FADE IN:

EXT. DARK SIDE OF GANYMEDE - NEAR JUPITER

A space shuttle rests on icy, rugged surface.

Down the open ramp walks spacesuited MEL CARR, thirties. He steps onto the terrain, testing it. His footsteps CRUNCH the ice particles.

MEL
We’re okay. Found a firm spot.
Ought to hold you, Simon.

The portly spacesuit figure of SIMON MASTERS, in power wheelchair, forties, WHIRS down the ramp.

SIMON
I don’t like it.

He wheels the chair around to face the ship. EVAN GREY, fifties, in oxygen mask, looks out at him.

SIMON (CONT’D)
Fuck the engineers! This shuttle can carry our weight!

EVAN
We’re over by three hundred kilos if we expect to meet the tanker.

SIMON
Bullshit!

EVAN
We’ll be back when we refuel. Mel.

Simon swings around. Evan and Mel exchange understanding nods.

SIMON
It’s bullshit, Mel! Tell him!

MEL
He gives the orders.

EVAN
You’ve got everything for two Jovian weeks.

Simon’s chair WHIRS down to Mel, CRUNCHING the surface with his wheels.
Evan pushes a large cargo box down the ramp to them.

**EVAN (CONT’D)**
Let’s synchronize co-ordinates.

Mel and Evan remove PDAs and punch them.

**MEL**
Okay. Got it.

Evan pushes a button to raise the ramp.

**EVAN**
Just sit tight. Won’t be long.

Simon jerks his chair forward.

**SIMON**
Hey! Wait a minute! My meds! You forgot my meds!

The ramp comes down. Evan disappears behind the door, then reappears, tossing a gym bag to Simon. It FLOPS into his lap.

**EVAN**
There. Satisfied, druggie?

Mel pulls the cargo box a distance away, CRUNCH. Simon stares at Evan as the ramp goes up.

**SIMON**
Asshole.

His chair WHIRS around and heads for Mel. The chair MASHES the surface.

The shuttle blasts off, rocketing into the Jovian system.

**SIMON (CONT’D)**
All this tech and nobody can figure for slimy cocksuckers who steal fuel.

**MEL**
That’s the big universe, fella.

Simon gestures, defiant.

**SIMON**
Here’s to you, you goddam-fucking-planet-speculating sons a bitches! I hope your fuel nozzles freeze over! And micrometeorites chew your ass!
MEL
Hey. Will you save the oxygen until later? Hold the light.

Simon SHINES a LIGHT at him. Mel shivers.

MEL (CONT’D)
It’s a hundred and fifty below out here.

LATER
A large, cylinder-like tent GLOWS on the icy landscape.

INT. TENT
A rack holds a helmet and the top of a spacesuit. Mel wears the suit minus the helmet. Simon has no top and helmet, sitting in his chair, and pops pills from a bottle.

Mel FEEDS SHELLS into a shotgun.

MEL
What’s that do for you?

SIMON
About the same as the shotgun.

MEL
Yeah. You’re loaded alright.

SIMON
Think you’re going to need it?

He sets the shotgun into the cargo box and removes a Glock.

MEL
It’s not just effective against ice snakes.

The Glock EJECTS shells in SLOW MOTION and he pulls the magazine out, checking it.

MEL (CONT’D)
The recoil could put you in a sub orbit with this low gravity.

He tosses a shell to Simon. It FLOATS to him.

Mel stuffs the Glock into a leg pocket and ZIPS.

Simon picks up a laptop, browses, clicks. He turns the laptop around to show the screen to Mel.
LAPTOP DISPLAY

Exposed flesh of a TATTOOED LADY jump off the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

SIMON
That’s what waiting for me back on Station Five.

MEL

SIMON
Heh. There’s a lot you don’t know about me, man. Before I got wounded, I was known for having a string from one end of the system to the other. If you ever want a fucking good time –

MEL
Hey. I’m married, alright? Let’s stick to business.

SIMON
That’s the trouble with you, Mel. Too much goody two-shoes.

MEL
I just happen to believe that a law man should have a higher standard, that’s all.

SIMON

WHIR-BUZZ, WHIR-BUZZ. BLA-DEEP. BLA-DEEP-DEEP.

Mel cocks an ear.

Simon freezes.

RURR-RURR-RURR. BOOP-BI-DI-BIP-BLOOP-BOP.

SIMON (CONT’D)
That’s no ice snake.

Mel TURNS OFF THE LIGHT. They wait.

WHIR-BUZZ. RURR-RURR-RURR-RURR. BLA-DEEP-BIP-BLOOP-DOP.

He puts on his helmet, goes to the door, and UNZIPS it.
SIMON (CONT’D)
Hey. Where’re you going?

Simon retrieves his gear, grumbling.

SIMON (CONT’D)
Fuck.

EXT. SURFACE OF GANYMEDE

A few yards from the tent, Mel crouches among ICE STALAGMITES, observing.

A trail of broken ice crystals leads from behind the tent into the distance.

At the end of the trail, TWO ROBOTS, camera heads mounted on top of light-animated computer bodies supported by wheels and tracks, ROLL along the surface.

Faint BA-DEEPs and BOP-DI-BLA-DEEPs resound between them.

Simon arrives, ROLLING over broken ice.

SIMON
Now what?

MEL
You zip the tent closed?

SIMON
Got it covered. Shit. We’re not alone.

MEL
Why didn’t they approach us? Let us know they’re here?

SIMON
Even bots are indifferent?

MEL
Maybe.

SIMON
Come on. Let’s contact the station and let them know there’s somebody – or something else – here.

MEL
Yeah. You do that. I’m gonna follow them.
He stands and moves forward on the trail.

SIMON
But you don’t know how far – wait a fucking minute. This ain’t Griffith Park!

Mel looks back.

MEL
Chill, big man. What’s more important? This? Or a message?

Simon watches Mel STEP farther away.

Turning the chair, he ROLLS forward, then stops. He rotates, then WHIRS toward Mel.

MOMENTS LATER

The Robots advance toward a CRATER CAVE and enter.

The Two Astronauts observe from a safe distance.

SIMON
Well? Seen enough?

Mel ponders.

MEL
I wonder if Grey knew about this.

SIMON
Throwing us to the bot wolves. That’s a new low. Even for him.

MEL
Let’s suppose he didn’t.

SIMON
Okay. And?

MEL
Ever recall any lost explorers? Rogue researchers? Anything or anybody who might have stopped here?

SIMON
Not off hand. I’m just a deputy. Not a space historian.
MEL
Could be a secret installation. I’m going in.

Mel’s footsteps CRUSH the ice as he moves forward.

SIMON
Fuck. Hey, Mr. Intrepid! We’re just here temporarily! Christ almighty.

Simon follows.

INT. MAIN LAB - GANYMEDE CAVERN - LATER

Mel holds his badge wallet up to DR. NEBULA, sixties, short, mousse-slickened dangling hair strands, wearing lab coat and rubber gloves.

DR. NEBULA
Indeed you are a space deputy, sir. My compliments. I haven’t seen a space deputy in - oh - five or six Jovian years.

Simon sits behind the pair, observing bots on either side of him.

MEL
Some reason we should?

The short man turns to his assembly line for bots. He tinkers.

DR. NEBULA
You mean they’ve dropped me off the maps?

Mel studies him.

Dr. Nebula casts glances from the assembly line to Mel.

DR. NEBULA (CONT’D)
I can’t understand it. I was commissioned by the Institute of Planetary Science -

MEL
Planetary science? Did you say Institute of Planetary Science?

DR. NEBULA
What’s the matter? Atmosphere tampering with your hearing?
The doctor leers at him, pointing to Mel’s ears.

MEL
The Institute of Planetary Science was combined with other agencies into the Space Science Foundation. Long ago.

DR. NEBULA
Hmph. Bastards. They left me out of the loop. Again.

He tinkers with a bot computer torso.

MEL
You mean to tell me that you’ve been here all this time -- on your own -- and nobody ever told you? Where is your communication gear?

DR. NEBULA
Don’t you worry about that. When I make my final report, they’ll all see what they’ve missed.

The doctor pontificates.

DR. NEBULA (CONT’D)
They will marvel. They will stand in awe. That I, Doctor Constantine Nebula, alone on Ganymede, have mastered the complete bioengineering of robotics and human DNA!

MEL
Come again?

DR. NEBULA
Seize them!

Bots from around the room reach for Simon and Mel.

Simon struggles against them.

SIMON
Holy fuck! Shit! Do something, Mel! Fast!

Mel throws off one bot and reaches for his leg pocket holding the Glock. Unzipping the pocket, he pulls out the gun and FIRES at the bots holding him.
The bullets CRASH into the bots, EXPLODING circuits and motherboards around the room in the light gravity.

Dr. Nebula finds refuge behind the assembly line and watches.

More BLASTS from the Glock EXPLODE the bots holding Simon. Mel rushes to Simon.

    MEL
    Head for the camp! I’ll cover you!

Simon WHIRS his chair around and ROLLS out. Mel backs out of the lab waving the Glock.

More bots assemble nearby. Mel SHOOTS at them, but they dodge behind a corner.

    DR. NEBULA
    After them! They must not escape!

Mel runs out of the lab.

INT. CRATER CAVERN - PASSAGEWAY

Pitch black, Mel stumbles into Simon in his chair.

    SIMON
    I can’t see a fucking thing! Where the fuck do we go?

    MEL
    Just keep going! There’s a torch up here somewhere.

They move on until Mel finds the unlit torch and a sparkler to light it. He FIRES the Glock to light the sparkler, then lights the torch. He SHINES the torch to light the way. They continue on.

Bot BA-DEEPS and BLEEPS come nearer from another passageway. Hesitating, the Two Astronauts take another route away from the noise.

EXT. SURFACE OF GANYMEDE - LATER

Mel and Simon emerge from the crater cavern. More BA-DEEPS and BLEEPS resonate behind them. They hurry down the trail, MASHING ice.

Simon loses Mel in the darkness.
SIMON
Hey! Where the fuck are you?

MEL
Over here! Come on! Hurry! I’m running low on ammo!

The chair ROLLS on, catching up.

MOMENTS LATER
Mel spots the cylinder tent and gestures to Simon.

MEL (CONT’D)
Here it is!

He advances and Simon ROLLS behind.

ON THE HORIZON
Bots encircle their tent and move closer.

INT. TENT
Going to the cargo box, Mel removes the shotgun and hands it to Simon.

MEL
Your chair ought to keep you grounded.

Simon checks the magazine. CLICK.

SIMON
Holy shit. Shouldn’t we report in? Maybe they’re on their way.

MEL
Good idea.

Mel feeds the Glock more ammo, then pulls out a cell phone.

MEL (CONT’D)

EXT. TENT
Bots creep within yards of the GLOW and halt, preparing ELECTRIC CHARGES from ANTENNAE protruding from their computer bodies.
MEL (O.S.)
Come in, Shuttle Ten! Over!

They ZAP the tent.

INT. TENT

ELECTRIC ZAPS flow through the walls, SHOCKING Mel and Simon.

SIMON
Jeeeesus fucking christ!

MEL
Ooof!

The ZAPS stop. Mel rushes for the tent door and Simon follows.

EXT. TENT

The ice CRUNCHES beneath. They choose their targets and FIRE.

Mel BLASTS apart several, resembling a shooting gallery.

One bot VAPORIZES from one blast of Simon’s shotgun, while his chair does a wheely. When he comes to rest, he chooses another bot for a target. KA-BOOM. Another one VAPORIZES. Another wheely.

EXT. GANYMEDE ATOMOSPHERE

Shuttle Ten descends toward the camp.

EXT. TENT

Mel KILLS another bot and watches the shuttle land yards away.

MEL
Simon! They’re here! Let’s go!

He backs away from the battle toward the shuttle, BLASTING bots to SMITHEREENS as he goes.

Simon becomes surrounded. He chooses one bot. KA-BLOWIE.

SIMON
Go ahead! Get reinforcements! I’ll hold them off!
KA-BLAM! Another bot DISINTEGRATES.

Mel rushes to the shuttle.

AT THE SHUTTLE

Evan stands at the top of the ramp.

EVAN
Got some trouble?

MEL
Hostile bots! Simon’s being ambushed!

EVAN
Oh god.

MEL
Why? Can’t you help?

EVAN
Not enough time. Hurry. Get in.

Mel walks up the ramp.

MEL
But we can’t just leave him here!

The ramp goes up.

AT THE TENT

Simon BLASTS another bot. He watches the shuttle rise. He turns back to the oncoming wave of bots.

SIMON
Alright you cocksuckers! Here!

KA-BOOM.

FADE OUT.

THE END