

SILENT UNIVERSE
Episode #3: “Counterpoint”

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PRODUCTION SCRIPT
[DRAFT 4.0]

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SILENT UNIVERSE

Episode #3: "Counterpoint"

Prod. #8

CAST (in order of appearance. **Bold** denotes main cast)

Emmeline Kaley		Hilary Blair
Jack Smyth		Mark Oliver
Dr. Wu		Lance Allen
Gordon Marcus		George Washington III
Isaac Walker		James Higuchi
Winnie		Kelly West
Interrogator		Evan Yeoman
Richard Chen	(Chinese)	Nick DeLillo
Dr. Kain		Carl from CoTG
Ritsu Kobayashi		Debbie Munro
Space Traffic		Christopher Joel
Pilot		Marilyn Patterson
PA Announcer	(Chinese)	Bryce Chu
Fuel Officer 1	(Chinese)	
Officer 2	(Chinese)	
Gill Frye		Nick DeLillo

ACT I

ANNOUNCER: Last time on the Silent Universe . . .

SCENE ONE: INT. THE BARRACKS OF THE ZHANG QIAN

PRODUCTION NOTE: EMMELINE KALEY and JACK SMYTH are alone in a cell deep in the belly of a Chinese battle cruiser. This is immediately following the events depicted in “Chinese Chess.”

SOUND: THE ECHOING SOUND OF THE ELECTRIFIED BARS IN EMMELINE’S HOLDING CELL. CONTINUE UNDER.

EMMELINE: (Shocked and confused) I—I don’t understand. You—
(pause)—the ship was shot down . . .

JACK SMYTH: (Sarcastic) Yeah, it was kindof a bitch.

EMMELINE: (Confused) No, something’s not right here. (BEAT)
(Suspicious) What was my dog’s name when I was a kid?

JACK: Oh *come on*, Emm. What, you think I’m some kind of ChiCom agent or something?

EMMELINE: (Still suspicious, and insistent) Answer the question.

JACK: (Annoyed, but grows more playful as he continues) You hate dogs. And while we’re at it your favorite color is green, you’ve been skinny dipping twice and you’ve been harboring repressed romantical feelings for me for about a year now.

EMMELINE: (Laughs, relieved) Oh, now I *definitely* know you aren’t who you say you are.

JACK: (Chuckles) How’s that?

- EMMELINE:** Because that last one's *quite* the lie.
- JACK:** (Smiling) Deny it all you want, Emm. You know you want me.
- EMMELINE:** (Smiling back) You need to keep dreaming. (Sighs with some relief) It's good to see you, Jack. (BEAT) But really, how did you . . . ?
- JACK:** Well, back there—at Funkakou—I knew that blasting my way in would have just made things worse, but I couldn't leave you there with those crazy Japs, Emm. I set down outside the barracks and tried to figure a way to get in, but before I got very far, my ship kicked back into orbit.
- EMMELINE:** What do you mean?
- JACK:** It must have been some kind of glitch in the autopilot. About five minutes after I'd stepped off, the engines cut in and the thing just *left*. I never found out why.
- EMMELINE:** Then you were captured by the Japanese?
- JACK:** Well that's what I thought—I *mean these Asian guys all look alike, right?* (Laughs) Turns out I get pinched by the *Chinese*, and they brought me back here. (BEAT) What about you?
- EMMELINE:** (Chuckles to herself) Ah, you wouldn't believe it if I told you.
- SOUND.** THE ROARING DOORS TO THE BRIG OPEN. A PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACH THE CELL.
- DR. WU:** (Quietly) My my, what brutes.

JACK: (Coldly) Who are you?

DR. WU: My name is Dr. Wu. I will be Ms. Kaley's Medical Advocate for her interview.

EMMELINE: "Medical Advocate" ? What's that?

SOUND. DR. WU ENTERS A CODE AND THE CELL DOORS
DISENGAGE AND OPEN.

DR. WU: It's my responsibility to ensure that you are not permanently injured during questioning. (BEAT) Come with me, please.

JACK: *What if she doesn't—?*

EMMELINE: (Interrupting) Its fine, Jack. (Emmeline struggles to her feet) Let's just get this over with.

SCENE TWO: INT. DR. MARCUS' OFFICE ONBOARD SERENDIPITY STATION.

SOUND. A DOOR CLOSSES, DROWNING OUT THE SOUND OF
SERENDIPITY CONTROL.

DR. MARCUS: (Nonchalant) You wanted to speak with me? (BEAT) Have a seat, Isaac.

ISAAC: (Takes a calming breath) I mean no disrespect, sir, but—*what the hell?* I don't need another lecture on the "Zero Sum" policy, *I get it*, but there was *no reason* to—(stops himself). We had the element of surprise . . . rescuing them would have been a moderate risk, at best.

MARCUS: Perhaps the risk was manageable, but there were other considerations—

ISAAC: What considerations?

MARCUS: (Lightly clears his throat) The Chinese weren't supposed to *be there*, Isaac. Thank God they were, or Funkakou might be a *glass crater* right now, but it means we misjudged them. (BEAT) If we interfered with that boarding squad, we might have gotten away with it, but a military action would have given the Chinese ammunition to blame the incident on—

ISAAC: (Understanding) —*the Americans*.

MARCUS: (Patiently) Isaac, Ben is my friend and Emmeline is my responsibility—I have every intention of getting them back. But I don't have to tell you what kind of nightmare it would be if the Americans and the Chinese started slugging it out again. (Pause) “Zero Sum” means leaving as small a provable footprint as possible, *especially* when dealing with the larger countries. If we get careless in our work, the consequences could be—

ISAAC: (As if he's heard this speech a thousand times) *Disastrous*—I know, Gordon. (Sigh) Sometimes I just don't see why we tip-toe around so much.

MARCUS: (Chuckling) That's why I'm Director of SERENDIPITY and you aren't.

SOUND. A BEEP SOUNDS OVER THE COMMUNICATION SYSTEM.
MARCUS TAPS A PANEL AT HIS DESK.

MARCUS: Go ahead.

WINNIE: (Over speakers) Sir, we've completed briefing the rest of the team on our new mission objective. May is in the armory and Ritsu is reporting to surgery.

MARCUS: Good. Isaac will be joining her momentarily.

ISAAC: (Confused) Surgery?

SOUND. MARCS TAPS THE PANEL AGAIN, TURNING IT OFF.

MARCUS: I had Winnie and Mr. Frye brief the rest of the team while you and I were having our . . . *discussion*.

ISAAC: . . . and now I'm out of the loop.

MARCUS: (Takes a breath) Gill was able to obtain the cruiser's flight plan. (BEAT) It's going to stop at a fuel depot in about twelve hours, after which it will return to Earth to deliver Ben and Emmeline to the Chinese Ministry of State Security. If that happens, there will be no way for us to retrieve them.

ISAAC: So we're going to intercept them at the fuel station?

MARCUS: Yes. It's commercially run, so security isn't as tight as normal. Still, you'll have to pose as PRC officers in order to get onboard . . .

ISAAC: (Understanding) So *that's* why we're talking about surgery.

MARCUS: Correct. Ritsu won't need much work, but given your mixed ancestry you'll need some cosmetic alterations.

ISAAC: (Sighs) Fine. (BEAT) Now, getting aboard will probably be simple enough . . . but getting off—especially with a pair of high value prisoners—is going to be *some* trick.

MARCUS: We've already ironed that detail out. (BEAT) We'd better get you down to surgery, though; the doctor is going to need several hours with you. I'll give the details on the way.

SCENE THREE: INT. THE BARRACKS OF THE ZHANG QUIAN

PRODUCTION NOTE: JACK SMYTH is locked in a cell, alone. Faintly, through the walls, he can hear the gruesome sounds of EMMELINE's interrogation: electrical shock treatment. The interrogator is growing angrier, and the shocks are coming more frequently, and EMMELINE's cries are becoming increasingly pained, until there is silence.

INTERROGATOR: (English with a Chinese accent) I won't ask you again!

SOUND. THE SOUND OF AN ELECTRIC ARC IS HEARD THROUGH THE WALL

EMMELINE: (Cries out in pain) *Augh!*

INTERROGATOR: (Angrier) *What was your mission objective?!*

EMMELINE: (Desperately yelling) I said I don't work for the—

SOUND. ANOTHER ELECTRIC SHOCK, THIS ONE LONGER

EMMELINE: (Shrieking in pain, now)

RICHARD CHEN: (Through the wall) (In Chinese) That's enough. She'll be of no use to us if we cause brain damage. (BEAT) Have her burns treated and then return her here.

JACK: (Muttering) Dirty pinko *fracks* . . . (stands up and yells) *She doesn't know anything you dumb bastards!*

SOUND. THE DOOR TO THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER OPENS

JACK: (Gasps quietly, surprised the door opened) (BEAT) . . . *Emm?*

SOUND. A SINGLE PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS ECHO DOWN THE HALL

CMDR. CHEN: No, Mr. Smyth. I'm afraid not.

JACK: (With disdain) *you*. (BEAT) Don't you people have *any* kind of decency—she's a *lady* for God's sake!

CMDR. CHEN: (Cuttingly) I would think you of all people, Mr. Smyth, would be *least* qualified to lecture *me* on principles of decency . . .

JACK: Don't insult me like I'm one of your *stooges*, Chen.

CMDR. CHEN: (Taking some pleasure in insulting him) Ah, but you are a prince among my *stooges*, Mr. Smyth. (BEAT) Only such a man would fail to notice that his own *partner* was a spy.

JACK: She's not—

CMDR. CHEN: Spare me the protests. (Sighs) As you are probably aware, Ms. Kaley still denies her association with the Americans. (BEAT) I would *prefer* not to torture her any longer to get her to recant—

JACK: You want me to help you.

CMDR. CHEN: (Hesitantly) It would bring . . . embarrassment to my staff if we were unable to obtain a confession. But no, Mr. Smyth . . . I don't want you to help *us*; you should help *Emmeline*. If not, I'll have to pursue harsher alternatives.

JACK: It would feel like I'm betraying—

CMDR. CHEN: (Sharply) You already *have* betrayed them, Jack. The moment you accepted money from us to ensure this mission went smoothly, you *betrayed each and every one of them*.

JACK: *No!* If I'd known that guy was a ChiCom . . .

CMDR. CHEN: Would it have made a difference, Mr. Smyth? (BEAT) Help your friend . . . it's the right choice.

SOUND. CHEN TURNS AND LEAVES. JACK DOES NOT ANSWER. THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND HIM, LEAVING JACK SMYTH ALONE.

SCENE FOUR: INT. THE SERENDIPITY MEDICAL WARD

PRODUCTION NOTE: ISAAC WALKER is on a medical bed, being operated on by one of SERENDIPITY's doctors (**Carl from CoTG**). There are all the typical sounds of a hospital, heart monitors etc, plus a few unidentifiable futuristic machines rhythmically sounding in the background.

SOUND. DR. KAIN DEACTIVATES A LASER DEVICE, PULLS THE APPARATUS AWAY FROM ISAAC, AND SITS ON HIS STOOL.

DR. KAIN: There. That should do it, Mr. Walker.

ISAAC: Thanks, Doc. (BEAT) How do I look?

RITSU: (Wryly) *Chinese*.

SOUND. ISAAC SITS UP ON THE BED.

ISAAC: (Wants to see) *Where's a mirror?*

DR. KAIN (Concerned) Hey hey, take it easy there 'fella. (Paternal and patronizing) Need to give everything some time to set before you go cowboyin' across the damn solar system, again.

SOUND. RITSU HANDS HIM A MIRROR.

ISAAC: Thanks. (LONG BEAT) I look like my father.

DR. KAIN: (Matter-of-factly) Yes, we used gene enhancement on some of the recessive traits of your father's side to help achieve the most natural effect.

ISAAC: (Bothered by what he sees in the mirror. Isaac barely knew his father) Yeah (pause) yeah it looks—*good*—doc. Nice work.

RITSU: (Picking up on his discomfort) You okay?

ISAAC: (Shaken up still) Yeah, just . . . bad memories.

SOUND. ISAAC TOSSES THE MIRROR ASIDE AND IT CLATTERS ONTO A NEARBY COUNTER.

ISAAC: (Quickly changing the subject) Anyways, your dad was a Chinese soldier, wasn't he? You're Japanese . . . how does that work?

RITSU: (Long sigh. She'd rather not talk about it) There's not much to tell, really. (BEAT) We were adopted as children, raised illegally in Taiwan. Father died in a coloner (KAH-LO-NER,

slang for “colonist”) uprising on Europa, then the government forced us to leave.

ISAAC: Hell of a way to pay someone back for fighting for their country.

RITSU: (Hint of bitterness) Yeah, well that’s the PRC for ya . . . (BEAT) Anyways, your Mandarin isn’t that great, is it?

ISAAC: (Smiles) I know enough to be dangerous. But yeah, I’d rather just use a translator when I can.

RITSU: Translators work fine over a comm channel; you can spoof the mouth movements. But that won’t work up close. I’ll have to do most of the talking, then. You can use a babelfish so you’ll understand what I’m saying, at least.

ISAAC: [Attempts to say something like “Sounds good to me” in Chinese but ends up saying something funny or insulting].

RITSU: (Confused) What was that?

ISAAC: I just said “Sounds good to me.”

RITSU: No, actually you just insulted my mother. (BEAT) Badly.

ISAAC: (Shocked) *What?*

RITSU: Yeah. (Sarcastically) We’re doomed.

SOUND. THE STATION PA SYSTEM ACTIVATES

MARCUS: [Over the Radio] Control to Infirmary.

RITSU: This is Ritsu.

MARCUS: How's the operation going with Isaac?

DR. KAIN: Actually, I just finished cuttin' him up, sir.

MARCUS: Alright. The cruiser is docking early. (BEAT) Both of you, get suited up and report to mission prep ASAP.

ACT II

SCENE FIVE: EXT. THE ZHANG QUIAN DOCKS

SPACE TRAFFIC: [Over the Radio] ZHANG QUIAN continue approach at heading 310 mark 215.

PILOT: Confirmed. 310 mark 215.

SPACE TRAFFIC: ZHANG QUIAN slow on standard.

PILOT: Standard decel confirmed.

SPACE TRAFFIC: Contact in five seconds . . . three, two, one . . .

SOUND. A DEEP SHUDDERING RUMBLE AS THE SHIP DOCKS. A SERIES OF CLICKS, MAGNETIC INTERLOCKS AND HISSES FOLLOW.

SPACE TRAFFIC: Mooring lines secure. Extending umbilicals. (BEAT) *Welcome to Chevron Station.*

SCENE SIX: INT. THE BARRACKS OF THE ZHANG QUIAN

JACK: (Concern) Looks like they messed you up pretty bad.

EMMELINE: (Dismissive of her injuries) Yeah, well . . .

JACK: (Reaching over) Let me see that.

EMMELINE: (Quickly) *Ow, ow.* (Takes a breath) It's fine, Jack. The doc patched me up well enough.

JACK: These guys are sick. They're just gonna keep beatin' you up and sowin' you up until we find a way out of here—or you tell them what they want.

EMMELINE: Does that mean you've got an escape plan?

JACK: (Stumbles over the first word) W—well, no . . . not exactly.

EMMELINE: (Pauses) Don't tell me you're buying into this whole "I'm an American agent" nonsense, too?

JACK: No, no, nothing like that!

EMMELINE: (Exasperated) Then what? You want me to lie about it? They'd see through that, Jack. I know next to nothing about HomeSec, the FBI, the CIA or any of that nonsense.

JACK: (Groping for a solution) Then why not just—tell the *truth*?
(Emphatically) I mean *come on*, Emm. You've been nothing but a brick wall to these people since they brought you in. Maybe if you just—*tell them how you got here*—then they might believe you.

EMMELINE: (Pauses and then chuckles to herself quietly) Tell *them* how I got here? Or tell *you*?

JACK: (Mildly defensive) Hey now I ain't accusin' you of anything, it's just that you never exactly told me how you got here in the first place.

EMMELINE: (Mumbles) I said you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

JACK: Try me.

EMMELINE: (Pauses, considering Jack for awhile, then lets out a small laugh) Fine, then. You want the truth?

JACK: (Smartly) I can handle the truth.

EMMELINE: Yeah, we'll see. (LONG BEAT) A—after Seung . . . and I told you to leave, I was wandering around on my own. (PAUSE) I figured that was it, ya know? Game over. I mean, *me versus an army*. Still, I was gonna make them pay for it.

JACK: Sounds like you. *A stubborn ass 'till the end.*

EMMELINE: (With a smirk) That's funny comin' from you.

JACK: *Ey—!*

EMMELINE: *Anyways*, this team of guys comes out of nowhere—it looked like another merc group, you know? They had some impressive gadgets—a lot better equipped than we were.

JACK: And they rescued you?

EMMELINE: (Doesn't like the implication of being "rescued") *Assisted my situation.*

JACK: (Sarcastically) *Yeah yeah . . .*

EMMELINE: They brought me back to their base, and as it turns out it wasn't any kind of merc op at all. They call themselves "Serendipity." (BEAT) They're some kind of—I *frackin' don't know*—they fed me this whole *spiel* about how they work "in the shadows" to keep the solar system from fallin' into war.

JACK: (Sarcastic) Oh, and how do they do that? They fly, right? They got superpowers?

EMMELINE: No, nothing like that. They're like—they're like special ops. They run secret missions to prevent the countries and colonies from getting into big conflicts.

JACK: Like the Chinese trying to move in on Funkakou.

EMMELINE: Exactly. They said this whole nuke business was started by them in the first place—the Chinese *let* Yamamoto get hold of that bomb. The threat was going to give them a pretext to take the colony by force.

SOUND. THE DOORS TO THE BARRACKS SWING OPEN. CHEN & AN AIDE WALK IN. CHEN CLAPS HIS HANDS SARCASTICALLY.

CMDR. CHEN: Very good, Ms. Kaley. Very good. Quite convincing.

EMMELINE: *What's going on here?*

CMDR. CHEN: (In Chinese) *Open the cell.*

SOUND. THE ELECTROBARS AND METALLIC LOCK DISENGAGE

EMMELINE: *I said what the frack is going on here?*

CMDR. CHEN: Are you really so dull, Ms. Kaley? (Anger rises in his voice . . .) I'm here to berate Mr. Smyth on (kicks Jack in the ribs) yet another *miserable failure!*

SOUND. JACK GASPS, TAKING THE HIT

JACK: (Struggles up) You dirty—(Cough) *Don't you tell—*

SOUND. THE SOUND OF A RIFLE BEING COCKED.

CMDR. CHEN: (Wags his finger at Jack) *Ah, ah ah!* I wouldn't be so foolish, Mr. Smyth.

EMMELINE: *Tell what? Don't tell me what?*

CMDR. CHEN: Would you prefer to tell her? Or shall I?

EMMELINE: (Realizes that he's been working with Chen from the context. Responds with disbelief) *No . . . no don't say—*

CMDR. CHEN: (Gleefully) Mr. Smyth is working for us.

JACK: (Doesn't say a word, only breathes tensely through his nose)

EMMELINE: (Looking directly at Jack) (Gravely) How long?

JACK: (Long pause with only breathing) *Since the beginning.*

EMMELINE: (Covers her mouth in an almost silent gasp)

JACK: I met with someone—

CMDR. CHEN: *One of our agents.*

JACK: I didn't know that!

CMDR. CHEN: He accepted money. Extra scrips and a cloakable ship to make sure you went through with the mission.

JACK: (Growls quietly)

EMMELINE: (Deadpan) How much was it, Jack? (BEAT) How much was (bursting into anger and shouting) *Seung's life worth to you?!*

SOUND. EMMELINE LUNGES AT HIM AND TRIES TO CHOKE HIM.

JACK: (Gasps at first and tries to fight her off)

EMMELINE: (Shouting) How much? *Huh?*

JACK: (Tries to fight her off as he protests) *I didn't mean to—*

SOUND. EMMELINE SMACKS HIM. HARD.

CMDR. CHEN: (Hisses at the sound) (BEAT) How fitting, he lies to you—and you lie to him.

EMMELINE: (Still shaking with anger) Lie?

CMDR. CHEN: That wild story about a secret society of guardians? Watching over the solar system? *Serendipity?* Ms. Kaley, you could have at least concocted a more . . . plausible . . . explanation. (To the guard In Chinese) *Close it.*

SOUND. THE ELECTROBARS AND METALLIC LOCK REINGAGE

CMDR. CHEN: I'm tempted to continue this with another round of interviews, but the Ministry of State Security would be very displeased if I delivered a . . . damaged product to them. (BEAT) Still, know this: as good as my staff is, the state interrogators are *masters* of their trade; what you've experienced here will only be the beginnings of your torment. (BEAT) As for you, Mr. Smyth—(to an aide) shoot him.

SOUND. THE AIDE WITH CHEN RAISES HIS WEAPON AGAIN, SETTING OFF THE HIGH PITCH WHINE OF THE ENERGIZER.

JACK: (Frightened) *What?!*

SOUND. A TENSE SILENCE FOLLOWS.

CMDR. CHEN: No, on second thought, never mind. (In Chinese) Lower your weapon.

SOUND. THE ENERGIZER POWERS DOWN.

CMDR. CHEN: (In English) I'll preserve your life as a courtesy to Chairman **Yong**. The Ministry may find use of you yet, in relation to Ms. Kaley. If not (BEAT) well, bullets are cheap.

SOUND. A THUNDERING EXPLOSION SOUNDS FROM OUTSIDE.

JACK: (Ack!)

CMDR. CHEN: (Huh?!)

EMMELINE: (Ugh!)

SOUND. A MENACING ALARM KLAXON STARTS.

PA ANNOUNCER: (In Chinese) Warning. Radiation Danger. Code 4-A fueling problem. Commence evacuation procedures.

SOUND. **CHEN ACTIVATES HIS COMMUNICATOR.**

CMDR. CHEN: (In Chinese) Fuel Operations, come in!

FUEL OFFICER 1: (In Chinese) Sir! There's been an explosion in one of the secondary pressure valves.

CMDR. CHEN: (In Chinese) How?

FUEL OFFICER 1: (In Chinese) We're not sure. The ship is in danger!

JACK: (Muttering) It's an evacuation alarm . . . somethin' about a fuel leak.

SOUND. **THE DOORS TO THE BARRACKS OPEN.**

RITSU: (In Chinese) Sir, you've got to leave the area.

CMDR. CHEN: (In English) What about these two?

RITSU: (In English) No worries, sir. We've got them.

EMMELINE: (Quietly) I recognize that voice . . .

ISAAC: (In English) It's fine, sir.

EMMELINE: (Grumbles) That one, too.

CMDR. CHEN: (Hesitantly) Okay.

SOUND. CHEN RUNS OUT THE DOOR. ISAAC DEACTIVATES THE CELL LOCK CONTROLS.

EMMELINE: Isaac, *is that you?*

ISAAC: In the flesh . . . sort of.

JACK: Isaac? *Who the hell is Isaac?*

EMMELINE: You look . . . different.

ISAAC: We'll debrief later. (BEAT) Here, put these on.

JACK: Handcuffs?

ISAAC: (Looks at Jack) Who is this guy? Do you know him?

EMMELINE: (With disdain) No, not anymore.

RITSU: What the hell does that mean?

ISAAC: Look, we don't have a lot of time here. Put the cuffs on.

EMMELINE: What about Ben?

SOUND. EMMELINE AND JACK PUT ON THE CUFFS.

RITSU: May's team is already handling him. (Stands up) Come on!

SCENE SEVEN: INT. THE HALLS OF THE ZHANG QUIAN

SOUND. THE GROUP SPRINT DOWN ONE OF THE HALLS OF THE ZHANG QIAN, AMONGST THE WHINING ALARM AND THE CONFUSED VOICES OF EVERYONE TRYING TO EVACUATE.

ISAAC: (Panting as he runs and talks) May planted a pressure bomb in one of the fuel lines. It's harmless, but the Chinese don't know what's going on. By the time they get things back in order, we'll be gone. (They come to a stop) Here.

RITSU: (In Chinese) Make way! We have two important prisoners.

OFFICER 2: (In Chinese) Move! Move out of her way! There, you may go forward!

RITSU: (In Chinese) Thank you.

SOUND. THE GROUP HURRY INTO THE UMBILICAL TUBE AND EMERGE AT THE OTHER END, A LARGE DOCKING PORT. THEY PASS THROUGH SOME METAL DETECTORS, AND THEN THE LANGUAGE OF THE WALLA TURNS FROM CHINESE TO ENGLISH. THE RUN INTO A SMALLER BAY.

RITSU: (In English) Come on! This way.

JACK: No, now *wait* just a *damn minute*.

SOUND. JACK SLIPS OUT OF THE HANDCUFFS.

JACK: What is this, Emm? *Who are these people?*

EMMELINE: (Sighs) I already told ya, Jack.

RITSU: There's our ship. *Come on.*

JACK: I'm not goin' anywhere with these people.

SOUND. **ISAAC SLIPS OUT HIS PISTOL.**

ISAAC: (Has lost patience) I don't know who you are or what—

JACK: My name's Jack, *astroboy*. Jack Smyth.

ISAAC: (Spins on a heel to look at Emmeline) Your old partner?

EMMELINE: Or so I thought . . .

SOUND. **JACK RUNS OFF. CONTINUE UNDER.**

EMMELINE: (Yelling at Jack) Hey, get back here! (Runs after)

SOUND. **AN ALARM GOES OFF.**

ISAAC: Emmeline, we *don't have time* for—

EMMELINE: Get back here, Jack!

SOUND. **RITSU RUNS AND TACKLES HER DOWN.**

RITSU: I'm sorry.

EMMELINE: (Yelling) *What're you running from, ya frackin' coward!*
(Shaking around) Let me go.

ISAAC: May and Ben are already aboard. We're leaving—*now*.

RITSU: We're going to let him go?

ISAAC: Not much of a choice. Security will be here any minute.

EMMELINE: (Shouting) *You bastard! You bastard! You killed Seung! Our friend is dead because of you!*

SOUND. **THE SOUND OF A HYOSPRAY.**

EMMELINE: (Quickly falls unconscious, still cursing Jack)

SCENE ELEVEN: INT. DR. MARCUS' OFFICE

MARCUS: Have a seat. (LONG BEAT) In case you were wondering, Dr. Kain says that Ben will be out of rotation for about a month, but he should make a full recovery.

EMMELINE: (Relieved) Well that's good.

MARCUS: I suppose, then, that you'll want your reward?

EMMELINE: (Had forgotten) Oh, yeah. (Disinterested) Might be nice.

MARCUS: Something else on your mind?

EMMELINE: A lot of things. (LONG BEAT) Looks like I owe you yet another debt of gratitude.

MARCUS: Not so much. Standing policy in Serendipity is to never leave a member behind.

EMMELINE: (Sighs) But I'm *not* a member. I'm just another frackin' mercenary lookin' to make a quick scrip.

MARCUS: Maybe. But ultimately, that's up to you.

EMMELINE: (Somewhat surprised) You'd still accept me? Even after I spilled my guts to the Chinese about your whole secret society?

MARCUS: (Chuckles to himself) Until now, you've owed us no special kind of allegiance. You haven't even been through training yet . . . your reaction was expected. (BEAT) My offer to join still stands . . . but we'll be watching you closely . . . you're going to have to earn our trust—the hard way.

EMMELINE: I understand.

MARCUS: Besides, we made sure to isolate you from any truly sensitive information . . . lacking any kind of proof, what you said will be dismissed as a idle tale.

SCENE TWELVE: INT. COMMANDER CHEN'S OFFICE

PRODUCTION NOTE: This entire exchange is in Chinese, but will be “translated” to English for the benefit of the listener. For this reason, the first 4 lines need to be read in **both English and Chinese**.

SOUND: TRADITIONAL CHINESE MUSIC. SOOTHING, QUIET. THE SOFT SOUND OF RUNNING WATER. DOORS OPEN.

OFFICER 2: (In Chinese/English) A million apologies, sir. We've completed headcount, but there's no sign of the prisoners.

CMDR. CHEN: (In Chinese/English) (Muttering) Incompetence.

OFFICER 2: (In Chinese/English) Even though they escaped . . . we did find this.

CMDR. CHEN: (In Chinese/English) What is it?

OFFICER 2: (In English) It's a voice fragment from some kind of transmission. Our ansible picked it up during the emergency at the fuel depot . . . most of its garbled or encrypted, but we were able to recover several fragments.

CMDR. CHEN: (In English) (Confused) What does this have to do with the escape of our captives?

OFFICER 2: Rather than explain, it would be best to listen, Commander.

CMDR. CHEN: (Sighs)

SOUND: CHEN SLIPS THE DATACRYSTAL INTO A READER, AND A GARBLED MESSAGE BEGINS.

ISAAC: —control, this is Isaac. We're—(garble).

GILL: Schematics show—(garble)—to the—(static).

MARCUS: (Garble)—good, Serendipity control out.

(Bass Hit)

SOUND: THE RECORDING BEEPS AND STOPS.

OFFICER 2: We can't pinpoint the origin or the destination, nor do the voiceprints match anything we have on record. All we know is that these fragments were transmitted from the ZHANG QUIAN during the emergency.

SOUND: CHEN REACTIVATES THE RECORDING, AND FAST FORWARDS TO THE LAST LINE.

MARCUS: (Garble)—good, Serendipity control out.

CMDR. CHEN: (Whispers to himself) That's it.

OFFICER 2: (Confused) Sir?

CMDR. CHEN: (Still whispering to himself) . . . *Serendipity.*