

Molniya 7

By

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FADE IN

EXT. SPACE

THE MOON -- colonization has begun.

MOVE INTO A LOW EARTH ORBIT

A cluster of METALLIC FRAGMENTS race thousands of miles per hour, each narrowly missing --

A COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE ARRAY

Followed by a rapid flash...

TERRIER FOUR, a United States space craft in swift pursuit of the orbital debris. Compact and agile -- thrusters pulsate while releasing a trail of golden ion particles.

INT. TERRIER FOUR - COCKPIT - DAY

The craft seats two, designed for medium length missions.

The pilot is VINCE JAMMER, 28, commercial astronaut. Stenciled on the front top of his helmet: JAM'N.

JAMMER

Told ya they'd miss the sat-com.

Jammer rubs his palms together in excitement, cracks his knuckles through the advanced life suit.

JAMMER

Rodeo time, partner!

Co-pilot JOHN KITCHENER, 42, taps virtual keys on a computer console. He activates a 3D TACTICAL DISPLAY. His helmet reads: KITCH

The display shows a digital Earth and a pulsating dot representing the Terrier. Kitchener locks the computer onto the orbital debris, activates on-board communications...

KITCHENER

Boundary Point, confirmation of three targets. Seven-zero-zero meters and closing.

BOUNDARY POINT (O.S.)

(male voice over comms.)

Copy that, Terrier Four. Good hunting.

Jammer clenches his teeth. An intense grin appears on his face, turns to his co-pilot...

JAMMER

Small wager that I'll get all three?

KITCHENER

(into comms.)

Boundary Point, lining up a hook.
ONE hook.

Jammer sighs, rolls his eyes. His co-pilot lacks faith.

OUTSIDE THE TERRIER

The Terrier is within two hundred meters of the tumbling space debris. The nose-mounted RETAINING JAWS open wide as the ship rolls to port.

INSIDE THE TERRIER

The pilot initiates a series of lightening quick adjustments in response to his moving targets -- looking for that moment where all three pieces are positioned just right.

OUTSIDE THE TERRIER

Terrier Four -- lining up the space junk. Two pieces already inside the retaining jaws while the third is almost within reach.

The final catch bounces erratically on the front tip of the open retainer causing the ship to violently shake.

INSIDE THE TERRIER

Jammer struggles to line up the elusive third piece

KITCHENER

Two in, close it up.

KITCHENER

Vince!

JAMMER

I got it! I got it!

THROUGH THE FORWARD VIEW PORT

The third fragment flips up and out of the retainer, slamming hard against the cockpit glass. THUD then CRACK.

THE COCKPIT GLASS SPIDERS

High pitched klaxons wail. Red caution lights everywhere.

KITCHENER

Whoa.

More cracking of the glass. Jammer squirms in his seat, squinting to see through the now obstructed view port.

JAMMER

Fuck, I can't see shit!

KITCHENER

Let 'em go, Vince. For Christ sakes!

JAMMER

Don't worry, it's superficial.

Kitchener grabs the right shoulder of his stubborn pilot. Material from the flight suit wads up in his clenched fist.

KITCHENER

Superficial!?! This is the second ship you trashed in a month!

The frustrated pilot hesitates, then reluctantly...

Releases the thumb lever on his flight stick -- punches the console in anger.

OUTSIDE THE TERRIER

The front-mounted retainer on the space craft opens wide -- space junk continues ahead of the slowing Terrier.

INSIDE THE TERRIER

Jammer leans back, head up, eyes tightly closed.

Kitchener deactivates the audible alarm, enters additional flight codes, exhales while collecting his emotions.

KITCHENER

(into comms.)

Boundary Point, mission aborted.
Returning to the lake, M.E.T.
zero-four-four-seven.

BOUNDARY POINT (O.S.)
 Roger that, Terrier Four. U.T.C.
 zero-seven-zero-two. Safe landing.

JAMMER
 Ask 'em if they got glass coverage.

The co-pilot tosses his helmet onto the control panel.

KITCHENER
 Why do you always have to push it?

Jammer gazes at him, can't find anything to say.

KITCHENER
 I'm done, get someone else to
 babysit you up here.

EXT. SPACE - LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The orbiting Terrier Four begins descending into the atmosphere -- now off screen.

Switch to...

The I.S.S. SPACE STATION, upgraded, expanded, yet still recognizable -- business as usual.

I.S.S. becomes completely SHADOWED by...

The MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION -- returning to the Earth-close portion of its Molniya orbit.

The size difference is immediately apparent -- this thing is huge -- gallantly representing decades of advanced Russian technology.

SUPERIMPOSE: Molniya One Space Station

Weight: 15,000 short tons

Current Crew: 0

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONTROL ROOM

Darkness, then...

Control panels illuminate as computers restore the life support systems to the station.

Ceiling lights activate. Wall vents flip open so that warm oxygen can begin circulating in anticipation of arriving guests.

HALLWAY

DOWN THE DARK PASSAGE -- lights activate. Additional life support initiates.

A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM

VIDEO WALLS power up behind a large conference table decorated with place names, U.N. style -- mostly the names of Middle Eastern nations.

THROUGH DOUBLE OBSERVATION WINDOWS...

The beautiful planet Earth.

LOWER LEVEL**THE AIRLOCK PREP ROOM**

The airlock door quickly slides open...

Boarding the station is the Chairman of the Russian Government, VIKTOR RURIK, 60, stern, weathered, yet pale -- difficult for him to hide a decaying health...

and this guy's in a hurry -- knows exactly where he's headed -- makes his way...

DEEPER INTO THE CORE OF THE STATION

Wall partitions become transparent safety glass, revealing...

a network of automated bio-laboratories. Rurik enters...

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1

...and then interfaces with a computer terminal. Moments later, a specimen wall opens to a concealed area.

A robotic arm fetches and then presents a transparent livestock carrier -- sets it down inside a chamber -- which contains a GOLDEN RETRIEVER.

Chamber now sealed as another robot retrieves a sample from the once concealed area -- labeled in Russian: PX-11.v17

Sample loaded and injected into livestock carrier -- K-9 inhales the agent, squeals in pain, rolls over onto its side and bloats up -- coat begins to liquify into a mucus-like slime. Instant horror.

Poor animal is dead within twenty-five seconds.

RURIK
(Russian)
Too merciful.

Rurik REPEATS the above procedure -- this time with a MONKEY. Exposes the primate to: PX-11v.18

CLOCK BEGINS: nothing at first. Twenty-five seconds later -- primate panics, frantic breathing, begins bleeding from eyes and other orifices --

It appears blind, yet remains conscience -- can't do much except cling to the side of the carrier, totally terrorized.

RURIK
(Russian)
Perfect.

He enters another command into the terminal. Robots move the livestock carriers onto a conveyor system where the test subjects transfer into:

A SAMPLE TUBE, almost two meters long. Belt's activated and tube travels through the wall into...

SECOND CHAMBER

A better angle shows the sample tube with a Russian label. The universal bio-hazard symbol stamped onto the side. Sample travels into a...

THIRD CHAMBER

The sample destination is:

A TWO METER, THICK-WALLED, EJECTION TORPEDO.

Samples secured and sealed inside the torpedo which is then loaded into the FIRING TUBE.

A red light on the now sealed tube...

EXT. SPACE - LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The front BAY on the Molniya One station opens outward and points away from Earth.

The compartment of the bay shows the mouth of TWO firing tubes. The ejection torpedo quickly exits the first tube, catapulted into the darkness of space.

LOOK DOWN ONTO EARTH -- THE MIDDLE EAST

Israel, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon and Syria...

CIRCULAR DARK SPOTS where tan desert should glimmer. Additional residue visible in Eastern Egypt, Western Iraq and even Western Iran. This isn't a natural anomaly.

EXT. NELLIS BOMBING RANGE - GROOM LAKE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Nellis Bombing Range and Runway.

Groom Lake, Nevada.

Terrier Four, gliding on approach, lands on a long runway.

An over-sized, custom LOWBOY prepares to accept the re-usable craft.

INT. RESIDENTIAL - TEENAGER'S BEDROOM (MALE) - DAY

Shades drawn. Blankets and pillows are piled near the side of the bed. Mattress is slid over and teetering on top of the box spring. Evening clothes -- scattered on the floor.

The unkempt pile slowly moves...

A late 20s female emerges, awkwardly stumbles to her feet. ALEXIS HAMILTON, briefly naked -- wraps a sheet around her body, looks around while trying to focus. Appears to be a product of one hell of a party.

She checks her wrist -- no watch. Fumbles for a displaced alarm clock. Squints to see the time: 9am

ALEXIS

Shit.

Pants found -- hastily pulls them up, commando style. Covers her lean torso with a crumpled blouse -- stumbles past an empty liquor bottle on her way out of the bedroom.

The pillows and blankets once again move. A naked young male, 19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY, emerges from the very bottom. Spots Alexis heading for the door...

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
Leaving already?

ALEXIS
Running late. I kinda figured
breakfast in bed was out of the
question.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
I'm gonna see you again, right? Can
I get your number?

Her sigh is part annoyance, part hangover. Fakes a smile, then exits the room. Girl Toy hastily fetches his clothes.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL - NEVADA - DAY

An upper income house -- no way it can be Girl Toys.

Alexis stumbles out of the front door, blinded by the Nevada sunshine. Part dressing, part struggling with her balance, she arrives at --

A RED CONVERTIBLE SPORTS CAR -- something fast and reckless.

She falls in, fumbles for the keys, looks back at the house where shirtless Girl Toy pursues -- leans over and then PUKES out the side of the car.

Girl Toy is now at the passenger door.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
You okay?

She leans back in the seat, wipes away a chunk.

ALEXIS
Just peachy...
(looks at mess on her hand)
...carrots too.

Ignition key turns -- raw horsepower thunders to life.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
Wait. Last night you were... out of
this world.

ALEXIS
Hope so, that's where I work.

Alexis removes a half-full bottle of JACK from the middle console and takes a swig.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
I'll dump my girlfriend. I'm mad in
love with you.

She swishes the liquor in her mouth, leans out of the car and spits her "mouthwash" onto the ground, then recoils at the experience.

ALEXIS
How old are you again?

Girl Toy appears rejected, offers something black and crumpled to her.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
Your underwear.

She shakes her head...

ALEXIS
Didn't wear any...
(soft smile)
You already miss your girlfriend.

Foot slams on the accelerator. Tires peel out. Girl Toy is left in the swirling dust. Vanity plate reads: SPACEGAL

INT. RESIDENTIAL - KITCHEN - DAY

Brilliant sunlight shines through the open window of a modest eat-in kitchen.

On the counter, a transparent glass projects a video image of a MALE REPORTER. The sound is mute.

At the kitchen table sits PARKER BRADLEY-HAMILTON, 7, shoveling a breakfast cereal into his mouth. His focus split between eating and a hand held video game.

JEB BRADLEY, 35, tall, kinda handsome -- a LETTER in hand.

SCAN THE FOLLOWING TEXT:

LYON COUNTY GRADE SCHOOL... PARKER BRADLEY-HAMILTON... LACK OF ATTENTION... DIFFICULTY IN GROUP ACTIVITIES... URGE PARENT-DOCTOR DISCUSSION ABOUT ADHD COUNSELING OPTIONS.

Jeb glances at his son then folds the letter -- places it inside a blue envelope.

JEB
Waddy say you learn to wash your own dishes?

Young eyes grow with concern. He looks down at his bowl.

PARKER
But... mommy doesn't make me when I stay with her.

Cereal falls from his lips.

JEB
It can't always be fun and games like when you stay with your mom and don't talk with a full mouth.

Parker tilts the box, causing his bowl to over fill with cereal.

PARKER

I won't never stop eating so I
don't never have to wash it. Never,
ever, eva!

An absurd look from father to son. Jeb's attention is then captured by the video screen -- grabs a nearby remote and raises the volume. He seems genuinely interested.

Background to the Reporter is a video MONTAGE of post nuclear aftermath -- everything from burnt-out cities to mass graves, human devastation and unthinkable suffering.

MALE REPORTER (T.V.)

...and since China has recently
committed to participating in the
Middle East peace treaty that
finalizes the number to seven
nations. They will join host Russia
-- an outer space rendezvous on the
new Molniya Space Station...

A STILL of MOLNIYA ONE.

MALE REPORTER (T.V.)

...what some believe is nothing
more than an unnecessary waste of
resources.

A STILL of protestors gathered outside N.A.S.A. Their signage reflecting a deep divide for the Molniya peace treaty vs. humanitarian and economic aid.

MALE REPORTER (T.V.)

Joining us is Middle East expert
and author of recent best seller:
Scorched Earth -- Kathleen Tyler.

A mid-40s woman, KATHLEEN TYLER, sits down at the table.

MALE REPORTER (T.V.)

Welcome back, Mrs. Tyler. Since the
nuke barrage a year ago tomorrow, a
half a million dead in Tel Aviv,
two million in Egypt, and just
under six million Iranians.
Throughout history, this part of
the world knows only war and
suffering. A whole lot of people
think that world leaders signing a

(MORE)

MALE REPORTER (T.V.) (cont'd)
 treaty on board a space station is
 well... idiotic.

Jeb removes the cereal box from the table.

JEB
 I got your bowl, get dressed. I got
 work and your moms picking you up
 soon.

Parker is ecstatic, bolts away from the table. Jeb directs
 his focus back to the news broadcast.

KATHLEEN (T.V.)
 The world came within days of
 Earth-wide, global thermal nuclear
 war. The Middle East has devastated
 itself so badly that only together
 can they rebuild to functionality.
 An extraterrestrial peace accord
 may yet make a lasting impression.
 Why not try something new? Besides,
 they're already on their way.

Jeb powers down the screen, shows a: THOUSAND YARD STARE

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

A magnificently decorated bedroom except for the unmade bed.
 An open suitcase resting on top of that bed.

First Lady, SUSAN URBAN, mid 40s, freshly showered, wearing
 a bath robe, holds up an odd pair of underwear. The
 underwear has tubes sewn in and appears thicker than most.

SUSAN
 Let me get this straight, you GO
 into space with these and you also
 GO into these?

United States President, LIAM URBAN, 50, flashes his killer
 smile at his lovely wife -- the kind of smile that wins
 elections. He adjusts the Windsor knot on his tie and
 straightens the over-sized American flag pin on his lapel.

SUSAN
 So it's a super duper space diaper?

LIAM
It's called a MAG -- Maximum
Absorbency Garment.

SUSAN
It works?

LIAM
Tested it out last week.

Susan disgustingly tosses the MAG into the suitcase.

LIAM
That ones brand new, babe.

Her appearance changes to concerned. Liam immediately detects her emotional state. He moves to embrace her, gently pulling her head into his chest.

LIAM
(Russian)
It's one day. I'll be fine.

His Russian is fluent and his English -- accent free.

SUSAN
What's wrong with a conference at
the U.N., and why's it gotta be you
going?

LIAM
Susan, we have an international
colony on the Moon, the world has
numerous space stations and space
travel is safer than ever. Besides,
the Russians insisted -- I for one
can't wait to see their new toy.

Susan appears unwilling to concede.

SUSAN
I didn't marry cosmonaut Liam. What
about your two sons, have you
thought about them?

LIAM
Ya, I considered taking 'em along
but they don't make MAGs for kids.

Susan shoves Liam -- girly punches him in the shoulder. She also has dual language proficiency.

SUSAN
Zadnitsa!

He laughs and then playfully tugs at the knot supporting her robe. She catches him, slapping his hand away.

LIAM
Cosmonaut Liam, really?!?

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The triple space debris tumble. Still remaining L.E.O., they path...

Into the Russian military satellite KALASHNIKOV ONE.

A direct hit into the support holding the stealth solar arrays. SOLAR PANELS easily sever from the satellite. Still together as one group, this new threat -- the "ARRAY" splits off and continues to path into L.E.O.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL - NEVADA - DAY

Jeb Bradley, arms crossed, leans against the porch railing of his modest looking home. At his feet, a medium sized duffel bag.

A cozy WELCOME SIGN attached to the railing hangs slightly uneven. Jeb un-holsters his LEATHER-MAN -- perfectly adjusts the sign, proudly grins after a fine job.

A red sports car aggressively approaches the driveway. It has the "SPACEGAL" vanity plate.

Alexis Hamilton, still unkempt from earlier, exits the car and approaches the porch. Dark aviator sunglasses shield her tired eyes.

Jeb glances at his wrist watch then glares back at her.

JEB
Clockwork as usual, Alex. I gotta be at B.P. for ten hundred, you know that.

ALEXIS
Oh ya, your tour guide gig...

...appears as though she could care less.

JEB
Your phone broken? I can always take Parker to work -- you can pick him up there.

ALEXIS
Alright, sorry, don't have one of
your panic attacks.

She lights up a cigarette. He seems disappointed.

JEB
Smoke now? You pull an all niter?

ALEXIS
Jesus, Jeb, come on... save it for
someone who gives a shit.

The duffel bag unzips from the inside and out leaps an
excited Parker...

PARKER
Shit. Shit. Shit.

She grabs Parker, bear-hugging him off the ground.

PARKER
Mommy used a bad word.

Alexis, angry look towards Jeb, then smiles at Parker.

JEB
What, I didn't know... he hides
everywhere!

PARKER
You're in trouble, Mommy.

ALEXIS
Oh ya? Well, peanut butter ice
cream should fix that.

A resounding cheer from Parker.

JEB
Bribe him -- he'll learn so much
from it.

She once again flashes Jeb a wicked stare then smiles big
for the young boy.

ALEXIS
You ready for roller coasters and
then staying up all night playing
video games with Mom?

Parker claps and then raises his arms in victory.

JEB

That'll mess up his sleep pattern.

She exaggerates a laugh. Parker imitates her.

ALEXIS

Sleep pattern, right. Toss his bag
in the car, will ya?

Alexis carries Parker while Jeb follows behind them with the bag.

The boy proudly displays a junior LEATHER-MAN to her...

PARKER

Look mommy, I got one just like dad
has.

After seeing the tool she firmly confronts Jeb.

ALEXIS

I don't want him having a knife,
it's dangerous.

JEB

Alex, he was shown how to safely
use it -- this is stuff a young boy
needs to learn.

ALEXIS

Jeb, he gets hurt and it's on you.

Mom and son now inside the car, ready to depart.

JEB

Parker, seat belt. Keep reminding
Mom that the speed limit is
fifty-five.

ALEXIS

(under her breath)
Ya, one-fifty-five.

Jeb hands her the blue envelope, which she immediately declines.

JEB

It's about our son, it's important,
kiddo.

She angrily accepts the letter, stuffing it into her back pocket.

JEB

You know, on Friday it's been a year since we lost Jim and Minnie. Maybe we can all go to the cemetery and then afterwards, wherever you guys want...

ALEXIS

My parents, my loss. Don't concern yourself about it.

JEB

That's not fair. I loved them too.

Jeb, a solid look towards her, but she immediately breaks eye contact and quickly looks away -- shakes her head.

PARKER

Luv ya, Dad.

JEB

Love ya, buddy.

Tires spin out. Jeb, alone, watches the vehicle quickly accelerate and leave.

EXT. BOUNDARY POINT - NEVADA - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Boundary Point Launch Rail and Command, Nevada.

The MAGNETIC LAUNCH RAIL parallels the side of Boundary Peaks largest mountain and points skyward. It appears to extend a good third of a mile in height. A section of flats serve as the main compound and operations area.

The rail starts from inside the compound's largest building. In front of the building is a sign that reads: FALCON INDUSTRIES -- CIVILIAN SPACE AGENCY.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - PILOT STAGING ROOM - DAY

Video walls and a conference table. A podium and chairs.

Jammer and Kitchener alone in the room. They are stowing electronic gear on shelves for later download.

Uncomfortable silence then Jammer makes his move...

JAMMER

You back to Earth yet?

Obviously, Kitchener is in ignore mode.

JAMMER

Like, emotionally back?

Jammer references the wall charts -- the duo of JAMMER/KITCHENER sits at the top of "Metric Tons Recovered."

JAMMER

Look at these numbers we been posting. I never got anyone hurt.

Finally, Jammer gets the confrontation he's been after...

KITCHENER

Keep pushing like you do and it's only a matter of time. I'll have no part of it.

Kitchener hastily exits the room. Jammer stews...

JAMMER

Quit then. Holding me back anyways. Good fuck'n riddance!

Frustrated, he throws equipment against the wall.

LESTER DANIELS, 50, enters the room -- dressed typically corporate. He obviously witnessed Jammer's rage...

DANIELS

You should be catching stuff, not throwing it.

JAMMER

Tell that to my partner -- ex-partner.

DANIELS

I'll tell you what I just told him, mandatory meeting thirteen hundred.

JAMMER

Today?!?

DANIELS

Like you have something better to do. Oh, and nice work on that cockpit glass, asshole.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

P.O.V. -- front row of a ROLLER COASTER about to plummet over a high drop.

On the front seat -- Parker and Alexis. Parker appears too young to be on this thrill ride. Nevertheless...

WHOOOSH

The coaster careens downward. Screams emanate from young Parker. Alexis holds a cell phone to her ear. Her astronaut experience makes this ride a joke. She has no reaction until...

ALEXIS
(into cell phone)
You gotta be shit'n me!

PARKER
Shit. Wee...

Alexis momentarily glances at her cheering son but is ultimately more concerned with the call.

ALEXIS
Ya, but... right... Ya, I can get there... Okay, Janis.

She concludes the phone call then glances at Parker -- he's having the time of his life.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

United States re-usable space craft, CHALLENGER REBORN, drifts in an Earth-close, Molniya Orbit.

The advanced N.A.S.A. ship slowly approaches the side of the Molniya One space station where another craft, the Russian TUKALEV, already maintains a docking tether.

Compared to the U.S. space ship, the Tukalev appears twice the mass. No doubt that Technology-wise, the Russian space program is far superior to the U.S.

Challenger Reborn is within twenty meters of docking...

INT. CHALLENGER REBORN - DAY

FROM THE PASSENGER CABIN LOOKING INTO THE COCKPIT --

COMMANDER and CO-PILOT, 30s, only their back heads visible, as they operate the craft.

Through the view-port, the Molniya One space station appears close as can be. The U.S. astronauts can be heard echoing over the ship's speaker system...

CO-PILOT

Kennedy, final approach to Molniya One. Auto-docking in three, two, one...

A blue light radiates throughout the ship as the docking system engages.

CO-PILOT

...auto-docking initiated. Hard dock in three, two, one... hard dock established. Challenger Reborn, Kennedy -- powering down and out.

The docking sequence was smooth and flawless.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

(male voice over comms.)

Copy that, Challenger Reborn. Safe stay. Kennedy out.

Commander and Co-pilot press overhead buttons to begin powering down their ship.

ON THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE INSIDE THE PASSENGER CABIN

Liam Urban frantically rubs his flight suit near his groin.

He then turns to Secret Service Agent, TREAT JORDAN, late 40s, fit looking.

LIAM

Your MAG itch as much as mine?

TREAT

Private question, don't ya think?

Liam gazes out of the side view portal.

LIAM

Fine, let's talk about the weather outside then. It's about minus four hundred and fifty degrees, so if you're planning on stepping outside for a smoke, remember to put on your mittens.

TREAT

You're really into this, aren't you?

LIAM

Ya, admit it, this is awesome!

TREAT

We go in, sign another useless treaty, then get out -- fast. Incidentally, I see anything I don't like over there and I'm yanking the plug -- we're right back on this boat heading home.

LIAM

Party pooper. What can go wrong?

TREAT

I have carte blanche, although technically this is Air Force One and that makes you the commander.

LIAM

Let's just leave the real astronauts in charge of the space stuff.

TREAT

Good idea, that's why you da prez.

Treat opens the lid on a nearby container. He removes a .40 caliber, semi-automatic duty pistol and two spare magazines -- proceeds to do a brass-check on the weapon.

LIAM

Hey, we agreed to no weapons up here. I had to fight just so they'd let you tag along. You really think that's necessary?

The agent's expression changes to dead serious.

TREAT

It's never necessary till it's
necessary.

Treat unzips a compartment near his boot. He secures the
weapon and the spare mags.

The Commander enters the passenger cabin...

COMMANDER

Excuse me, Mr. President. We are
safely docked. Are you ready to go
on board the Molniya One?

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - LOBBY - DAY

A corporate-looking foyer. Jeb is standing behind the
reception desk next to JANIS, 30.

JANIS

The flock grows restless.

Jeb, breathing heavily, hands shaking -- while opening a
pill box. Waters down an anti-anxiety tablet.

JANIS

Feel better, Jeb?

He exhales, nods in agreement.

JANIS

Relax, sweetheart. You've done this
a hundred times.

Twenty CURIOUS CITIZENS await Jeb, who informs them to
gather around him. His nerves calmed due to the drugs.

JEB

Good morning, everyone. My name is
Jeb Bradley and welcome to Falcon
Industries space command center.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL -- KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Kennedy Space Center, Florida.

A decent sized STORM pounds the launch site.

AN OPEN HANGAR

The prepped and ready to launch, LIBERTY -- Challenger
Reborn's sister ship, protected from inclement weather.
Clearly, nothing will launch from here until the weather
cooperates.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Technology surrounds the operations room. The video arrays in the room are quite impressive. Dozens of technicians and scientists monitor Challenger Reborn seen docked onto the Molniya One. Screens are also dedicated to storm tracking.

CARL ANSON, late 40s, Operations Manager, claps his hands in excitement. He turns to a smiling Susan Urban, who is accompanied by her Secret Service detail.

CARL

Presidents on board. He safely docked without a hitch.

A happy and relieved Susan hugs Carl.

SUSAN

I'm so relieved, you have no idea. You guys have been awesome. Thank you.

CARL

The storm will pass through by morning then we bring 'em home safe and sound. We won't need to divert his landing to Houston.

SUSAN

I'd like to stick around until I can talk to him if that's alright?

CARL

Absolutely, usually don't get many VIP's here, sorry it's not more comfortable.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - PILOT STAGING ROOM - DAY

Jammer, Alexis, Kitchener, and a half-dozen other operational occupy the meeting table.

DANIELS

Government funding runs out in a week, it won't be renewed. All the money's going to humanitarian relief. In their eyes, we just aren't producing enough catches.

JAMMER

What da hell we gonna do for jobs?

Collective sighs and obvious anxiousness from everyone at the table. Nobody likes what they are hearing.

ALEXIS

Called in on my day off just to get
canned.

JAMMER

Don't worry, everyone, I'm sure the
astronaut job market is fucking
booming.

DANIELS

You have to do that?

Jammer looks confused. Daniels shakes his head.

DANIELS

Trust me, I know how you all must
feel. I don't know what else to say
except we still have two weeks left
and with the peace treaty underway
corporate wants a ship up there
ASAP. Jammer and Hamilton, I'll
probably regret this, but you guys
gotta partner up on this one.

Alexis looks puzzled, glances over at Kitchener and then
towards Jammer expecting some sort of an explanation.

DANIELS

I'm having T-3 prepped to launch.
When it's ready, get busy guys.

ALEXIS

I got my kid today!

JAMMER

I'm going up again?

ALEXIS

A new partner, why?

Daniels rubs his temple from irritation.

DANIELS

You're partner banged in and Jammer
here pissed off his last one.
You're his C.P. until further
notice.

ALEXIS

That's bullshit -- I'm a pilot not
a...

DANIELS

...I don't want to hear it. Do your job, everyone! Get to work.

The staging room begins clearing out. Alexis is about to say something to Daniels but is quickly challenged to "can it". Jammer taps Alexis on her shoulder before exiting...

JAMMER

Suit up, partner. I'll show ya how the big boys do it.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - HANGAR BAY - DAY

Jeb and his tour caravan are huddled around TERRIER ONE. The ship is roped off, scheduled to be decommissioned, and now relegated to a mere display.

The far end of the hangar shows the beginning of the launch rail, currently protected by closed roof doors.

A sub-station of video monitors cluster the walls not far from Terrier One. The monitors show all aspects of the operation, including the building's foyer.

Jeb focuses attention on a monitor in particular which shows a graphic of space junk in Earth's orbit.

JEB

We track over a million pieces of debris in Earth's orbit. The focus being the retrieval of objects over two meters in size.

The tour attendees seem more interested in the Terrier.

CURIOUS CITIZEN #1

This is how you catch them?

JEB

Yep. Civilian corporations have pioneered numerous advances in space technology over the past few decades. Some of the most notable are hybrid ion-thrusters and artificial gravity deck plates. Most of which are utilized right here in this early prototype.

Jeb opens a section of rope. The tour crowd is able to touch Terrier One.

CURIOUS CITIZEN #1
It feels solid. Has it been to space?

JEB
Oh, ya. I've piloted her for almost four years. She's scheduled for decom. Seems like forever ago since I've been in space.

Through open hangar doors, Terrier Four is trucked inside. Jeb immediately notices the damage to the cockpit.

CURIOUS CITIZEN #2
Do you miss it?

JEB
Ya. Unfortunately, I developed a condition where I can't safely go up there anymore.

CURIOUS CITIZEN #1
What condition?

Jeb looks at the Foyer video monitor. To his surprise, he sees Alexis entering the building with Parker in tow.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Molniya One, still docked Challenger Reborn and Tukalev are in the Earth-close portion of their Molniya orbit.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is filled with selected world leaders. Flight suits removed, it's back to business dress for all.

The nations top dogs are casually mingling, some interviewing with reporters. The peace treaty attendance is as follows:

PRESIDENT OF CHINA

PRESIDENT OF EGYPT

SUPREME LEADER OF IRAN

PRESIDENT OF IRAQ

PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL

The President of Russia, NATALIA ANATAYA, stocky, appears as though she can bench press a Marussia, undoubtedly works hard fighting back a uni-brow -- stands near the head of the table. She is flanked by Victor Rurik.

The Russian hosts are closely observing their guests.

Liam, with Treat never more than an arms length away, speaks to a robotic, two-way news camera...

LIAM

...wonderful flight. Loved it. I'm happy with how seriously every representative is engaging in treaty talks. We're gonna nail this! I expect everything to go as planned. Thank you.

Liam steps next to Treat for a moment of seclusion. The agent religiously keeps a close watch on Viktor Rurik.

LIAM

That interview come off too patriotic?

TREAT

Look who you're asking.

LIAM

I'd spend the rest of my term draped in the American flag like Rocky if you called the shots.

TREAT

Outstanding idea, Rocky is a true American icon.

They smile. Liam picks up on Treat's obsession.

LIAM

Problem with the Chairman?

TREAT

As with most of the wannabe KGB thugs these days, guy should'a been born seventy years earlier.

LIAM

He's never given me any cause for concern.

TREAT

Your abundant trust in people...

Treat shakes his head at him.

LIAM

We soon won't have to worry about him as he's fighting some terminal disease. Can't remember what it's called...

TREAT

Communism?

Liam appears serious.

LIAM

I've built a pretty damn good relationship with President Anataya so try not to ruin that, okay? Secret Service should be seen and not heard.

TREAT

Russia, China -- problems for another time, but right now these Middle East guys are ripe for the picking. Get what you can out of 'em before the fighting resumes.

Liam contemplates.

LIAM

If the media got wind that I take more advice from a member of my security detail over my own cabinet -- they'd have a freak'n field day.

TREAT

Fuck the media.

Anataya and Rurik approach. She doesn't speak English. Liam speaks to her in Russian.

LIAM

Madam President. Chairman.

ANATAYA

Once again, thank you for attending. Rurik, give us a private tour -- while we still have time.

Liam, Rurik, and Treat follow Anataya out of the conference room and into...

A HALLWAY

The steel BULKHEAD-TYPE door snaps shut behind them with an enormous amount of speed and force.

TREAT
 (to himself)
 Some serious doors they got up here.

ANATAYA
 Back home, my people have such high regard and talk often about the first Russian-blooded American President.

Liam glances at Treat, then back to Anataya...

LIAM
 I'm sure most would agree, cut me and I bleed red white and blue.

RURIK
 Majority red, I hope.

NOW AT THE TRANSPARENT WALLS TO THE SPECIMEN LABORATORIES

Inside the glass-partitions robotic machinery work uninterrupted.

ANATAYA
 Our automated computer systems efficiently replace human beings.

LIAM
 What are they working on?

ANATAYA
 Biological specimens. Our scientists back home are certain machines in space will advance medical research ten fold.

LIAM
 This place is great. How do I get one?

Anataya laughs.

ANATAYA
 How does one say in English -- make yourself like home?

LIAM

At home.

Rurik speaks in a thick English accent so that his political adversary, Treat, can perfectly understand. Both are not shy about stare downs.

RURIK

Not too much home, this remains
Russian governmental facility.

Treat looks around then back to Rurik, sarcastically...

TREAT

I hadn't noticed the hammer and
sickle anywhere.

Rurik taps his closed fist against his chest, just over his heart...

RURIK

It is here... for safe keeping.

TREAT

I don't doubt it.

Liam with a look in Treat's direction: "what the hell?" He then looks towards Anataya, who maintains a pleasant smile.

ANATAYA

You must see our operations room.

Liam, trailing behind the Russians, whispers to Treat...

LIAM

What part of seen but not heard do
you not understand?

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OFFICE OF ALEXIS HAMILTON

Janis focuses on her mega-smart phone. Parker is hypnotized by a hand-held video game as Jeb enter the office.

JEB

Thanks, Janis.

JANIS

Anytime. Bye Parker.

Parker doesn't respond, remains transfixed on the game.

JEB

Parker, Janis said bye to you.

PARKER

Bye.

Janis exits the room. Parker is back to his game, like the conversation never happened.

JEB

Parker, I have a few things to finish so stay here in moms office till I get back. No shenanigans, okay?

Parker hysterically...

PARKER

Shenanigans!

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - HANGAR BAY - DAY

The boundary point staff scurries to prep Terrier Three as the craft is maneuvered via a sliding ceiling crane. The ceiling hangar doors open to sunshine.

The craft stops at the base of the launch rail. It locks onto a twin-engine, ROCKET SLED, which remains pointed skyward -- awaits launch.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - HALLWAY - DAY

Jammer, wearing his flight suit, walks down the hallway.

Kitchener, carrying a closed box, a couple of duffel bags and his helmet, passes Jammer. They both ignore one another.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Alexis zips up her flight suit. She folds, places her clothes into a locker, seals it. A blue envelope falls onto the floor. She retrieves it, proceeds to open... changes her mind then slips it inside her inner suit pocket.

She bends over to secure her boots...

Jammer enters the room behind her, whistles.

JAMMER

Look'n a hell of a lot better in that suit than my old partner.

She twists her torso, looks at him, softly smiles. This deliberate move adds to her sultry pose.

JAMMER

Hey, I just wanted to let you know
I don't give a shit about that
pilot, co-pilot nonsense. You've
proven yourself behind the throttle
and I got no problem splitting time
with you. I consider you one of the
guys.

She nods her head. Stands tall, chest out.

ALEXIS

One of the guys -- really now?

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The Molniya One and her two docked crafts begin to orbit
away from the confines of the Earth.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Heads of state sit at the conference table.

Standing at the podium is the Supreme leader of Iran, holds
an electronic pen -- begins to sign his name.

His signature is magnified thirty times on the VIDEO WALL
behind him -- joins previous leaders on the last page of the
peace treaty. Two nations lack signatures: Russia and The
United States.a. After he finishes signing...

INTENSE CLAPPING

The Supreme Leader of Iran returns to his seat. President
Anataya to the podium. The video wall behind her translates
to all languages present.

ANATAYA

The Russian Nation is honored to
not only be present, but host this
opportunity for the world to come
together after such a devastating
event. The hearts and souls of the
mother land will forever mourn the
loss of life our planet suffered
one year ago today...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier three in low earth orbit.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jammer piloting alongside Alexis, she speaks into comms...

ALEXIS
Boundary Point, targets locked
onto. E.T.A. twenty-four minutes.

Her helmet reads: SPACEGAL

BOUNDARY POINT (O.S.)
Copy that, Terrier Three.

JAMMER
Use an eccentric intercept pattern.

ALEXIS
I know what the hell I'm doing.

She taps icons -- plots the ship into a course, rubs her forehead.

JAMMER
Damn, girl -- hungover from
partying with Jeb all night?

ALEXIS
We been split for almost a year
now.

JAMMER
He seems like a good guy, what
happened?

She releases her seat harness and heads aft.

ALEXIS
Never you mind.

A few moments pass...

ALEXIS
I got suffocated. Think being
engaged to your own Father.

JAMMER
Sounds like every relationship I've
been in.

ALEXIS

Oh, and he calls me kiddo -- drives me... ugh!

JAMMER

So... you're back on the market?

She sighs at him -- accesses a maintenance terminal.

JAMMER

Alright, lets make this interesting -- while we still have paychecks. We take turns behind the stick, whoever grabs more metric tons at the end of this tour, wins.

ALEXIS

What's my prize?

JAMMER

Wow, the confidence. How about... loser buys dinner at Rupperts?

ALEXIS

Nice try, but I'd have to go out with you win or lose.

JAMMER

I'm talking god-damned Rupperts steak house, lady -- best fucking steaks in the mid-West.

Alexis enters commands into the terminal screen.

ALEXIS

Alright, what the hell.

The hell you doing back there? She speaks into the terminal...

ALEXIS

Boundary Point, standby for comms reboot, visual and audio.

BOUNDARY POINT (O.S.)

Copy that, Terrier Three. Talk to you in fifteen.

Alexis taps a button on the screen, looks up at one of the interior cockpit cameras. A red indicator light goes dark.

JAMMER
Comms reboot? That was done
pre-launch. What are you up to?

ALEXIS
Breaking in a new partner.

Convinced of visual blackout, she returns to her seat.
Instead of sitting, she leans against the cockpit console
facing towards Jammer -- drapes herself on the equipment...

...slowly unzips the front of her flight suit.

Jammer's eyes wide, mouth ajar -- speechless for once.

Zipper opens as far as possible...

Alexis, closes her eyes -- other hand, fingers spread,
slides down her exposed naval and deep down into the front
of her suit.

She breathes deeply, then erotically looks at him...

ALEXIS
You wanna join the two-hundred mile
high club?

JAMMER
Shit-ya!

Jammer releases his harness then moves to her.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

TERRIER THREE -- INTO THE SIDE VIEW-PORT

Through the steamy, condensed, glass -- an ass cheek.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - LOBBY - DAY

Jeb sprints through the lobby until he arrives at the
reception desk. Kitchener is signing a form. On the desk
sits his I.D. card for surrender.

JEB
Kitch! Hold up. You're not gonna
stay the last couple of weeks?

KITCHENER
I'm out.

Jeb extends his hand.

JEB

Man, I... I guess I'll say good bye
and good luck. Been great working
with ya.

They shake.

KITCHENER

Piece of advice -- get your girl
away from Jammer before he gets her
killed.

JEB

She doesn't listen to me anymore.

KITCHENER

It pains me seeing you take so much
shit from her.

JEB

I haven't given up hope that she'll
come around -- you know, for
Parker's sake.

KITCHENER

Hmm. Take care of yourself, Jeb.

Kitchener continues signing papers.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Anataya, still at the podium, concluding her speech. The
room erupts in applause as her signature is captured on the
video wall. America is the only remaining nation yet to sign
the treaty.

ANATAYA

My good friend and President of the
United States of America, Liam
Urban.

Applause as Liam moves into position. He places a TABLET
containing his speech onto the podium. After applause
subsides...

LIAM

People of the world, leaders,
presidents and statesmen of the
seven nations gathered here today
-- the Molniya Seven, as history
will eventually refer. It's...

Liam pauses. He appears despondent. Momentarily stares at his tablet and then closes the device. Looks towards his colleagues and then the robot video cameras...

LIAM

Technology -- we are surrounded by it and when used for good improves our lives daily. One year ago, technology was used for evil. Millions dead, millions suffering, and for what? Territorial disputes? Religious turmoil? Pure unadulterated hatred? Human beings have allowed the unthinkable to happen. This destructive behavior must and will end right here and right now -- God help us all if it doesn't.

As the video translator buffers... applause from the conference table.

LIAM

America's past struggles, recently even, display our flaws as human beings. But, one thing never ceases to amaze me -- and that's American exceptionalism. A simple desire to achieve the best out of life that one can possibly imagine. No religion or theocratical government can be allowed to oppress or destroy this ultimate desire for freedom and prosperity. Plenty have tried but my fellow Americans simply won't allow it and neither should any of you -- not only for each of your countries, but most importantly, for all of man kind...

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Adoringly, Susan watches her husband's speech.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Molniya One space station leaves L.E.O.

The triple space debris heading towards Molniya One...

...except they harmlessly pass behind the station.

Terrier Three quickly emerges on an intercept course.

INT. CHALLENGER REBORN - DAY

THROUGH THE COCKPIT WINDOW

The standby crew of the still docked Reborn watch the Terrier pursue the scrap.

COMMANDER
Garbage men are here.

Co-pilot chuckles.

COMMANDER
You remember to put out the trash?

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis adjusts the tactical display, locking onto the triple targets.

JAMMER
I got a score to settle. Watch,
learn, and prepare to be amazed.

THROUGH THE VIEW PORT -- the targets quickly grow.

ALEXIS
Could they be any closer together?
It's like... here I am, come and
get me.

JAMMER
You just jealous.

Jammer gets busy. One in... two in...

ALEXIS
Twenty degree yaw to port and
you've got it.

He ignores her, continuing to struggle with the helm.

Alexis grasps the duplicate control stick and nudges a course correction -- twenty degree port yaw.

The third piece is in -- it worked!

Jammer presses the red button to secure the debris.

JAMMER
I'll be having my porterhouse
medium-rare, thank you very much!

ALEXIS

Those are what gave you guys so much trouble?

JAMMER

I'll be depositing these then you're up. Tri-catch, baby! It's been a great day for the ole Jammy, if ya know what I mean...

...glances at her body then twitches his eyebrows.

ALEXIS

My quintuple still stands. Match it then we'll talk.

JAMMER

Pfft. Now where is that... there we go.

He adjusts the flight stick and heads to --

EXT. SPACE - DAY

An orbiting MAGNETIC RING containing numerous space junk. The ring has a small gap on one side which allows new debris to enter the retaining field.

This "space junkyard" contains everything from broken solar arrays to smashed sections of satellites.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jammer releases the debris safely into the magnetic ring.

JAMMER

In like flynn. Your turn, kiddo.

He lets go of his flight stick. Off the port side, Alexis catches a glimpse of something moving very fast...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Stealth Array careens past the Terrier -- on a collision course with Molniya One!

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis peers through the port view-window.

ALEXIS

What the...? You see that?

JAMMER
Nothing on tactical.

She grabs the duplicate flight stick, spins the Terrier and slams it into drive.

ALEXIS
There!

JAMMER
I don't see shit.

She accelerates towards a distant Molniya One -- shouting into comms...

ALEXIS
Molniya One, collision alert!
Vector...
(checks a readout)
...seven twelve three nine'r.
Adjust minimum thirty degree yaw,
ten minus orbital flat!

Alexis switches communication channels...

ALEXIS
Challenger Reborn, incoming debris.
Collision alert!

INT. CHALLENGER REBORN - DAY

Co-pilot checks his displays -- returns comms...

CO-PILOT
We show nothing on our scopes.

ALEXIS (O.S.)
Orbital debris on a collision
course. Reposition immediately!

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The stealth Array SLICES through the docking tunnel between the Challenger Reborn and the Molniya station. The link is severed. Electrical sparks fizzle from the space vacuum.

The unannexed American ship begins to slowly somersault over the Russian Tukalev.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Liam's digital pen is about to sign the peace treaty when a small EXPLOSION rocks the station. Everyone's attention through the double view ports to see...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

As the Reborn somersaults, her dorsal inverts over the top of the Tukalev -- their backs moments from colliding.

INT. CHALLENGER REBORN - DAY

Chaos on the instrument panels. The cockpit door, previously sealed to avoid containment breach, now holds firmly.

COMMANDER

Bring the navs back online!

CO-PILOT

Kennedy, we've suffered a breached compartment. Code two. POTUS is not on board!

COMMANDER

Firing emergency thrusters!

The Commander slams his fist onto the Emergency Thruster button.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The dorsal THRUSTERS on the Challenger Reborn fire just in time to stop the ships from pancaking. The twin rockets BURN into the spine of the Tukalev.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Emergency lights and alarms flood the room. The order to evacuate need not be given. The passengers scramble.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The severed tether on the Molniya One glows deep red. Challenger Reborn's main engines come to life. The ship maneuvers away from the station.

THROUGH THE DAMAGED AIRLOCK --

Everything aft of the cockpit remains exposed to the vacuum of space.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Now on scene, the crew inspects the damage to the side of the station and the recovering Challenger Reborn.

ALEXIS

(into respective comms.)

Molniya, you have electrical arcing, lower level, exterior. Advise fire prevention. Boundary point, critical damage hull breach to Challenger Reborn. We are standing by to assist.

JAMMER

What? Assist? We're not trained for any of that.

ALEXIS

You'd do nothing?!?

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

PANIC MODE, as the MONITORS display the chaos on board the Challenger Reborn. Carl Anson shouts to nearby stations...

CARL

Damage assessment! Is that cock pit seal gonna hold?

SUSAN

My husband, is he okay?

Carl turns to Susan -- unable to hide his frightened expression.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The conference room has quickly cleared. Russians and Americans are last to remain.

TREAT

I doubt we're getting out the way we came.

RURIK

Tukalev will transport you.

Rurik and Anataya are the last to exit the room just behind Liam and Treat. They catch up to the others...

IN THE HALLWAY

The panicked crowd in single file. Quickly to...

A STAIRWELL

Traveling down -- alarms wail. Signs of smoke.

LOWEST LEVEL

More smoke from the area where the Reborn was tethered. Eyes tear with irritation. Breathing becomes difficult.

AIR LOCK PREPARATION ROOM

The line of world leaders file through the Tukalev airlock one by one. Last in line are the Americans and Russians... they are about to leave the station --

EXPLOSION

The AIRLOCK door snaps shut in front of Liam. Treat quickly pulls him back and clear before he's crushed in the seal. They failed to make it into the airlock.

Rurik activates the nearby console -- no response.

THROUGH THE AIRLOCK VIEW PORT

Supreme Leader of Iran still inside the docking tunnel, trying unsuccessfully to open the Molniya-side airlock.

Tukalev airlock snaps shut behind him...

Supreme Leader, trapped inside the tunnel, panicked look, wants back on the station, pounds on the Molniya airlock view-port --

EXPLOSION UNDER HIS FEET

Docking tunnel fails, begins breaking apart.

Iran leader caught in the space vacuum, instantly dies.

Tukalev begins floating freely, also unannexed from Molniya.

LIAM

Oh my god!

Treat questions Rurik...

TREAT

Is there another airlock?

RURIK

Emergency lock, second floor.

Another small EXPLOSION somewhere as the fire system spits FOAM into the room. They backtrack, returning to...

THE HALLWAY

Rurik seals the door to the now engulfed room. Concerned looks from the Russians.

LIAM

Is anyone else on board this station?

Anataya shakes her head. Rurik ponders...

RURIK

We go to operations. We must purge the airlock room, stop the fire, and preserve the station.

TREAT

Fuck the station. Presidents my priority. Which way to the emergency airlock? I'm getting him off ASAP.

RURIK

Think smartly, your people will not know your plan. We must get to operations then arrange for alternative transport.

The despondent Secret Service agent contemplates...

TREAT

Fine. Let's do it your way. First opportunity I see to get off this death trap and I'm taking it.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

All personnel working frantically.

CARL

Reborn, can you re-acquire the POTUS?

Static on the cockpit-monitors of the American space craft.

COMMANDER (O.S.)

Negative, Kennedy. Our mission is compromised.

Carl looks at the monitor showing the grounded Liberty, still resting inside of her hanger, turns to a co-worker...

CARL
Get me a line to the Russian Space
Agency, immediately!

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The crippled Reborn returns to the Earth's atmosphere.

The top of the Tukalev vents O2. Thrusters attempt to keep it even with the Molniya space station.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis scans the Tukalev, spots the venting O2.

ALEXIS
They're losing air!

Jammer raises his arms in surrender.

JAMMER
Nothing we can do about it.

Alexis moves the ship closer to the spinning Tukalev.

ALEXIS
If they'd just sit still...
(into comms.)
Boundary Point, Russian Tukalev is
rapidly venting oxygen. Can you
contact and advise them to hold
position?

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels, his staff (minus Jeb) -- intensely monitoring the external feeds from Terrier Three.

DANIELS
Terrier Three, standby while we
contact Kennedy.

ALEXIS (O.S.)
Better make it snappy, I don't
think they have much time left.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Carl Anson stands in front of the small monitor array. Daniels appears on their communications screens...

DANIELS
Kennedy operations, this is Falcon
Industries, Nevada.

CARL
This is Kennedy Space Supervisor,
Carl Anson, we are currently busy
with a situation.

DANIELS
We are aware. Our ship is on scene
and stands ready to assist. You're
patched in with Terrier Three.

Another monitor shows Alexis and Jammer -- two way comms.

CARL
What do you need, Terrier Three?

ALEXIS (MONITOR)
Contact the Tukalev, have them
station keep so we can get a closer
look at their compromised O2
system.

CARL
Copy that.

SUSAN
Think he's on the Russian ship?

GUY WITH HEADSET turns to Carl...

GUY WITH HEADSET
Russian Space Agency on line. I
can't find anyone that speaks
English over there.

RUSSIAN SPACE OPERATIONS GUY appears on screen M-2.

RUSSIAN SPACE OP GUY (MONITOR)
(Russian)
What is it?

CARL
You gotta be kidding me.
(turns to his co-workers)
Anyone speak Russian?

Susan stands before the monitor.

SUSAN
 (Russian)
 Russian Space Agency, have the
 Tukalev hold position so our ship
 can assist.

Russian space op guy squinting at Susan. Appears uncooperative. Whispers to someone off screen.

SUSAN
 (Russian)
 Sir, this is the First Lady to the
 President of the United States of
 America. I'm communicating on
 behalf of NASA and civilian space
 agencies. We kindly request you to
 instruct your ship to hold
 position, please. It is quite
 urgent.

Carl looks at Susan for an update. The monitor shows a now station-keeping Tukalev. A short lived smile from her.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis moves the Terrier closer to the top of the Tukalev.

ALEXIS
 Alright, here we go.

JAMMER
 What are WE doing?

ALEXIS
 Watch, learn, and prepare to be
 amazed.

She works the flight stick.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier Three, nose down and perpendicular to the top of the Tukalev -- pincer opens wide -- then clamps onto the damaged cover protecting the compromised O2 equipment.

Cover forcibly removed -- now floats in the space vacuum.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis focuses through the cockpit window, works the controls with intense precision -- struggles to see through the freezing O2 as it sprays from the damaged line and onto the front of the Terrier.

ALEXIS

Come on. Hold still, damn it!

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Still nose down into the top of the Tukalev, the Terrier surgically crimps the O2 supply line via the retainer jaws. The flow of escaping air immediately dissipates.

Terrier Three snatches the cover and re-attaches it to the Tukalev. CUTTING TORCH near the tip of the Terrier spot welds the cover in place.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis can't containing herself...

ALEXIS

Ya! Whoo!

...victorious smile. Jammer sits besides himself as she taps virtual buttons on the control panel.

ALEXIS

(into comms.)

Kennedy, that repair should buy them enough time to get home.

She puts her hands up and behind her head, turns to Jammer...

ALEXIS

Bet ya never caught anything this big. Count it in my column, co-pilot.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Susan clutches her headset tightly, intensely listens, then yanks it off. She turns to Carl...

SUSAN

They say he's not on board the Russian ship. Where is he?

GUY WITH HEADSET
China reports difficulty launching
their bird. No ETA available

SUSAN
Chairman of the government and
Russian President also unaccounted
for.

CARL
Jesus, if they are still on
Molniya, we gotta find a way to get
them off.

Carl looks up at the Russian Space Agency monitor. It goes completely blank, then is replaced with a U.S. GOVERNMENT logo and a graphic that reads: TRANSMISSION BLOCKED.

CARL
What the hell?

Secret Service agents break from a huddle. AGENT BAUMGARDNER, 40, broad shouldered, chest puffed outward, moves to a commanding position...

BAUMGARDNER
Alright, everyone's attention on me. The Secret Service is assuming command of all operations. A land-line and cell phone ban is effective immediately. You will provide me your full support until all objectives have been satisfied -- starting with the safe return to Earth of the President of the United States.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Jeb enters the room -- surveys the monitors.

JEB
Mission status?

DANIELS
Molniya space station in distress along with the U.S. and Russian transport ships. We believe the President is still on the station. Secret Service just took over Kennedy.

JEB
And Terrier Three?

DANIELS
On scene. Alex just saved the
Russian ship's ass. This is gonna
go down great for me... um, us.

Jeb equips a headset then accesses a computer terminal. He appears to know his way around the equipment exceptionally well. A beat later...

JEB
Station's orbit is way off. It's no
longer Molniya.

He displays an orbit calculator and solution template onto the monitor. It shows the station's orbit cut by two-third.

DANIELS
I think you may be right about
that.

JEB
It has less than an hour until
Earth orbit entry if not soon
corrected.

Main monitor now shows detailed schematics of Molniya One.

DANIELS
Why haven't the Russians adjusted
course yet?

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

THROUGH THE COCKPIT WINDOW

The crew of T3 watches the Tukalev descend into the Earth's atmosphere.

JAMMER
Yo, we saved everyone's ass --
Presidents and shit!

ALEXIS
(sarcastically)
Couldn't have done it without ya.

JAMMER
We should get an award dinner out
of this. Hey, maybe at the White
House, even. Betcha their steaks
are fuck'n awesome!

Two-way communication screens snap to life...

BAUMGARDNER

Terrier Three, this is Agent Baumgardner. By order of Washington, I am now in command of all space operations. Your vessel is to immediately dock with the Russian space station and...

JAMMER

...both docking points are smashed, that's impossible!

BAUMGARDNER

The President of the United States of America is in jeopardy. You will find a way to dock and retrieve him or face possible prison sentence.

JAMMER

Hey buddy, sorry about the prez but their ain't no way...

BAUMGARDNER

Failure is not an opt...

Alexis switches off the auxiliary monitor displaying the agent, focuses on the image of the team at Boundary Point.

ALEXIS

We can't just fix a docking point at will -- this guy serious?

DANIELS

Serious as cancer.

JEB

Alex, the second floor of the station has a type six emergency airlock. It should match up with a Terrier.

ALEXIS

I'll look for it.

DANIELS

And if the President doesn't know to go there?

ALEXIS

Then the agent's right, we'll board the station and find 'em.

JAMMER

Wait, we'll what???

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier Three moves to the dark side of the Molniya Station. It scans the hull with an exterior spotlight.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Treat waves a fire extinguisher at a cascading smoke plume directly the middle of the hallway. The door he's trying to access reads in Russian: OPERATIONS.

He tosses the empty canister, coughs into a handkerchief, then withdraws down the length of the hallway and back to another doorway where Liam pulls him inside a room and to safety. The door abruptly seals behind them.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Anataya and Rurik both watch as Liam helps a struggling Treat sit down and catch his breath...

TREAT

Forget it... the heat coming from that door... The fire systems on this station are for shit!

LIAM

Relax a sec, we'll figure something out.

TREAT

How the hell we gonna get word you're still in here?

Anataya is fixed on the robot chamber and conveyor system. Something about the computer systems and specimen trackers interests her. She moves closer to study them.

Liam turns to Rurik...

LIAM

Operations ain't happening. The emergency airlock, it's our only play.

Rurik stares at the Americans with disdain. A twitch to his cheek -- and a serious look not seen before. He clearly despises them and is no longer concealing it.

Anataya powers up DISPLAY PANELS...

Each panel corresponds to a specific specimen bank. Russian writing now indicates exact contents. Her keystrokes reveal the concealed room.

ANATAYA

What is this?

Liam moves to her. Treat struggles to follow.

She accesses different specimen banks, Liam reads along...

LIAM

Sans v 471? Px11?

TREAT

Sans 471 is a highly mutated cousin of the Ebola strain. Px11 is the weaponized designation.

ANATAYA

Rurik???

Liam questions the Russian President...

LIAM

(Russian)

You said this was medical research?

TREAT

Arrogant commies, at least conceal the damn names.

RURIK

And you Americans act surprised? You had this infiltration planned all along. Earlier you took out our military satellite, then plan to take out this station in a failed attempt to halt our advancement.

LIAM

What advancement?

TREAT

You think I planned this? You believe I'd endanger the life of my President by bringing him on a tactical mission up here?

(points to Rurik)

You're dumber than I give you credit for!

Liam confidently to Anataya...

LIAM

(Russian)

Our only mission here was that of peace, this I promise you.

ANATAYA

I was not aware. I swear.

RURIK

You Americans have choked our homeland since the days of Reagan. I've long time set in motion a plan to bring the Union back to its days of supreme power. In the event of a catastrophic failure, this station will be programmed to reenter Earth and the core of this lab will find its way to the East Coast of your U.S.A. Weeks after impact, and on their knees, what's left of your population will beg the new Soviet Empire for antidote.

LIAM

You would kill us all by crashing this station?

RURIK

Just me and her die in the crash...

Rurik reveals a MAKAROV auto-pistol, points it at Liam...

RURIK

...you die now!

Rurik blasts a shot. Treat shoves Liam behind the conveyor system. A second shot ricochets off the thick glass behind the Americans.

Quick as possible, Treat draws his weapon and fires a series of shots over the conveyor -- all misses.

Rurik returns two more shots that miss badly. Anataya screams as Rurik withdraws behind another glass partition -- clearly visible, as he accesses a computer terminal.

Treat stands up and rapid fires a half dozen rounds at Rurik. The protective glass easily stops the lead.

Rurik emerges from the partition and fires again, this time two at the Americans and one towards Anataya. All misses. He returns behind cover, continues to enter commands into the computer.

As quickly as Treat rose to return fire, he slips and falls to the floor near a cowering Liam.

TREAT

What the hell's he doing?

Liam grabs Treat around his torso to steady him after the fall. The president displays his blood-soaked hand, scans Treat's rib cage... blood oozes from a gunshot wound just under his heart.

Liam clutches his limp friend. Desperately covers the wound with both of his hands.

TREAT

I guess he didn't miss after all.

Severely compromised, Treat raises his weapon, ejects the magazine, replaces it with a fresh one, re-racks the slide... passes the gun to Liam -- sinks even further onto the floor.

LIAM

You'll be all right. We'll get you help. Treat!

Mortally wounded, the agent fades quickly.

TREAT

Rurik hinted at an antidote... If it's here, you must find it. Save yourself. God will see to it you have a chance... don't lose the... the will to survive.

LIAM

No. Please, no. Treat, stay, please don't...

Treat is gone.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier Three quickly approaches the EMERGENCY DOCKING PORTAL. The ship spins -- belly connects with the station.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis leaps from the pilot seat. She pops open the top of a small FLIGHT CHEST labeled 03 -- secured rear of the terrier. Removes a breathing apparatus and small oxygen tank. Passes a second unit to Jammer...

Holding the tank, he stares wide-eyed as though wanting nothing to do with it.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The inside of the emergency docking portal opens...

Alexis alertly hops down and into the hallway. Scans both directions.

Jammer sticks his head through the portal, sees her moving down the hallway while speaking into her wrist-watch comms...

ALEXIS

Kennedy, we are on board Molniya One.

CARL (O.S.)

Copy that, Terrier Three.

She turns around, sees Jammer's hesitation...

ALEXIS

You coming or what?

JAMMER

Shouldn't one of us stay here and watch the ship?

ALEXIS

If anyone's hurt how am I gonna move them without you?

JAMMER

Oh ya, good point.

ALEXIS

Let's go! Sooner we find them, sooner we get out of here, and you can get your government steak.

He reluctantly proceeds onto the station.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Carl turns around after studying the monitors...

CARL

They're on board.

Susan anxiously sits, head down, her hands clasped in prayer -- then stands up in anticipation.

CARL

They'll find 'em, I know they will.

BAUMGARDNER

You tell them I expect a detailed account of everything they see once every five minutes, no if and or buts.

Carl and Susan both glance at each other.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

AT AN INTERSECTION

She presses a button on the first of two doors. The door instantly slides open to bellowing smoke. She immediately closes it.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Rurik frantically works at a computer station. He is inputting core separation instructions -- issues the final command to execute.

Liam is still clutching his fallen friend.

ANATAYA

Rurik, stop this madness immediately! I demand you to do so.

Anataya comes out from hiding, tries to get a closer look at Rurik. His careless shot chases her back to safety.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Alexis and Jammer passing through the second doorway just as it snaps shut behind them. An additional heavy-duty BARRIER seals the doorway. This section is now the CORE COMPARTMENT, and they both barely made it inside.

She peers through the doorway portal to see...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Molniya space station begins to shed the PORT and STARBOARD COMPARTMENTS. The massive sections are forced away from the core by a series of small, controlled blasts.

Lifeless compartments float away into space. Terrier Three is still attached to the starboard section.

Smaller booster rockets fire and turn what's left of the station on a new course... straight to Earth!

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Alexis looks through the view-port.

ALEXIS

Oh, come on!

Jammer shoves her out of the way to get a better look...

JAMMER

Shit, man. There goes our fucking ride! Now what the hell are you gonna do?

ALEXIS

ME? How bout you figure something out for a change?

JAMMER

I knew it, should'a stayed on the ship -- good fucking game!

She turns to look at the glass partitions of the specimen laboratories.

ALEXIS

Well, look at the bright side, I don't think we're on fire anymore.

(into her watch)

Boundary Point, we got a little bit of a problem here.

JAMMER

Little bit of a problem?!? Our ship is floating away to the moon! We got no damn ship! I'd hate to see what da hell you'd consider a big problem.

ALEXIS

I can't believe I had sex with you.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels and Jeb look at each other, shell-shocked.

JEB

That's not on any of the public schematics.

DANIELS

Don't tell me we just lost the
terrier?

JEB

We gotta get a ship up there to
help them.

DANIELS

T-2's being overhauled -- we ain't
got any left!

Jeb grabs a control stick and swings the HANGAR camera
directly at TERRIER ONE...

JEB

Ya, we do.

DANIELS

What, that decommissioned museum
piece? You kidding me? It hasn't
flown in over three years.

JEB

She'll fly, I know she will.

DANIELS

We got no pilots, who's gonna fly
her, you?

Jeb nods at him -- not exactly a confident nod, but still a
nod.

DANIEL

Alright, no co-pilot -- you can't
go up by yourself.

JEB

Call Kitch. Tell him what's going
on, he'll help.

Daniels picks up a phone and displays it to Jeb...

DANIELS

Uncle Sam cut the phone lines, dead
as a doorknob.

He slams the phone down, returning it to the receiver.

JEB

Prep the ship. I'll get him back
here.

DANIELS

He walked out the door over fifteen minutes ago, how da hell you plan on catching him?

Jeb switches to another camera, this time an external view of the COMPOUND PARKING LOT. He zooms close to a red convertible sports car and the "SPACEGAL" license plate -- starts heading for the door...

JEB

He's a seven-day-Sunday-driver.
Prep it, I'll be right back.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Rurik fires the final shot before the slide on his weapon locks back.

Liam dives head first from cover, firing three shots that penetrate into Rurik's torso... the chairman falls limp against the wall, bullet wounds leaking onto the deck.

Liam moves closer to the slumped chairman, kicking the gun away from his reach. Anataya emerges from cover, quickly goes to the side of Rurik, and holds his sinking head upright.

ANATAYA

Why Rurik, why did you have to?

RURIK

You are a weak traitor. I did...
for... for the mother land.

She shakes her head in disapproval as Rurik dies.

Liam moves to the console.

LIAM

How do we stop this?

Anataya follows him. Computer commands are met with a blank screen. Moments later, she discovers the problem: bullet holes in the terminal. She looks at Liam with definitive horror.

ANATAYA

This station is doomed.

Liam nods his head, appears almost willing to accept the situation. He gazes at his lost friend...

LIAM

If that's the case, I'll at least find a way to get my country the antidote. Will you help me?

Anataya nods as he looks over her shoulder, EYES WIDE at what he sees..

LIAM

In here! We're over here!

Liam sprints to the sound-proof glass at the far end of the room. Inside the adjacent SPECIMEN LAB 2, he sees Alexis pass through the sliding door, yet she still remains unaware of his presence.

LOCK-DOWN MODE

Jammer follows Alexis into the lab just as the sliding door slams shut, PINNING him against the frame -- undoubtedly, he didn't see it coming at all.

The door CLAMPS through his torso, instantly crushing into him like a hydraulic vice -- sounds of bones crunching.

JAMMER

Ahhh, shit! Open it!

Alexis moves to assist him, but the door controls are unresponsive.

JAMMER

Ahhh, open the fuck'n door! Ahhh!

Desperate, she inserts her fingers and tries with all her might to pry apart the door. The pain is so intense that Jammer begins to pass out. She pulls her fingers clear as the door completely seals through his mid-section.

ALEXIS

Oh shit, Vince!

EXT. NEVADA ROAD - DAY

A red convertible sports car screams down the road at excessive speed. Jeb checks the speedometer -- 120mph -- slams his foot further down on the accelerator...

JEB

One-fifty-five it is.

Jeb scans through the windshield, locking onto his target: a slow moving MINI-VAN.

Pacing side-to, Jeb begins desperately motioning for the van driver (KITCHENER) to pull over.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - HANGAR BAY - DAY

The ceiling crane lifts Terrier One, nose up. The craft knocks over the display ropes as it moves into launch position -- attaches onto a ROCKET SLED. A CANISTER, labeled: ION HYBRID FUEL is inserted near the thrusters.

EXT. NEVADA ROAD - DAY

Tires on the red convertible kick dust and sand. Jeb, driving -- while Kitchener sits in the passenger seat, clutching onto his helmet and flight gear.

RELEASE THE RED CONVERTIBLE

NOW TIGHT on the windshield of the abandoned mini-van. A handwritten sign reads: OUT OF GAS (AND OUT OF MY MIND)

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

A monitor tracks the Liberty and transport pad as it slowly crawls out of the hanger.

CARL

Start the launch prep.

SUSAN

How long? Will it get there in time?

Carl looks towards Guy With Headset for an answer, he's met with a slow shaking of his head.

GUY WITH HEADSET

It takes over fifty minutes to run start up diagnostics.

SUSAN

The hell with the diagnostics, launch the damn ship!

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The core of the Molniya One space station approaches L.E.O.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

Jammer's limp hand dangles on the floor. Alexis tends to his unconscious, upper torso.

ALEXIS

Vince, can you hear me? Shit, I
can't... I can't get the door open.
Please, wake up.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Liam pounds on the glass barrier, trying desperately to get Alexis' attention. Anataya shows him a communications port that links both laboratories -- presses and holds the INTERCOM button for Liam...

LIAM

Over here! We're in here!

THROUGH THE GLASS

Alexis spins around, surprised to see them.

ALEXIS

He's badly hurt. Can you open this
door?

LIAM

We're cut off. Is there help
coming?

ALEXIS

Um, I think we pretty much are the
help.

LIAM

What's the plan to get out of here?
You have a plan, right?

Alexis shakes her head. Liam looks at Anataya.

LIAM

You musta come by ship, right --
can we get out that way?

ALEXIS

Ya, um... that ain't gonna happen.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OFFICE OF ALEXIS HAMILTON

Jeb bursts into the room. Parker, attached to his video game...

JEB

Parker, I gotta tell you something.

Jeb catches his breath, gently takes his game away and sets it aside.

JEB

Parker, something's happened to your mom and I have to go help her. Buddy, if things... um, I just want you to know I...

Parker with an look of soft inquisition.

MALE TECH wheels in a SMALL FLIGHT CHEST labeled "01" He blows a layer of dust from it, pops open the top.

Kitchener enters the office wearing his flight suit. He hands an additional suit to Jeb, lays his breathing apparatus and O2 tank inside the small flight chest, turns to Male Tech...

KITCHENER

He'll need a survival pack.

JEB

Stock three just in case.

Male tech exits, leaves behind the flight chest

JEB

I'll be back, promise. I love you, always.

Parker has no reaction, shows zero emotion, goes back to his video game.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Susan paces in front of the monitors.

SUSAN

This can't be happening.

Carl places his hand gently on her shoulder.

SUSAN

I told him not to go. Why didn't I stop him?

Carl doesn't know what to say.

GUY WITH HEADSET

They'll enter our atmosphere quicker than expected.

CARL

How much quicker?

Orbital graphics are updated on the main monitors.

GUY WITH HEADSET

Looks like twenty eight to thirty minutes. That's not all, the station's core has made three course changes in less than a ten second span.

CARL

Course changes?

GUY WITH HEADSET

If I'm not mistaken it maneuvered to a deliberate entry angle.

CARL

Stations are never designed to land. Where's it headed then?

GUY WITH HEADSET

Early calculations appear like it's heading right here -- somewhere East coast.

EXT. SPACE

The Molniya One space station core as it slowly heads to Earth.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OFFICE OF ALEXIS HAMILTON

Male Tech yanks the closed flight chest from the office, pushes it hastily down the hallway, towards the hangar bay.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Liam is searching the barrier between both labs. Anataya is searching the specimen wall at the back of the room.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

Alexis into her watch comms...

ALEXIS

Kennedy, U.S. and Russian
presidents have been located --
both alive and well.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Susan leaps from her chair upon hearing Alexis over the speaker system.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

We are locked inside some kind of
laboratory. My partner is badly
hurt, please, send help, fast.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels and team happily respond to the good news.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - HANGER BAY - DAY

Jeb and Kitchener head to Terrier One. The operations personnel rush last moment preparations before launch.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Daniels looks at the Terrier, prepped and poised to launch.

DANIELS

Begin charging the magnetic
capacitors.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb and Kitchener, strapping into their seats, upward angle, awaiting launch. Kitchener activates the systems.

KITCHENER

God, this equipment is ancient. It
was never upgraded past
three-point-oh?

Jeb appears distressed, wipes sweat from his brow.

KITCHENER

You alright? I gotta know right now
if you can do this or not?

The ex-pilot removes his container of anxiety pills, pops one, tries to re-seal it but fumbles the contents behind him. The pills scatter all over the rear mounted flight chest and out of reach from both operators.

KITCHENER

Lord help us.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

A computerized voice resonates...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (O.S.)

Capacitors at one hundred percent.

Daniels stands up, takes a deep breath...

DANIELS

Launch Terrier One.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - HANGAR BAY - DAY

The piercing sound of a gigantic ELECTRICAL CURRENT.

Terrier One, firmly attached to its rocket sled, instantly snaps straight up the rail and through the open hangar doors. There one second -- gone the next.

EXT. BOUNDARY POINT - NEVADA - DAY

A blurred Terrier One jolting up the magnetic rail at an incredible speed. Just as it runs out of railing, the rocket sled FIRES its twin burners which take over, further fueling the craft's massive upward inertia.

The Terrier is piercing the beautiful blue sky effortlessly on its way into orbit thanks to both power sources.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb and Kitchener both fighting the intense g-forces associated with the launch. A red, stretched, smile-like appearance on both of their faces.

A few THUMPING sounds.

KITCHENER

We got some noise -- aft, that
normal for this bird?

Jeb is still an emotional wreck. He closes his eyes, attempting to collect himself.

KITCHENER

Jeb?

JEB

Huh?

KITCHENER

Something don't sound good back there.

Jeb is focusing all of his energy and emotions on the launch. He is working hard to control his breathing.

JEB

She'll be fine. Entering uh... exosphere. Releasing rocket sled. Standby, uh... planetary orbit.

KITCHENER

Sounds like it stopped. Could'a been something loose in the flight chest.

EXT. SPACE - LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier One disengages from the rocket sled that powers down and immediately returns back to Earth.

Peace-fully, Terrier One now floats in a soft orbit.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OFFICE OF ALEXIS HAMILTON

Janis is searching the office...

JANIS

Parker? Parker, where are you?
Parker, this isn't funny anymore.

She bolts out of the office.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

A robotic arm automatically twists to life, proceeds to grab a specimen on the rear wall. It slides along the floor to the conveyor system where it deposits the sample onto the belt and then inside a waiting ejection torpedo.

This repeats two more times until the torpedo is sealed.

Anataya and Liam watch the torpedo travel toward the front of the core and into...

SECOND CHAMBER

Torpedo heads into the next processing zone and then into the launch tube where it sits motionless.

A MONITOR READS IN RUSSIAN:

ERROR>>>UNABLE TO INITIATE LAUNCH TUBE ONE<<<ERROR

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

The duplicate, yet still functioning computer terminal repeatedly beeps. Alexis further examines it.

COMPUTER TERMINAL READS IN RUSSIAN:

INITIATE LAUNCH>>>TUBE ONE<<<

ALEXIS

What's it say?

She turns to see Liam and Anataya both leaning against the glass. Alexis removes the screen from the top of the terminal -- still tethered to the console, she displays it to them for translation. The intercom is activated.

LIAM

It's a manual command to launch.

She TAPS the screen, confirming the launch command.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Liam and Anataya observe the launch tube powering up.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The front bay of the Molniya Core opens to space. The number one tube fires the torpedo straight into the Earth's atmosphere.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Hope springs eternally within Liam's eyes...

LIAM

That's how we're getting outta here.

ALEXIS

How's that exactly?

LIAM

We'll open the front bay, activate the launch command, only the tube will be empty. It's big enough so we can fit through... except we need someone on the other side.

Her communications watch...

DANIELS (O.S.)

Alex, Terrier One is on her way to you.

ALEXIS

Terrier One?

DANIELS (O.S.)

We're working on a way to get you guys off of there.

ALEXIS

I think we may have found one. Have them position outside the front of the station. We'll advise further.

DANIELS (O.S.)

Copy that.

Liam speaks through the intercom which is relayed through her watch COMMS.

LIAM

This is Liam Urban, President of the United States of America. I need you to get a message to the Joints Chief of Staff, can you do that for me?

DANIELS (O.S.)

You are on with Kennedy and Secret Service, go with your message.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Susan quickly reacts to Liam's voice over COMMS.

SUSAN

Liam, oh my God!

LIAM (O.S)

Baby! Baby, I'm alright.

SUSAN

I... I can't take this anymore!

LIAM (O.S)

I love you. There is something really important you need to tell my staff, can you do that?

SUSAN

You can deliver it yourself, they are coming to rescue you.

LIAM (O.S.)

I know, I know, but just in case -- there is something on board this station that must not reach Earth at all costs...

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb exhales, his breathing stabilizing as he looks out of the cockpit and down onto the Earth. He turns to Kitchener, who returns smile.

KITCHENER

Look at you, you did it. You made it back up here.

JEB

WE made it up here.

KITCHENER

Then, how bout WE go save the day?

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Janis rushes into the room, straight to Daniels...

JANIS

It's Parker, I can't find him -- I don't know where he's hiding!

Daniels attempts to quickly cover his microphone, trying to prevent her voice from BROADCASTING -- too late...

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb turns toward kitchener who immediately returns the concerned stare. Together, as though sharing a clairvoyant moment, they both look back and directly at the flight chest...

Un harnessed, they quickly move to the rear of the ship. Kitchener opens the lid and immediately lifts out Parker's LIMP body -- sets it gently down onto the deck.

KITCHENER
Oh no, he's not breathing!

Jeb, stricken with fear, falls backwards and once again becomes a useless vegetable.

Kitchener immediately performs C.P.R. on the boy.

KITCHENER
Come on, breathe, damn it!

He continues to work on the little body which now... shows sign of life!

Parker responds with a series of deep coughs.

KITCHENER
Holy shh -- crap! Parker, can you hear me?

Kitchener glances at a distressed Jeb, frantically eating an anxiety pill found scattered on the deck, then looks back at the recovering boy.

Parker smiles at Kitchener, looks around him, sees his Dad staring back at him -- wide-eyed and paralyzed.

PARKER
Dad, this is the best ride ever!
Can we do it again?

Kitchener returns to his seat, activates the operations-only communications to Daniels...

KITCHENER
Boundary Point, we have located Parker.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Daniels can't believe it.

DANIELS
Up there? You gotta be shit'n me!

PARKER (O.S.)
(happy)
Shit!

The operations manager turns to his staff...

DANIELS

Nobody mentions a word of this to
Alex, do all of you understand me
-- not a damn word! I'll never work
again.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Liam watches the conveyor system reverse the torpedo.

He gives a hand signal to Alexis through the glass
partition.

ON ALEXIS AT THE COMPUTER TERMINAL INSIDE SPECIMEN LAB 1 --

She taps the console, stopping the conveyor.

Liam shoves the torpedo off the track and onto the deck. The
conveyor is now empty.

LIAM

Alright, we can manually open the
bay, the torpedo tube, and then
close it once they dock.

(in Russian)

Find the antidote?

Anataya still searches the video panels for the specimen.

ANATAYA

Not yet.

Liam activates the communications to Alexis.

LIAM

Okay, you need me to translate
again?

ALEXIS

I got it. Um, I just don't
understand -- if I'm the only one
that can operate the system, how do
I get out?

Liam appears stumped, turns to Anataya.

ALEXIS

It's okay, I understand. Someone
needs to stay.

LIAM

No, there's gotta be a way, we're
missing something.

ALEXIS

It's fine, I know what I have to do.

LIAM

Forget it, I'm not leaving anyone.

Her communications watch...

KITCHENER (O.S.)

Alex, Terrier One -- we're thirty seconds to Molniya.

ALEXIS

Copy that. Opening the front bay.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier One approaches the front bay of the Molniya core.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Parker is belted into the auxiliary seat behind Jeb.

KITCHENER

Alright, let's hope this works.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The front bay opens. Terrier One enters -- a tight fit.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb adjusts the flight stick.

KITCHENER

We're not gonna fit.

JEB

We'll fit.

KITCHENER

I'm telling you -- we're not gonna fit.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier One is inside the bay. It's belly attaches to the port-side torpedo tube -- numbered with a 1.

The bay door closes -- and rips off the solid ANTENNA on the top of the Terrier.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb grimaces while looking at an almost mad Kitchener.

JEB
See, like a glove.

KITCHENER
You're almost as bad as Jammer. Got
anymore of those pills?
(into comms.)
Boundary Point, we are now secured
to...

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Terrier One's transmission is all static.

DANIELS
You're unreadable, Terrier One.
Please re-transmit.

Even more static.

DANIELS
Terrier One, do you copy?!?

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Liam motions to Alexis.

LIAM
Here we go. Pray this works.

ON ALEXIS AS SHE TAPS A COMMAND ON THE COMPUTER TERMINAL

The tube door opens. Liam and Anataya eagerly stare down the conveyor system...

Moments later, Jeb emerges from the tube, crawls along the conveyor, through the connecting chambers, and towards Liam -- who happily helps him into the lab.

JEB
Mr. President, permission to come
on board?

Jeb looks at the middle partition where Alexis is all smiles from the other side.

LIAM
Speaker button on your left.

Jeb presses and holds the button on the wall.

JEB
How ya doing, kiddo?

ALEXIS
You came all the way up here for
me, for us?

JEB
I'd do anything for you.

Kitchener emerges, he immediately spots the fucked up body of Jammer. He meets a slow shaking of Alexis' head in response to his condition.

JEB
There's kinda something you need to
know.

ALEXIS
What you did, overcoming everything
like this -- with the way I've
treated you, and yet you risk
everything?

JEB
I gotta tell you...

ALEXIS
...you're the best thing that ever
happened to me. I'm so foolish for
not recognizing that sooner.

Parker emerges from the chamber, sees Alexis, immediately runs to the glass besides Jeb.

PARKER
Mommy! I'm an astronaut now.

Alexis sees her son, displays a look of utter disbelief.

ALEXIS
And you brought my son up here!?!

She pounds her fists on the glass towards Jeb.

ALEXIS
Are you out of your fu...

Jeb releases the intercom button so Parker can't hear her insane, wild rant.

JEB
Parker, I told you to stay on the
ship.

PARKER
Mommy's mad at you again.

ANATAYA
Found it.

LIAM
(Russian)
The antidote?

ANATAYA
Specimen number three-twenty.

Liam scans the back wall.

LIAM
Three-twenty...

KITCHENER
Alright, everybody back to the
ship.

LIAM
I'm not leaving until we have the
antidote.

KITCHENER
Antidote... to what?

Anataya points to 320, opens it -- nothing! Liam stares in
disbelief.

LIAM
Empty... then we failed.
(beat, refers to Anataya)
Take her, get back to your ship and
get out of here. Have the military
destroy this station.
(refers to Alexis)
I'm staying with her -- I'm an
American Airman, I will never leave
anyone behind.

JEB
We can't, our comms are down.

Liam presses the intercom button -- Alexis continues ranting
on the other side.

LIAM

I hate to break up this family quarrel but we got another problem.

Alexis stops pounding on the glass.

LIAM

They are leaving. Tell the Secret Service I am safely off this station, have the military destroy it before it reaches Earth. They can't know I'm staying behind.

Alexis looks at her comms watch -- freezes.

LIAM

Do it, that's a direct order from your President.

Alexis holds up her smashed communications watch.

LIAM

You broke... oh wow! We gotta blow this thing up ourselves... how?

Liam turns to Jeb.

JEB

There is another alternative. While it's too late to stop the entry, we may be able to divert the station somewhere else.

LIAM

How 'bout the ocean?

KITCHENER

Ocean is full of life, no telling what effect that may have.

LIAM

Then... we need a place with no life and where this virus can't live. Antarctica, maybe?

JEB

Man recently created several areas that will fit the bill.

LIAM

Ground Zero, Iran!

KITCHENER

Radiation levels there will kill everything for the next fifty years.

JEB

We'll have to find and manually adjust the thruster controls.

KITCHENER

I'll use the computer on board the Terrier to get a new entry angle.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

The room is bustling with activity.

CARL

Can we see anything? Any response?

GUY WITH HEADSET

Still nothing on any channels.

Susan rubs her eyes.

EXT. SPACE - LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The core of the station heading towards its doom.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

Alexis in front of a panel at the rear of the lab. Four, recessed screws hold it firmly in place.

ALEXIS

I need a screwdriver -- a flat head.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Everyone searches. Jeb reaches inside his suit, the belt area -- he doesn't have his trusty tool.

LIAM

Flat head -- who the hell uses flat head anymore?

JEB

Russians.

(beat)

Alex, you have anything that you can use to improvise with, you know -- like a bobby pin?

ALEXIS

A bobby pin? What the hell would I be doing with a bobby pin -- in outer space?

Parker displays his junior-leatherman.

PARKER

Dad.

JEB

Parker! You're a life saver.

LIAM

...millions of lives. How do we get it to her?

They search...

Jeb points to a foot and a half wide SERVICE CONDUIT on the back wall. He then locates an identical looking screen inside lab #2, just behind Alexis.

JEB

Service conduit.

Jeb uses the tool to open the screen. He sticks his head inside, up to his shoulders, re-emerges.

JEB

Looks like it goes about six meters then makes a left -- it should eventually connect to the other one. No way I can fit, though.

LIAM

You can't, but he can...

Liam points to Parker.

JEB

No, no way. I'm not sending my son...

LIAM

My best friend just took a bullet for me. His last words were about saving lives -- other peoples lives. I won't let his wishes die along with him. We gotta get that tool to her.

A beat, then Jeb confronts Parker.

JEB

Parker. Two lefts -- you understand? You get this to mom, then you come right back. Okay?

Fearlessly, Parker enters the conduit.

LIAM

That's a brave boy you raised.

INSIDE THE CONDUIT

Parker makes his first left -- counts it by raising a finger on his hand. Activates his video game screen, uses it for lighting. Directly in front of him...

A DROP IN THE SHAFT

He looks down -- bottomless. Turns around -- about to head back... decides he can stretch across the drop. Proceeds...

OVER AND PAST THE DROP -- almost slips down into the abyss.

Rights himself. Counts the second left on his fingers.

ON ALEXIS IN LAB 2 --

ALEXIS

Parker? Parker? Where is he?
Where's my son?

Finally, Parker's fingers appear through the screen, along with the mini-tool.

ALEXIS

Parker! Thank God. I love you,
baby.

Alexis is able to touch his young hands.

ALEXIS

Parker, I love you, always. You go
right back now, you hear me? Go.

His hands disappear. She uses the tool to unscrew the thruster panel, pops it off -- HIGH TECH INSULATION.

JEB

Alex, rip that stuff out.

She tears into the stubborn insulation.

LAB 1 --

Liam pulls Parker from the conduit, holds him up...

LIAM
You did awesome, son.

Passes him to Jeb, who hugs him large. Kitchener returns, hands Jeb a note paper...

KITCHENER
New entry angles.

JEB
Please, take him back to the ship with you.

KITCHENER
What about, um...

He motions towards Alexis.

JEB
I'm not putting him through that.

Kitchener and Parker return to the ship. Jeb references a computer tablet, turns to Alexis.

JEB
According to this you should see six control cylinders.

ALEXIS
I see em, they have settings on the top.

LIAM
You familiar with these -- aren't they Russian?

JEB
Mikuni brand, made in Japan. Most all solid boosters use em. Besides, I speak Japanese.

LIAM
Oh. Thank God for a higher education.

JEB
Alex, I'm gonna read off the new settings, starting with thruster number three.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

MAIN MONITOR: The Liberty on the launch platform.

GUY WITH HEADSET

We have a crew on board. Main engines are pre-launch calibrating.

CARL

Please, by all means... Go when ready.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Jeb and Liam watch Alexis finish re-programming the thrusters.

ALEXIS

Okay, I think they're set.

JEB

Fire the sequence.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The thrusters change the approach angle on Molniya.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Jeb to Liam...

JEB

Can you check with Kitch, see if the coarse is correct. It'll give me a few minutes alone with her.

LIAM

Ya, I'll be right back.

Liam passes by the body of Treat, pauses. He removes the flag pin from his lapel, places it into Treat's hand -- disappears into the tube.

JEB

Alex, I can't let the President stay here.

She nods.

JEB

I'm the only one that can get them safely out of here. I love you and I will never forget you.

She begins to tear.

ALEXIS

Deep down, I never stopped loving you. I really wish I had another chance to prove it.

JEB

I'm gonna get 'em home, I promise.

ALEXIS

I know you will. Go, take care of our son.

Jeb hesitates, eyes well up with tears.

ALEXIS

Go. Get out of here, now!

Jeb goes down the conveyor and inside the tube. He looks back at the love of his life.

LAB 2

Alexis activates the command to close the tube door. As the door closes, Jeb catches one last glimpse of her.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Liam sees Jeb enter the Terrier. The airlock seals.

LIAM

Hey, I told you I'm staying.

JEB

Change of plan, you're coming back with us.

LIAM

That's not your choice to make!

JEB

Mr. President, I have to confess something... I didn't vote for you for your first term. I plan on making sure I do get to vote for you for your second. Buckle up, sir.

Jeb climbs into his seat, grabs the flight stick. Kitchener offers him the medication previously recovered from the floor.

Jeb declines...

JEB

I won't be needing that anymore.

THROUGH THE FORWARD VIEW-PORT

The bay door opens to space. Jeb disengages the Terrier from the station, pivots the ship to face the station.

JEB

Goodbye, Alex.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

Alexis sits on the floor near the control panel, trapped inside the lab -- waiting for the inevitable. Folds her arms across her chest -- cold, alone -- feels something out of place, reaches into her flight suit and removes the blue envelope.

She opens it, begins reading...

...then covers her face with the paper, emotional sobs.

Moments later -- a soft and weakened voice...

JAMMER

Hey Kiddo.

She rushes over to him. Kinda briefly laughs through her melancholy, gently supports his head.

ALEXIS

I really hate being called that.

JAMMER

The hell you still doing here?

ALEXIS

I don't have any place to go.

JAMMER

The panel, show me how to work it.
Get in there.

It dawns on her exactly what he means. She retrieves the remote panel and places it before his limp hand -- shows him the start up procedure, activates her survival pack.

ALEXIS

Thank you.

JAMMER

Think of me when you have that
steak, I like 'em medium-rare.

She kisses him on the head, puts on her mask, and grabs a piece of the insulation still laying on the floor -- goes to the torpedo, wraps herself tightly with the foil.

Jammer begins the launch command.

The torpedo opens. Alexis climbs inside, fetal position. A sample is deposited next to her as the door secures. The torpedo travels down the conveyor and into the tube. Hatch seals behind it.

Jammer closes his eyes. The remote terminal blinks, awaits the manual command to fire.

INSIDE THE TUBE

It's dark... very dark. The sound of Alexis sobbing. Beat.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb and Kitchener watch the bay door on the station open.

KITCHENER

What's the hell's going on?

JEB

Can it be, no way!

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

The remote terminal -- still blinking. Beat. Jammer's eyes flutter, now open up to see the screen. With his final ounce of strength, he presses the launch command...

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Tube 2 opens and the torpedo fires toward Earth. Seconds later, the speedy terrier appears -- its retainer solidly CLAMPS around the body of the torpedo. They only had one shot at this and fucking nailed it!

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb flips the red button on the flight stick -- secures the torpedo directly front and center.

JEB

Gotcha!

THROUGH THE VIEW PORT -- Descending to Earth.

Torpedo begins to glow from atmospheric friction.

JEB

We gotta move fast. I'm taking her
in backwards.

He spins the Terrier.

KITCHENER

Can you do that?

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier One enters the atmosphere in reverse. The rear of the ship is creating a wake zone so that the torpedo remains as cool as possible.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Entering on a similar trajectory is a glowing-red, Molniya core.

KITCHENER

Entering the trop.

This is where the ship really begins to feel it, folks!

JEB

We're heavy, really heavy!

Jeb spins the ship forward, wrestles the controls as they descend through the atmosphere -- struggling to keep the nose of the ship even and on plane. TURBULENCE.

All five passengers are jostled -- ship is dropping like a rock! Down, down it goes...

JEB

Where the hell are we?

KITCHENER

Somewhere over Eastern Europe.

The ground is visible now. A glimpse of a long highway becomes recognizable.

JEB

Brace yourselves.

EXT. HIGHWAY - RUSSIA - DAY

Terrier One's twin parachutes and landing gears deploy.

A DRAMATIC LANDING SCENE

Cars careen and crash off the highway trying to avoid the runaway ship. The torpedo spits sparks as it scrapes along coarse concrete. A minute of eternal chaos.

Finally, the ship comes to a halt. The retainer releases the torpedo which gently falls to the highway deck.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Bright sunlight through the forward cockpit as Jeb commands the lock to open.

JEB
Everyone alright?

Kitchener, Liam, Parker and Anataya, slightly shaken up, but all appear unharmed.

KITCHENER
That was a landing for the record books.

THROUGH THE FRONT OF THE SHIP -- Moscow in the background.

LIAM
(to Anataya)
Looks like you're home.

Like a shot, Jeb exits the Terrier...

EXT. HIGHWAY - RUSSIA - DAY

Jeb leaps onto the top of a battered torpedo. He kicks open the access hatch. Careful not to touch the hot walls, he reaches inside, removes insulation and then ultimately an unconscious Alexis.

With the aide of the luckiest passengers ever, Alexis now lies motionless on the ground. Jeb pulls off her O2 mask, checks for signs of life, decides this time -- he will perform the C.P.R.

SUCCESS -- for what the hell kinda story would this be if she dies?

JEB
Welcome back, kiddo.

Smiling, she shares a hug with both Jeb and Parker.

KITCHENER
The family that crashes together,
stays together.

From her outstretched hand, to Liam, she passes a sample numbered three-twenty -- the ANTIDOTE.

ALEXIS
I think you been wanting this.

EXT. IRAN - GROUND ZERO - DAY

The half-charred Molniya core descending into a radioactive desert.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - ANOTHER DAY

This is a recognition ceremony. Susan, Jeb, Kitchener, Parker and Alexis standing near Liam and the presidential podium. Anataya in the background -- all looking quite happy and magnificent.

On two EASELS, large photos of Treat and Jammer next to the assembled press. Liam into the microphone...

LIAM
A lot has happened since last we spoke.
(looks at Treat's pic.)
For some of us, fate has demanded the ultimate sacrifice. Undoubtedly, the only reason I am alive and standing before you today is due to the selfless acts of these heroes that I am proud to call... my friends.

Liam picks up the folded, AMERICAN FLAG from the podium. He moves behind Jeb, Alexis and Parker -- spreads the flag and carefully drapes it over the back of them. He whispers...

LIAM
Treat would've loved this.

Jeb kisses Alexis.

APPLAUSE

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - A DIFFERENT DAY

ORBITAL DEBRIS cascading through space.

Advanced prototype space craft, SHEPHERD ONE, quickly and easily clamps onto the space debris. The front of the ship could secure additional pieces if necessary.

INT. SHEPHERD ONE - DAY

Alexis, solo piloting, proudly into comms--

ALEXIS

That's eight metric in two hours.
State of the art. You really ought
to get one of these, honey.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier One somewhere in orbit...

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Kitchener rides shot-gun. Jeb pilots, then into comms...

JEB

That's okay, Alex. I'm quite happy
with this baby right here.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels into comms...

DANIELS

Um, fellas, and ladies, think we
can get some work done today?

He smiles at: Parker sitting at a table with Janis.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The beautiful planet Earth.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Hey guys... how about we make this
interesting?

FADE OUT

THE END