

**THE GOLDBLOCKS ZONE**

by

Clark Ransom

FADE IN:

**EXT. SPACE - NEAR SATURN - DAY**

The familiar planet, a perfect sphere, encompassed by its dynamic, gaseous rings, bright against the blackness of space.

SUPER: "IN THE NEAR FUTURE"

Silhouetted against the upper half of its ring-separated surface, the speck of a

HUMANOID BODY

Cartwheels across the giant orb.

Below it, an astronaut, TAIT HAUSMANN (31), his helmet visor a dark black tinge.

He, and a small oval-shaped droid, ART, move to intercept the body.

                  TAIT  
                  (on comms)  
          Copy, P-S one, intercept in fifty-  
          eight seconds.

Tait glances over at Art.

                  TAIT (CONT'D)  
          Art, initiate digital recording.

A short, metal arm emerges from art's body, a small, camera dome at the end, it locks upright. Flyspeck lights inside the dome blink on to reveal three tiny lenses.

Tait and Art approach the body. Twenty yards away, THRUSTERS on the Astronaut's manned maneuvering unit FIRE to decelerate and match pace with the rolling body.

TAIT'S POV

The body, headless, the left arm missing.

                  TAIT (CONT'D)  
                  (on comms)  
          What the... P-S one, we have  
          visual.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 Copy that.

TAIT  
 Art, three sixty scan.

Art glides forward, circles around the body.

TAIT'S POV THROUGH HIS HELMET VISOR

Projected in the top left corner of his visor, the green letters "A.R.T". Below this, three SMALL SCREENS, views from Art's cameras. The center view, the rotating Body.

It's not human.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 Any identifiable emblems on the suit?

TAIT  
 (on comms)  
 You could say that. Art, prepare to attach.

Art emits two short BLURTS, intercepts the TUMBLING BODY, halts its movement. Art extends a second METALLIC ARM and clamps onto one of the Body's legs.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
 (on comms)  
 Contact.

**EXT. SPACE - NEAR SATURN - PLANETSTAR SPACECRAFT - DAY**

Tait and Art move away from Saturn, its brilliant surface dwarfs their movement, the headless alien body in tow behind Art.

A hundred yards ahead, a spaceship looms, a familiar configuration, angular, gravity wheel in the center. On the side of the ship, a US FLAG and the letters, "PLANET\*STAR I".

TAIT  
 (on comms)  
 Base, body secured. Three minutes out.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 Copy that. Great job, Tait.

Under the words, PLANET\*STAR I, a rectangular hatch slides open. Tait and Art move toward the opening.

**INT. PLANETSTAR I - MED BAY - DAY**

The alien body lies on cold, metal body drawer. DR. TEMERA ALEELA (32), African American, small in stature, big on brains, spreads a wafer thin plastic covering over the body, touches a button on the side of the drawer.

Like freeze-dried packaging, air WHOOSHES, the plastic layer sucks onto the body. Temera admires her work, slides the alien into the wall.

Above the closed drawer, a digital readout of the temperature inside. Temera taps a button next to it, the readout registers "-0.0".

TAIT (O.S.)  
 Incredible find.

Tait leans in the doorway.

TEMERA  
 Maybe. The body scan was inconclusive, but it appears to be female. Whatever it is may hold the key to getting us there.

A BEEP. The light above the closed drawer goes from red to green. The readout now registers, "-130.0".

TEMERA (CONT'D)  
 I'll know more once we get her home.

**EXT. NASA - JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**

A sprawling sixteen hundred acres, one-hundred buildings plus, the 1960s architecture in contrast to the futuristic rocket launchpads along the Clear Lake shoreline.

**EXT. BAYTOWN, TX - CONDO BACKYARD - DAY**

Typical condo backyard; wooden fence, patch of brown grass, one lonely oak tree, a comfy chaise lounge chair supports the tan, ripped, bikini-brief clad Tait. Dark sunglasses reflect the hot sun, a water jug at his side.

SUPER: "EIGHT MONTHS LATER"

Tait "chair dances" to the tunes blasting from his air buds, arms beat the air, oblivious. On his left wrist, a communication device, the mini-screen reads, "10:07 AM".

Tait stops in mid-dance swing, eyes on Mini-Screen display.

TAIT

Shit!

He leaps up, grabs a pile of clothes strewn on the ground, pants, socks, shoes, a blue shirt.

He fumbles on the shirt, above the pocket, a US flag, the NASA logo and the letters, "PLANET\*STAR II", he bolts thru the fence gate.

**INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Assorted DIGNITARIES mingle, chat.

Off to the side, a NASA uniformed MASON PARKE (45), in better physical shape than most fitness trainers, grips the shoulders of PAMELA PARKE (40s), their faces inches apart.

PAMELA

We still have time to fix things,  
but this... this hero shit --

MASON

I'm the most qualified and you know  
it.

PAMELA

I know you won't have a chance if  
you go.

MAYA (O.S.)

Captain?

Mason turns to a young woman (28), the stenciled name on her tunic reads, "M. CASTILLO". Maya smiles back.

MAYA (CONT'D)

It's time.

**EXT. OVER GALVESTON BAY - DAY**

Blue sky and a burning sun sits high in the sky.

Just above the liquid surface, a hydro-air bike skims at eye-watering speed,

At the controls, lying prone and face forward, a helmeted Tait.

He weaves the Bike between submerged buildings, their rooftops stepping stones across the bay.

On the inside of

TAIT'S VISOR

A small screen pops open, Temera's unhappy face peers back, behind her a crowd of people move into a large Auditorium.

                  TEMERA  
                  (on screen)  
                  You're late.

                  TAIT  
                  Almost there.

                  TEMERA  
                  She's already pissed.

                  TAIT  
                  Save me a seat.

Tait GUNS the Bike.

In the distance, dry land looms, the outline of NASA buildings, rocket launchpads, one occupied by a huge, finned spacecraft.

**INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - AUDITORIUM CORRIDOR - DAY**

A WOMAN (67), cellphone to her ear, plows down the antiseptic white corridor, her three-inch heels CLICK, CLICK, CLICKING their "get out of my way" signal.

On her jacket, a Planetstar logo security badge reads, "Director Helen Frank".

At the bottom, the words, "A Nathan Jessup Company".

HELEN

(on phone)

For fuck's sake, Nate. We make a mistake with this, this thing, and all you've got is a blob of interstellar goo. It might've worked for McQueen, but we need something better than red jello on a stick.

She pauses, listens, her frustration evident.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I didn't think so. I'll know more once I talk to her. Now let me do my job and save this fucking planet so you can finally make the half-a-percent club.

She hangs up, pushes through a door marked "Backstage".

HELEN (CONT'D)

God-damn, ball-less billionaires.

**EXT. NASA - ABOVE JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - DAY**

Tait and Bike zoom toward the Spacecraft-filled launchpad, a full three-sixty around it, the words, "PLANET\*STAR II" run from nose to stern.

TAIT (V.O.)

Not long now, sweetheart.

Man and Bike glide downward, weave in and out, up and over other craft and bikes, and settle near an array of ancient electric cars with tires, water bikes, and larger flying craft.

Tait jumps off, sprints toward a building entrance.

MASON (V.O.)

S-T-S one thirty-six, the shuttle that set out to be the one thing everyone expected.

**INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Tiered seats filled with people lead down to a large screen that displays a photo of a highly modified space shuttle, smaller, more compact, the words, "STS-136" on it's tail.

MASON (V.O.)  
But life had another path in  
mind...

In front of it, a raised stage, a seated row of DIGNITARIES  
include Helen, Pamela and Maya, all seated behind a lectern.

At that lectern, Mason gestures, the seated CROWD enraptured  
by his mere presence. It's a packed house.

MASON  
...one that not even she was aware  
of, nor how it would impact so  
many.

On a side aisle, bike helmet in hand, Tait hurries down,  
takes a seat next to Temera.

Her eyes scold his tardiness. A shrug, he looks back up at  
Mason. Mason holds his gaze on Tait, a slight smile.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Perhaps this will inspire a future  
astronaut who will lead us to a new  
world where we can begin again.

He moves on.

MASON (CONT'D)  
We all know our time here on Earth  
grows shorter each day, some say we  
have only forty years, perhaps  
less.

A rumbling from a few in the crowd. Mason grins, holds up  
his hands to quiet the group.

MASON (CONT'D)  
But we're going to make sure that  
doesn't happen. I'll leave you  
with this from the Astronaut's  
creed.

Mason unfolds a small piece of paper and recites the words,

MASON (CONT'D)  
And in the vast expanse of space  
Could there be a place for me?  
However, fragile my human body is,  
My human mind does dream.  
And I've vowed myself a solemn  
promise,  
To someday walk between moonbeams.

The Auditorium erupts in applause. From the row of dignitaries behind Mason, Maya rises.

She approaches, shakes Mason's hand, he takes a seat next to Pamela, fake smile and all.

At the lectern, Maya raises her hands for quiet. The Crowd settles.

MAYA

Like many of you, Captain Parke has impacted my life, in fact, he's the reason I have the honor of serving as an Astro-biologist on our joint mission with Planetstar in a few months. I mean, somebody's got to be there to tell Tait the difference between little green men and microbes, right?

Light applause, chuckles from the Crowd.

TAIT (O.S.)

It's the mean grey ones with big eyes I worry about, Castillo!

More chuckles.

At the lectern, Maya raises her water glass to the Crowd, turns back to face Mason.

MAYA

To a new world.

The entire Crowd stands.

THE CROWD

(in unison)

To a new world.

**INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - AUDITORIUM - LATER**

Only a few people remain on stage, last goodbyes, wishes of good luck, pats on the back.

Pamela talks with Maya and Helen. Maya glances over at Mason across the stage.

MAYA

(to Pamela)

You must be very proud. Not sure I could stand four years of being alone.

HELEN

Beats being stuck in a dried out marriage to a man everyone else loves.

MAYA

Oh, shit, I, I didn't mean --

HELEN

Don't sweat it, honey. He's been dead fifteen years, and... been the best years of my life. You're lucky you don't have one holding you back.

Helen turns to Pamela, her gaze still on Mason

ACROSS THE STAGE

Tait approaches Mason, both men all smiles.

HELEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But then, we all make sacrifices for them, don't we, dear?

Tait embraces Mason.

TAIT

You ready for this?

Tait pulls back, hands on Mason's shoulders, he frowns.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Last night too much for your old bones?

Mason eyes dart over to Pamela.

MASON

Let's focus on the mission, Commander.

Tait watches Mason move away toward Pamela.

TAIT

Don't you worry about that.

Mason steps close, nods to Maya and Helen, looks at Pamela.

MASON

How'd I do?

Pamela's eyes dart over his shoulder to Tait and back.

PAMELA  
 Inspirational as always.

**INT. PLANETSTAR LABS - ANOMALY RESEARCH UNIT - DAY**

Generic, rectangular lab space. Tables, stools, the only standout is a giant screen attached to the center wall.

Perched on a stool, Temera focuses on a monitor.

Helen walks over to an adjacent table, places a red nailed hand on the transparent wall panel of an upright CABINET.

INSIDE THE CABINET

A football-sized, heart-like organ suspended by two rods, in its center, a sharp silicon edge protrudes, attached wires and tubes snake out a sealed hole in the side of the cabinet.

Helen ticks her nails on the cabinet.

HELEN  
 And our little friend?

TEMERA  
 No idea. We do know the organ grew around it, fused together in some way. What it does or why, not sure.

Helen's nails RICKETY-TICK on the clear cabinet door, come to a stop.

HELEN  
 You've got three days to figure it out.

TEMERA  
 Or what? No one has any clue what we're doing here.

HELEN  
 One word. One word and you're off the mission and can kiss the Nobel commission goodbye.

TEMERA  
 You can't do that. My research, the last ten years, I --

OFF SCREEN: a METALLIC RIP

Helen and Temera stare at the cabinet contents.

From the protruding Silicon Edge, four blue tendrils slither outward and intertwine in a weaving pattern to completely encase the Organ.

ON THE CENTER WALL SCREEN

A live feed of the cabinet, other scrolling feeds with numbers and readouts, a

CENTER IMAGE BLOOMS

In it, a multi-colored waveform undulates from right to left across the screen.

HELEN  
What's happening?

TEMERA  
I think its talking.

Helen takes a step back, looks to Temera. Temera nods.

HELEN  
Christ. Was there a response?

TEMERA  
Not yet, or at least not that we can tell. It could be weeks --

OFF SCREEN: a LONG, SCRATCHY TONE. It stops.

On the

CENTER WALL SCREEN

The Waveform undulates right to left... a second TONE, shorter than the first, the waveform responds, modulates in shape. The long and short tone pattern repeats.

Temera walks toward the Center Screen, her eyes locked.

TEMERA (CONT'D)  
Looks like hello to me. Nobel  
prize here I come.

**INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - MOCK CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

Near a Computer Workstation, Tait pulls his Nasa Polo shirt back on, fixes his messed up hair.

MASON (O.S.)  
Bones seem okay to you?

Tait turns to Mason, in underwear and socks, his body a SWEATY SHEEN.

Tait moves to him, leans in, a quick kiss.

TAIT  
You're the cosmic paleontologist,  
but for me, perfect, as always.

MASON  
Listen, before we leave, there's  
something we need --

TAIT  
You promised you'd tell her.

MASON  
Well, no, I... well, there's that,  
yes.

Mason moves away, dresses, his back to Tait.

TAIT  
Four years is a long time to keep  
something secret, Mace.

MASON  
(to himself)  
It won't take that long.

Mason slips on his shirt, turns back, smiles.

MASON (CONT'D)  
You're right, it's a lot of time.  
I have no idea how we'll survive.

Tait moves closer, his arms go around Mason.

TAIT  
You fly the damn thing and let me  
run everything else.

**EXT. NEAR NASA - NATURE CENTER - HIKING TRAILS - DAY**

In boots and shorts, Maya half hikes, half jogs up a steep, wooded trail. She stops at a turn, takes a water break.

OFF SCREEN: HEAVY FEET POUND

A handsome, shirtless YOUNG MAN moves up the trail toward her and stops, eyes on the water bottle.

YOUNG MAN

You mind?

Maya hands over the bottle, he swigs, eyes her up and down.

Down the trail, an attractive YOUNG WOMAN moves up toward them. The Young Man holds out the water bottle.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Run much up here?

Maya watches the Young Woman pass by, takes back the water bottle.

MAYA

You're on the wrong trail.

She takes off after the Young Woman.

**INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Utilitarian, bare walls box in a glass desk; on it, a laptop, a framed photo and lamp. Nothing else.

Behind it, out the large windows, the distant launchpad lit up like a Christmas tree. In a chair, Helen stares out the window, swivels back to the laptop, ready to type.

She glances over at the desktop photo.

HELEN

And you said I was nuts to try.

IN THE PHOTO

A Man (40s), a younger Helen, a golden retriever held between them.

HELEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Best thing ever.

**INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - MASON'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The walls and shelves bare, the ubiquitous "pack up your shit" box sits atop a wood desk, filled with Mason's personal belongings.

Mason stares at a photo, smiles.

**ON THE PHOTO**

A group of Five Young Astronauts, arms linked shoulder-to-shoulder, an equally younger Mason kneels in front of them, Tait, that boyish grin unmistakable, his hand rests on Mason's shoulder.

MASON

Where few have ever been.

**INT. PLANETSTAR LABS - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Helen, cellphone to her ear, moves down the corridor, her gait slow.

HELEN

(on phone)

We don't know how many. Could be one, could be thousands.

She pauses outside a door marked, "I.T. Communications", her eye up to a retinal scanner, a BEEP, the door CLICKS open.

**INT. PLANETSTAR LABS - I.T. ROOM - DAY**

Inside the room, rows and rows of computer banks, lights flashing, octopus tentacles of yellow, green and blue cables, fans WHIRRING; a silicon sea of technology.

Helen closes the door behind her, her focus on the call.

HELEN

(on phone)

Nate, you know me, but what if we're wrong? The mission is only two weeks away, those U-N bastards will never agree --

She pauses, holds the phone out from her ear, an audible verbal ass-kicking coming from the other end.

It subsides, she brings the phone back to her ear.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 You done? I'll fix it -- no, I  
 don't know how yet, but we have to  
 move the timeline forward.

She listens, her impatience crescendos.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 Nate... Nate... God-damn it, we  
 don't have ten more years.  
 Whatever technology they have,  
 however it works, we need it.

She hangs up, looks around, notices all the computer tech in  
 the room.

A light bulb goes off.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 Son-of-a-bitch!

**INT. PLANETSTAR LABS - ANOMALY RESEARCH UNIT - NIGHT**

UP ON THE CENTER SCREEN

The modulating waveform continues its movement, the tones  
 SING a repeated pattern. Temera watches, Helen paces.

HELEN  
 They... it... got our signal when  
 you activated the, thing. They had  
 to be as surprised as us.

TEMERA  
 And they respond not knowing if we  
 could decipher it... being sent,  
 over and over. They must've had a  
 reference that told them --

Temera halts, rushes back to her keyboard. Helen struts  
 over, stares at the computer screen.

HELEN  
 What reference?

TEMERA  
 August, nineteen seventy-seven.

She types in commands, hesitates, TAPS the enter key.

The repeating TONE goes silent. On the center wall screen,  
 the modulating waveform merges into a

GOLDEN DISC

On closer inspection, a golden vinyl record with deep grooves.

In awe, Helen walks toward the screen.

HELEN  
Well I'll be damned, it actually worked.

TEMERA  
Not bad for a team of twentieth century scientists.

HELEN  
Hey, some good shit came out of the seventies, and no, I wasn't one of them, but this... this is perfect.

Temera types on the keyboard.

ON THE CENTER SCREEN

A NASA webpage opens with an old image of the Golden Record being attached to the Voyager 7 spacecraft, and scrolling under this, the numerous IMAGES of life on earth, stored within the record's grooves.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Can you answer it?

TEMERA  
With what?

Helen paces, the wheels turn.

HELEN  
Why are they out there? What do they want?

TEMERA  
The same as us, a reason to survive.

Helen stops.

HELEN  
Then that's exactly what we give them.

**INT. PLANETSTAR LABS - HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Helen stands behind the desk, the laptop screen facing her, she paces a bit, her gaze focused on the screen.

NATE (O.S.)  
Trade for what?

HELEN  
Quid pro quo, Nate. It's the only way. To come back with that kind of tech. Imagine the possibilities, and it's all yours.

NATE (O.S.)  
I want both, Helen.

HELEN  
Then you agree with what we have to do?

NATE (O.S.)  
What you have to do, but --

HELEN  
Yeah, yeah, I know the plausibility drill.

NATE (O.S.)  
Just so we're clear. Once they're in space, if you fuck this up --

Helen leans into the monitor, eyebrows arched.

HELEN  
I've got that covered. She won't have a choice.

**INT. PLANETSTAR LABS - ANOMALY RESEARCH UNIT - DAY**

At her stool, Temera sips a cup of coffee. The lab door CA-CLANKS open, Helen steps inside. She looks a bit frayed.

Temera sizes her up, motions with her cup.

TEMERA  
It's fresh... even cures  
billionaire-ass-itus.

Helen walks to a coffee pot on a counter, pours a cup.

HELEN  
Are we up to speed on the project?

TEMERA

Yes, Helen. It'd done. Clock  
started ticking today.

To the left, Art stands motionless, a soldier at attention.

HELEN

What's up with tin man?

TEMERA

Recharge mode.

ON ART'S VISOR

A faint point of green light moves from left to right,  
vanishes.

Helen shrugs, reaches into her pocket, pulls out a mini-  
bottle of bourbon, dumps it in her coffee, takes a sip.

TEMERA (CONT'D)

That's a first.

Oblivious, Helen stirs her coffee, walks over, takes a stool  
beside Temera.

HELEN

Been a lotta firsts in the last  
twenty-four hours.

Temera glances up at the Center Screen, the looping  
spacecraft/wave video still there.

TEMERA

True, but we still have to solve --

A loud CLUNK.

Temera turns back to Helen, her cellphone lies on the table.  
Helen "coffee-cup" points at it.

HELEN

Small complication.

Curious, Temera picks up the phone, scrolls over the screen,  
frowns.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Bethca little boy wonder has no  
idea.

**INT. PLANETSTAR LABS - MED BAY - DAY**

An exam table, medical monitoring devices, Temera stands at a computer monitor, reviews a human outline onscreen.

On the table, an underwear clad Tait, sits up from a prone position, his physique impressive, and he knows it.

TAIT  
Five stars?

Temera turns to him, clasps her hands together, a breath. Tait's grin melts.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Shit, what'd you find?

TEMERA  
Nothing, your fine... obviously.

Tait recovers, THUMPS his six-pack ABS.

TAIT  
Four years in space, Doc. Gotta be ready to rock-n-roll!

Tait hops off the Exam Table, moves toward a light blue uniform that hangs on the back of the door.

TEMERA  
Are you moved over from J-S-C?

TAIT  
Yeah, we were all assigned temp quarters here yesterday.

Temera moves closer to Tait.

TEMERA  
Tait, about that, there's something you --

The exam room door swings opens, hides Tait from view. Mason steps inside, eyes on Temera, unaware of Tait.

MASON  
Ah, mornin' Temera. Wasn't sure I was in the right place. Still getting used to the layout.

Mason closes the door, his eyes lock on the near-naked Tait, who smiles back, his eyes dart to Temera.

TAIT  
Anything else, Doc?

Temera shakes her head. Tait grins, steps around Mason to leave.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
See ya on the launch pad, Captain.

Mason blushes, looks to Temera.

TEMERA  
Strip, I haven't got all day.

**INT. PLANETSTAR LABS - MASON'S CREW QUARTERS - DAY**

Mason, seated at a desk, focuses on a computer screen.

PAMELA (O.S.)  
How could she not see it? You've got to say something.

MASON  
It's not my choice, Pamela. NASA says go, then I go.

ON THE SCREEN

Pamela glares back.

INTERCUT conversation.

PAMELA  
Twenty-two years, and the whole time I've been a stand in, a friggin' prop for your precious career?

MASON  
Pam, I didn't mean --

PAMELA  
Don't expect me to be here when you get back.

OFF SCREEN: a KNOCK.

Mason looks over at the door, and back to the screen.

MASON  
(to screen)  
I'm sorry, I have to go.

PAMELA (O.S.)  
I hope you find what you're looking  
for.

A BEEP, the light from the screen goes dark. Mason leans  
back, looks to the door.

MASON  
Come in.

The door opens, Temera pokes her head into the room, she  
clutches a medical folder against her chest.

TEMERA  
Sorry, were you talking with  
someone?

MASON  
Not anymore. So, we good to go?

Temera steps further into the room, flips open the Medical  
Folder, scans it, flips it closed,

TEMERA  
One hundred percent.

**INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Helen seated behind her desk. Temera fidgets in a chair  
across from her.

HELEN  
So the band-aide's are all ripped  
off?

TEMERA  
Two, yes. But what we're doing  
with Mason, I --

Helen leans in.

HELEN  
Our future depends upon him playing  
his part right up to the end. You  
just make sure he's able to last.

Temera returns a slight nod, Helen leans back.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Now, what about the last bit?

TEMERA

Everyone knows where they need to  
be and when.

**INT. LAUNCHPAD - PLANETSTAR II- BRIDGE - DAY**

Right out of Star Trek, sleek, pristine, compact, everything has its place. four reclining crew chairs, a front viewing window, a door on the opposite wall, just enough room to walk around without tripping.

CAPCOM (V.O.)

(on speaker)

T-minus ten minutes and counting.

In the front two Crew Chairs sit Maya and Tait, the back two occupied by Mason and Temera.

All wear sleek, form-fitting space suits, helmets on, Maya reaches forward, TAPS a BUTTON on her CHAIR'S HOLO-DISPLAY.

TAIT

Copy, Houston, we are green and  
good to go.

CAPCOM (V.O.)

(on speaker)

Copy that, Commander. T-minus nine  
minutes, forty seconds to liftoff.

Tait grins, glances at the other crew.

TAIT

Okay, kids. The first one to spot  
license plate tags from all 50  
states, gets extra dessert when we  
pass Pluto.

**INT. SPACE - PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - DAY**

SUPER: "TWELVE MONTHS LATER"

A white, minimalist, sterile environment.

Maya lies on a bed, stripped down to a white t-shirt and  
underpants, an IV clip dangles from her arm.

MAYA

How much longer is this gonna take?

At her standing desk, Temera monitors a screen. Temera turns  
towards her, a syringe in hand.

TEMERA

This will...

Empties the syringe contents into the IV.

TEMERA (CONT'D)

...put an end to that nasty little melanoma. Another year, and it would have done some real damage.

Temera discards the syringe in a sharps container.

TEMERA (CONT'D)

We need to make sure you're protected from all those space critters.

Maya gives a half smile.

MAYA

It's not the space bugs I worry about.

TEMERA

Never know what you might catch out here.

**INT. SPACE - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - BRIDGE - DAY**

Over the shoulder of flaky grey-blue, almost translucent Alien head, a three-digit hand moves across a semi-circular

GLASS WALL

A short VIDEO of the Golden Record's contents opens and plays: a spaceship near a planet, the internal workings of a human female, a baby in her arms, the ship rides a gravity wave across space toward a distant, second spacecraft.

The Alien hand TAPS a series of commands on the glass wall, the video blinks out.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - DAY**

One Crew Chair occupied by Maya. She's a little paler, her hair longer. She concentrates on a

## HOLO-STAR SYSTEM MAP

That floats directly in front of her. On it, a small spaceship outline moves toward a significant planet labeled proxima-b.

## OUT THE VIEWING WINDOW

Proxima-b, still some distance away, rotates, it's surface hued in greens and blues.

TAIT (O.S.)

Not long now.

Maya startles, spins in her chair to face Tait, his pearly whites grin back, his hair a different style as well, more relaxed, over the ears.

MAYA

What do you mean?

Tait points at the Star Map.

TAIT

What we came for.

Maya frowns, spins back.

MAYA

I'm beginning to wonder.

A second, smaller IMAGE of TEMERA'S FACE blooms in front of Maya on her chair's Holo-Display.

TEMERA

Just checking in. How are things?

MAYA

We should rendezvous in about ten hours, unless --

TEMERA

Any more cramping, dizziness or chills?

A guarded look, Maya glances back at Tait. He steps forward, drops his head next to Maya's. Temera is surprised, but recovers.

TAIT

Hi ya, Doc. Sorry, didn't mean to cut in on your girl talk. Everything okay?

TEMERA  
 It's fine, trust me.  
 (to Maya)  
 Can you stop by? I want to check  
 something.

MAYA  
 Sure.

Temera's image blinks out. Tait looks to Maya, she ignores his gaze.

TAIT  
 Maya, if there's something that --  
 Maya jumps up, heads for the door, turns back.

MAYA  
 Just, cover for me. I don't feel  
 that well.

Maya exits, Tait turns to the Star Map.

TAIT  
 And yet another great reason to be  
 on the boy's team.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - DAY**

Maya lies on a exam table, a compact, mobile MRI scanner hovers the length of her body.

At her standing desk, Temera monitors a screen. Maya swivels her head toward the screen.

An immediate, but subtle, adjustment of the screen by Temera, the contents for her eyes only.

Temera concentrates.

Maya turns her gaze to the hovering scanner.

TEMERA  
 When was your last episode?

MAYA  
 Last night, maybe twelve hours ago.

Temera nods, removes the mobile scanner.

TEMERA  
 Any... any unusual bleeding?

Maya frowns.

MAYA

It's just a virus, right?

TEMERA

Of course. Doesn't appear to be contagious, but I don't want to take any chances. We'll monitor it closely, maybe isolate you. I'll talk to Mason. Last thing we need is all of us coming down with it. Agreed?

Maya nods, sits up, dresses.

TEMERA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We're going to take good care of you.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MASON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Mason, his face and hair thinner, his complexion gray, is seated at a round table with a large chess board, some pieces discarded to the side, a game in progress.

He concentrates on the board, reaches out, shifts his white bishop diagonally forward to take the black rook.

Satisfied, he leans back, looks up and smiles across the table.

MASON

Didn't see that coming, did ya?

Across from Mason, a white, robotic arm moves out over the chess board, it's fingers and thumb spread, pick up a black knight and make a move.

The outstretched arm leads up to

ART

In the adjacent chair.

Across his upper left chest plate, the words, "A.R.T. 2.1"

When Art speaks, a wave of lights, like the Northern Lights, shift behind the black glass visor.

His voice is TINNY, nondescript, a binary being.

ART  
I believe that is what you call,  
check-date, Captain.

Mason shakes his head.

MASON  
Mate, check-mate. I think we've  
run out of games to teach you.

ART  
You have only taught me how to win,  
therefore I cannot lose. However,  
I am happy to learn more from you.  
Tait says you are an excellent  
loser.

Mason chuckles, pushes back his chair, stands with some effort.

The quarters are comfy, if not small, a sleeping bunk, the table and chairs, a desk with a monitor and keyboard, a framed photo, and a halfway open door to a small bathroom.

ART (CONT'D)  
Captain. If I may make a personal  
observation?

MASON  
Go on.

The lights behind art's visor swirl, vary in color, unable to show a set color or pattern.

Mason understands this visual.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Art, what's wrong?

ART  
I am detecting a variety of  
physical and emotional anomalies  
with your physiology.

Mason stares back, no expression.

ART (CONT'D)  
You do not seem yourself.

MASON  
Don't miss much, do you, buddy?

ART

That was the purpose of your  
additional programming, was it not?

Mason moves over to the desk, takes a seat, TAPS a few keys,  
the Monitor lights up. Art walks over, stands next to Mason.

MASON

Let's review the logs from today,  
how 'bout that?

ART

Certainly. Voice encryption key  
accepted. Transmitting now.

ON THE MONITOR SCREEN

Four MINI-SCREEN VIEWS open, each shows assorted FOOTAGE of  
what Art has seen or heard for the last twenty-four hours.

Mason reaches up, swipes

ONE SCREEN VIEW

It enlarges. On it, Maya enters the Med Bay room, she  
glances both ways down the hallway, sees Art, ignores him,  
steps through the door.

MASON (O.S.)

Odd, she was supposed to be on  
bridge duty.

**INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Concealed by the low light, slumped against a wall on the  
floor, the unmoving, under nourished and emaciated body of

A MALE ALIEN

Larger, more muscular, eyes closed, no sign of life. It's  
face humanesque, but a liquid quality. Towering over it, a  
smaller Female Alien.

The Female Alien kneels, touches the Male's hand. It's eyes  
flutter, a hoarse whisper slips out.

*NOTE: spoken in Alien dialect, English subtitles.*

MALE ALIEN

Bee-na.

## FEMALE ALIEN

Krease.

Krease's eyes fall closed, his head tilts right. Beena grabs his ankles, drags him through the door into

## BRIDGE

She stops, her scaled chest heaves with the effort.

Beena struggles to lift and roll Krease into the gel-like seat, which in seconds, melds and secures his body.

She glides her three-digit hand across and inches above Krease's torso. She glances at the Semi-circular Glass which shows

## AN OUTLINE SCAN OF KREASE

A bright bar of light moves up the torso in sync with Beena's hand movement.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - DAY**

Relaxed in his crew chair, Tait studies the Holo-Star Map, manipulates it with his hand, zooms in, planet proxima-b enlarges.

A line from the ship's map icon arcs to an end point above the Planet's surface.

OFF SCREEN: FOOTSTEPS approach.

Tait, his eyes glued to the Holo-Star Map, recognizes the familiar sound and rhythm.

MASON (O.S.)

Who set those master coordinates?

TAIT

Helen. Agreed coordinates between Planetstar and NASA.

A hand rests on the back of Tait's chair, the fingers brush against his shoulder. Tait looks at the hand, his gaze moves up the arm to

## A SMILING MASON

Lowers his face beside Tait's, looks at the Star Map.

MASON

But so far out? We need to be in closer orbit to launch the S-T-S to the surface.

Tait TAPS the Holo-Star Map at the ship's destination point.

TAIT

We can adjust once we get closer.

Mason swings Tait's chair around to face him.

MASON

Are you contradicting your Captain?

A serious face, Mason's breaks into a slight grin. Tait plays along, his pearly-white's lit up.

TAIT

You know I'd never question anything you wanted me to do.

Mason leans in, his face inches from Tait's.

TEMERA (O.S.)

Captain.

Mason straightens. Tait grins a "gotcha" look. Mason steps away to reveal...

Temera at the bridge doors.

TEMERA (CONT'D)

...need to discuss Maya.

Temera looks from Mason to Tait, back to Mason.

TEMERA (CONT'D)

Unless the two of you --

Mason moves forward, arm around Temera, turns her back into the corridor, a few steps

MASON

Let's take it to the Med Bay Doctor.

Tait drops the smile.

TAIT'S POV

Mason and Temera walk away, Mason's right hand at his side, "cups" and give a secret upside-down wave goodbye.

TAIT  
Gotta make sure those doors make  
more noise.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Mason and Temera walk shoulder to shoulder.

MASON  
How long?

TEMERA  
She needs two to three days  
isolation at least.

MASON  
That's going to eat into our entry  
prep time.

Outside the Med Bay door, Temera pivots, faces Mason.

TEMERA  
We should update your scan. It's  
been two months since --

MASON  
I'm fine.

Mason walks off. Temera studies him.

TEMERA  
I only want to help.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - DAY**

In a crew chair, eyes closed, ear pods in, Tait air drums to  
a tune, oblivious to the

HOLO-STAR MAP

Where the Ships Map Icon's arc ends near proxima-b, a small  
green dot, already in orbit above the planet, appears. It  
blinks on, off. On, off.

MAYA (O.S.)  
Tait?

Tait rocks on. Maya steps beside him, shakes his arm, he  
sits up.

TAIT  
Back already?

Maya points at the Blinking Dot on the Star Map.

MAYA  
What the hell is that?

**EXT./INT. SPACE/ALIEN SPACECRAFT BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Grey. Subdued light. No sound.

A solitary space ship floats, lifeless.

INSIDE THE SHIP BRIDGE

It looks abandoned.

In the center, two identical potato-chip shaped seats, the covering like gelatin, shimmering.

They face a semi-circular glass wall. On it, a myriad of strange glyphs and colored shapes undulate, blink on and off across the surface.

On one section of the Glass Wall

A STAR MAP

Where a small red dot pops into view, blinks continuously, a SOFT BEEPING sound in sync with the dot's pulses.

OFF SCREEN: a THUMP, followed by shuffling

ON THE GLASS WALL

Two grey-blue, three digit hands slap up against the glass, one on each side of the pulsing dot. The hands move outward, the location of the dot enlarges to show...

OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, THE RED DOT CENTERED ON EARTH.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MASON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

A naked Mason stands in a steam shower.

He buckles inward, the muscles in his shoulders bulge, his ribs accentuated under the strain. His face reddens, veins pop in his neck.

From between clenched teeth, a muffled cry of pain.

He reaches up, turns off the steam, grabs a towel and dries off. The movement elicits a wince.

He walks out to the

MAIN LIVING AREA

And flings his towel onto the bed.

MASON  
Check vitals.

Art, with mechanical smoothness, steps out from a corner toward Mason.

Mason holds out an arm, Art grips his wrist.

ON ART'S BLACK VISOR

A scrolling list of white data. Seconds pass. Art releases Mason's wrist.

ART  
Body temperature one hundred point six. Pulse rate one-ten. Respiratory rate, twenty five breaths per minute. Blood pressure below 90 systolic.

Mason pulls on his pants.

ART (CONT'D)  
I detect elevated white blood cells for the second week. I will send a report to the Doctor --

Mason glares.

MASON  
No. You. Will. Not.

Art hesitates.

ART  
Captain?

MASON  
I'll, I'll tell her myself.

The Quarter's door slides open to reveal a wide-eyed Maya, her face void of color.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you in isolation?

MAYA  
You have to see this.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - NIGHT**

All four Crew members stare at the Viewing Screen. Maya and Tait in the two front crew chairs, Temera and Mason stand behind them. Through the

VIEWING WINDOW

Proxima-b rotates, its blue/green mass fills half the window, near it, an OBJECT in synchronous orbit.

Mason puts a hand on Tait's shoulder.

MASON  
Zoom in.

Tait swipes the Holo-Star Map, the small Object enlarges and sharpens into finer detail.

THE OBJECT

Cylindrical, the size of a nuclear sub, it's outer shell uneven, bumpy, grey/black, no markings, easily mistaken for a floating asteroid.

TAIT  
You don't see that every day.

Tait glances back at Temera, a look.

Mason catches this.

MASON  
Doctor?

TEMERA  
I have no earthly idea.

Mason walks up beside the Viewing Window, stares up at the distant Object.

MASON  
 Maya, I don't want us any closer,  
 until we know what this thing is.  
 Tait?

TAIT  
 Yes, Sir.

MASON  
 Prep Art, then both of you get out  
 there with the U-A-V scanner for a  
 fly-by. I want a look inside.

**EXT. SPACE - NEAR THE OBJECT - NIGHT**

Fully suited up, the Object's reflection in his visor, Tait's suit THRUSTERS propel him toward it.

Art glides beside him, fixed to his chest, a football-sized metal box, the word, "U.A.V." inscribed.

Tait THRUSTS to a stop.

TAIT  
 All yours Art, good luck.

ART  
 Affirmative.

ART

Moves past him toward the Object.

ART (CONT'D)  
 Captain, engaging U-A-V.

MASON (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 Proceed. Tait, stand ready.

TAIT (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 Copy that.

Art begins his systematic trip around the Object.

From within the UAV scanner, an explosion of blue laser light expands outward, like a million tiny pinpoints of light, it illuminates vast sections of the Object.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Mason stands rock still, stares out the Viewing Window

MASON  
We getting this?

In the crew seat, Maya reaches forward, touches the Holo-Star Map.

MAYA  
The data's landing, now.

ON THE HOLO-STAR MAP

A miniature version of the object being built, section-by-section.

Mason moves in closer, entranced by the gradual recreation.

ON THE HOLO-STAR MAP

Prone, HUMANOID-LIKE OUTLINES appear, all scattered on different levels of the partially reconstructed Object.

MASON  
What are those?

MAYA  
Life forms? Sleeping?

Mason's face creases, considers.

MASON  
Can we zoom --

MAYA  
Not yet. When Art completes his scan.

Mason reaches past Maya, touches a button on the Holo-Display.

MASON  
Tait?

TAIT (V.O.)  
(on comms)  
Go ahead, Captain.

MASON  
How are we looking?

TAIT (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 No adverse reaction to the scan.

MASON  
 Switch to suit cam.

A second suit cam holo blooms beside the Holo-Star Map

SUIT CAM HOLO

Art continues to scan the Object, almost complete.

MAYA  
 Captain.

Maya points to an outline of a FORM on one level of the Object. It's moving...

MASON  
 Tait, there's something alive on the craft. Return home. I repeat, return home.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - DAY**

Temera at her desk, she faces her monitor, talking.

TEMERA  
 ...from the data, it must be her, Helen, but we won't know until I can get on board. Whatever happened to them, it could be biological, infectious even. Not sure how this changes things

HELEN (V.O.)  
 (on the monitor)  
 It changes nothing. Just get on the damn ship, take what we need and stick to the mission. Is that clear?

TEMERA  
 Clear as always, Helen.

Temera TAPS a key, ends the call.

**EXT. SPACE - NEAR THE OBJECT - NIGHT**

Tait fumbles with the buttons on his wrist communicator pad.

TAIT  
Art, return home now.

TAIT'S POV

Art stops, the laser lines retract into the UAV. He cruises back toward Tait, the Object behind him.

On the side of the Object,

A CIRCULAR BLACK OPENING

Appears, the size of a garage door, it SLIDES UP.

Art pulls up, rotates back toward the Object.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Art... what are you doing?

Art hesitates, he moves towards the Opening.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Art return home... Art!

Art reaches the Opening, slows, moves inside and vanishes into the darkness.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Art! Captain?

MASON (V.O.)  
(on comms)  
I want you back here now.

Tait hits his suit THRUSTERS, pivots and moves toward Planetstar II.

TAIT  
(to himself)  
This is getting out of control.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - E.V.A. READY BAY - NIGHT**

Temera SNAPS Tait's helmet off, releasing the anger inside.

TAIT  
This is screwed up, Temera,  
someone's gonna get hurt.

TEMERA  
Calm down. We knew --

Tait SLINGS his helmet at the wall.

TAIT  
Nothing! We guessed. And what about Art? It's like his programming shut down. That wasn't supposed to happen --

MASON (O.S.)  
What didn't happen?

Tait and Temera turn to Mason, he stares back from the doorway.

MASON (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

Tait glances at Temera, shakes his head.

TAIT  
I saw the... side... door, whatever it was, open. Art moved closer, then it just swallowed him. That's it.

TEMERA  
Captain, we don't know what we're dealing with here. Let me go --

Mason flinches, his face contorts, he grips his side.

TEMERA (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

Mason grips the doorway.

MASON  
I think I've got that virus.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MESS HALL - NIGHT**

An ad-hock debriefing. Tait and Maya seated at a table. Mason hands Maya a cup of coffee.

MAYA  
Thank you.

A pale Mason joins them, unconsciously sits close to Tait. A small smile from Tait.

TAIT

We can't just go knock on the door like a buncha interplanetary Girl Scouts.

MAYA

I don't think we have a choice.

TAIT

What if she's hostile? We don't know what --

Tait catches himself. Mason stops mid-sip. Maya frowns.

MAYA

She?

Tait back-peddles, a forced smile, he deflects.

TAIT

Why not? Not every lifeform in this universe is male. Although that might not be a bad thing.

Unconvinced, Mason studies Tait for a second before he turns his attention to Maya.

MASON

How complete was the scan?

MAYA

Ninety-eight percent.

MASON

We have one life form that we know of, possibly more.

MAYA

At least we know it's some sort of spacecraft.

From the middle of the table, a HOLO-SCREEN blooms open, on it,

TEMERA'S FACE

She's on the Bridge.

TEMERA

Captain, it's talking to us.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - NIGHT**

All four crew stare at

THE VIEWING WINDOW

One half filled with the GIANT IMAGE of Art's Black Visor clad face and body.

Mason clears his throat, straightens.

MASON

Art, answer me.

Silence.

MASON (CONT'D)

I repeat, I need to know what --

NOTE: Art's voice is now female, clipped, a higher pitch.

ART

We understand you. The translation is... difficult. Your artificial entity is primitive, but will suffice. We are a stranded vessel. We require a place of... refuge.

All four crew take a moment.

TAIT

So much for little green men.

Mason ignores Tait.

MASON

Do you have a name?

ART

Beena.

Mason glances at the others on the bridge, mouths the word, "Bee-na", they all shrug.

MASON

Thank you for sharing your name, Beena. Are there many of you?

ART

One other. His life form, is no longer functioning... as it should. He is in need of, sustenance?

MASON

Food, yes. We understand. We are sorry.

Mason glances at Tait, a "what next" look. Tait spins his hands, a signal to keep going.

ART

Are you there, Ma-son?

MASON

Yes, sorry. Did you say you are seeking refuge, need help?

Seconds of silence.

ART

Yes.

MASON

Are you able to dock? Connect your ship to ours?

ART

Our power generation is no longer.

Mason again looks to Tait. Tait makes a gesture with his fingers similar to someone walking along. Mason nods.

MASON

We can come to your ship.

ART

Yes.

A moment.

ART (CONT'D)

I will send the... artificial life back to you. It has a record of it's time here.

MASON

Beena, our scan shows many other lifeforms on board. Are they --

ART

They are no longer functioning. We are only two.

MASON

We are sorry for that.

ART  
Thank you, Ma-son. We are ready.

MASON  
Beena?

ART  
Yes?

MASON  
How do I know you will not harm my crew?

BEENA  
I believe you call it... trust.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - TECH BAY - NIGHT**

Mason looks on as Maya runs a diagnostics check on Art, a wire runs from his tablet to an input on Art's head.

MASON  
Anything?

MAYA  
Clean.

MASON  
Get him to the bridge, analyze his data. I want to know whatever we can before we make a move.

Mason scrunches his face, obviously in pain.

MASON (CONT'D)  
I'll catch up.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - NIGHT**

Temera stands at the monitor station, focused on the screen.

TEMERA  
...as you and I expected. I'll send an update of what we find once we get onboard.

OFF SCREEN: A DOOR SLIDES open.

Temera glances up, sees Mason in the doorway.

Temera TAPS a key, tilts the screen out of Mason's view.

MASON

Do you want to tell me what's going on?

(points to the screen)

And who was that?

TEMERA

Captain, I don't know --

Mason boils, moves toward her.

MASON

Tell me now, or so help me, I --

Mason falters, his face crimson, he grabs the back of a chair. Temera moves to his side, grabs him around waist, steadies him.

TEMERA

Sit. You need to calm down. It doesn't help.

Mason slides into the chair, his breathing labored.

MASON

What the hell is going on?

TEMERA

You're not well.

He grabs his abdomen, grimaces in pain.

MASON

Damn that hurts.

He takes a breath, recovers, looks at Temera.

MASON (CONT'D)

I should've told you sooner. Is it that virus?

Temera walks back to the monitor, taps a few keys, flips the screen back toward Mason.

ON THE SCREEN

Mason's medical history, a SCAN OUTLINE of his body, a SPOT in his abdomen glows red.

Mason stares at the screen, and over at Temera.

TEMERA

Pancreatic. Stage four.

Mason slumps back into the chair.

MASON  
I thought I'd have more time.

His mind reels.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Can you --

TEMERA  
If we were back on Earth, maybe.  
But here... we just don't have the  
ability. I'm very sorry.

Mason struggles to stand.

TEMERA (CONT'D)  
Captain, you should conserve your  
strength.

MASON  
Need to focus on the mission, the  
craft... the planet --

He collapses to the floor.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - NIGHT**

Low lighting, Temera at her monitor, voice hushed.

TEMERA  
Days, maybe two, three.

HELEN (V.O.)  
(on monitor)  
Who is this "other"?

TEMERA  
Appears to pose no threat, Beena  
said it's sick, dying.

HELEN (V.O.)  
(on monitor)  
We proceed as planned, bag the  
tech, get your ass home.

Temera TAPS a key, ends the call.

TEMERA  
So much for welcome to the  
universe.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MASON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Mason lies on his bed. Tait steps out of the bathroom, a small cloth in hand, he walks over, sits beside Mason, places the cloth on his head.

TAIT

You know I flunked nursing school.

Mason smiles, his hand rests on Tait's leg.

MASON

I've got no complaints. Your bedside manner is pretty damn good, a bit needy at times.

Tait smiles, a half-hearted punch to Mason's arm.

TAIT

About that...

MASON

I'm not ready. I told you.

TAIT

After a year and a half of being cooped up on this can, there's two things I know about you.

Mason arches his eyebrows, grins.

MASON

That's disappointing.

TAIT

Who you truly are and when you're lying.

Mason sits up, disturbed by this conversation.

MASON

Forty seven years is a long time to pretend. It's what I became, what seemed the... the easiest.

TAIT

I think we're a bit past the easy part.

Mason looks surprised.

MASON

You think they know?

TAIT

Babe, second month of the mission,  
in the mess, you made eggs only for  
me that first morning after we...  
and no one else. You acted like a  
kid at Christmas.

Mason smiles.

MASON

I did get what I wanted.

TAIT

Not to be a Grinch, but, you gonna  
tell me what's wrong with you?

Mason stands, walks into the bathroom, leaves the door  
cracked open.

MASON (O.S.)

When're you going to tell me what's  
going on with you and Temera?

Tait squirms, mouths the word, "shit".

TAIT

You've got nothing to worry about,  
not my type.

From the bathroom, a FLUSH, sink WATER RUNS, Mason steps out,  
towel dries his hands.

MASON

Two things I know about you. Who  
you truly are and when you're  
lying.

Mason peers at Tait who is resolute, his tension a silent  
scream.

TAIT

Mace... I --

Mason tosses the hand towel back into the bathroom.

MASON

We need to focus on the alien ship.  
Art will go with you to ensure...  
to record what he sees to the logs.

TAIT

Logs? I didn't see those when I  
scanned him on the bridge.

Mason gives a sly grin.

MASON  
See, there's three things you  
should know about me.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - E.V.A. READY BAY - DAY**

Temera, half-way into her EVA suit, Maya assists with the final pieces. Nearby, Tait is suited and ready, Art stands beside him.

A pale Mason steps into the Ready Bay, surveys the team. Tait notices his demeanor, worry on his face.

TAIT  
Maybe Maya should go. She's better  
suited to handle any... issues.

Mason ignores him.

MASON  
Remember, search and discovery  
only. No heroics, just like we  
discussed. Understood?

Temera nods. Mason looks at Art.

ART  
Just like we discussed, Captain.

A look passes between Mason and Tait.

Helmets SNAP in place, Temera and Art step into the airlock, the door HISSES closed.

Maya steps up and looks

**THROUGH THE AIRLOCK PORTAL GLASS**

Inside, Art sees her, gives the thumbs up.

MAYA  
(on comms)  
Art, sure you can hold your breath  
long enough?

ART  
Sarcasm. Not a human quality I  
quite understand.

The outer airlock door HISSES open. The three float out.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - DAY**

Tait sits in one of the back Crew Chairs. Maya in a front seat, she activates her chair's

HOLO-SCREEN.

On it, Temera and Art have almost reached the ship's side Opening.

MAYA  
I wouldn't have sent her.

TAIT  
Not your call.

Silence.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Where is he?

MAYA  
In his quarters, watching from there. You need to focus on --

TAIT  
This isn't the first.

Maya pivots to Tait.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Two years ago, longer. We pulled one from space. Headless.

MAYA  
What the hell, Tait?

Behind the astronauts through the

VIEWING WINDOW

Temera and Art disappear into the Alien Craft's Opening.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
And you let them go inside? What other shit are you hiding?

TAIT  
Well, that's complicated.

**INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CORRIDOR - DAY**

The walls of the craft appear grimy under the low light of Temera's helmet and Art's visor lights. In front, the long passage stretches into pitch blackness.

Art activates a short, sharp BURST of his thrusters, moves forward. Temera pulls up behind him.

Art continues on.

OFF SCREEN: a RUMBLING

Temera turns back, the Opening slides to close.

TEMERA

Art --

Temera FIRES her thrusters, shoots toward the closing door.

It HISSES shut, Temera crashes to the floor.

BEENA (O.S.)

Gravity restored.

Frantic, Temera looks back toward the darkened Corridor.

From the darkness...

BEENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Trust.

TEMERA

Where are you? Art? Respond. I  
can't see --

Temera recovers, struggles to stand, takes a tentative step forward, her helmet lights dance along the walls, the floor...they wash past SOMETHING.

Temera directs the helmet light back to that spot to illuminate a

SILVER/GREY, SCALY FOOT AND LOWER LEG

Temera gasps.

Slowly she tilts her head, the helmet light slides further up...

TWO LEGS, TWO THREE DIGIT HANDS, ARMS, A TORSO

Of a dead ALIEN stretched out on the floor. The light reaches an oblong head, turned, its face hidden from view.

BEENA (O.S.)  
Tenel was a medical officer like  
you, selfless, loyal. Follow,  
please.

TEMERA  
What? Follow what?

From the darkness, Art appears, his voice again that of Beena's.

ART  
Me.

Art turns, steps down the corridor

TEMERA  
God, damn-it, Helen.

Temera trails after Art.

**INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - BRIDGE - DAY**

Over Beena's shoulder, the Semi-circle Glass Wall with the myriad of undulating Glyphs, colored Shapes.

Superimposed over it,

A 3D MOVING IMAGE OF TEMERA

As she shadows Art.

Beena's voice sounds eerily similar to Temera's -- slightly distorted, she rehearses.

BEENA  
(in Temera's voice)  
What? Follow what? What... what...  
I can't... Art...

Beena swivels to the prone body of

KREASE

His eyes closed, his body encased in his gel-like seat.

Beena's face, oblong, blank and fluid. It moves like water on the surface of a pond. The WATERS ripple, begin to form a familiar shape, a final morph to reveal

A MIRROR IMAGE OF TEMERA'S FACE

She practices.

BEENA (CONT'D)  
 (in Temera's voice)  
 Sure you can hold your breath long  
 enough?

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - DAY**

Still in their Crew Chairs, Maya and Tait peer at the viewing window.

The doors HISS open, Mason steps inside, his face pale.

MASON  
 Nothing?

Tait swipes a few areas on his Chair's HOLO-DISPLAY, shakes his head.

TAIT  
 It must be blocking any  
 transmissions.

Maya moans, stands up from her seat, her face pale.

MAYA  
 Captain, I need to --

MASON  
 Go.

Maya rushes out the door, her arms clasped around her stomach. Tait makes a face, turns back to the Chair's Holo-display.

TAIT  
 That virus is nasty.

Mason frowns.

MASON  
 Make sure she's all right.

Tait looks back at Mason, not happy.

MASON (CONT'D)

Please.

Tait relents, stands and stretches, leans into Mason, his lips hover inches away.

TAIT

Whatever it is, we need Doc to get the two of you cured.

Mason shakes his head.

MASON

You have to know --

Tait replies with a passionate kiss, steps back.

TAIT

Keep you eyes on the kids outside. I'll go check on the princess.

**INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Temera's visor is fogged, her breathing stressed. To her left, another

DEAD ALIEN

This one partially decomposed, it's face caved in, unrecognizable features.

TEMERA

Art... Beena?

Art stays the course, his VOICE back to that of Beena.

ART

Yes, Temera.

TEMERA

Your face, the voices... how do you do that?

ART

A long time ago, what you call centuries, our kind was at war with another. We developed a way to change our appearance --

TEMERA

Racial camouflage.

Art stops, turns back.

ART  
It saved many lives.

Art resumes his walk.

TEMERA  
How many did you lose?

ART  
Millions.

TEMERA  
I mean, now, on this journey.

ART  
Twelve adults, three juveniles.  
Krease and I are the last, the last  
of our species.

TEMERA  
What were you doing out here?

ART  
Seeking a new home.

Materializing from the darkness, an entrance. It leads into a somewhat spartan

BRIDGE

Art walks into it, Temera follows.

Art jerks to a stop, freezes in place. Temera steps around him, glances down at his visor.

TEMERA  
Beena?

No response.

In the dim light, Temera catches a glimpse of Krease, encased in his gel-seat. She studies him, unaware of movement in the shadows behind her.

FROM THE SHADOWS

Beena steps toward her, her face a MIRROR IMAGE OF TEMERA'S.

Still unaware, Temera performs the best check-up exam on an Alien that she can muster.

TEMERA (CONT'D)  
It... he seems barely alive.

BEENA  
(in Temera's voice)  
The best way --

Temera SPINS, her hands instinctively form a defensive position.

BEENA (CONT'D)  
...in human terms. He is hibernating.

Beena steps into full view, her Face RIPPLES slightly, LOCKS on her version of Temera's face.

Temera lowers her arms, mesmerized.

TEMERA  
That's incredible. How'd you do that, the voice?

Beena moves closer. Two feet taller than Temera, she scans Temera from head to toe.

BEENA  
(in Temera's voice)  
Nourishment.

Beena pauses, corrects herself.

BEENA (CONT'D)  
(her own voice)  
With nourishment and rest, he will return.

Temera's eyes dart around the bridge, searching. No gadgets, nothing spectacular, nothing of importance.

TEMERA  
I don't see anything --

Beena watches, no movement, no response.

Temera gives up, faces off with Beena, her fear evident.

BEENA  
You received our message? That is why you are here?

TEMERA  
We, we have what you want.

BEENA

Where?

Temera hesitates.

TEMERA

You promised us technology. Where  
is it?

Temera again scans the Bridge. Beena steps forward, spreads  
her arms.

BEENA

I am here.

TEMERA

I don't understand... what do you --

BEENA'S FACE

Morphs, the image of Temera washes away to reveal MASON'S  
FACE, then TAIT's, MAYA'S, then a multitude of other unknown  
SPECIES morph in and out, an intergalactic merry-go round.

Temera staggers backward.

TEMERA (CONT'D)

How did you... how could you know  
what --

ART (O.S.)

(in Mason's voice)  
Doctor?

In the Bridge doorway, Art stares back, his visor swirls  
colors that slowly settle, arrange in a set pattern of...

MASON'S FACE.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MESS HALL - DAY**

Maya leans over a sink, a dry heave contorts her body. Tait  
stands beside her, holds back her hair, hands her a towel.

TAIT

I swear to God, if you give me this  
shit, I'll never forgive you.

Maya leans up, wipes away spittle from her mouth.

MAYA

I doubt you could catch this one.

She lowers her hand to her abdomen, rubs slowly.

Tait's wrist communicator beeps, he TAPS the mini-screen to answer.

TAIT

Go ahead.

MASON (V.O.)

(on communicator)

I need you on the bridge.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - DAY**

A weak Maya and Tait step onto the Bridge.

Mason, languid, braces himself on the back of a chair for support.

Tait rushes to his side.

TAIT

What the --

Mason wraps an arm over Tait's shoulder.

MASON

Put me in the chair.

Tait man-handles him to a chair, Mason DROPS into it, winces in pain, grabs the middle of his abdomen, inhales a sharp breath.

Mason raises his hand, coughs, blood spatters the back of his hand.

TAIT

Maya...

MAYA

On it.

Maya sprints out the door. Tait kneels beside Mason.

TAIT

You don't have a virus.

MASON

Later, we need to focus.

Maya returns, hands Tait a cloth; he uses it to wipe the blood from Mason's mouth.

Mason takes the cloth and points up at the

VIEWING SCREEN

The circular side opening along the Alien Spacecraft is open, Art floats just outside of it.

Tait activates the chair's Holo-display for Mason.

MASON (CONT'D)  
You're both okay?

ART  
(on comms)  
Yes, captain. Perfect.

MASON  
Where's the Doctor?

ART  
(on comms)  
She is tending to the life form.  
It is not well.

Tait takes his crew chair, TAPS the chair's holo-display open. He reviews the original data scanned earlier, frowns.

TAIT  
You mean Beena?

ART  
(on comms)  
No.

Mason, Tait and Maya all exchange glances.

MASON  
Art, we don't under --

ART  
(on comms)  
Beena is not a life form. She is like me, yet more advanced. There is another.

**EXT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - BRIDGE - DAY**

Art floats outside the craft.

ART'S POV

The Planetstar II only a hundred yards away.

MASON (V.O.)

(on comms)

All right, understood. I'll send Tait with the pod. Does Temera require anything else?

ART

I believe she is discussing that with Beena.

**INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - BRIDGE - DAY**

Temera paces.

Beena positions herself behind Krease's chair, reaches underneath, a WHIRRING sound, the chair raises into a seated position.

She places a hand on Krease's head.

BEENA

With him, and what your vessel provides, our species will once again thrive. With this...

Beena touches her torso.

BEENA (CONT'D)

...you are assured that your species is afforded the same opportunity.

TEMERA

What opportunity?

BEENA

Your goal of interstellar travel. I can share that with you.

Temera bristles.

TEMERA

You reveal nothing! Once we are on board, you do not discuss this with anyone. Is that understood?

Beena smiles.

BEENA

I understand everything Temera. You will receive no further information unless you deliver the object as promised.

ART (O.S.)

Doctor?

Temera pivots, Art walks onto the Bridge.

ART (CONT'D)

Tait will arrive shortly with the transport pod. We must prepare it for travel.

Beena's FACE AREA ripples.

BEENA

Krease. That is it's identity.

Art nods.

ART

My apologies.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - E.V.A. READY BAY - DAY**

A suited Tait drags a stretcher-like frame inside the open Airlock Chamber, kneels beside it, adjust some settings on a side control panel.

He looks back into the E.V.A. Bay.

Maya stows an suit, glances down at the suit visor.

A drop of blood on the visor, then another.

She reaches up to her nose, blood trickles out, she wipes it away, goes back to storing the suit.

TAIT

You sure you're up to this? What if you chuck vomit again? No galactic dry cleaners out here.

Near the Airlock, Tait smirks. They both chuckle.

MAYA

Remember, don't engage the spatial envelope until you have, whatever it is, strapped in and secure.

MASON (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 They're at the opening. You ready?

Tait stands, SNAPS on his helmet.

TAIT  
 Always.

**INT./EXT. PLANETSTAR II - AIRLOCK/SPACE - SAME TIME**

The airlock doors HISS closed, Tait and stretcher float out, his suit thrusters JET him toward the Alien Spacecraft.

TAIT'S POV

The Alien Ship grows larger, the dark side Opening looks tiny.

TAIT  
 Sure hope this one has a head.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - LATER**

Mason struggles to stand, his hand holds his side.

MAYA (O.S.)  
 (on comms)  
 He's cleared the hatch.

Mason grimaces, his focus on the

VIEWING SCREEN

From the lower left, a suited Tait, the space stretcher occupied by Krease in tow, moves away from the Alien Ship.

Behind him, a suit-less Beena and Art.

MASON  
 Unbelievable.

The Bridge doors HISS open. Maya takes one glance at Mason, rushes to his side to support him.

MAYA  
 Hold on... I've got you.

She lowers Mason into a crew chair.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
I'll go get --

Mason grabs her arm, shakes his head.

MASON  
Won't matter. Sit down. I need, I  
need you to listen to me.

Maya lowers herself beside Mason, takes his hand in hers.

Mason glances up at the moving figures outside the ship.

MASON (CONT'D)  
When he gets back, if I can't --

Mason writhes in pain, his lips move, but his voice weak,

Maya leans down, her ear to his lips. She listens.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - DAY**

Beena hovers over the transport pod, studies Krease Her face  
now more ALIEN, a female version of Krease.

Tait watches on, waits patiently.

BEENA  
Krease.

Krease's eyes crack open, focus, lock on Beena.

NOTE: both speak in an Alien dialect with ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

KREASE  
Bee...na...

BEENA  
You are safe.

Krease tilts his head left, right, takes it all in.

KREASE  
The human ship? The others?

Beena nods.

BEENA  
It will not be long before we can  
begin again.

KREASE

You can not. Our time is no longer. I will be the last. You must give them what they need.

A moment.

BEENA

You are not the last.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MASON'S QUARTERS - DAY**

Mason in bed, propped up on pillows, an oxygen mask over his face.

Art stands beside him, the IMAGE of a soundwave pattern plays across

HIS VISOR

The RECORDED words spoken in sync with the undulating Soundwave.

TEMERA'S VOICE

I give him days.

HELEN'S VOICE

Who is this "other"?

TEMERA'S VOICE

Appears to pose no threat, Beena said it's sick, dying.

HELEN'S VOICE

We proceed as planned, bag the tech, get your ass home.

The Soundwave Pattern on Art's Visor vanishes.

ART

End log three point four, four, nine.

Mason removes his oxygen mask, the small effort difficult.

MASON

Art, I need to record a private message. You're not to allow access to it without the password. Understood?

ART  
Affirmative. Who will be the  
recipient?

MASON  
Tait.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - DAY**

Tait transfers Krease from the stretcher onto a bed against a wall.

Fascinated by his appearance, he studies him, his fingers trace his facial features, exploring, they pause over the lips.

He lifts his fingers and rubs them, sniffs.

TAIT  
Mossy.

Krease's eyes SNAP open. His voice sharp, aggressive.

NOTE: Krease's dialogue in Alien Dialect with SUBTITLES.

KREASE  
Must stop --

TAIT  
I, I don't understand.

KREASE  
Danger. Stop.

Krease's tone grows desperate, louder.

TAIT  
I can get Art, he might --

KREASE  
Child!

Tait shakes his head.

TAIT  
I'm sorry, but --

Krease ROARS, rears up, grabs Tait, pulls him into him, face-to-face.

He grasps Tait's stomach.

KREASE  
She. Have. Child.

Tait SLAMS Krease's head backward, it bounces off the wall, he collapses onto the bed, unconscious.

Recovered, Tait looks down at his stomach, places a hand on it.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MASON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

In bed, a damp cloth on his forehead, Mason sips a glass of water held by Maya.

The doors HISS open, Temera walks in, equipped with a scanner and tablet. With her, Beena.

Maya stands.

TEMERA  
Maya, this is Beena.

Beena nods, scans the room, intrigued.

MASON  
(to Maya)  
You go --

Maya's eyes lock onto Beena.

MAYA  
Not what I expected.

Beena steps past her, her face RIPPLES, morphs into Maya's face for a second.

Maya frowns, exits, the doors HISS closed behind her.

Mason inspects Beena. She watches him

HER FACE

Ripples, reflects his own face.

MASON  
(to Temera)  
When were you going to tell me?

Temera busies herself, checks his vitals. Mason grabs her wrist.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Jesus, you weren't, were you?

TEMERA  
Captain, I don't think this is  
appropriate --

MASON  
Is that what they look like with a  
head attached?

That jolts Temera, she wrenches her wrist free, steps back,  
pushes loose hair from her face.

TEMERA  
It was a once in a lifetime chance!

Mason fumes, his face crimson.

MASON  
For what? You've put us all in  
danger.

TEMERA  
Danger? You peddle your  
astronaut's creed like it was some  
religious cult. What was it...  
where reality starts to disappear?  
Reality is watching your whole  
family slaughtered like cattle by  
equally disillusioned zealots.

She points to Beena.

TEMERA (CONT'D)  
She represents a whole new world, a  
last chance to save what's left of  
us... the ones who can make a  
difference. And I will do  
everything I can to make that my  
reality.

Mason struggles to sit up.

MASON  
I won't... let you do this --

The effort too much, he falls back onto the bed.

TEMERA  
I'm taking Command.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - DAY**

Lost in thought, Tait stares out

THE VIEWING WINDOW

Proxima b fills most of it.

MAYA (O.S.)

Tait. The Captain, Mason, he's --

Tait turns, Maya walks in, sits beside him.

TAIT

He's dying.

A confused look from Maya.

MAYA

You knew?

Tait shakes his head.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Then why are you --

TAIT

I'm sorry.

Tait pushes past her.

TAIT (CONT'D)

I'm going to see him.

MAYA

You can't. Temera's with him, and that... thing.

Tait stops, a slow turn back.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Don't you think this is all wrong?

TAIT

There's nothing right about it. I'm losing the only man I've loved.

Maya hesitates.

MAYA

No one dies of cancer anymore... they knew.

TAIT  
He said nobody knew... wait, who  
knew?

TEMERA (O.S.)  
I'm now in Command of this ship.

Tait and Maya spin toward

THE DOORWAY

Temera glares back, Beena towers her, followed by Art.

OFF SCREEN: AN EMERGENCY SIREN BLARES

Maya looks to Tait.

MAYA  
Mason.

Tait sprints to the door, barges through Temera and Beena,  
rushes down the corridor.

Temera yanks Maya by the arm, pulls her in close.

Maya looks down at Temera's hand, up to her face.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Never again --

TEMERA  
You'll die without her help.

Maya wrestles free, takes a few steps.

TEMERA (CONT'D)  
That thing in you, it's not in the  
womb. It feeds on the womb. It  
feeds on you.

Like a fighter, Maya pivots,

Rushes Temera,

CLAMPS her into a headlock, squeezes hard, whispers in her  
ear.

MAYA  
I hope to God you're bullshitting  
me or I'll snap you're fucking,  
scrawny neck.

Temera chokes, her face reddens.

TEMERA

Beena -- Beena can get it out. It's  
the only way you'll survive.

Maya shoves Temera to the ground, she clutches her throat,  
her breathing raspy.

TEMERA (CONT'D)

Helen, I tried --

Maya barrels out.

Temera looks to Beena who smiles back, a slight nod.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MASON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

On his bed, Mason, oxygen mask in place, wires snake out from  
underneath the bedsheets and end at BEEPING monitors.

A hand holding a damp cloth, reaches up, wipes his forehead.

His eyes flutter open, he grins.

TAIT (O.S.)

You're scaring the shit outta me  
old man.

Seated beside him, Tait continues to wipe his forehead.

MASON

Two things...

TAIT

I'm adorable and you love me?

Mason shakes his head.

MASON

The logs. Art has them. The  
mission, it's not what you think.

TAIT

We'll look at them together.  
Figure it out like always.

MASON

Pamela --

Tait pulls back a bit.

TAIT

Mace, no... that's not fair. She  
doesn't know --

Mason smiles, his hand moves to stroke Tait's cheek. His  
breathing short, he labors to keep his eyes open.

MASON

She knows, Tait. I told her six  
months into the voyage. Now, for  
once, just listen to me. I need to  
get this out.

Tait nods, his eyes well up.

Mason groans, his body arcs in pain. Tait grabs his hand.

In Mason's hand a

SMALL CUBE

Tait takes it, inspects it.

TAIT

Jesus. Please don't --

Mason settles, his pallor slides to grey.

MASON

You must... get control. Protect  
the logs... the only evidence...  
to protect you.

TAIT

From what?

MASON

What you must do to save us, from  
ourselves.

The tears stream down Tait's face.

TAIT

I don't understand --

Mason shakes his head, coughs up BLOOD. Tait wipes it away  
with his hand.

Mason's eyes look upward, he smiles, his breathing slows.

MASON

Moonbeams... I can see them.

His eyes close, the smile fades... his breathing stops.

Tait leans down, a gentle kiss to his forehead.

TAIT  
Hold one for me.

OFFSCREEN: the doors HISS open

Maya steps in, takes one look, her shoulders slump, steadies herself against the doorway.

MAYA  
Is he --

Tait nods, again kisses Mason's forehead, rests his face against Mason's.

TAIT  
We were perfect.

Maya searches for the right words. A slow walk to Tait's side, she rests her hand on his shoulder.

He looks up through red eyes, a stream of tears.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
What do I do? What. Do. I. Do. Now?

Maya shakes her head.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Say something... for fucks sake,  
Maya. Tell me what to do!

Maya blinks back tears, drops to her knees, pulls Tait into her.

Tait stiffens, relents, drops his head onto her shoulder, sobs.

MAYA  
We do what he would've done. We  
survive.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Beena sits in a Crew Chair, closes her eyes, focuses, her hands rest on the chair's Holo-Display.

Behind her, Temera watches on in awe.

Blue tentacles slither from her hands, weave around the chair's Holo-Display.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MASON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Maya and Tait hold each other.

BEENA (O.S.)  
(Temera's voice)  
Maya, Tait.

Maya and Tait break, look to Mason's monitor. On it,

TEMERA'S FACE

BEENA (V.O.)  
(Temera's voice)  
Tait, you are being detained.  
Offence, "Assaulting a Government  
Appointee". Report to your  
quarters. Remain there.

Tait leaps to his feet, races to the monitor.

TAIT  
Fuck you, you tin can piece of  
shit. Fuck both of you. I'm in  
command. Get off my Bridge!

Tait's chest rises, falls in rapid succession, fights off tears.

Silence.

BEENA (V.O.)  
(Temera's voice)  
You have a choice. Listen, follow,  
obey. Or Maya will die before the  
new day arrives.

Tait pivots to Maya, she walks toward him, her gaze fixed on the monitor.

TAIT  
New day? What're they talking  
about?

MAYA  
They put one of them, inside me.

TAIT  
No...

He shakes this thought off.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
 ...what the hell is wrong with these  
 people? Is this Jessup? Helen?

MAYA  
 The tech part, yeah. He wants it  
 for the other ships.

Tait gives her a confused look.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 He and all his elite groupies want  
 to get off Earth before it burns,  
 get here first.

BEENA (V.O.)  
 (Temera's voice)  
 Helen has given new orders. We  
 return to Earth.

TAIT  
 Fuck this --

Tait bolts to the door, it doesn't slide open. He SMACKS the  
 override button, no response.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
 Open the door.

BEENA (V.O.)  
 Listen, follow, obey.

Maya wraps her arms around her stomach, a dribble of blood  
 from the corner of her mouth.

MAYA  
 I'll do what you want.

TAIT  
 No you won't --

The doors HISS open, Art stands there, a weapon in his hand,  
 he points it at Tait.

ART  
 (in Temera's voice)  
 Listen, follow, obey.

Maya steps out, turns back to Tait.

MAYA  
Please. Do what they want. I need  
her help.

Maya staggers down the corridor, the doors HISS shut, the  
CLUNK of an electronic lock.

BEENA (V.O.)  
(Temera's voice)  
Take the body to the morgue.

Tait looks back at mason's body, the tears begin again.

He moves to Mason, lifts him from the bed, cradles him in his  
arms.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - NIGHT**

Art stands motionless near an exam table. Behind him, Beena  
clasps either side of his head, blue tentacles protrude from  
her hands and seep under his visor.

ON ART'S VISOR

A BLUE WEAVING PATTERN takes shape. Beena leans in.

BEENA  
Do you understand?

ART  
Affirmative.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MAYA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Curled into a tight ball on her bed, Maya moans in agony.  
She bends over the side of the bed, vomits blood into a pail.  
A red BLOOM appears at the crotch of her underpants. At her

DESK

A Holo-screen IMAGE of TEMERA'S FACE appears.

BEENA (V.O.)  
(Temera's voice)  
Maya, report to the Med Bay.

She opens her eyes.

ON HER PUPILS

The same BLUE WEAVING PATTERN flickers and vanishes.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - NIGHT**

The doors HISS open, a bloodied Maya staggers in.

Temera rushes to her side, props her up.

TEMERA  
I've got you.

Shouldering Maya's weight, Temera drags her to the bed, drops her on it.

Temera preps an IV, inserts the needle into Maya's wrist.

Finished, Temera pushes a trolley bed occupied by the unconscious Krease, over beside Maya.

With them side by side, Temera moves to a standing desk and monitor.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The blue tentacles retract into Beena's hands. She stands, stares out

THE VIEWING WINDOW.

Her Alien Craft floats, a dead weight. She raises a hand that holds a small device.

Her fingers close around it, it CLICKS. She turns, walks off the bridge.

OUT THE VIEWING WINDOW

The ALIEN CRAFT EXPLODES, a shower of green and blue lights as shrapnel sky-rockets through space in every direction.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MORGUE - NIGHT**

Empty, dimly lit. Four small cabinet doors, two on one wall, two on the other. One is open, the drawer rolled out from the void.

Lying on the Drawer

## MASON'S SHEET COVERED BODY

Standing beside it, Tait brushes hair from his forehead, adjusts the blanket over Mason's chest and shoulders, kisses him on the lips.

Tait gives the Drawer a PUSH, Mason's body slides into the void, it CLICKS closed.

Tait leans against a wall, reaches into a zippered pocket, removes the small cube,

Holds out his left wrist,

Places the cube on an equally sized indentation on his wrist communicator,

Gives the cube a squeeze, it CLICKS.

From the top of the Cube

## A TRIANGULAR HOLO-PROJECTION

With the letters: "PASSWORD?"

TAIT

Pamela.

Nothing. A smile from Tait.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Moonbeam.

## ON THE HOLO PROJECTION

Hundreds of file icons and video icons populate the projection.

Tait back-slides down the wall onto the floor, makes himself comfortable.

He chooses one of the video icons, TAPS it, it opens.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Play.

## INSERT: VIDEO FOOTAGE

Of Planetstar's lab back on Earth.

Helen sits at her monitor, focused. To her right, the upright transparent cabinet, inside the suspended alien organ.

TAIT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Fast-forward.

The footage SKIPS along.

TAIT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Stop. Play.

At her stool, Temera sips a cup of coffee. At the coffee pot, Helen pours a cup, motions her head over to Art, he stands motionless against the wall.

ON HIS VISOR

A faint green dot slides across and winks out.

HELEN  
What's with the tin man?

TEMERA  
Recharge mode.

Helen empties the contents of a mini-bottle of bourbon, into her coffee.

TEMERA (CONT'D)  
That's a first.

Helen walks over, takes a stool beside Temera.

HELEN  
Been a lotta firsts in the last  
twenty-four hours.

TEMERA  
True, but we still have to solve --

Helen CLUNKS her cellphone on the table. Helen "coffee-cup" points at it.

HELEN  
Complication.

Temera picks up the phone, looks at it, frowns.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Bethca little boy wonder has no  
idea.

Temera's eyes lock on the screen.

TEMERA  
I had no idea.

Helen shrugs her shoulders.

HELEN  
Pancreatic. Stage four.

BACK TO SCENE:

TAIT  
STOP! STOP! STOP!

Tait glares at the Holo-projection his eyes well up with tears, his face trembles, his jaw clenches.

An EXPLOSION of energy and anger, he leaps up, sprints to the door.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Tait BARRELS down the passage, his eyes wide, black with fury.

He comes to an abrupt stop outside the Med Lab door. It doesn't open. He BASHES his fist on it.

TAIT  
Open the door Temera! Open this  
fucking door!

He stands back, FRONT KICKS it.

The door SHAKES, remains intact.

Another front kick...

It HISSES open.

Art CROWDS the doorway, his VISOR filled with the blue weave pattern.

Tait glances behind him into the Med Lab.

TAIT'S POV

Temera, plastic face shield and gloves on, monitors an unconscious maya, hooked up to a life support system.

Next to her, a face shielded Beena holds a SURGICAL KNIFE close to her face, her head rotates to face Tait.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Outta my way Art.

ON ART'S VISOR

The blue weave pattern settles on a 3D IMAGE OF MASON'S FACE.

ART  
(his voice low, guttural,  
not normal)  
Check mate.

TAIT  
Fuck you --

Tait charges forward.

Art drops to a defensive crouch, arms out, Tait SLAMS into Art, an unmoving wall.

Art lifts and FLINGS him back out the door, he IMPACTS the corridor wall, the WALL CRUMPLES from the blow.

Unfazed, Tait SCRAMBLES to his feet, charges again.

Art raises one arm, leaps forward, his hand locks around Tait's throat, squeezes, the intense pressure drops Tait to his knees.

He gasps for air.

ART  
You do not belong.

His eyes bulge, his face turns purple, tait glares up at Art, looks over Art's shoulder into the

MED BAY

Beena touches the Surgical Knife against the soft skin of Maya's abdomen, it sinks in, a hot knife into butter.

Blood leaks and pools.

TEMERA  
You're killing her!

BEENA  
Yes.

TEMERA  
We never agreed to this! Stop it!

Beena betrays no emotion.

BEENA  
For the good of many.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Tait fades, loses his grip on consciousness.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the small cube.

His hand trembles, he JAMS the Cube against ART'S chest -  
CLICK!

Art stiffens.

ON ART'S VISOR

The blue weave pattern crackles, flickers, as IMAGES OF HELEN  
AND TEMERA blink past. IMAGES OF TAIT, MAYA, a final IMAGE OF  
MASON, smiling back at ART.

The Visor returns to it's normal black hue.

Art drops Tait to the floor.

Tait SPUTTERS, coughs, rubs his throat.

Art's head tilts, fixes on Tait.

ART  
Captain?

Tait struggles to his feet.

TAIT  
You got that right.

Tait turns to Temera.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
Stop!

Beena swings around, bloody knife in hand.

BEENA  
We do this for you, for your  
species.

Tait licks his lips, eyes dart, his mind ticks.

TAIT  
Don't you touch her.

TEMERA

Tait, we'll have ships that carry  
thousands in the skies within  
years. This'll save us, all of us.  
It's what we came for.

TAIT

You, Helen, Jessup and the one  
percent. What about everyone else?

Temera shakes her head, lifts her face shield.

TEMERA

You, whoever you want, can go with  
us.

Tait points at the unconscious Maya.

TAIT

I want her and...

Points to Krease

TAIT (CONT'D)

...that. And the other nine and  
half billion people. You have room  
for them?

TEMERA

Be reasonable --

TAIT

Reasonable!

Tait boils, turns, takes a step toward Beena. She raises her  
Knife.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Sew her up.

Beena smirks.

BEENA

Inside her, another life form, a  
new beginning. That we save.

Tait lunges at Beena,

She spins,

Slashes his chest.

He GRAPPLES with her arm, locks it in place, stares into her  
face.

TAIT

Enough.

A slow, gradual movement, Tait twists Beena's hand, the KNIFE TIP presses against her chest.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Fuck you.

TEMERA

Tait, no! We need her!

One last SHOVE, the Knife plunges into Beena.

Tait pushes her away.

Beena looks down, grips the Knife, pulls - it doesn't budge. She drops to her knees. Black, thick blood oozes, she peers up at Tait.

BEENA

For the good of many.

TAIT

Sacrifice the one.

BEENA'S FACE RIPPLES

A series of facial IMAGES wash across: Tait - Temera - Maya - Art - and finally, Mason.

She falls head first into the floor.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Art?

Art SNAPS from his trance, rotates.

ART

Yes, Captain.

TAIT

Airlock.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - E.V.A. READY BAY - AIRLOCK - DAY**

On the airlock floor, BEENA'S BODY, the Knife protrudes from her chest.

Art kneels beside her, holds the cube against the side of her head. She STIRS, the life almost gone.

Art CLICKS the Cube, a faint blue glow emanates from it, spreads across Beena's face.

ON ART'S VISOR

Waves of IMAGES, MECHANICAL DRAWINGS, and FORMULAS SCROLL and BLINK past in rapid succession.

Art removes the Cube, steps out of the airlock into the EVA Ready Bay, turns, TAPS the control panel, the airlock door slides to a close.

ART

Goodbye.

He TAPS the Control Panel again, a LOUD RUSH OF AIR.

**EXT. SPACE - PLANETSTAR II - DAY**

At one end of the SPACESHIP, an OPENING appears.

From it, BEENA'S BODY jettisons out into space, tumbling end over end toward the planet below.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - DAY**

TAIT

I'm not losing her too.

TEMERA

I... I can't. I don't know how.

TAIT

At least sew her the fuck up!

Temera jolts into action, fumbles with her face shield, works on Maya.

*NOTE: Krease's dialogue is in Alien dialect with English subtitles.*

KREASE (O.S.)

I can save her.

Tait spins. Krease rises, steadies himself against the bed.

KREASE (CONT'D)

I can save her, the child.

Tait steps back.

TAIT  
 Don't you fucking start. I'll kick  
 that bug-eyed head off your  
 shoulders.

Krease raises his hands, held outward.

KREASE  
 I do not know what you speak. Only  
 that I can save her.

Tait's eyes narrow, he studies Krease.

Krease points to Maya, points to himself, makes a circle with  
 his hands.

KREASE (CONT'D)  
 Make her whole.

TEMERA  
 I think --

TAIT  
 (to Temera)  
 Shut up.

Tait points at Krease, points at Maya.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
 Can you... help her.

Krease thinks, nods.

Tait steps out of the way. Krease takes a tentative step,  
 stops.

Tait beckons him with a wave of his hand.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
 Come. Please.

Krease moves to Maya, inspects her. He reaches to Temera, she  
 pulls away.

Krease pauses, pantomimes her removing her face shield.

She hands it to him. He puts it on, holds out his hands,  
 wiggles his digits.

KREASE  
 Gloves.

Temera rushes to the medical trolley, grabs disposable  
 gloves, hands them to Krease.

He points to a fresh SCALPEL. Temera hesitates.

TAIT

Do it.

Temera hands Krease the scalpel. He inspects it, looks to Temera, smiles.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Tait stands, stares out

THE VIEWING WINDOW.

BEENA'S CORPSE floats down towards Proxima-b, enters the upper atmosphere.

The tiny BODY bursts in a blue/violet ball of flame, a glowing trail of fire arcs downward, extinguishes.

TAIT

Far beyond the atmosphere, where few have ever been.

Tait TAPS his wrist communicator.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Art? What's the status of --

ART (V.O.)

(on comms)

Her vitals are positive, Captain.

TAIT

The child?

ART (V.O.)

(on comms)

On life support, but stable.

TAIT

Let me know if anything --

ART (V.O.)

(on comms)

I understand.

TAIT

Did you locate Temera?

OFF SCREEN: A PULSING ALARM sounds.

ART (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 Captain, the S-T-S shuttle has just  
 launched.

**EXT. SPACE - PLANETSTAR II - DAY**

Along the ships' side, a LARGE BAY DOOR SLIDES open.  
 The STS-136 MINI-SHUTTLE drops out.  
 THRUSTERS FIRE, it glides downward toward Proxima-b.

**INT. STS-136 SHUTTLE/EXT. SPACE - SPLIT SCREEN - DAY**

A suited and helmeted Temera at the holo-controls.

TAIT (V.O.)  
 (on comms)  
 Temera, stop. It's not safe. We  
 can't be sure --

Temera TAPS a button on the Holo-Control, mutes the comms.

OUTSIDE THE PLANETSTAR II

The tiny shuttle drops toward the planet below.

**EXT./INT. ABOVE PROXIMA B/SHUTTLE - MOMENTS LATER**

It's trajectory erratic, re-entry FLAMES heat the Shuttle  
 from front to back, almost meteoric.

INSIDE THE SHUTTLE

Temera struggles to control the ship, her frantic movements  
 have no effect on the controls.

The Shuttle plummets downward, breaks through the upper  
 atmosphere and into

THE SKY ABOVE THE PLANET SURFACE

The flaming arc of the Shuttle ever downward

INSIDE THE SHUTTLE

Temera stares out

THE COCKPIT WINDOW

The surface of the planet looms, grows closer, closer...

Until the cockpit window is filled with it.

IMPACT.

**EXT. PROXIMA B - PLANET SURFACE - CRASH SITE - SECONDS LATER**

The mangled Shuttle lays crumpled to one side, the damage complete.

A SIDE HATCH DOOR

Bursts open. A weak Temera, fully suited, tumbles out onto the craggy, gaseous surface, lands on her back, her face pointed to the stars above.

TEMERA'S POV

The stars above her twinkle, peaceful.

On the left side of the visor glass, a tiny line appears.

It grows in a zig-zag pattern across her vision, a CRINKLING sound follows it.

Laying on the surface, Temera's gloved hand reaches up to her visor, swats at it.

ON HER VISOR

Air SUCKS into the crack, the surface gas races up to meet the tiny crack, like a snake seeking it's prey, and fills the inside her helmet.

She SCREAMS.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MED BAY - DAY**

Maya's eyes open. Beside her, Art stares back, his Visor a warm orange color.

Maya smiles.

MAYA  
You better not be recording this.  
I must look terrible.

ART  
I am always recording.

Maya inspects herself, lifts the blanket, glances down at her abdomen, frowns, lays her head back on the bed.

KREASE (O.S.)  
(Alien dialect)  
Your child is safe.

Krease places a bundled ALIEN BABY on Maya's chest.

Unsure, she fumbles with it, awkward in her movements, unable to hold the Alien Baby correctly.

Krease adjusts the Alien Baby in her arms, steps back. Maya settles.

Tait steps through the broken Med Bay Door.

TAIT  
You look terrible.

Maya smiles.

MAYA  
Charming as usual.

Tait sits on the bed, gently pokes the Alien Child, looks at Maya.

TAIT  
Can I ask you something?

MAYA  
Mason.

Tait's jaw drops.

TAIT  
He'd be very proud.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - BRIDGE - DAY**

Tait and Maya in the front crew chairs, Krease stands behind them, his eyes on Art who stands in front of

## THE VIEWING SCREEN

The rotating mass of Proxima b fills most of the screen.

TAIT  
Uninhabitable?

ART  
The data from Beena confirms this.  
The atmosphere is composed of  
radioactive Cesium. Breathable by  
humans in small amounts, but  
continued exposure creates  
carcinomas, coma, and eventual  
death.

A moment.

TAIT  
They would've known this before we  
ever left. Why would they --

MAYA  
The data.

ART  
Precisely.

MAYA  
With that information, that  
scientific technology, we will be  
able to travel anywhere.

ART  
Mankind will survive.

**INT. PLANETSTAR II - MASON'S QUARTERS - DAY**

Tait sits at Mason's desk, the dull monitor screen light washes over his face, it only accentuates his sad yet determined demeanor.

He taps a key, his nerves sprinkle his words.

TAIT  
Hi... uh, my name's Tait, Tait  
Hausmann. Apparently, you know all  
about me but I have no idea who....  
ah, crap. Let me start over.

Tait shakes out his hands, tilts his head left and right, leans in to the monitor ready to do battle.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Hi, Pamela. I'm Tait Hausmann. The Capta -- Mason, asked me to record this message for you. He promised you wouldn't think I'm a complete asshole.

Tait clears his throat, composes himself, continues.

TAIT (CONT'D)

Well, that's debatable if you know what I mean. Sorry, look, there're some things I need to tell you -- God, this sucks.

He lowers his head, recovers, looks up again.

INSERT IMAGE

Maya and Krease sit on the floor, the Alien Baby stands, wobbles into Maya's outstretched arms. Krease smiles, claps his three digit hands.

TAIT (V.O.)

Mace is not well, he's, uh... crap... he won't be coming home. I guess I knew something was wrong when he stopped, uh... you know, being so attentive. The pain, the son-of-a-bitch wouldn't say a thing. He's like that, you know, all damn the torpedoes and shit... sorry. He says I cuss too much.

OFF SCREEN: Tait chuckles, sniffs.

INSERT IMAGE

Temera's lifeless body lies next to the crashed shuttle, the surface gas swirls around her.

TAIT (V.O.)

Things out here have gone a bit sideways, and he wanted you to know that, uh... that he loves you and, uh... knows how hard this has been for you.

INSERT IMAGE

Art seated in a crew chair on the bridge, his chair's Holo-Display shows DRAWINGS FOR A FASTER-THAN-LIGHT SPACE DRIVE.

TAIT (V.O.)  
 I mean, damn Pamela, you put up  
 with this gung-ho space jockey for  
 over twenty-two years. I only wish  
 I could've had that much time left  
 with him. You're a very lucky  
 person, remember that.

INSERT IMAGE

Helen at Planetstar Labs being arrested, handcuffed and  
 dragged from her office by DARK-SUITED AGENTS.

TAIT (V.O.)  
 Look, I can promise you one thing.  
 I'll do whatever it takes, anything  
 I can to make this right, like he  
 would've done. If I do make it  
 back home, I'd like to meet if  
 that's okay, or not.

BACK TO SCENE:

Tait reaches out, picks up a framed photo from the desk,  
 looks at

THE PHOTO

A beaming mason stands behind him, arms wrapped around Tait's  
 chest, both men happy, smiling, content.

TAIT  
 With all my heart... at least we  
 have that in common.

He TAPS a key, ends the recording, glances at the photo.

**EXT. SPACE - NEAR PROXIMA B - DAY**

The Planetstar spaceship moves away from Proxima b.

From behind the massive planet, the BLAZING RED DWARF,  
 CENTAURI, rises, it's rays bathe the planet in a soft glow.

TAIT (V.O.)  
 And we'll always have moonbeams.

FADE OUT.