer. If any of you, at any point, decide you would prefer not to participate, you are more than welcome, by all means...to not participate.

HIS VOICE IS POINTED.

CHAMBERS: Of course, whatever negotiations you've made in the way of compensation will no longer apply...nor be earned.

EVERYONE IS QUIET. EVEN RAYNOR.

CHAMBERS: Having clarified the issue, does anyone now...wish to withdraw their participation from this action team?

ANOTHER MOMENT OF SILENCE. THEN...

STEVENS: No.

FREED: Hell no.

ANOTHER PAUSE AS CHAMBERS PRESUMABLY
LOOKS AT RAYNOR.

RAYNOR: No...

CHAMBERS: Good. Very good. Then we can finally turn to the matters at hand. Let's begin by introducing ourselves. Name and engineering speciality, please.

A PAUSE AS EVERYONE SHIFTS GEARS.

FREED: Stephanie. Stephanie Freed. Band 8, Digital Systems. Former Maas-Dorian.

STEVENS: Kyle Stevens. Band 9 Propulsion Engineer. Washed up Maas-Dorian.

RAYNOR: Sarah Raynor. Mechanical Engineer. No longer Maas-Dorian.

CHAMBERS: Lovely. And my name is Wilson Chambers, as you all know. Offering Manager. We also have Captain Dunbar, of the UEG Navy, in charge of our transport ship, the Eldridge.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Hello.

CHAMBERS: In the few hours we have left on this Corvette, you will likely run into his crew. Please don't interfere with any of their duties. As we move to--

FREED: And the tall, brooding presence in the corner?

NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING.

FREED: Shouldn't he get a turn? I mean, I know him, just not sure anyone else has had the pleasure.

THE ROOM IS MORE TENSE.

CHAMBERS: Mr. Blayne is here to make sure everything runs smoothly. And to deal with any...physical difficulties we might encounter.

STEVENS: ISD agents can't speak for themselves?

FREED: Oh, he's got a way with words...

CHAMBERS: Do your job and Mr. Blayne will do his. You may be glad he's here in the hours to come.

RAYNOR : What kind of executive action needs an ISD agent?

CHAMBERS: The kind I'm about to describe. Please listen closely and pay attention to the monitor, I'm only going to do this once. Twenty seven hours ago, an ice mining vessel named the Crichton detected a wide band signal emanating from an uncharted star system in this region. They then trained their Interferometric receptors on the source. This is what came back...

THE SOUND OF DATA READING OUT ON A
MONITOR.

STEVENS: What is that, a red shift analysis?

CHAMBERS: Yes. From something orbiting a gas giant in the system. Significant quantities of rhodium and platinum, as you can see.

STEVENS: Probably an asteroid. In a degrading orbit, skirting atmosphere and heating up.

CHAMBERS: That is exactly what the crew of the Crichton assumed, according to the flight report they filed. It's also why they dumped their ice and headed straight for it.

FREED: Don't blame 'em. Rhodium and platinum would be a shit load more valuable than ice.

RAYNOR: What did it actually turn out to be?

SILENCE AS CHAMBERS PRESUMABLY STUDIES
RAYNOR.

RAYNOR: We wouldn't be here if it was an asteroid.

CHAMBERS: Quite right...

THE SOUND OF DATA SCROLLING ON THE
SCREEN AGAIN

CHAMBERS: This is a still frame capture from the Crichton's nose array, taken as it approached the planet. Here, the object is one hundred miles from the optics.

A SOUND AS THE IMAGE ZOOMS IN.

CHAMBERS: Thirty miles now.

A SOUND AS THE IMAGE ZOOMS IN ONE LAST TIME.

CHAMBERS: And ten.

FREED: It's a ship...

CHAMBERS: A derelict ship. Completely abandoned.

STEVENS: Well, aren't these some some lucky ass ice miners. A derelict without an active transponder? Haul that back to a sanctioned outpost or colony...maritime law says right of salvage is all theirs.

RAYNOR: What size is this derelict?

CHAMBERS: Heavy frigate, at least, from our data. Perhaps a base cruiser.

RAYNOR: Yeah. An ice tug could pull that.

STEVENS: Uh, if it's in a degrading orbit, then the planet's gravity's pulling it in. They'd need the derelict's engines to help break out.

CHAMBERS: They seem to have agreed with you. The last of their logs, before their transponder went off, showed they were docking and boarding the ship.

FREED: Yeah, but there's no way to know if the engines were operable.

RAYNOR: That's why they went in. To find out.

(PAUSES)

RAYNOR: So...I'm gonna go ahead and guess that this derelict ship is, in fact, Maas-Dorian property. And we've been brought in to recover it before these ice miners tow it back to Thornton and cash it in for credits. How am I doing?

CHAMBERS: You are correct. The derelict is, indeed, a Maas-Dorian vessel. And the corporation is very invested in reclaiming it.

RAYNOR: I can see that. But how did they lose it in the first place? What was it even doing out here? An M-D heavy frigate in an unchartered red giant system?

THE ANSWER DOES NOT COME FROM
CHAMBERS.

SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

BLAYNE: Those kinds of questions...don't need asking.

RAYNOR: And what kind should we be asking...Agent Blayne?

BLAYNE: Only one, really. 'What do I have to do, to get what I was offered?' And what everyone of you was offered...was a second chance. Those don't come around very often. Trust me, I know.

STEVENS: Seems like having an idea of what the hell we're walking into might be helpful.

BLAYNE: You have all the information you need to have. Like you've been told; you aren't satisfied with the arrangement? Sit it out. But you leave here the same as you came.

NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING.

BLAYNE: Or...do your job, leave the rest to Chambers and myself...you leave here very different than you came.

(PAUSES)

BLAYNE: Am I being clear enough?

FREED: Told you he had a way with words...

CHAMBERS: Captain Dunbar?

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Yes.

CHAMBERS: How long until intercept?

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: We are unloading supplies at Thornton Station. I'd say, just under fourteen hours.

CHAMBERS: Fourteen hours until we begin, then.

STEVENS: And, uh, how's that?

CHAMBERS: We intercept the derelict, board it, find the crew of the Crichton, take command of their vessel to help pull out of orbit, then haul the derelict back to Thornton Station under escort from the Eldridge. You were all brought for your skill sets. Raynor will find the derelict's fusion drive and determine it's operability. Stevens will do the same with the ship's X-Core. Freed will evaluate the computer nexus.

STEVENS: You said the Crichton was already docked on the ship. How are we supposed to board it then?

CHAMBERS: Captain?

CAPTIN DUNBAR: Standard protocol. We'll bring the Eldridge along side in a parallel flight path, then wire you over to the secondary air lock.

EVERYONE REACTS, AGHAST.

STEVENS: I'm sorry...Space walk?

FREED: Feels like no one values my physical health in the slightest...

BLAYNE: The Captain said wire over. You'll be connected at both ends, wearing environment suits. It's nothing to worry about, as long as you follow instructions.

FREED: Instructions?

STEVENS: Says you!

CHAMBERS: That is the assignment, ladies and gentlemen. And you have fourteen hours to prepare. I suggest sleeping, if you haven't in awhile. We have hypos, should you need. Do what you're told, use the skills you have...and this will all be over quickly. We will all get what's due to us.

(PAUSES)

CHAMBERS: You're dismissed.

THE SOUNDS OF EVERYONE STARTING TO GET UP AND MOVE OFF.

FREED LOWERS HER VOICE, FOR RAYNOR'S EARS.

FREED: Why do I not feel encouraged?

RAYNOR: Because you're not an idiot.

BLAYNE: Raynor. A moment.

FREED LOWERS HER VOICE EVEN MORE. HER
TONE IS ALMOST FULL OF JEST. ALMOST.

FREED: Whatever you do...don't look him in the eyes.

THE SOUNDS OF EVERYONE ELSE LEAVING THE
ROOM.

RAYNOR CLEARS HER THROAT NERVOUSLY AS
BLAYNE APPROACHES.

BLAYNE: How's your head?

RAYNOR: Sweet of you to ask...

BLAYNE: It's not empathy. Stevens is right. About EM fields and your brain.

RAYNOR: Ah. You're evaluating a potential problem.

BLAYNE: Nah, I've already done that.

THE SOUND OF BLAYNE PULLING SOMETHING
FROM A POCKET. THE KLINKING OF GLASS AS
HE HANDS IT TO RAYNOR.

BLAYNE: For you.

RAYNOR: I don't need help to sleep.

BLAYNE: It's not that kind of hypo. Pharmaceutical division's been working on a treatment for Jet withdrawal. Boosts your gray matter's EM resistance for about an hour or so. In theory.

RAYNOR: In theory...

BLAYNE: May give you an aneurism instead. For emergencies only. Okay?

THE HYPO KLINKS IN RAYNOR'S HANDS.

BLAYNE: Doesn't mean we're married or anything.

RAYNOR LAUGHS SLIGHTLY.

RAYNOR: That's good. My first one was not a critical success.

BLAYNE: Yeah, it's in your file.

RAYNOR IS DEFENSIVE AGAIN.

RAYNOR: Really? What else is in there?

BLAYNE: No degree, hired through the M-D technical education program at Band 6. Band 7 within a year. Four years later, Band 9, then...nothing. Twelve years with the company, smart as you are, you should have been an STE, not sitting at 9.

RAYNOR CONTAINS HER AGITATION.

RAYNOR: Well, gee, thanks for the career evaluation.

BLAYNE: Any idea what your problem is?

RAYNOR IS BITTER. HER RESPONSE IS TENSE.

RAYNOR: Well, I'm not sure. Maybe my issue with mind altering narcotics had something to do with it.

BLAYNE: That's not a problem, that's a symptom of a problem.

RAYNOR: What are you, a twelve-step mentor? Did you grill the others this way?

BLAYNE: Freed and Chambers I already know. Stevens isn't that interesting, just a guy with bad debts to bad people. He'll pay them off with this op, run them back up...that's not my problem. You're different.

RAYNOR: Why?

BLAYNE: Because if things go bad over there, the others aren't going to be looking to Stevens to get them out. Or Chambers.

RAYNOR IS UNSURE WHAT TO SAY. SHE SEEMS UNSETTLED.

RAYNOR: Well, they aren't going to be looking at me either. I'm not a leader.

BLAYNE: Sometimes...not the kind of thing you get to choose.

RAYNOR: Sounds like you're expecting things to go bad.

BLAYNE: I always expect things to go bad.

SILENCE BETWEEN THEM. THEY CONSIDER EACH OTHER.

BLAYNE: Go get some sleep.

THE SOUND OF BLAYNE TURNING AND MOVING OFF.

RAYNOR WAITS A MOMENT, WATCHING HIM GO, THEN CALLS AFTER HIM.

RAYNOR: You know, Chambers is wrong.

BLAYNE DOESN'T ANSWER, KEEPS MOVING OFF.

RAYNOR: He said the derelict is abandoned, but that's not true.

BLAYNE'S BOOTSTEPS SLOWLY COME TO A
STOP.

BLAYNE: Come again?

RAYNOR: For a ship to be abandoned, its crew has to evacuate. If they had evacuated, they would have reported in once they were rescued.

BLAYNE: So?

RAYNOR: So, its crew never left. Not one soul. Otherwise that ship wouldn't still be out here. It's too close to Thornton, it would have been recovered.

BLAYNE: And your point?

RAYNOR: Just that it isn't empty at all...it's a tomb. And something very bad happened inside it.

BLAYNE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING.

RAYNOR SIGHS. HER FRUSTRATION GROWING.

RAYNOR: Look, I know you're not gonna tell me the truth. Not until we're all knee deep in whatever the hell's going on, and there's no other choice but to come clean. I get it, it's your job, and, frankly, I don't care. The only thing I do care about, the only reason I am here...

RAYNOR'S VOICE TURNS EMOTIONAL.

RAYNOR: Hell, the only reason I do anything anymore is because I want to see my son again. I haven't seen him in nine months. Do you have any idea...

SHE HOLDS IT TOGETHER.

RAYNOR: Nine months. He's seven. Do you know how much a seven year old boy grows in nine months, Blayne?

BLAYNE IS QUIET A MOMENT. THEN...

BLAYNE: You know, I think I know what your problem is.

(PAUSES)

BLAYNE: You're scared of failing.

WHEN RAYNOR RESPONDS, IT'S LOW AND QUIET.

RAYNOR: I already did that...

BLAYNE IS QUIET ANOTHER MOMENT.

BLAYNE: What's his name? Your son?

RAYNOR: Sean.

BLAYNE: Mine's named Joel. He's seven, too.

(PAUSES)

BLAYNE: You do this op, Raynor...you'll see Sean again. You have my word. If that counts for anything.

RAYNOR: Well...I guess we'll see.

THE SOUND OF BLAYNE'S BOOTS AGAIN.

BLAYNE: Go get some sleep.

RAYNOR WATCHES HIM GO. WHEN SHE SPEAKS,
IT'S TO HERSELF.

RAYNOR: Easy for you to say...

SCENE 4. AIRLOCK

MUSIC: IN THE SHADOW OF MAMMOTH

(ATENCIO)

OVER OMINOUS MUSIC, RADIO TALK FROM THE
ELDRIDGE SLOWLY FADES IN, ALL BLENDING
TOGETHER, IMPLYING A SWARM OF ACTIVITY ON
THE FLIGHT DECK AS THE MISSION IS
PREPARING TO LAUNCH.

- ELDRIDGE RADIO 1: Crichton, this is the UEGS Corvette Eldridge, please respond.
- ELDRIDGE RADIO 2: Helm, angle is 32 off mark, closing.
- ELDRIDGE RADIO 3: Roger, adjusting 32.
- ELDRIDGE RADIO 1: Crichton, if you are unable to respond, flash your running or docking lights. Over.
- ELDRIDGE RADIO 2: Flight, reduce speed...six percent, a lot of orbit decay going on here.
- ELDRIDGE RADIO 4: Six percent confirm.
- ELDRIDGE RADIO 1: Crichton, this is the UEGS Corvette Eldridge, please respond. Over.
- ELDRIDGE RADIO 2: Looking much better there, helm.
- ELDRIDGE RADIO 3: Roger. Confirm stable parallel orbit path. We're at...one-two-four distance.

ELDRIDGE RADIO 2: Let's try for straight up, uh, one-zero-zero distance, Flight.

ELDRIDGE RADIO 3: Roger that, adjusting.

ELDRIDGE RADIO 1: Crichton, if you are unable to respond...

THE RADIO TALK CONTINUES AND FADES
SLOWLY INTO THE BACKGROUND, AS...

THE SOUNDS OF BREATHING FADE IN. MUTED,
INSIDE THE HELMET OF AN ENVIRONMENT SUIT.

BLAYNE: Everyone give me a green light on your suits. Pressure and atmo check.

EVERYONE'S VOICE SOUNDS VERY TENSE.

CHAMBERS: I'm green.

STEVENS: Green.

FREED: Green here.

A PAUSE.

BLAYNE: Raynor?

RAYNOR'S VOICE IS TENSE.

RAYNOR: I'm fine, yeah. Green to go.

BLAYNE: Venting airlock, going to be loud.

A CONFIRMATION TONE AS BLAYNE HITS A
BUTTON.

A LOUD METALLIC CLANG. THEN THE AIR LOCK
VENTS THE ATMOSPHERE INSIDE, A LOUD,
SHARP HISS OF AIR BEING PIPED INTO SPACE,
THAT LASTS SEVERAL SECONDS.

IT FINALLY ENDS.

FREED: Sound of life. Just venting away.

STEVENS: Kind of glass half empty, aren't you, Freed?

FREED: You got no idea.

CHAMBERS: Everyone, let's keep the chatter down. Captain Dunbar?

A SECOND BEFORE THE CAPTAIN RESPONDS.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Maas-Dorian, we've pulled into a parallel orbit with the derelict, right at one hundred yards distance. That's as close as I'm comfortable going for a transfer.

BLAYNE: That should be fine, Captain.

STEVENS: Sure. Only about a football field of vacuum in between us and it.

FREED: You're not helping, Stevens.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Be advised, we've tried to raise the Crichton repeatedly, but there's just static. They're either unwilling to respond...or unable to respond. No way to know from here.

BLAYNE: But they are docked on the derelict?

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: On the main airlock, yes, and there's a complication.

CHAMBERS: What?

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: The derelict isn't stable. It's in a spin. A slow one, but it's spinning, and since it's in a degrading orbit, that means it's rolling itself into atmosphere burn.

FREED: Oh, lovely.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: We don't see any signs of heat shield breakdown yet, but it's only a matter of time.

RAYNOR: That complicates things.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: That it does. You're not going to be able to do a wire. The rolling of the ship would pull the wire up and over as it spins....and the Eldridge along with it.

BLAYNE: How fast is the spin?

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Half a rotation is taking about four minutes. So...that's your window.

RAYNOR: Or the ship spins us into the atmosphere.

FREED LAUGHS SARCASTICALLY.

FREED: Better and better...

CHAMBERS: What are our options, Captain?

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Well, Blayne is certified for lead position in tethered space walks, yes?

BLAYNE RESPONDS AFFIRMATIVELY, BUT HE DOESN'T SOUND THRILLED.

BLAYNE: Yeah. I am.

STEVENS: Okay, let me get this straight... We're going to do a tethered space walk to something like a six foot by six foot airlock a hundred yards away on the hull of a spinning ship in a degrading planetary orbit?

EVERYONE IS QUIET AS THEY ABSORB THE FACTS.

BLAYNE: Yeah.

EVERYONE REMAINS QUIET ANOTHER SECOND.

STEVENS: Okay then.

FREED: I love my life so much right now.

CHAMBERS: Raynor, is the lock going to be a problem?

RAYNOR: Not as long as the mechanical override's still functional. It won't need power, it's pneumatic. At least, civilian ship overrides are.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: We're timing the ship's spin, tracking the airlock. Blayne, I'll put it in your HUD when you step out. If you want this rotation, you have...sixty seconds.

BLAYNE: We want this rotation.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Understood. Stand by for lock open.

THE SOUNDS OF NERVOUS BREATHING, AS
EVERYONE WAITS FOR THE AIRLOCK TO OPEN.

BLAYNE: Okay. Everyone line up and clip on to each other.

FREED: Aw, Jesus...

BLAYNE: I'll take point, Raynor behind me for position on the lock.
Everyone just follow my instructions, this will go smooth.

FREED: Smooth... Right.

THE SOUNDS OF MULTIPLE CLIPS ATTACHING TO
EACH OTHER, TETHERING EVERYONE'S
ENVIRONMENT SUITS TO EVERYONE ELSE'S.

STEVENS: You okay, Chambers? You're looking a little white.

CHAMBERS VOICE IS TENSE.

CHAMBERS: I'm fine, thank you.

STEVENS: Hey, listen, I'm sure we're gonna make it. What could go
wrong? After all, our ISD guy's "certified". Not to mention,
we're bringing a Jet addict along with--

RAYNOR: Drop it, Stevens.

STEVENS: Just saying, really great forethought we got going on here.

BLAYNE: Everyone shut up, or I'm gonna mute your channels. Focus
on what's coming. Do not thrust laterally, I'll handle
acceleration. Just use your directional thrusters to stay as
much in a straight line as possible.

AN ALARM STARTS BEEPING.

FREED: I have a very unpleasant vibe about this...

RAYNOR: We'll be okay. We'll be okay...

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Maas-Dorian, airlock opening in three...two...one...

THE AIRLOCK VIBRATES AND GROANS AS IT SLOWLY OPENS, REVEALING BLANK SPACE BEYOND. THE ALARM STOPS AS IT DOES.

AND THE VIEW, TOO...

FREED: Christ...in a cup... Look at that planet...

STEVENS: Planet? Look at the ship!

RAYNOR: There's the Crichton! Far left, on the hull. Spinning into the atmo. See it?

STEVENS: Check out the heat coming off it. The heat shields, my god--

BLAYNE: Quiet down. Everyone. Captain, I'm beginning traverse.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Acknowledged. Good luck, Maas-Dorian.

FREED: Sure you're okay, Chambers?

CHAMBERS: I'm fine. Thank you.

BLAYNE: Alright, everyone. Exiting the airlock.

RAYNOR'S BREATHING QUICKENS.

BLAYNE: Here. We. Go...

THE SOUND OF THRUSTERS, LIKE
COMPRESSED AIR.

RAYNOR'S BREATHING QUICKENS EVEN MORE.

THE SOUND OF THE TETHERS PULLING TIGHT,
THE CLIPS RATTLING.

RAYNOR GRUNTS AS SHE'S YANKED FORWARD,
THROUGH THE AIRLOCK, AND INTO SPACE.

FREED: We'll be okay... We'll be okay...

A COMPUTER VOICE SOUNDS IN RAYNOR'S
HELMET.

COMPUTER VOICE: Mission timer. Two minutes, fifty nine seconds...fifty
eight...fifty seven...

STEVENS: Welcome to the void, ladies and gentlemen...

CHAMBERS: God...

BLAYNE: Eldridge, I need the airlock vector in my HUD.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Roger, Maas-Dorian, standby.

A SECOND OR TWO PASSES. A COMPUTER
TONE.

BLAYNE: Eldridge, acknowledge receipt. I have the ball. Team, hold for course correction.

THE SOUND OF THRUSTERS, FIRING. THE
SOUND OF THE TETHERS AND CLIPS PULLING.

BLAYNE: Keep the line straight, people. You have vector thrusters for a reason.

RAYNOR: Roger.

THE SOUNDS OF THRUSTERS, RIGHT OUTSIDE
HER HELMET.

BLAYNE: Good work, Raynor. Everyone else, follow her lead.

THE SOUNDS OF THRUSTERS BEHIND HER.

FREED: Damn, that thing is coming fast.

STEVENS: Frigate my ass...

RAYNOR: Cruiser at least.

FREED: Thing looks dark, no power. Thing looks dead...

STEVENS: That's what derelict means.

BLAYNE: Team, when you hit the fuselage, don't lock your knees or you'll blow them out. We're coming in under thrust. Your mag-boots will attach automatically. When they do, remember to move to the side, because you have people incoming behind you. Understood?

RAYNOR: Understood.

FREED: Metal looks strange. Does anyone else think the metal looks strange?

STEVENS: You mean the hull?

RAYNOR: Looks like...plates. Banded together. Big plates.

STEVENS: Slightly reflective, too. Anyone else seeing--

CHAMBERS: Maybe instead of analyzing it, we should focus on landing on it.

FREED: Aw, Chambers, don't worry. We're all tied together, we can't leave you outside.

COMPUTER VOICE: Mission timer. Two minutes, thirty seconds...twenty nine...twenty eight...

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Maas-Dorian, you're looking good. Brace for landing.

BLAYNE: Roger, Eldridge. Everybody this is it.

RAYNOR'S BREATHING IS AUDIBLE.

BLAYNE: Focus. Check distance in your HUDs. Twenty yards...

THE SOUND OF THRUSTING. NERVOUS BREATHING.

BLAYNE:: Ten...

FREED: Aw, geez...

ANOTHER SECOND OR TWO...

BLAYNE: Three. Two. One. Contact.

THE SOUND OF LEGS HITTING METAL. AND THEN...

BLAYNE: Whoa--

THE SOUND OF MAG BOOTS STREAKING
ACROSS METAL, LIKE NAILS ON A CHALKBOARD.

BLAYNE: Be advised!

RAYNOR GROANS AS SHE HITS THE HULL NEXT.

THE SAME NAILS ON A CHALKBOARD SOUND.

SHE GROANS, AND WE HEAR MORE IMPACTS, AS
IF SHE IS ROLLING ACROSS THE HULL.

BLAYNE: Mag-boots are ineffective! Repeat, mag-boots do not--

MORE IMPACT SOUNDS. MORE GROANS.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Maas-Dorian, what is your status?

FREED: Oh, shit!

STEVENS: What in--

STEVENS: Jesus, I'm floating out here!

MORE IMPACT SOUNDS, MORE GROANS,
FRANTIC YELLS.

BLAYNE: Everyone...Everyone check in!

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Maas-Dorian, say again. What is your situation?

FREED: I'm okay...

BLAYNE: Raynor?

RAYNOR: I'm fine. I have a grip on...something.

BLAYNE: Chambers?

CHAMBERS: I'm here. I'm here... Stevens is down now, he's back on the hull, I have him.

STEVENS: What the hell was that?

FREED: The mag-boots didn't engage.

RAYNOR: They engaged, they just didn't stick... The entire damn ship's been degaussed.

STEVENS: Why in Christ sake's--

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Maas-Dorian, what is your status?

BLAYNE: Eldridge, the hull is degaussed. We hit hard and slid, probably fifty feet, but we're okay.

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Roger that, M-D. Clock's ticking, you may need to plan a jump back.

BLAYNE: We slid towards the airlock, we're still in position, so we're going to give it a try. Everyone, move...

THE SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT. RAYNOR'S
BREATHING BECOMES LABORED.

RAYNOR: I can see it. I can see the airlock door.

BLAYNE: Keep going. Raynor, go past me.

SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT. THEN...

RAYNOR: I'm here. I'm at the lock, looking for the override.

COMPUTER VOICE: Mission timer. One minute, fifty nine seconds...fifty eight...fifty seven...

RAYNOR: Found it. I have the latch...

RAYNOR GROANS WITH EFFORT.

THE SOUND OF A METAL COMPARTMENT
SPINNING LOOSE AND OPENING.

RAYNOR IS WINDED.

FREED: This ship is rolling fast!

RAYNOR: Okay. Okay, it's a gyro, and it's linked.

MORE METALLIC SOUNDS AS RAYNOR
MANIPULATES THE MECHANISM INSIDE.

CHAMBERS: What does that mean?

RAYNOR: Means there's another one, and we have to turn them both to crank the door. It's not going to happen fast, either. Blayne, we may not make this.

BLAYNE: If we need to ditch, we will. Right now, stretch out on the tethers, whoever on the line can reach the second gyro, do it.

FREED: On it.

STEVENS: Moving.

RAYNOR: It's got a red cover on it for visibility, a handle in the middle.

CHAMBERS: I see it. I'm there. Trying the handle...

A PAUSE.

CHAMBERS: It's stuck. The case is stuck.

RAYNOR: It twists open.

CHAMBERS: I know it twists open, I'm saying--

COMPUTER VOICE: One minute, thirty seconds remains on mission timer...

STEVENS: God damn it, Chambers!

CHAMBERS: I got it, it's off, I got it.

RAYNOR: Good, Chambers. We turn them at the same time, clockwise.
On counts of three. Okay?

CHAMBERS: Ready. Okay.

RAYNOR: One. Two. Three.

THE SOUND OF THE GYRO MECHANISM
CRANKING.

THE SOUND OF THE AIRLOCK DOORS SLIDING
OPEN.

STEVENS: That's it?!

RAYNOR: I said it would go slow. Chambers: One. Two. Three.

THE SOUND OF THE GYRO MECHANISM
CRANKING AGAIN.

THE SOUND OF THE AIRLOCK DOORS SLIDING
OPEN EVEN MORE.

FREED: It's working!

STEVENS: No it's not. Not fast enough. We should jump back now. The
atmo's--

COMPUTER VOICE: Mission timer: fifty nine seconds...fifty eight...fifty seven...

BLAYNE: We don't need it all the way open, just enough to squeeze
through.

STEVENS: Look, I can do really complicated math in my head, and I'm
telling you we're not gonna make it.

RAYNOR: One. Two. Three.

THE SOUND OF THE GYRO MECHANISM
CRANKING AGAIN.

THE SOUND OF THE AIRLOCK DOORS SLIDING
OPEN EVEN MORE.

RAYNOR IS TIRED, BUT SHE SOUNDS
CAUTIOUSLY RELIEVED.

RAYNOR: No, it's going to work. It's going to be enough. One. Two...

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Maas-Dorian, we're getting...strange readings over--
<GARBLED> a high-impedance signal-- <STATIC> from
your position... <STATIC> You still reading us?

THE SIGNAL FROM THE ELDRIDGE IS SUDDENLY
FULL OF STATIC.

BLAYNE: Eldridge, you're breaking up. Not sure if it's us or you. Are
you--

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: Maas-Dorian, say again? We've lost-- <GARBLED>

FREED: What the hell...

CAPTAIN DUNBAR: <GARBLED> --signal is, um... <STATIC> --say again, our
signal over here is haywire... <GARBLED>

SIGNAL SHUTS OFF IN A STRANGE BURST OF
STATIC. THERE'S NOTHING NOW.

BLAYNE: Eldridge, say again?

NERVOUS, TAXED BREATHING FROM THE TEAM.

NOTHING BUT SILENCE FROM THE ELDRIDGE.

BLAYNE: Eldridge?

STEVENS: Where'd they go?

STILL NOTHING.

BLAYNE: Eldridge? Do you--

THE SOUND OF A MASSIVE, SHUDDERING
EXPLOSION.

STATIC AND A PIERCING SIGNAL RIPS INTO THE
COMMS.

FREED: Shit!

STEVENS: Holy hell--

RAYNOR: Oh my God...

BLAYNE: We just lost the Eldridge.

STEVENS: Lost? It exploded!

CHAMBERS: How could that happen? How could that happen?

RAYNOR: It doesn't matter! The debris wave--

THE SOUND OF A RUMBLING, RACING CLOSER.

BLAYNE: Everyone brace on the hull!

STEVENS: Brace with what?!

RAYNOR GROANS HARD AS THE BLAST WAVE
ROARS OVER THE TEAM.

A SOUND LIKE AN INFERNO. THE SOUNDS OF
DEBRIS HITTING THE HULL OF THE DERELICT
AND SPARKING EVERYWHERE.

STEVENS AND CHAMBERS SCREAM. FREED
GRUNTS.

FREED: Help!

BLAYNE: Hold on, I got you!

THE BLAST CONTINUES TO ROAR PAST, THE
SOUND OF DEBRIS CRASHING EVERYWHERE.
AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.

AND THEN IT'S OVER...

JUST THE SOUND OF RAYNOR'S RAGGED,
EXHAUSTED BREATHING.

RAYNOR: Is everyone...are you guys...

NO COMM SIGNALS. SILENCE.

RAYNOR: Hello? Hello?

BLAYNE: Everybody... Everyone check in.

FREED: I'm okay...I'm okay...

CHAMBERS: My suit is venting! I'm breaching! Oh God, my--

BLAYNE: Chambers, use your patch kit.

FREED: I can see atmo! I can see atmo burn!

CHAMBERS: Stevens...

RAYNOR: We have to get the lock open. Chambers, get back on the gyro!

CHAMBERS IS PANICKED.

CHAMBERS: I think Stevens is dead...

RAYNOR: Get on the gyro!

BLAYNE: Chambers!

CHAMBERS: Okay. Okay. Okay...

COMPUTER VOICE: Mission timer. Forty five seconds. Forty four... Forty three...

FREED: Oh...oh, no... No, no, no...

BLAYNE: Breathe, Freed.

FREED: You breathe!

CHAMBERS: I'm at the gyro... I'm at the gyro...

RAYNOR: Chambers! Focus! Clockwise! One. Two. Three.

THE SOUND OF THE GYRO MECHANISM
CRANKING AGAIN.

THE SOUND OF THE AIRLOCK DOORS SLIDING
OPEN EVEN MORE.

RAYNOR: One. Two. Three.

THE SOUND OF THE GYRO MECHANISM
CRANKING AGAIN.

THE SOUND OF THE AIRLOCK DOORS SLIDING
OPEN EVEN MORE.

A NEW SOUND MATERIALIZES NOW, DEEP AND
POWERFUL. BEGINNING TO GROW.

FREED: I can hear the burn now!

NEW ALARM TONES BEGIN TO SOUND IN
RAYNOR'S HELMET.

BLAYNE: Heat warning...

CHAMBERS: Oh my God... Oh my God...

RAYNOR: Chambers! One. Two. Three.

THE SOUND OF THE GYRO MECHANISM
CRANKING AGAIN.

THE SOUND OF THE AIRLOCK DOORS SLIDING
OPEN EVEN MORE.

RAYNOR: One. Two. Three.

THE SOUND OF THE GYRO MECHANISM
CRANKING AGAIN.

THE SOUND OF THE AIRLOCK DOORS SLIDING
OPEN EVEN MORE.

BLAYNE: That's enough, it's enough! Chambers, go. Pull in Stevens.
Freed, push from behind. One at a time, watch your tethers.

THE RUMBLING OF THE ATMOSPHERE BURN.
GROWING.

FREED: Chambers! Help me with Stevens!

CHAMBERS: Okay. Okay...

COMPUTER VOICE: Mission timer. Thirty seconds. Twenty nine... Twenty eight...

BLAYNE: Hurry!

THE SOUNDS OF RAYNOR SCRAMBLING INSIDE
THE AIRLOCK.

RAYNOR: There's no override in here! I don't see a way to seal the lock!

BLAYNE: There isn't. The interior doors won't open unless the exterior ones are shut.

THE SOUND, JUST PERCEPTIBLE, OF BLAYNE
UNTETHERING FROM RAYNOR.

RAYNOR IS FRANTIC.

RAYNOR: Why are you untethering?

BLAYNE: I'm going to release the gyros and seal the lock.

RAYNOR: Blayne...

BLAYNE: Listen to me, Raynor. You're the only one who can get the others through that ship. I'm sorry, but it's going to come down to you. One last thing, and it's important. If it's awake...don't trust it. Don't trust anything it tells you.

RAYNOR IS BAFFLED.

RAYNOR: What? If what's awake?

THE ATMOSPHERE BURN ROARS OUTSIDE THE LOCK. BUILDING AND BUILDING LOUDER.

BLAYNE: Good luck.

RAYNOR : Blayne!

COMPUTER VOICE: Two... One...

THE ROAR OF THE BURN SWELLS. THERE IS A BURST OF AIR AND FIRE.

RAYNOR GROANS, THE SOUNDS OF HER BEING FLUNG BACKWARDS. THE SOUND OF HER CRASHING INTO A WALL.

THEN THE SOUND OF THE LOCK SEALING SHUT. THE RUMBLE IS SEALED AWAY.

A HIGH PITCHED TONE, ELECTRONIC AND GRATING FILLS EVERYTHING AS RAYNOR'S HEAD RATTLES IN THE HELMET.

THEN IT ALL FADES TO A STRANGE, MURKY SILENCE.

EVENTUALLY, OVER THE SILENCE, RAYNOR'S VOICE AGAIN, IN VOICE OVER. HER VOICE IS EMOTIONAL.

RAYNOR (VO): You're not old enough to understand any of this, but you will be one day.

(PAUSES)

RAYNOR (VO): You deserved so much better than what you got. I'm sorry I couldn't... beat my demons, even for you. I failed. In the most horrifying way possible. And I know it is nothing I can live with.

(PAUSES)

RAYNOR (VO): So I'm going to try and be worthy of you, for once. Life gave me a choice, and I acted. I went through the Gate. And I will do everything I can so that I can see you on the other side. For what it's worth, I swear it...

(PAUSES)

RAYNOR (VO): I love you very much, Sean.

(PAUSES)

RAYNOR (VO): Computer, end message.

COMPUTER (VO): Message recorded. Relay?

RAYNOR HESITATES. THEN...

RAYNOR (VO): Relay.

COMPUTER (VO): Message sent. Sean Raynor. Inter-stellar message relay transmission rates apply. Expected ETA: Seven solar days.

RAYNOR SPEAKS ONE LAST TIME, TO HERSELF.
FIRMLY.

RAYNOR (VO): I swear it...

THE HIGH PITCHED TONE AGAIN. IT SWELLS,
THEN FADES AWAY.

RAYNOR'S BREATHING. THE SOUND OF HER
HEARTBEAT.

WE HEAR THE DISTORTED SOUNDS OF THE
OTHERS IN HER COMMS, BUT FAR OFF, DREAM
LIKE.

RAYNOR IS WAKING UP, IT IS NOT AN EASY
PROCESS.

IN THE BACKGROUND, THERE IS SOMETHING
ELSE. A SOUND THAT IS FAMILIAR...AND VERY
OUT OF PLACE.

FREED: Raynor? Raynor?

CHAMBERS: She's coming back. She's still here.

FREED: Oh, thank God... Raynor? You're in the airlock. We're sealed
in. We're okay.

RAYNOR: Do you...do you hear that?

THE OTHER SOUND THAT RAYNOR HEARS...

...IS THE SOUND OF A LITTLE GIRL.

SINGING AND HUMMING. HAPPILY. AND IT
DOESN'T SOUND LIKE IT'S COMING FROM
COMMS. IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S ALMOST IN THE
HELMET WITH RAYNOR.

IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S IN HER HEAD...

RAYNOR: Do you hear that?

FREED: Hear what, Raynor? Are you okay?

CHAMBERS: Freed, help me with Stevens, we have to patch his suit!

RAYNOR: You don't hear it...?

CHAMBERS: Freed!

FREED: Raynor. We made it. We made it. We're safe. Lie still, okay?
I'll be back...

THE CAREFREE SINGING OF THE LITTLE GIRL
CONTINUES AS FREED LEAVES, IT SOUNDS
DISTANT AND CLOSE ALL AT ONCE.

AND IN THIS PLACE, IT IS HAUNTING...BECAUSE
IT IS ALL WRONG.

RAYNOR: Oh...God...

(PAUSES)

RAYNOR: Where are we?

THE SINGING TURNS INTO LAUGHTER.

THE END CREDITS MUSIC FADES IN.

END OF EPISODE 1.