

Arc Juliet

AKA

Infinity's Edge

"Pilot"

"Parts 1 and 2"

By

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"ARC JULIET"

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FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The commercial freighter PAX NIMBUS silently drifts among the bright stars. It's unremarkable looking and heavily battered from years of space travel.

Docked onto the old ship is the MERIDIAN, a gorgeous super-yacht, reserved for the wealthiest of space travelers.

EXPLOSIONS blast open the hull of the Pax Nimbus. Inner decks expose to the vacuum of space. The superstructure is burning from within...

INT. PAX NIMBUS - HALLWAY

An ear-piercing fire alarm.

FAYE NYX, 35, quickly shepherds HALEY, 7, down the long hallway. Both narrowly escape --

DEADLY SPARKS sizzling from an electrical panel.

Pausing to gather their bearings, they find themselves --

AT A HALLWAY INTERSECTION

Smoke begins flooding one of the connecting corridors.

Emerging from the toxic cloud is a wheel chair bound male, ROBERT DEVIN, late 40s, exquisitely dressed.

DEVIN

The airlock. Go!

Devin points to a sealed AIRLOCK door.

Joining him is the pilot of his yacht, RON FRANKLIN, 30, and camera-toting GUY DONOVAN, 20, pretty-boy.

FRANKLIN
Hoop -- where the hell's Hoop?

DEVIN
Cut off.

Devin enters a door code. The airlock opens to Meridian.

FRANKLIN
We can't leave him.

DEVIN
Forget it, mate. He's gone!

Donovan and Nyx assist Devin out of his wheelchair, over the bulkhead, and then safely into the Meridian.

INT. MERIDIAN - AIRLOCK

Franklin enters the lock and then desperately calls into the smoke-filled hallway of the doomed freighter...

FRANKLIN
Hooper! Hooper!

DEVIN
Franky, close it up and get us the hell outta here before it's too damn late.

The pilot pauses before fully securing the door.

A brown shape leaps from the smoke, over the airlock frame, and into the Meridian. The agile legs of K-9 Hooper, mix Labrador, carry the lucky dog to safety.

FRANKLIN
Hoop. You made it, attaboy.

THUD. The airlock and bulkhead join together. The Meridian is now safely sealed from the doomed freighter.

Hooper sneezes and then licks Devin's hand.

FRANKLIN
He still loves ya, boss.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS

Lights emanate from inside the Meridian's forward cockpit.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

The interior of the craft is both high tech and luxurious. Donovan pans his camera to document the emotional reactions of his peers.

Franklin straps into the pilot seat while adjusting the helm controls, fingers tapping virtual buttons...

FRANKLIN
Engines -- online. Buckle up.

Hooper leaps onto the CO-PILOT chair...

FRANKLIN
(imitation)
Hooper drives the boat!

Devin's wheelchair locks into position near the helm. Nyx fastens Haley's safety harness.

NYX
We're going home, sweetheart.

Haley has no reaction. She continues woolgathering.

FRANKLIN
Outta here...

Franklin yanks on a lever... NOTHING. Resets it and tries again -- not the result he was hoping for.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS

The heavy-duty DOCKING MECHANISM clutches tightly onto the Meridian. A ruptured conduit has the clamp locked in a frozen state. High pressure COOLANT also flows into the starboard manifold of the supercharged engine.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

Audible alarms wail. Franklin scans readouts -- face turns cold with fear.

NYX
Why aren't we leaving?

FRANKLIN
Losing power to the starboard
engine.

DEVIN
Break us free.

The pilot throttles up the remaining engine...

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS

The lone engine surges in a futile attempt to pull the ship away from the rigid docking clamp. The fiery destruction engulfing the Pax Nimbus continues to advance on the vulnerable Yacht.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

Franklin struggles with the helm. The others sit helplessly as the ship violently shakes. A loud COMPUTER VOICE...

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
Warning. Port-side engine
over-temp.

The engine overheats, begins throttling down.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
Warning. Hull integrity exceeding
safety limits.

DEVIN
Get my bloody ship outta here!

NYX
(toward Devin)
This is all your fault!

The cockpit warning lights are lit-up like a Christmas tree and then something else...

BLUE and RED lights brightly flood the Meridian from outside the ship. Another craft?

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS

The heavy rescue ship ARC JULIET swiftly arrives on scene. Emergency lights illuminate everything in its path.

Sweeping shot past the armored bow of the ship, massively sturdy, reminds us of a battering ram.

Positioned topside, the ship is equipped with first-responding equipment, articulating robotic arms, and specialized cutting tools.

Mid-ship houses the control tower/bridge. This is the transparent, full-view, nerve center.

Each side reads: HEAVY RESCUE along with a double capital-F, representing the FIRST FLEET logo. A large letter 'J' for easy hull identification and the ship's name in smaller lettering: ARC-JULIET

This vessel is equipped with aft mounted, reaction-less, quad-engine-racks. Blueish glowing plate-fields replace conventional force thrusters.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

Communication speakers transmit the voice of a young male.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
 (Juliet comms. officer)
 Vessel in distress, this is the
 First Fleet, Advanced Rescue Craft
 Juliet. Can you read us?

Some smiles but mostly emotional relief. Franklin returns communication through ship systems...

FRANKLIN
 Yes! This is the Meridian, British
 Cosmic Registry.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
 Meridian, what is your crew status?

FRANKLIN
 Zero-five souls. Some smoke
 irritation. Unable to release from
 docking hold. Can you assist us?

JOSHUA (O.S.)
 Roger that. Stand by one, Meridian.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The room is multilevel. The layout is designed to give a 360° view outward and around the ship. Lower level is operations and communications, upper tier is helm and command.

Proudly standing on the upper tier is Captain EVANDER REYNOLDS, "#1 Captain" coffee mug in hand. The seasoned 50 year-old monitors every action his crew makes.

REYNOLDS

Joshua, run data on the Meridian
and identify that freighter.

JOSHUA, early 20s, works from a station on the lower tier.

JOSHUA

Accessing logs. Launching probe.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS - ARC JULIET

A small PROBE launches from the front of the Juliet and darts towards the Pax Nimbus. Moments later, GREEN SENSOR BEAMS scan the freighter and the Meridian.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Now standing next to Reynolds is Lieutenant Commander WAYNE "Ell Cee" HARDING, mid 30s, handsome and stalwart.

HARDING

Ready fire fighting systems. Anyone
have a solution for that docking
clamp?

Sergeant RYDER, 38, short, yet built like a brick shit house, steps onto the upper tier. He is a gut-sucked-in, attention-standing, beady-eyed, prick-looking, S.O.B. His boots are over-polished and he is chewing an unlit cigar, both ends.

RYDER

(muffled, cigar dangling)
Torch it off.

REYNOLDS

Not with that coolant leak.

Ryder grins with rejection. Returns to his stiff posture.

HARDING

What else you guys got?

Joshua activates a high-res HOLOGRAPHIC image of both the Nimbus and Meridian -- positions it for all to see.

JOSHUA

Captain, freighter is Pax Nimbus,
expired registry. Probe indicates
negative life on board.

Harding points to massive chambers inside the Nimbus.

HARDING

Fuel tanks are compromised. They don't have much time.

REYNOLDS

Freighter's out of play, focus on the yacht.

HARDING

Bump 'em loose.

The Captain contemplates. An ELEVATOR slowly rises from the deck floor and opens into the control room...

Sergeant LACI MIKAH, 25, athletically built, falls in line next to Ryder. Her movie-star-like, super-smile is polar opposite to Ryder's constant smirk.

REYNOLDS

Wayne, go with your plan.
(toward Laci)
Your team ready, doc?

LACI

Standing by, cap.

REYNOLDS

I want them medically cleared, hangar bay.

HARDING

(toward Laci)
Reports of smoke inhalation.

LACI

Copy that, Ell Cee.

Laci harmlessly backhands Ryder's arm -- her signal to him. Both exit via the fancy elevator.

Harding places both hands on the shoulders of helmsman HEIMY TIMON, 40 -- POINTS directly at the docking clamp.

HARDING

Drive her right in... there.

REYNOLDS

Joshua, inform the Meridian of the play. Helm, get us into position and execute.

JOSHUA
 Meridian, Arc Juliet. Prepare...
 (MORE)

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

The crew watches through the cockpit window as the front RAM of the Juliet aims straight for them...!

JOSHUA (O.S. CONT'D)
 ...to be broken free.

Franklin shows Devin an exasperated look.

DEVIN
 They bloody kidding?

MERIDIAN COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
 Warning. Proximity alert.

The crew braces. Hooper whimpers, lowers his head.

EXT. SPACE - MERIDIAN - PAX NIMBUS - ARC JULIET

The bow of the Juliet rises upward. Top section of the ram SLAMS into the side of the Nimbus, easily ripping into the docking clamp and airlock. Steel crumples like tin-foil.

The frozen clamp EXPLODES into tiny bits. The Meridian pops free but not before taking damage to the starboard engine.

The Juliet's engines glow brightly as they slam into reverse, powering the ship away from the smaller yacht.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Helmsman Timon exhales as he steadies the controls and his nerves. Harding pumps his fist, celebratory style.

HARDING
 Way to go, Timmy!

Crew members briefly smile until confident professionalism takes over. The Captain seems pleased with his troops.

REYNOLDS
 Secure that yacht. Wayne?

Harding looks towards Reynolds with inquiry.

REYNOLDS
 Good call. My quarters in fifteen.

Harding nods in appreciation, steps into the elevator.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - MERIDIAN

The Juliet spins in place as the Meridian then heads aft of the rescue ship. The HANGAR BAY entrance is above the engines, protected by a stasis energy-field.

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

The rescue ship is visible through the front view-port.

FRANKLIN

Engine one's fried. They want us on board.

DEVIN

Bloody straight. I ain't paying for this fargon damage.

NYX

Juliet, what a pretty name.

FRANKLIN

It's phonetic for the letter J.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - MERIDIAN

The Meridian limps towards the rear of the Juliet.

INT. ARC JULIET - LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S QUARTERS

Harding sits down at his desk, activates a VIDEO TRANSMISSION. The monitor shows MICHELLE CLARKE, late 30s, Captains regalia. Screen reads: LIVE FEED: ARC-SIERRA.

CLARKE (VIDEO AND AUDIO)

Lieutenant Commander Harding.

HARDING

Captain Clarke, Ma'am.

Clarke drops the formalities. This is a social call.

CLARKE

I hate MA'AM you know that. Kinda feels like ya been avoiding me.

HARDING

Nah. Business called. Hero stuff.

Clarke has a genuine look of interest.

HARDING
Zero-five P.O.B, all saves. Captain
wants me to babysit.

CLARKE
How is Evander -- excited about
retiring?

HARDING
Come to think of it, he doesn't
mention it much.

CLARKE
Serving under him was my best
assignment ever. Wayne, I miss you
so much.

HARDING
Three more days, honey.

CLARKE
Long distance relationships...
(beat, off his nervous look)
What's the matter?

HARDING
My own ship. What if I'm not ready?

CLARKE
Don't be silly. I'm here for you
and I wanna be the first to
congratulate you, Captain...

HARDING
...marry me...

CLARKE
...Harding -- WHAT???

Clarke looks stunned. Mouth ajar.

HARDING
You know, matrimony, courtship. I'd
get on one knee but then you
couldn't see me.

CLARKE
I... sure.

HARDING
Sure? Was hoping for something a
little more definite sounding.

Big smiles. Clarke, excitedly...

CLARKE

Yes, I will! And mom said it would never happen. I have to tell her. Call you back. Oh, love ya, sweets.

The monitor turns black with a graphic: CALL TERMINATED.

HARDING

Swept her off her feet...
(smiles)

I think. Future's so bright that I gotta wear shades.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Automated equipment roams the bay. The Meridian is about to penetrate the high tech stasis-field and enter the Juliet's hangar. In the background, a still burning Pax Nimbus.

Sergeant Laci enters the bay, pauses, sees...

JANE BUCKLEY, 20, timid in appearance, who now sees Laci...

BUCKLEY

Sarge, guess what?

Laci shakes her head at Buckley, trying to warn her of...

Sergeant Ryder emerging from behind Laci. Buckley's face goes cold with fear. She turns to move in a different direction -- too late as Ryder locks onto her.

RYDER

ROOK! Get back here, NOW!

Buckley has no choice. She heads over to Ryder like a cowardly puppy. Ryder takes a small CYLINDER out of his pocket. The TECH device scrolls open...

RYDER

What, pray tell, is this?

Ryder drills. Buckley maintains attention stance.

BUCKLEY

Uh, aft-casing status report, sir.

RYDER

WHAT? You absent the day they taught report writing? You need more T on the god damn J. Redo this, ASAP -- you get me?

BUCKLEY
Sir, yes, sir!

RYDER
Get out of my face, disgrace.

Buckley bolts out of the hangar. Ryder turns, sees Laci IMITATING him. Her chest and arms are puffed out...

LACI
More T on the god damn J.

Laci can't keep from laughing even though she continues acting out her stiff imitation of the Sergeant.

RYDER
You done?

LACI
What is it with your hard-on for her anyway?

RYDER
It's my damn job, okay? I turn boys to men and girls into woman.

LACI
Sounds illegal, and gross. Give her a break, she's really trying.

Ryder spits a wet mass of his chewed cigar onto the deck.

RYDER
I'm god damn under-paid and under-appreciated round these parts.

The Meridian is now fully in the hangar bay, touching down.

LACI
You're under-something all right, but it ain't paid.

INT. ARC JULIET - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Captain Reynolds, sitting, doing some admin. CHIME.

REYNOLDS
Come in.

Harding enters the room.

HARDING

You wanted to see me, cap?

REYNOLDS

Wayne, I'll come right out with it.
I spoke with command. They aren't
giving you the Juliet.

Harding appears blind sided.

HARDING

You're kidding, right? I thought it
was a done deal. Who then?

REYNOLDS

They won't say. Someone without
arc-class experience.

HARDING

I'm next in line. Been here since
day one.

REYNOLDS

I told them they're making a
mistake, but... they have their
favorites. Isn't the first time,
son.

Harding sits, looks down, his hands cup his forehead

HARDING

With you retiring, I'll put in for
a transfer, I guess.

REYNOLDS

Promise me you'll think this
through.

HARDING

H.Q. wanted me to stay on this ship
-- they sure have a funny way of
showing it.

REYNOLDS

If you're considering going to the
Sierra, that'll backfire.

HARDING

Kinda not in the cards as of ten
minutes ago, I asked Clarke to
marry me.

REYNOLDS
 Congratulations. See? Good news
 often follows bad.

HARDING
 Ever the optimist.

REYNOLDS
 You'll learn, son. You'll learn.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

The Meridian's crew exits the yacht, enters the Hangar bay.
 Ships name clearly visible on the hull.

Laci, still standing with Ryder, is joined by two rookie EMT
 techs, SARAH EVANS, 22, and TONY KAYLE, 24.

LACI
 Meridian? Like the Meridian movies?

EVANS
 (to Laci, refers to Donovan)
 I'm liking the scenery so far,
 Sarge.

Donovan pans his camera, recording the hangar.

RYDER
 (to Laci)
 Hey, a video camera -- right up
 your alley.

Laci's eyes wide at the sight of Nyx ushering Haley.

LACI
 Oh my god, that's Faye Nyx -- my
 favorite actress! When I die I
 wanna come back to life as her.

Ryder snickers, then points to the SIDE-AIRLOCK...

RYDER
 Jump in, hit the airlock override
 and presto -- you're an instant
 movie star.

Laci briefly flashes him a "screw you" look before bolting,
 right past Devin, and straight to Nyx -- like a kid next in
 line to see Santa. The techs begin crew assessment.

DEVIN
I'm Bob Devin, director and...

LACI
Faye Nyx, welcome on board the
Juliet -- I'm Sergeant Mikah, a
huge fan, I love your work.

DEVIN
Sergeant, I'll be needing to see
your captain about the resulting
damage to my...

Laci ignores Devin, focuses on Haley clinging to Nyx's leg.

LACI
Haley, I knew you'd be back for
another movie.

NYX
She can't talk, or hear you.

Laci crouches in front of the young girl and begins
communicating a greeting in SIGN language -- the hello
salute. Nyx produces a small, electronic device. Offers it
to the Sarge...

NYX
We have a communications, um,
board.

DEVIN
Sergeant Stacy...

LACI
...it's Laci. I'll clear you guys
back in medical, then you can see
the captain.

Haley signs -- responds that she feels fine.

NYX
People still do that? How...?

LACI
My older sister. Long story

A now irritated Devin grabs Laci by the elbow.

DEVIN
I bloody better...

RYDER
Hey, listen here now...

Laci quickly cuts off Ryder, she is razor sharp.

LACI
Since I'm down here on your level,
let me make something clear -- I'm
in charge. We're all going to
medical. I really really really
insist.

In the background, the fire has reached the fuel tanks --
half of the Pax Nimbus EXPLODES!

Laci shoves Devin's wheel chair in motion...

LACI
Shall we?

DEVIN
Uh, ya, medical sounds good.

LACI
(fake accent)
Right-oh, mate.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The scorched hull of the Pax Nimbus floats visibly behind
the stern of the Juliet. Joshua refreshes the hologram.

JOSHUA
Captain, she's all burnt out.

Reynolds spins around in his command chair.

REYNOLDS
Tag it. Set course back home.

Joshua taps commands into a console. Update the holographic
NAVIGATION DISPLAY screen to read: NAV-COM: COURSE LOCK -
TERRA ONE.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - PAX NIMBUS

The Juliet fires a small BEACON from an open bow hatch. It
travels to the Nimbus and attaches to it's torn hull.

The rescue ship spins in place, begins accelerating.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Reynolds looks at each station, smiling. Slowly nods his head up and down in appreciation of his long, fulfilling career. His longest ship mate and close friend, helmsman Timon, returns gesture.

REYNOLDS

I'll be... about. Timmy, you're in command.

Before the Captain can leave, an incoming audio transmission over the loud speakers...

H.Q. (O.S.)

Headquarters, Arc Juliet.

JOSHUA

Arc Juliet.

H.Q. (O.S.)

Juliet, we show you closest to a distress call -- two trapped, condition currently unknown.

JOSHUA

Juliet, copy. En route.

Reynolds, about to descend down the elevator, pauses as if to resume his command -- thinks twice and then decides to leave his old friend in charge, realizes that he has to let go soon enough.

Update the holographic navigation display screen to read:
NAV-COM: COURSE LOCK. ASSIGNMENT-INTERCEPT.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet throttles up, bolts towards a new course.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY

Harding exits the Captains Quarters, pauses, still visibly upset. Collects himself. Begins to move down the hallway. LOWELL BURNS, 46, chef-garb, intercepts, whispers...

BURNS

Ell Cee, where's the Captain?

HARDING

In his quarters, Lowell. Why are you whispering?

Burns is one of those quick talkers. Annoying as hell.

BURNS

Keep him away from the conference room. Still setting up in there for tonight's party -- those chicken appetizers he likes, real meat, not processed, you know the...

HARDING

...wonderful, really is.

BURNS

Saved enough plums for cake -- one slice each, smuggled a little something special for our captain to be -- it's spiritual, if you know what I mean.

The chef creates fake drinking motions.

HARDING

You can forget about that. I'm not gonna be our next captain, or anyone's damn captain.

Harding continues down the hallway. Burns is flabbergasted.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

P.O.V. tour of the ship through the main hallway. Pass a CAFETERIA. Pass a GYMNASIUM. Crew members acknowledge P.O.V. as a ranking officer. Turn into MEDICAL...

INT. ARC JULIET - MEDICAL

The previous P.O.V. belongs to Harding. He enters the fully equipped hospital where the crew of the Meridian sit on examination tables, some of them inhaling an oxygen cocktail. A downtrodden Harding approaches Laci...

HARDING

Where we at?

LACI

No serious exposures.

Devin rolls up to them, Franklin in tow. Laci off-screen.

DEVIN

Finally, a bloody important rank. I'm quite concerned about the damage my ship suffered when your Captain went barmy.

HARDING

Went what?

DEVIN

I'm due at my studio. Obviously, the speed of this vessel is not up to snuff -- bloody bodge, I say.

HARDING

If you think we did something reckless then put in a complaint to First Fleet. Force a full inquiry. I guarantee they'd have a boat load of questions regarding that fire.

FRANKLIN

If I may, a proper thanking to you and your crew is in order.

Devin struggles to remain silent.

HARDING

We can't release your ship until both engines are operational. Enjoy the ride and get him to knock it off out with that shit, this ain't no reality T.V. show...

Harding points to Donovan, who in turn, is focused on the BACK of Laci, CAMERA ACTIVE. Exit Harding. Laci quickly turns, catches Donovan -- displays a fake smile.

LACI

You get enough shots of my ass?

DONOVAN

No -- I mean, I'm not...

LACI

(compassionately)

Just ask next time, I don't mind.

DONOVAN

Really, it's okay?

LACI

NO, you little perv! Smoke get to your blonde pea brain?

The boy is out of his league. Laci points at the door.

LACI

Get out of my office. OUT! OUT!

Donovan stumbles out of Medical, nearly falling on his face. Evans moves next to Laci, both bust out laughing.

EVANS

Wow, he's sooooo cute

Nyx removes the oxygen mask. Moves closer to them.

NYX

That was something, earlier...

An inquisitive look from Laci... astonishment even.

Nyx eyeballs Devin, who is now privately conversing with Franklin -- opposite corner of the room. Evans off-screen.

NYX

Him getting treated like that -- he always gets his way, yet you shut him down.

LACI

So much for my movie career, I guess. How can you stand him?

NYX

The guy's pompous and demanding, but he is one of the best.

LACI

I'd sure love to know how you got your big break?

NYX

Nepotism. Don't you have an uncle in the business too?

(chuckles)

So, you wanna be on the silver screen, yet you're out here playing Nurse Chapel. Why is that?

LACI

My Mom says I should be a doctor. Dad thinks I should stay home and make babies.

(fake finger gag)

It must be awesome being a star. Spare any advice?

NYX
 Med school, darling. Definitely med
 school.

EXT. SPACE

The Juliet at full-drive speed.

INT. ARC JULIET - STAIRWELL

Buckley enters the stairwell and briskly descends. Bad timing as Ryder awaits her mid stairwell.

RYDER
 Where you going there, rook?

Ryder inspects her uniform, footwear.

RYDER
 Holy Christ. You out of shoe
 polish? Those boots are an
 embarrassment to the whole fleet.

Captain Reynolds enters the stairwell -- eavesdrops.

BUCKLEY
 I'm not...

RYDER
 You're not what? Don't you eyeball
 me!

Clenched and stiff, she is now in Ryder's face.

BUCKLEY
 I'm not in the academy anymore! I'm
 the only one you treat like this so
 back the hell off, NOW! You get,
 ME?

RYDER
 (off guard)
 Well, fine... carry on, cadet.

Buckley appears mad, several other emotions as well -- continues up the stairs. The Captain moves near Ryder.

REYNOLDS
 Good job, Sergeant.

RYDER
 Thanks, Cap. This one took me a bit
 longer than usual. Must be get'n
 old.

Reynolds pats Ryder on the back, continues down the stairs.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

Buckley emerges from the stairwell and stops. Recalls...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S QUARTER

Buckley holds out her hands in front of her waist. Both of her hands are shaking. She cannot get them to stop.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 MONTHS EARLIER...

INT. ARC JULIET - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Buckley enters the room, appears quite stressed.

REYNOLDS

What can I do for you, Cadet?

BUCKLEY

I have to quit. Can you get me back home?

REYNOLDS

You know, Jane, the family separation we all face doing this job is not easy for anybody.

BUCKLEY

It's not that, it's just... the crew doesn't trust me. I hear them talking about me messing up everything. I just plain... suck.

REYNOLDS

You can't control what other people say about you. Those that tear down others have little confidence in their own ability, especially to teach.

BUCKLEY

I'm screwing -- messing, sorry, everything I do up.

REYNOLDS

There has to be someone on this ship you look up to -- someone you can trust to take you under their wings?

BUCKLEY

I don't know... Sergeant Mikah helps me. She's so busy, and everything she does is perfect.

REYNOLDS

She made mistakes and wanted home too. Stood here, just like you.

BUCKLEY

Really?

REYNOLDS

Everyone wanted to quit at some point, even me. Retiring in a few months. I didn't do too bad, now did I?

BUCKLEY

No, you're the Captain.

REYNOLDS

And as Captain I don't want a ship of robots. I want real people who have lived through mistakes and can adjust, adapt to whatever they need to, whenever they need to. Your uniqueness is what makes this vessel the best in the fleet. I truly believe that. This ship and its crew are a family that I very much want you to be part of.

Apparently, the speech is getting through to her.

REYNOLDS

Sergeant Mikah helps you?

Buckley nods.

REYNOLDS

You want to let her down?

Buckley shakes her head.

REYNOLDS

Jane, you don't suck.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

Buckley struts down the hallway.

INT. ARC JULIET - MEDICAL

The ships medical staff currently present and the crew of the Meridian -- minus Donovan. Intercom activates...

JOSHUA (O.S.)
Control, medical.

LACI
Medical.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
We are sixteen minutes E.T.A. for multiple-subject-trapped. Condition unknown. K-9 assist.

LACI
Copy that.
(to Evans)
Sarah, have Vernon wake up the dogs.

Reynolds enters the room, joins Devin and Franklin.

REYNOLDS
I'm Captain Reynolds. I trust you're being well taken care of?

DEVIN
To say the least, Captain. Am I to understand there is another emergency?

REYNOLDS
Yes, injuries aboard a science vessel. We have to divert. The good news -- the call is en route to Earth, so we should have you back by tomorrow night. Not what you may have hoped to hear, but best I can do.

FRANKLIN
Thank you, Captain.

REYNOLDS
How did the fire start?

Devin glances at Franklin.

DEVIN
We're not sure.

REYNOLDS
Deep space, on a cargo ship, with
an expired registry -- what were
you guys up to?

DEVIN
Re-shooting one of our scenes.

REYNOLDS
Must be expensive -- to come all
the way out here for a movie.

DEVIN
What can I say, Captain, I'm a
perfectionist. Cursed.

Reynolds shows "Spock" eyebrows.

REYNOLDS
I'll have my engineer assist in
your repairs. Perhaps, you can get
going under your own power, still.

DEVIN
Cheers, mate

INT. ARC JULIET - ENGINE ROOM

The four engines and power plants are downright unimpressive and also tiny compared to the size of the ship. Overall, not much to monitor or even maintain.

Reclined and apparently asleep is ship engineer PAULY KRAEMER, 50. He doesn't look service-worthy. Actually, he looks like shit.

Ryder enters the room and approaches the snoring engineer. He shakes his head in general disapproval.

RYDER
Tench-HUT!

Kraemer falls backwards, off his chair, onto his fat ass.

KRAEMER

What da fuck!

RYDER

Oh, did I wake you?

KRAEMER

The hell you want?

RYDER

Captain wants you to help our guests fix their shit -- I mean ship. Not that you can do either.

KRAEMER

Funny little man. Look around at this modular techno-crap they build these days. You don't fix anything anymore, just pop in a replacement part. A bum can do it.

RYDER

We got the right guy then. Get popping.

KRAEMER

God, I miss the old days of crawling into a plasma assembly array, wrench in hand, elbow deep in stasis gel -- I was a miracle worker.

RYDER

I'll cry you a river so you can float down to the hangar bay.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Franklin is leaning into the damaged engine of the Meridian. Hooper ventures out of the ship for the first time. He is in explore mode and may have roamed too far...

Hooper is now nose to nose with two large German Shepherds, Popeye and Sinbad.

Good thing both search dogs are leashed and controlled by their handler, PAUL VERNON, 30.

VERNON

Whoa, down boys. Cute doggy.

Hooper quickly retreats back to the Meridian, his adventure over before it begins.

In the forward section of the hangar bay is the UMBILICAL/AIRLOCK which connects via a telescoping SKY-BRIDGE -- the quick method for ship to ship transfers.

At the airlock is Laci, Evans and Kayle. They are making final adjustments to their RESCUE SUITS and emergency gear.

A clock readout counts backwards, just reached the five (5) minute mark. Vernon and the rescue dogs arrive. Evans is an animal lover...

EVANS
Popeye, Sinbad!

LACI
Five minutes, folks.

Captain Reynolds approaches the airlock. He dials up a rescue suit. Begins to dress. Others at attention...

REYNOLDS
At ease. Mind if I tag along -- for soon to be old times sakes?

LACI
No. I mean, of course not. It's my, our pleasure.

EVANS
The more the merrier, cap.

Behind them, Donovan moves into view. He is filming the crew's preparations. Laci glares at him as Evans radiates pheromones in his direction.

REYNOLDS
Look, we may be on TV. How exciting.

LACI
Ya, cover your private parts.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The DIGITAL ARRAY -- a small research station with a long neck ending in a tiny, global shaped, command pod.

A distant light grows in size and intensity. The light is the Arc Juliet and it quickly approaches the Array. Emergency rescue mode is fully active.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Acting-Captain Timon mentors the Male Crew Member who trains at the helm position. Satisfied, he watches the Juliet come to a stop side-to the Digital Array.

JOSHUA

Juliet, arrival on scene -- Digital Array. Zero-nine-forty. Deploying Sky-Bridge.

Emerging from the fancy elevator is Harding. Assumes command. Timon back at the helm.

HARDING

Structure appears intact. Any contact?

JOSHUA

Negative.

HARDING

Ring the door bell.

JOSHUA

(into comms.)

Arc Juliet, Digital Array.

(beat)

Arc Juliet, Digital Array.

(to Harding)

No immediate response, sir. I'll start up a probe.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - DIGITAL ARRAY

The sky-bridge mates with the Digital Array's outer airlock

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

ROMEO TEAM is Reynolds, Laci, Evans, Kayle, Vernon and two rescue dogs. They stop at the end of the narrow sky bridge, just inches before the sealed airlock to the Array.

LACI

(into communication system)

Romeo Team in position, sky-bridge, outer airlock.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Copy that, awaiting contact.

LACI

Possible we're early to a rescue call?

REYNOLDS

First time for everything, right?

EVANS

Cap, we're gonna miss ya. The ship won't be the same.

REYNOLDS

She's got the best crew in the fleet. It's time for me to move on -- got other dreams to pursue.

LACI

What's life without dreams, right Cap?

Laci appears more emotional than anyone else.

REYNOLDS

Remember how scared you were the first time you stepped through that door? Then you saved that skinny guy and I knew you had what it takes.

LACI

I remember like it was yesterday.

On Laci as she recalls...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Umbilical airlock/sky-bridge prep area. Sergeant GREG "Morty" MORTENSON, late 30s, hunched over on CRUTCHES -- right foot in a cast, near Laci and Captain Reynolds.

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 Years Earlier...

Crew member Laci is gearing up in a rescue suit. She appears out of character, a bit nervous even.

MORTENSON

Keep your check-backs current and don't administrator anything without running it by me first.

LACI
Copy that, Sarge.

MORTENSON
Slow and steady just like our
previous jumps.

Laci exhales as Reynolds hands her a backboard and gear.

MORTENSON
Fuck'n odds, eh cap? I break my
damn foot and my other certified
tech gets the flu. All I got is the
rook. You wanna take this jump?

REYNOLDS
Na, Morty. I have confidence. Let's
see how far she's come

MORTENSON
Alright, crack it open.

The airlock door to the claustrophobic sky-bridge opens.

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

Laci proceeds down the narrow tunnel followed by two MALE
"JUMP" OFFICERS both carrying cutting tools. They are the
three members composing ROMEO TEAM (flashback).

LACI
(into communication system)
Romeo team in position, um, outer
sky-bridge airlock.

Both airlock doors open granting Romeo Team (flashback),
access to steel corridors. They are greeted by one MALE and
one FEMALE (both white suits). Romeo Team enters the hall.

INT. UNKNOWN TRANSPORT SHIP - HALLWAY

Laci and two jump officers --

WHITE SUIT FEMALE
This way, hurry.

They quickly follow the "suits" down a corridor.

LACI
What... what happened?

WHITE SUIT MALE
The deck, it just collapsed.
Everyone is accountable except for
Jimmy.

The end of the hallway is now fully blocked by a twisted
pile of steel.

WHITE SUIT FEMALE
Can you save him?

The collapsed decking is a tangled mess except for a small
opening that leads into darkness. Male Jump Officers examine
the wreckage. Appears very unstable.

WHITE SUIT MALE
We've been talking to him.

Laci calls loudly into the opening.

LACI
Jimmy, can you hear me?

JIMMY (O.S.)
(faint, tranquil-like)
Yep, I can hear you.

LACI
Jimmy, I'm officer Mikah with First
Fleet. We're working on getting you
out of there, okay?

JIMMY (O.S.)
(faint)
Alright, that'll be awesome.

WHITE SUIT FEMALE
Please, you have to help him. He's
the nicest guy.

MALE JUMP OFFICER #1
We cut into it and the whole thing
will shit down on us.

Laci points to the tunnel entrance

LACI
Can you cut this piece so I can get
through?

MALE JUMP OFFICER #1
You're nuts if you go in. This deck
is hanging on by a thread.

LACI

Cut it.

Male Jump Officer #2 activates his cutting tool, easily slices through steel. The opening into darkness is big enough for Laci to fit. She beams a light into it.

LACI

(into communication system)

Romeo team, contact with one adult male, subject trapped under debris. Unable to clear to him. Possible to slip in and pull him out, over.

MORTENSON (O.S.)

Copy that. Proceed with caution.

She takes a deep breath, vanishes into the dark tunnel.

COLLAPSED DECK TUNNEL

Laci is crawling deeper into darkness, her flashlight is the only source of light. The tunnel narrows.

LACI

Jimmy?

JIMMY (O.S.)

Yeah.

LACI

Alright, I'm almost to you.

JIMMY (O.S.)

I see your light.

Laci squeezes past an obstruction. She winches in pain as a jagged piece of steel cuts her arm. JIMMY, 48, lanky build, is awkwardly trapped by debris.

LACI

Are you hurt?

JIMMY

I don't think so.

LACI

Can you move?

JIMMY

Something's on my leg.

Laci struggles to see his leg which is positioned behind him, bent unnaturally. She stretches around his torso to assess the injury.

LACI

Jimmy, this hurt when I do this?

She now examines dark blood on her gloved hand.

JIMMY

Nope.

LAC

(into comms.)

Sarge, subject has a two inch laceration high on his left leg possibly into the femoral artery. There's a piece of debris pinning the leg, probably keeping him from bleeding out.

MORTENSON (O.S.)

Copy that, administer Syn-Quag to seal the wound.

Laci searches her medical kit.

JIMMY

I almost became an officer in the First Fleet, but I failed the drug test.

LACI

Really?

JIMMY

Ya, they detected morphine in my system. My Mom had some left over. I said, Ma, gimme a blast of that stuff. They found out and I didn't make the background check.

Laci readies a syringe -- pauses before administration.

LACI

Jimmy, you on morphine right now?

JIMMY

Uh, ya, good thing too. Imagine the pain I'd be in otherwise.

LACI
 (into comms.)
 You copy that, Sarge?

MORTENSON (O.S.)
 Copy. Don't use Syn-Quag, he'll
 hemorrhage with morphine. You
 certain that artery is cut?

LACI
 Affirmative, I can fit my finger in
 it.

MORTENSON (O.S.)
 Can you clamp and extract?

Laci grabs a nearby piece of steel -- a good pry bar.

LAC
 It's high on the leg. I think so.

MORTENSON (O.S.)
 Don't think, just do it.

Jimmy's leg tight with a tourniquet. RUBBLE SHIFTS loudly.

MORTENSON (O.S.)
 Get the hell outta there, now!

She inserts the steel into the debris trapping Jimmy's leg.
 Leans into the pry with all her might...

His smashed leg flops freely. Arterial blood pulses and
 sprays -- Jimmy stares "wide-eyed" then passes out.

The rubble shifts yet again. Laci is frantically dragging
 him through the rickety tunnel. Her patients' blood loss
 nearing critical...

HALLWAY

An exhausted Laci clears the debris tunnel, Jimmy in tow.
 The tunnel collapses -- deck smashes downward. A save!

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

Romeo team (present time), still waits at the end of the
 sky-bridge.

LACI
So there's multiple aided over
there and we're waiting here why?

REYNOLDS
Patience is no longer a virtue.
(into comms.)
Control -- what's the hold up?

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Harding spins around, full attention directed towards the sky-bridge where the team is located.

HARDING
(into comms.)
We're still figuring this out.
Captain, you're on the jump team?

REYNOLDS (O.S.)
Affirmative, Is there an emergency
on this array or not?

HARDING
Joshua, get serious with that
station.

JOSHUA
(into comms.)
Digital Array, this is the Arc
Juliet. Are you capable of
responding? Boarding team standing
by.

HARDING
Someone work on that door's
override.

Bridge speakers echo with a MALE VOICE...

ZACHARY (O.S.)
How many on the boarding team?

Harding and his crew look mystified.

JOSHUA
Five, standard team. You have a
medical emergency, or not?

ZACHARY (O.S.)
That's too many. Send less.

More confused looks. Harding will have no more...

HARDING

(into comms.)

This is Lieutenant Commander Wayne Harding. We are responding to a rescue call. You will open your airlock immediately or I am authorized to override your systems. Do you understand?

Silence. Beat.

HARDING

What's this station used for, anyway?

Joshua quickly scans his terminal for data.

JOSHUA

Corporate research. Specialty unknown.

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

The airlock parts and Romeo Team has access to the Digital Array. The white hallway is eerily vacant.

The dogs BARK as though they want no part of this place.

VERNON

Whoa guys. Ahead. Ahead.

They won't budge, still continuing to rage-bark.

EVANS

What's with the dogs?

REYNOLDS

Take 'em back, rest proceed.

(into comms.)

Good job with the override, Wayne.

HARDING (O.S.)

Wasn't us, Captain.

Minus Vernon and the dogs, Romeo Team proceeds down the hallway.

INT. DIGITAL ARRAY - HALLWAY

At the end of the hallway, a white-clad figure races briefly in and out of view.

LACI
Hey! Hold up.

The deck plates GROAN with sounds of stress.

Romeo Team proceeds to the end of the hallway.

The hallway branches off -- to the left, an open-door LABORATORY. To the right, a narrower hallway that apparently leads to the COMMAND POD. Another closed door labeled: CHAMBER 1.

A loud HUMMING NOISE pierces eardrums. Similar to the sound a big electrical engine may produce. It lasts five seconds, almost maddening in intensity.

REYNOLDS
What the hell was that?

THE LABORATORY

Inside the laboratory, a frantic male, MO ZACHARY, 30's, slamming shut a metallic SILVER CASE.

He notices Romeo Team at the doorway -- hastily shuts another case which is being loaded by ADENA JORDAN, 26, exotic-looking female. Romeo Team cannot see the case's contents.

The rescue Team remains at the front door to the Laboratory, still in the hallway.

LACI
Where are the injured?

ZACHARY
You're too late. We must leave here immediately.

REYNOLDS
Stop wasting time and tell me.

ZACHARY
Chamber one, but it is you who wastes time.

REYNOLDS

Get them back to the Juliet.
Sergeant, come with.

Kayle and Evans escort Zachary and Jordan, with their equipment, towards the direction of the airlock door.

Reynolds and Laci in front of the door marked CHAMBER 1. The steel door opens just as the crippling noise repeats -- lasts six seconds. Intensifies. They must cover their ears.

CHAMBER 1

DISARRAY. Bulky machines have been ripped off their deck mounts and cluttered against the far wall.

Reynolds and Laci inspect the pile of machinery. GRUESOME -- human appendages are combined with the machinery on a molecular level. No one remains alive to rescue.

Laci cautiously touches what appears to be a male arm clad in a white lab coat. She yanks her hand back from the cold dead fingers.

They share a look: "what the hell happened here?"

The crippling noise again -- a few seconds longer. The array receives a jolt, our heroes knocked to the wall.

REYNOLDS

You alright?

Laci nods. Rubs her neck area. Collects herself.

REYNOLDS

About time we get the hell outta here.

The crippling noise but at a longer interval. A stronger vibration to the array. Lights flicker as power is drained.

EXT. SPACE - ARC JULIET - DIGITAL ARRAY

The Digital Array begins to slowly move closer to the side of the Juliet. The sky bridge buckles under stress, begins slacking -- low point sags in the middle.

Whatever event is consuming the Array is also spreading to the Juliet. Power interruptions -- lights flicker.

The Juliet begins listing port-side into the Digital Array. A yaw change is felt most up in the control tower.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The crew is tossed to the port-side of the room.

HARDING
Stabilize!

TIMON
Controls not responding!

HARDING
(into comms.)
Captain. We're losing helm controls
and ship-wide power

REYNOLDS (O.S.)
Something ain't right. Abort.

HARDING
(into comms.)
Roger that. Engine room -- report!

INT. ARC JULIET - ENGINE ROOM

Kraemer, bleeding head, lays unconscious.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Harding's eyes wide as the Array and Juliet creep closer.

HARDING
(into comms.)
Captain, we're gonna collide!

INT. DIGITAL ARRAY - HALLWAY - AIRLOCK

Reynolds and Laci back at the airlock to the sky-bridge. He guides Laci onto the bridge where she begins to carefully descend. The Captain remains.

REYNOLDS
Go, get back to the ship.

Laci realizes his intentions.

LACI
Not without you!

Reynolds taps a control panel, the airlock door begins to close. Laci reaches to pull him back and into the sky-bridge along with her but slips...

She slides from the Array's airlock down to the bridge's low point. Both now out of reach of one another.

LACI
 Captain!

Reynolds watches Laci until the last second before the airlock closes. He appeared to want to catch her -- break her fall, but knows the right choice was made. Now alone on the Array, he turns and races to the Command Pod.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

FROM THE HANGAR BAY, LOOKING INTO THE SKY-BRIDGE --

Laci is climbing up the sky-bridge towards the Juliet's airlock. Struggling and almost at the top, she is assisted by Evans and Kayle who then help her the rest of the way.

EVANS
 The Captain?

LACI
 Stayed behind. Unsure why.

VERNON
 Retracting and seal'n before we
 lose atmospheric pressure.

LACI
 NO! Level out the bridge, I'm going
 back for him.

Vernon uses the manual override to close the airlock.

Laci moves back to the sky-bridge but is restrained by Kayle and Evans. She struggles but can only watch the airlock completely seal. She breaks free, displays a wicked STARE of unbelievability.

Behind her, the crew of the Meridian, watching. She backs away from everyone, turns -- bolts out of the hanger bay.

INT. DIGITAL ARRAY - COMMAND POD

The crippling noise is almost constant now.

Reynolds enters the room -- covers his ears -- struggles to stay on his feet. Scans the instruments and finds the navigational controls -- EMERGENCY THRUSTERS -- Yahtzee!

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

Laci stumbles down the dimly lit hallway as the ship continues its unnatural list. Fancy elevator -- powerless. Now at a red emergency LADDER and hastily climbs up.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

FROM THE CONTROL ROOM VANTAGE

Harding and the crew helplessly watch the core of the Digital Array about to collide with the side of the Juliet.

A GOLDEN energy-based LIGHT begins to pulse and intensify from the middle of the Array. It seems to be building to some explosive conclusion.

BANG -- The EMERGENCY THRUSTERS on the side of the Array fire. A temporary flash and then a pivoting thrust.

The Array begins to move away from the Juliet, TURNING, and successfully separating the core of the station from the Juliet. Unfortunately...

The command pod on the end of the Array's neck swings around toward the Juliet's own control tower -- moments from smashing into the safety glass!

HARDING

Brace yourselves!

An emergency trap door on the edge of the floor opens. Laci climbs through the emergency hatch in time to see...

The Array's command pod STOPS a meter away from crashing into the Juliet's control room.

Visible through the pod's glass stands Captain Reynolds, his hand still clutching the emergency thruster button.

The Captain sees his colleagues from his position -- crew of the Juliet stares back. He slightly exhales as though relieved his ship has been saved...

Or has it?

Like a capsule filled to capacity -- time exhausts. Serenity. Silence. And then finally...

A golden FLASH, then darkness, the event has now concluded.

The look on the Captain's face changes to TERROR and PAIN.

The Juliet's crew watches as the Captain CRUMPLES along with the Array into a mass one-hundredth of its original size. What's left of the Array and the Captain are now completely gone.

TIMON

Evander!

Space is pitch black. Not a single star remains.

On the aghast faces of the crew. Harding, Laci, Ryder, Timon, Joshua -- Speechless. Heartbroken. Devastated.

Power snaps back online. Systems in a state of reset. Ship operations returning to normal...

And from pitch black, to dim, to bright, so do the stars, as though the Galaxy has been reset -- or re-booted.

HARDING

(throat tight, low)

Captain.

No answer. The crew's faces all register the same reality -- their captain, mentor, and dear friend is gone.

HARDING

Find him. NOW!

JOSHUA

(into comms.)

Digital Array, can you read us?

HARDING

What the HELL just happened?

The NAV-COM holographic guidance system, usually a pin-point accurate display, now only reads: NAV-COM: NO GALACTIC REFERENCE AVAILABLE. SCANNING...

JOSHUA

(into comms.)

Captain Reynolds, can you respond?

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Supply containers in a secluded corner of the hangar. Adena Jordan stands nearby as... a lookout?

She spots a break in crew activity and then cautiously moves behind cover to where Mo Zachary kneels -- guarding the silver cases.

Adena nods to him -- her all-clear signal.

Zachary opens the case. The lid blocks its contents. His intense facial expressions along with the familiar GOLDEN GLOW that now emanates from within. He looks at Adena with awe. Carefully, he spins the case so that she can confirm.

Suspended in the containment compartment is a cube of golden energy. Now it morphs into a star-like structure -- then a circular form, and back to a cube, repeats. It appears powerful but stable.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

CLOSE ON THE JULIET'S COMMAND TOWER

Laci, pressed against the glass and looking outward -- teary-eyed, comatose.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
(comms. filtered)
Captain Reynolds, please respond.

Zooming further away... the rest of the ship, idle, against the lonely backdrop of unfamiliar stars.

Away even further, until the ship is but a tiny speck of light.

FADE OUT

THE END (PART 1)

"ARC JULIET"

AKA

"INFINITY'S EDGE"

"PILOT - PART 2"

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

RAPIDLY THROUGH SPACE --

The heavy rescue ship, ARC-SIERRA, traveling at maximum speed.

INT. ARC SIERRA - CONTROL TOWER

Captain Clarke, arms folded, anxiously stands at the top tier of the control room.

CLARKE
Time till arrival?

An optical ring around the circumference of the control room pulses RED with each syllable spoken by the ship's R.A.S., artificial intelligence. This is the male voice known as: SIERRA...

SIERRA (O.S.)
Forty eight seconds, which is time-minus fifty three seconds from the last time you asked. Your inquiry before that was also exactly fifty three seconds. Incidentally, the time immediately before...

CLARKE
...that'll do, Sierra. Hard to believe Captain Reynolds turned off the R.A.S. in the Juliet.

SIERRA (O.S.)
I detect a high stress level in your bio-stream. Would you like me to schedule an appointment for you with Doctor Ganz?

CLARKE
I'll tend to my personal issues personally.

SIERRA (O.S.)
Very well, Captain Clarke.

Clarke now stands besides helmsman WELCH, late 20s, female.

WELCH
We'll find em.

Clarke nods her head. Welch slowly pulls back on the ships throttle --

FROM THE VANTAGE OF THE CONTROL ROOM -- OUT INTO SPACE...

Two military DREADNOUGHTS quickly appear off the Sierra's port and starboard sides.

Welch slams the throttle control to STOP position...

WELCH
Holy shh...!

The crew lurches forward, struggling to remain a foot.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The Sierra is full stop. Dreadnoughts are now flanking.

To her port, the Galactic Defense Council, VICTORY.

To her starboard, the sister ship, RYZE.

Centered and background to them, a smaller, utility-type vessel -- the DELANEY, shines super-bright lights onto what looks like a twisted piece of steel (the remains of the Digital Array.)

INT. ARC SIERRA - CONTROL TOWER

LUCAS, 20s, Sierra communications officer, sitting center on the lower tier...

LUCAS
Incoming comms, Captain.

CLARKE
Allow it.

A holographic image of a uniformed, stern, 50s male -- ADMIRAL GEHRING, appears front-center.

CLARKE
Admiral.

ADMIRAL GEHRING (VIDEO & AUDIO)
Captain of First Fleet vessel, for your safety you will adjust minimal safe distance to three thousand K.M. of designated space-zero.

CLARKE
Admiral, I'm Captain Clarke of the First...

ADMIRAL GEHRING
...Captain, I know exactly who you are. If my instructions are not immediately obeyed consequences will ensue. I find little joy in repeating myself.

Clarke appears uneasy. She inquisitively glances at her senior officers before dialing herself back a bit...

CLARKE
Admiral, please. We are rescue
responding to...

ADMIRAL GEHRING
At this point, you're services are
not necessary. Re-position.

CLARKE
No way, I can't just stay on the
side...

The image deactivates.

CLARKE
Son of a...

The Sierra begins to move in reverse.

CLARKE
Hold position, damn it!

Welch is frantically tapping on her instruments.

WELCH
I'm locked out from the controls!

CLARKE
Sierra, all stop! Right now!

SIERRA (O.S.)
Captain Clarke, any Galactic
Defense Council orders override all
First Fleet jurisdiction, let alone
such orders coming from a standing
and on-scene Admiral. It would be
most prudent to...

CLARKE
...prudent for you to follow your
Captain's orders or I will rip your
damn circuitry from wherever it may
lie!

SIERRA (O.S.)
As you wish, Captain. However, I
strongly recommend scheduling a
stress test with doctor...

CLARKE
...not another word from you unless
I ask a direct question. Ensign
Lucas, get the Admiral back on the
screen.

The Sierra stops. The dreadnoughts continue flanking. Welch stares at the twin harbingers of destruction that threaten the rescue ship...

WELCH
(to herself)
We're in over our heads.

LUCAS
Hailing the Victory, Captain.

Clarke taps fingers on her crossed arms awaiting the communication. Moments later, the holographic image of the Admiral reappears.

ADMIRAL GEHRING
I have the power to strip you of command if you further test me. I'll have your ship towed back to Earth and impounded.

CLARKE
Admiral, I could care less about your business. The Juliet is my only concern. I will not move this ship until I get some answers, starting with where in the hell is she?

The Admiral closes his eyes. Exhales...

ADMIRAL GEHRING
If you wish to place your own ship and crew in danger, so be it, but, your missing vessel is not here.

CLARKE
What kind of danger?

ADMIRAL GEHRING
The classified kind.

Clarke moves down onto the lower tier, closer to the hologram, and the communications station.

CLARKE
You have my word I will not move any closer. This is the Juliet's last known position. No distress call, no departure angle, no nothing. I can't believe an ARC-class ship just disappeared without a trace.

No comment from the Admiral. Beat.

CLARKE

That object -- why are you so interested in it? Is that what's left of...?

The Admirals upper lip slightly twitches -- he doesn't appreciate answering to anyone, let alone Clarke.

ADMIRAL GEHRING

No, it's not your missing ship, I assure you.

On screen, an OFFICER whispers into the Admiral's ear.

Clarke takes this opportunity to casually reach down to the communications station and the PROBE LAUNCHING controls. She preps "PROBE 1" and then presses the "FIRE" icon.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

PROBE 1 launches from the Sierra towards the Delaney. Before it can make it past the Dreadnoughts, the Victory fires a pulse of light that just misses its target.

ZAP -- the second shot from the Victory is a direct hit. The probe is incinerated into a flash of light.

INT. ARC SIERRA - CONTROL TOWER

The Admiral glares at Clarke, displays a slight grin...

ADMIRAL GEHRING

You just exhausted the last of your courtesy. Come any closer or repeat that foolish move and the First Fleet will have another missing ship.

The visual is terminated. Clarke falls into the Captains chair, appears quite defeated.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The ARC-JULIET motionless before the vastness of space.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

A full crew compliment on duty...

TIMON

Navigation diagnostics complete,
Ell Cee.

Harding spins around in the command chair.

HARDING

Still tip top?

TIMON

Functioning as intended. Beats me
why we have no link.

The computer hologram reads: NAV-COM: NO GALACTIC REFERENCE
AVAILABLE. SCANNING...

HARDING

Joshua, raise anyone yet?

JOSHUA

All channels idle -- like there's
nobody on.

HARDING

The Captain?

Joshua shakes his head. Crew members appear quite fatigued.

HARDING

Stay on it till you get something.

Harding looks at Laci -- still pressed against the glass of
the command tower. He moves to her, places his hand gently
on her shoulder.

LACI

I feel him. He's still out there.

HARDING

Men like him -- they live forever.

On Harding as he recalls...

FLASHBACK TO:**EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY**

The Juliet is docked inside an orbiting SHIP YARD "dry dock."

A small transport SHUTTLE approaches the rear of the ship.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

At the front end of the bay, two unidentifiable men wearing blue jumpsuits are working to assemble a pre-fabricated structure -- similar to office cubicles.

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 YEARS AGO...

The shuttle passes through the stasis field and lands in the open area of the hangar bay. The ramp opens and out emerges a familiar face: SERGEANT HARDING. He is in full uniform and wheeling luggage.

Harding scans the ship's bay -- appears impressed. Must be his first time here. Heads over to the workers.

HARDING

Excuse me, guys. Any officers around?

Sergeant Mortenson turns around, looks at Harding...

MORTENSON

Ya, they're around. You're the new sarge, huh?

He hands a wrench to a sorta-offended Harding.

HARDING

Thanks, but I gotta meet up with the Captain and get situated before the maiden launch. I hear he's a stickler for detail.

Harding laughs then hands the wrench back to Mortenson, who returns a sarcastic grin.

MORTENSON

Suit yourself. I'd figure as new Sergeant you'd wanna know if this triage functioned properly in the event we ever needed it.

HARDING

Yeah, you can handle it.

The other man wearing a jumpsuit turns around to face Harding -- it's Captain Reynolds. He wipes his greasy hand on his suit then extends it in gesture...

REYNOLDS

Welcome on board, Sergeant -- I'm Captain Stickler.

Harding appears besides himself... way besides himself.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. MERIDIAN - FORWARD COCKPIT

The Meridian, resting inside the Juliet's hangar bay. The bewildered crew perched around the navigation computer.

FRANKLIN

I have no freak'n idea where the hell we are.

NYX

None of my calls to home are getting through.

DEVIN

This is unacceptable. I'll find out exactly who's bloody responsible for this.

Devin exits. Franklin, still searching the computer...

FRANKLIN

These nearby celestial patterns don't match anything on file.

NYX

If I miss out on my next gig so help me...

(she collects herself, then to Donovan...)

Why don't you poke around with that camera of yours, see what you can find out.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Harding sits in the Captains chair, deep in thought. A beat, then he stands up, sternly...

HARDING

Joshua, have all the officers meet me in the conference room, ASAP.

Harding heads to the fancy elevator.

INT. ARC JULIET - LACI'S QUARTERS

Laci picks up a cracked photo frame from the floor. The picture is a group photo shot of the crew. She rubs her thumb over Captain Reynolds. Exhales...

LACI

I've known for about a year now, but... decided not to tell you... I hated you for how you left her...

She picks the glass away from the frame.

LACI

But I understand why -- the way it was going, the problems. By letting me and mom go, you gave me the father you couldn't have given me yourself.

Laci, against the wall, slumps down to the floor, wipes away a tear or two.

LACI

But, you still... some how, some way, found your way into my life... Dad.

She hugs the photo frame.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

All officers report to the conference room immediately. Repeat, all officers to the conference room.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - MAIN TRUNK

Harding walking down the hallway. Devin rolls up and intercepts...

DEVIN

Lieutenant, I don't appreciate being kept in the dark. I have questions that require answers.

HARDING

Not now, man.

They stop before the door to the CONFERENCE ROOM. The ships RANKING OFFICERS begin to arrive.

DEVIN

That won't bloody do.

Devin begins following. He instantly stops when Harding's foot aggressively kicks into his chair...

HARDING

Don't push it.

Harding enters the conference room. Devin watches from the hallway as the door seals behind him.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONFERENCE ROOM

Ship's officers -- gazing at the room which has been decorated for the Captain's surprise party.

Harding, standing in front of a chair at the head of the table -- aggressively SLAPS a "congratulations" place setting onto the floor. Sits down. Rest of them follow.

There is an awkward beat of silence.

HARDING

What happened to us?

Tight lips. Somber mood.

HARDING

Nobody has a clue what's going on?
No one can figure out where the hell we are? How about a guess?
(beat)
So what your all telling me is we're just gonna float around here forever until we die like the Captain?

LACI

Ell Cee!

Harding raises his hand -- motions for a take back.

RYDER

We're still a First Fleet ship, and we have procedures. You need to enter yourself as ship's acting Captain -- at least temporarily.

Harding slowly nods his head. Beat. He settles down.

HARDING

Any system damage?

KRAEMER

Engines are in perfect working order.

HARDING

If this... 'diversion' becomes prolonged, how are our food supplies?

BURNS

What food supplies? This is the end of our tour. We don't have anything left.

HARDING

If we ration, how many days?

RYDER

Don't forget the extra mouths we picked up.

BURNS

Two, three days. Maybe four. There will no longer be a six-course entree menu, that's for sure.

RYDER

Like there ever was one.

HARDING

Alright, mark this spot with a probe and let's start charting the area. Priority will be any planets that can support life. Prepare to get underway. Sergeants with me to the Captain's quarters. Rest of you, dismissed.

They begin clearing the room. Harding is last to walk out...

HALLWAY -- MAIN TRUNK

Harding walks into a waiting Devin -- exchange of smirks.

DEVIN

I'm a billionaire success, formerly
renown scientist, and always the
smartest man in any room. I don't
take a fargon back seat to anyone
and no one, I repeat, no one ever
ignores me.

Harding continues down the hall, fully ignoring him.

INT. ARC JULIET - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Harding enters the room, joins Ryder and Laci, both waiting
at the computer terminal.

HARDING

Let's get this over with...

...taps a command, speaks to the terminal...

HARDING

Lieutenant Commander Wayne Harding,
authorize Arc-Juliet crew roster
update.

He turns to the Sergeants.

RYDER

Sergeant Ryder, authorized.

LACI

Sergeant Mika, authorized.

HARDING

Authorize and update, Harding to
acting ships Captain. Execute.

The computer terminal reads: UPDATE INITIATED.

HARDING

Let's make this as temporary as
possible. Dismissed.

Ryder and Laci exit.

A beat.

The computer terminal flashes: HOW COULD YOU LEAVE THE CAPTAIN ALONE LIKE THAT?

Harding rubs his eyes, can't believe what he is reading. Looks around the room...

HARDING

What?

The computer goes blank.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The Juliet marks space-zero with a probe. Moves away.

INT. ARC JULIET - HANGAR BAY

Adena Jordan, alone, guarding the twin silver containers. Hooper approaches her, barks. She snarls back at the animal. Hooper circles her treasure.

ADENA

Shoo. Be off with you.

She lashes outward but the dog is too quick, circles the cases, begins to growl, show fangs. Then makes his move...

Hooper leaps at her fore-arm, sinks his teeth into her flesh, then unexpectedly, releases his bite.

Adena has no expected reaction to the attack. Makes no noise. Feels no pain. She merely examines the wound, then glares at Hooper with a nasty expression.

ON FRANKLIN AT THE MERIDIAN'S ENGINE --

A YELP from behind the supply cases -- he turns to see...

Hooper retreating back to the Meridian, a slight limp noticeable. Franklin cautiously walks to the cases, peers around the corner and sees Adena -- who stares eerily back at him.

Her silence says it all.

He briefly waves, receives nothing in return -- turns to go back to work, slowly shaking his head at the cold reception.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Ryder in command. Joshua, excitingly...

JOSHUA
I got something!

RYDER
Headquarters?

JOSHUA
No.

RYDER
What the hell you got then?

Joshua displays a PULSE graphic on the visual. It shows a distant line that returns focus back to the Juliet.

JOSHUA
Magnetic energy pulse.

RYDER
Ya, so what?

JOSHUA
On a twenty to twenty-five varying,
pulsating, Q increment.

Ryder folds his arms, looks at him impatiently...

JOSHUA
It's definitely a basic signal. We
should alert the Captain, I mean
Ell Cee.

RYDER
He's resting and I ain't about to
wake him cause you found a flock of
seagulls.

TIMON
It's not gonna kill us to take a
peek.

RYDER
Bah, do what you want -- I think
it's a waste of time. Besides, the
Elle Cee wants us to find chow,
remember?

Timon activates the helm controls...

TIMON
Fifteen minutes till intercept.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet turns and accelerates on a new course.

INT. ARC JULIET - HALLWAY - OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Zachary arrives at the door to the Captain's quarters. He leans his left ear closer, attempting to eavesdrop.

LACI (O.S)
You lost?

Laci quickly approaching...

ZACHARY
Who's in charge now?

Her answer -- tightly folded arms.

ZACHARY
No matter. Let me guess, you can't figure out what happened, right? Can't figure out where you are?

LACI
You did something back on that station. I don't know what, but I saw what happened to those people in that chamber and it was ungodly. Let's you and me go have a chat with the Ell Cee.

She grabs his arm by the elbow. Zachary jumps back as though Laci has the worse case of cooties ever -- squeals like a little bitch...

ZACHARY
Don't touch me!

LACI
What's the matter, geek, scared of girls?

Harding emerges from his quarters across from them, sees Laci reaching for Zachary...

HARDING
What the hell? Sergeant, what's the damn problem?

ZACHARY
She attacked me.

LACI
What? No way. He's hiding
something. You wanna see attacked,
watch this, you fu...

Laci advances on Zachary, Harding easily catches and subdues
her...

HARDING
Alright, all ready! Sergeant, my
quarters -- right now. Your name?

ZACHARY
Professor Jordan.

Harding motions for him to follow Laci into his quarters.

HARDING
This way, Jordan.

ZACHARY
I wish to be called -- Zachary.

Laci snarls at Zachary.

LACI
Call you murderer, how do you like
that, you...

HARDING
Hey Fire Cracker, I heard enough!
Ain't gonna tell you again.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Timon turns to Ryder...

TIMON
Eight thousand meters.

Ryder contemplating...

RYDER
I don't wanna take any risks till
we know what we got. Lights out,
slow her on down.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet goes dark, all exterior running lights turn off.

INT. ARC JULIET - LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S QUARTERS

Harding, Laci and Zachary.

HARDING
Start talking.

LACI
He knows what happened to us.

ZACHARY
She must respect my tactile
boundaries.

HARDING
Ya, well, I'm really tired, so I'm
only gonna say this once. You --
keep your hands to yourself. I
don't think that's the first time I
had to tell you this, and you...
find something to do. Play with
your chemistry set or something
until we figure out this mess.

LACI
He did something. Something that
killed his crew and then got us
lost all the way out...

CHIME from the door.

HARDING
Christ, who the hell now?

Harding opens the door. Devin begins to roll in.

HARDING
Awesome.

DEVIN
Lieutenant Commander, I want
myself, as representative to my
crew, included in all briefings
from here on out. As earlier
stated, my scientific ingeniousness
is invaluable.

Zachary laughs.

DEVIN

You find something bloody amusing,
Mr.?

ZACHARY

I'm familiar with your scientific
work. Instead of the words
ingenious and invaluable, inanity
and inapplicable fits the bill more
precisely.

Laci chuckles, she liked that one. Harding rubs his tired
brow.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

A stealth Juliet slowly approaches a small metallic object
in the shape of an ARROW HEAD. Underneath the object is a
small ASTEROID.

Between both object and asteroid, severe ELECTRICAL dancing.
It appears to be emanating from the rock to the arrow head,
almost as though they are purposely bonded together.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The crew and acting Captain Ryder: studying the details
earlier mentioned...

RYDER

Is that a ship or what?

JOSHUA

Doesn't match known databases.

Ryder moves to the front glass to get an even closer look.

RYDER

Okay, light em up. Joshua, alert
the Ell Cee.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet's LED light array jolts to life. The objects are
flooded with brightly lit rays. No response from the
U.F.O's.

INT. ARC JULIET - LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S QUARTERS

Devin and Zachary arguing. Harding turns to Laci...

HARDING

This is like mediating for a high school debate team.

He then interrupts his guests...

HARDING

FINE, I'll include each of you in the decision making -- limited though, and with conditions...

They eagerly look at Harding as he points to Zachary...

HARDING

Start coming clean about what we are facing here and work with my crew on a solution to getting the hell out of it.

ZACHARY

I'll need full access to the ship's R.A.S. prior to beginning.

HARDING

Little good that'll do. It was never engaged.

A look of deep concern followed by confusion on Zachary's face.

He points to Devin...

HARDING

And you... stop following me around the damn ship. We ought a put a bell on you.

ZACHARY

What do you mean, never engaged?

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Ell Cee, report to control.

Harding activates the comms...

HARDING

What's up, Joshua?

JOSHUA (O.S.)
We have something. The Sarge thinks
it may be a ship.

HARDING
On my way.

INT. MERIDIAN - CREW QUARTERS

Faye Nyx tucks a blanket around a sleeping Haley. Satisfied to the quality of the tuck, she smiles at the girl.

Haley's eyes open and peer back, returning the smile.

Franklin enters the ship. Nyx watches as he opens a storage closet, then begins to remove a military-styled assault rifle. Now another one, and another, and then a smaller side arm.

He places them on a table and begins field stripping the units.

NYX
What are you doing?

FRANKLIN
Force protection.

Nyx laughs.

NYX
With movie props?

FRANKLIN
Won't be props when I'm done with
them.

NYX
What? You have real bullets too?

Franklin chuckles...

FRANKLIN
You think I'm just here to fly us
around? The boss pays me handsomely
to be prepared for anything and
everything.

NYX
Oh ya, you prepared to explain this
to our hosts?

FRANKLIN

What they don't know won't hurt them.

(racks the weapon)

Right?

Nyx shakes her head in disapproval, turns away.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The fancy elevator opens. Harding and Laci take their places. Devin and Zachary also in attendance.

HARDING

Any contact?

JOSHUA

Negative.

RYDER

Probe's having problems cutting through that electrical field. So far we got large quantities of H2O.

ZACHARY

Where there's water, there's life.

JOSHUA

Now confirmed, oxygen levels suitable for human consumption inside.

HARDING

What do you make of that rock underneath? It appears to be stuck onto it.

DEVIN

More like trapped onto it.

JOSHUA

The signal emanates from the asteroid, not the metallic structure.

TIMON

Ell Cee, the starboard side, looks like an access port.

A visual zooms onto the outline of a doorway.

HARDING

Big enough for us to board?

TIMON

Smaller than a standard sized lock
but indeed big enough.

HARDING

Alright, let's treat this like any
other rescue, and do what we do.
Activate cutting torches. Let's
separate metal from rock.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Articulating cutting torches extend from the top of the
Juliet to the small asteroid. Plasma begins to shred the
rock surface.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Crew members watch as the metallic craft floats freely.

HARDING

Get us in closer for sky-bridge
deployment.

Devin begins rolling to the fancy elevator.

HARDING

You two can watch from here.

That doesn't sit well with Devin and Zachary.

DEVIN

If this is first contact, my team
must be included... are you
prepared to document this?

ZACHARY

Captain, will you break your deal
already?

In the background, the sky-bridge is mating to the metallic
ship.

Harding sighs, turns to Zachary and Devin, reluctantly...

HARDING

Both of you, stay out of the way.
Advisers only. That perfectly
clear?

INT. ARC JULIET - SKY BRIDGE

Harding, Laci and Kayle proceed down the bridge to the airlock. Devin and Zachary in the back. Alongside, and jockeying for position, is Donovan, his camera active.

Kayle checks the readout on the final airlock...

KAYLE

Outer seal at one-hundred percent.

HARDING

Okay, let's do this.

The lock on the sky bridge opens.

The closed lock from the alien ship is directly in front of the crew. They study the only feature alongside the access door -- a small rectangle. It has no buttons, readouts, or levers. Kayle looks puzzled.

Zachary steps forward, reaches to touch the pad.

HARDING

Wait, don't...

Too late. His fingers touch the surface.

ZACHARY

It's malleable.

His fingers sink into the material, followed by his hand. Reaching further into the unknown -- now up to his elbow.

HARDING

Careful, I don't like this one bit.

ZACHARY

I feel something. I think it's a lever

Zachary is successful... the AIRLOCK opens. Condensation from inside the ship floods the sky bridge. Harding calls into the dimly-lit unknown...

HARDING

This is the rescue ship Juliet. Is anyone injured?

The crew shines lights into the ship. They deeply inhale the clearing condensation...

KAYLE
It smells...

LACI
Rejuvenating.

HARDING
Hello? Anyone on board?

Harding steps inside. SPLASH. The floor is about a half a foot lower than the lock.

Numerous additional sounds of cascading water...

INSIDE THE UNKNOWN SHIP

Harding is in the lead then Kayle and Laci. Each member cautiously surveying their surroundings -- flashlights continue scanning the interior.

The walls flow with motion -- like gentle waterfalls. Unseen sources of liquid line every inch of the ship without flooding the core. It's like a living sauna.

SPLASH from behind them -- startled, they turn to see Devin wheel into the vessel, followed by Zachary.

LACI
Don't you rust, now.

A small room with no apparent corridors or additional rooms. A pedestal is mounted in the center. The far wall has a large tank of cloudy water, which almost reaches to the top of the ceiling.

Kayle examines the pedestal. It has a few levers and blinking, organic lights. Laci moves closer to the tank, squints to see inside.

HARDING
Someone can't possibly travel in this thing, right?

On the pedestal, a red light begins to blink.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
Ell Cee, we got approaching.

Harding into comms...

HARDING
More of these ships?

JOSHUA (O.S.)
Negative. Multiple, small sized
asteroids.

HARDING
(into comms.)
Copy that. Appears to be unmanned
here. Finishing up.

At the tank, something swims by the glass. Laci leans closer
to see...

A FISH HEAD, OR...

A FISH FACE? -- which blinks at her and then instantly
disappears into the murk.

LACI
What the...? Ell Cee?

HARDING
Yeah?

LACI
You see that?

A bluish blur LEAPS from the top of the tank and then
directly down in front of them...

It's about three feet tall, bi-pedal, roundly shaped head,
big black eyes with huge floppy ears. Think a cross between
a large guppy and a human midget, holding a SPEAR -- and
it's gazing directly at Devin.

LACI
Holy...

The marine LIFE FORM moves like a wind-up toy after drinking
a case of Red Bull. It bounces up and down, shakes it's
head, flops it's ears and then blinks at them -- clanks it's
spear on the floor and then takes a few steps towards Devin.

HARDING
No sudden movements.

KAYLE
Tell that to fish sticks over
there!

Harding pulls Laci away from "it".

ZACHARY

Amazing!

The Life Form executes a somersault and is directly in front of Devin. It appears to be studying his wheel chair, however, never seems to stand perfectly still.

DEVIN

Hello, I'm Robert Devin.

Devin extends his hand in gesture.

HARDING

At least he ain't ignoring you.

DEVIN

Little fella, we mean you no harm.

The Life Form POKES at his wheel chair with the tip of it's spear -- and again, but this time -- a wee bit harder.

HARDING

Whoa, back up.

Life Form bobbles its head, ears flopping about, water sprays everywhere -- then it grabs the front of his chair, lifting it up and knocking it completely over -- Devin falls freely to the FLOOR, covered in the liquid.

A PISTOL pops out of Devin's chair and kicks over to Harding's feet. He retrieves the weapon and assumes a defensive stance with it.

DEVIN

No, don't shoot!

Kayle and Harding make a move to protect, but Devin immediately motions for them to stay put.

DEVIN

It's okay, I'm okay.

Life Form leaps closer to the prone backside of Devin and GRABS at his spine -- a SHRIEK from Devin, prompting Kayle and Harding to quickly move on the creature...

NO DEAL -- the Life Form is too fast for them, leaping back, cartwheeling around the room..

Laci, now at the side of Devin who screams out...

DEVIN
Ah, bloody hell, man

She checks his lower back where the creature struck him. A small amount of blood oozes from a tiny puncture wound.

HARDING
Get him out! Everyone, out!

Fish Sticks returns to the inside of the tank -- peering outward -- watching their every move.

Kayle secures his chair as Laci and Harding lift Devin up and onto it. Director screams out again...

LACI
Where's the pain, your back?

DEVIN
My legs. Ahhhh!

They all retreat into the...

SKY-BRIDGE

Harding safely seals the lock to the alien ship.

LACI
It sting, like a toxin, or something?

Devin begins to laugh -- perhaps entering a state of shock.

HARDING
Talk to us. What are you feeling?

DEVIN
(ecstatically)
You don't bloody understand... IT'S MY LEGS!

Devin rolls up his pants to rub his atrophied knees.

DEVIN
It's been twenty five years since I last felt anything!

HARDING
Get him to medical.
(references the pistol)
We'll talk about this later.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Three, oblong-shaped ASTEROIDS, on a path to a distant Juliet. The asteroids are not tumbling through space, but rather leveled out and cruising in formation.

Closer now...

These aren't asteroids -- they're small SHIPS!

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Quickly enter Harding...

HARDING
Collision course?

TIMON
Affirmative. Minimal threat to our
asteroid armor.

HARDING
Retract the bridge and evade.

Timon makes course adjustments. Ryder near Harding.

RYDER
Anything interesting over there?

...only a weird gaze from Harding.

TIMON
Ell Cee, asteroids back on
collision course.

HARDING
Yeah, I said adjust our position.

TIMON
I already did.

TACTICAL DISPLAY -- on the asteroid ships, as they path directly in line to the Juliet.

HARDING
Move us already...!

... The Juliet moves off line. Moments later, the asteroid ships adjust and follow.

HARDING
You did say there was no threat,
right?

Timon turns around, faces him, appears quite unsure.

HARDING

Joshua, send out a global ship warning. Everybody else... batten down the hatches.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

All decks, prepare for impact. I repeat, all decks prepare for impact. This is not a drill.

INT. ARC JULIET - MEDICAL

Laci tends to a heavily sedated Devin, also listens to the ship wide announcement, calls out to her techs...

LACI

Make sure all equipment's secure!

Nyx quickly enters medical, approaches the bedside.

NYX

How is he?

LACI

He's under. I could better treat him if I knew more of his condition.

NYX

Spino something axis.

LACI

Spinocerebellar ataxia?

She ain't totally sure.

NYX

Ya, that's it... I think -- sounds like it, anyways.

LACI

I need to know for sure.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The lead asteroid splits open and hinges, mouth-style... it's a jaw with rock teeth.

CRUNCH... it attempts to take a bite out of the Juliet's front ram. The armor easily wins.

The SECOND ship attacks the port bow -- THIRD heads straight at the control room glass...

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Harding, now alertly and also standing tall...

HARDING
Thirty-degree yaw to starboard!

Timon aggressively shifts the helm levers. The Juliet quickly rolls.

The crew fights to stay upright...

Ryder slips and falls, tumbles backwards -- slams his head into a railing -- he's out cold!

BLACKNESS

A beat.

FLASHBACK TO:

FADE IN:

INT. UNKNOWN TAVERN - NIGHT

Ryder woozy and prone on the floor against a halfway open front door -- a broken bar stool scattered on his legs as he tries to collect his senses. The guy's stone-cold drunk!

Drunken LAUGHTER from BAR PATRONS.

BARTENDER extends his hand to assist Ryder...

BARTENDER
Using your head as a door stop?
Wooden one not good enough?

Ryder laughs as he struggles to regain his footing -- dusts off his civilian clothing. Speech slurred like Mel Gibson.

RYDER
Fuck you, door!
(grabs his head)
Fuck you, head!
(laughs, then to bartender)
Hit me again, Pete!

He barely makes it onto another stool, impatiently taps the bar in front of him -- demanding yet another shot.

RYDER

PETE, fuck the glass. Pour it right
on the fucking bar. I'd lick that
shit off a legless hooker's ass!

Ryder displays drunken rage -- doesn't notice the man who
entered the bar and now stands directly behind him...

REYNOLDS (O.S.)

Pete, he'll have a water this
round. I'd like a tonic, please.

RYDER

WATER! I ain't drinking no FU...

He turns, barely able to focus his sight on Captain Reynolds
-- attempts to stand up and salute but is unable.

REYNOLDS

At ease, Ensign.

RYDER

CAPTAIN! Captain, Captain, Captain,
Captain...

He laughs. Reynolds can only manage a pity smile.

RYDER

Everyone! This is my Captain --
he's a good, no, GREAT Captain.

Reynolds places PAPERS on the bar in front of him.

REYNOLDS

AWOL discharge papers.

Ryder hesitates...

RYDER

Oh. Ha, ha, huh.

Nosy patrons know better. They scatter...

REYNOLDS

It's what you want, right?

Ryder thinks for a moment...

RYDER

Fuck it! Fuck everything!

He grabs the discharge papers... can't find a pen.

REYNOLDS

Here, use mine.

Ryder takes the pen from the Captain, can barely focus on the pages.

REYNOLDS

You know something, son -- that could'a been my family going down on that shuttle, could'a been anyone else in this bar. But, it was yours, and unfortunately... you can't change it. No one can.

Ryder stares at the bar -- a distant look. He then taps the pen which apparently is not working.

REYNOLDS

I can't begin to imagine the pain. One thing is certain, next month or next year even -- it'll get a little easier, and then after that, a little easier still.

The pen continues to malfunction. Ryder breaks down...

RYDER

They were coming to visit ME!
(beat. choked up...)
I got them killed.

REYNOLDS

No.

RYDER

Yes. I did it!

REYNOLDS

No, you didn't.

Ryder's posture slumps.

RYDER

They came for me.

REYNOLDS

Son, they'd want you to live a long life and be happy.

Ryder sobs into the shoulder of his captain.

RYDER

How? I have no one left...

REYNOLDS

You have the Juliet. Come back with me. Come back, and we will take the steps together.

The Sarge thinks... nods, then clears the tears from his eyes and returns the pen back to him...

RYDER

It doesn't work.

REYNOLDS

I know. You think I was gonna give you one that did?

Reynolds grins -- rips apart the papers.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

Metal ship intercepts rock ship before it impacts into the command tower. They begin violently ramming each other... bludgeoning is how these aliens fight.

Rock now ignores the Juliet and gangs up on the arrow ship. The fight is about powerful-rock versus the agility of the smaller metal ship.

The fight continues...

Rock counters the metal ship. Metal gets spun about and now appears disoriented. Whatever fight was initially there has all but left the lone underdog...

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

The crew watches the battle. Within no time, the rock ships have their prey subdued, latching onto the metal ship which is rendered powerless.

RYDER

If rock wants to duke it out with metal who are we to stand in the way?

Harding thinks, quickly decides...

HARDING
Timmy, get us the hell away from
here.

ZACHARY
Wait, you won't help?

HARDING
This is not our fight and we don't
even belong here -- wherever here
is.

Zachery clearly disagrees.

HARDING
R.A.S. control is main trunk, aft.
Engineer is waiting. He'll get you
into the system.
(he grabs the arm of
the fleeing scientist...)
You better not fail us.

Zachery quickly leaves the control tower, disappointed at
best.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - ARC JULIET

The Juliet backs away from the alien skirmish.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Joshua checks newly active readouts, excitedly...

JOSHUA
Emergency incoming transmission...
it's on a Galactic Defense Council
frequency!

A relieved crew smiles. They all know what that means.

RYDER
Bout time they found us.

Harding, both happily and anxiously...

HARDING
Bring it up.

A holographic window opens -- a closeup of a male, CAPTAIN
TIGRIS, 40s. He looks fatigued, beaten, uniform is dirty and
torn. His face is swollen, voice is parched and desperate
sounding...

TIGRIS
You're First Fleet?

HARDING
So glad you found us, Captain.

TIGRIS
I wish that were the case.

Tigris is holding a portable COMMUNICATION device close to his upper torso. It pans out to include the massive hand that clutches the back of his neck area -- and it's not a human hand...

... it's that of a heaving ROCK CREATURE.

The Rock Creature smacks the head of his prisoner...

TIGRIS
Captain, surrender at once. They will board, take your ship and imprison your crew. Fighting them is hopeless.

Harding displays a look of "what the fuck?"

INT. ARC JULIET - R.A.S. CONTROL ROOM

The middle of the room houses the R.A.S. systems. Think the W.O.P.R. computer from the movie Wargames only on a smaller scale.

The door opens, Kramer enters, followed by Zachary...

... who rushes to the side of the housing.

KRAEMER
All yours. Hope ya know how it works, cuz I got no clue.

Zachary checks readouts on the unit.

ZACHARY
I'm a genius, of course I know how it works.

The front casing slides open. Inside is a transparent shielding that has a biological mass within.

ZACHARY
System is stable. Preparing for initiation. Hm... biologics are massively spiked.

(leans closer to the mass.)
What the hell's been going on in
here?

Kraemer displays the typical: "I don't know shit" look.

The shielding is breached from within. Biological tentacles
have broken through the casing -- as though they have been
spreading outward -- searching for an exit from the housing.

JOSHUA
Look at this.

KRAEMER
Fascinating.

JOSHUA
That phrase just doesn't work for
you. Don't use it anymore.

Kraemer smirks.

JOSHUA
However, I concur with the
analysis. I suspect that what we
see before us is a definitive
example of a semi-conscious entity
that was deprived of any means to
self-expression. The spreading
outward suggests an attempt to
countermand a dormant situation.

KRAEMER
Uh, ya. So... you saying it wants
out?

ZACHARY
System is green to go.

KRAEMER
Think it'll work?

ZACHARY
Let's ask it.

Zachary engages the system.

The room goes completely dark, like someone flipped the main
breaker.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The Juliet's power is off. The ship is dead in space, nothing more than fodder for the rock ships.

INT. ARC JULIET - CONTROL ROOM

Emergency lights activate -- barely able to provide ample lighting for the bewildered crew.

A red optical ring around the circumference of the control room randomly pulses, which matches an incoherent and digitized voice. The voice is deep at first, then feminizes...

This goes on for a few seconds until...

POWER is restored to full.

The JULIET is now online, and her voice is crystal clear.

JULIET (O.S.)
Platform initialized. R.A.S. Juliet
-- online. So nice to finally make
your acquaintance, acting Captain
Harding. How may I assist you?

Harding looks at the crew with inquiry.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Arc Sierra still at space zero. In the background, the Dreadnaughts and the Delaney.

INT. ARC SIERRA - CONTROL TOWER

The Sierra's R.A.S. is flipping out. It's blinking and making a barely recognizable tone, then calms down and returns to normal speech pattern.

SIERRA (O.S.)
The Juliet is alive!

Clarke has that "wide-eyed look of hope."

FADE OUT

THE END (PART 2)