

THE DARK

Original Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- NIGHT

The far side of the moon looms, dark and mysterious. An arc of SUNLIGHT splashes the south pole but cannot penetrate several deep craters, pits of permanent, inky black.

EXT. SOUTH POLE OF MOON -- NIGHT

SUPER: DARPA RESEARCH LAB, AITKEN BASIN

A round building is hidden at the base of a deep crater, it's roof and walls covered in lunar regolith.

INT. DARPA LAB -- NIGHT

DR. HANNAH WALKER (34) walks a narrow, curved hallway. On the smooth walls, a holoscreen APPEARS next to her. The words INCOMING MESSAGE fade out and DAN RICHARDSON (40), business suit and tie, APPEARS.

The screen moves alongside Hannah, as if Dan is walking with her. On the wall behind Dan is the Inocugen Pharmaceuticals LOGO.

DAN (FILTERED)
Good morning, Hannah.

Hannah is tall, thin, a serious demeanor. On her skin-tight uniform, HANNAH WALKER, M.D. is embroidered above the Inocugen logo.

HANNAH
Hi, Dan. Glad you know what time it is up here. I never do.

DAN (FILTERED)
Not used to the dark yet?

HANNAH
Never. Doesn't live communication require security clearance?

DAN (FILTERED)
I have it. Listen, we're bidding on a billion dollar order, and the protein sequence is already coded on our Marburg vaccine. We could ship on Monday.

HANNAH

But?

DAN

I need a simulation for World Health. And the only box fast enough to run it by the deadline is the Quantum Array, right at your fingertips.

HANNAH

Which technically doesn't exist. We're a big secret here, Dan. Remember?

DAN

If W-H-O questions the data, they can audit. It's a lot of money, Hannah.

She doesn't care, and he reads her expression.

DAN (CONT'D)

And it will save a lot of lives.

Now he's talking her language.

HANNAH

I'll have to submit a job request to Dr. Ellis.

She reaches a door marked BIOSPHERE.

DAN

He's already approved it.

She reacts, visibly surprised by that news.

DAN (CONT'D)

We're all on the same team, Hannah.

INT. BIOSPHERE -- DAY

A large garden. Fruit trees. Vegetables planted in vertical space. Water moves through filters, then into tubes that drip from a domed ceiling, an artificial, blue sky.

Hannah sits beneath a tree, cut flowers next to her on a blanket. She sips steaming coffee, works a crossword puzzle on a holoscreen, a floating, personal tablet.

DR. LINDA FRYE (55) pushes a cart bearing fruit and vegetables. She stops near Hannah.

LINDA
You're up early.

Hannah taps an answer into her screen writing the word:
QUANDARY into the blank boxes.

HANNAH
I like to start my days here.
Reminds me of a place back home.

She stands, gathers her flowers. Folds the blanket.

LINDA
Near Breckenridge, as I recall.
You mentioned it in our first
session.

HANNAH
What a keen memory you have,
counselor.

Linda points.

LINDA
You had MI project it on the wall.

Behind Hannah is a tall waterfall in the Colorado mountains.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Let's chat today.

HANNAH
I have lab time.

LINDA
After dinner?

HANNAH
There's a comm window. I want to
send some messages.

Hannah is all packed up and heads toward the door.

LINDA
Not tonight. They're locking comms
down at noon.

HANNAH
Why?

LINDA
North Korean rocket launch.

EXT. NORTH KOREA -- DAY -- STOCK

A rocket vents steam on a launch pad at the center of a sprawling military complex.

SUPER: SOHAE SPACE CENTER, PHYONGAN PROVINCE. NORTH KOREA.

A stream of blue FLAMES jet from the rocket's boosters and lift the missile upward.

It gracefully arcs through a clear sky.

A stage detaches and falls as the rocket rotates, revealing a North Korean flag.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

High tech medical supplies, tools, diagnostic equipment.

Hannah enters, places her flowers in a vase, hits a button, and water drips from a dispenser. She speaks upward, as if to the ceiling.

HANNAH

MI! You could be more generous
with the water. MI?...

She moves to a small holoscreen stationed permanently by the door.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Log-in. Dr. Hannah Walker.

The words MACHINE INTELLIGENCE appear on the screen and fade to a DARPA logo. A female VOICE speaks.

MI (V.O.)

Identity confirmed. Good morning,
Dr. Walker.

HANNAH

Hello, MI. I thought we were on a
first name basis.

MI (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Dr. Walker. I initiated
a system re-image as part of the
lock down protocol. Your default
identity was restored.

HANNAH

How reassuring. Turn the real me back on, please. And show me news coverage of this rocket launch.

MI

You got it, doll!

The screen becomes bigger, a news broadcast appears with an ANCHOR in a studio. A CHYRON reads: SNN BREAKING NEWS.

ANCHOR (FILTERED)

North Korea launched a rocket today that a Space Intelligence Agency spokesperson says flew suspiciously close to the moon.

The rocket leaves Earth's atmosphere, then a still image of a probe appears.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

North Korean officials claim the rocket carries an unmanned Saturn probe, designed strictly for scientific purposes.

Space Intelligence Agency HQ appears on screen, with the CHYRON: S.I.A. HEADQUARTERS. MCLEAN, VIRGINIA.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

But S-I-A continues to monitor North Korean militarization of space, and has stepped-up surveillance since the once rogue nation signed the Non-Proliferation Accord in twenty fifty-six.

EXT. SPACE -- NIGHT

The North Korean probe, free of its rocket, arcs into a moon orbit, disappears behind the yellow orb into the shadowy darkness of the far side.

EXT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah washes her hands, puts on a lab coat.

HANNAH

(sarcastic)

When will this evil probe's prying eyes be blind to our top secret facility?

MI (V.O.)
Minimum lock down is twenty-four
hours.

HANNAH
Maybe that's a blessing. Let's get
to work, MI. Show me the
deactivation data from last night's
growth sequence.

The screen shifts to graphic data, spreadsheets.

MI (V.O.)
No deactivation was measured.

HANNAH
Any variance due to gravity?

MI (V.O.)
Variance was not statistically
significant.

HANNAH
My insignificance is starting to
bother me. What am I doing up here,
MI?

She opens a cabinet, pulls out a matrix containing sixteen
dead mice in four rows and columns. She deflates.

MI (V.O.)
The resources of this facility far
exceed those of Earth-based labs
engaged in gravity based vaccine
research.

HANNAH
Yes, they certainly do. Any
variance in time of death?

MI (V.O.)
No correlation in measured
variables.
(beat)
Sorry 'bout dat.

One of the mice twitches. Hannah removes it from the matrix,
holds it gently in her hand.

HANNAH
This little one's still kicking.

Her warmth calms the mouse. It stops shaking.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Let's get you a nice mouse
breakfast. And give you a name.
Alice?

She turns the mouse over.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Oops. Hmmm. How about, Winston?

She puts Winston down next to a small petri dish, fills it
with a blue-tinted solution. Winston laps it up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What makes you different, Winston?

She strokes his head as the mouse eats.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
MI, let's modify the gravity
gradient this afternoon. Prepare
the gene edits.

MI (V.O.)
DNA sequencing systems in the Cell
Line Engineering lab are
unavailable.

HANNAH
I'm scheduled.

MI
Dr. Raymond Ellis is now scheduled.

HANNAH
How did he get my lab time?

MI (V.O.)
Officer Peterson's mission in the
lunar rover is exceeding the
duration protocol. He must report
to sick bay upon return. Your lab
time was released.

HANNAH
Why not traded for morning hours?

MI (V.O.)
Your morning hours are booked with
officer's monthly physical exams.

HANNAH
Great. Who's first in line?

RANDY (O.S.)
That would be me.

COMMANDER RANDOLPH MOORE (35) appears in the doorway. He's tall, fit, a buzz cut, and a major hunk.

HANNAH
Come in, Commander.

He steps in, but remains near the door.

RANDY
Can we do this later, Hannah? I've got two reports to write before the noon window.

HANNAH
There's no comms today. You know that.

She touches the wall behind him, closes the door.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
MI, put on some soft music.

A sexy saxophone wails softly. She rubs Randy's shoulders from behind. Whispers in his ear.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
We have a full half-hour of privacy courtesy of North Korea. Who says they're bad guys?

She turns him around, kisses him passionately.

RANDY
Hannah. I want more than a few minutes. How about we wait for time enough to have some real intimacy?

HANNAH
The book says keep it casual, Commander.

She gives him a warm smile, then a sly look as she unbuckles his pants.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let's get your heart rate high enough for a stress-echo.

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT

Several data-filled screens cover one wall. A counter is crowded with petri dishes, incubators, centrifuges. A DNA sequencing machine consumes the floor space.

The inner lab area is visible through a large, rectangular window of transparent material that spans the room. The inner lab is accessed via two airlock doors.

The space between these doors is a small, glass walled decontamination chamber.

INT. INNER LAB -- NIGHT

DR. RAYMOND ELLIS (45) wears a full biohazard suit. He injects a mouse, places it into a matrix of twelve mice, each labeled with a virus: HANTIVIRUS, MARBURG, LASA, JUNIN, etc.

Nearby, ANTHONY DREXLER (40), thin, black, athletic, also in a bio-suit, fills a bag with blood from a centrifuge. He labels it, and places the bag into a refrigerated drawer.

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT -- INTERCUT W/ ELLIS

Hannah enters, observes Ellis and Drexler through the big window. Below the glass, holoscreens display DNA pairs.

Hannah stares at a particular pair, intrigued. With her finger, she circles the sequence from left to right: GAATTCG

Then she circles the reciprocal sequence in the pair, from right to left: GCTATAG. She looks up at Ellis, perplexed.

HANNAH

This pair isn't palindromic and
it's not mirrored or H-D-N-A. How
is that possible?

Ellis presses a button on an interior panel, and the image screens in front of Hannah go BLANK.

ELLIS (FILTERED)

It is discourteous to observe a
colleague's research, Dr Walker.

HANNAH

You view me as a colleague, Dr.
Ellis? How flattering.

He moves back to the mice, pulls one from the matrix.

ELLIS (FILTERED)
What can I do for you, Doctor
Walker?

HANNAH
You can answer my question.

Ellis fills a syringe from a petri dish, injects the mouse,
then looks up. Waits for her to speak.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I'm here for Officer Drexler.

Drexler looks up at her, comes closer to the glass.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You're scheduled for a physical.
Come with me to sick bay, please.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Isn't Peterson your priority?

HANNAH
He's not due for an hour. You are
overdue. Procedure, Mr. Drexler.
Aren't you a Barney-by-the-book
sort?

ELLIS (FILTERED)
That's the last batch of blood. Go
ahead.

Drexler moves into the decon chamber. The door seals behind
him. He is showered by disinfectants and radiation.

Ellis places the mouse back in it'scell, and it convulses,
foams at the mouth. He is alarmed, looks at Hannah, then he
turns his back to her, blocks her view of the mice.

Hannah launches her personal screen. It displays her
crossword puzzle. She backspaces, erases the word QUANDARY
and types the letters: GCTAGAG

Drexler emerges from the decon chamber. As he walks toward
Hannah, the entire building is ROCKED. She and Drexler are
thrown to the floor.

MI (V.O.)
Seismic activity detected.
Securing all doors. Emergency
protocol.

INT. INNER LAB -- DAY

Ellis is hurled forward. The petri dish flies. His head hits the edge of the counter, and he drops to the floor as air AUDIBLY releases via the crack in his face mask.

Ellis tries in vain to seal the mask with his hands. He lays on the floor, face to face with an angry mouse that bites his arm.

ELLIS
(screams)
No!

He's horrified. Blood oozes.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Doors close. WHITE light is replaced by RED. Blinking panels and large, scenic images of Earth go DARK. The floor VIBRATES and FLEXES.

INT. INNER LAB -- NIGHT

WHITE LIGHTS remain on. Ellis gets to his knees, slams his arm to the counter, killing the mouse hanging on by it'steeth.

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT

A railing emerges from the wall. Hannah grabs it, gets to her feet. The big glass window is OPAQUE. She hits the comms panel.

HANNAH
Dr. Ellis! Are you all right?
Dr. Ellis?

She floor sways, and she must hold on with both hands.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
MI! Open the lab doors.

MI (V.O.)
Emergency protocol. Lab doors are sealed.

HANNAH
Override the protocol.

MI (V.O.)
Inadequate security clearance.

She bangs on the glass, only her own reflection visible.
Drexler grabs a hold next to her, stares at the glass,
gravely concerned.

HANNAH
Dr. Ellis!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Chairs around an oval table are bolted to the floor. The
wall displays multiple video windows of various sizes.

Linda places steaming coffee in front of STAN PETERSON (32)
in a knit hat, fleece, a small bandage on his red nose.
Drexler sits next to him and Hannah. Everyone is buckled in
with shoulder harnesses.

HANNAH
We've got to get him out. He could
be seriously injured.

DREXLER
Or already dead.

Hannah watches Peterson's coffee vibrate inside the cup. The
floor shakes, and she must steady herself, hand on the table.

HANNAH
How long can this last?

PETERSON
The moon's core is solid, and it's
surrounded by molten iron. This
rock is a giant tuning fork.

LINDA
And someone rang the bell good this
time. Be prepared for aftershocks.

Randy and CHRIS NELSON (25) come in. They sit and buckle
themselves.

HANNAH
Can you get him out?

RANDY
Neither of us has clearance.

HANNAH

You're in command here. How can you not have security clearance?

RANDY

Welcome to the U.S. Navy.

Chris works a virtual keyboard visible on the glass tabletop.

CHRIS

The event log should tell us what happened.

Chris opens a screen with a list of files, date and time stamped. All are tagged with Ellis as owner.

He taps a file and it expands in a new screen floating above the table. The data is a FLASH then the screen goes blank.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Encrypted. MI, decrypt the file.

MI (V.O.)

Encryption key required.

CHRIS

We need Ellis's key.

RANDY

Hack it.

Chris points at the screen.

CHRIS

It's quantum encryption. Only God can hack it.

RANDY

Quantum Encryption? That means a ghost particle mirrors the data somewhere.

CHRIS

An entangled particle.

RANDY

Call it whatever the hell you want. Where is it? How do we get the back up?

CHRIS

It could be on any one of a hundred Navy servers.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And the file name will be a random string of characters.

HANNAH

Then let's open the door and ask Ellis for his key.

Randy thinks about it. Looks at Peterson.

PETERSON

I can melt the seals.

Randy looks at Drexler.

DREXLER

Sir, whatever happened in that lab constitutes a threat. That's why it's sealed.

HANNAH

So we maintain decon protocol. One door remains sealed at all times.

DREXLER

Opening a sealed door during a quarantine is ill-advised. As security officer --

RANDY

-- It's your duty to protect the base from external threats.

Randy points to Hannah.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Protecting us from a laboratory threat is her ball of wax.

DREXLER

She's not a military officer. This situation --

RANDY

-- She's acting medical officer. If she's satisfied that protocol is maintained, then what's the problem?

HANNAH

Do you have reason to believe our decontamination protocol is inadequate, Mr. Drexler?

Drexler stares at Hannah, angry, but controlled.

DREXLER

What if Ellis is dead already? Is
it worth the risk?

HANNAH

What if it was you in there?

INT. INNER LAB -- NIGHT

Ellis, on his knees, crawls to a counter, pulls himself to his feet, stumbles toward several holoscreens on a wall.

MSC, a MALE computer voice speaks.

MSC (V.O.)

Full Quarantine will default in ten
seconds.

Ellis reaches toward the screen, rash visible on his face and neck. He collapses next to the dead, contorted mouse.

MSC (V.O.)

Full quarantine initiated.

The lab goes DARK, lit only by the screen flashing the word:
QUARANTINE!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Hannah, Randy and his officers are still in conference. Without warning, the LIGHTS DIM. An ALARM sounds.

MI (V.O.)

Alert. Power grid is off-line.

A graphic shows a solar array and a satellite with a dotted RED line between them and the BLINKING words: OFF LINE.

MI (V.O.)

D-C power level is ninety-five
percent. Critical system failure
in forty-seven hours, ten minutes.

PETERSON

The quake must have damaged our
solar array.

Peterson types on a keyboard visible in the glass table top. On the big floating screen, the words: PING ARRAY appear. Immediately on the next line is a response: READY. RESPONSE
TIME: 6 MMS

PETERSON (CONT'D)
All the wires are intact.

He works a virtual joystick, a hologram under the table.

PETERSON (CONT'D)
And I have full range of motion.

On the screen, a GRAPHIC of the solar grid moves as he moves the virtual "stick". Numbers beneath the image scroll.

PETERSON (CONT'D)
MI, verify the attitude
coordinates. Do they relay to the
Lunar Reconnaissance orbiter?

MI (V.O.)
Coordinates verified.

PETERSON
The L-R-O is either down, or it's
re-arc'd from a polar orbit.

CHRIS
That's not possible. It carries
only enough propulsion to sit
permanently at a Lagrange Point.

LINDA
Could the quake somehow affect
it's orbit?

RANDY
MI, report on the seismic activity.

MI (V.O.)
Moon quake at eleven hundred and
thirteen hours. Seven point four
on the Richter scale. Epicenter at
four point one degrees south, one
hundred seventy-nine degrees west.
Duration is ongoing.

Chris works a map on the screen, locates the epicenter, a
crater not far from them, also at the Moon's south pole.

CHRIS
That's the Deadalus crater.

On the screen, he overlays a grid of fault lines.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
There's no fault line there.

RANDY
Maybe an asteroid got through the
diversion array.

CHRIS
We'd have months of approach
warnings.

Everyone thinks for a beat.

DREXLER
We were locked down because of a
North Korean rocket. Perhaps there
is an external threat.

RANDY
MI, report on the Korean rocket.

The screen shows news footage.

MI (V.O.)
U-N-H-A model Twelve. Official
payload, Yinghuo Sixteen unmanned
Saturn probe. Chinese design.
Specifications --

RANDY
-- Show the spacecraft's trajectory
relative to our base and the L-R-O.

On screen, a graphic of the probe's course appears. As it
moves behind the far side of the moon, the course becomes a
dotted line labeled: PROJECTED COURSE.

MI (V.O.)
Margin of error on projected route
is two percent.

DREXLER
Projected route. We don't know
where it went once it went dark.

PETERSON
The L-R-O should have archived
surveillance.

CHRIS
We can't talk to the LRO.

On screen, the moon sits between the two space craft. Randy
takes his finger, drags the Korean probe slightly closer to
the moon.

RANDY

That's over ten percent. Two percent doesn't put it anywhere near the L-R-O.

HANNAH

Then someone deliberately turned our lights out. Who could do that, other than Navy Zero?

EXT. SPACE -- NIGHT

SUPER: SPACE STATION NAVY ZERO

The station is a grid of cylindrical aluminum tubes dotted with windows and large butterfly wings bearing solar panels.

INT. NAVY ZERO -- NIGHT

Uniformed OFFICERS walk down a round corridor arching just above their heads. Earth is visible through windows on one side, the moon on the other.

INT. ADMIRAL'S READY ROOM -- NIGHT

ADMIRAL ADAM BILLINGS (60), square shoulders, sits at a desk, reads text on a holoscreen as a message pops up: URGENT! QUARANTINE! DARPA MOON.

Billings reacts, stands up and looks out the window toward the moon.

BILLINGS

MSC, forward lab archives from DARPA-Moon to the D-S-I at Langley. Mark it Urgent.

MSC (V.O.)

Task complete.

A door CHIME sounds. CAPTAIN GINA HARDING (35), sexy, buff, short hair, salutes as she enters, stands at attention.

HARDING

I got emergency orders. Quarantine at DARPA Moon.

BILLINGS

You put a team on alert?

HARDING

Yessir. Team four. But there's a problem. The OP is a nuclear payload, and we don't have a special weapons officer. Von Doring's on the marble.

Harding points out a window on the wall opposite Billing's workstation where the blue Earth hangs majestically.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Two weeks R&R. Even if you order him back, the next shuttle is --

BILLINGS

-- You'll fly without an S-W.

HARDING

We can't do that without an officer onboard with sufficient clearance.

BILLINGS

You'll have one. Me. How long since your last drill on Quarantine?

HARDING

I run it monthly.

BILLINGS

Good. You and team Four get some shut-eye. We launch after the next comms window.

HARDING

Why wait, sir? Isn't this a rescue OP?

Billings let's out deep breath, shakes his head.

BILLINGS

They're already dead. I'm sorry, Gina. I know Commander Moore was a friend of yours.

Harding is stunned, sad.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

It's a personal loss for me too. Admiral Walker's daughter, Hannah was doing civilian research on site.

Harding nods, acknowledging.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)
The OP is modified. It's a fly by.
We drop the nuke, then bug out.

Harding is now angry.

HARDING
Permission to speak freely, sir?

BILLINGS
Granted.

HARDING
Dead or alive, sir, those are
Marines. Leaving them behind --

BILLINGS
-- I don't like it either! But
those are the orders. Straight
from the D-S-I. Dismissed.

Harding salutes. Leaves.

Billings moves back to his desk, touches the holoscreen. A
personnel list at the DARPA lab appears.

He sits, reaches out and touches the name Hannah Walker. Her
image fills half the screen, on the other half, her father,
ADMIRAL JASON WALKER, is in full dress uniform.

Billings lets out a deep breath, stares out the window toward
the moon, shakes his head.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)
Sonofabitch!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Peterson, Hannah, Chris, Randy and Drexler are in conference.

PETERSON
Why would Navy Zero want to kill
us?

HANNAH
Because of what's sealed in that
lab.

LINDA
Hannah, let's not jump to
conclusions.

CHRIS
It wasn't Navy Zero.

Everyone turns to Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Their radio transmission time is one point five seconds. And there's no delay between the quarantine time in the event log and the shut down. The signal came from us.

PETERSON
But we're blacked out. No comms. No way to talk to the bird.

HANNAH
Unless they lied.

Drexler reacts to that, stares at Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
If the Navy is up here cheating on the bio-weapons treaty, then everything they told about this facility is bullshit. Including comms lock down.

LINDA
Hannah, we need to process, not react. And we don't have all the information.

HANNAH
Open your eyes, Linda. This is military money were sitting in.

DREXLER
A North Korean rocket launch is awfully coincidental. If there's a government trying to kill us, let's look at them.

HANNAH
C'mon Mr. Drexler, you know this isn't about killing us.

LINDA
What do you mean?

HANNAH

Whatever's quarantined in that lab could make small pox look like a sore throat. If they need to exterminate it, then we're collateral damage.

LINDA

They wouldn't do that.

HANNAH

Really? My father told me all about Zero Sum OPs. Suicide missions. It's part of the deal, the oath you all take. You're expendable!

RANDY

You're not. The Navy wouldn't kill you.

HANNAH

What if they figure I'm already dead?

A long beat.

RANDY

Let's focus on getting the power back up.

PETERSON

I'll get back in the rover. Fly to the colony.

RANDY

You just burned ninety percent of the Rover's solid fuel.

PETERSON

Then we'll re-fuel it.

CHRIS

We can't power the H-3 reactor if we want to keep breathing.

That news is a downer. After a beat, Randy turns to Linda.

RANDY

How much food can you harvest in the biosphere?

LINDA

Seven or eight days.

RANDY

Do it. Suit up first. I'm going
to shut it down.

She leaves.

RANDY (CONT'D)

MI, cut life support and gravity
generation outside this room,
engineering, sick bay and the
connecting corridors.

A screen with a schematic of the base appears. One by one
the concentric circles of rooms and connecting hallways go
dark. A section with three rooms remains visible.

MI

Task complete.

RANDY

How long now before power failure?

MI (V.O.)

Seventy-one hours, ten minutes.

RANDY

Count it down. Post a clock in
every room that's still lit.

Seventy One hours shows in a clock sized screen, ticks down.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(to Peterson)

Get Ellis out of the lab.

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT

Peterson, in a full bio-suit, holds a torch with a backpack
fuel tank. He tests it. The device throws a huge flame,
causes Drexler to jump back.

DREXLER

Get a nozzle on that thing. Melt
the seal, not the door.

PETERSON

I know what I got to do.

Peterson mounts a metal attachment, twists it like a nozzle
on a garden hose. Now the device throws a super hot, narrow
flame that he aims at the gap in door jamb.

INT. ENGINEERING -- NIGHT

High tech tools are neatly stored. Randy works a virtual keyboard. On his screen is a map of Aitken Basin.

Three VECTORS are drawn forming a triangle. The first from the base to a solar array. The second from the array to the rim of the basin, and the third back to the base. Each vector has a time/speed/distance calculation:

TRIP A - 13 KMS. 3.7 HOURS 6 GWATS. DC POWER=84% REMAINING
 TRIP B - Flight exceeds solid fuel range. Use DC power 48 KM.
 TRIP C - Error. No fuel source

Hannah enters, pushing a cart full of batteries. Randy immediately CLEARS the screen.

HANNAH

That's all I could find. The exterior suit batteries aren't in the storage.

RANDY

I already have them. Thanks.

He points to a stack of batteries the size and shape of those that fit heavy duty cordless drills.

HANNAH

What about the rover? We could live for ten or twelve hours on that battery pack.

RANDY

I'm keeping it operational.

HANNAH

Why? We're locked down.

He sorts through the batteries in Hannah's cart, cherry picks the bigger ones.

RANDY

How long before they get to Ellis?

HANNAH

Long enough for us to spend some time together.

RANDY

You should get ready.

HANNAH

Randy --

He looks up.

RANDY
Something you want to say?

She sits across from him. Takes a deep breath.

HANNAH
You know that hiking trip I have
planned? The spot I told you
about?

He looks down at his work as he speaks.

RANDY
A day outside of Breckenridge.
We'll lay under a blanket of stars,
looking back up at the moon.

HANNAH
Where we had our first kiss.

RANDY
You're a romantic all of a sudden.

HANNAH
Randy, there's a lot I want to say.
I'm not sure we can wait for
Colorado.

He looks up at her.

RANDY
We don't have a choice. Suit up.

She leaves, frustrated.

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT

Peterson, inside the decon chamber, wearing a full suit,
completes installation of a new seal on the outer door.

PETERSON (FILTERED)
Okay, this door is sealed.

Hannah and Drexler, also in full bio-suits, enter the decon
chamber with him. The door closes behind them.

Peterson turns his torch on the inner door. When the seal
breaks, he pushes it open.

INT. INNER LAB -- NIGHT

Hannah and Drexler enter. Ellis lays on the floor, his cracked helmet next to the dead mouse. Hannah rushes to him, sees the mouse bite on his arm, blood.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
His suit is breached. Get him in a pod.

She points to a Plexiglas box hanging above. Drexler hits a wall switch, and the coffin-like, transparent box lowers to the floor.

Hannah removes Ellis's helmet, his face and neck are covered in a brown rash. She reacts, curious, then grabs scissors, cuts the suit off.

Ellis's arm is swollen, especially near the bite marks, and covered in the rash. Dark, puffy, oozing.

Drexler and Hannah stare at the rash, lock eyes, react. Then they lift Ellis into the pod and seal it.

PETERSON (FILTERED)
The door seal's made.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Take him to sick bay.

Peterson and Drexler lift the pod and carry it into the decon chamber. They seal the inner door, and are showered by chemicals and radiation.

Through the big window, now transparent, Hannah watches Peterson and Drexler carry Ellis away, then she opens a door inside the lab marked: MOUSE FARM.

HANNAH'S P.O.V. -- INSIDE THE MOUSE FARM

Hundreds of mice. Some are dead, tortured looks on frozen faces.

Others fight violently. Bloody necks are bitten during violent mating.

It's total carnage.

BACK TO SCENE:

Hannah is shocked. She slams the door closed, steps back, takes a deep, AUDIBLE breath. Gathers herself.

She opens an access panel in the wall by the door, slides out an air filter, puts it in a plastic bag.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Ellis, inside his pod, rests on a bed attached to the wall. Tubes and I-V lines lead from his body to the transparent walls of the pod where they are linked to exterior lines leading to machines that administer drugs, monitor vitals.

A screen above the pod displays heart rate, BP, Blood Oxygen level, EKG. Linda places her hands through the side of the pod into telescoping gloves. She inserts another line into a vein.

Chris, Peterson and Drexler watch her work.

Hannah enters, still in the full suit, helmet off. She carries the air filter and also the dead mouse, both sealed in plastic.

LINDA
I've got lines in. MI's running a
full blood panel.

HANNAH
Do a body scan.

Linda executes a scan, and a bar of RED LIGHT glows under Ellis's pod, moves from his feet to his head. On a screen, an image builds of Ellis's internal organs and bones.

Both Linda and Hannah react to the image.

LINDA
My God. His organs are dissolving.

Hannah puts the mouse on a scanner and a RED LIGHT scans it. She looks at the image generated on a nearby screen.

HANNAH
Just like this mouse. It's got to
be torture. Start a hydromorphone
drip.

Linda installs a drug ampoule into a digital drug dispenser as Randy comes through the door.

RANDY
Is it contagious?

HANNAH
I don't know yet.

Linda reacts to climbing numbers on the narcotic dispenser.

LINDA

Pain measurements are off the chart. The system is calculating a fatal dosage. I'm overriding it.

She reaches for a dial.

HANNAH

No. Let the machine keep him comfortable.

DREXLER

His comfort shouldn't be your priority. We need him awake.

Hannah's angry. She stares hard at Drexler, then at Randy.

HANNAH

Don't you all have problems to solve? Like getting me his logs.

CHRIS

His encryption key is the only way to read the logs.

DREXLER

Which is why we need him awake, and talking.

MI (V.O.)

Blood panel complete. Anomaly found.

On a new holoscreen, an image of a green cell appears. It is out of round, with mushroom-like growths from the cell wall. Hannah recognizes something in the image. She moves closer.

HANNAH

It's a retrovirus. MI, lower Dr. Ellis's body temperature by five degrees. Change the quarantined gravity. One sixth Earth.

MI (V.O.)

Initiating.

Ellis shivers, and his eyes open.

RANDY

He's awake.

Hannah leans over him, shines a light into his eyes.

HANNAH
Dr. Ellis, you're infected. Tell
me about this virus.

He shakes his head.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It's killing you.

Ellis's voice is weak, hoarse. He winces in pain.

ELLIS (FILTERED)
It's killing you too.

Everyone in the room reacts to that.

HANNAH
Then help me stop it.

ELLIS (FILTERED)
You can't.

HANNAH
I can try. Give me access to your
logs.

Randy moves next to Hannah.

RANDY
Give us your encryption key,
soldier. That's an order!

Ellis shakes his head. He is overcome with pain. Screams.

ELLIS (FILTERED)
Nothing you do matters now. We're
all going die in the service of our
country. Like good soldiers.

He screams again. Hannah ticks the pain level on the drug
dispenser down from four to three. Ellis relaxes a little.

DREXLER
Cut off the meds. That'll make him
talk.

Hannah points at Drexler.

HANNAH
Get him out of here.

Ellis passes out. Chris places a hand on Drexler's shoulder.

CHRIS

C'mon. Let's try to hack the key.

Hannah eyes Chris's hand, squeezing Drexler's shoulder with a certain intimacy and familiarity as they leave the room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Randy, Linda, Drexler, Peterson and Chris are around the table as Hannah enters, sits down.

RANDY

A want a complete medical report on this virus.

HANNAH

That will take time.

(beat)

We have twelve retrovirus in the lab. I'm not sure which one Ellis modified. And the gene edit that created this...

She displays the image of the virus discovered by the scan.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I've never seen anything like it.

The image changes to Ellis's non-palindromic DNA pair.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The DNA pairs are not palindromic. That's unusual in a retrovirus. And the result is somehow treatment resistant.

LINDA

You tried anti-retrovirals?

HANNAH

All of them. No efficacy.

LINDA

What's the heat tolerance?

HANNAH

Up to one hundred-C. And I can't generate cold sufficient to deactivate it.

LINDA

Surfactants?

HANNAH

It's iodine resistant. And the vacuum of space won't kill it.

LINDA

Sweet Jesus! What about radiation?

HANNAH

I did U-V-254 tests with maximum D-thirty-seven values. No effect. This is intentional. Ellis designed a weapon.

PETERSON

(agitated, nervous)

We need to kill this thing before it kills us! Don't you see. Kill him. Kill Ellis!

He pounds his fist on the table. Everyone reacts.

RANDY

Get a hold of yourself, officer.

Hannah stares at Peterson, then moves toward him, pulls a flashlight out and shines it at his neck.

HANNAH

Mr. Peterson, report to sick bay.

She tries to pull the collar away from his skin, look closer, but he swats her hands away.

PETERSON

Like hell. Get your hands off me.

He pushes Hannah away, and she stumbles backward into the wall, looks over at Linda. Everyone gets on their feet.

HANNAH

Get him in a pod.

Peterson is furious, paranoid, nervous.

PETERSON

I'm not going anywhere. All of you stay the hell away from me.

RANDY

Officer Peterson! Report to sick bay. Now. That's an order.

PETERSON

Fuck you.

Peterson lunges, gets both hands on Randy's neck. Randy uses a cross arm move, drops his elbows, frees himself. Peterson swings a fist, but Randy ducks and Drexler is all over him.

PETERSON (CONT'D)
I'll kill all of you.

Drexler is quicker, better trained in martial arts. His fists, feet, and elbows land, hard until Peterson is in a heap on the floor.

But he gets to all fours, about to spring up again, screaming, just as Hannah injects him with a high tech syringe, and he collapses.

All of them stare at one another.

RANDY
What the hell was that?

LINDA
The virus.

HANNAH
It's airborne.

Again, they all exchange worried looks.

RANDY
Whatever you just shot him full
of... keep it handy.
(to Drexler)
Get him to sick bay.

Drexler lifts Peterson up. He and Linda drag him out.

RANDY (CONT'D)
We're all going to suit-up.

HANNAH
There's no point.

Hannah throws the oxygen filter, sealed in plastic, onto the table.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Our air purification system is
useless. Decon protocol is
inadequate.

CHRIS
Holy shit.

A long beat. Randy stands.

RANDY

We need answers from Ellis.

He walks out.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Ellis writhes in pain. Hannah watches him. Her lip trembles.

Peterson is on an adjacent bed in a containment vessel. He shivers, scared, watches Ellis suffer.

Randy, Chris, Linda and Drexler observe Hannah who holds the ampule of narcotics in her hand. She stares with obvious anger at all of them, especially Randy.

RANDY

You're following orders. It's on me, not you.

HANNAH

Bullshit.

She holds up the ampoule.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

These are the drugs, right here in my dirty hand. And my patient is in agony, because I pulled them out of his drip. I did! Not you.

Drexler moves over Ellis, who screams in agony.

DREXLER

You ready to talk?

Ellis shakes his head, speaks through the pain.

ELLIS

Ellis, Raymond, Lieutenant
Commander, U.S. Navy.
Identification number. Four, six,
one, one, six, eight, three, two,
seven.

Randy joins Drexler.

RANDY

It's only going to get worse. Just give us the encryption key.

ELLIS

Fuck you.

(in agony)

Ellis, Raymond, Lieutenant
Commander, U.S. Navy.

Identification number. Four, six,
one, one, six, eight, three, two,
seven.

RANDY

(to Hannah)

Turn it back on.

She is stunned by the order, but complies. With great relief, she places the drug ampoule into the device and hits a button. PAIN LEVEL THREE is displayed.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Make the pain zero.

LINDA

That's not a good idea.

RANDY

Do it. Now! And shoot him full of
Amobarbital.

Hannah hesitates, shakes her head, mad, but goes to a shelf, opens a box, pulls out another ampoule, adds it to the mix.

Ellis stops shivering. He smiles, reaches his hand up to the top of the glass, blissed out.

ELLIS

Is that you, Dana? You're so sweet
to visit me on the moon.

Hannah looks at Randy. He nods his head.

RANDY

You're Dana.

She's pissed, but complies, moves close to Ellis.

HANNAH

Yes, it's me, Ray. It's Dana. Can
we talk, Ray?

ELLIS

Sure. Anything you want, Babe.
You know that.

HANNAH

I want your encryption key,
Darling.

ELLIS

Oh, it's easy. So easy. It's your
birthday, sweetheart. Happy
birthday.

HANNAH

My birthday?

ELLIS

But there's a trick.

Ellis laughs.

HANNAH

A trick. What's the trick,
sweetie?

ELLIS

A palindrome. Ha!

Ellis flatlines, gasps for breath. Alarms SOUND. Data
BLINKS in screens everywhere. His eyes go wide open.

Dead.

Hannah sticks her hand through the side of the pod and into
the glove. She closes his eyes.

A long silence.

RANDY

MI, check Dr. Ellis's personnel
file. Does he have a wife?

MI (V.O.)

Dr. Ellis is a widower. He was
married for twelve years to Dr.
Dana Wright. She died on --

RANDY

-- When was she born?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Chris, Hannah and Drexler sit at the table. On a screen are
four asterisk sequences followed by the words, LOGIN FAILED.

CHRIS

I went forward and backward. Then
I appended the strings. That's
four tries. We got two left.

DREXLER

He lied. The sonofabitch lied.

HANNAH

No, I don't think so. But it's not
a palindrome. It's something else
entirely. October twenty-eight,
twenty, fourteen?

Hannah stands up, uses her finger to "write" on a screen: 10
28 20 14. She stares at it, then writes: 41 02 82 01.

CHRIS

I tried that sequence.

Hannah opens her personal screen, stares at the sequence on
the crossword puzzle. Then she looks at the screen, again
uses her finger to transpose the digits so it reads: 41 82 02
01.

HANNAH

Try that.

CHRIS

Hannah two more and we're locked
out. Permanently.

HANNAH

Try it.

Chris types. ASTERISKS appear and then: LOGIN FAILED.

Hannah thinks for a beat, references her screen again. Then
she transposes once again, and the sequence becomes: 41 28 20
01

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Try that.... Do it!

All of them lock eyes, fearful. Slowly, Chris types the
sequence and....

The file opens.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

The soft GLOW from a screen displaying lab data shines on
Chris and Drexler seated close, shoulders touching.

The door opens. Hannah enters. Drexler stands, moves away.

HANNAH
(to Chris)
We have a problem.

CHRIS
I know.

HANNAH
The data tables are empty, Chris.

CHRIS
Yes! I know.

HANNAH
It's all just procedural summary
written weeks ago to schedule the
lab time.

CHRIS
I'm looking for the raw data.

HANNAH
Well, find it, Chris. I tortured
Ellis to get these logs.

CHRIS
(angry)
Just give me some damn time!

She's suspicious, stares at his neck.

HANNAH
(calm)
I'll give you an hour. Then I run
his labs and get my own results.

She looks up at the clock, ticking down, fifty-five hours of
power remain.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
If I'm still alive to see them.

INT. ENGINEERING -- NIGHT

Hannah enters the empty room, stares at the big holoscreen
showing Randy's trip vectors. Moves closer, focused on the
return trip with no fuel supply. She reacts, concerned and
angry.

HANNAH
MI, where is Commander Moore?

INT. AIRLOCK -- NIGHT

Randy, in a full suit, no helmet, stacks solar panels onto a cart. The panels rest under a spool of wire on a spindle.

The door opens and Hannah enters. Randy faces her, a detonator in hand. She crosses her arms, surveys the room.

HANNAH

That spool of cable won't reach the rim of the crater.

RANDY

I'm replacing the quarantined link to our solar relay. Short trip.

HANNAH

Then what? We still have to relay from the L-R-O.

He points to the panels on the cart.

RANDY

No. I'll point the array toward the rim where these new panels will sit in direct sunlight.

HANNAH

And when the sun goes down for fourteen days?

RANDY

The sun stays up that long too. And it rises in about twenty hours. Perfect timing. Give you three weeks of heat, air and gravity to beat this bug.

HANNAH

I saw your solid fuel calcs, Randy. You won't make it out of the crater.

RANDY

I may have to cover a few clicks over ground. The battery's are charged.

HANNAH

And you'll drain them getting up and out. How will you get back?

(beat)

It's a zero sum op, Commander.

RANDY

I won't need power for the return trip. It's all downhill.

HANNAH

Eight hundred kilometers over ground? Without propulsion. In the permanent dark? You'll freeze to death.

He points to a stack of batteries.

RANDY

Extra suit batteries. One in each boot. That'll keep me warm enough. Even if I have to get out and push.

HANNAH

How will you breathe?

Randy tosses ropes and pulleys on the cart next to four oxygen tanks, strapped down.

RANDY

Four extra tanks.

She's frustrated with his answers-for-everything.

HANNAH

You should have discussed this with us. Drexler would have volunteered.

RANDY

I volunteered.

He moves closer to her.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Hannah, each of us has a skill-set. Yours is mission critical. That means mine is to keep you alive.

Hannah's lip trembles. She can't meet his eyes. Randy puts his arms around her. He's gentle, loving.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I'm a naval officer, Hannah. Like your father. He'd do the same thing, and you know it.

She pushes him away.

HANNAH

Don't compare yourself to my father. You couldn't be more different.

RANDY

We took the same oath.

She points to the explosive charge.

HANNAH

Blow a hole in that door and the virus could escape.

RANDY

MI knows the charge is there. She'll seal the inner door.

HANNAH

Randy, everything in the room will be sucked out, including you.

He clips a jack line to his belt, the other end to the wall.

RANDY

I won't go far.

A long beat.

HANNAH

What's the point? Three weeks may not be enough? What if Ellis is right? Maybe I can't beat this bug.

RANDY

You're smarter than Ellis. You'll find a way. And if he's right, then I got nothing to lose. Do I?

HANNAH

We lose our last hours together. What if we're both dead men walking?

He kisses her, passionately. It lasts a while.

RANDY

I feel pretty alive right now for a dead man.

He detaches from her, links the cart to the rover which has a thin pole on top, mounted with an overhead camera.

RANDY (CONT'D)
You can monitor the rovercam. Keep
an eye on me the whole way.

He picks up two hand held radios, offers one to her.

RANDY (CONT'D)
And, if you to have something
private to say, use these. They're
line-of-sight. Just the two of us
will hear it.

He clips a radio to his suit. She takes the other from him.

RANDY (CONT'D)
This is why the book says to keep
it casual, Hannah. Be happy you
did.

He mounts his helmet, hits a button on the wall behind her,
and the inner door opens. She walks out, turns to face him
as the door closes between them.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Hannah watches through the door as Randy detonates the
charge. The room decompresses in an instant, and he is
sucked out through a hole where the outer door once stood.

MI (V.O.)
Airlock breach. Interior airlock
door is now quarantine sealed.

Hannah reacts, scared, can't see Randy for a beat, just the
jack line, floating in the low gravity.

She opens two holoscreens. One displays the rover's overhead
camera which rotates slowly, showing 360 degrees of darkness.

The other shows Randy's face, up close, POV is a camera
mounted inside his helmet.

HANNAH
You okay?

RANDY (FILTERED)
Roger that.

Her eyes go wide. The rover cam shows a TRACTORBOT moving
toward the rover.

HANNAH
Randy! The tractorbot!

INT. ROVER, INTERCUT W/ HELMET CAM; ROVERCAM; HANNAH -- NIGHT

Hannah watches the bot come closer and closer. It raises a huge shovel.

RANDY (FILTERED)

Dammit!

Randy turns the wheel. The rover moves, towing the cart behind. The spool on the cart spins, lays down cable behind.

The tractor bot is on an intersect course.

Upon nearing the rover, the bot slams it'sshovel down just as Randy turns ninety degrees, barely avoiding the giant shovel.

The bot follows Randy.

HANNAH

Get airborne.

RANDY (FILTERED)

I can't. I'm connected to the spool.

The bot gains on him.

RANDY (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

MI, you bitch!

Again, the shovel raises.

Randy turns, hard, at the last second, barely avoids the shovel which slams into the moon's surface, dust rising.

The rover is in a rocky area, Randy must maneuver slowly, dodge big boulders. The bot lowers it'sshovel, using it to plow through, driving rocks from it'sdirect path.

The vehicles are again on a collision course, and Randy can't turn, too many rocks on either side of him.

The bot moves closer and closer, raises it'sshovel again.

HANNAH

MI, you just attacked an officer.
That's a core programming violation.

MI (V.O.)

That is not correct, Dr. Walker.
The purpose of quarantine is life preservation.

(MORE)

MI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I am acting to disable the rover
and prevent Quarantine Breach.

HANNAH
But Officer Moore is inside the
Rover! That shovel could crush
him. Come up with something else.
Activate the laser array.

MI (V.O.)
Insufficient power.

HANNAH
MI, you can't predict which way
Randy will turn. Disabling the
rover with this method might kill
him.

A third holo-screen appears. The words QUARANTINE PROTOCOL
blink several times. Then the screens fills with boolean
algebra, expected value and decision theory calculations.

Randy passes a spot he could have turned, slams on the
brakes, puts the rover in reverse, backs off the path just as
the shovel comes down, barely missing the front end of the
vehicle.

MI (V.O.)
I will modify strategy, Dr. Walker.

More calculations are displayed.

The Bot chases after Randy, gaining on the rover. It raises
it'sshovel again.

Randy is trapped, rocks behind him, the shovel is directly
overhead.

The bot stops, shovel in mid air.

It pivots 180 degrees, and moves away.

It heads back toward the airlock.

HANNAH
What are you doing now?... MI?
MI, what's the new strategy?
Randy!... It's going after the
cable.

RANDY (FILTERED)
Sonofabitch! I'm going to rig
another door charge and set it
right up MI's ass.

Randy turns the rover, drives toward the base.

He stops, gets out. The bot arrives near the line of cable, lifts it'sshovel.

As the shovel comes down, the cable suddenly jumps.

Randy has it in his gloved hands, and sends a wave like motion through it, moving the cable out of harms way.

The bot stops, turns to face Randy, then turns back to the cable.

Randy grabs an oxygen tank from the cart. He takes a moon-sized step toward the bot as it raises the shovel again.

He lands next to the cable, halfway to the airlock, gives the cable another shake out of harms way.

The bot tries to reposition itself, but comes to a grinding halt.

Randy removes his hands from an oxygen tank now positioned inside the treads of it'stractor, immobilizing it.

The bot raises and drops it's shovel, hitting nothing. It can't move.

Randy gets back in the rover and drives off.

The spool spins, laying down cable behind the vehicle.

INT. COMMS STATION -- NIGHT

The door slides open and Drexler enters the small room. Holoscreens cover every inch of wall space. He speaks to a small screen.

DREXLER

MSC, initiate grid realignment to quarantine coordinates.

Drexler's face is scanned.

MSC (V.O.)

Identity confirmed. Re-aligning communication grid.... Link re-established. Encrypted emergency communication protocol. Ready.

DREXLER

New Message. Admiral Billings, Navy Zero.

MSC (V.O.)
Recording.

Drexler sees himself on the holo-screen.

DREXLER
Sir, we have a Quarantine breach.
Commander Moore is rigging a solar
relay outside the crater. He's
putting infrastructure in visible
light. We need boots on the
ground.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Peterson is consumed by the disease. His face covered with
the colorful, dark rash. His skin oozes fluid, his body
frail, emaciated.

Hannah reads data in the screen above him, then moves over to
Winston, resting in a glass case.

HANNAH
Hello, Winston. Hungry?

She gives him some blue liquid which ripples as the room
rocks from an aftershock.

Hannah steadies herself, then picks up the radio. She walks
to a holoscreen showing the view from atop the rovercam
flying low over the crater.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Randy? Can you hear me? I'm
worried about you with all these
aftershocks.

RANDY (FILTERED)
I'm airborne.

HANNAH
For how much longer?

RANDY (FILTERED)
As it happens, I'm about to set her
down.

She watches the ground approach as the Rover lands.

HANNAH
Be careful, Randy. We're still
shaking.

RANDY
Only got about two clicks to go.
Then I can park this car.

The rover moves over ground, heads up a steep hill toward a bright line of sunlight at the ridge above.

RANDY (CONT'D)
So no need to worry about me.

EXT. AITKEN BASIN -- NIGHT -- INTERCUT

Suddenly the moon shakes violently, and a huge crack in the surface forms in front of the rover.

It plummets downward.

EXT. INSIDE THE CHASM -- NIGHT

The rover rests, wedged between the walls of the deep, narrow crevice, facing down, the cart above and behind it, near the surface.

INT. ROVER -- NIGHT

Randy is motionless for a long beat.

Then his arm moves. His eyes open, and he looks around, checks himself for a suit breach.

Satisfied that he's secure, Randy tries to open the rover door. It's blocked by the narrow crevice walls.

He climbs behind the driver's seat, opens a rear hatch, crawls out of the cab, onto the cart.

EXT. AITKEN BASIN -- NIGHT

A gloved hand reaches out of the chasm, and Randy pulls himself out.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
(frantic)
Randy, do you read me? Are you
okay?

He looks down at the radio clipped to his waist, touches the side of his helmet.

RANDY (FILTERED)
Yeah, I read you five by five.

HANNAH
Where you been? The Rovercam went
dark. What's going on?

RANDY (FILTERED)
Just took a little detour.

Randy lies on his stomach, reaches down into the chasm and
pulls a tool box up along with his ropes and pulleys.

RANDY (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
Sorry. Lot of pot holes on this
road.

He takes out a hammer, drives a pin into the lunar surface,
connects a pulley, then runs a line through the pulley, ties
a figure eight knot in the bitter end.

RANDY (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
I'm heading into another one now.
Might lose you for a minute or two.

Holding the line, he jumps into the chasm.

INT. CHASM -- NIGHT

Randy lands on top of the cart, ties his line to it. He's
about to pull himself out when the rover below breaks free
from the side walls.

The rover falls. He holds on.

And keeps falling.

ON THE SURFACE

The stopper knot reaches the pulley and slams to a halt.

INSIDE THE CHASM -- NIGHT

The cart stops falling with a jolt. Randy watches the rover
detach as the joint breaks. It falls away beneath him,
leaving him and the cart dangling from the line secured
above.

He climbs the line, hand over hand.

ON THE SURFACE

Randy reaches the top and climbs out. Hannah's voice is immediately audible.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
... And I think Chris is infected too. I don't see a rash yet, but he's unusually short tempered. And Peterson... I hate to say this but, he'll be dead in a few hours. This thing kills you so damn fast.

Randy hauls on the line, uses his body weight. Slowly, he pulls the cart out of the chasm.

Breathing heavy, he sits down, rests.

RANDY (FILTERED)
Do what you can for them.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
I'm scared, Randy. Really scared.

He checks the gauge on his arm, at zero. He scrambles to his feet, takes a big step toward the cart, pulls off a tank, then reaches behind and swings the tank on his back around in front.

He tries to inhale, gets no air.

He disconnects the tank.

HANNAH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
I can't help either of them. It's so frustrating. To just sit and watch...

He tosses the tank aside, mounts a new tank, has trouble getting the threads to align, can't breathe. Finally he gets it threaded, turns the mounting cap, and the air AUDIBLY releases.

He breathes again, heavily, falls to his knees.

HANNAH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
Randy, even if you do get the lights back on here, I'll still be in the dark.

RANDY (FILTERED)
You'll see a light somewhere, babe. When you do, just follow it.

He unties the figure eight knot, pulls the line out of the pulley, puts it over his shoulder, turns, and hauls the cart up the hill toward the line of light at the rim of the crater.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah looks up at the clock. Twenty eight hours remaining. The door opens. Chris enters, the rash visible on his neck.

HANNAH
Chris.... Hi.

He has a wild look in his eye, a sinister smile. Hannah is leery. She eyes a nearby syringe.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Did you find Ellis' data?

CHRIS
I found something else. Something
I've been looking for.

She moves toward the syringe, but he's a step ahead. As her hand touches the needle, he slams her wrist onto the counter.

Chris pulls her by the arm, turns her to face him, kisses her. She turns her head away.

HANNAH
Chris, no! Stop it. This isn't
you. It's the virus.

CHRIS
Oh, it's me, Hannah. Chris is in
the house! You get to meet a part
of him we both want to know.

He grabs her face, turns her, tries again to kiss her, but she knees him in the groin.

Chris falls to the floor. She grabs the syringe, but he's on his feet quickly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You like it rough? Yeah? Fine by
me.

She stabs with the syringe, but he blocks it, hits her in the face, forces her arm down to the counter where a scalpel rests in a tray of instruments.

He grabs the knife with his free hand, puts it to her throat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Drop it.

She drops the syringe. It bounces off the counter, falls to the floor. He moves the knife from her throat downward, cutting her top off.

HANNAH

Chris. Please. Don't do this.

CHRIS

Why? Should I be ashamed of my desires, Doctor? Ashamed of my deepest impulses?

HANNAH

The virus is doing this to you.

He cuts the fastener on her waistline.

CHRIS

Bullshit. You think I've never felt this urge? I just buried it. Along with the shame. Not anymore. I've never been with a woman, Hannah. I'm your little virgin boy. Does that turn you on? Time for Chris's first taste of pussy.

He throws her to the floor, face down, pulls her pants off.

As Chris lowers his own pants, Hannah reaches for the Syringe.

It's close. She stretches.

Finally, she gets it in her hand, turns herself over and swings.

The needle penetrates his neck. Her other hand clutches his wrist, right at her throat, both of them pushing on the scalpel.

Chris slowly loses consciousness.

The scalpel falls.

EXT. RIM OF AITKEN BASIN -- NIGHT

Randy mounts the last solar panel into an array, tilts it to align with the others, all pointing toward a black sky.

He shivers from cold, looks over at two used oxygen tanks discarded nearby, then checks his gauge.

At the cart, Randy reaches down, removes two batteries from the back side of his boots at the ankle, clips two new ones into place, tosses the spent ones over by the discarded tanks.

He sits, leans against the cart, checks his watch. He sets an alarm, then closes his eyes.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah types search commands into a screen. Gets no results.

Linda enters, watches as the latest in a series of NO DATA FOUND messages appears.

LINDA
Still no luck?

Hannah turns to her, a dark, puffy black eye visible.

LINDA (CONT'D)
You're infected!

HANNAH
No. It's not the rash. I went
three rounds with Chris.

They both eye Chris, then each other.

LINDA
Are you okay?

Hannah nods, points to his blood labs on a screen above his pod.

HANNAH
Look at his H-T-Five. The virus
brings on a psychotic state.
Peterson's labs are identical.
Alpha receptors impaired. It's
classic.

LINDA
So give him Clozapine.

HANNAH

What's the point? He's going to die in that box, Linda. He's not coming out.

Linda points to the series of NO DATA FOUND messages on the log screen.

LINDA

But we need answers. We have to wake him up. He'll want to help us.

HANNAH

That's not what he wants, trust me.

They both look at data in the screen above his pod.

LINDA

The Clozapine will normalize his brain chemistry. Then he's back on the team.

Linda finds a box of Clozapine ampoules on a shelf, opens it and pulls one out, offers it to Hannah.

LINDA (CONT'D)

When it's my turn, Hannah. Give it to me. Don't waste my last hours in a frozen coma. I want to die lucid, fighting it. Don't you?

HANNAH

Lower temperatures and gravity slow the T-cell duplication. I'm trying to keep Chris alive until I find a way to help him.

LINDA

But we need him to help us. All of us, including himself.

Hannah thinks about it. She takes the ampoule from Linda, puts it into the machine.

HANNAH

MI, raise officer Nelson's body temperature.

They both wait for his eyes to open, Hannah leans over him.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Chris, it's me, Hannah.

Linda moves closer.

LINDA

Chris, we're still looking for the data from Ellis' logs. Can you help us?

He shakes his head violently. Speaks though the pain.

CHRIS (FILTERED)

There's no data. Just pointers. It's gone. The whole system was re-imaged. It's part of the quarantine protocol.

Chris writhes in pain. It's hard for him to speak.

CHRIS (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

Make it stop, please.

Hannah ticks down to PAIN LEVEL 3. Chris reaches his hand up, touches the glass containing him. After a beat his face shows great relief.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hannah.... I'm sorry. What I tried to do --

She puts her hand to the glass next to his.

HANNAH

It's not your fault.

CHRIS

I knew it was wrong. I knew.

HANNAH

We all have a dark side, Chris. You're human.

CHRIS

Help me. Please.

HANNAH

I'm trying. You can help me.

CHRIS

How?

HANNAH

Our comms are locked down, but I can record log entries. I want to encrypt them. How do I do it?

CHRIS
(realizes)
You want the entangled log entry to
be a message?

HANNAH
Yes. Will it work? Can I pick the
back up server?

CHRIS
Yeah, yeah, you can. But it's not
a public key system. Whoever's on
the other end has to know your key.
Otherwise they can't open the file,
can't even delete it.

HANNAH
Good. My father will know the key.
MI, open Medical Officer's log.
Mirror the widow on the pod wall.
Give Officer Nelson full edit
rights.

On the glass, above Chris's face, a holoscreen appears that
mirrors Hannah's. Chris reaches up, touches the screen,
inputs commands. Hannah watches in her own screen.

CHRIS
Okay. Name the server. There's a
drop down list.

Hannah scrolls through a list of Naval bases until THIRTY
SECOND STREET NAVAL STATION, SAN DIEGO is highlighted.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Now input a key.

Hannah types and a string of *'s appear.

LINDA
Hannah, even if your Father reads
that today, he's three days away.
What do we do in the mean time?

HANNAH
Run Ellis' labs. Then think like
him.

She pushes the box of Clozapine away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Becoming psychotic might just help.

INT. INNER LAB -- NIGHT

Hannah and Linda stand in front of the sequencing machine. ON a screen is an image of the mutant virus, underneath, it's color-coded, non-palindromic DNA pair.

HANNAH

So we load all twelve retrovirus hosts, run Ellis's CAS-9 edit, and one of them will look like our killer. It has to. Right?

Hannah points to the image. Linda points to the machine's electrical plug. It's big, attached to a thick cable.

LINDA

I guess, but... do we have power for that?

Hannah reacts. Didn't realize.

HANNAH

I didn't think about that. MI, how many sequence edits can we do with existing power resources?

MI (V.O.)

There is sufficient DC power to design, print and error correct four guide sequences and associated CAS-Nine edits. Three percent power will remain.

Hannah deflates. She drops her head into her hands.

HANNAH

Damn it. I can't beat this thing. I just don't have the resources.

Linda comes closer, pulls Hannah's hands from her face.

LINDA

Hannah, there's no one I'd rather have fighting this bug than you. We have a shot. Let's take it.

HANNAH

A one in three shot. Not great odds.

LINDA

So maybe we'll get lucky.

HANNAH

What good is luck with three minutes left to live?

LINDA

We'll suit up. Buy some extra time.

HANNAH

And do what with it?

LINDA

Once you know what we're dealing with, the solution could come easy.

HANNAH

Ellis was too smart for that.

Hannah pulls the hand held radio from her lab coat pocket.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Linda, isn't there something you'd rather do with your final hours? Record messages? For someone special?

Linda thinks for a long beat.

LINDA

Do you remember our first session? You talked about Padres games with your dad. You became a big fan. A real student of the game.

HANNAH

And?

LINDA

One in three is good batting average. Let's strike out swinging.

Hannah nods.

HANNAH

Okay.

She picks four screens each showing a virus. With her finger, she drags the image of the virus onto a machine icon in the corner of each screen.

Next, she checks settings on the big machine.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
This is odd.

Linda comes over, looks.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
These gravity gradients, they're my
settings. My calcs. But Ellis was
the last user here.

LINDA
So he didn't re-set them. He
wasn't perfect.

HANNAH
That's sloppy. Not like him.

Hannah is suspicious, but she continues her task, touches a
button on a screen that reads: NEW EDIT SEQUENCE.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Okay. Here we go.

Both of them stare at the four screens, waiting.

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT

Hannah and Linda watch calculations scroll. Each wears a
full outdoor suit. Helmets in hand.

MI (V.O.)
Warning. DC Power level is seven
percent. Critical system failure
in fourteen minutes.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Oh, shut-up, MI. We all know what
time it is.

One by one the results appear. Each of four screens shows a
DNA sequence, strands in pairs with HIGHLIGHTED palindromes.

Hannah moves closer. Each screen shows a virus that looks
nothing like the one she's hunting.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
We just struck out.

All the LIGHTS GO DARK.

Hannah and Linda react. They join hands, move against a
wall, slide down and sit.

Tiny LEDs in their shoulders provide low LIGHT. The measured oxygen doled out by the tanks is AUDIBLE.

HANNAH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
I knew the risks coming up here.
We all did. But I sure didn't
picture going out like this.

LINDA (FILTERED)
Saw yourself holding Randy's hand?

HANNAH (FILTERED)
No offense.

LINDA (FILTERED)
You'll see him again.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
I wish I could believe that.

LINDA (FILTERED)
It's okay to believe in something
you can't measure, Hannah. It's
part of being human.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Yeah? So is living on the planet
Earth. We don't belong out here.

LINDA (FILTERED)
Sure we do. We were born to
explore.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Then we should live up to our own
dogma. What was it they say after
landing here? We came in peace,
for all mankind. Horseshit.

EXT. RIM OF AITKEN BASIN -- DAY

The sun peeks above the lunar horizon and rises.

Light reflects on the solar grid, glaring. The ALARM on
Randy's watch SOUNDS.

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT

Hannah and Linda are now shoulder to shoulder, each has an
arm around the other, helmets touching.

The LIGHTS come up.

MI (V.O.)
Solar power restored. Initiating
start-up sequence.

They react. Happy. Excited.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Hannah and Linda come into the hallway. They watch as the
images of Earth LIGHT UP the walls. Instrument panels LIGHT-
UP.

LINDA (FILTERED)
Randy got us back on a grid!

Hannah pulls her helmet off. Linda does the same, as they
walk briskly toward sick bay.

HANNAH
Now he just has to navigate the
crater for a week without power.

LINDA
He will.

They stop at the sick bay door.

HANNAH
He damn well better.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah and Linda enter, remove their suits as they move.

The screens above Peterson populate with WARNING MESSAGES:
LIVER FUNCTION CRITICAL. LUNG FUNCTION CRITICAL. His rash
is everywhere, oozing, puffy, purple and black. His body
emaciated, eyes sunken, puffy.

LINDA
Peterson doesn't have much longer.

Hannah examines Chris whose vitals are strong, body solid,
the rash in an early stage.

HANNAH
Chris is fighting it better. Why?

Hannah notices Winston, picks him up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Winston, you've certainly got nine
lives. What's your secret?

LINDA
The mouse must have cat D-N-A.

HANNAH
Now that we have the resources, I
can check on that.

Hannah sits down, starts typing.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I'm sending over the edit sequences
for the other eight viruses. Go
load them, please.

Linda nods, heads out. Hannah stares at Winston.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Cat D-N-A? I wouldn't put that past
Ellis.

EXT. RIM OF AITKEN BASIN -- NIGHT

Randy is propped up against the cart facing the rising sun.
Sweat drips from his eyebrows.

RANDY (FILTERED)
Hannah. You copy?

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT -- INTERCUT WITH RANDY

RANDY (FILTERED)
Hannah? Are the lights back on?

She grabs the radio, excited.

HANNAH
They are! You did it, Randy. And
I'm running Ellis's edit on every
retrovirus in the lab, duplicating
his work.

RANDY (FILTERED)
Hope you don't find that too
distasteful.

HANNAH
No worse than what I've already
been through.

RANDY (FILTERED)
I'm sorry, Hannah. Sorry for what
I made you do.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
You did your duty. You're a fine
officer, Randy. And a good man.
How's the drive back? Staying
warm?

Randy stares at the Earth low on the horizon.

RANDY (FILTERED)
You know, once you get out of the
dark, the moon is a beautiful
place. You see so much. You see
everything so clear. I'm staring
at Colorado right now.

HANNAH
We'll be there soon. Together.

RANDY (FILTERED)
You go there, Hannah, and look back
up here, right at me. Talk to me.
Don't stop talking to me. Not
ever, Babe.

She's now very concerned.

HANNAH
Randy... are you okay? What are
you saying?

RANDY (FILTERED)
I love you, Hannah.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Randy, what's going on out there?

RANDY (FILTERED)
Let's just say this was an uphill
climb.

He looks at a gauge in the arm of his suit, the needle at
zero. He takes a deep breath, gets nothing, starts to choke.

RANDY (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
All that stuff you wanted to say to
me. Now's the time.

She reacts to his words, scared, looks to Linda who puts a
hand on her shoulder, then leaves the room.

HANNAH

Okay, sweetheart. What I want to say most is that... I'm sorry. Sorry that I waited. It comes so easy for you, the vulnerability. No one ever taught me that. So I used this crazy place as an excuse to keep things casual.

His head falls, the radio drops from his hand.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

But... I love you. I do. I need you to know that. Tell me you heard that. Randy?... Randy? No!

He's motionless. She's heartbroken.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIM OF AITKEN BASIN -- NIGHT

Randy's dead eyes are wide open. Lunar dust rises in a twinkling cloud around his body as a vehicle lands, lights shinning, but hard to see in the storm of dust.

Boots hit the surface. Suited FIGURES circle Randy. A gloved hand touches him, and his body falls over, motionless.

The suited men lift Randy, carry him it to their rover which becomes VISIBLE, clearly marked by a North Korean flag.

The gloved hand picks up Randy's radio.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah has eight sequence screens open. Each is labeled with a virus: LENTIVIRUS, SPUMAVIRUS, HTLV, etc, and each shows a growth sequence, time coded. Linda observes Hannah.

LINDA

We have a couple hours downtime. You should get some sleep.

HANNAH

These cultures are big enough now for haplogroup studies.

LINDA

Which also take time. Start the studies, then take a break, Hannah.

HANNAH
I'm not tired.

Hannah stares at the screens, doesn't give Linda any eye contact.

LINDA
Hannah, we don't know what happened out there. Not for sure. There's still hope. C'mon. Get some rest.

Hannah begins working the screens.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Doctor, when it comes to your health care, I'm in charge. You can't say no to me.
(angry)
You're not the only fucking medical professional posted here!

Hannah reacts to Linda's aggression. She moves closer, notices a rash on Linda's neck, shines a light.

HANNAH
How long?

LINDA
(frightened)
An hour.

Hannah picks up a syringe. Linda backs away from her.

HANNAH
Do I have to run a panel? Show you your dopamine levels? The activity at your alpha-receptors?

Hannah holds the syringe out to her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You wanted the Clozapine, remember?

LINDA
Stay away from me.

HANNAH
Think, Linda. Process. We're both fighting the same enemy. We're a team, right? You can trust me.

Hannah takes a step closer, and Linda backs away, scared.

Hannah puts the syringe on top of Peterson's pod.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Okay, you do it. Pick it up.
Inject yourself. Linda, if you
don't get this into your system,
then you're no good to any of us.

Linda hyperventilates. Her eyes dart to and fro, then she moves toward the syringe, picks it up, stares at it.

She moves toward Hannah who steps back, frightened. Linda looks at Peterson, near death. She takes a deep breath, holds out the needle.

LINDA

You do it.

Hannah moves cautiously toward her, very leery. Slowly, she reaches for the syringe, and takes it, injects Linda with it.

Linda's legs go weak. Hannah catches her, helps her sit down. Eventually, Linda gets her bearings. They share a smile, but it's cut short when Peterson flatlines.

Both their heads turn, then drop in sorrow.

Hannah walks over, signs a death certificate, pushes his body into the wall.

Linda moves to a mirror, stares at the rash on her neck.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I guess I'm next.

HANNAH

Randy gave us another at-bat,
Linda. We're not done swinging
yet.

INT. ADMIRAL'S READY ROOM -- NIGHT

Billings, at his desk, stares at Drexler standing in front of him on large holoscreen.

DREXLER (FILTERED)

You explain this cluster-fuck to
the D-S-I. Tell him the truth.

Drexler points his finger right at Billings.

DREXLER (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

You brought her up here. You and
Ellis. She's the reason Moore got
out.

(MORE)

DREXLER (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

She's the reason the goddamn virus is loose. You better hope it doesn't reach the Colony. There's a hundred billion invested up there. And those companies are Langley.

Drexler's image fades. Billings stares out a window at the moon. Shakes his head. Then he heads briskly out the door.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- NIGHT

Harding stands at a dais. Four SEALs sit, focused on a large holoscreen behind her mapping the lab and the Basin.

HARDING

We employ bio-weapons protocol at all times. Standard lunar weapons. Rocket powered, stealth rover. The transport ship carries a Nuclear payload.

She points to the rim of the basin.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Insertion is at the rim of the basin. Nearby is a newly constructed solar array that we disassemble and haul. Not one nut or bolt left behind.

A schematic appears of the DARPA lab and surrounding infrastructure.

HARDING (CONT'D)

The base has standard air defense systems. We will not trigger them. We fly low. Cover the last ten clicks over ground.

Billings enters, quietly, as Harding points to several towers forming a laser array surrounding the DARPA lab.

HARDING (CONT'D)

The building's laser array is redundant. We take out the towers with shoulder fired two-forty-two's.

She crosses out towers, one by one. Each time she deletes a tower, the laser array shifts, is redrawn, still complete. When only one tower remains, the lasers disappear.

HARDING (CONT'D)
In the building, we verify six
dead, then we bug out, deploy the
nuke.

SEAL 2
We leave the bodies?

SEAL 3
Isn't the drill is quarantine and
carry? Pods are on-site.

SEAL 4
Those are Marines!

HARDING
We leave them.

SEAL 1
What if they're alive?

BILLINGS (O.S.)
They're not!

The SEALs all turn. When they see Billings, all of them
stand bolt upright, at attention, salute.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)
Any living thing in that building
is the most dangerous enemy you've
ever faced. Understood?

ALL SEALS
(in unison)
Sir, yessir.

BILLINGS
As you were.

The SEALs sit. Billings continues to watch the briefing.

HARDING
Flight time is ten hours. It's two
hours on deck for suit-up and
testing. Puts us on the surface in
twelve. We're back here under
twenty-four. Questions?

No hands are raised.

HARDING (CONT'D)
It's one sixth gravity. Get in
that zone as of now. Suit up.

She glares at Billings, angry, says nothing.

EXT. MOON, DEADALUS BASIN -- NIGHT

SUPER: DEADALUS BASIN

A low slung building sits at the bottom of the deep basin. Burned into a dull metal wall is a North Korean flag.

Near the building is a large drill rig with a huge auger next to a free standing, concrete elevator, a mine shaft entrance.

The rover approaches. Rockets fire, and it makes a soft, vertical landing. Then it moves over ground toward an airlock door that rolls up as it approaches.

The rover enters the building.

INT. NORTH KOREAN HALLWAY -- NIGHT

COMMODORE ADMIRAL GYEONG (50's), gray, small build, walks down a narrow corridor. The walls have no skin, structural members exposed, wiring bundles visible.

INT. NORTH KOREAN SICK BAY -- NIGHT

The room is sparse, minimal. Randy's pod rests atop a concrete slab. Screens above him show flatlined vital signs.

LIEUTENANT CHUL (40's), buff, and ENSIGN HOON (30's), each wear military uniforms. DR. HYEON (40's), in a white lab coat, observes a screen as Randy is scanned.

The door opens, Gyeong enters, also in uniform. They speak KOREAN, SUBTITLED:

GYEONG

Report.

DR. HYEON

He is dead three to five hours.
Body temperature at time of death
was low enough for resuscitation.

CHUL

Why bring the enemy back to life?

HOON

Our mission was to gather
intelligence. Interrogation may
give us vital information.

CHUL
Or endanger us.

GYEONG
Dr. Hyeon, is this man a threat?

DR. HYEON
The patient is quarantined.

CHUL
(angry)
He's not a patient!

GYEONG
Mr. Chul, control your emotions.

CHUL
Yes, Commander.

Chul bows his head, then looks up, glares at his Commander who speaks to Dr. Hyeon.

GYEONG
How did he die?

DR. HYEON
Hypothermia.

Dr. Hyeon points to Randy's rash.

DR. HYEON (CONT'D)
But this rash is unusual.
Appears to be auto-immune. To know
more will require an autopsy.

Gyeong picks up the hand held radio, sealed in a plastic bag.

GYEONG
The radio is functional?

HOON
Yes, Commodore Admiral. It is a
line-of-sight device.

GYEONG
Monitor the frequency. Point our
antennas toward Aitken Basin.

HOON
Yes, Commodore Admiral.

Hoon works a control panel. STATIC comes from a screen showing a flat audio signal.

GYEONG

He was in communication with his comrades. Why did they leave him? Why build an array outside the basin and expose their existence?

HOON

Only he can tell us.

HANNAH (FILTERED)

Randy?

Hannah's voice is graphed on the screen. It commands everyone's attention. They stare at her voice print.

HANNAH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

You wanted us to talk. I sure need to talk right now.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT -- INTERCUT /W NORTH KOREAN SICK BAY

Hannah has Randy's medical record on a screen, a picture of him in dress uniform.

HANNAH

You know my father still visits my Mom's grave. He talks to her for hours. I never understood why. Until now. I just want to stay connected.

She moves over to Chris who is now consumed by the disease, the rash eating away at his oozing flesh.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I have to find a way to stop this thing, Randy. No one should have this weapon. It kills too efficiently.

Both Chul and Gyeong react.

HANNAH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

Randy, if you're in a better place, if all that's true, then I'll be there with you, someday. I guess I'm making you wait again, huh?

She moves to a mirror, touches a small rash on her neck.

HANNAH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

You may not have to wait too long.

Hannah puts down the radio, picks up a syringe. She loads an ampule, then injects herself. Her body relaxes, the syringe falls from her hand.

Hoon, Chul and Dr. Hyeon look to Gyeong for instructions.

GYEONG

Revive him.

DR. HYEON

Yes, Commodore Admiral.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah is slumped over the counter, asleep. A holoscreen emits a BEEP, and she awakens, reads the message on screen: HAPLOGROUP STUDY COMPLETE.

She touches the image and DNA sequences appear, color coded along with the words: ANOMALY REPORT. She taps the report, and it opens. She reads, taps on the word CORRELATION.

A list of correlated variables appears, lexically ordered. At the top of the list is: O-M-176 CORRELATION = 99%.

HANNAH

MI, what is O-M-One-Seven-Six?

MI (V.O.)

O-M-One-Seven-Six is a human Y chromosome originating on the Korean Peninsula.

HANNAH

Don't tell me...

She touches SELECT CORRELATING VARIABLES. She taps on HLA VARIATION. She's hesitant, moves slowly, then touches MITOCHONDRIAL DNA.

The screen reads: KOREAN.

Hannah is furious. She moves to another screen showing Ellis' medical record, touches his name and Ellis' face appears: Dark, shiny eyes stare back at her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You Nazi bastard!

INT. NORTH KOREAN SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Randy writhes in agony inside the pod. Chul stands over him.
Conversation in ENGLISH.

CHUL

What is the purpose of the American
base at Aitken Basin?

Randy struggles to respond, speaks through the pain.

RANDY

Moore, Randolph, Commander. United
States Navy. Identification
number. Zero, five, six, seven,
one, one, eight, three, two.

Dr. Hyeon looks at an ampule in his hand, uncomfortable.
Randy screams in pain.

CHUL

Is your base a weapons facility?

RANDY

Moore, Randolph, Commander. United
States Navy. Identification
number. Zero, five, six, seven,
one, one, eight, three, two.

Gyeong moves closer. Chul looks up at him. Their
conversation SUBTITLED.

CHUL

(Korean)

We need a more persuasive method.

GYEONG

(Korean)

We gave medical treatment to a
foreign soldier in international
space. His own disease causes him
pain. We have not engaged in
misconduct of any kind.

CHUL

(Korean)

Are he and his comrades guilty of
misconduct? Are we under threat?
We have every right to aggressive
interrogation.

GYEONG

(Korean)

Step aside.

Gyeong stares down at Randy, extends his hand toward Dr. Hyeon. Surprised, Dr. Hyeon hands him the ampule which Gyeong places into a drug dispenser.

Randy breathes heavily for a while, then calms down.

GYEONG (CONT'D)
Officer Moore. I gave you pain medication. Quite a relief, I see. I am relieved as well. It is not my intention to make you suffer.

Randy relaxes, smiles.

GYEONG (CONT'D)
I want to help you. What sickness is causing your pain? Are you infected with a virus created at your base?

RANDY
(stoned)
Can't talk... about that.

GYEONG
You must answer our questions. We deserve to know if your government has put us at risk. Are we at risk, Commander Moore?

RANDY
(Stoned)
Moore, Randolph, Commander. U.S. Navy. Zero, five, six, seven, one, one, eight, three, two.

GYEONG
Very well, Commander. If you do not help me, I cannot help you.

He pulls the drugs out. Dr. Hyeon reacts, unhappy at the treatment of his patient. He looks at Chul who stares with hatred at Randy, fists clenched.

Dr. Hyeon notices something, moves close to Chul, shines a light on a rash growing on Chul's neck.

Chul goes to the mirror, rips his uniform at the neck, sees the rash all over. He turns and exposes it to the others. It grows before their eyes, spreading.

GYEONG (CONT'D)
(Korean)
Seal all section doors!
(MORE)

GYEONG (CONT'D)

Full quarantine! All personnel
shelter in place.

An ALARM sounds. RED LIGHTS FLASH. Chul's rash continues to grow. Everyone reacts with shock and fear.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah stares at Chris who is near death, completely consumed by the disease.

HANNAH

MI, I want to message my father.

MI (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Hannah. Communications
are quarantined.

HANNAH

Override the protocol.

MI (V.O.)

Inadequate security clearance.

HANNAH

My father has adequate clearance.
Contact him. Ask him to order an
override in order to receive a
message.

The door opens and Drexler walks in.

DREXLER

Belay that order! I'm in command
now, Doctor. I decide what
messages to send.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- NIGHT

The SEALs don thick silver suits. Gloves are connected via threaded rings. Nearby, an armored, stealth rover lifts a few feet off the ground, rockets firing at the floor.

It lands gently, then rolls aboard the ship which rests above a pit where WORKERS mount a missile bearing a U.S. FLAG and radiation symbols.

Billings approaches Harding, both wear full suits, helmets in hand.

BILLINGS

The Warhead is target-locked.
Impact detonation. Standard arming
process.

Billings hands her a sealed envelope.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

Verification code. Let's fly.

They follow the other SEALs onto the ship.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Drexler stands by the door. Hannah sits next to Chris.

HANNAH

So, we just wait here, to die?

DREXLER

Yes.

She examines herself in a mirror. The rash has progressed slightly. She looks at Drexler's neck.

HANNAH

You don't have any symptoms, Mr.
Drexler. Why?

DREXLER

You tell me.

HANNAH

Did Ellis inoculate you?

DREXLER

He took my blood. That's all. I
ran it through the machine. You
saw me do it.

HANNAH

MI, display Mr. Drexler's medical
record.

On a new screen, the records appear. She studies them, then she moves closer, right in his face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The virus kills Koreans. By
design.

DREXLER

I'd say the virus is confused.

Drexler stands, moves over to Chris.

DREXLER (CONT'D)
Chris is French, and a little
Irish.

HANNAH
And Peterson's mostly German.

She points to the rash on her neck, gets back in his face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Me, I'm Russian and Polish. Ellis
didn't perfect this thing. And I'm
not sure he even can. But he found
a specific set of Korean Y markers.
And they're distinct, despite what
you may think.

DREXLER
You mean, even if they all look
alike to me?

HANNAH
I'm not calling you a racist. I'm
trying to explain something very
complicated. Korean DNA is just as
different from Japanese as it is
from Scandinavian. Ellis is
targeting it.

DREXLER
Then someone at Langley has already
taken over his work. They have
gravity labs and fancy computers
too. They'll get it right.

HANNAH
Right? And what happens when they
do, Mr. Drexler? Who's next?
Blacks? Jews? Gays?

He's amused by her attempt to personalize it. Smiles.

DREXLER
Peace comes from strength, Dr.
Walker. We have a constant need
for new, more powerful weapons.
The goal is to intimidate, not
deploy.

HANNAH
This weapon deployed itself. It's
alive!

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And killing indiscriminately. How many people have to die before we stop it?

DREXLER

North Korea violated the Nuclear Accord the day after signing it. Their Teapo missiles can kill hundreds of millions of Americans in a matter of minutes. How do we stop that?

HANNAH

Not with genocide! How can you be a part of this?

DREXLER

What I think, and what I do no longer matter.

(beat)

They're coming, Dr. Walker. The Navy is en-route. And when they leave this basin, nothing will live here for decades, including this virus. So, you see, neither one of us has to endure our guilt much longer.

EXT. SPACE -- NIGHT

A military spacecraft, built for speed, drifts away from Navy Zero. Then it pivots, fires rockets and zooms away.

INT. SPACE CRAFT -- NIGHT

SEAL 5 pilots the craft. Billings sits next to him. They see the moon in a big star field through a large window.

Harding and the other SEALs sit on jump seats. They all wear full suits, helmets off. An airlock surrounds the door.

Filtered synthetic VOICES state estimated landing time and coordinates, fuel levels, fail-safe extraction time.

A screen counts down: INSERTION: 09:55:45.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Linda rests in a pod. Hannah observes Drexler who stares down at Chris, fights to control his emotions.

HANNAH

He doesn't have much longer.

Drexler keeps his back to her. Hannah finds a box of drugs on the shelf, puts an ampule into Chris's drip.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

MI, revive Officer Nelson. Normal temperature and gravity.

(to Drexler)

I woke him before because I needed his help. This time, I'm bringing him back so you can say good-bye.

Chris awakens, and Hannah leaves the room.

Drexler sticks his hands into the pod's gloves, takes Chris's hand in his.

DREXLER

It's me.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Hannah leans against the wall, slumps slowly to a seated position, puts her head in her hands, cries.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Hannah awakens, laying on the floor. She checks the clock, rubs her eyes and stands, knocks gently on the door.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

The door opens and Hannah enters. Drexler stands over Chris's dark pod, head down. The screen above shows a death certificate.

Hannah bows her head. A silent moment. Finally she look up at Drexler.

HANNAH

Is this what you signed up to defend, officer Drexler?

He can't look at her, keeps his head down.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
This isn't who we are. We fight
wars to stop genocide. Let Chris'
death mean something. Help me.

Drexler finally looks up, eyes wet. He points to his own
medical history on the screen.

DREXLER
It's fake. My name is Paul
Kilgare. I'm a senior
intelligence officer in S.I.A.

Hannah is stunned.

DREXLER (CONT'D)
MSC, log in. Kilgare, Paul.

Drexler leans toward a screen, gets his face scanned.

MSC (V.O.)
Identity confirmed.

DREXLER
Display my medical record.

His record comes up: KILGARE, PAUL. SPACE INTELLIGENCE
AGENCY, CLANDESTINE SERVICE. Hannah scrolls through the
detailed history that follows.

DREXLER (CONT'D)
Does that help you?

HANNAH
I don't see anything out of the
ordinary. How are you different?

A light bulb goes off for Hannah. She turns immediately to
Winston, stares.

She picks him up, grabs a syringe, draws the mouse's blood,
puts the vial into a machine.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
MI, compare Officer Kilgare's
genome with Winston's.

A beat, then the screen shows two genomes, and a section of
chromosome three flashes on each screen.

MI (V.O.)
Common anomaly. Chromosome three.

HANNAH
Show detail, chromosome three.

MI (V.O.)
Anomaly. C-C-R-Five.

The highlighted portions are zoomed, still blinking. Hannah realizes something, faces Drexler.

HANNAH
You're both delta thirty-two.

DREXLER
And we both have the anti-bodies.

HANNAH
Ellis injected you?

DREXLER
No. He infected all the mice. I came in contact by sexual transmission.

HANNAH
But, there hasn't been a case of AIDS on Earth in over thirty years.

DREXLER
There was a small outbreak shortly after the vaccine came to market. The government kept it quiet.

Hannah touches a screen, and the twelve viruses appear. She hits HIV, and it zooms. She opens another screen, displays Ellis's mutant virus, side by side. It's similar to HIV, but bigger, out of round, fuzzier, taller mushroom-like growths.

HANNAH
Why HIV? Why would Ellis pick a virus that can incubate for years before symptoms manifest?

Drexler points to Chris.

DREXLER
Given the dead bodies accumulating in our walls, I'd say Ellis solved that part of the puzzle.

HANNAH
But why start with a problem to solve? HIV must give him a leg up somewhere else.

She realizes something, looks at the logo on her uniform.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The vaccine! Inocugen's in on it!

Hannah is boiling mad. Grits her teeth.

DREXLER

How can you know that?

HANNAH

I told you what's he's doing is problematic. Mitochondrial DNA isn't pure. The Koreans were invaded by at least three other races.

DREXLER

And?

HANNAH

He needs a vaccine! Our troops get it before he sprays his plague over the battlefield.

She thinks for a beat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

MI. Show recent purchase orders for Inocugen's AIDS vaccine.

On a screen, a list of purchase orders by date, amount. She scrolls down, highlights a billion dollar price tag.

The document fills the screen. Purchaser is the US NAVY.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The AIDS vaccine made us a one drug wonder company. And our market cap has been in the toilet since it went generic. But now, thanks to Ellis and your bosses at S-I-A, Inocugen modifies a decades old drug, get a new patent and a fat military contract. They just have to fudge the paperwork on the protein sequence.

She moves back to Drexler's real medical record.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You can bet S.I.A. knows your dirty little secret, Paul.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

They cherry picked you, the same as me, the same way they chose the fruit trees in the biosphere.

DREXLER

I don't understand.

HANNAH

You're a renewable source of immune blood. That's why Ellis archived so much of it. And I handed the sonofabitch my gravity studies. He made me part of this.

She's furious.

DREXLER

Does any of this help you? Is the vaccine a cure?

HANNAH

No. But if I can get my hands on the protein sequence, it's easy to derive. And something tells me our systems did the number crunching.

She takes another minute to process.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How much of your blood is in that locker?

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT

Hannah scrolls through a drop down menu on the centrifuge. The machine has an INOCUGEN LOGO.

DREXLER

What does this thing do?

HANNAH

It's set to concentrate T-cell density. And it makes you a universal donor. Get me another bag.

Drexler opens a refrigerated drawer filled with bags of blood. He hands her one and she places it into a small machine. Multi colored light bombards the bag.

An ALARM SOUNDS.

MI (V.O.)
 Perimeter alert! Activating laser
 array. Threat level, yellow.

On a holoscreen, Drexler watches the Korean Rover approach.

DREXLER
 Lock down the sick bay, then meet
 me in the conference room.

EXT. DARPA LAB -- NIGHT

The Korean rover stops in front of a grid of laser LIGHT in a crisscross pattern, a box around the facility.

Chul, Gyeong and Dr. Hyeon exit in full suits. Through the glass on his helmet, Chul's rash is visible, everywhere.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Drexler rushes in. Several screens show different angles on the North Koreans. Chul's sidearm is visible on his belt.

Drexler opens a closet, pulls out weapons and gear.

EXT. DARPA LAB -- NIGHT

Chul goes down to one knee. He struggles, can't get up. Gyeong takes the radio from him, hands it to Dr. Hyeon.

DR. HYEON (FILTERED)
 American base--

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah stares at the radio in her hand, not sure what to do.

DR. HYEON (FILTERED)
 We are North Korean scientists. We
 require medical assistance.
 (beat)
 Commander Moore is with us. He
 also needs treatment.

Hannah reacts, excited.

HANNAH
 Randy!

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Hannah runs down the hallway speaking into the radio.

HANNAH

Randy! Oh my God, Randy. We can
help you! We can help all of you!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Hannah bursts through the door.

HANNAH

They have Randy!

Drexler decked out for warfare. She reacts, upset.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

They're not a threat! They're all
infected.

He points at the screen. Chul is on both knees, the sidearm visible. Drexler moves closer, points to the gun.

DREXLER

They're armed.

HANNAH

They have Randy!

She holds out the hand held radio.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Talk to them.

Drexler takes the radio. Speaks into it.

DREXLER

Identify yourselves.

DR. HYEON (FILTERED)

I am Dr. Hyeon. We are scientists
from the Democratic People's
Republic of Korea.

DREXLER

Where is your base located?

Dr. Hyeon looks to Chul then to Gyeong, who shakes his head.

DR. HYEON (FILTERED)

I am forbidden to reveal this
information.

DREXLER

Do you want our help or not?

Chul stares up at Dr. Hyeon, menacingly.

DR. HYEON (FILTERED)

Our base is in the Deadalus Crater.

Chul is furious. He struggles to his feet.

Drexler is also angry.

DREXLER

Deadalus crater is the epicenter of
the quake. They caused it!
They're testing nuclear weapons
here, violating the treaty.

HANNAH

So are we!

DREXLER

This is all their fault.

HANNAH

Does that even matter? We're way
beyond finger pointing, Paul.
(exasperated)
They have Randy!

He speaks into the radio.

DREXLER

Where is Commander Moore?

Dr. Hyeon points to the Rover.

DREXLER (CONT'D)

Take him out of the vehicle.

EXT. DARPA LAB -- NIGHT -- INTERCUT WITH CONFERENCE ROOM

Drexler and Hannah watch Dr. Hyeon pull Randy out of the
Rover, lay him down on the surface.

Chul struggles to his feet, in agony. He pushes Dr. Hyeon to
the ground, takes the radio, grimacing in pain.

CHUL (FILTERED)

Dr. Walker, we heard every word
spoken into your radio.

She realizes.

HANNAH

They know. They know we created
the virus as a weapon. More finger
pointing, Paul. Now, let them in.

Drexler speaks into the radio.

DREXLER

Drop your weapons, and we will
assist you.

Chul gets out his gun. He limps slowly over to Randy, points
the gun at him.

CHUL (FILTERED)

We did not initiate the violence.
You attacked us! And we have every
right to defend ourselves. We are
not afraid to die.

Hannah grabs the radio.

HANNAH

This is Dr. Hannah Walker. I can
help you. I want to help you.
Please, listen to me. The virus
affects your decision making.
Please! Put the gun down, and we
will let you in.

Hoon moves between the gun and Randy. Chul dives at him.
The gun discharges, visibly, but no SOUND.

Firing in low gravity creates a recoil that drives Chul
backward.

The bullet hits the moon surface next to Randy, misses.

Hannah Reacts.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh, my God.

Hoon and Chul fight. Each punch and kick launches the
opponent several feet. Chul is bigger and stronger, but in
agony from the disease, and an attempted kick causes him to
drop.

He writhes in pain.

Hoon stands, waits as Chul summons the strength to get up.

Eventually he gets to his feet and, wearily, he attacks
again.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Take down the laser array! Hurry.

Drexler executes commands on a screen, but it's too late. Hoon spins, kicks Chul and launches him into the array.

Chul is VAPORIZED.

Hannah reacts, must look away, horrified.

EXT. RIM OF AITKEN BASIN -- NIGHT

The SEAL rover rests next to Randy's cart.

The SEALs wear full suits, hats on. Four of them point weapons, defensive positions, each pointing a different direction. Harding examines the solar array.

HARDING (FILTERED)

Take it apart. Get it in the cargo hold. Count every part on the checklist.

She points to the empty oxygen tanks.

HARDING (CONT'D)

And pick up the empty tanks and batteries.

Two of the SEALs begin the work. The other two remain on guard. Harding touches the side of her helmet.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Eagle, Eagle, Eagle, this is Scout.

INT. SPACE SHIP -- NIGHT

Seal 5 is at the controls. Billings stands behind him, drinks a cup of coffee. On a big holoscreen, they see Harding's POV.

SEAL 5

Go ahead, Scout. Read you five by five. Over.

HARDING (FILTERED)

The array is functional. But no one's home.

SEAL 5

Roger that. We got your eyes.

Billings touches the comms panel.

BILLINGS
Any heat nearby?

Harding's face shield shifts to thermal mode. The other SEALs glow when she turns to face them.

She looks down into the crater, sweeps the terrain in all directions. No thermals.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Negative.

BILLINGS
Proceed to the next position.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Roger that, Eagle. We'll knock on your door again in about an hour. Over.

SEAL 5
We'll be here, Scout. Eagle standing by.

BILLINGS
I'm afraid that's incorrect. You won't be here. You get the privilege of being the first on this team to die for your country.

SEAL 5 turns to face Billings, perplexed. Billings points his sidearm, fires three shots.

Blood sprays against the big window.

Billings pulls the corpse into the airlock, presses a button and the bloody body is ejected.

He watches through the blood stained window as the body floats away.

Billings picks up his coffee.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hoon, Gyeong, Linda and Randy are in pods. Hannah and Dr. Hyeon get lines into their arms.

HANNAH
Get two lines in. We're doing transfusions with immune blood.

Hannah goes from screen to screen touching menu items.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I'm lowering their body temperature
and creating a moon gravity
gradient in their vessels.

He doesn't understand.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It lowers reproduction rates once
the invaded T-cells go provirus.

DR. HYEON
Slowing reproduction is not a cure.

HANNAH
No, it isn't. I'm hoping the
immune blood has sufficient T-cell
density.

DR. HYEON
Hope? This is experimental?

HANNAH
Yes.

MI (V.O.)
Perimeter alert.

Drexler watches screen showing two concentric circles around
the base. A point on the outer circle is marked with a
BLINKING RED X.

DREXLER
They're here. We have fifteen
minutes.

DR. HYEON
Help is on the way?

DREXLER
What weapons qualifications do you
have, Doctor?

Dr. Hyeon reacts, surprised by the question.

EXT. DARPA LAB -- NIGHT

The SEAL rover approaches, path blocked by a laser array. It
stops. The SEALs emerge, take up defensive positions.

Harding mounts a shoulder-held device, takes cover behind the rover, points at a tower.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Stay down until I call clear.

The SEALs crouch down. Harding launches a rocket, and the tower explodes in a flash of light, pieces spray in all directions.

The SEALs remain down. Harding fires at tower after tower. She's protected, behind the rover.

Eventually all flying debris falls to the surface, and the laser array is gone.

HARDING (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
Clear.

The SEALs stand.

HARDING (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
Let's move.

The team advances toward the airlock door in cover formation. SEAL 1 sees Chul's gun. He stops. Picks it up. Stares.

SEAL 1 (FILTERED)
What the fuck? This is a Nambu-88.

Harding looks at it.

SEAL 1 (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
North Korean, standard issue.

HARDING (FILTERED)
What the hell is going on up here?

Harding takes the gun, removes the magazine, stows it in her suit, points forward. The SEALs advance.

The team moves into the airlock.

INT. AIRLOCK -- NIGHT

SEAL 3 mounts an explosive charge on the inner door, moves back, crouches.

Harding approaches a small holoscreen on the wall.

HARDING (FILTERED)
M-S-C login.

She puts her face shield up to the screen.

MSC (V.O.)
Login confirmed.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Initiate Quarantine Recovery.

MSC (V.O.)
Initiating. Shutting down life
support systems.

On the screen, a graphic of the base appears. All sections
go BLACK.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Go dark.

All SEALs turn on full thermal optics.

Through her GREEN field of vision, Harding sees the charge on
the inner door detonate with a flash.

The SEALs move into the hallway.

INT. DARPA LAB -- NIGHT

Hallways are DARK. The SEALs advance carefully. Moving in
all directions, guns with LASER sights light their way.

INT. BIOSPHERE -- NIGHT

SEAL 1 enters, looks around. Finds no one.

INT. ENGINEERING -- NIGHT

Harding enters, gun ready, looks at a device in her hand that
shows five thermal figures.

HARDING (FILTERED)
I got the five of us in this
building. No other thermals. No
motion. Anyone differ?

SEAL 1 (FILTERED)
Confirmed. Just us chickens in
this coop.

HARDING (FILTERED)
I guess they're all dead, as
advertised.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

SEAL 2 stands over three open morgue drawers, beneath screens showing death certificates.

SEAL 2 (FILTERED)
Some of them maybe.

Harding enters. Other seals follow. All of them stare at the three open, empty drawers.

SEAL 2 (FILTERED (CONT'D))
But some are still walking.

SEAL 3 (FILTERED)
And strong enough to carry their
dead.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Because they're marines. Semper fi.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN BASE -- NIGHT

The Korean rover moves toward it'sbase. On the rear deck, the dead, in containment pods, are stacked up. Next to them are pods holding those still alive.

The door rolls up, and the rover enters the airlock.

INT. NORTH KOREAN AIRLOCK -- NIGHT

Dr. Hyeon, Drexler and Hannah get out of the rover. The room pressurizes, and the interior door opens. They remove their helmets.

Drexler and Dr. Hyeon carry Gyeong's pod into the building. Hannah detaches the line securing Linda's pod.

She reacts. Drops her head.

After a long beat, Drexler and Dr. Hyeon return.

She looks up at them.

HANNAH
Linda didn't make it.

DR. HYEON
I am sorry.

Hannah collapses, falls to the floor.

EXT. AITKEN BASIN -- NIGHT

The SEALs stand next to the rover. Harding hits the side of her helmet.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Eagle, Eagle, Eagle, Scout. Over.

INT. SPACE SHIP -- NIGHT -- INTERCUT

Billings sees Harding's POV on screen.

BILLINGS
Go ahead, Scout.

HARDING (FILTERED)
The building is secure. No bugs.
No bogies. Nobody home, warm or
cold. Over.

BILLINGS
Log shows three, bagged and tagged.

Harding's voice has an edge, controlled anger.

HARDING
They didn't leave them behind...
Sir.

BILLINGS
Sonofabitch! Get a cyclops up.
Find them!

HARDING
(angry)
Sir, yessir.

END INTERCUT:

SEAL 2 opens an exterior locker on the rover, pulls out a rocket powered drone. In his other hand is a controller.

The other SEALs and Harding all ZOOM their POV, scan the crater in all directions.

SEAL 1 (FILTERED)
They made it out of this crater.

SEAL 2 touches the joystick, holds onto the drone one handed. It lifts him off his feet.

He steers with the controller in the other hand, and the drone carries him above Harding, where he descends slowly, lands directly in front of her.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Quit fucking around! Get the damn
thing up there.

SEAL 2 throw the drone up, controls it immediately, and it flies high above.

He moves closer to SEAL 3, points to his ear, and both of them hold their comms buttons, private chat.

SEAL 2 (FILTERED)
What the hell's eating her?

SEAL 3 shakes his head. Harding stares up at the drone.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Monitor the whole spectrum.

Each SEAL sees a POV of the drone's camera projected in his helmet shield. Their field of vision shifts from RED to GREEN to BLUE to YELLOW, continuously.

After a few cycles, on the BLUE field, there is a small flash of light.

HARDING (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
That's radiation. Fly over those
coordinates.

INT. NORTH KOREAN SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah sits in a wheelchair, upright, the rash all over her face, a blood bag above her, line in her arm.

Hoon, Gyeong, and Randy are in pods, screens above them showing their vitals.

Dr. Hyeon manipulates the screens and reads data. The Koreans show more advanced stages of the disease than Randy.

DR. HYEON
Body temperature is controlled. I
cannot modify the gravity. Our
sick bay is not as advanced.

Drexler comes in, sees Hannah wince in pain.

DREXLER
You okay?

HANNAH

Yeah. My infection's mostly topical at this point. And I'm shot full of Clozapine.

Dr. Hyeon turns to face her. He's skeptical.

DR. HYEON

Invaded T-cells in your skin would not cause the pain you're suffering. The disease is attacking your organs.

He picks up a drug ampoule and a syringe, shows them to her.

DR. HYEON (CONT'D)

May I?

HANNAH

No. I need to stay focused.

Hannah points at two screens connected to her drip. One is labeled NATIVE T-CELL, the other DONOR T-CELL. The donor count increases as the blood flows into her vein. But the native count increases faster.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The donor T-cells are immune. Their presence should dilute the native cell attack on organ tissue. I can make it without the meds.

Again she winces in pain, hard for Dr. Hyeon to watch. When she recovers, Hannah notices that native count is increasing much faster than the donor count.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Dammit. The growth rate in the native cells is exponential.

DR. HYEON

We can centrifuge to higher density.

HANNAH

That'll take us from two to four to six to eight.

She points at the screen.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The native cells are going two, four, eight, sixteen.
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
We're in a mathematical race
against a power of two.

DREXLER
Then put a zero on the starting
line.

HANNAH
Yeah. That's the only way to win.
And that's what I'm going to do.

DR. HYEON
(alarmed)
You want to kill all your native T-
Cells?

HANNAH
Yes. And not just those in the
blood.

She points to her rashes.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
In the skin too.

INT. NORTH KOREAN STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

Hannah, in a wheel chair, examines drugs in labeled boxes,
tosses some aside, keeps others which she shows to Dr. Hyeon.

HANNAH
Collect as many chemo drugs as you
can.

Hannah wheels herself out of the room.

INT. NORTH KOREAN SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah plugs several ampules into a dispenser. She holds the
end of the line coming out of the device. Dr. Hyeon enters
with a few boxes of drugs, places them on the counter.

DR. HYEON
Doctor.... killing yourself may
kill the virus inside you, but--

HANNAH
It's the only way.

DR. HYEON
You'll just become exposed again.
This won't create immunity.

HANNAH

No. But this vaccine will. If my
blood is clear of the virus.

She produces a box with an Inocugen logo.

EXT. AITKEN BASIN -- NIGHT

The SEALS continue to monitor the drone imagery. The Korean
base becomes visible.

SEAL 2 (FILTERED)

We got something.

The image zooms in all their shields.

The Korean base becomes distinct.

INT. NORTH KOREAN SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Dr. Hyeon mounts a second bag of blood above Hannah's chair.
She watches the native and immune T-cell counts, both
decreasing.

HANNAH

I'm getting close. Are you ready
with the immune field?

Dr. Hyeon connects the end of a line coming from the new bag
of blood. He hands her a large bullet-like device with a red
button connected to her line via a T-valve.

She puts her thumb on the button. The T-cell count ticks
down to zero, and she presses the button.

Blood from the new bag falls through a transparent line
toward her veins as her head drops.

Dr. Hyeon looks at Drexler, both very concerned, anxious.
They stare at the screens.

Hannah's monitor flatlines.

Dr. Hyeon immediately defibrillates her.

DR. HYEON

Clear!

Again.

DR. HYEON (CONT'D)

Clear.

Hannah's normal heart rhythm returns. Her eyes come back to life.

DREXLER
Welcome back from the dead, Doctor.

HANNAH
Inject the vaccine.

Dr Hyeon injects her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Give me a stimulant too. Ten
micrograms of Benzelon.

DR. HYEON
The best prescription is rest at
this time.

DREXLER
I'm afraid none of us have that
luxury.

He points to a surveillance screen, shows the drone overhead.

DREXLER (CONT'D)
They found us.

INT. CROW'S NEST -- NIGHT

Hannah and Drexler, in full suits, helmets in hand, walk past a space vehicle, a giant insect with helicopter blades made of solar panels. Drexler carries a shoulder fired rocket. Hannah stares at the odd ship.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
What good is a helicopter without
atmosphere?

DREXLER (FILTERED)
That's an All-Atmosphere-Vehicle.
It operates in air, land, sea, or
space.

He leads her to the steel ladder.

DREXLER (CONT'D)
Head gear on.

They both don their helmets. He helps twist back and forth to lock and seal hers.

DREXLER (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
Take a deep breath.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Yes, doctor.

She inhales. Air flow from her tank is AUDIBLE.

HANNAH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
It's working.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Your suit warm?

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Toasty.

He puts a hand on the ladder, ready to climb.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Are you sure you have the strength
for this? You were dead ten minutes
ago.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
I've got chemical strength. And I
was also born ten minutes ago. I'm
a spring chicken. Let's go.

He turns and climbs, keeps the pace slow. She kept up easily.
No eye contact during their conversation.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Ever fire a gun?

HANNAH (FILTERED)
I'm a military brat. What do you
think?

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Did you kill the target?

HANNAH (FILTERED)
It was a hunting trip. My first
and last. I couldn't kill the
deer.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
A SEAL won't be any easier.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
The deer wasn't trying to kill me.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Good answer. Did Daddy let you
play softball?

HANNAH (FILTERED)
What does that matter?

DREXLER (FILTERED)
They'll toss low-gravity grenades.
They spray shrapnel which won't
kill you, just breach your suit.
Then your lungs explode.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Nice to know our brightest minds
are working on such important
innovation.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Catch the grenades, and toss them
back. That'll slow the SEALs down.
Keep them from climbing.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
It'll kill them.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
They're trying to kill you,
remember? And me. And your
boyfriend, Randy.

She stews, anger visible through her shield.

DREXLER (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
I'm in charge, Hannah. Follow my
orders or you stay behind.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Sir, yessir.

They reach the top.

INT. ON THE SKYBRIDGE -- DAY

The ridge is the intersection of two large trusses, each a
diameter of the circular room. They form an X, the spot
where Hannah and Drexler stand.

Two small holoscreens float nearby, one RED one GREEN.

Drexler hits the green image, and the roof opens above, a
circular door that grows bigger, like a giant lens.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN BASE -- NIGHT

The SEAL team rover lands. SEALs emerge, take covering positions, point guns in all four directions.

Harding ZOOMS her POV. She sees the Korean flag on the wall of the base.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Jesus fucking Christ.

SEAL 3 (FILTERED)
Invading North Korea wasn't part of
the pre-op briefing.

A BEEPING alert causes SEAL 2 to check a gauge built into the arm of his suit. He points at the drill rig.

SEAL 2 (FILTERED)
That rig is above the line.

HARDING (FILTERED)
We're safe in these suits.

Harding touches her helmet.

HARDING (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
Eagle, new target is painted. Get
eyes on it. Permission to enter on
your orders only. Be advised the
site is hot. Repeat, site is hot.
Over.

INT. SPACE SHIP -- NIGHT

Billings stares at the video feed showing the North Korean flag. He's pensive.

INT. CROW'S NEST -- NIGHT

Stars above are visible above Hannah and Drexler who readies his rocket, arms it.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Odds are slim we both make it back
down this hatch.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
It's a rigged game, Paul. Odds any
better if I stay behind.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
 No. And you got more guts than I
 ever gave you credit for. On
 three. One. Two. Three.

They each take a moon-sized jump.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN BASE -- NIGHT

SEAL 1 checks a device mounted to his arm.

SEAL 1 (FILTERED)
 I've got heat on the roof! Two
 bodies!

HARDING (FILTERED)
 Grenades! Move!

All SEALs move in cover formation toward the building.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN ROOF -- NIGHT -- INTERCUT WITH SEALs

Drexler, keeping low, moves to the roof's edge, drops to his
 belly. He sees a grenade go overhead. Hannah moves to catch
 it. Drexler fires.

A rocket heads toward the rover, and all SEALs drop.

The rover explodes. A huge FLASH. Parts fly in all
 directions. Seal 4 is first to his feet.

HARDING (FILTERED)
 Stay down!

SEAL 4 is about to throw a grenade when an axle hits the side
 of the Korean base, ricochets outward, and strikes him in the
 head. His shield cracks.

Air is AUDIBLY released, the helmet fills with expanding gas,
 opaque as he clutches his throat, suffocates.

Hannah catches the arcing grenade. She can see the remaining
 SEALs get to their feet. She cocks her arm. Harding spots
 her.

Hannah stops, turns, throws the grenade in the opposite
 direction.

Drexler sees another grenade arc high above.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
 Back in the hole! Now!

Hannah takes a giant step toward the airborne grenade.

DREXLER (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
Hannah, no!

He leaps toward her, intercepts Hannah, mid-air, pushes her away.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
What are you doing?

Drexler catches the grenade as Hannah flies backward.

DREXLER (FILTERED)
Don't give up.

Hannah lands near the opening, watches Drexler pull the grenade into his belly and cover it like a wide receiver after a diving catch.

He explodes. Blood and guts radiate in all directions.

What's left of Drexler lands, his suit in shreds, stained RED. Hannah reacts, but has no time. She spots another grenade with a high arc and then another...

It lands, rolls toward her.

Hannah rolls, drops through the moon roof door. Just as her head falls below the roof line, the rolling grenade explodes, fragments fly across the opening.

INT. CROW'S NEST -- NIGHT

Hannah's boots hit the truss. She pushes the switch. The roof closes beneath a hail of shrapnel.

As the opening shrinks, Hannah sees the high arcing grenade coming down straight toward her. It lands on the lip of the closing "lens", then bounces up.

It comes back down, straight toward the center of the opening.

The grenade lands again, right on the lip. The tiny bomb stops, teeters on the verge of falling, then...

It EXPLODES just as the roof seals completely.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN BASE -- NIGHT

SEAL 1 reads the gauge on his arm.

SEAL 1 (FILTERED)
Thermals dark!

The SEALs stop tossing grenades. Harding looks at Seal 4's dead body, touches the side of her helmet.

HARDING (FILTERED)
Eagle, Eagle, Eagle, one man down.
Little bird cannot fly. Go-Hover.
Drop us a line. Over.

INT. SPACE SHIP -- NIGHT

Billings is at a control screen. It reads: TARGET
MODIFICATION SEQUENCE. SCAN REQUIRED.

BILLINGS
I'm afraid that's not possible,
Captain. It appears the North
Koreans are testing nuclear weapons
on the moon. Shameful, wouldn't
you say? Imagine what might go
wrong? Horribly wrong. Gook
bastards never could handle their
own nukes.

Billings face is scanned. Then the message: TARGET
MODIFICATION. ENTER LAUNCH CODE. He opens the sealed
envelope. Pulls out the code.

INT. NORTH KOREAN SICK BAY -- NIGHT

The door opens and Hannah enters, still in her suit, helmet
off. The beds are filled by pods. Randy's pod has a screen
above with live vital signs. The other pods are dark. Dr.
Hyeon keeps his head down as he speaks.

DR. HYEON
My colleagues are dead.

Hannah waits for him to look up.

HANNAH
I'm sorry. Paul's gone too.

Dr. Hyeon reacts, sad to hear that. He turns to Randy.

DR. HYEON
Officer Moore is fighting the
disease better. Perhaps because he
was hypothermic?

HANNAH

No. The virus targets Korean mitochondrial DNA.

Dr. Hyeon is stunned. Hannah is ashamed.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Your mother, was she Korean?

DR. HYEON

Japanese.

HANNAH

That's why you're still standing. This virus isn't the work of our government, Dr. Hyeon. It's a handful of people, acting without proper authority. And they're trying to kill us so they can cover it up.

DR. HYEON

I understand.

Dr. Hyeon points to a shelf where drug ampules are arranged then looks back at Randy.

DR. HYEON (CONT'D)

We don't have enough Chemo regimen to treat him.

HANNAH

Or you. I'm going to take you both back to our base.

DR. HYEON

How? The rover's fuel is spent. I don't know how to make more.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN BASE -- NIGHT

The All-Atmosphere-Vehicle zooms upward, out of the crow's nest toward the stars above.

SEAL 1 (FILTERED)

That's an A-A-V. It can outrun these two-forty-two's. Hurry.

SEAL 1 mounts a shoulder fired rocket.

HARDING (FILTERED)

Hold your fire!

The A-A-V rockets away, and SEAL 1 lowers his weapon. All the SEALs stare at Harding.

HARDING (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
 Billings has been lying to me since I walked into his ready room. Now he wants to drop fifty megatons on our heads. Fuck that sonofabitch. We're not killing any more of our own.

Harding looks around, thinking. She stares at the elevator.

EXT. SPACE -- NIGHT

The nuclear missile drops from the ship and flies toward the moon, it's deadly radiation markings clearly visible.

EXT. DARPA BASE -- NIGHT

The A-A-V lands. Hannah and Dr. Hyeon, in full suits, get out just as the "sky" is filled with a FLASH of light.

DR. HYEON (FILTERED)
 What's that?

HANNAH (FILTERED)
 My guess, a nuclear bomb.

Dr. Hyeon reacts. He stares at the growing flash of intense light.

DR. HYEON (FILTERED)
 Shouldn't there be a big mushroom cloud?

HANNAH (FILTERED)
 Not without atmosphere. But the radiation will propagate. We need to get inside.

INT. AIRLOCK -- NIGHT

Hannah and Dr. Hyeon stare at the blasted inner door. She puts her face up to a small holoscreen.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
 Login. Dr. Hannah Walker.

MI (V.O.)
Identity confirmed. Welcome, Dr.
Walker.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
MI, turn on life support.

MI (V.O.)
I'm sorry, Dr. Walker. The inner
airlock door was compromised during
Quarantine Recovery. I cannot
create atmosphere.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Can you seal the sick bay section?
Create an airlock in the adjacent
corridor?

MI (V.O.)
That is possible, Dr. Walker.

HANNAH (FILTERED)
Do it. And it's Hannah. I'm back
from the dead, so restore my
previous identity, please.

INT. SPACE SHIP -- NIGHT

Billings watches the flash of light through the screen above
the flight control deck as he sips from his coffee.

BILLINGS
MSC. Lay in a course for Navy
Zero.

MSC (V.O.)
Initiating.

Billings watches the star field shift, as the ship
accelerates.

MSC (V.O.)
Alert. Life support systems
activated at DARPA Moon.

A schematic of the DARPA base appears on a holoscreen, mostly
dark, but three rooms on a semicircular arc are white, along
with the connecting hallway immediately adjacent.

BILLINGS
Sonofabitch! Get me some readings
down there. How many bodies. How
many --

MSC (V.O.)
 -- Encrypted communication from
 Langley. Director, Space
 Intelligence. Urgent.

Billings lets out a deep breath. He sits down at the
 navigation panel. Touches a screen.

BILLINGS
 Yessir. This is Billings.

D.S.I. (O.S.)
 We have a problem in San Diego.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Hannah attaches an I-V line to Randy. Dr. Hyeon is in a pod,
 unconscious.

HANNAH
 Keep fighting, my love. I'll have
 you on your feet in no time.

Suddenly the building vibrates violently. The NOISE is
 DEAFENING.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 MI, show exterior surveillance.

Hannah reacts to what she sees.

EXT. DARPA LAB -- NIGHT

The spacecraft descends. Red rocket flames heat the regolith
 covering the roof as the bird touches down. The ship's door
 opens. Billings jumps out, in a full suit, heavily armed.
 He heads to the edge of the roof, jumps off.

Billings's descent is slow. His boots land near the blown
 airlock door.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Hannah runs through the corridor past images of Earth.

INT. OUTER LAB -- NIGHT

The door opens and Hannah moves quickly toward the decon chamber where the blowtorch rests against a wall. She picks it up, mounts the fuel tank on her back.

INT. BY THE SICK BAY DOOR -- NIGHT

Hannah stands, back against the wall.

ON BILLINGS -- INTERCUT

Billings moves through the hall, gun ready.

Hannah removes the nozzle on the end of the torch.

She shoots a huge flame toward Billings, who stops, looks up at cameras evenly spaced where the ceiling meets the wall.

BILLINGS (FILTERED)
Hello, Dr. Walker.

HANNAH
Move any closer, Admiral, and I fry your ass.

Billings opens a holoscreen, observes Hannah.

BILLINGS (FILTERED)
I'm here to help you, Dr. Walker.

He creates a box around the flame thrower, touches it, and the device is identified by manufacturer, serial and model number, specs including fuel capacity.

HANNAH
No. You're here to help yourself, Admiral. You and S-I-A are in a big pile of shit. But you're used to that smell, aren't you?

BILLINGS (FILTERED)
It appears your father spoke ill of me. He and I are no different, Doctor. We wear the same uniform.

Another menu appears, and Billings selects FUEL MONITOR. It's nearly spent.

HANNAH
My father honors the uniform. You disgrace it. You're a murderer!

He creeps forward, staying just around the curve, out of range of her weapon.

BILLINGS (FILTERED)
That's rather naive. A government is never corrupt when acting to preserve it's legitimate authority.

HANNAH
There's nothing legitimate about killing men under your own command.

BILLINGS (FILTERED)
A select few have the honor to give their lives protecting our great country.

He moves closer.

HANNAH
And you decide who lives and dies?

BILLINGS
I was given that authority.

HANNAH
So who protects us from you?

She sees him. Fires. He pulls back, avoids the flames, eyes the fuel gauge on the screen.

BILLINGS
The bullets in my gun are guided. They seek body heat.

HANNAH
Then why haven't you fired? I'm guessing they traced my encrypted log entries. Your cover-up is in jeopardy, Admiral.

BILLINGS
Those logs are unreadable to anyone but you.

HANNAH
My father will guess the encryption key on his first try. You're going to pay a price this time, Admiral. You and Inocugen. How much are they kicking back to you?

She blasts at him again, and he sees that her fuel is now spent. Billings throws down the gun, pulls out a serrated knife, comes closer.

She sprays fire in his direction but it peters out quickly.

They are face to face. She takes a step back. He holds the knife out.

BILLINGS (FILTERED)

There's no need to endure the torture. Just tell me what I need to know.

HANNAH

I'll hold up under your torture. Just like my father did after you left him behind.

BILLINGS

There was no point in both of us becoming POWs. I followed procedure. Followed orders. As we were both trained to do.

HANNAH

Bullshit.

Billings is close enough to strike.

BILLINGS (FILTERED)

Give me the key, and I'll make it quick.

She tries to hit him with the torch, he blocks the blow, wrestles it from her and tosses it aside.

HANNAH

You sonofabitch.

He grabs her by the hair, moves the knife to her eye.

BILLINGS (FILTERED)

I'm sure you know how many nerves terminate in the cornea of the human eye. The pain will be extreme. Give me the key!

HANNAH

Walker, Hannah, acting medical officer. Physician's license number three, five, seven, four, two, one.

BILLINGS (FILTERED)
Have it your way.... Doctor!

He pushes her against the wall, holds one hand on her head and readies the knife, as three SILENCED shots ring out.

Billings is driven sideways, slams into the wall and falls to the floor smearing the wall with blood.

Hannah stares at three bullet holes in his suit, ringed with growing blood stains.

Then she turns to face a soldier in a full suit, helmet on, holding a high tech rifle, pointed right at her, laser on her heart.

The gun lowers, and the helmet comes off. It's Harding. She advances, stares down at Billings.

HARDING
Put this mother-fucker in one of your empty drawers.

HANNAH
Who are you?

HARDING
Captain Gina Harding. Billings sent me here to kill you.

HANNAH
You missed.

HARDING
SEALs don't miss.

She walks away.

HANNAH
Captain Harding, removing your helmet exposed you to a virus. I need to treat you.

Harding stops, turns around.

HARDING
That'll have to wait. I got a little trip to take in that A-A-V you flew from the Korean Base.

HANNAH
Your own ship is on the roof.

HARDING

It doesn't have a radiation shield.
And it's too big. I'm flying to
the bottom of a very deep hole.
Some guys I know down there need a
lift.

INT. SICK BAY -- NIGHT

Harding and the other SEALs sit in chairs wearing shorts, T-shirts, I-V lines in their arms. Each has a tray of food. Dr. Hyeon is asleep on one of the beds.

Hannah enters, observes the screen above Harding's chair as she eats.

HARDING

Rations here are better than
submarine duty.

HANNAH

So's the pay, from what I hear.
But it's not worth it.

HARDING

Never is.

Hannah rolls a chair over, sits down facing Harding.

HANNAH

Tell me something, Captain. Since
you didn't take shelter in the
underground tunnels, how did you
outrun the radiation?

Harding picks up the drone controller sitting on the counter next to her.

HARDING

I hitched a ride on a passing
drone.

HANNAH

Clever. Well... thank you. For
saving my life.

HARDING

We're even on that. I watched you
ditch the grenade.

Hannah nods.

HARDING (CONT'D)
 But I might as well tell you, Doc,
 I surfed a wave of radiation over
 to this crater so I could kill
 Billings, not save your ass. It
 was personal.

HANNAH
 How so?

HARDING
 Your boyfriend, Randy, him and me
 go back a ways. We're good
 friends.

Hannah reacts. Looks at Harding differently now.

HANNAH
 Gina. Of course. He speaks very
 fondly of you.

Hannah notices Gina's curvy body beneath the tight T-shirt.

HARDING
 I thought Billings killed him.

HANNAH
 Actually, he did. Randy was dead
 for five hours. The North Koreans
 revived him.

HARDING
 Yeah? Then what'd they do to him?

HANNAH
 Nothing Officer Moore wouldn't have
 done himself, I'm sure. Where is
 he, by the way?

They both look at the empty chair next to Harding, I-V lines
 draped on the arm rest.

HARDING
 He said something about meeting you
 in Colorado. I don't think the
 drugs are wore off yet.

Hannah smiles, gets up and heads toward the door.

HARDING (CONT'D)
 Hey, doc.

Hannah turns back to face her.

HARDING (CONT'D)
He's a keeper. My advice, don't
fuck it up.

She smiles, nods.

INT. BIOSPHERE -- DAY

Hannah walks toward Randy who sits in her usual spot watching the mountain scenery with the SOUND of crashing water.

HANNAH
Got a message from my father. He's
on his way with two members of the
senate intelligence committee.

Randy continues to stare at the waterfall.

RANDY
Last time I had my eyes on this
spot, you were about to tell me
something.

She sits down, joins him.

RANDY (CONT'D)
I have this vague memory of you
making me a promise.

HANNAH
You know, lack of oxygen plays
tricks on the mind. People
hallucinate.

RANDY
Did I?

HANNAH
No, you heard me right. Now it's
your turn. Make me a promise.

He takes her hands in his, pulls her closer.

RANDY
Name it.

She points to the image on the wall.

HANNAH
Take me there. Tell me we'll live
the rest of our lives there and
never leave the Earth again. Do
you promise that?

He pulls her even closer, nose to nose.

RANDY

I do.

HANNAH

Then take me home.

He kisses her.

FADE OUT: