

The Void Of Space

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The DARKNESS is limitless and lonesome. The only hope is a FLASHING LIGHT off in the distance.

CLOSE IN: It's a white space station with large satellite dishes on either end and a large center module that is rotating.

SUPER: *UNITED STATES SPACE FORCE: MER (Mars/Earth Communication Relay Space Station). 60 Million miles from Earth.*

COMMANDER TUCKER (VO)

This is Commander Kyle Tucker of the USSF MER. Personal journal for March 19th, 2089...

INT. THE MER - TUCKERS SLEEPING QUARTERS

Commander Kyle Tucker (53) is lying in his bunk with a microphone in hand. The white room is cramped and basic.

COMMANDER TUCKER

Our tour ends in 28 days...

Happy pictures of his family are scotched taped to the wall.

COMMANDER TUCKER (CONT'D)

God...I miss you guys so much.

INT. MER - COMMISSARY

LT. SABRINA PEREZ (24) is eating at the table as she's writing her report minding her own business. The door slides open and in swaggers LT. DEVON SMITH (22) RUBBING against Perez as he passes.

PEREZ

(eye roll)

Twenty-eight more days.

Before passing through...

SMITH

Hey, speaking of that... maybe you and I can share a Cryopod for the trip home. (eye wink)

PEREZ

(mumbles)

Not on your life.

INT. MER - BRIDGE

Tucker enters the Bridge; Smith has his feet up on the console singing away.

SMITH

(singing)

*Heading back to earth, and the
whores better watch out!*

COMMANDER TUCKER

Hey, language!

THEN; Alarms start BLARING, and Warning Lights start FLASHING.

Smith FOCUSES on his computer screen.

SMITH

Got TEN objects heading for us!
They each look to be thirty inches
in circumference. The size of
Basketballs! Five minutes from
impact.

Tucker grabs a headset as Perez rushes in.

PEREZ

What the hell is going on?

COMMANDER TUCKER

(in mic)

Mission Control this is MER!
Mission Control this is MER!

MISSION CONTROL (RADIO)

Go ahead MER, this is Mission
Control.

COMMANDER TUCKER

(in mic)

We have ten objects approaching
danger-close. ETA four-minutes.
Seeking approval to relocate three
clicks to a safe distance.

MISSION CONTROL (RADIO)

Standby MER.

Time passes as the three wait.

PEREZ

What's taking them so God Damn
long?

Beads of sweat start rolling down Tuckers forehead.

MISSION CONTROL (RADIO)

MER...

COMMANDER TUCKER

FINALLY!

(in mic)

Good ahead Mission Control.

MISSION CONTROL (RADIO)

Relocation approved. Three Clicks.

PEREZ

(to Smith)

About God damn time!

The three STRAP into their seats.

SMITH

ETA FORTY SECONDS!

Tucker starts turning knobs and flicking switches.

COMMANDER TUCKER

Port thrusters in Three,

Two... One!

And NOTHING...The thrusters fail.

SMITH

Commander?

COMMANDER TUCKER

Let's try again.

Tucker makes more adjustments.

COMMANDER TUCKER (CONT'D)

THREE, TWO, ONE!

And STILL NOTHING.

SMITH

Come on, Commander!

Tucker unstraps from his seat and tears out the wires from under his console.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Thirty...Twenty-nine!

Tucker starts frantically crossing wires.

SMITH (CONT'D)
FIFTEEN...FOURTEEN...Lets go
Commander!

Wires FINALLY ELECTRIFY.

EXT. MER - SPACE

The three-port thrusters BLAST WITH RAGING FORCE.

INT. MER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The MER SHAKES and RATTLES.

SMITH
IMPACT IN Three... Two... One!

EXT. SPACE

The First Eight Meteors pass the MER.

COMMANDER TUCKER
Miss!

The Ninth just SPARKS OFF the main hall.

SMITH
OH SHIT...HANG ON!

The TENTH CRASHES into the bow Antenna Dish...SMASH!

I/E. MER - CONTINUOUS

The Crew is ROCKED as shards of the antennas panels shatter
and drift into space.

INT. MER - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The three start working feverishly to assess the damage.

PEREZ
Communications are down.

SMITH
The bow dish took a direct hit.

EXT. SPACE - HOURS LATER

Smith in his spacesuit hovers over the HOLE in the dish and starts to examine the structure.

SMITH

Bridge, the damage looks superficial, THANK GOD! Just panels. Going to need about eight replacements. Copy?

PEREZ (RADIO)

Roger, I'll have them in the airlock for you, copy?

SMITH

Copy that.

Something catches Smith's eye.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Standby bridge.

He looks closer inside the hole. His helmet light SHINES on a chunk of space-rock.

Smith smiles and REACHES in the hole with his gloved-hand.

INT. MER - AIRLOCK

Inside the airlock are Smith's supplies as Perez and Tucker wait on the other side of the hatch.

Smith enters and, in his hand, is the Space-Rock, BLACK and POROUS.

SMITH

Check this out!

Holding it up for them to see through the hatch window. Tucker presses the intercom button.

COMMANDER TUCKER (COM)

Jesus Christ Smith! You can't bring that thing inside!

SMITH

Why not? How know how much I can sell this for?

COMMANDER TUCKER (COM)

SMITH! Throw that out, that's an order!

PEREZ

What the hell just happened?

INT. MER - AIRLOCK

The two BLASTS themselves with Decontamination Spray. Perez picks up the Upper Torso of Smith's Space Suit.

PEREZ

Tucker, check this out!

FOCUS ON: Small HOLE in the space suit.

COMMANDER TUCKER

He did say something was inside his suit... SHIT!

Tucker races towards Sick Bay. Perez grabs an AXE from the Emergency Fire Cabinet.

INT. MER - HALLWAY

At the Sick Bay Door they both peer inside through the window...

SMITH'S BODY IS GONE.

Perez turns around, and SMITH is standing behind her, WHITE as a ghost, his eyes are BLACK AS DEATH. He GRABS the back of her neck and STARTS KISSING HER. Tucker PUSHES him off. SMITH HAS AN EVIL GRIN.

Smith ATTACKS Perez again like a rabid sex crazed animal! Tucker again pushes Smith off of her, but this time Smith GRABS Tucker by the neck. Lifting him off the ground with super human strength, Tuckers face starts turning BLUE...

WHACK!!!

The AXE is LODGED in Smiths NECK, Perez is at the other end. She pulls out the AXE and takes ANOTHER SWING...

Smith's HEAD gets CHOPPED OFF!

The AXE gets stuck in a pipe on the wall and starts to SPARK...THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

STROBE LIGHTS START FLASHING as Perez helps Tucker up off the ground.

TINY BLACK SNAKES pour out of Devon's neck instead of blood.

PEREZ

What the fuck?

Smith's HEADLESS body gets up...STROBE LIGHT FLASH.

His two hands grab his severed head...STROBE LIGHT FLASH.

COMMANDER TUCKER

WHAT THE FUCK!

The SNAKE like creatures from BOTH body parts RECONNECTS THE HEAD back onto Smith's pasty body.

COMMANDER TUCKER (CONT'D)

(to Perez)

The Bridge! We have to get to the Bridge!

They both race up the hallway... STROBE LIGHT FLASH.

INT. MER - BRIDGE

They lock the hatch-door. Tucker grabs the headset.

COMMANDER TUCKER

(in mic)

Mission control this is MER,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!

At the HATCH... Smith is BANGING on the window.

PEREZ

We have to turn off life support
and kill this thing!

COMMANDER TUCKER

You just chopped off his FUCKING
HEAD! Blowing out the oxygen isn't
going to do shit! Those things came
from FUCKING space!

TV MONITOR: Smith is banging on the outside door... BANG!
BANG! BANG!

COMMANDER TUCKER (CONT'D)

We have to evacuate!

Tucker and Perez suit-up and open the RED SHUTTLE HATCH DOOR.

BANG!

The Door DENTS INWARD with each... BANG! BANG!

Perez is the first through the Shuttle Hatch and OPENS the main Shuttle Door. She turns back to Tucker.

SMITH IS BEHIND...

PEREZ

TUCKER!!!!!!

Tucker is THROWN across the Bridge like a rag-doll!

Smith turns to Perez, and his foot enters into the airway... BLACK TINY SNAKES coming out of his mouth dropping on to the floor...WHACK!

Tucker SMASHES Smith with the Fire Exhauster. Smith goes down, and Tucker GRABS him and drags him out of the airway.

Tucker turns to Perez.

COMMANDER TUCKER

GO!

And SLAMS the hatch shut. Tucker takes the Fire Exhauster SMASHES the door handle to lock her in.

INT. MER - AEROWAY TO SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

Perez starts banging on the hatch as she STOMPS on three snakes trying to wriggle across the floor.

PEREZ

Tucker NOOOO!

Tucker looks at her through the window and SMILES.

COMMANDER TUCKER

(muffled)

Go...

Smith gets back up and walks towards Tucker...BLOOD SPATTERS ON THE WINDOW!

PEREZ

NOOOO!

She races inside the shuttle and SLAMS the plug-door shut.

INT. SHUTTLE - SPACE

Perez is strapped in the pilot seat.

COMPUTER VOICE (VO)

Launch in FIVE... FOUR...THREE.

BANG! Perez looks... Smith is in the airway at the Door.

COMPUTER VOICE (VO) (CONT'D)

TWO...

BANG! BANG!

COMPUTER VOICE (VO) (CONT'D)

ONE.

PEREZ

FUCK YOU!

The Shuttle ROCKETS away, and SMITH is SUCKED into outer space: His skin turns blue as his eyes BURST, snakes pouring out of every hole and float away.

INT. SHUTTLE - CRYOPOD - LATER

Perez puts on her cryo-suit. Scratch marks are on her chest.

MISSION CONTROL (RADIO)

The rescue shuttle is on the way to MER, are you sure you're OK?

PEREZ

I...I'm OK, Mission Control.

MISSION CONTROL (RADIO)

OK, Perez, Shuttle systems are in the green and see you on Earth in four months. Cryo-Sleep in THREE...

The GLASS CRYOPOD CANOPY comes down, locking into place.

MISSION CONTROL (RADIO) (CONT'D)

TWO...

Blue liquid starts flowing, threw the tubes on her Cryo-Suit.

MISSION CONTROL (RADIO) (CONT'D)

ONE... Sleep well, Perez. Mission Control out.

Her eyelids start to get heavy, she makes her final look out through the canopy and...

A SMALL BLACK SNAKE SLITHERS ACROSS...

<THE END>