

AMBROSIUS

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FADE IN:

INT. AMBROSIUS COCKPIT- SPACE

A ROBOT with a blank, mirrored face sits in a copilot's chair. The robot, plugged in to several cables from its arms to the console. Nebulas and stars reflect off its CHROME. Monitors and light panels illuminate the interior.

No eyes. No mouth. Embedded in the back of its head, a curved screen that lists off a set of random coordinates and code.

The robot is indifferent to the two humans in the adjoining open room. ALREN (30s) who stands over BRYANNA (late 20s) who lies on a EXAM TABLE. Bryanna's right sleeve rolled up.

Alren checks a syringe filled with a green liquid. He injects it into Bryanna's wrist. She lets out a deep sigh of relief, as if she just had an orgasm. Her response excites Alren more. She relaxes.

BRYANNA

Long trip.

Alren puts the syringe aside, picks up a pair of mirrorshades and casually puts them on Bryanna.

A window opens above them. The nebula sparkles down

ALREN

Chrome's recording his view, if you want to download it later.

Alren rolls up his right sleeve, takes a rubber strap, makes a tourniquet. Selects another syringe.

Chrome's video monitor on the back of its head changes from a code to an image of a snake's eye. Watches them.

BRYANNA

What are you having?

ALREN

Shrimp Cocktail.

Alren pumps it in.

A panel behind him opens up. A plush white bean bag chair on a steel slab emerges. Alren's legs buckle, he sulks. It nearly swallows him whole.

Bryanna falls asleep. On the table, Her syringe marked
"Roasted Vegetable Lasagna."

Chrome's Eye flickers back to code. The viewfinder in front
of the robot slowly dives to meet a reddish brown planet's
beauty.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A sun washes out dunes of sand as far as the eye can see.
They look pale white, almost like salt.

Arlen's small ship, **AMBROSIUS** written on the side, sandwiched
somewhere in between. The ship landed an an awkward angle,
but it isn't crashed and there's no damage. It appears
stranded all the same.

INT. AMBROSIUS COCKPIT - DAY

Bryanna, beaded in sweat. Her clothes drenched. She wakes.

Chrome watches over her. Silent. Unhooked from the ship's
computers.

She moves off the slab and goes to Alren, still slouched in
the bag. Also caked in perspiration.

BRYANNA

Chrome, why aren't you at the helm?

Chrome cranks its head, but does not speak. She glances back
at it.

BRYANNA (CONT'D)

Diana, where are we?

A COMPUTER VOICE of a TEEN BRITISH GIRL (16) "DIANA" echoes
over the ship speakers.

DIANA

You arrived at your destination,
planet Seirios.

BRYANNA

Diana, what's the temp outside and
in here?

DIANA

187 degrees. 134 degrees.

BRYANNA

Diana, turn on cooling, form some ice.

DIANA

Processing.

Bryanna opens up a cabinet, takes out a blood pressure cuff. Fastens it on Arlen's left arm.

BRYANNA

Chrome, I need an oxygen check.

Chrome stands immobile. Bryanna only sees her mirror image in the robot's blank face.

BRYANNA (CONT'D)

Diana, is Chrome working properly?

DIANA

Chrome is fine.

INT. AMBROSIUS - BATHROOM

Dressed down to shirts and shorts, Bryanna fireman carries a groggy Arlen to a walk in shower. They step inside. The shower door closes automatically.

SHOWER

Bryanna pushes a button, flips a handle. SNOW and ICE PARTICLES rain down on both of them.

BATHROOM

Chrome approaches the bathroom, turns around. His back of the head monitor flickers computer code.

SHOWER

A blizzard of flakes engulf Bryanna and Alren. Alren revives, and the two embrace.

ALREN

We made it?

BRYANNA

Yes. We're here.

ALREN

Our kids are going to be rich.

INT. AMBROSIUS ARMORY - DAY

Chrome's face opens to show a VIDEO LENS. Chrome films Alren and Bryanna put on fresh clothes and protective space suits. Alren fastens his military style boots. Both are all smiles.

The couple look into Chrome's Lens.

CHROME'S POV : DOCUMENTARY LIKE FOOTAGE.

ALREN

When the ship returns, we'll be heroes. The load we get from this planet will be used for Renewable fuels for the next century.

BRYANNA

Maybe more.

ALREN

One less problem in the universe to worry about.

DIANA

(over speakers)
Program's ready.

ALREN

Run it.

A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF A BOY AND A GIRL (11) APPEAR. The faces become more clear as seconds pass. They have a slight resemblance to Alren and Bryanna. Bryanna reaches. Her hand pass through as if the images were ghosts.

BRYANNA

Why can't we have more than two?

DIANA

How many do you want?

BRYANNA

Four. Two boys, two girls.

DIANA

I'll make a note. The DNA on file could result in pairs of twins. Would that be alright?

Both Bryanna and Alren look into each others eyes, then back at Chrome.

BRYANNA

Yes..

DIANA

They will be looked after. The Government takes care of us all.

(pause)

What will be their names?

EXT. AMBROSIUS - DESERT - DAY

Alren and Bryanna carry a oblong container and a thick wide hose a short distance away from the ship.

Underneath the suits, beads of sweat pour down their faces.

They set the container down, and both of them work together to attach the hose to the container.

Alren flicks a switch and the container, revealed to be a high-tech vacuum, HUMS as it snorts off pounds of the white sand.

Another SOUND suggest something not right. They check the hose. They have unearthed a HUMAN SKELETON with a different colored space suit. The skeleton still has ashes of burned skin around it.

ALREN

Keep going. We knew we were going to see this.

They see a nametag **Edvard**.

The sun's rays ash away the remains, as if Edvard never existed. All that's left is the ragged suit.

BRYANNA

Should we sent a message back, tell them we found Edvard?

ALREN

They knew where he was.

(pause)

Not having second thoughts It's not too late, if you don't want to do this.

BRYANNA

I'm fine.

ALREN

More we get the better.

They restart the vacuum.

INT. AMBROSIUS CARGO HOLD- DAY

Watching from a portal window, Chrome's camera records the goings on outside.. Bryanna's knees buckle. Alren falls moments later.

Chrome presses a button, cranks a handle. The ship's HATCH opens up. White sand and humidity swirl inside.

Chrome walks out.

EXT. AMBROSIUS - DESERT

Chrome approaches the couple. Looks down. Their faces, dehydrated, blistering up.

Alren reaches out, holds Bryanna's hand.

ALREN

I love you Bryanna. Everything's going to be alright. Chrome's here.

Bryanna looks up to Chrome. Terror in her eyes.

ALREN (CONT'D)

Chrome's here to help.

BRYANNA

That's what I'm afraid of.

She passes out.

Chrome's machine body becomes more fluid. It disassembles the hose, and without much effort lifts the full container bin.

White Sand sweeps over the legs of Alren. His helmet visor **MELTS**. His face **BURNS**. His screams of agony cut off short.

INT. AMBROSIUS CARGO HOLD - DAY

Chrome stumbles in with the container. The hatch closes behind him. He puts the container down on a scale. It reads "997 kg"

BATHROOM- SHOWER

A blizzard of chipped ice particles harden Chrome's slightly melted armor. He steps out, his face looking more human.

INT. AMBROSIUS COCKPIT- SPACE

Chrome plugs in wires to his neck and shoulders.

Sits in front of the controls.

DIANA

I'll inform command that the
mission was a success.

Lights dim. The window screen in front of Chrome shows the
ship leaving the planet.

Reflections of nebulas fill Chrome's mirrored face.

FADE OUT.