

DERELICT - EPISODE TWO
"By Any Means"

by
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INT. DERELICT AIRLOCK

The sounds of breathing. Of a little girl laughing.

Gradually, the sounds of the room bleed in. Creaks and groans. Strange mechanical echoes. And a RUMBLING, growing louder and louder.

FREED

Raynor...? Raynor.

The breathing continues. Raynor doesn't move. The sounds of the little girl.

Then it cuts off. Vanishes. Leaving the other sounds.

FREED

Raynor. Raynor!

RAYNOR

What... What is it, what's happening?

FREED

We're in the airlock. We need your help with Stevens.

RAYNOR

Stevens. Right. What's wrong?

FREED

He got hit by debris after the explosion. His suit's venting. He's lost a lot of blood.

We hear them moving in the airlock, their suits' boots echoing loudly.

RAYNOR

Is he out?

FREED

Yeah. Chambers, Raynor's back...

We can hear the slight hissing of atmosphere venting from Steven's suit.

CHAMBERS

Okay, good... Stevens... Stevens's medical VI is in trauma state, it says he's Hypovolemic, it says he needs--

MEDICAL VI

Warning. Operator in hypovolemic shock. Lacerations detected. Blood loss. Ischemic injury of vital organs.

CHAMBERS

See? You see?

FREED

Chambers! Calm it down...

RAYNOR

We have nano-healing hypos?

CHAMBERS

I already injected him, but the venting... it's increasing his hemorrhaging, it's--

RAYNOR

Okay, I get it.

Raynor grabs her pack, opens it, starts looking through it.

RAYNOR

We have to seal the suit. Find the leaks and patch them.

She grabs a device from her pack. Activates it.

The sound of vapor SPRAYING out of it in a sharp stream.

RAYNOR

It's a nitrogen paste. It'll show any pressure leaks, freeze them, color them blue.

She starts spraying it over Stevens' suit.

FREED

Looks like... Four leaks.

RAYNOR

Yeah... Get your patch kits, start sealing the breaches. They're all small enough.

Raynor grabs a kit from her pack, starts unzipping it. So do Chambers and Freed.

CHAMBERS

How do we use it?

RAYNOR
Grab the device by the handles.

They pull the patch kits from their bags.

RAYNOR
Watch me... Put it over the
breach, orange side down.

We hear the patch gun sit on the suit.

RAYNOR
Left thumb trigger adheres the
device.

A button press. A confirmation tone. The device vibrates
and vents as it seals itself on the suit.

RAYNOR
Right thumb trigger starts the
patch.

Another button press. Another tone. The device beeps as it
hums to life. We hear a hissing, like from a welder.

RAYNOR
(With effort)
Keep it pressed down, use your
weight, heat balloons the pressure
under it.

More hissing. Humming. Then the device beeps, hot air vents
out of its port. The new patch SIZZLES on the suit.

RAYNOR
There. Start on the other leaks,
fast.

FREED
Okay...

They move fast on the floor of the airlock, on their knees.
Freed puts her patch gun to work.

Button presses. Tones. The sealing.

CHAMBERS
I'll get this one.

RAYNOR
God... Debris punched right
through the armor. I mean, these
are all hard point breaches.

FREED

The ship explosion was massive.
Can't believe he's still alive.

CHAMBERS

He won't be much longer. He needs
a med-bay, with a life pod.

Raynor starts to patch another breach. The gun hums.

RAYNOR

We'll stabilize him. Stabilize him
then find a way--

She's cut off by a burst of sparks. Debris sprays.

RAYNOR

Whoa!

When the sound dies down, we hear air now venting violently
from Stevens suit.

CHAMBERS

What just happened?

RAYNOR

Roll him over.

CHAMBERS

But... his injuries.

RAYNOR

Roll him over. His injuries won't
matter if he suffocates.

They reach under Stevens, lift...

FREED

Damn, these suits are heavy in
gravity.

RAYNOR

Couple hundred pounds. Lift.

As they do, the venting of air grows louder.

RAYNOR

It's the helmet connections, the
threads are stripped.

CHAMBERS

I don't understand, why--

RAYNOR

We started patching the suit. The pressure built inside, blew the neckline where the helmet connects.

FREED

What does that mean?

MEDICAL VI

Warning. Operator heart rate failure detected.

The sound of a heart rate monitor sounds from the speaker on Steven's suit.

The spaces between the beats of the heart tone are getting longer.

RAYNOR

It means we made things worse.

CHAMBERS

He's losing atmosphere. He's losing his oxygen.

Raynor raises Stevens' arm up, starts touching buttons on the control panel there.

FREED

What are you doing?

RAYNOR

Shutting his life support off.

CHAMBERS

What?!

RAYNOR

If we don't it'll vent all the atmosphere in the tanks.

CHAMBERS

But he'll suffocate!

Confirmation tones from Stevens' suit. A whine down as its systems shut off.

RAYNOR

Not if we fix the suit fast enough.

Raynor is up, moving for her pack. Stevens' suit beeps a warning tone.

MEDICAL VI
Warning. Operator heart rate
failure detected.

RAYNOR
I think... I can fix the neckline.

The heart rate monitor keeps winding down.

Raynor returns, slides down next to them. She pulls something from the pack, sets them on the floor.

The walls around them shake and vibrate.

FREED
Here five minutes...place is
already trying to kill us.

The device clicking together.

CHAMBERS
Is that... a blow torch?

Raynor clicks a button. The device hisses a focused flame.

RAYNOR
Arc welder. The opposite,
actually.

FREED
You're going to seal the neck of
this suit?

RAYNOR
I'm going to try...

MEDICAL VI
Warning. Operator heart rate
failure detected.

The heart rate monitor keeps winding down.

RAYNOR
Weld the neck seam back
together... but...

We hear SPARKS as the welder touches Stevens' suit.

RAYNOR
Have to... not slice through the
interior membrane below the
threads at the same time.

SPARKS.

MEDICAL VI
Warning. Operator heart rate
failure detected.

RAYNOR
Otherwise... suit won't hold any
pressure at all.

SPARKS. The sounds of the patch guns working.

FREED
How do you know... how deep to
weld?

RAYNOR
I don't, I'm guessing.

The drill whines. Sparks and debris spray as the bit
strikes the back of the space suit.

CHAMBERS
Oh Lord...

Sparks and debris spray as the Raynor keeps welding strikes
the back of the space suit.

More SPARKS. More patching of the suit.

RAYNOR
Think... Almost got--

The heart rate monitor flat lines...

MEDICAL VI
Warning. Operator heart rate
failure detected.

Stevens shudders in his suit. The welder shuts off.

CHAMBERS
Oh god! He's arresting!

RAYNOR
Hold him tight! Hold him still!

The heart rate monitor flat line tone, loud and piercing.

Sparks SPRAY. The welder keeps going, going... Then...

It stops. We hear it pull back, hear Raynor back off.

RAYNOR
Now! Repower his suit!

FREED

Got it...

Freed hits buttons on the suit. Confirmation tones. The suit hums as it starts to power back up.

The flat line tone keeps wailing.

FREED

Now what?

RAYNOR

Now we see if I welded the neck without puncturing the membrane. If I did, the suit should hold pressure.

The suit keeps humming.

FREED

Come on... Come on, Stevens...

RAYNOR

Damn it...

The flat line tone stops.

...then the heart rate monitor sounds again. Beeps. That slowly begin to grow faster, louder. Stronger.

MEDICAL VI

Attention. Operator heart rate normalizing.

CHAMBERS

Oh, thank God...

RAYNOR

Pressure's holding... Pressure's holding...

They all look at each other. Exhausted.

FREED

I'm not sure if this is an untoward question, but... but did anyone bring tequila?

INT. AIRLOCK

Raynor, Freed, and Chambers stare down at Stevens.

RAYNOR

How is he?

CHAMBERS

Stabilized for the moment. If we didn't have nano-hypos...

A sound begins to build, from outside the ship.

FREED

Emergency nano-microscopic trauma intervention...

RAYNOR

And how many do we have left?

CHAMBERS

Two...

FREED

Okay. So... No one else get hurt.

The sounds keep building from outside. It sounds like a rumbling. Deep. Growing louder.

CHAMBERS

He needs legitimate trauma care, fluid resuscitation. Medical nanobots can't replicate blood. And if the hemorrhaging was bad enough, which we won't know without scans, he needs interventional radiology. We have to find the ship's med bay.

Freed and Raynor stare at Chambers.

RAYNOR

You're a doctor, Chambers?

CHAMBERS

I... went to medical school, but I pursued a law degree instead of being licensed.

FREED

Well, now I feel like an underachiever.

The sounds keep building from outside.

CHAMBERS

What's that noise?

The rumbling keeps growing.

RAYNOR

The atmosphere burn. From the planet. Our side of the ship is rolling back into it.

The rumbling continues.

FREED

Bloody tears...

RAYNOR

The heat shields on this ship aren't going to last forever. We have to figure out what we're doing. Past-

Then it starts to pass...to quiet, as the ship rolls away from the burn.

CHAMBERS

We need Blayne. He would know what to do.

RAYNOR

Well, we don't have Blayne.

CHAMBERS

He might still be out there. He might--

FREED

He's not out there, Chambers. He's incinerated.

CHAMBERS

But, he's ISD. He's--

RAYNOR

Atmosphere burn on a planet like this is close to 3,000 degrees. ISD or not, you don't survive that.

FREED

So what do we do?

Raynor thinks.

RAYNOR

This ship is huge, like cruiser or dreadnaught huge, it can take a lot of damage, but... only so much. We have a few hours left, at most, before the heat cripples what's left of the engines, and then it's just a waiting game until we disintegrate in orbit.

FREED

So we restart the ship, and pull it back into high orbit. Simple.

RAYNOR

Right...

CHAMBERS

We have... these. I was told to hand them out. Once we were on board.

Chambers pulls his pack close, rifles through it.

FREED

What are they?

CHAMBERS

I don't know, honestly.

RAYNOR

Look like... watches?

Chambers hands them to Freed and Raynor.

FREED

I don't think they're watches.

As they slip them on their wrists, the devices activate with beeps and pulses.

Holograms flare to life in the air above them.

RAYNOR

Whoa...

CHAMBERS

Holographic interfaces...

FREED

Look at all the data nodes. Schematics. Layouts. Ship compliment.

She interacts with it in the air. Hitting holographic buttons, exploring the menu tree.

RAYNOR
How many levels deep is this menu tree?

FREED
GPS. Frequency scanner.

CHAMBERS
It's the ship. It's an information codex about the ship.

He touches parts of the UI. It beeps as she does, displaying new info.

RAYNOR
See if you can find a map. An overview.

CHAMBERS
You have one too, Raynor.

RAYNOR
Good point.

Raynor activates her codex. It hums to life. She taps buttons in the air. It beeps. Negatively.

RAYNOR
It won't let me open anything.

More negative tones.

CHAMBERS
Same for me.

FREED
Yeah, the info's locked.

RAYNOR
Well, what's the point of--

A voice cuts her off. From the codex on her wrist.

CODEX
All data within this archive is mission sensitive.

The voice itself...is not what you might expect. It sounds like the voice of a young girl. Maybe 8 or 9 years old, no more. But crude. Electronic.

CODEX

Data will be unlocked as needed.

FREED

And...it talks, too.

CODEX

These devices were designed to facilitate your assignment here. I can detect you are on board the ship, within the secondary airlock. What is the current status of your assignment? How much progress have you made?

RAYNOR

Our mission status...isn't good.

CODEX

Clarify.

RAYNOR

We... The UEG ship that brought us here is destroyed. We made it inside, but... our ISD escort died outside. And our propulsion engineer is injured.

CODEX

Analyzing medical condition, Kyle Stevens.

The codex beeps. Data scrolls.

FREED

That's a full medical scan. How's it doing that?

CODEX

Alert. Team member Kyle Stevens's medical condition is critical. Team member Kyle Stevens is a mission critical asset.

FREED

Great bed side manner...

CODEX

Alert. New mission objective: Transport Kyle Stevens to the ship's medical bay. Codex objective data unlocked.

The holograms flash in the air. Confirmation tones. The devices begin drawing a map in the air.

FREED

Is this...the ship?

CODEX

Correct. The path to the medical bay is highlighted.

The map scrolls and zooms.

CHAMBERS

This ship... it's massive.

RAYNOR

And the map just keeps going.

FREED

How big is this thing?

CODEX

Experimental Vessel XTX-38523 is 8.6 kilometers in length.

RAYNOR

What's the horizontal length?

CODEX

Experimental Vessel XTX-38523, is 3.1 kilometers at its longest horizontal length.

Raynor thinks...

RAYNOR

That would make... Total square surface area... I don't know... 60 kilometers?

CHAMBERS

If that's right, it could fit half a dozen UEG frigates inside it.

FREED

Even the Autonomy only has a few ships that big.

RAYNOR

Why build something as big--

CODEX

Alert. You have limited time to achieve your objective. Transport asset Stevens to the ship's medical bay.

CHAMBERS

The Codex is right. He doesn't have much time.

FREED

Codex? Is that what we're calling it?

RAYNOR

We need to open the airlock.

Raynor stands. So do the others. They move for the airlock.

FREED

Are we sure that's a good idea? I mean, we don't know what killed the crew. What if it's viral or some kind of biological--

CHAMBERS

We don't know the crew is dead.

RAYNOR

The suits will protect us from contaminants. As long as the tanks have oxygen, anyway.

Freed presses a button.

There is a Negative tone from the door.

She presses it again. Same tone. Then...

COMPUTER VOICE

Alert. Airlock door inoperable. Stage C security lockdown in effect. All exterior access points sealed.

FREED

Huh.

RAYNOR

Freed, can you hack the terminal?

FREED

Well. Probably. If you can get the control panel off.

RAYNOR

I can...

Freed and Raynor drop their packs, start rifling through the contents. Raynor pulls something out. Hits a button on it. It whines. Like a drill.

She starts unscrewing the panel cover on the wall.

FREED

Splice in with my chipset,
diagnostic wire for the panel will
be live. BIOS for that is always
low encryption, I have an ice
breaker algorithm.

Raynor finishes unscrewing the panel. She pulls it loose, revealing the wires.

We hear her pull wires out of the panel, start clipping onto them.

We also hear the rumbling from the atmosphere burn returning outside.

RAYNOR

This doesn't seem like normal
digital systems engineer skills.

FREED

I was on my way to prison...

Freed's chipset lights up, sounds tones.

We hear data scrolling...

We also hear the rumbling, from outside, louder.

CHAMBERS

(nervous)

I can hear the atmo burn again.
It's coming back around...

FREED

Alright, let's see what we've got.

Denial tones from Freed's chipset.

FREED

It's higher encryption than I
thought.

RAYNOR

Can you crack it?

The chipset beeps, data scrolls on the display, as the ice breaker starts running through passwords.

FREED

Indeed. Use the panel's diagnostic tool to put the airlock door in maintenance mode... then force it open.

(then)

Trick is... keeping the splice live without tripping the voltage detectors. It's already in lockdown, that helps, but...

Sparks again.

FREED

Ouch. Bloody tears.

RAYNOR

That's... an Autonomy phrase, right?

FREED

You know your curse words...

RAYNOR

You were on the nomad fleet?

FREED

Only as long as I had to be...

Freed's voice is drowned out as a very loud, very bad sound rips through the airlock.

The sound of the exterior bulkhead hatch begin to bend and warp, threatening to buckle and blow open behind them.

RAYNOR

The hatch!

Raynor runs for it, leaves the airlock door.

RAYNOR

Hurry! It's going to blow!

Freed and Chambers run for it with Raynor, their spacesuit feet echoing on the metal floor.

FREED

What do we do?

RAYNOR

Brace it! Brace the hatch! Our suits are powered, maybe all three of us together...

They slam into the hatch, groan as they push against it.

The room shakes and vibrates horribly.

FREED

What if the door goes?

RAYNOR

Our ashes get sucked into space.

The door keeps bending, warping...

FREED

Push!

...and then it buckles badly.

RAYNOR

Ah, shit, rivets are going--!

They all yell as rivets EXPLODE OUTWARDS, spark all around the room, ricocheting violently.

FIRE BURSTS through a small crack in the door...

And then all noise fades into a high-pitched tone, like someone's ears ringing. Then even that fades out...

Sounds begin fading back in, distorted and muddled. Then the sounds of the airlock door exploding come rushing back full-force. The ringing in Raynor's ears returns, then slowly fades out as the chaos begins to subside.

Raynor breathes heavily. Sparks fly.

An alarm sounds inside the airlock.

COMPUTER VOICE

Pressurization seal lost.
Pressurization seal lost.

FREED

Oh, no... No, no, no!

The sound of a heavy, pressure door descending down at the other end of the room. It SLAMS HARD into the floor.

FREED

No, no, no!

RAYNOR

Well, damn...

Raynor collapses to the floor. So does Freed.

CHAMBERS

What just happened?

FREED

(sarcastic)

Which part?

RAYNOR

The atmosphere burn almost blew the hatch off the fuselage. Heat shot the rivets out of the wall like a gun.

The AIR HISSES out of the bulkhead door.

FREED

And the pressure shield came down in reaction to the hatch being open. Safety measure. It's blocking the door out of here now... and the panel I was using to hack it open.

CHAMBERS

So, we're stuck in here?

RAYNOR

Not for long. The hatch behind us is too damaged. When we roll back into the atmo-burn...it'll blow right off. And we'll be vapor.

CHAMBERS

What?!

FREED

She explained it pretty well, Chambers.

CHAMBERS

There has to be... a way out. Wouldn't they have thought of this scenario when they--

RAYNOR

Designed the ship? They definitely did.

(MORE)

RAYNOR (CONT'D)

Weighed the lives of the max number of people who could fit inside this airlock - about ten - with the number of lives of everyone else on board if a hull breach wasn't sealed.

(then)

See if you can guess what they came up with.

FREED

So what do we do?

RAYNOR

We have to get the shield up off the interior door.

FREED

How?

RAYNOR

I don't know! I don't have all the answers!

CODEX

Alert. Mission status analysis. Propulsion engineer asset carries electromagnetic augmentation devices.

They all stare at the holograms.

FREED

I'm sorry, what?

RAYNOR

Electromagnets...

(then)

Codex... What are they rated at?

CODEX

The devices can produce tier three electromagnetic waves, equal to working load limits between 5,000 and 13,000 pounds.

RAYNOR

Chambers, get Stevens' pack.

Chambers is up, gets Stevens equipment pack from the floor, carries it to Raynor.

FREED
This is going to help?

RAYNOR
Maybe.

CHAMBERS
Here.

Raynor pops the pack open. It hisses as the lid lifts up and off pneumatically.

FREED
This is all... what? Propulsion
engineer gadgets?

RAYNOR
Yeah. Gear for engine work.

Raynor rummages through the pack, checks the equipment.

Raynor pulls something out. A large metallic, circular disk, with a handle on one end, a little LED display on the top.

CHAMBERS
An electromagnet?

RAYNOR
The Codex thing was right, yeah,
he has three of them.

FREED
Magnets? For what?

RAYNOR
Lot of uses, usually for
redirecting energy fields around
something you need to work on.

FREED
We could seal the door with it?

RAYNOR
They're strong. 13,000 pounds of
pressure might be enough to warp
the hatch back into place, make
the computer think its sealed and
then... open the shield in front
of the exit.

Raynor hits a switch on the magnet. Nothing happens.

RAYNOR

Uh huh...

She tries again. Nothing.

FREED

It's not coming on.

RAYNOR

No...

(then)

No, it isn't. Drag him over here...

CHAMBERS

You mean Stevens?

RAYNOR

Yes. Now.

Chambers and Freed move off, grab Stevens on the floor, drag him back to Raynor. It's not easy, the suit weighs a lot. They're out of breath when they get him back.

FREED

Okay...

Raynor hits the button on the magnet again. This time it beeps, powers up, vibrates in her hand.

CHAMBERS

It activated.

FREED

Biometrics...

RAYNOR

Freed's right. These things are dangerous around anything loose metallic or power sources. Biometrics keep them from being used by anyone who doesn't know what they're doing.

CHAMBERS

Well, it doesn't seem like he has to touch them.

RAYNOR

(grim)

No. Just be close enough to trigger the scanners.

FREED
 (darkly)
 Oh...

Raynor looks at Freed. Freed gets it.

The Codex beeps again. The holograms flash.

CODEX
 Alert. Mission status analysis.
 New mission imperative: abandon
 propulsion engineer asset. Unseal
 airlock. Proceed into ship
 interior.

No one says anything for a moment.

CHAMBERS
 Abandon?
 (then)
 I don't... Why would we--

FREED
 The magnets only work if Stevens
 is in proximity. They need his
 biometrics to activate... and stay
 activated.

CHAMBERS
 So he would have to... Wait.

RAYNOR
 Stay near the door. Stay near the
 magnets.
 (then)
 If we use them to seal the vent,
 there's no way to take him with
 us.

Chambers blinks.

CHAMBERS
 No. Wait... That can't be true.

FREED
 The Codex is right. I see it. We
 have to sacrifice Stevens to get
 out of here.

CHAMBERS
 But if we get the door open, we
 can--

RAYNOR

What? Grab him? Pull him away?
Second you do, the magnets
deactivate. The hatch shifts out
of place again... computer brings
the pressure shield back down.

CHAMBERS

We could drag him through. All
three of us.

FREED

That door came down in... two,
three seconds last time?

RAYNOR

He weighs more than two hundred
pounds in that suit. You felt how
heavy he was dragging him over.

CHAMBERS

We take him out of his suit!

FREED

If you haven't noticed, the
airlock isn't pressurized.

CODEX

Alert. Mission status analysis.
New mission imperative: abandon
propulsion engineer asset.

CHAMBERS

No. This can't be the only way.

RAYNOR

Well, I'm open to suggestions.

They stare at each other.

FREED

What are his odds of making it? I
mean, really? You said he needed a
med-bay. He won't survive without
that, right?

CHAMBERS

Well. No... But--

FREED

You saw how far away the Med-Bay
was. On the holo-map. We were
going to drag him the whole way?
He's barely alive as it is.

CHAMBERS
That's not fair...

FREED
Isn't it? Look. It sucks. It's a hard choice. It's also the only one I see. So the faster we make it, the better.

CHAMBERS
How can you be so... dismissive?

FREED
Because all our lives are on the line.

Raynor says nothing.

FREED
Raynor, right? The next time this side of the ship rolls into the atmosphere burn...?

Raynor says nothing.

FREED
Raynor.

RAYNOR
We're done. Yeah. Burned to a crisp.

CHAMBERS
I can't... There must...

Raynor breathes out...

FREED
Raynor we have to do this. You know it.

Raynor says nothing.

FREED
Raynor? Right?

A sound cuts her off. A familiar sound.

The rumbling from outside as the ship begins to turn into the atmosphere burn. A rumbling that is growing louder...

FREED
Raynor.

Raynor breathes out one more time. Then...

RAYNOR

I'll start getting the magnets up.
Chambers, I need your help moving
Stevens.

CHAMBERS

Oh, God...

FREED

I'll get over to the pressure
shield. When it's up, I need...
assuming the splice is still
there, maybe thirty seconds?

Freed moves. Raynor and Chambers do not.

FREED

Don't think about it. Just do it.

Raynor and Chambers stare at Freed a second. Then...

RAYNOR

Chambers, grab Stevens' arm.

They start pulling him towards the exterior bulkhead door,
one pull at a time. Eventually they make it.

The rumbling from outside is growing...

RAYNOR

Get him up against the wall. I'll
work the magnets.

Chambers sets Stevens up against the wall in his suit.

Raynor grabs his pack, starts pulling the magnets out.

CHAMBERS

Raynor...

Raynor ignores him.

RAYNOR

(to herself)

Three magnets... Has to be
enough...

CHAMBERS

Raynor...

RAYNOR

There's nothing to do about it,
Chambers.

CHAMBERS

There has to be another way.

RAYNOR

Stop it! Why is everyone looking
to me to fix things? Why is
everyone looking at me like I'm in
charge? I'm supposed to think of
another way? You think of another
way!

CHAMBERS

He's going to die.

She stares at him.

RAYNOR

(firm)

Sit him up against the wall.

Raynor sets the three magnets down on the floor. She hits
buttons each, and we hear them activate, one at a time,
humming to life.

RAYNOR

Okay...

(then)

Here we go.

She places one magnet against the exterior door. She holds
a button down, it beeps a confirmation tone, hums.

CHAMBERS

Is that it?

RAYNOR

No. We have to tune it...

We hear the clicking of a dial on the device. It hums,
louder and louder, as it aligns to the metal of the
bulkhead and the door.

Then it locks in place with a giant THUD. The door bends
back into position.

FREED

Is it working?

RAYNOR

Looks like it. The door bent back into place at the bottom. Chambers hand me another one.

The rumbling increases in intensity.

Chambers picks up another magnet, hands it to Raynor. She repeats the process.

Places the magnet, activates it, adjusts it, then it hums and locks in place. The door seals more.

RAYNOR

Okay, two down. Chambers... Get me the last one!

FREED

Hurry, that burn is coming.

RAYNOR

Chambers!

CHAMBERS

Okay...

He picks it up and hands it to her.

RAYNOR

Gotta set this one... as high up on the wall as I can...

The magnet deactivates, powers down.

RAYNOR

Damn it.

FREED

What happened?

RAYNOR

It's... It's too far away from Stevens, it's losing the biometric connection.

CHAMBERS

What do we do?

Raynor thinks, doesn't like what she's coming up with.

FREED

Raynor?

Raynor sets the magnet down, reaches for the others. She deactivates ones of them. The door pops back open.

FREED
What are you doing?

RAYNOR
Starting over.

She deactivates the second magnet, sets it down. Then she reaches for Stevens.

RAYNOR
Chambers, help me stand Stevens up.

CHAMBERS
What?!

RAYNOR
Just do it. Lift him and set him against the hatch, right along the seam where it's venting.

They do, lifting him up, press him against the wall.

RAYNOR
Hold him here.

CHAMBERS
He's really heavy.

FREED
Guys?!

RAYNOR
We're working on it!

The rumbling increases by the second.

Raynor grabs the first magnet. Presses it against Stevens torso... then activates it.

It beeps, hums. Than locks with a thud. The hatch seals.

CHAMBERS
(horrified)
What are you...

Stevens sticks to the door along with the magnet.

FREED
Bloody tears...

CHAMBERS

Raynor. What are you--

RAYNOR

There's nothing else I can think of! The only way to keep Stevens close enough to the magnets... to keep all three activated on the hatch...

Raynor grabs the second magnet, presses it against one of the Steven's suit legs.

RAYNOR

...is to use him...

It beeps, Hums. Than locks with a thud. The hatch seals.

RAYNOR

...as a patch.

CHAMBERS

You're pinning him to the wall...

Raynor grabs the third magnet. Primes it.

CHAMBERS

You're pinning him to the--

RAYNOR

Press the helmet against the wall. I have to attach the last one under the shoulder armor.

Chambers doesn't move.

RAYNOR

Chambers! Press the--

CHAMBERS

(unsettled)

Okay!

The magnet powers up in Raynor's hand. She plants it against Stevens' shoulder. Tunes it.

A THUD as it activates and locks. The hatch seals completely.

CHAMBERS

Oh, God...

A second later...

COMPUTER VOICE
Alert. Pressurization seal
restored. Alert. Pressurization
seal restored.

The shield over the interior airlock door lifts up.

RAYNOR
Freed, shield's up!

Freed just stares at Stevens.

FREED
Tears...

RAYNOR
What? You wanted it sealed, it's
sealed! You wanted to use Stevens
to do it, we used him! What did
you say? Don't think about it, do
it? Now it's your turn. So do it!
Get the damn door open before
we're all dead.

Freed hesitates another minute, then...

FREED
Yeah. Yeah, okay...

Freed grabs her chipset, hanging from the control panel.

She hits buttons. It beeps confirmation tones. Data scrolls
on the readout.

Raynor moves for the door. Chambers doesn't move.

RAYNOR
Chambers, move!

Chambers doesn't move.

RAYNOR
Chambers!

Finally, he follows after her.

CHAMBERS
Okay...

Freed works on the chipset. The rumbling fills the room.

RAYNOR
Well?

FREED
It's coming...

Freed keeps working on the chipset. Nothing yet.

RAYNOR
Are you going to get it done?

FREED
(tight)
Yes. Raynor. I will.

The chipset beeps a confirmation tone.

FREED
And here. We are...

Freed keys in more commands. And then...

The airlock door OPENS, rising up slowly. As it does, the sound of air pressure filling the airlock.

COMPUTER VOICE
Alert. Primary airlock chamber
pressurizing. Primary airlock
chamber pressurizing.

The three stand there, in front of the door, staring into the dark hallway beyond, into the ship they've come all this way to find and enter.

No one moves. The rumbling grows.

And then, from behind them, a sound. A MOANING.

From STEVENS...

Low. Guttural. Delirious. But alive...

CHAMBERS
Oh, God...

The MOAN again.

FREED
Was that?

CHAMBERS
Yes...

They turn where they stand, stare back at him, pinned to the hatch of the exterior wall.

CHAMBERS

Stevens.

Stevens MOANS again. Raynor sighs.

RAYNOR

God dammit...

CODEX

Alert. Mission status analysis.
Abandon propulsion engineer asset.
Proceed into ship interior.

FREED

We can't just... Stand here. Guys?

They stand there. Then...

RAYNOR

Codex...

The holograms flash to life on their wrists.

CODEX

Query?

RAYNOR

With access to a medical-pod...
would Stevens survive his
injuries?

CODEX

The question is irrelevant.
Current mission imperative:
Proceed into--

RAYNOR

Answer the question.

A moment. Then...

CODEX

Access to a functional medical-pod
would result in Kyle Stevens'
recovery from all injuries.

No one moves. The rumbling grows. Freed sighs.

FREED

Look...

(then)

I mean... Look.

No one says anything. No one moves.

MUSIC: Dark Skies, Molina

CHAMBERS

The Codex is right. He needs a medical pod. The only one is on the other side of this door.

CODEX

Correct. Experimental vessel XTX-38523 has one medical bay. There are no alternative medical pod locations on board.

RAYNOR

(To herself)
The only one...

FREED

Damn it!
(then)
We're out. We just have to step through the damn door!

RAYNOR

No, wait. Just wait...

Raynor thinks.

RAYNOR

Maybe this door isn't the only way to a medical pod.

Silence. Then...

FREED

What are you thinking?

RAYNOR

The Crichton.

They stare at her.

CHAMBERS

The other ship? The ice miners' ship? The one docked on the primary airlock?

RAYNOR

We all saw it. It's there. It looked like a Corvette, at least. Intergalactic. It would have a med-pod. Right?

CHAMBERS

It... should have one, yes.

RAYNOR

It's much closer than the med-bay.

FREED

But how would we get there? We'd have to pull him off the hatch, and then the whole bloody affair starts all over again!

RAYNOR

The depressurization interlock.

CHAMBERS

What's--

RAYNOR

Both airlocks, this one and the one the Crichton is docked on, use the same conduit for depressurizing their atmosphere, they vent it out through the same duct. You can see the vent unit in the wall. Right there.

FREED

How does that help us?

RAYNOR

We get the vent fan off, we can access the duct. Take it all the way to the other airlock.

FREED

It's 150 yards to the Crichton! Maybe 200! You want us to crawl through this thing, carrying Stevens with us?

RAYNOR

More like... pushing him.

CHAMBERS

What happens when the atmo-burn blows open the door in here?

RAYNOR

The blast will follow us down the duct. But... we could use it. Let it blow us down to the other end, to the Crichton's airlock.

CHAMBERS

How would we do that?

RAYNOR

I could make a blast shield. I think... the shield and our suits would be enough to--

FREED

That's insane. This is your plan? Get shot through an air vent like bullets in a rifle barrel?

RAYNOR

It... involves a little more nuance than that.

FREED

It's impossible. It's ten thousand to one! At least.

RAYNOR

Ten thousand to one isn't impossible.

Freed stares at Raynor, exasperated.

FREED

Look, I don't want Stevens to die either, but there's just no--

CHAMBERS

I don't know if this is really--

RAYNOR

(angry)

All I've done my entire life is put myself first. I got whatever I wanted... by any means.

(lower, guilty)

By any means...

(then)

I don't know either of you, not really, I don't know Stevens either, but... I came here to fix things. And to fix things... we have to change. I mean, how else does it work?

(then)

Sacrificing someone else to get what I want... That would not be new to me.

(MORE)

RAYNOR (CONT'D)
 Standing here, looking at it,
 though, looking at Stevens...
 (then)
 How is this helping? How is this
 changing?
 (then, firm)
 At a certain point... we just have
 to actually start being the kind
 of God damned people we want to
 be. Don't we?

Freed and Chambers don't say anything.

FREED
 Raynor...

RAYNOR
No.
 (then)
 No...
 (then)
 I'm staying.

FREED
Raynor.

RAYNOR
 I'm staying. No one else has to
 stay. I get it. It's crazy. No
 judgment... But I'm staying.
 (then)
 I'll get him to the Crichton
 myself.

CHAMBERS
 There's no way you can do that
 alone. Listen.

The rumbling is growing.

CHAMBERS
 The burn is coming.

RAYNOR
 Yeah. You're probably right.
 But...

She moves off.

RAYNOR
 Get out of here. I'm removing the
 magnets.
 (MORE)

RAYNOR (CONT'D)

The door will warp back out, and
the shield will go down. Get out.

She moves for the magnets and the exterior hatch.

CHAMBERS

I'm staying, too.

He moves back into the airlock.

FREED

Oh, kill me now.

CHAMBERS

Raynor, what do you need me to do?

RAYNOR

If you're staying, get the magnets
and Stevens off the wall. Just
switch them off. I'll get this
vent fan off the ductwork.

She grabs her gear, starts digging through it.

Freed SIGHS.

FREED

Bloody. Tears.

RAYNOR

Freed you have about fifteen
seconds to make up your mind. We
have to do this now.

FREED

You're sure... this can work? Not
that you guarantee it, just... it
can work?

Raynor pulls something from her pack. A cutting saw.

RAYNOR

It'll work. I feel it.

FREED

Oh. Why didn't you just say so?

CODEX

Alert. Current mission imperative:
Proceed into ship interior.

FREED

Fine. Fine. What the hell?

(then)

It has the benefit of being the more interesting choice, anyway.

She moves back into the airlock, too.

RAYNOR

Alright. Okay. Help Chambers with Stevens, get the magnets off, then drag him to this vent.

The saw WHINES in her hands.

RAYNOR

May want to mute your helmet mics.

CHAMBERS

How do we--

The sounds of rending metal and flying sparks as Raynor's saw cuts into the vent fan's casing.

INT. AIRLOCK

The saw whines loudly. Then shuts off.

An alarm sounds inside the air lock.

COMPUTER VOICE

Pressurization seal lost.

Pressurization seal lost.

The sound of a heavy, pressure door descending down at the other end of the room. It SLAMS HARD into the floor.

FREED

That's it. We're committed.

RAYNOR

Yep...

Raynor's saw starts back up, and whines for a few more seconds. Then Raynor pulls the vent fan from the wall. It falls loudly.

The sound of Freed and Chambers dragging Stevens.

FREED

Okay, Stevens is here...

RAYNOR

Good. Vent fan's off. You're first in. In case you have to hack the pressure door at the other end.

The saw whines again. Sparks fly. Raynor starts ripping pieces of the vent fan off.

CHAMBERS

What are you doing?

RAYNOR

Making the blast shield. I can use what's left of the induction fan and the casing. Just have to weld it.

(then)

Get in. Hurry. Then help Chambers get Stevens in. I'll be last.

The rumbling of the atmosphere burn is intense now.

CODEX

Calculation: exterior wall of airlock will breach in one minute, eleven seconds.

FREED

Wow. Specific.

RAYNOR

Go!

Freed starts climbing in the vent duct. Raynor rips more stuff off the vent.

We hear the sounds of welding now.

RAYNOR

How does it look?

FREED

Is what it is... Big ass air vent. It's super tight, barely enough room to crawl.

Chambers starts pushing Stevens up into the duct.

CHAMBERS

Freed. Grab Stevens.

More welding. Then the sound of a grinder, cutting the corners of the blast shield Raynor is making.

We hear Chambers groan as he climbs inside.

RAYNOR
Almost... got it.

More welding. More grinding.

RAYNOR
There.

Raynor grabs the make-shift shield she's made, lifts it up.

CHAMBERS
That's...that's the shield?

RAYNOR
Doesn't look like much, but it
will block most of the blast. Move
in, I'm coming up!

She sets the shield down. Climbs into...

The rumbling increases. The door rattles in the wall. The
room shakes

CODEX
Calculation: exterior wall of
airlock will breach in 35 seconds.

INT. ATMOSPHERE VENT

Raynor moves in...

RAYNOR
I'm in! Keep crawling! Push
Stevens! Gotta get as far in as we
can before the fireball hits.

FREED
Okay, that may be the most
terrifying thing anyone's ever
said to me!

Raynor leans out, grabs the shield on the floor below her,
grabs it, groans as she pulls it in.

The metallic thing screeches as it pulls into the vent.

RAYNOR
Shield's in! Coming behind you!

CODEX
Exterior wall of airlock will
breach in fifteen seconds.

RAYNOR
Get ready!

CHAMBERS
Oh god... Oh god...

Raynor keeps moving.

CODEX
Exterior wall of airlock will
breach in five...
four...

FREED
Bloody tears...

CODEX
Three... Two... One.

In the distance, we hear what sounds like an explosion.

CODEX
Exterior wall of airlock breached.

CHAMBERS
Raynor?

RAYNOR
Everyone... Hold on!

Fire rushes towards them in the duct.

Raynor GROANS hard as the fire blast SLAMS into the
makeshift heat shield.

It shoots her flying through the duct.

They all groan hard as the blast SLAMS into them,
propelling them and Stevens down the duct. They topple end
over end, careening into the walls and each other.

Until, finally, they roll to the other end of the duct.

Everyone groans in pain, catching their breath, recovering.

RAYNOR
Hey...
(Then)
We're not... We're not dead.

FREED
Chambers... Chambers is that you?

CHAMBERS
Yes.

FREED
Well...get off!

In the distance, another sound. The sound of RENDING METAL.

RAYNOR
Freed...
(then)
Freed, do you see the door? Are we
at the end?

The sound is growing louder.

CODEX
Warning: Atmosphere interlock is
unstable. Structural collapse
imminent.

RAYNOR
Oh, God damn it... Freed! Is there
a door?!

FREED
There is! There's no... there's no
control panel on this end.

RAYNOR
So how do you open it?

FREED
Drill into the wiring conduit.
Pull the wires out, splice the
right ones.

RAYNOR
How long is that going to take?

The sound of Freed's drill WHINING and DRILLING into the
conduit.

FREED
I don't have... a definitive
answer.

More sparks.

In the distance, the sound of the duct tearing itself
apart.

CHAMBERS
What's happening?

RAYNOR
The explosion destabilized the
interlock duct. We're about to be
sucked into space.

The sound of the duct destabilizing grows louder.

RAYNOR
Freed?

Nothing...

RAYNOR
Freed?!
(then)
Freed! Now would be a really--

Everything comes apart around her in violent fashion.

The duct rips itself to pieces, blowing everywhere. So does
the thin layer of hull between them and the vacuum.

Raynor groans, struggles to hold on.

RAYNOR
Freed!

FREED
Raynor! Grab my hand!

Raynor groans hard as she grabs Freed's hand, holds on...

CHAMBERS
I'm right behind you!

FREED
Got you!

Raynor groans, pulling...

The group burst into...

INT. DERELICT SHIP - PRIMARY AIRLOCK

They all three slam to the floor, roll, groan in pain.

The sound of the maintenance hatch shutting tight.

We hear atmosphere venting into the chamber.

COMPUTER VOICE
Alert. Primary airlock chamber
pressurizing. Primary airlock
chamber pressurizing.

They all breathe, exhausted.

CHAMBERS
Raynor...

She keeps breathing. Long and deep.

RAYNOR
Stevens...? Stevens...

FREED
He's here. He's okay. You did it.
(then)
You did it.

Raynor nods, moans in pain, rolls on her back, breathes.
She laughs to herself.

Everyone just lays there.

RAYNOR
Okay...

INT. CRICHTON - CARGO BAY

Sounds of static, like electricity crackling through the
air. It pulses a few times, then...

The sound of a ship's large exterior bulkhead door opening.

Raynor enters, shining a flashlight around. Behind her come
Freed and Chambers, carrying Stevens between them.

FREED
Lovely. But I don't see a med-pod.

CHAMBERS
This is the cargo bay. It will be
further in. We have to carry
Stevens into the ship.

The electricity sound CRACKLES again.

FREED
I hope he appreciates all this. He
isn't light.

We hear the sounds of computers. The humming of
electronics, of life support systems.

RAYNOR
Dark. Except computers.

FREED
At least there's power.

Raynor moves to a wall. Flips a large switch there.
Lights flash on in the ceiling. Electronics hum to life.

CHAMBERS
Better...

RAYNOR
Hello?

Raynor yells into the ship's interior. There is no response.

RAYNOR
We're here to help. Is anyone on board?

Still no response. More static sounds.

FREED
Abandoned, too?

RAYNOR
Maybe...

Raynor groans as the electricity crackles again.

CHAMBERS
We have to get him to the pod. Now that he's out of his suit.

They start moving again.

RAYNOR
I'll stay here. Check the computers, see if I can get a ship status. This thing's been rolling in the atmosphere too, it could be about to come apart.

FREED
Good idea.
(then)
Come on, Chambers.

Freed and Chambers move off, dragging Stevens.

The door closes behind them, as they carry Stevens into whatever lies beyond.

When they are gone...

Raynor groans in pain and immediately collapses to the floor. Objects spray everywhere, as she upends a workbench.

The sounds of static and electricity are in her head. She breathes erratically, trying to stay conscious through waves of pain.

The pain is overwhelming. She fumbles, trying to open a pocket in her pants.

RAYNOR

Damn it...

(then)

Damn it.

She unzips the pocket. Pulls something out.

She pushes a button on it. It beeps. Then...we hear structured tones. Like a digital STOPWATCH. Counting down, or marking time.

The sounds of a loud heartbeat in her head.

RAYNOR

(In pain)

Ten... Nine... Eight...

As she listens to it, counting, Raynor's breathing starts to slow. To normalize. The pain lessens.

RAYNOR

(Less pain)

Seven... Six... Five... Four...

She calms, more and more, the pain becoming manageable, her shaking subsiding. The heartbeat sound fades into the background.

RAYNOR

Three... Two...

(then)

One.

The stopwatch keeps going a few more seconds. Then it shuts off.

Raynor breathes out. Breathes in. Long and slow. Shuddering. Lays there on the floor. Eyes shut.

Another beep. From her wrist. The Codex device.

CODEX
Pending inquiry.

Raynor sighs. Ignores it. Just breathes.

CODEX
Pending inquiry.

Raynor continues to ignore the Codex device. It speaks again, its tone firm. Demanding.

CODEX
Pending inquiry.

RAYNOR
What?

CODEX
Elevated heart rate detected.
Elevated adrenaline levels
detected. Cranial pain response
detected.

RAYNOR
(Weak)
You don't say...

CODEX
Posit: Asset Raynor has
experienced a nano-nootropic
withdrawal event.

Raynor just keeps breathing.

RAYNOR
(Sarcastic)
You may be on to something.

CODEX
When did you first feel symptoms
of an approaching withdrawal
event?

Raynor swallows. Says nothing. Breathes.

CODEX
When did you first feel symptoms
of--

RAYNOR

When I woke up in the airlock.
Okay? Before we plugged Stevens's
suit. This entire time, really.

CODEX

You were able to delay the onset
of the withdrawal event.

RAYNOR

I've learned to... work with it.
All Jet addicts do.

CODEX

Explain.

Raynor is silent. Codex presses the issue.

CODEX

Explain.

RAYNOR

I don't really feel like it.

CODEX

Medical file update required.
Explain.

Raynor sighs.

RAYNOR

It's... The nano-bots from the Jet
are... dead now. Millions of them.
Just lying in my gray matter. If
I... concentrate I can... if I
focus... I can stave off an event.
It only really hits when I...
don't have anything to think about
it. To focus on.

CODEX

The use of the stopwatch.
(then)
It would force the brain to
utilize its prefrontal cortex.
Engaging the prefrontal cortex has
been shown to reverse the adverse
effects of a Jet withdrawal event.

RAYNOR

Yeah. What you said.

CODEX

Nano-nootropic withdrawal events
may impede mission progress.

RAYNOR

It didn't... impede anything.

CODEX

Future episodes may also--

RAYNOR

I have it under control.

CODEX

It is not possible to control or
predict the frequency or severity
of a Jet withdrawal event or--

RAYNOR

I have it under control! I get
this shit from everyone else in my
life, I don't need it from... some
low grade VI on my wrist.

(calmer)

I have it under control. I
wouldn't have lasted this long if
I didn't.

(then)

So. Thanks for your concern.

A moment. Then...

CODEX

To this point, of all the assets
employed in this endeavor, your
behavior and actions have diverged
the most from predicted behavior
patterns.

RAYNOR

(tired)

Well, I like to... keep everyone
guessing.

CODEX

You were instructed to abandon the
propulsion systems engineering
asset. I can detect his life signs
nearby.

Raynor, painfully, starts to sit up now...

RAYNOR

(Pained)

Yeah. I guess we see him as more than an "asset".

CODEX

Your choices in this matter do not align with your psychological profile. Selflessness of this magnitude has not been one of your exhibited character traits.

RAYNOR

Mmmmm...

Raynor sits against the wall, breathing.

CODEX

Why do you feel this is?

RAYNOR

What is this? Some sort of built in therapy program? You my shrink now?

CODEX

Stress management on assignments such as this is critical. All assets should vocalize feelings in order to diminish the negative ramifications of emotional trauma.

Raynor laughs weakly.

RAYNOR

I'd say it's a bit late for that.

CODEX

Why do you feel you have diverged from established behavior patterns?

Raynor's tone turns serious. She isn't sure why she says what she says. Maybe it's because the watch isn't anything real. There's no judgement to be worried about, no pressure to fulfill anything she may commit to. Or maybe... it just feel good to say it out loud...

RAYNOR

(Hesitant)

Because I... promised someone. Promised them things would be different.

(Guilty)

RAYNOR (CONT'D)
I've promised similar things
before.

CODEX
This declaration has been
difficult to maintain in the past?

RAYNOR
(dark)
It has...
(Then)
I'm tired of not keeping my word.

The Codex is silent. Then...

CODEX
Medical and psychological profiles
updated.

Raynor rolls her eyes. She starts walking into the cargo
bay.

RAYNOR
(to herself)
Standing here talking to my
watch...

CODEX
This device is more than a watch.
It contains an extensive data
trove of information about this
ship and its hazards.

RAYNOR
And yet, here we are. Out of
danger.

CODEX
You are not out of danger. Your
actions have resulted in an
exponential increase in danger.

RAYNOR
(skeptical)
And why is that?

CODEX
Because the Crichton is not
abandoned.

Raynor freezes.

RAYNOR
There's someone on the ship?
Where?

CODEX
Inside this cargo bay.

Raynor spins around, looks behind her. She sees nothing.

RAYNOR
I don't see anything...

Raynor moves slowly, scanning the cargo bay.

RAYNOR
There's no one here.

CODEX
In the far corner. The cylindrical
object. Do you see it?

Raynor, slowly, starts to move that direction.

RAYNOR
Yeah... What is it?

CODEX
It is a human containment pod.

RAYNOR
A what?

CODEX
Designed to hold very dangerous
prisoners during spaceflight.
Primarily utilized by bounty
reclamation specialists and law
enforcement officials.

RAYNOR
How the hell can you tell that?

CODEX
This device contains a host of
scanning and analysis equipment. I
can sense more about your
environment than you can.

RAYNOR
Why would ice miners have a
prisoner containment pod? It
doesn't make sense.

CODEX

Posit: Perhaps they are not ice miners at all.

Raynor hits her comms. It beeps.

RAYNOR

Freed. Chambers. Get back here. Now.

CODEX

New mission imperative: Confirm prisoner remains contained.

RAYNOR

What do you mean "remains"?

CODEX

Calculation. Possibility of escape from containment pod... 41%.

RAYNOR

Fantastic...

Raynor moves towards the pod.

RAYNOR

Chambers. Freed. Get back here.

CODEX

New mission imperative: Confirm prisoner remains contained.

Raynor stops moving, stares at the pod.

She breathes in and out, long and slow.

RAYNOR

Okay... Fine.

She hits keys on the outside of the pod. Confirmation tones.

Hydraulics activate. The exterior shell of the pod vibrates, unlocks, hisses as it vents pressure... and lifts upwards, revealing the contents of what lies behind it.

MUSIC: Into the Night, Molina

Shackled inside, sitting, staring out at them is a large, imposing MAN. An energy field crackles to life in front of him, keeping him where he is.

Raynor's breathing becomes frightened as she looks at the man.

RAYNOR

Yeah... Hi.

A low, slow chuckle comes from THE PRISONER inside the pod. He stares at Raynor.

Unimpressed. Amused.

PRISONER

Look at this...

(then)

Moths to a flame.

END EPISODE TWO