

THE DARK

Original Screenplay

by

Joe Becker

Contact:

[www.joebeckerfilms.com](http://www.joebeckerfilms.com)

WGAw

© 2018, 2020

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, 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 (FILTERED)

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 (FILTERED)

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 (FILTERED) (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 (FILTERED)

He's already approved it.

She reacts, visibly surprised by that news.

DAN (FILTERED) (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 comms 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 (V.O.)

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 (V.O.)

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 from the rocket, arcs into a moon orbit, disappears into the 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.

Hannah's rolls her eyes over MI's attempt at casual language.  
A mouse twitches. She 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 system consumes the floor space.

The inner lab area is visible through a large, rectangular window of transparent material that spans the room. It 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 window, holoscreens display DNA pairs.

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

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 window.

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 its cell, 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 its teeth.

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?

The 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 her reflection in the opaque window. Drexler grabs the railing next to her, stares at his reflection, 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 tabletop.

CHRIS  
The event log should tell us what  
happened.

Chris opens a screen with a list of files, each 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 new data screen FLASHES, then 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, what may have happened in that  
lab is a possible threat to the  
base. 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 in the 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 its  
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 lets out a 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 to kill the power 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 of 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 on a small holoscreen and ticks down.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(to Peterson)

Get Ellis out of the lab.