

EDEN FIVE

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FADE IN:

INT. DAMAGED STARSHIP - SPACE

WARNING TONES blend into a frenzied drone as LASER BLASTS rock the one-room interior of the ship.

At the fore -- PILOT FIVE (male, 30s) fights the craft as it bucks like harried prey.

At the aft -- WARD FIVE (female, 20s) watches the cabin fall apart between them, face impassive.

A hand covering the LOCKBOX fixed to the chest of her suit.

A CLOSE BLAST --

Ward's ARMOURED SEAT comes unmoored. Strapped in, she SLAMS against the bulkhead as Pilot rolls the ship.

Blood dripping from Ward's head --

Her face still a blank as she unstraps herself, standing.

WARD
Can we escape?

PILOT
We're blind in the storm.

WARD
Will it stop them?

As they drop out of the roll, A BLAST --

PILOT
MASK!

Ward scrambles for a futuristic REBREATHER. She fits it over her face JUST AS -- THE SHIP RIPS OPEN.

Pilot drops them straight down as they DEPRESSURIZE --

EXT. SPACE

ATMOSPHERE gasps out of the wounded starship EDEN FIVE as it drops from the sky.

Above, ENFORCER SHIPS crisscross the stars in pitched battle with EDEN SHIPS. The Enforcers unstoppable.

One of the Enforcers nosedives after Eden Five --
Towards EARTH, mere miles below.

INT. DAMAGED STARSHIP - THERMOSPHERE

Pilot locks in the AUTOPILOT and jumps out of his seat.

He stumps to Ward, heaves her across the short length of the cabin, and straps her into the pilot's seat.

His skin blotching PURPLE --

He staggers back to Ward's broken seat and struggles himself into the straps.

Ward's impassive face is covered in RADIANT COLOUR as the shimmering lights of an AURORA shine through the cockpit.

Gone in a dazzling second --

The ship dropping.

INT. DAMAGED STARSHIP - TROPOSPHERE

A RISING RUSH OF SOUND as the ship bursts into CLOUD.

SNOW whipping past the ship, now curled --

The ship is ROTATING through its free-fall, fast but slowing.

Ward's eyes on the scanners.

WARD

Brace!

Behind her, Pilot shoves his detached seat sideways and braces his legs against the bulkhead.

Hoping to trade injury for death.

Ward's eyes go up.

A SNOWY MOUNTAIN PEAK rushing towards them -- SMASH!

The cabin a rolling frenzy of destruction.

Suddenly a moment of quiet, soaring flight --

Then a cacophonous TEARING OF METAL as the ship smashes down the mountainside again.

Ward's face calm as the impact whips her back and forth in the seat and the destruction becomes A BLUR --

EXT. DESERT - DAY

SAND -- moving under Pilot's head as his eyes open.

His face is purple with burst blood vessels, his body torn. One leg is AMPUTATED, his suit leg wrapped and stapled.

He squints at the blood in his eye, sees -- SMOKE in the distance from the wreckage of Eden Five.

Behind, snow-covered mountains. Around, nothing but sand.

Pilot strains up to see -- WARD, lightly panting, dragging him forward through the desert on a makeshift stretcher.

PILOT

Leave me.

Without turning:

WARD

Not alive.

Pilot squints at the sky, then --

PILOT

Enforcer. Your six.

Ward turns -- far off, a glimmer in the sky, the ENFORCER.

She drops the straps from the stretcher and takes off at a DEAD SPRINT for the smoke from Eden Five.

Pilot watches the ENFORCER grow in size -- below, Ward shrinks against the horizon.

Pilot runs a rough tongue over dry lips. Barely conscious.

The Enforcer Ship nears the plume of smoke. Scanning.

A MISSILE RISES from the crash site towards the Enforcer.

TOO LATE for the Enforcer's evasive maneuver.

The missile impacts the distant ship, sending it hurtling sideways, streaking towards the ground as --

Pilot falls unconscious.

EXT. DESERT - DAY - LATER

Ward pulls Pilot along the ground, the desert as cold and expansive as space around them.

EXT. ENFORCER CRASH SITE - NIGHT

SMALL FIRES light the debris scattering the crash site. A hunk of DESTROYED SHIP looms dark behind.

ENFORCER EIGHTY-SIX, clad in futuristic armour, points the baleful black eyes of a FULL FACE MASK at the empty desert.

Eighty-six stands, unnaturally smooth, a hand moving to the edge of the mask. Looks down -- RED BLOOD on the fingers.

Eighty-six glances at the destroyed ship, then starts to walk, unhurried, gait almost mechanically perfect.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A sign rests on crumbled brick. Ward approaches, pulling the unconscious pilot behind her.

Reads -- "FORT BOWIE NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE"

But beyond the sign -- nothing remains. A flat expanse.

EXT. FORT BOWIE - NIGHT - LATER

Pilot watches Ward over the flickering light of a campfire. Her back huddled to the bricks holding up the sign.

She meets his eyes, realizing he's awake.

Face sweaty, skin pale, breaths rapid.

Pilot's dying.

PILOT
The Enforcer?

WARD
Dead or following.

PILOT
See any more come down?

Ward shakes her head, "no."

WARD
What does that mean?

PILOT
If they kill the rest... They'll
come when... we're the last ones.

Ward opens her mouth to respond -- shuts it.

Pilot's breaths are fast now, closed off. He fumbles with a container on the leg of his armour. Holds up a SYRINGE.

WARD
You're too far gone.

PILOT
For you.

EXT. DESERT/INTERSTATE 10 - NIGHT

Eighty-six traces the faint remnants of the highway.

In the distance, SEES -- the glow of a far-off campfire.

A GROWL --

Eighty-six registers the WOLF ahead.

In the darkness -- more, circling.

EXT. FORT BOWIE - NIGHT

Ward leans over Pilot as the life drains from his body.

WARD
(softly sings)
Dear friend, far off, my lost desire
So far, so near in woe and weal,
Oh loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher
Known and unknown, human, divine
Sweet human hand and lips and eye
Dear heavenly friend that canst not
die
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine...

Her breath catches in her throat as PILOT DIES.

Ward's eyes flicker as she studies his corpse --

A far-off SNARL echoes along the flat desert.

Ward whips around to see a LASER BLAST pierce the night sky -- as the WOLVES ATTACK EIGHTY-SIX.

Ward grabs the syringe from Pilot's limp hand. Injects it in her thigh --

Her PUPILS DILATE instantly. She sucks in breath with a newfound vigour, surges to her feet.

She stands and runs. A flat sprint, breaths fast but rhythmic --

Until Eighty-six and the violence of the pitched battle disappear in the darkness behind her.

EXT. DESERT/INTERSTATE 10 - NIGHT

A LONE WOLF stands among the bodies of its slain pack, hunched and low, snarling with desperation.

Eighty-six, armour battered and torn, hobbling on a BROKEN LEG, LEFT ARM TORN OFF, approaches, blaster raised.

FIRES.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Ward continues across the desert at a light jog.

Suddenly, her pace breaks -- as she drops forward and COUGHS BLOOD onto the sand.

She tries to stand. Can't.

Looks back --

FAR OFF IN THE DISTANCE, a wavering silhouette, EIGHTY-SIX is moving inexorably towards her.

She flips open an identical container on her own armour and withdraws an identical syringe. The last.

Injects herself.

Her pupils dilate.

She runs.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

Eighty-six hobbles through the sand, the same slow, steady pace. Cresting a small dune --

WARD -- lies face down in the sand below.

In front of her -- the LOCKBOX from her chest sits open next to a SMALL HOLE in the sand. A COLLAPSIBLE SHOVEL clutched in her unmoving right hand.

Eighty-six descends --

Blaster raised, Eighty-six studies the scene.

Inside the lockbox -- a SEED COCOON, a tiny plant budding out of a donut-shaped container.

Letters printed along the container: "EDEN"

From behind Eighty-six, a RATTLE.

Eighty-six's head turns --

Ward spins, fires a FUTURISTIC FLARE INTO EIGHTY-SIX'S FACE.

Eighty-six collapses backward, faceplate smoking.

Ward surges up, grabs Eighty-six's blaster. Aims down, pulls the trigger --

A HARSH TONE, but nothing fires. Ward pulls the trigger again. Nothing.

She doubles over, COUGHS BLOOD on the sand.

Ward flings the blaster away and turns back to the hole. Working feverishly with the shovel, she digs deeper --

Gently lowers the seed cocoon into the earth.

BEHIND HER -- Eighty-six slowly stands.

Ward's fingers close sand around the plant's base.

Eighty-six marches calmly back up the hill, towards the blaster. Behind, Ward rolls onto her back, watching.

Too sick and tired and dying to move.

WARD

We only wanted to escape. Not even that. To send away what we loved.

Eighty-six stoops to retrieve the blaster, then starts down the hill towards Ward.

WARD (cont'd)
Kill me, but leave it.

Another RATTLE turns Eighty-six's head.

Wending down the hill in parallel with Eighty-six, an ARIZONA BLACK RATTLESNAKE.

It draws close to Ward, and for the first time, her face shows pain and fear...

WARD (cont'd)
Show mercy.

The snake REARS UP to strike her --

Eighty-six BLASTS the snake into oblivion.

Ward watches, breaths coming rapid, as Eighty-six reaches up and removes the smoking faceplate.

Staring down at her -- A CARTOONISH, ARTIFICIAL APPROXIMATION OF A HUMAN FACE, unchanging, smooth and plastic as a child's toy.

Ward painfully draws herself up, body protecting the plant behind her, breath running ragged.

Tears in her eyes.

WARD (cont'd)
Show --

Eighty-six FIRES into her chest. Ward collapses backwards --

Her body crushing the plant to the dirt.

Eighty-six drops into a perfect stillness.

Watching over her corpse like a sentry as the sun sets.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

An ENFORCER, identical in appearance to Eighty-six, traces along the desert at a steady pace, FINDING --

Eighty-Six, still standing at the bottom of the dune.

The second Enforcer draws parallel. The two of them staring down --

A SHIMMERING, OTHERWORLDLY PLANT, two feet high, veined and leafy like an Earth plant but translucent and filled with slow-moving specks of RADIANT COLOURED LIGHT -- grows through the ribs of the SKELETON that was once Ward Five.

Next to it, the sun-bleached bones of the snake.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

An Enforcer walks -- half its faceplate SEARED OFF to expose the strange, artificial face, identical to Eighty-six's.

To its left, far off in parallel, another Enforcer.

This one staggering, a LARGE HOLE in its right side.

The two Enforcers march on towards --

THE GIANT PLANT, now THIRTY FEET HIGH, brighter than ever, waving in the sand in the middle of a GROWING OASIS, green plants and even blue water resplendent at its base.

And around it, at least THIRTY ENFORCERS, all in various states of disrepair, all still, staring at the plant.

At the front, Eighty-six looks forward as --

A SMALL WOLF approaches, cautious, oblivious to the silent, statue-like Enforcers as it limps to the water.

Laps thirstily --

A NOISE. The wolf looks up.

Eighty-six stares at it, BLASTER IN HAND.

The wolf stares back. Caught.

Then Eighty-six's voice grates out an almost imperceptible imitation of a tune we've already heard --

EIGHTY-SIX
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine...

FADE OUT.