SILENT UNIVERSE
Episode #4: “Eternity” - Part 1

An original dramatic podcast by Jonathan Brent & Julius Harper

Edited by

PRODUCTION SCRIPT
[DRAFT 5.3]
# SILENT UNIVERSE

**Episode #4: “Eternity” - Part 1**

**Prod. #9**

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

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<td>Yelling Russian</td>
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<td>USA Off 1</td>
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<td>J.M. Xavier</td>
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Pronunciation Key:

Grozny: [grawz-nee; Russ. graw-znee]
Magna Cum Laude: [mahg-nuh koom lou-dey, -duh, -dee; mag-nuh kuhm law-dee]
Gladys: [glad-is]
Kostya: [Coas-tya]
Abramov: [beginning part is pronounced like “Abraham”]
ACT I

SCENE ONE: INT. HALLWAY OF SERENDIPITY STATION

PRODUCTION NOTE: ISAAC WALKER and EMMELINE KALEY are standing in a hallway, hearts beating in anticipation as a Chinese landing party tries to blast its way onto Serendipity station. This is a few weeks after the events depicted in “Counterpoint.”

SOUND: ALARM KLAXONS AND EXPLOSIONS OUTSIDE OF THE STATION. SMOKE HISSES THROUGH THE AIR. THE SOUND OF A METAL-CUTTER ECHOES THROUGH THE HULL.

COMPUTER: Warning. Hull breach imminent on Level Nine, Section Seven. Risk of exposure to vacuum. All personnel evacuate immediately.

EMMELINE: (Disbelieving) That’s impossible. (BEAT) How could they get through the bulkhead that fast?

ISAAC: (Grave concern) I don’t know, but they’ve cut off communications to the Command Center, too. (BEAT) We’re stranded down here.

EMMELINE: (Growing more anxious) We need to get to the armory.

ISAAC: (Has already thought of that. Frustrated.) We’re cut off.

EMMELINE: (Pressing) Well can’t do anything with these blasted pop-guns we’ve got. Those troops are gonna have body armor.

ISAAC: (Snaps at her) Just shut up and let me think!

EMMELINE: (Snaps back) We don’t have time to think!
SOUND: ANOTHER EXPLOSION, THIS TIME INTERNAL. SHRAPNEL FLIES THROUGH THE AIR AND A NEW ALARM SOUNDS OFF. AIR HISSES OUT INTO SPACE. CONTINUE UNDER.

COMPUTER: Intruder Alert! Hull breach Level Nine, Section Seven.

SOUND: CONFUSED FOOTSTEPS, SHOUTS IN CHINESE, AND MACHINE GUN FIRE. CONTINUE UNDER.

EMMELINE: (Diving aside) Look out!

COMPUTER: Intruder Alert! Hull breach Level Nine, Section—

SOUND: SOMEONE SHOOTS THE PA SYSTEM, AND IT SILENCES AFTER A WHINE OF PROTEST. NO MORE ALARMS.

ISAAC: (Adrenaline pumping) SERENDIPITY’s been compromised. (Realizing his responsibility) We can’t let it fall to the Chinese.

EMMELINE: What the bloody hell can we do about it?!

SOUND: ISAAC REACHES ASIDE AND OPENS A CONTROL PANEL.

ISAAC: (Detached) There’s only one thing to do. There’s a thermonuclear weapon at the center of this station—

EMMELINE: (Interrupts him) Oh, no. Don’t even go there, flyboy—

ISAAC: (Pleads with her) There’s no time to argue about this!

EMMELINE: That’s the best you can come up with? Blow us all up?

SOUND: A MACHINE GUN BEING COCKED.
CHINESE TROOP 1: (Strained through a ventilator in his armor suit) You two! Hold it! (BEAT) Touch that panel and you’re dead.

[INTRO SCROLL]

SCENE TWO: INT. HALLWAY OF SERENDIPITY STATION

CHINESE TROOP 1: (Ventilator) I said don’t move! (BEAT) Hands up. Step away from the console . . .

SOUND: EMMELINE AND ISAAC HESITANTLY OBEY THE COMMAND. THE OFFICER PULLS OFF HIS VENTILATOR TO BREATHE.

CHINESE TROOP 1: (Takes a deep breath) Good. Now, toss your weapons here.

PRODUCTION NOTE: ISAAC WALKER and EMMELINE KALEY exchange a brief glance, and then begin to comply, when...

SOUND: ISAAC DEFTLY SLIPS OUT HIS PISTOL AND SHOOTS THE OFFICER IN THE NECK. HE STUMBLES AND GARGLES.

ISAAC: (With satisfaction) Boom, headshot.

EMMELINE: (Impressed) Nice.

ISAAC: (To Emmeline) Quick, we don’t have much time. There’s more of them out there . . .

SOUND: THE OFFICER GIVES A LAST GARGLE AND A SIGH, MANAGING TO PULL OUT A GRENADE. IT ROLLS ASIDE.

EMMELINE: (Spots it. Only gets a word out) Isaac—!
SOUND: THE GRENADE ROLLS ASIDE, CLINKING. A TIMER BEEPS UP FASTER. EXPLOSION OF FIRE AND SHRAPNEL.

SOUND: TRANSITION “WHOOSH.”

SCENE THREE: INT. THE ORBITAL DOCK FOR THE CRUISE SHIP ETERNITY.
PRODUCTION NOTE: A ritzy dining and party scene in space. Soft jazz-like music (with piano) plays in the background; people murmur and chit-chat over the sound of bubbling champagne, under a transparent ceiling, looking out to the billions of stars in the distance. Below, the twinkling yellow ball of Titan spins silently through space.

RITSU: (Mild concern) Hey, Isaac. Are you still with me?

ISAAC: (Startled as he jolts out of the memory) Huh, what?

RITSU: (Annoyed. Hides it under sarcastic affection) I was talking to you, honey. You were staring off into space . . .

ISAAC: (Absently) Oh, sorry. I—I must have gotten distracted.

RITSU: (Rolls her eyes) I’ll say. (BEAT) Look, over there. That woman's harassing Gare again.

ISAAC: (Feigns amusement) Heh. Poor guy.

RITSU: (Takes a sip of champagne) (Smugly) Better him than me.

PRODUCTION NOTE: NEAR THE BAR.

GLADYS: (In an utterly obnoxious stereotypical “richie rich” tone) Oh, Mr. Arrows, there you are—I’d been looking all over for you!
GARET: (Mumbling under his breath) Oh no . . . (feigns surprise) Gladys, there you are! I was wondering where you ran off to.

GLADYS: Garet, come here, you absolutely must try these lobster rolls!

GILL: (Through a hidden earpiece Garet has on) Gare, come in.

GARET: (Stammers) Ah, just a minute, Gladys. I’ll be right there. (BEAT) (Whispers) Ugh, couldn’t have called sooner. What is it, Gill?

GILL: (Ear) Check your six, I just spotted the target at the far entrance . . .

RITSU: (Ear) I see him. (BEAT) (Perplexed) He’s alone.

GARET: Alone? (BEAT) That’s odd.

RITSU: (Ear) Wouldn’t be the first strange thing about this mission. (BEAT) We’ll still go as planned. I’m going to go talk to him.

SOUND: TRANSITION “WHOOSH.”

ANNOUNCER: The previous day.

SCENE FOUR: INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL, SERENDIPITY STATION.

PRODUCTION NOTE: This is the main planning and briefing center for SERENDIPITY. The room is cavernous, and broken down into open-air subsections, filled with computer terminals and hologram projectors of every size and configuration. Each division deals with a different area of SERENDIPITY’s operations: communications, intelligence, code breaking, mission control, operations and munitions planning.
SOUND: SMALL MECHANICAL DOOR OPENING, REVEALING A
CACOPHONY OF ELECTRONIC BEEPS, WHISTLES, AND
THE HUSHED MURMURS OF SERENDIPITY OFFICERS.

MARCUS: This man’s name is Kostya Abramov. He’s a physicist . . .
works with experimental grav-shift designs. Graduated
magna cum laude from Saint-Petersburg Polytechnic. Real
egghead. (BEAT) He was also once leader of a small colony
on Europa called New Grozny.

RITSU: Grozny? (BEAT) Why does that sound familiar?

MARCUS: It was named after the old capital of Chechnya. The Russians
built it as a refugee camp during the Beslan Civil War. (BEAT)
It was never really more than a slum, though.

ISAAC: So this Abramov guy was the Russian governor?

MARCUS: No. (BEAT) As I said, he was a physicist. In fact, one of the
world’s best. He developed engines for the military that put
Russia on the forefront of the industry.

MAY: (Confused) But you said he was leader of New Grozny . . .

MARCUS: Yes, but not under the Russians. (BEAT) Kostya is a Chechen
by birth, and he resented the government’s treatment of
Beslan refugees. They listened to him whenever he spoke
about technology, but ignored his protests about starving
children in the ghetto.

RITSU: (Frowns some) That’s terrible.
MARCUS: Abramov’s work made him a very rich man, though. (BEAT) After about a decade he was able liquidate his stock holdings and buy control of the colony from Russia.

MAY: (Surprised) He just bought it?

MARCUS: (Nods) He just bought it. 14 billion scrips for a backwater colony the Russians wanted nothing to do with . . . they couldn’t sign the papers fast enough. (BEAT) Kostya left Earth, settled on the colony and started up a small tech firm. He married, raised a family and sold his gravity-shift designs on the open market. The Russians hated him for it, but to the people in New Grozny he was a Godsend. He used most of the money from his business to build up the colony into something livable. Sanitation, education, housing . . .

ISAAC: (Rubs his chin) Doesn’t sound like such a bad guy.

MARCUS: (Agreeing) Many would have done worse in his position. But Kostya’s vice was pride. (BEAT) He baited Russia by favoring American companies in bids for his engine designs. Eventually, the Yanks started to take lead in the market, and the Russians got desperate. They began to assert government authority over New Grozny, insisting that Abramov’s work was a violation of their patents.

RITSU: (Mild sarcasm) And he reacted badly?

MARCUS: (Gravely) In the worst possible way. (BEAT) Instead of cutting a deal, Kostya decided to buy armaments from the Arab League and the Chinese . . . he turned the colony into a military outpost. When the Russians pressed the issue further, he declared New Grozny an independent state.
MAY:  
(Out of the side of her mouth) Well that was stupid.

MARCUS:  
(Ironically) It gets better. (BEAT) The Russians, of course, sent in some destroyers to cow him into backing down. I never think they truly expected the man to open fire on them.

ISAAC:  
(Genuinely surprised) He shot at the Russians?

MARCUS:  
Someone did. (BEAT) The destroyers responded by mass-bombing the colony. Upwards of 27,000 people died, including Kostya’s wife and child . . .

SCENE FIVE: INT. ABRAMOV’S APARTMENT AT NEW GROZNY

PRODUCTION NOTE: As Marcus speaks this line, his voice begins to fade out, and we’re transported to the scene on the ground, where Kostya Abramov’s colony is being bombed. Everything echoes.

SOUND. OUTSIDE EXPLOSIONS. ALARMS. SCREAMS. CRYING.
CONTINUE UNDER. RUSSIAN SHOUTS IN GARBLLED RADIO.

ABRAMOV:  
(Yelling) Rosa! (BEAT) Irina!

SOUND. A LOUDER EXPLOSION. DIRT RAINS ON THE CEILING.

ABRAMOV:  
Rosa—(gasps, seeing his dead wife under a pile of rubble. He whispers) God no . . . Rosa . . . (chokes up, and then yells in rage) ROSA! (BEAT, gasps) Irina . . . where is my daughter?!

SOUND: TRANSITION “WHOOSH.”

SCENE SIX: INT. ORBITAL DOCK FOR THE CRUISE SHIP ETERNITY. BAR.

PRODUCTION NOTE: A ritzy dining and party scene in space.
SOUND: THE BARTENDER SLAMS A GLASS DOWN IN FRONT OF ABRAMOV, WHO JUMPS AT THE SUDDEN NOISE.

BARTENDER: Hey there, old timer, don't fall asleep on me. What'll it be?

ABRAMOV: (Shaken) Um, vodka. Stolichnaya.

BARTENDER: Gotcha.

SOUND: RITSU SAUNTERS OVER AND TAKES A SEAT.

RITSU: I'll have a White Russian, please.

BARTENDER: (Nodding) Mmhmm.

SOUND: CLANKING GLASS AS BARTENDER MAKES THE DRINKS.

RITSU: (Smiles to herself) Hm. (BEAT. Friendly tone.) Hey there.

ABRAMOV: (Distantly) Hello.

SOUND: THE BARTENDER SETS THE DRINKS DOWN.

BARTENDER: White Russian for the lady, and straight Stolichnaya for you.

ABRAMOV: (Gives a small grunt of thanks)

RITSU: (Nods to the bartender) Thank you. (Takes a sip of her drink and sets it down) Sorry, I couldn’t help but notice you were all alone at the bar.

ABRAMOV: (Considers his drink for a moment) Just needed to get away.
RITSU: (Feigns empathy) Oh, I can understand that completely.
(Coyly) My name is Ritsu, by the way . . .

ABRAMOV: (Throws his drink back and “aaahs” afterward) (BEAT) Boris.

ISAAC: (Through a hidden earpiece Ritsu has on) Boris Yeltsin is the alias Abramov gave on the crew manifest. This is definitely our guy.

RITSU: Ah, and what do you do, “Boris”?

ISAAC: (Ear) (Sarcastic) Is this your idea of “small talk”?

RITSU: (Annoyed, speaks aloud) Just hold on.

ABRAMOV: (Confused) Hm? I beg your pardon?

RITSU: (Stumbled) I—uh. (Pause, embarrassed) Sorry. (Laughs) I just wanted to make sure I turned my cell off. (Reaches into her purse and does so) My idiot boss has an annoying habit of calling me at the worst times . . .

ISAAC: (Ear) (Sarcastic) Funny.

ABRAMOV: (Matter-of-factly) I’m a physicist.

RITSU: (Acts impressed) A physicist? (BEAT) What’s your field?

ABRAMOV: (More proudly) Gravity-shifting.

RITSU: Sounds exciting.

ABRAMOV: (Chuckles) Hardly so. Endless lines of field equations and counter-intuitive physics.
RITSU:  (Insists) No, really it is. I know a little bit about that; I’m an electrical engineer.

ABRAMOV:  (Raises his eyebrows) Really?

RITSU:  Sure. I studied at the University of Arizona eight years ago; minored in molecular physics, too.

ABRAMOV:  (Echoes) Eight years? (BEAT) My dear, I could swear you don’t look a day over twenty. (Smiles)

RITSU:  (Gives an uncharacteristically feminine giggle) Oh well I don’t know about all that . . .

ABRAMOV:  (Laying on the smooth) Beauty and modesty. (BEAT) Molecular physics, eh? Then you’re familiar with the Heisenberg uncertainty principle?

RITSU:  (Chuckles, as if it were a joke) How could I forget?

MAY:  (Ear) Uh, guys, sorry to interrupt, but we’ve got more company.

ISAAC:  (Ear) What’s up, May?

ABRAMOV:  A lot of issues in quantum physics pop up in grav-shift design . . .

SCENE SEVEN: INT. ETERNITY ORBITAL DOCK. DANCE FLOOR.

SOUND: The walla of people talking gets louder.
MAY: (Whispering) Check the doors at ten and three o’clock. I think our other Chechen friends just decided to join the party.

GLADYS: (In the background) See? Aren’t these lobster rolls delightful?

GARE: (His mouth full of lobster. Doesn’t like lobster.) Yes . . . delicious . . .

ISAAC: (Ear) I see them. (BEAT) I don’t see any weapons. Gill?

GLADYS: Ah, (claps her hands together excitedly) I can’t wait until our ship arrives! This will be my tenth time on the cruise . . .

GILL: (Ear) Scans negative. Not even a switchblade.

ISAAC: (Ear) We still need to keep them away from Abramov until we know what their intentions are. (BEAT) May, grab Gare and stall the men closest to you. I’ll handle the others.

MAY: (Whispering) Roger that.

GLADYS: You know, my brother-in-law owns a restaurant that exclusively serves—

MAY: (Turns, and speaks up) Hey, Uncle Gare. Could you come here a second, please?

GARET: (Glad to be escaping) Ah, excuse me. My niece is calling.

GLADYS: (Disappointed) Aw, well hurry back.

GARET: (Below his breath) Don’t count on it. (To May) Took you long enough.
MAY: Nevermind that. (BEAT) Those men at the door, we—

SCENE EIGHT: INT. ETERNITY ORBITAL DOCK. REFRESHMENT TABLE.

MAY: (Ear) —have to distract them.

ISAAC: (Whispering) I’m intercepting the second group now.

PRODUCTION NOTE: Isaac moves toward the first group of Chechens in the corner, some of whom are watching Abramov keenly. Isaac walks by, and then bumps into a waiter, who spills a plate of shrimp (in a glass) all over one of the men.

WAITER 1: (Cursing in French)

ISAAC: (Aghast) Oh no! I’m so sorry, sir. I’m sorry I’m sorry. (BEAT) Oh, look at that it’s all over your shirt.

KADYROV: (Angry, and in a heavy accent) Watch where you are going!

ISAAC: I know! I know! I’m so sorry!

SOUND: TRANSITION “WHOOSH.”

ANNOUNCER: The previous day.

SCENE NINE: INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL, SERENDIPITY STATION.

PRODUCTION NOTE: This is the main planning and briefing center for SERENDIPITY. The room is cavernous, and broken down into open-air subsections, filled with computer terminals and hologram projectors of every size and configuration. Each division deals with a different area of SERENDIPITY’s operations: communications, intelligence, codebreaking, mission control, operations and munitions planning.
MARCUS: After the bombing of New Grozny, the official RSN story was that Kostya died alongside his family, but that’s not the case. The Americans sent in a special ops team and captured him. They’ve had him held up in a secret science lab—developing American versions of Russian grav-shifts—for years. That was the end of the story until earlier this week. It appears that Abramov escaped.

RITSU: (Disbelieving) Escaped? (BEAT) From a top secret Yank facility? How did he manage that?

MARCUS: We don’t know. (BEAT) But he’s managed to elude the Russians and the Americans for three days.

ISAAC: But we know where he is?

MARCUS: Yes. (BEAT) We located him once he booked passage—under the alias “Boris Yeltsin”—on a luxury cruise liner leaving from Titan tomorrow.

ISAAC: A cruise ship? Why’s this guy booking a vacation if he’s supposed to be a fugitive?

MARCUS: We don’t know that either. (BEAT) And it gets stranger, still: Gill’s identified over thirty other Chechens on the passenger manifest, each who booked the cruise at least six months ago. All of them are survivors of the attack on New Grozny.

RITSU: (Concerned) So whatever it is, it’s coordinated.

MAY: W-wait a minute . . . its Abramov’s fault that the place got bombed . . . I can’t imagine they’d be happy to see him . . .
MARCUS: (Shrugs) At this point we can’t rule anything out. (BEAT) Isaac, I know we normally don’t send your team on recon missions, but I’m not comfortable assigning this to an alternate. We don’t expect the Americans or the Russians to be able to track Kostya to Titan for at least two days, so that will give you ample time to evaluate the situation. (BEAT) We’ve booked rooms on the Eternity—

GARET: (Goofing off) All right, vacation time, baby!

MARCUS: (LONG BEAT)—and we’ve setup forged ID passes so you don’t arouse suspicion. (BEAT) Isaac and Ritsu, congratulations you’re now a newlywed couple. Garet . . . we’re not even going to bother trying to hide your identity . . . this is exactly your element. However, May will accompany you as your 16-year-old niece—

GIL: Sixteen? Where were you when I was in high school?

MAY: (Horrified) What? I do not look like a teenager!

MARCUS: —who you brought on the trip to celebrate her birthday with.

MAY: (Complains) Director Marcus, that’s not quite fair . . .

MARCUS: (With a small smirk) Argue it over with Dr. Kain. The age recommendation came from him.

MAY: (Annoyed) I will bash that little man’s head in . . .

SOUND: TRANSITION “WHOOSH.”

SCENE TEN: INT. ORBITAL DOCK FOR THE CRUISE SHIP ETERNITY. BAR.
PRODUCTION NOTE: A ritzy dining and party scene in space.
ABRAMOV: (Chuckling to himself) You really are quite intelligent. I've never known an attractive woman to be interested in theoretical physics.

RITSU: (Giggling and being friendly, obviously a little “buzzed”) Aw, well it's interesting. But I could never make a career out of it.

ABRAMOV: (Insisting) No, you really should consider it. Most people don't ever grasp the underlying concepts, but you seemed to handle it all quite well.

RITSU: (Smiles) Now you're just flattering me, sir.

ABRAMOV: (Smiles back) My dear, I wouldn’t dream of it.

SOUND: SOUND OF GLASS SHATTERING. SOME PEOPLE GASP AND THE ROOM FALLS QUIET.

WAITER 1: (Cursing in French)

ISAAC: (Aghast) Oh no! I'm so sorry, sir. I'm sorry I'm sorry. (BEAT) Oh, look at that it's all over your shirt.

KADYROV: (Angry, and in a heavy accent) Watch where you are going!

ISAAC: I know! I know! I'm so sorry!

SOUND: RITSU SITS UP AND PUSHES THE BARSTOOL BACK. KOSTYA DOES THE SAME.

RITSU: Ooh . . . (nervous laugh) that's my husband . . . he seems to have gotten himself into a bit of trouble.
ABRAMOV:  (Surprised) Err . . . husband?

RITSU:  (Coy) Oh, yes. (BEAT) Didn't I mention . . . ?

ISAAC:  Oh, that's such a shame. Don't worry, I'll pay for—

SOUND:  IN THE DISTANCE, ONE OF THE ANGRY MEN PUNCHES ISAAC IN THE FACE. HE STAGGERS BACK AND KNOCKS OVER THE DRINKS TABLE. PEOPLE GASP AND RECOIL IN SURPRISE. MUSIC STOPS.

ACT II

SCENE ELEVEN: INT. ORBITAL DOCK FOR THE CRUISE SHIP ETERNITY. BAR.

PRODUCTION NOTE: A ritzy dining and party scene in space.

ABRAMOV:  (Yells) Kadyrov, leave him alone!

RITSU:  (Surprised) What—you know him?

SOUND:  ABRAMOV HURRIES OVER TO CALM HIS FRIEND.

KADYROV:  (Heavy accent) This halfer ruined my shirt.

ISAAC:  (Gets up, in pain) I was saying I would pay for it . . .

KADYROV:  (Heavy accent) You insult me!

RITSU:  (Runs up to Isaac) Honey, are you all right?!

ABRAMOV:  (Whispers, upset) Kadyrov, we were not supposed to draw attention to ourselves.

SOUND:  A SECURITY OFFICER ARRIVES.
SECURITY: What seems to be the problem here, folks?

ABRAMOV: No problem, no problem. (BEAT) Just a misunderstanding.

KADYROV: (Hesitantly) Yeah . . . yeah just misunderstanding.

ISAAC: (Works his jaw) I’m fine, sir. (Sighs) It’s okay.

RITSU: Are you sure, honey? We might have to take you to the hospital . . .

ISAAC: (Mumbles) No hun, its fine. Just run along back to “Boris”...

ABRAMOV: Simply a misunderstanding, sir. Please charge the bill for repairs to my credit account.

SOUND: THE DECK OF THE ORBITAL DOCK SHUDDERS SLIGHTLY. PEOPLE’S MURMURS GROW LOUDER, AND THEN QUIET.

FEM. GUEST: What’s that?

MALE GUEST: It’s probably the—

SOUND. THE GRAV-SHIFT THUNDERCLAPS OUTSIDE, AS THE ETERNITY SWOOPS INTO VIEW. OOHS AND AHHS.

F. VOICE: Ladies and gentlemen, behold, Eternity.

SOUND. APPLAUSE FROM THE CROWD.

RITSU: (Awestruck) Wow.

ISAAC: That’s one big ship.
F. VOICE: You are about to enter Paradise, a day of dreams as you embark on a journey across the heavenly rings of Saturn onboard the most luxurious cruiser in the solar system. Let your every dream and fantasy be fulfilled . . . in Eternity.

SOUND. MORE ROWDY APPLAUSE FROM THE CROWD.

SOUND. DOCKING CLAMPS ENGAGE. ECHOING.

F. VOICE: Now boarding executive suite passengers.

SOUND. PEOPLE MULLING AROUND.

ABRAMOV: (Takes his leave) If you would excuse me. (He walks off) Kadyrov! It is good to see you again, my friend . . .

GARET: (Ear) Looks like we don’t have to worry about the other Chechens killing him, eh? (BEAT)

GILL: (Ear) (Confused by the situation) Apparently not.

GARET: (Ear) We’re going to get to our suite, guys. (BEAT) We’ll see you later onboard.

ISAAC: Roger that. (BEAT) (Takes a sigh as he recovers. Looks wistfully outside) You know what I just realized, Ritsu?

RITSU: What’s that?

ISAAC: We’re above Titan. (BEAT) Emmeline grew up on that yellow marble down there.

RITSU: Wish she were here?
ISAAC:   (Simply) No, not at all. (BEAT) Was just thinking about it . . .

SOUND: TRANSITION “WHOOSH”

ANNOUNCER: The previous day.

SCENE ONE: (REPLAY) INT. HALLWAY OF SERENDIPITY STATION

ISAAC: (To Emmeline) Quick, we don’t have much time. There’s more of them out—

SOUND: THE OFFICER GIVES A LAST GARGLE AND A SIGH, MANAGING TO PULL OUT A GRENADE. IT ROLLS ASIDE.

EMMELINE: (Spots it) Isaac—!

SOUND: THE GRENADE ROLLS ASIDE, CLINKING AGAINST THE METAL FLOOR. A TIMER BEEPS UP AND THE SMALL ITEM EXPLODES IN A MESS OF FIRE AND SHRAPNEL.

SCENE TWELVE: INT. THE SERENDIPITY MEDICAL WARD

PRODUCTION NOTE: ISAAC WALKER and EMMELINE KALEY are on a pair of medical beds, hooked up to a neural transmitter virtual reality device. BEN HERNANDEZ is nearby. There are all the typical sounds of a hospital, heart monitors etc, plus a few unidentifiable futuristic machines rhythmically sounding in the background.

SOUND. A PAIR OF HEART MONITORS BEEP IN THE BACKGROUND. A SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER POWERS DOWN.

EMMELINE: (Takes a sudden gasp, as if coming up from a deep sea dive)

COMPUTER: Simulation over. Isaac and Emmeline are lose.
GILL: (Teasingly) Wow, you guys suck.

EMMELINE: (Coughing as she catches her breath)

ISAAC: (Annoyed) What the hell was that? That guy was down.

BEN: (Softly, still weak) Obviously not…

ISAAC: (Sarcastic) Yeah, thanks Ben. (Turns to Gill) You changed the programming . . . I’ve never seen a trooper do something like that before.

GILL: (Proudly) I’d been working on a few updates. (Chuckles) Caught you off guard, though. That has to be the worst Kobayashi Maru test I’ve ever seen you in.

ISAAC: (Mumbling) Would have gone smoother if I didn’t have to waste time arguing with my subordinate . . .

EMMELINE: What? (Throws up her arms) About blowing us all to Kingdom Come?

SOUND. Equipment hits the ground.

GILL: (Annoyed) Hey, watch the headset. Those things aren’t cheap.

EMMELINE: He’s right though, Gill. That was totally unfair.

MARCUS: (Stolidly) So’s life. (BEAT) Since when was ‘fair’ any sort of consideration in a fight?

ISAAC: (Surprised) Gordon? What? Y—you were watching that?
MARCUS: (Displeased) I wish I hadn’t been. (BEAT) But I didn’t come down here to grade training exercises, we have a mission. Isaac, I want your team assembled in the briefing area in five minutes.

EMMELINE: That gives me just enough time for a shower.

MARCUS: Ah-ah-ah, not you, Emmeline. You’re going to sit this one out.

EMMELINE: (Surprised) Why?

MARCUS: After that dismal display I’m tempted to keep Isaac here as well, but the short explanation is that you’re not ready.

EMMELINE: But I’ve already been on one mission—

MARCUS: As a useful asset, maybe. But as a member of SERENDIPITY I expect you to perform at a higher level, and what I saw in there was frankly embarrassing. No direction, weak strategy, questioning the chain of command . . .

EMMELINE: But . . . I haven’t been off the station in three weeks.

MARCUS: (Shrugs) That’s not my problem. (BEAT) Until your performance quotients are satisfactory, we have nothing to discuss. (Claps his hands together to get everyone else’s attention) Come on people . . . that wasn’t a request. You’ve now got four minutes to get to briefing, if anyone wants breakfast they’d better hurry to the mess . . .

SOUND. EVERYONE QUICKLY SHUFFLES OUT.

GILL: (As he passes by) Sorry, Em.
SCENE THIRTEEN: INT. ABRAMOV’S ROOM

BELL HOP: Here’s your luggage, Mr. Yeltsin.

ABRAMOV: (Politely) Thank you.

SOUND: ABRAMOV SHUTS THE DOOR, BRINGS THE BAGGAGE TO HIS BED AND UNPACKS. AS HE DOES, A MUFFLED BEEP STARTS, AND HE PULLS A DEVICE FROM THE BAG.

KADYROV: (Heavy accent) We’ve completed our task. It was no problem getting the devices through the security checkpoints. They suspect nothing.

ABRAMOV: Hmm, good. (BEAT) And you’re sure they’re set properly?

KADYROV: (Confidently) Yes. Nothing can prevent it, now.

ABRAMOV: Then there is only one last matter to attend to—

SOUND: KNOCKING AT ABRAMOV’S DOOR.

ABRAMOV: (Calls to the door) Uh, err. Just a moment.

SOUND: ABRAMOV CLICKS OFF THE TRANSCIEVER, AND THEN GOES TO OPEN THE DOOR.

ABRAMOV: (Polite, but annoyed) Yes?

GLADYS: Excuse me? (BEAT) Is your name Kostya Abramov?
ABRAMOV: (Utter shock) I—uh—no!

SOUND: GLADYS PUSHES IN AND SHOVES ABRAMOV TO THE FLOOR. THE CLOSES AND LATCHES THE DOOR.

ABRAMOV: Ack!

GLADYS: (Satisfied) Yes you are, Mr. Abramov. Yes you are.

ABRAMOV: (Panting, terrified) Who—who are you?

GLADYS: My name is Gladys Sculler. I'm an agent for the CIA.

ABRAMOV: (Surprised) Yankee Intelligence?!

SOUND. ABRAMOV SCRAMBLES TO GRAB A WEAPON. A GUN COCKS.

GLADYS: (Quietly, dangerously) I wouldn't move, if I were you.

ABRAMOV: D—d—don’t shoot! Don’t shoot!

GLADYS: Hands behind your head . . .

SOUND: THE TRANSCIEVER BEEPS AGAIN. FOR AWHILE.

GLADYS: (Skittish) What’s that?

ABRAMOV: Uhh, it’s nothing.

GLADYS: (Yelling) What is it?

ABRAMOV: (Hesitates) My personal organizer. (BEAT) It’s nothing. I—I just have a message.
SOUND: SHE CLICKS THE DEVICE ON.

KADYROV: (Absently) . . . Kostya? Kostya are you there?

ABRAMOV: (Shouts) Go! Go now! They found us Kad—!

SOUND: A SWIFT KICK TO THE FACE SILENCES HIM.

ABRAMOV: (Spits blood) Ungh!

SOUND: GLADYS SMASHES THE DEVICE. ONE SECOND LATER, AN ALARM SOUNDS ONBOARD THE SHIP.

F. VOICE: Attention all passengers and crew members, please proceed to your designated escape pods. An emergency condition exists onboard . . . this is not a drill. Repeat, all passengers and crew members to proceed to their designated escape pods immediately.

GLADYS: (Angry) What did you do?

ABRAMOV: (Manages a smile, his face still bloodied) My comrades have rigged the ship’s engines with explosives. (BEAT) Their security scanners just picked up the activation signal.

SOUND: ISAAC KICKS ABRAMOV’S DOOR IN.

ISAAC: Abramov, we don’t have time for questions. We need to get you out of—(spots Gladys)—you! What are you doing here?

SOUND: GLADYS SPINS ON A HEEL AND POINTS A GUN AT THEM. ISAAC AND RITSU POINT THEIRS BACK.
GLADYS: Hold it! CIA!

RITSU: (Surprised) Woah, woah woah here. Wait—weren’t you the woman who was—?

SOUND: A SINGLE SHOT RINGS OUT. GLADYS GASPS AND STAGGERS OVER.

ABRAMOV: (Breathing heavily and drops his gun) (Quickly) Don’t shoot! (BEAT) I surrender.

ISAAC: Ritsu, is she . . . ?

RITSU: (Grimly) She’s dead.

ISAAC: (Anger flares at Abramov) You dirty son of a bitch—why did you—?

ABRAMOV: (Simply) It would have been a complication. (BEAT) She’s not really dead, anyways.

RITSU: (With hostility) No, she’s gone.

ABRAMOV: (Cryptically) To you, maybe. To us. But she lives on.

USA OFF. 1: (Over a small microphone on Gladys) What’s going on down there, Agent Sculler? (BEAT) Agent Sculler, come in. (LONG BEAT) She’s not answering her COMM.

ISAAC: Dammit, the Yanks are here.

USA OFF 1: (Over the mic and the loudspeakers in the hall) Attention Eternity, this is the USS Valley Forge. By the authority of the American Republic Navy, you are hereby ordered to stand
down. (BEAT) Disengage your engines, and prepare to be boarded.

**SOUND:** IN THE DISTANCE, THE ENGINES REV UP. METAL GROANS.

**RITSU:** (Surprised) *What's going on?*

**ABRAMOV:** Doubtless, my associates are trying to make an escape.

**SOUND:** DEEP SHUDDERING, MORE METAL GROANING.

**ISAAC:** *What?* The ship is still *docked.*

**KADYROV:** (Accent) It won’t be for long . . .

**ISAAC:** (Whirls around, surprised) *Who—*

**SOUND:** HIGH POWERED GUNS SPINNING UP.

**KADYROV:** (Accent. With some relish) You’d do well to put your gun down, *halfer.* Your pretty little wife, too.

**SOUND:** MORE STRAINED METAL. CONTINUE UNDER.

**RITSU:** You can’t just *pull away* from the port. There are people still in the docking bridges!

**KADYROV:** We’ve sealed the bulkheads, Kostya.

**ABRAMOV:** Very good.

**RITSU:** *But those people will die!*
ABRAMOV: (Smiling) Come now, my dear. You’re an intelligent woman. (BEAT) You understand quantum physics. You should know that there is no death.

SOUND. THE SHIP BUCKS AND SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY, PULLING AWAY FROM THE UMBILICALS. AS IT DOES SO, AIR SPILLS OUT INTO SPACE, AND THE SUFFOCATING SCREAMS OF CIVILIANS ECHOES THROUGH SPACE.

SCENE FOURTEEN: ETERNITY DOCKING RING

GARET: (Frantically shouting) Get back! Get back! She’s coming loose! The ship’s breaking away!

SOUND. SCREAMS.ALARMS. THE EMERGENCY DOORA SLAM SHUT. DEADENING THUD, AND THEN SILENCE.

MAY: (Horrified) Oh my God, all those people out there. . . they’re suffocating, Gare. We have to—

GARET: (Dismayed) Look away, May. (BEAT) There’s nothing we can do for them . . .

NARRATOR: . . . TO BE CONTINUED.

ANNOUNCER: For more about Silent Universe, visit www.silentuniverse.com

J.M. XAVIER: [A Message from the Producer]

[Cast Recital]

COMPUTER: Jodi Paige, as the computer

BEN: Esteban Silva, as Ben Hernandez
EMMELINE: Hilary Blair, as Emmeline Kaley

GARET: Phillip Sacramento, as Garet Arrowny

GILL: Nick DeLillo, as Gilbert Frye

ISAAC: James Higuchi, as Isaac Walker

MARCUS: George Washington III, as Dr. Gordon Marcus

MAY: Kristi Stewart, as May Kobayashi

RITSU: Debbie Munro, as Ritsu Kobayashi

ANNOUNCER: Ross Douglas, as the Narrator

CHINESE TROOP 1:

GLADYS:

ABRAMOV:

BARTENDER:

WAITER 1:

KADRYOV:

SECURITY:

FEM. GUEST:

MALE GUEST:
F. VOICE:

USA OFF 1:

[Ending Promos]