

Seedship

Written By

B. E. Davis

Contact:

713.396.0810

info@stopkillingyourdreams.com

Logline: In a future where Earth has become uninhabitable, the sole human caretaker of a seed-laden spaceship must decide between preserving humanity's future and her own unborn child.

FADE IN:

INT. SEEDSHIP "EDEN" - HYDROPONICS BAY - SPACE - DAY

Darkness. A faint, rhythmic WHUM-WHUM of machinery. A beam of white light cuts across rows of translucent pods filled with seeds and small plants. The air is humid, alive.

We hear a woman's breath, controlled and steady. DR. SAHANA MALIK (early 30s), tired but resolute, floats into view in zero-G. Her hair drifts around her face. A patch on her jumpsuit reads EDEN PROJECT - BOTANIST.

She affixes her boots to the magnetic grates and gently clips a dead leaf from a tomato vine. She speaks softly, as though to a sleeping child.

SAHANA

(whispering)

Day sixty-two. Growth rate steady.

Hello, my beauties. Did you sleep well?

She puts the leaf into a sample bag. A chime sounds. Lights flicker. She glances toward a console.

GAIA (V.O.)

Life support systems stable. Radiation shield at ninety-four percent.

Daily message received.

Sahana breathes in. Her eyes flicker with anticipation and dread.

SAHANA

(to GAIA)

Play it.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDSHIP - COMMUNICATION BAY - CONTINUOUS

A small module lined with screens and blinking LEDs. One screen displays a countdown: 13:07:52. Time delay until Earth receives her last message.

Sahana straps into a chair and taps the console. A holographic envelope materializes. It opens, revealing a recording of VIK (30s), warm smile, eyes like constellations. He sits at a kitchen table bathed in golden light - Earth's sunlight.

VIK (RECORDING)

Hey, Han. It's the ninth again. I thought I'd send this while

Raj is napping. He refuses to eat peas unless you're here...

Sahana closes her eyes, holding onto the sound of his voice as if it were a physical object.

VIK (RECORDING) (CONT'D)

the hills ...the ash clouds have cleared today. You can see

again. They're... they're still green.

(beat)

I miss you. Raj misses you. He said his first word. He said

"up." Up to the sky, I guess. Wherever his mama went.

(voice cracks)

Keep those seeds alive, okay? Keep our world alive.

Static. The message ends. Sahana reaches out as if to touch the screen, then withdraws. Tears pool but do not fall; in zero-G, they hover.

SAHANA

(softly)

"Up." He said up.

She touches her abdomen absent-mindedly. Beneath her jumpsuit, she wears a monitoring band.

GAIA (V.O.)

Fetal heart rate: one hundred forty-two beats per minute.

Sahana flinches, annoyed at the intrusion.

SAHANA

(to GAIA)

Thank you. That's enough.

A beat. She rubs her belly with her thumb.

FLASHBACK - INT. COMMUNITY GREENHOUSE - EARTH - EVENING

Warm golden light. Sahana and Vik sit cross-legged in a greenhouse. Wind chimes tinkle outside. Rows of seedlings sprout from recycled containers. They laugh as they plant.

VIK

You realize our kid is going to think dirt is exotic.

SAHANA

He'll think dirt is sacred.

They press seeds into soil together.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. SEEDSHIP - HYDROPONICS BAY - SPACE - LATER

Sahana floats among the plants, turning their leaves toward the artificial light. Her voice becomes more measured, almost professional.

SAHANA

(voice diary)

Oxygen levels Mission log, day sixty-two. Temperature stable.

holding. Tomatoes responding to touch.

(beat, softer)

won't ever be Raj... I'm going to record these for you. You

basil smells like. hungry, love. I'll make sure you remember what

She closes her eyes and inhales a basil leaf. The scent makes her smile and then, suddenly, wince.

GAIA (V.O.)

reserves Alert. Life support anomaly detected. Energy

projected use. decreasing at three percent per day beyond

Sahana bolts upright.

SAHANA

Source?

GAIA (V.O.)

cryo-chamber thermal Unknown. Diagnostics indicate leak in

failure: forty-eight containment. Estimated time to critical

hours.

Sahana's face drains. She closes her eyes, squeezes them shut.

INT. SEEDSHIP - CRYO-CHAMBER - SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

A dark, sterile room lined with pods. Inside each pod: glass cylinders containing seeds, embryos, DNA samples. Vapors swirl with cold light.

Sahana floats in, breath quickening. She shivers.

SAHANA

(whispering)

Gaia, isolate the leak.

GAIA (V.O.)

Leak located in sector seven, embryo vault.

Sahana's gaze darts to a row of small cylinders labeled HOMO SAPIENS.

SAHANA

(stunned)

The embryos...

GAIA (V.O.)

Containment compromised. Re-routing energy requires a fifty-six

percent increase in power to maintain
viability. Current reserves
are insufficient.

Sahana places a hand on the pod. Her breath fogs the glass.

SAHANA

Options?

GAIA (V.O.)

You may divert power from secondary systems and
hydroponics,
resulting in loss of seventy-two percent of seed
stock. Or you may
shut down embryo preservation. Or...

SAHANA

(interrupting, voice cracking)

Or?

GAIA (V.O.)

Terminate gestation. Genetic material can be
cryo-preserved at
low energy cost for future re-implantation.

Silence. The hum of the ship grows louder. Sahana's hand
trembles on the glass. She whispers as if speaking to her unborn
child.

SAHANA

You're not a gene sample. You're already a heartbeat.

She floats back, pressing herself against the bulkhead. Her breathing becomes shallow.

MONTAGE

– Sahana in the hydroponics bay, staring at rows of green life, her hand resting on her stomach.

– Sahana listening to more recordings from Vik. His voice grows weaker in each, coughing. He speaks of ashfall, water rations, yet smiles when he mentions their unborn child.

– Sahana reading children's poems out loud, her voice echoing in the metal corridor.

– Sahana whispering to a seed, pressing it to her lips, then placing it carefully into a nutrient tray.

END MONTAGE

INT. SEEDSHIP - CRYO-CHAMBER - SPACE - LATER

Sahana sits cross-legged before the embryo pods. She holds a tablet, her face illuminated by its blue glow. She begins recording.

SAHANA

(steady, to camera)

Raj, if you're seeing this, then you already know how the stars

look when they're not behind a screen. Maybe you've run your

hands through dirt that isn't simulated. Maybe you've tasted

tomatoes and decided they're disgusting.

(smiles through tears)

I promised you basil, didn't I?

(beat)

Today Gaia told me we don't have enough to keep you warm and

everything else alive. I wish that decision were harder. But

there are billions of heartbeats stored in these seeds. There

are rainforests and rice paddies and coral reefs sleeping here.

Without them, the world you wake into will be empty.

She touches her abdomen tenderly.

SAHANA (CONT'D)

I am your mother. My job is to put you first. To protect you.

But protecting you means giving you a world. And for that

I have to let you sleep differently than we planned.

(beat)

You won't hear my voice in your ears. But I hope you hear it in the way the wind moves through the leaves. In the way the river laughs over stones. In the stories people tell about why there are seeds in the stars. They'll say a woman whispered you poems in the dark and taught basil to grow in metal.

She wipes her eyes, tears drifting upward like tiny planets.

SAHANA (CONT'D)

I love you. I love you more than I love breathing. More than I love the smell of soil. More than I love Vik. Don't tell him I said that. (laughs softly) Maybe he already knows. Maybe you'll meet him. Maybe you already have, somewhere.

(beat)

I don't know what happens next. I'm going to press a button that will hurt me more than it hurts you. And then I'm going to

get to work. There's so much to do. We have to
teach these

seeds what sunlight feels like.

She reaches toward the panel, hand hovering. She looks up at the
camera one last time.

SAHANA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Up.

Her finger presses a red switch labeled EMBRYO STASIS. A low HUM
deepens, then subsides. The fetal heartbeat monitor flatlines
into a single tone. Sahana closes her eyes but the tears keep
coming, suspended around her like a galaxy.

INT. SEEDSHIP - HYDROPONICS BAY - SPACE - DAYS LATER

Sahana moves with purposeful energy. She reroutes cables, makes
notes on a tablet, sings softly under her breath. Rows of
seedlings begin to sprout.

SAHANA

(voice diary)

Day eighty-one. Beans germinated. Basil
thriving. Peas

developing pods. I can almost hear the crunch.
Energy usage

optimized. We are... we are going to make it.

She pauses, feeling something. She places a hand where her belly once pulsed. A smile, small but genuine, crosses her face. She looks directly at the camera.

SAHANA (CONT'D)

If you're watching, whoever you are, tell Raj I kept my promise.

Tell him dirt is sacred. Tell him "up" means hope.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ESTABLISHING - TIME UNKNOWN

The sleek silver seedship glides silently through the black velvet of space, its belly glowing faintly with life. In its core, millions of seeds dream of forests.

FADE OUT.