

NEW EARTH

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

"A.D. 2505"

A vast desert encroaches upon a lush, seaside metropolis.

MAYA (V.O.)  
Humanity is dying. We have finally  
backed ourselves into a corner.

The city walls are blasted by sand swept winds.

MAYA (V.O.)  
We've colonized Mars, but those  
resources were quickly depleted.

EXT. MARS COLONY - DAY

A red dust storm overtakes a sprawling city. A horde of Martians, clad in tattered rags, plough into each other like ants in order to escape the punishment.

MAYA (V.O.)  
Billions of people were shipped  
over there... "Martians". Slaves  
to the natural-born Earthlings.

A field of factories line the horizon. Black clouds pump into the sky from hundreds of smokestacks.

INT. MARTIAN FACTORY - DAY

Hundreds of Martians covered in filth work on an assembly line. A thick haze hangs in the air. The walls are cold and bare. The room is dim due to broken lights and sparse window placement.

Sheets of metal are formed into large, intricate machinery.

MAYA (V.O.)  
Everything we produced was sent to  
support Earth.

An EXHAUSTED MARTIAN (50) keels over. A NEARBY MARTIAN (30) tends to her while others keep watch for an Overseer.

MAYA (V.O.)  
Still, it wasn't enough. We had to  
leave.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

A dozen large transport spaceships rest in an open, dusty field. Large, blue letters adorn each craft: "U.N."

Tens-of-thousands of Earthlings wait in mile-long lines to board the transports.

MAYA (V.O.)

The most affluent secured their spaces early.

Aristocrats trample through the dust to the dock. A gentleman in a top hat shoves his lowly servant out of the way.

MAYA (V.O.)

One Seed was sent out before this. Seven years ago. The culmination of Earth's territories and ideals. We lost contact with it two years into the mission.

BOOM! The Earth shakes as the transport ships lift off the ground in a tumultuous roar of dirt and fire.

MAYA (V.O.)

Earth had achieved a singular culture... a culture benefitting the Earthlings.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The transports soar through the atmosphere toward a colossal, city-wide space station. A transparent dome rests in the middle of the station; a lush atrium resides within. A giant, green "Seed 2" is painted on the starboard side of the station.

The transport nears and enters a small docking bay.

MAYA (V.O.)

Once everyone was aboard, we set for the stars.

The space station's engines ignite and it moves out of Earth's orbit. An energy field appears around the vessel. Blue charges emit from behind the station.

MAYA (V.O.)

Eighty years after this date I was born. I am Maya.

The charges explode and "Seed 2" hurtles into space at an incredible rate of speed.

INT. SECTOR THREE HALLWAY - DAY

MAYA (28), a tall brunette, clad in thin, black armor and tall boots, walks down a dimly lit hallway. Martian transients, large boxes, and trash cans line the compact, metallic corridor.

A display appears on her contact lens: MAPS (14), a runt of a Martian boy with scraggly hair, comes into focus.

MAYA  
Is this the room?

Maps nods on her display. She approaches her target, Room B6-324.

Maya stares at the door. A digital infrared image appears on her contact lens: Three heat signatures register in the room.

She removes a plasma pistol from her holster. The orange ammo tube glows just below a large, black barrel.

Maya holds up her communicator.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Can you unlock it?

Maps appears on her lens and nods. He furiously works at his keyboard. He holds up his fingers.

One, two, three. The door slides open.

INT. ROOM B6-324 - DAY

MAYA barrels into the room. Two well-dressed EARTHLINGS (30s) sit across from a TATTOOED MARTIAN (29). She aims her pistol at them.

MAYA  
Nobody move! Hands up!

The three men hold up their hands in submission.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Where's the "juice"?!

The Earthlings whisper to each other. The larger of the Earthlings reaches into his breast pocket. Maya jerks her pistol toward him.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Keep your hands up!

LARGE EARTHLING  
Woah, woah! Hold on! We're  
Naturals, okay? I think you're  
making a huge mistake.

Maya steps closer.

MAYA  
No mistake. You all look the same  
to me down here. You, "Tattoo",  
empty your pockets.

She inches toward the Tattooed Martian.

LARGE EARTHLING  
Ma'am, really, I think we'd all be  
better off if... if you could  
just... sweep this under the table--

The Tattooed Martian suddenly flails. His fist connects with Maya's face. She stumbles backward.

TATTOOED MARTIAN  
You're not gettin' me, bitch!

Maya clutches at her nose.

The Tattooed Martian stands up and rushes for the back door. He grabs a nearby pistol on his way out.

The Earthlings stand frozen, mouths agape. Maya points her pistol at both of them.

MAYA  
You two don't belong here.

They look at each other.

ZAP! Maya fires a round between the two Earthlings. They flinch.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Go on...

She motions her pistol toward the door.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Leave!

The two Earthlings quickly shuffle out of the room.

Maya sprints after the Tattooed Martian. She turns a corner.

ZAP! She recoils and takes cover behind the wall. A bright white bolt of energy flies past her. Smoke emits from a small, molten hole in the wall.

She peeks around the corner - no one. She continues after him toward the main hallway.

INT. MARTIAN WALK - DAY

MAYA holsters her pistol as she bursts onto the thoroughfare. Throngs of Martians pack the street.

She looks to her left, unable to spot her target in the crowd. She looks to her right. A FRAIL SHOPKEEPER readjusts a jumbled display case. He mumbles to himself, upset.

Maya quickly weaves through the crowd past the Frail Shopkeeper. She darts her gaze back and forth in search of the TATTOOED MARTIAN. She spots a small CRYING CHILD; the CHILD'S MOTHER comforts him.

Maya continues on. She passes a DISTRESSED MARTIAN. He struggles to reclaim his lost parcels strewn all over the ground.

A yell resounds from further down the walk. Maya quickens her pace. She catches a glimpse of the Tattooed Martian as he ducks into an adjacent alleyway.

Maya sprints after him.

INT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

MAYA runs down a vacant alleyway. MAPS' feed freezes on her contact lens and cuts out.

MAYA

Maps!

The video feed displays static.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Damnit... Maps! I lost sight of our--

Maps reappears on her contact lens.

THUD! The TATTOOED MARTIAN slides out from an adjacent hallway and body checks Maya.

She reels backward and slams her shoulder into the wall.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

Maya grips her shoulder in pain.

The Tattooed Martian aims his pistol at Maya. She quickly jumps forward and slaps his wrist to the side.

ZAP! The round flies past Maya and into the wall. The molten metal quickly cools.

The Tattooed Martian shoves Maya and grapples with her against the wall. She grabs one of the Tattooed Martian's wrists as they struggle for possession of his gun.

Maya masterfully releases his wrist, grabs the back of his head to control his posture, and knees him in the groin.

CRUNCH! His gun drops as he gasps for air. He falls to the ground and clutches his crotch.

Maya stands above him, adjusts her shoulder, and grimaces.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Okay, lets try this again.

POP! She repositions her shoulder back into its socket.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Where is the "juice"?

She unholsters her pistol and aims it at the Tattooed Martian.

He looks up at Maya in excruciating pain.

TATTOOED MARTIAN

They got Martians doing anything now'days, huh?

He reaches out to his gun on the ground just feet from him.

MAYA

Leave it.

The Tattooed Martian's hand inches closer to the grip.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 Ah, ah, ah! I wouldn't...

He clutches the gun.

ZAP! Maya's shot burns the Martian's leg.

TATTOOED MARTIAN  
 Ahhhhh!

He slowly stumbles to his feet with one hand on his fresh wound, the other on his gun.

Maya aims at his chest.

MAYA  
 Next one won't be off the mark.

TATTOOED MARTIAN  
 I ain't goin' back!

He raises his gun.

ZAP! ZAP! Maya fires. The Tattooed Martian falls to the floor, lifeless. Maya stares at him. She sighs and shakes her head.

Maya looks around. Sweat drips from her face. She holsters her gun and checks for his I.D. card. Her contact lens automatically scans it and sends the information to Maps' computer.

Maps brings up a text box: "Martian?"

MAYA  
 Yes.

Maps types: "Who were those other two?"

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 Earthlings.

Maps' face grows stern. Maya wipes the sweat from her forehead. Her shoulder aches.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 Alright... I'm heading back, buddy.  
 I'll meet up with you later.



INT. METAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Four POLICE ENFORCERS (20s), clad in sleek riot gear and helmets, march down the hallway. They wield X-525 plasma rifles with pistols on their belts. They are immediately followed by DIRK HABSBURG (31), a decorated and resolute officer.

DIRK  
Stay frosty, boys.

His voice resounds in the helmets of the other Enforcers.

His right eye faintly glows purple. The ship's layout appears on Dirk's contact lens interface.

They navigate through the packed hallways. Dozens of homeless Martian beggars line the path.

The TALL ENFORCER (29) glances down an alleyway littered with makeshift beds and tents.

TALL ENFORCER  
Worthless scum.

The group comes to a "T" intersection.

Dirk pulls out a tablet. A slew of numbers and letters stream across the 3-D holographic interface.

DIRK  
This way.

Dirk takes the lead and heads left down the corridor. The other Police Enforcers follow close behind.

They approach Apartment B2-702. Dirk signals to his team. The front two officers go prone as a third pulls out a stun baton.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Dirk slams his fist against the door.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Police! Open up. We have a  
warrant for the arrest of Martian  
562410! Comply or be subject to  
full-force extraction!

INT. MAYA'S ROOM - DAY

MAYA lays on her bed in her undecorated and rusted apartment. Her furniture is metal and drab. She turns a golden, heart-shaped locket over in her hands.

She opens it up and gazes longingly at a picture of a gorgeous lady in a flowing gown: Maya's mother, SARAH (22).

TSSSSS!!! A pot boils over onto a hot plate in the kitchen. Maya places the locket around her neck, tucks it into her shirt, and rushes over to the kitchen.

Maya blows into the pot and the bubbling water recedes. She presses a button near the pantry and a handful of noodles stream out from a small opening. She snaps them in half and puts them in the pot.

Maya looks over at a wilted hibiscus on a small table. She fills a cup with water and walks over to it.

MAYA

Don't worry.

Maya caresses the flower petals and smiles.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I'll take care of you.

She waters the plant.

THUD! THUD! THUD! Maya spins toward her apartment door.

She rushes over and peeks through her peephole. A night vision image pops up of DIRK and the four POLICE ENFORCERS. They pound on the door across the hall.

INT. METAL CORRIDOR - DAY

DIRK slams his fist against the door.

DIRK

We're coming in! Breach!

Dirk holds his tablet up to the apartment's keypad. The tablet instantly connects to the door's interface.

BEEP! The door unlocks and slides open.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Move! Move!

The POLICE ENFORCERS rush into the room and tackle a half-naked MARTIAN SLOB (50) drenched in sweat and covered in grease. They wrestle him into a submissive position.

One Enforcer holds the stun baton above his head. He pushes a button on its hilt.

BZZT! Electricity arcs across the baton. The Enforcer rains down blow after crushing blow. The Martian Slob contorts in agony.

He goes limp. Two Enforcers pick him up and drag him away. Dirk signals to the SENIOR ENFORCER (35).

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Wait for the "Cleaning Ladies" and  
then head back to Station One.

The Senior Enforcer nods and takes up position right in front of the Martian Slob's door.

INT. MAYA'S ROOM - DAY

BEEP-BEEP! BEEP-BEEP!

MAYA's communicator blips on her counter top. She turns from the peephole and walks toward her kitchen.

She grabs a thin, metal cylinder and activates the device. Two rods extend from the top and bottom into a C-shape; they light up and a holographic image of CAPTAIN STEPHANIE KENNEDY (45) appears between them. Her hair is tied back in a bun.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Bounty hunter Maya.

MAYA  
Captain?

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
I request your presence on the  
bridge, immediately.

Maya's eyes widen.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
You've been off the radar as of  
late.

The Captain smiles.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Quickly, though... it's urgent.

Maya nods.

MAYA  
I'm on my way.

The image disappears, the device deactivates, and the rods retract back into the cylinder. She puts the communicator in the front pocket of her jeans.

MAYA (V.O.)  
The bridge. I'd never been to the  
bridge before. No mark had ever  
been that important.

Maya walks to her closet, opens a box on the floor, and takes out her plasma pistol. She holsters it on her waist and heads for the door.

INT. METAL CORRIDOR - DAY

MAYA steps out of her room. The SENIOR ENFORCER stares at her from his guard post.

Two men in hazardous material suits blasts foam and powder into the apartment across from her.

SENIOR ENFORCER  
Move along.

A third CLEANING LADY (29) walks by with a power washer. Maya looks at them and proceeds down the hallway.

CLEANING LADY  
Damn, it reeks! Filthy-ass  
Martians. Least he's dead, right?

The other Cleaning Ladies laugh.

MAYA (V.O.)  
They hated coming down to our  
levels. The "Naturals", they hated  
us.

Maya continues down the corridor toward the main thoroughfare.

INT. MARTIAN WALK - DAY

The hallway opens up into a large straightaway of various stores and booths crammed full of Martians.

Maya makes her way through the dense crowd. Shopkeepers shout out their latest deals. Hundreds of Martians shove past one another in order to get to those deals.

Maya walks by a small group gathered around a DECREPIT MARTIAN (80) dressed in a shabby cloak. He stands on a crate. She gazes at him and continues on her way.

DECREPIT MARTIAN

The end is here! We will never  
step foot on the paradise that was  
promised to us! They won't let us!

He waves his elaborately tattooed arms in the air as the foot traffic flows around him.

DECREPIT MARTIAN (CONT'D)

We are their slaves! They will  
take it all from us, even our lives  
if that's the cost! God needs us  
to wake up, Martians! Fight back!

Maya gets out of earshot of the preachy Decrepit Martian and makes her way to a corridor just beyond another, less populated, row of shops.

INT. MARTIAN ELEVATOR CHECKPOINT - DAY

MAYA walks up to a reinforced barricade. The corridor funnels into the elevator's entryway. A dozen BORDER ENFORCERS (20s), clad in heavy armor with X-525 plasma rifles, protect the lift.

ASH (12), a small Martian with brown hair and pigtails, runs by. An obese RAGGED MARTIAN (60) stumbles after her.

RAGGED MARTIAN

Get back here, thief!

Maya watches the child weave through the crowd and out of sight.

Maya makes her way to a STOCKY ENFORCER (27). She pulls out her communicator and hands it to him.

STOCKY ENFORCER

And where do we think we're going  
today?

MAYA

The bridge.

The Enforcer scoffs and takes the device. He scans it and reads the results.

STOCKY ENFORCER

Feh, a bounty hunter?

He turns to the other Enforcers and lets out a low whistle. They chuckle.

Maya grabs the communicator back from him and walks to the lift door.

STOCKY ENFORCER (CONT'D)

'Ey! Let her up!

A STOUT ENFORCER (25) stands by the lift door, scans his own badge, and the door opens. Maya enters followed by the Stout Enforcer. The elevator doors shut.

INT. BRIDGE ELEVATOR - DAY

MAYA stands in the middle of the roomy, ornate lift. The walls are mostly glass set in gilded frames. Intricate carvings line the gold frames.

The STOUT ENFORCER enters a sequence of keystrokes on the control panel and scans his badge again. The elevator vibrates.

PSST! A tank depressurizes and the lift quickly ascends. Cramped and condensed floors rapidly pass by. Layers of rusted metal separate each level.

A bright light engulfs the elevator car as they pass into the Earthling section of the ship. Maya adjusts her eyes to the brightness.

The lift passes through a few levels of clean and well-lit, white hallways. The corridors open up into an expansive view of the atrium. A seemingly endless amount of trees and greenery fill the wildlife preserve below. Rows of catwalks and observation decks hang from the ceiling - all encapsulated within a glass dome.

Shops and living spaces line the circumference. Toward the top, luxury suites have private stairways that connect with the atrium's catwalks.

Maya leans inches from the window. Her breath coalesces on the glass.

STOUT ENFORCER

Hey! Stand back.

She snaps out of her trance and takes a step back.

The elevator car rises high above the atrium. The view is obstructed by metal as the lift enters the bridge area. The lift stops, the doors open, and Maya steps out.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

CAPTAIN KENNEDY stands in the middle of the circular bridge on an elevated platform next to her Captain's chair. Dozens of CREW MEMBERS (20s) tend to various control interfaces around the bridge.

DIRK stands beside the Captain. Before them lies a massive glass windshield which overlooks a brownish-blue world. She glances at the elevator.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Ah! Maya, please.

Captain Kennedy motions for Maya to come over.

MAYA walks up to them. She scans the room in awe; she focuses out the windshield. A single gigantic landmass resides in the center of an all-encompassing ocean.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
First time seeing our new home?

Captain Kennedy exhales.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Beautiful, isn't it?

Maya stares, stunned.

MAYA  
It's amazing...

Swirls of clouds cover the brown landmass.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Genesis. And they are trying to take it away.

MAYA  
Who is?

Captain Kennedy steps off her platform and walks up next to Maya. She pulls out a tablet and scans Maya's communicator.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
I have given you the necessary information on a terrorist group plotting to overthrow the ship. We've only been able to identify a Martian named Samora. He's recently escaped from prison and has somehow avoided capture since.

She shoots a sideways glance at Dirk. He shifts uncomfortably.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
So, now, we do things my way.

DIRK  
Captain, if I only had the  
resources, we wouldn't be in this  
situation.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Quiet!

Dirk stiffens up. She looks back to Maya.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
We land in a couple of days.  
Samora's group must not be able to  
exist in our new society.

MAYA  
Do we have a motive? Known  
associates? Potential targets?

Captain Kennedy shakes her head, turns to the side, and paces.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
He was a prominent figure in the  
riots years ago. We raided his  
most recent residence and found  
powerful explosives, as well as  
blueprint files of the ship on his  
old communicator.

Maya looks sternly at the Captain.

MAYA  
And if I refuse?

Captain Kennedy stops and stares at her.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Do this for us and, when we land,  
your record will be wiped clean.

Maya skeptically narrows her eyes.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
I started the bounty hunter program  
for people just like you who needed  
a second chance.  
(MORE)



CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Now, I need you to do whatever it  
takes to capture, or eliminate,  
Samora.

Maya hesitates.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
You'll still get paid.

MAYA  
Contract per usual?

Captain Kennedy nods.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
I think this job necessitates  
hazard pay.

The Captain smirks. Dirk scoffs.

DIRK  
Typical Martian... Only thinking  
about money.

Captain Kennedy glares at Dirk.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Fine, Maya. You've got a deal.

She shakes Maya's hand.

Maya pockets her communicator and walks toward the elevator.  
She takes one last look out the windshield at the planet  
Genesis.

Dirk leans in toward Captain Kennedy.

DIRK  
You shouldn't put so much faith in  
their kind.

Maya enters the elevator and the doors shut behind her.

Captain Kennedy turns to Dirk.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
At this point, Habsburg, I'll take  
what I can get.

She steps up onto the platform next to her Captain's chair.

DIRK  
She's a Martian! They aren't to be  
trusted...  
(MORE)

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Especially with all the recent  
turmoil in the lower sectors.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
I'll do whatever it takes to  
prevent another riot.

Dirk rubs his nose.

DIRK  
Do you really think--

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Don't underestimate them, Dirk.

Dirk cocks his head.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Especially with Samora at large,  
they won't make the same mistakes  
as before.

DIRK  
Of course. Now, if you'll excuse  
me...

Captain Kennedy nods, turns around, and sits down in her  
chair.

Dirk spins on his heels and swiftly exits the bridge.

INT. MAPS' ROOM - DAY

The room is empty and dark, only lit by a computer monitor.  
The ancient Kung-Fu movie "The Legend of Drunken Master"  
plays.

Convoluting drawings of the ship and its mechanisms are  
intricately displayed on all four walls, indecipherable.

INT. SHIP'S CRAWLSPACE - DAY

MAPS crawls through the tight shaft lined with pipes and  
wires. He's covered in grease and adorned with a few  
scrapes.

Maps squeezes through a narrow area and gets stuck. He  
struggles to get free.

He inhales, shoves himself through, and tumbles onto the  
other side. Maps looks down at his arm. Blood trickles out  
of a long, fresh scratch.

INT. MAPS' ROOM - DAY

A vent grate opens up in the wall. MAPS slips out and the grate shuts. He looks at his computer monitor and smiles.

Maps mimics Jackie Chan's karate movements.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! He smacks a cup of water off his desk in surprise. Maps scrambles over to the door. He looks through the peephole.

A night vision image of MAYA's eyeball appears.

MAYA (O.S.)

Maps!

Maps flies back from the door and falls over. He knocks over a chair on the way down.

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Maps, open up! It's important!

He gets up, brushes himself off, and opens the door. Maya walks in. The door closes immediately.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Hey. We got another job.

Maya notices Maps' haggard appearance.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Oh my, you're filthy... and look at that scratch! Were you outside that LAN center again?!

MAYA (CONT'D)

I told you not to go back there!

Maya clenches her fist and flashes a grin.

MAYA (CONT'D)

As fun as it was, I don't want to have to deal with those guys again.

Maps excitedly shakes his head. He holds up his index finger and hurries toward the wall. Maya follows him.

Maps furiously adds to his hand-drawn map of the ship. He turns around and points emphatically.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You found a new area in the ship?

Maps smiles and nods.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Do you know where it leads to?

Maps smiles and shakes his head. Maya giggles.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
You're funny, buddy. But, hey, I met with the Captain; some guy plans to interfere with the ship's landing, somehow. Captain seemed pretty desperate.

Maya pulls out her communicator. Maps takes it and scans it onto his monitor. An image and a corresponding police record pops up on the screen: SAMORA (42), a bald Martian with a goatee and moustache.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
He goes by Samora. Oh, and we're gettin' paid a little extra this time.

Maps' eyes widen in excitement. He immediately turns and furiously types away on the interface. He brings up a number of other files associated with Samora.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
I'm definitely going to need your help. Anything you can provide concerning the ship: Blueprints, the manifesto, facial recognition files. Anything.

BLIP! Maps looks up at his monitor. A red dot appears on the Fifth Basement level of the ship. Maps points, excitedly.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Samora?

Maps nods. He types in another sequence of keystrokes. A translucent interface appears before Maya's right eye. She can see a layout of the ship's different levels.

Maya smiles.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Impressive, Maps. Very good.

Maps grins and gives her a thumbs up.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Perfect. That's right near a bar I used to frequent.

Maya pockets her communicator and hugs him.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 Oh, by the way, would it be possible to get a couple new things before I come back? Y'know, for the mission?

She smiles and winks at Maps. Maps grins, ear-to-ear.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 Specifically a new contact-cam. Don't want a repeat of what happened last time.

She leaves Maps' room.

Maps grabs a few tools and packs them away into a small satchel. He grabs it and walks back over to the wall grate. He lifts open the grate, hunches over, and enters the small crawlspace.

INT. SAMORA'S HIDEOUT - DAY

SAMORA, of formidable stature, sits at a table across from three CRONIES (30s) dressed in common Martian rags. A single light barely illuminates the cramped, metal room.

Samora leans forward.

SAMORA  
 We do this now, gentlemen. We need to create as much chaos as possible.

He points to the far left Crony.

SAMORA (CONT'D)  
 Once everything's gone to hell, head for the hospital and release our pal from the research ward.

The Crony on the right stands up.

CRONY  
 This doesn't feel right, Samora. We can't do this--

Samora pulls out a plasma gun.

ZAP! He puts a plasma round right between the Crony's eyes. The Crony slumps to the ground lifeless.

SAMORA

That's what happens to those who  
question me.

Samora stands up and leans on the table. He faces the Crony  
in the middle.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

You remember my instructions?

He sheepishly nods his head. Samora sits back in his chair.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

Those are your orders, now.

Samora sets the pistol on the table and rubs his temples.  
The other two Cronies shift uncomfortably.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

Now we wait.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

DIRK sits on top of a doctor's table in a white room.  
Cabinets line the wall to his left. A poster of a kitten  
hanging from a clothesline adorns the opposite wall - "Hang  
in there, baby!"

Dirk stares at the poster.

DIRK

Okay, kitty... I'll do it--

The DOCTOR (41), a hotshot with slicked back hair, bursts  
into the office with a clipboard in his hands.

DOCTOR

Mr. Habsburg, how are we feeling?

DIRK

Well, I seem to be having some  
pain.

Dirk lifts his left pant leg and exposes a mechanized,  
artificial limb. Metallic cylinders and wires control Dirk's  
knee and ankle. He attempts to move his foot.

The Doctor strokes his chin.

DOCTOR

This doesn't seem to be a problem.

The Doctor turns around and fishes for some tools in the drawers.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Yeah, sometimes people take a little while to get used to these things. It'll pass.

The Doctor pulls out a small, electrified wand. He touches it to different locations on Dirk's leg.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
So, it's gettin' pretty hairy out there. Martians, am I right?

Dirk looks at the Doctor.

DIRK  
What do you mean?

DOCTOR  
I'm overworked 'cuz of these idiots. Always rioting and... bitching. Frankly, I'm sick of it.

The Doctor sighs and touches the wand to a thick wire on Dirk's leg.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Well, your pressures are light, and your nerve connections are stable. I'm prescribing you some pain killers.

The Doctor opens a drawer and removes a tiny pill bottle. He tosses it to Dirk.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Take a couple of those every time you experience some pain.

Dirk catches the bottle, inspects the label, and pockets it.

DIRK  
Any refills?

DOCTOR  
Sure, but you better be quick. Your Martian buddies are running me dry.

Dirk grins.

DIRK

Thanks, doc. I'm surprised you  
even give 'em nullifiers.

The Doctor smiles.

DOCTOR

See you in two weeks, champ.

He walks over to the door near the poster.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And, hey. Hang in there.

The Doctor snaps and points at Dirk.

INT. SHIP'S CRAWLSPACE - DAY

MAPS works his way through a tight service shaft. Pipes and wires line the wall. He turns right and slowly heads down a corridor.

Maps wipes sweat from his brow as he comes to an intersection. He turns left.

He bends over and peaks through a grate.

A SHARP OPERATOR (24) walks by dressed in a sleek, blue uniform. He reads a large chart on his tablet.

The Sharp Operator holds the tablet up to a door reader.

BEEP! BEEP! The light turns green: "Enter Passcode."

He hunches over and types a series of numbers on the nearby keypad.

BEEP! The door slide open and the Sharp Operator steps inside.

The door shuts. Maps gently pops the grate open and slides out of the crawlspace.

INT. STATION ONE HALLWAY - DAY

MAPS steps out into a circular, well-lit hallway. The walls of the main Police Enforcer station are pure white.

He quickly turns left down a side passage.



GRIZZLY ENFORCER (O.S.)  
I hear there's more unrest  
everyday.

Maps spins around and hurries in the opposite direction.

He follows the perimeter of the room and exits where the GRIZZLY ENFORCER (31) entered.

Maps passes through the threshold. To his left is a door with a keypad and the word "ARMORY" written next to it.

He pulls out a small device made of plastic, rubber bands, and duct tape - his communicator.

BEEP! BEEP! The lights turns red.

Map scans it again.

BEEP! The light stays red.

Loud footfalls increase in volume from around the corner.

BEEP! Maps panics. He fumbles the device in his hands. He dives to the ground to grab it.

He knocks it farther away from him.

Maps scrambles and snatches the communicator as the footsteps near the corner.

He gets to his feet, runs to the door, and scans the device once more.

BEEP! BEEP! The light turns green.

He quickly types in a series of numbers. The door slides open and he hustles into the room.

INT. ARMORY - DAY

The door shuts behind MAPS and he ducks down. The armory is lined with rows of tall lockers and cages for heavy equipment.

Two fully-armored POLICE ENFORCERS march by. Maps takes a deep breath and cracks his knuckles.

Maps speed-walks down an aisle. He presses a button on a locker and the door slides open. It's packed with X-525 plasma rifles.

He closes it and opens another that's lined with multiple rows of shelves.

Maps closely examines the printed labels on each shelf and removes a tiny, black box from the top.

He opens it: A contact lens rests in the middle of a black cushion. Maps smiles, closes the box, and puts it in his pocket.

Maps looks around the room. He rushes over to the back corner and climbs up on a table.

Maps pulls out a small, metallic cylinder from his satchel. He pushes a tiny button on the side. A green laser beam emits from the tip.

He cuts a chunk out of the ceiling and places it next to him. Maps produces a pair of wire cutters from his satchel and snips a thick, red wire in the exposed ceiling area.

He digs through his bag and removes a patch cable with a wireless interface.

Maps twists the wireless interface onto the severed wire. He uses the laser pen to melt the wires together. He pulls out his communicator. It lights up and links with the interface.

Maps smiles.

He holds up the ceiling chunk, pushes another button on his laser pen, and a red beam emits from the tip. He melts the chunk back into place.

BEEP! BEEP! The armory door opens. Maps jumps on top of the lockers and lays down flat.

DIRK enters the room dressed in shorts and a white tank-top, and holds a large bag. He pauses, sniffs the air, and walks to the opposite side of the armory. He stops in front of a large cage and looks over his shoulder.

Dirk opens up the cage, removes three Police Enforcer uniforms, and shoves them into his bag. He looks around, closes the cage, and walks out of the armory.

Maps gets up and dashes to the door. He slips past it as it closes.

INT. SECTOR ONE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MAPS slides up against the back wall as the armory door shuts. DIRK walks away from the armory with his bag in hand.

Dirk looks to the left down an adjacent hallway. The GRIZZLY ENFORCER approaches him and salutes him. Dirk nods and continues on. The Grizzly Enforcer turns toward the armory.

CLACK! The vent grate slaps closed.

GRIZZLY ENFORCER  
What the--?!

He rushes toward the armory door and looks around - nothing.

EXT. BAR - DAY

MAYA approaches a run-down bar surrounded by transient Martians. They stare at her as she walks up to the door.

She stops suddenly and looks over her shoulder. The transients quickly look away. She continues toward the bar and into the open door.

INT. BAR - DAY

A ONE-EYED BOUNCER (31) stands guard just inside. Pink eye socket flesh protrudes from the empty orifice. He crosses his arms and widens his stance.

MAYA  
I'm here to see Alfred.

ONE-EYED BOUNCER  
So sorry, doll face. Exclusive club. Members only.

Maya peeks around him. The bar is in bad shape and almost empty.

MAYA  
What members? I need to see Alfred.

The One-Eyed Bouncer chuckles.

ONE-EYED BOUNCER  
No chance.

MAYA  
It's not a request. This would be a demand.

He leans back and motions for two more guys. A THICK MARTIAN (42) and a BURLY MARTIAN (39) saunter over.

THICK MARTIAN  
What seems t'be the trouble?

BURLY MARTIAN  
This li'l girl givin' you a hard  
time?

They all laugh.

THICK MARTIAN  
You need me to take her on a date  
for you?

They roar.

Maya flips open her holster and puts her hand on her pistol.  
Their laughter ceases. The Burly Martian takes a step back.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
Just let her through!

They all turn and face ALFRED (32), a dark-skinned man with  
black, wavy hair. He sits in a metal booth in the back  
corner of the bar.

Maya strides past the One-Eyed Bouncer.

MAYA  
Get an eye-patch.

He gives her a dirty look and shakes his head. The Thick  
Martian points at her in disbelief.

THICK MARTIAN  
This bitch...

Maya sits across from Alfred at the booth. Alfred takes a  
rather large swig of some kind of dark liquor. He pounds his  
empty glass on the table and signals to the BARTENDER (50)  
for another.

ALFRED  
Long time.

MAYA  
I have a question for you.

Alfred scoffs.

ALFRED  
And why should I answer to the  
cops?

Maya smiles.

MAYA

Well, I'm not a cop. Shouldn't you know that?

The Bartender rushes over and places another murky drink in front of Alfred. He reaches for it.

Maya quickly grabs his cocktail and takes a massive swig. Alfred stares.

ALFRED

Haven't changed a bit.

MAYA

Where is Samora?

ALFRED

Who the hell is Samora?

She sets the glass down and slides it back over to him.

MAYA

You know damn well who I'm talking about. I tracked him coming out of this building.

ALFRED

Bullshit. I know no Samora.

MAYA

Saw it with my own eyes, Al.

Alfred slams his fists on the table and stands up in his seat.

ALFRED

Is that what Kennedy told you to say? She's a liar.

Alfred calms down and sits back in the booth.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Yes, I know you went to speak with the Captain. I have eyes everywhere.

He waves his arm about.

MAYA

I know his plans, Al.

ALFRED

Ha. Haha! You have no idea what you are talking about.

MAYA

I know he plans on blowing up the ship.

Alfred scoffs. Maya stares.

ALFRED

What, are you crazy?!

Maya leans forward.

MAYA

You can either answer my questions now, or I can find Samora myself. Either way, you're helping a terrorist.

Alfred chuckles.

ALFRED

Is it odd I always found you prettier when you got like this?

Alfred folds his hands and places his elbows on the table.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

There is no Samora. There is no terrorist plot. And you need to get the hell out of my establishment. Now!

BANG! Alfred pounds the table.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

I don't care who you are!

Maya smirks.

MAYA

Looks like you haven't changed, either. I won't waste any more of your time.

Maya stands up and walks out of the bar. Alfred angrily chugs the remainder of his drink and signals for another.

The One-Eyed Bouncer walks over to him.

ALFRED

Follow her.

The Bartender places another drink in front of him.

INT. STATION ONE SECURITY ROOM - DAY

DIRK sits at a computer, alone. He types in Captain Kennedy's login I.D.

DIRK  
She thinks she can get away with  
this...

He looks over his shoulder, checks the room, and focuses back on the computer monitor. He types in the Captain's password.

A dozen folders appear in a small window.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Hrm, looks like someone's been  
cleaning house.

Dirk scrolls down past a folder labeled "Biological Structures and Gravitational Effects: Project I". He opens the following folder titled "Atmospheric Tendencies". A holographic display of the planet Omega appears before him.

Layers of digital graphics display a hostile environment. Volcanos erupt and sandstorms rage.

Dirk sifts through more files. He brings up a classified profile: Patrick Habsburg.

A large, red "X" is splayed across his face. "HANGED" flashes under his photograph.

Dirk clenches his fist and snarls.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
This'll be a long time coming for  
what she's done...

He leans forward and peruses more files.

INT. STATION THREE ENTRANCE - DAY

SAMORA and his two CRONIES dressed as Police Enforcers with plasma rifles walk down a Martian hallway. Samora carries a large black satchel over his shoulder.

They stop and one Crony peaks around a corner. Two POLICE ENFORCERS stand outside the Station Three entrance. The Crony looks back and holds up two fingers.

Samora fiddles with his rifle and flips up a sight at the top of the gun.

The Crony leans forward again and holds out a tiny, pen-shaped camera. He leans down and slowly slides it just past the corner and points it at the two Enforcers.

Samora looks down the sight. Both Police Enforcers illuminate red on the display. He squeezes and holds down the trigger. The two targets turn green.

He releases the trigger.

ZAP! ZAP! Two rounds release in quick succession, turn the corner, and kill the two guards.

The two Cronies jog up to the dead Enforcers and remove their security keys.

Samora grabs one of the keys and opens the door. The two Cronies follow Samora into the hallway as the door slides closed behind them.

INT. STATION THREE - DAY

The doors open to the large, but bland, metallic police station. SAMORA walks inside followed by his two CRONIES. A SECRETARY (30) stand up and frantically yells into her radio.

ZAP! Samora grins as the Secretary falls to the ground. Steam rises from the wound in her chest.

Three POLICE ENFORCERS charge down the hallway. They post up and aim their rifles at Samora.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! Samora dives behind the Secretary's desk as rounds fly past his head and into the wall. The Cronies return fire.

ZAP! One of the Police Enforcers hits the ground.

POLICE ENFORCER  
Officer down!

Samora pulls out a small, metallic cylinder with a bright blue core. He presses a button on the top of the cylinder. It quickly expands and the blue core turns red.

Samora tosses the cylinder down the hallway. It bounces feet away from the Police Enforcers.

POLICE ENFORCER (CONT'D)  
Grena--

WOMP! The cylinder emits a globe of sound that disorients the Police Enforcers.



BOOM! A concussive shockwave sends the three Police Enforcers sprawling backward.

Samora stands up, walks over behind the Secretary's desk, and enters a few keystrokes onto her terminal.

The terminal responds: "LOCKDOWN ENGAGED"

The perimeter doors of Station Three slam shut and lock. Samora turns back toward the two Cronies.

SAMORA

Let's go.

INT. SECTOR FIVE HALLWAY - DAY

MAYA heads toward the Martian Walk. She pulls out her communicator and an image of MAPS pops up.

MAYA

I think it was a false lead, bud.

Maps looks at her disconcertingly. He furiously types away: "Are you sure? Come back. I got supplies."

MAYA (CONT'D)

Alright, I'll be there shortly.

More text appears: "Hey, so."

Even more text streams by: "How many computers do you think we can buy with this money?"

Maya giggles.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Let's worry about that when the time comes.

PAT! PAT! PAT! Footfalls resound behind Maya. She spins around.

The ONE-EYED BOUNCER stands with his arms crossed, flanked on either side by the THICK MARTIAN and BURLY MARTIAN.

Maya backs up and reaches for her pistol.

THICK MARTIAN

Oh, I'm lookin' forward to this.

She whips it out and points it at the three men.

BURLY MARTIAN  
Hrmm, she's gettin' feisty. I like  
'em feisty.

The One-Eyed Bouncer smiles as the two men rush forward.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! She fires at the Thick Martian, misses his head, but connects twice with his chest. He drops to the floor and writhes.

The Burly Martian tackles Maya and her gun slides down the hall.

ONE-EYED BOUNCER  
Tough because you roll around with  
a gun, huh?

The Burly Martian smacks Maya and grabs her throat. She quickly reaches for the cuff of her boot, removes a small shank, and stabs it into the back of the Burly Martian.

BURLY MARTIAN  
Ah! What the hell?!

Maya kicks off the Burly Martian and scrambles to her feet.

The One-Eyed Bouncer rushes Maya with his own knife and swings wildly. She ducks and front kicks him in the spine. He spins to the ground from his own momentum.

The One-Eyed Bouncer regains his footing.

ONE-EYED BOUNCER  
You're gunna hurt today!

The Burly Martian rips the shank from his back. He snarls and tosses it to the side. He turns to Maya and throws a massive haymaker.

Maya slides under the punch and makes an open palm with her hand. She smashes it up into the Burly Martian's nose.

CRUNCH! It breaks and blood rushes out.

BURLY MARTIAN  
My nose!

The Burly Martian clutches his nose and stumbles into the One-Eyed Bouncer.

ONE-EYED BOUNCER  
Get the hell off me!

He shoves his comrade to the side.

Maya squares off with the One-Eyed Bouncer. He air-jabs his knife at her.

They circle each other. The One-Eyed Bouncer jumps forward, swings at Maya, and slices open her left arm. Maya recoils.

He rushes Maya and just misses her gut. She grabs his arm and breaks his grip on the knife. The One-Eyed Bouncer smacks Maya and she reels backward.

The Burly Martian recovers and throws a series of wild punches. Maya is caught off-guard, but covers up her face and body with both arms.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

The Burly Martian rains down a flurry of blows until Maya finally sees her opening. She shields a punch and quickly headbutts his already-shattered nose.

BURLY MARTIAN

Aaaahhh!

She raises her fists and delivers a blow to his throat. He gags, gasps for breath, and clutches his neck.

Maya turns to locate the One-Eyed Bouncer.

THUD!

A massive right hand sends Maya to the floor. She looks up at her hazy surroundings.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

The One-Eyed Bouncer and the Burly Martian kick Maya as she covers up into the fetal position.

Her gun comes into vision down the hall.

ONE-EYED BOUNCER

I've had about enough of her!

The One-eyed Bouncer walks over to his knife.

The Burly Martian stands over Maya and wipes the blood from his face. He gives her another kick.

ONE-EYED BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Boss said you're a little too  
nosey. How about we fix that?

He picks up the knife. Maya looks on as she regains focus.

BURLY MARTIAN  
But Al said we--

ONE-EYED BOUNCER  
Hold her down!

Maya raises her leg to her chest and kicks the Burly Martian's knee.

SNAP! It pops backward.

BURLY MARTIAN  
Ahhh!

He collapses to the ground and clutches his knee.

BURLY MARTIAN (CONT'D)  
Why?!!

The One-Eyed Bouncer leaps over him toward Maya. She scrambles away down the hall.

He grabs Maya's boot. She kicks free and dives for her gun. Maya grabs the gun's grip, spins around, and fires.

ZAP! The stream of energy grazes the One-Eyed Bouncer's good eye.

He screams, clutches his face, and collapses to the floor.

Maya lies on the ground, sprawled out. Blood pours from the long gash along her arm. She sits up and looks at her wound.

The Burly Martian groans.

MAYA  
You know I didn't mean anything by the eye patch thing, right, Captain Morgan?

The One-Eyed bouncer lets out an agonizing howl. Maya picks herself up and trudges down the hallway. She inspects her arm; the cut is deep.

Maya winces as she touches it.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM - DAY

The door to the darkened dispatch room opens. SAMORA and his two CRONIES dressed as Police Enforcers barrel inside.

The shocked DISPATCHERS (40s) hold up their hands in submission.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! The three of them fry everyone else in the room. Screams of agony are heard as Samora rips off his helmet. Sweat drips from his brow into his eye. He wipes his face.

He takes the satchel from one of the Cronies. Samora walks over to a large control board next to the server mainframe. He sets the satchel down and pulls out his communicator.

He smiles.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

MAYA walks into the hospital. Her shirt is saturated with blood. She clutches her arm and approaches a NURSE (21) behind the desk.

NURSE  
Can I help y--

MAYA  
A doctor... Now.

NURSE  
I need you to fill out th--

Maya grasps the Nurse's arm.

MAYA  
Now!!

The Nurse jumps back in her seat.

NURSE  
O-Okay...

The Nurse activates the intercom.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Doctor Capetian. Paging Doctor  
Susan Capetian. Please come to the  
front desk.

The Nurse looks up at Maya.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
She will be with you shortly. I  
must register you. Your I.D. card,  
please?

Maya hands over her communicator. The Nurse scans it. She looks back up at Maya.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Bounty hunter?

Maya glares at her. The Nurse responds hesitantly.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
How fun...

The Nurse types up Maya's forms. Maya's communicator vibrates as the files wirelessly transfer.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Fill this out and--

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (50) enters the waiting room. She is a tall Earthling with long, brown hair, and wears a white doctor's coat with her name badge pinned to it.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Please, come with me.

Maya follows the Doctor.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR CAPETIAN closes the door behind MAYA. Her office is slathered with motivational posters, a plethora of tools, and a slew of machinery.

The Doctor sits Maya on a stool and scans her communicator.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
A bounty hunter, hrm? Remove your jacket.

The Doctor turns around to retrieve her supplies. Maya removes her jacket, exposes her gash, and winces. She stares at her expansive cut.

Doctor Capetian turns back around with a plate full of tools and syringes. Maya's eyes widen.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
So, what's it like?

Maya inhales, deeply in pain.

MAYA  
It?

She exhales.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Being a bounty hunter. I imagine  
it's got to be somewhat exciting.

The Doctor injects Maya with the first syringe. Maya winces;  
her arm goes numb.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
Lucky for you, though, right? Most  
Martians never see this kind of  
treatment.

Maya locks eyes with Doctor Capetian.

The Doctor looks away, grabs a pair of forceps, and digs them  
into Maya's wound. She opens them up. Maya flinches as the  
forceps peel back her skin.

MAYA  
What's it to you?

Doctor Capetian grabs a second syringe.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Not all us Naturals support the  
segregation.

The Doctor uses the second syringe to fill in Maya's cleaved  
tissue. The liquid conforms to Maya's cellular structure;  
her wound heals. Maya groans.

MAYA  
How do you feel about it?

The Doctor puts the syringe back on her tray. She takes a  
deep breath.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
While some may disagree, you cannot  
predetermine someone's existence.  
Where I'm born doesn't define the  
person I am to be. Why? Are you  
questioning yourself?

Maya looks down as Doctor Capetian finishes patching her up.  
She injects another syringe to reduce the swelling. A fourth  
needle prevents any bacterial infection.

Maya gazes deeply into the Doctor's eyes.

MAYA  
I question my every waking moment.

A warm smile graces Doctor Capetian's face. She turns around and places her tray on the table. She notices the glint of Maya's locket out of the corner of her eye.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
That's a very pretty necklace.  
Where did you get it?

Maya stares forward, zoned out from the previous question.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
Maya?

Maya snaps out of it and looks absently at Doctor Capetian.

MAYA  
Huh?

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Your necklace...

She reaches toward Maya's locket.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
Where'd you g--

Maya grabs her locket and recoils. Doctor Capetian gasps and takes a step back.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I--

MAYA  
No, it's fine. I'm sorry.

Maya takes a deep breath and relaxes.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
My mother gave it to me... before  
she passed. It was my father's  
during the riots.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
I see. I'm very sorry.

Doctor Capetian places the final wrap on Maya's arm.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
Well, Maya, I'm all through. Take  
it easy for the day, and you should  
be fine.



EXT. SPACE - DAY

"Seed 3" floats through space.

A portion of the starboard side hull explodes. Large chunks of metal hurtle into space. The ship is violently jostled.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

BOOM! The floor quakes vigorously. DOCTOR CAPETIAN is thrown to the ground and MAYA is tossed from the stool.

The lights flicker. The room goes black.

Maya feels for her jacket in the darkness, finds it, and puts it on. She stands and feels for the wall.

The lights come back on. Doctor Capetian gets to her feet.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Get to the emergency exit!

ERRT!! ERRT!! ERRT!! Sirens wail and red lights flash.

MAYA  
Let me h--

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Go! I have other people to worry about!

Maya nods and runs out of the office. She jogs through the labyrinth of hallways and toward the hospital's exit.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

CAPTAIN KENNEDY repositions herself in her chair. She quickly turns to the two CREWMEN at the helm.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Status!

SERGEANT NGUYEN (40), a clean-shaven man with a short, black flat-top, brings up a number of charts and reports on his monitor. CORPORAL PENNY (22), an energetic woman with a sandy brown ponytail, furiously types away at her station.

SERGEANT NGUYEN  
Severe starboard damage. Power's been cut to the sector and the emergency doors are sealed.

Corporal Penny chimes in.

CORPORAL PENNY  
Air pressure's just re-stabilized,  
but Sector One hasn't responded.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
What do you mean?

She turns to the Captain.

CORPORAL PENNY  
The Police Enforcer Station has  
gone dark.

Captain Kennedy rubs her temples.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Get Habsburg on the monitor! I  
need someone that knows what's  
going on down there. Now!

Corporal Penny spins back around and continues to type away.

INT. MEDICAL CORRIDOR - DAY

MAYA bursts into the main passageway. Throngs of Martians clamor in the corridor. Their collective yells resound in a tumultuous cacophony.

MAYA (V.O.)  
The culture began to disintegrate  
almost immediately.

Maya looks back and forth, panicked.

MAYA (V.O.)  
And the storm was gaining momentum.

She pulls out her communicator and pushes a button. Maps appears on her contact lens interface.

MAYA  
Maps! What the hell just happened?

Maps frantically types away.

He looks up at her: "Big explosion. Police Dispatch room. Station Three."

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Get the information you have on  
Samora ready. I'll be at your  
place in fifteen minutes.

Maps nods and terminates the communication. Maya maneuvers through the crowd down the corridor.

INT. BAR - DAY

The door bursts open as DIRK marches in followed by four heavily armed POLICE ENFORCERS. Every patron in the bar moves out of their way as they stride toward ALFRED.

Alfred motions to the other occupants of the booth to leave as Dirk stops at the edge of the table. Three FLOOZIES (20s) quickly scramble away.

Dirk sits down opposite of Alfred while the Enforcers stand guard.

ALFRED  
What the hell are you doing in my--

DIRK  
She came here. What did you tell her?

ALFRED  
Who?

Dirk leans forward and grabs Alfred's collar.

DIRK  
You know god damn well who I'm talking about. The bounty hunter!

Dirk lets go. Alfred slides back into the booth.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
What did you tell her?

ALFRED  
I didn't tell her anything!

Alfred slaps his own drink off the table. The glass shatters on the floor.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
I sent some of my biggest men after her... and look what happened to those idiots!

He points to the two remaining goons: The ONE-EYED BOUNCER sits in a chair. A wad of gauss is taped to one of his eyes while an eye patch adorns the other. He snuffles, rubs his nose, and takes a sip of his well-drink.

The BURLY MARTIAN hobbles behind the bar with a tray of empty beer mugs. Lumps and bruises cover his face.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Another!

The BARTENDER perks up, nods, and makes another drink.

DIRK

She cannot interfere.

ALFRED

Well, why the hell is she asking about him in the first place if he's just a piss ant?!

Dirk springs up from his seat.

DIRK

I'll handle Samora!

Alfred stands up, as well.

ALFRED

People are panicking! She said he was a terrorist; so, what were those explosions?!

Dirk steps forward.

DIRK

That's none of your concern! Your job is to keep her out of the way.

ALFRED

All I was supposed to do was hide this guy. You didn't tell me nothing about who he was or anything!

DIRK

The information was too sensitive. You couldn't know.

Alfred stares at Dirk in confusion.

ALFRED

Just what the hell did you get me into?

Dirk motions to his fellow Enforcers and they file out of the bar. Alfred gazes on, mouth slightly agape.

The Bartender puts the drink down in front of Alfred. Alfred picks it up, kills it in one gulp, and slams the glass on the table.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
You know what? I'm out! I'm done  
with this. I want no part in it.

Dirk stops at the door.

Alfred stammers. Dirk slowly turns around.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
I-I mean...

INT. MAPS' ROOM - DAY

MAYA peeks through MAPS' peephole. Two POLICE ENFORCERS march past the door. She turns around and walks over to Maps.

She grabs the tiny black box beside his keyboard and opens it. The high-tech contact lens rests inside. Maya takes it out and pops it on her right eye.

It turns on. A purple ring faintly glows around her iris.

MAYA  
Oh, wow. Is this the police  
edition?

She looks over to Maps as he blazes through sequence after sequence of keystrokes.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Y'know, buddy, try to scan the  
Police radio frequencies for any  
signs of Samora.

He hits the 'enter' key. Maya stares in anticipation.

Her contact lens shows: "SEARCHING FOR SIGNAL..."

Maps slides the chair back and rushes over to his microwave. He pushes a button - a bag of popcorn drops into the microwave and cooks.

Maya sighs. Maps dances and spins around in the kitchen area.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Can we get back to this, please?

Maps holds up his index finger at her. She taps her foot impatiently. Maps continues to spin.

DING! The popcorn is done. Maps pulls out the bag and darts back to the computer. He rips it open and munches away.

He brings up a window and types in a password. The window scrolls through a loading sequence.

Maya's lens displays: "CONNECTED."

Assorted speakers fill Maps' room with Police Enforcer scanner noises.

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)

10-39. Fire at location.

The speakers fuzz with radio frequency distortion. His computer monitor fills with various live security camera feeds. Maps raises his arms in triumph.

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Roll wagons. Multiple 11-44.  
Depressurization threat in Area 12.

MAYA

Damn, bud. You do great work--

ZAP! ZAP! Gunfire sounds over the scanner. Maps flinches in surprise, then frantically types away.

He isolates the channel.

RADIO ENFORCER (O.S.)

Shots fired! Shots fired!  
Enforcers down. Send back-up!

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)

10-09. Enforcers down. Sending  
back-up. What is your location?

RADIO ENFORCER (O.S.)

Core Housing, Level 3! Suspect is  
a male Martian adult.

Maps looks up to Maya.

MAYA

Do you think...?

RADIO ENFORCER (O.S.)  
Possible accomplices dressed as  
Enforcers! Use caution!

ZAP! More gunfire sounds over the radio.

The signal terminates. Maps' security camera window closes.  
Maya smiles at Maps.

MAYA  
That sounds like Samora, to me.  
Great job, buddy.

She kisses him on his forehead, grabs her jacket, and bolts  
out of his room.

INT. SECTOR 2 HALLWAY - DAY

MAYA jogs down the hallway. She brings up MAPS on her  
communicator.

MAYA  
Alright, I made it. Now where?

Maps nods and sends her a location ping. Maya makes her next  
left. She takes a few steps.

BOOM! ZAP! ZAP! A gun battle resonates from farther down  
the hallway. Maya removes her pistol and runs toward the  
noise.

She rounds a second corner. The corpses of two Security  
Guards are splayed across the floor. She sprints down the  
corridor.

The two CRONIES attempt to hack a locked security door.  
SAMORA stands in the middle without his helmet. He notices  
Maya.

Maya's contact lens locks onto Samora and identifies him.  
His name, along with a laundry list of crimes, streams by on  
the interface.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Stop right th--

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! Samora unloads from his X-525 rifle. Maya  
hits the deck and rolls behind a stack of metallic bins. She  
spins out from cover on one knee, fires back at him, and  
takes cover again.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Maps! I'm on him. Get in all of the security cameras around my location. Follow him!

The door slides open. Samora and the two Cronies file into the next room. Maya jumps out from cover, fires three rounds at them, and follows close behind.

She slips through the security door as it closes.

INT. MAPS' ROOM - DAY

MAPS types away on his keyboard in the dark. Old cartoons of animated food products play on mute in the background.

He scans the police camera feed and watches MAYA sprint down a hallway.

A computer window flashes red on his monitor: "SEARCH COMPLETE"

He pulls the search window to the forefront. Facial recognition software shows an image of SAMORA's head. Multiple nodes and lines graphically outline his face.

Maps opens a folder that contains hundreds of video files that originate from prison cameras.

He scrolls through the list and notices one of the files toward the bottom is corrupted. He runs it through a recovery and decryption program.

A progress bar pops up on his monitor: "1% Complete"

He switches back to the police camera feed and continues to track Maya and Samora.

INT. SECTOR TWO ENERGY REACTOR - DAY

MAYA sprints after SAMORA and the two CRONIES. MAPS frequently inputs directions that appear on her contact lens interface.

ZAP! ZAP! Gunfire continues to erupt. Maya makes turn after winding turn through the maze of hallways. Recently deceased construction workers and engineers lay motionless on the ground.



INT. STATION ONE SECURITY ROOM - DAY

DIRK stands in the center of a large, white room. He sifts through a portfolio of paperwork.

The room is filled with computer terminals manned by various OPERATORS (20s). One of the YOUNGER OPERATORS (23) spins around in his chair.

YOUNGER OPERATOR  
Commander Habsburg, we have a  
breach in the system!

DIRK  
What?! What do you mean?

Dirk tosses his paperwork to the side and strides over to the Younger Operator's terminal.

YOUNGER OPERATOR  
Someone was downloading files from  
our security footage archive and is  
currently in the network!

DIRK  
Who?!

The Younger Operator pushes a series of buttons and opens up another window. A stream of numbers generate on the screen.

YOUNGER OPERATOR  
I don't know. He's already out.

Dirk leans in.

DIRK  
Son of a bitch... What files were  
compromised?

The Younger Operator looks up at Dirk.

YOUNGER OPERATOR  
Station One prison footage, sir.

DIRK  
Damn!

YOUNGER OPERATOR  
S-Sir?

Dirk takes a deep breath and looks down at the Younger Operator.

DIRK  
Send me the hacker's location.  
Now!

The Younger Operator quickly slams in a number of keystrokes.  
Dirk opens up his communicator.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Alpha team: Get prepped.

INT. SECTOR TWO HALLWAY - DAY

MAYA rounds the corner and spots a closed door further down the hall. She runs up to it, and it opens. One of the CRONIES sprints ahead of her. Maya holds up her pistol and takes aim.

MAYA  
Gotcha.

ZAP! ZAP! One shot blasts into the wall as the other grazes his shoulder. SAMORA jumps out from cover at the end of the hallway and lays down suppressive fire.

Maya spins back behind the door as a dozen rounds slam into it. Liquid metal drips from the molten holes and quickly cools.

The Crony rounds the corner and Samora follows after him.

Maya brings up Maps' feed on her contact lens.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Maps... Maps?

Maya looks closer and sees Maps in the distance.

INT. MAPS' ROOM - DAY

MAPS fiddles with his television as his cartoon's credits roll. He pushes play and the ancient Jackie Chan movie "Rush Hour 2" starts.

BLIP! A warning window pops up on Maps' monitor: "TRACKING DEVICE DETECTED!"

He rushes back over to the computer and sits down. He brings up the security feed of Sector Two and spots MAYA in cover. Further down the hall, a small device is highlighted near the floor.

Maps switches to the next camera. He spots SAMORA and the CRONIES just around the corner. One Crony holds out a small, cylindrical device while Samora manipulates his rifle's interface.

Maps' eyes widen and he quickly types to Maya: "You're being tracked! Bottom right!"

INT. SECTOR TWO HALLWAY - DAY

MAYA's contact lens streams MAPS' message.

MAYA  
Shit. Alright.

She grips her pistol and jumps out from cover. She takes aim at the tracking device.

INT. SECTOR TWO CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

BEEP! The tracker in the CRONY's hand locks on.

CRONY  
Got her!

SAMORA squeezes the trigger.

ZAP! The tracker gets blasted out of the Crony's hand.

CRONY (CONT'D)  
Ahh!

BOOM! Samora's homing round blasts into the wall straight ahead.

SAMORA  
Damn! Let's go. Move!

Samora drops a grenade, then he and the Cronies flee down the corridor.

INT. SECTOR TWO HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MAYA sprints down the hallway. Her contact lens lights up with a message from MAPS: "DON'T CHASE!"

Maya slows down to a jog.

MAYA  
Why? I c--

BOOM! The grenade detonates. Maya covers her face as pieces of shrapnel fly past.

She lowers her arms and surveys the scene. Smoke and chunks of metal fill the hallway.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Oh... That's why.

Maps enters a thumbs-up emoji.

INT. MAPS' ROOM - DAY

The faint, blue light from "Rush Hour 2" illuminates the room. MAPS' decryption program pops up in front of him: "100% Complete".

MAYA (O.S.)  
Maps, where now?

He pushes enter: "Right, then quick left."

Maps brings the decrypted file back into the foreground. He loads it up and pushes play.

A choppy, discolored video is displayed of SAMORA's prison cell block. After a brief moment, his cell door unlocks and slides open.

Samora steps out and looks around. He spots someone off camera and calls out to them.

Soon after, DIRK enters the frame and quickly converses with Samora. They both walk off together.

Maps' jaw drops. He brings up Maya's chat window: "You need to watch this NOW!!!"

Maps sends the video file to Maya's communicator.

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Buddy, I can't, seriously, not now.

BEEP! Maps' door unlocks.

Maps spins around in his chair as DIRK and his POLICE ENFORCERS barrel inside. They scan the room, rifles drawn.

Dirk strides up to Maps, raises the butt of his gun, and slams it into the side of Map's face. He falls to the floor, unconscious.

INT. SECTOR TWO CORRIDOR - DAY

MAYA comes to a halt.

MAYA

Maps?!

No response.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Maps!

Maya breathes heavily as she enlarges MAPS' video feed. She sees the group of POLICE ENFORCERS around him. One of the Enforcers pulls his baton out and repeatedly strikes the boy.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Maps! No!

Another Enforcer walks up to the computer and rips it from the wall. The feed goes dead.

Maya reaches a "T" intersection and turns right. She frantically looks around for Samora. He's nowhere to be found. She checks Maps' feed once more - still dead.

Maya pulls out her contact lens and tosses it to the side. She exhales, exhausted, and jogs back toward Maps' room.

INT. MARTIAN WALK - DAY

MAYA hurriedly brushes past innumerable Martians in the street.

A shopkeeper announces an emergency sale; Martians clamor toward, and crowd around, the store. Maya tries to get past the blockade of panicked bodies. She throws her hands up in frustration.

MAYA

Move! Damn!

ASH, the small Martian with brown pigtails, bumps into Maya. Maya spins around and grabs her.

Ash shoves off of Maya and stumbles backward.

Maya rips out her pistol and points it at Ash's head. She puts her hands up.

Maya stares at the child. They lock eyes. Maya's finger trembles on the trigger. Beads of sweat drip from her forehead.

The crowd around them falls silent.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Give it back.

Ash reluctantly pulls out Maya's communicator from her pocket and holds it up. Maya walks up to her and takes it.

The crowd murmurs. Maya scans the area.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
I don't have time for this... Stay  
out of trouble!

She backs up. The crowd parts.

Maya puts her pistol away, turns, and continues toward Maps' room.

EXT. MAPS' ROOM - DAY

MAYA jogs up to Maps' door. A STALWART ENFORCER (27) stands guard and eyes her. He slides in front of Maya as she approaches.

STALWART ENFORCER  
Move along, missy.

Maya leans around him and peeks inside: CLEANING LADIES pressure wash the apartment. Her heart drops.

Maya backs up against the opposite wall. A tear streams from her face.

MAYA  
Where did they take him?

STALWART ENFORCER  
Hah, wouldn't you like to kn--

Maya whips her pistol out and points it at him.

MAYA  
Where is the boy?!

DIRK (O.S.)  
Seed 2 Police Enforcers! Lower  
your weapon!

Maya looks down the hall as DIRK and his team of POLICE ENFORCERS march toward her, guns drawn.

DIRK (CONT'D)

No wonder the Captain made note of you: Hacking into my security systems?

Maya knees the Stalwart Enforcer in the gut, spins him around to face the other Enforcers, and puts her gun to his head.

The encroaching Police Enforcers halt. The front two drop to one knee and stare down their guns' sights.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Better not do anything hasty... if you want your boy back.

Maya's eyes widen.

MAYA

What the hell did you do?! He was helping me track Samora!

DIRK

Was he? And what the hell do you know about Samora? You couldn't possibly know anything that we don't.

MAYA

I thought we were working together, Dirk.

DIRK

Lower the gun, Maya, and maybe we can work something out.

Maya stares at the five armed Enforcers poised at her.

MAYA

What did you do with him?

DIRK

He's in Station One lock-up, for now.

MAYA

You better pray he's okay.

Dirk smiles.

DIRK

Yeah? Put the gun down.

Maya sighs and drops the gun. She lets go of the Stalwart Enforcer. He shoves away from her and gets out of the line of fire.

Dirk holds up his fist. He walks over to Maya as the Police Enforcers hold formation. He picks up her gun.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Nice piece of equipment. Another thing you filthy Martians should be thankful for.

Maya purses her lips. He turns the gun over in his hands.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Come with me.

Maya raises an eyebrow. Dirk walks toward the group of Enforcers - they still aim at her. He hands one of them Maya's pistol.

MAYA

What, no bindings?

Dirk smirks.

DIRK

Not unless you want 'em.

He walks down the hall. Maya follows after him.

INT. SECTOR ONE HALLWAY - DAY

MAYA walks alongside DIRK with the group of POLICE ENFORCERS right behind them, guns at the ready.

DIRK

Since we're working together, after all, what do you know about Samora?

MAYA

I was chasing after him and his men when--

Dirk grins sheepishly.

DIRK

When you captured him?

Maya narrows her eyes.



MAYA  
I would have if you didn't fuck  
everything up!

Dirk exhales sharply.

DIRK  
We were responding to a potential  
terrorist threat. I can't pause to  
consider if every criminal may be  
working with you.

MAYA  
He's not a criminal!

They approach Station One.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Is he hurt?

Dirk scoffs.

DIRK  
No tellin'. He won't say anything  
to let us know.

Maya snarls.

MAYA  
I want a doctor, damnit!

DIRK  
Fine.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
(into helm mic)  
Stage medical.

INT. STATION ONE FIRST FLOOR - DAY

DIRK leads MAYA through the front doors of the Police  
Enforcer station. Dirk's POLICE ENFORCERS file into the  
building close behind, guns still up.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN stands beside two POLICE ESCORTS (20s). Dirk  
and Maya approach her.

DIRK  
Doctor, this young lady has  
requested your presence during a  
prisoner visitation.

The Doctor looks at Maya and then back to Dirk.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN

Very well.

Dirk dismisses the Police Escorts as he, Maya, and the Doctor head to a large, metal door. Dirk walks up to a control panel, scans his communicator, and the giant door slides open.

INT. MARTIAN PRISON - DAY

An expansive metal corridor with rusted walls houses the ship's most dangerous criminals, terrorists, and hackers.

MAYA, DIRK, and DOCTOR CAPETIAN enter followed by Dirk's POLICE ENFORCERS. They stride down the corridor.

DIRK

Brings back memories, eh?

Maya looks back and forth at each cell. The prisoners are kept in deplorable confines, emaciated, behind metal doors with large, bullet-proof windows. Small slots at the base of the doors allow for food to be slid into the cells.

A CRAZED INMATE (30) jumps up against his cell's window.

THUD! THUD! He pounds the glass and screams. Maya jumps back, startled.

The Crazy Inmate licks the window and stares her down.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Makes sense that you'd end up back where you belong.

She turns on Dirk.

MAYA

Sorry, not everyone has the opportunity of being a Natural.

Dirk smirks and continues on. He brushes past her shoulder and knocks Maya off balance ever so slightly.

Maya bites her bottom lip and cocks her head to the side, irritated.

They proceed further down the hall. A team of PRISON GUARDS (20s) drag a DISTRAUGHT INMATE (27) down a hall, toward the Medical Ward, with a metal pole and a wire leash. Blood smears all over the floor.

The Prison Guards repeatedly strike the Distraught Inmate with their batons.

DISTRAUGHT INMATE  
Bobcat scat! Bobcat scat!!!

A Prison Guard clocks him in the head and the Distraught Inmate falls unconscious.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Enough of that!

The Prison Guards look at Doctor Capetian.

PRISON GUARD  
Yes, doctor.

They put away their batons, pick up the Distraught Inmate by the shoulders, and carry him down the hall. His feet drag behind.

Maya looks further down the hall at the Medical Ward entrance. A large silhouette is strapped down to a table just beyond the door.

ZZZTT! The window lights up as the silhouette's screams resonate down the hall. Maya cringes and looks away.

Dirk, Maya, and the Doctor approach a lift. They enter, along with the Police Enforcers, and take it down to the second basement.

INT. STATION ONE BASEMENT TWO - DAY

MAYA, DOCTOR CAPETIAN, DIRK, and his POLICE ENFORCERS exit the lift. A security kiosk that houses the cell door controls sits off to the right.

DIRK  
He's in B2-105. Third one on the left.

Maya rushes over to the cell. MAPS is slumped over in the corner, bloodied and bruised, hands cuffed behind his back. His face is swollen and disfigured.

MAYA  
Maps... Maps!

Maya puts her palm on the cell's window. A tear rolls down her cheek.

Doctor Capetian walks up behind her and gently places a hand on her shoulder.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN

I will have his file brought to me,  
and I will get to work treating him  
immediately.

DIRK

That won't be necessary, doctor.

Maya turns around. Dirk stands three feet away with his Enforcers behind him, guns aimed at her. She stands still, stunned.

DIRK (CONT'D)

You're under arrest for aiding a  
terrorist in a cyber attack on the  
ship.

MAYA

What?! You know I--

Maya throws her hands out in confusion. Dirk grabs her right wrist, spins her around, and puts handcuffs on her.

MAYA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

BEEP-BEEP! Dirk scans his badge and the cell door slides open. Maya struggles, but Dirk shoves her into the cell and onto the floor.

BEEP-BEEP! SLAM! The cell door shuts. Maya looks up at Dirk. The Enforcers behind him lower their rifles.

DIRK

I begged the Captain not to get the  
likes of you involved. But, she  
didn't listen, and now I have to do  
things my way.

Dirk walks toward the lift. He points at one of his Enforcers.

DIRK (CONT'D)

You, take the first watch. No one  
in or out.

The Enforcer nods. Doctor Capetian stares at Maya, shocked.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Doctor!

She looks at Dirk and then back to Maya.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
(mouthing)  
I will help. I promise.

Doctor Capetian follows after Dirk.

Maya looks at Maps. His breaths are labored and shallow. She sits herself up and shuffles over next to him. He puts his head on her shoulder, and she leans her head on his.

INT. STATION ONE LIFT - DAY

DOCTOR CAPETIAN, DIRK, and his POLICE ENFORCERS stand in the lift. It slowly rises toward the ground floor.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
What the hell was that? A cyber  
terrorist?!

Dirk closes his eyes and sighs.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
And that boy! How could you?! For  
goodness sakes!

Dirk scoffs.

DIRK  
Don't let that fool you.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Tell me what's going on!

Dirk turns to the Doctor.

DIRK  
This is police business, doctor. I  
suggest you keep your nose out of  
it.

He glares at her. She silently gasps and looks away.

INT. MARTIAN PRISON - DAY

The lift stops and the doors open.

DIRK  
Good day, doctor.

Dirk walks out of the lift. He signals to the two POLICE ESCORTS.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Escort Doctor Capetian back to her office. And make sure she stays there.

The Police Escorts guide DOCTOR CAPETIAN out of the lift.

INT. BAR - DAY

ALFRED sits in his back corner booth, cigar in hand. The ONE-EYED BOUNCER is positioned behind the bar and applies an ice pack to his own face.

The door swings open and SAMORA walks in. He looks around at the empty bar.

SAMORA  
Little slow, Al?

Alfred rolls his eyes.

ALFRED  
S'the end of the world, Samora, thanks to you.

Samora walks over to the booth.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
What I don't understand is the severe lack of customers.

Samora smiles and sits down across from Alfred.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
So, Dirk sent you to clean up some loose ends?

SAMORA  
What makes you think it was Dirk's idea?

ALFRED  
Listen: I'm sure you've got a plan but why does it have to involve offing me? I can think of much simpler solutions.

Samora looks at him curiously.

SAMORA

Oh?

Alfred leans forward.

ALFRED

Let's, you and I, take out this whole damn establishment together. I've got ears that heard you were part of the revolution. Why don't we finish what you helped fight for?

SAMORA

The difference between you and I... I fight for what I believe in. Whether I am winning or losing. You? You jump ship at the first sign of trouble. Like a rat.

The BURLY MARTIAN steps out from the kitchen and aims an X-525 at Samora.

ALFRED

It's over. I can't be a part of this. If you're discovered, the Captain will immediately come to me... and that can't happen.

Alfred signals for his henchmen. The Burly Martian and the One-Eyed Bouncer approach Samora.

Samora quickly draws a plasma pistol and points it at Alfred.

SAMORA

Call 'em off or you're dead.

Alfred casually puts his hands up and chuckles.

ALFRED

You really are crazy.

SAMORA

You haven't seen crazy, yet.

Samora's two CRONIES, in full police gear, burst into the room.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! The Cronies mow down the One-Eyed Bouncer and Burly Martian.

Samora walks up to Alfred and pushes the plasma pistol onto his forehead.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

I had you pinned the moment I saw you, you spineless rat. Cowards like you are why the revolution failed.

Samora grabs Alfred's throat.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

If only you knew the things they hide from us. I know what lies ahead!

Tears of anger emerge from Samora's eyes.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

Even if the revolution had succeeded it would have been meaningless.

Alfred's eyes dart back and forth as he struggles to breathe.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

I have seen the light.

Alfred smacks Samora's gun away and pries free of his grip. He scrambles out of the booth.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

No longer shall I sit and wait!  
God has chosen me!

Samora pounds his own chest. Alfred races for the kitchen.

ZAP! Samora shoots Alfred in the back. Alfred collapses to the floor.

Samora casually walks over to Alfred.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

The day of reckoning has arrived.

Samora finishes Alfred off with a round to his head.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

CAPTAIN KENNEDY oversees the helm. Genesis takes up most of the ship's windshield. The CREW MEMBERS hustle about the bridge. SERGEANT NGUYEN sits in front of a large monitor near the Captain.



SERGEANT NGUYEN  
Captain, power's still out in  
Sector Two, upper levels.

Captain Kennedy rubs her forehead.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Reallocate energy from Sectors  
Three and Four.

SERGEANT NGUYEN  
But that would leave th--

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Do it! And someone give me an  
estimated time until we enter  
orbit!

CORPORAL PENNY turns around in her chair.

CORPORAL PENNY  
Just shy of eight hours, Captain.

The Captain sighs and stares at Genesis.

The elevator door opens and DIRK steps onto the bridge.

DIRK  
Captain.

Dirk salutes.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Habsburg, shouldn't you be on crowd  
control duty?

DIRK  
With all due respect, Captain, we  
need to talk.

Captain Kennedy glares at Dirk.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
It's about Genesis.

The Captain sighs.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Come with me. Let's take a walk.  
I need some fresh air, anyway.

Dirk follows behind her.

INT. ATRIUM CATWALK - DAY

CAPTAIN KENNEDY and DIRK stroll down a narrow, metal catwalk. The pathway cuts through the treetops of the atrium.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
It's truly beautiful up here, isn't it?

They look out over the canopy below.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Captain Harrison had this catwalk installed a year before he died.

DIRK  
I've heard this is what Earth used to look like.

Captain Kennedy nods.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Partially true. We took a wide sample of all of the planet's ecosystems: Hot and cold - wet and dry.

The Captain turns to Dirk and looks him in the eyes.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
This atrium was manufactured with the potential to start the seeding process on our New Earth. An entire planet able to thrive with just these plants.

Dirk looks over the side at the greenery. An Earthling couple takes a walk along a path down below.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Can you imagine water falling from the sky? This atrium has that power, but can you imagine it from the actual sky?

Dirk scoffs and looks back to the Captain.

DIRK  
Like from the old stories?

Captain Kennedy smiles.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Everybody needs to believe in  
something.

She turns away from Dirk and looks over the atrium.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Now, what can I help you with?

Two birds fly past the catwalk.

DIRK  
Captain, I uncovered some  
information regarding Genesis.  
We've overshot it. Is this true?

Captain Kennedy hangs her head and folds her hands together.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Yes. It's true. The planet we  
approach is named Omega.

Dirk cringes in anger.

DIRK  
And just when were you going to  
tell the rest of us?

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
People are more easily pacified  
with ignorance rather than  
information.

Captain Kennedy leans in.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Do you know how I came to be  
Captain?

Dirk stares at her.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Twenty years ago, when we exited  
hyperspace, Captain Harrison  
realized that the trajectory had  
been incorrect and we missed our  
destination.

Captain Kennedy places her hands upon the catwalk rail and  
leans over.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
For years, we attempted to  
recalculate a possible trajectory.  
(MORE)

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
He believed we wouldn't be able to  
find another suitable planet within  
the system.

DIRK  
None of the planets you came across  
could sustain life?

Captain Kennedy stares absently.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
None.

INT. BRIDGE - FLASHBACK

CAPTAIN HARRISON (60), balding with a long, gray beard, sits  
in the captain's chair, pale and disheveled. He stares out  
the main window into the vast emptiness of space.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (V.O.)  
We could not possibly return with  
the little amount of supplies on  
hand.

He removes a plasma pistol from the holster at his waist. He  
puts the barrel in his mouth.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (V.O.)  
He committed suicide due to  
incomprehensible grief.

Captain Harrison pulls the trigger.

INT. MARTIAN ELEVATOR CHECKPOINT - FLASHBACK

A line of POLICE ENFORCERS in riot gear stand off against a  
large group of MARTIAN PROTESTORS.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (V.O.)  
The Martian unrest was building.  
The people could never learn of  
what had transpired.

SARAH, Maya's mother, stands near the front of the crowd.  
She hoists a protest sign into the air and chants along with  
the other protestors.

A YOUNG SAMORA (27) snakes his way through the mass of  
people. He lights a Molotov cocktail as he passes by Sarah.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (V.O.)  
But the unrest turned into a full  
scale revolt.

Sarah sees Samora with the fire bomb. She reaches out to try and stop him.

Samora hurls the cocktail through the air. It crashes onto the riot Enforcers and engulfs them in flames.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! The Enforcers retaliate upon the crowd indiscriminately.

The protest turns into a stampede as the horde of Martians attempts to flee.

Dozens of dead and injured bodies litter the floor. At the heart of the carnage, eyes wide and motionless, Sarah's trampled corpse lies still.

INT. SAMORA'S HIDEOUT - FLASHBACK

YOUNG SAMORA and several REVOLUTIONARIES (20s) plot their next move around a small, metal table.

The door bursts open and a dozen POLICE ENFORCERS rush in. The Enforcers fire their stun guns on the revolutionaries, and they fall limp to the ground.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (V.O.)  
We were lucky some Martians were  
willing to turn on their own, or  
the revolution may have prevailed.

COLONEL PATRICK HABSBURG (48), Dirk's father, strides into the room. A small, cowardly MARTIAN SNITCH (19) follows behind.

Colonel Habsburg grabs the Snitch by the arm and thrusts him into the middle of the room. The Snitch points to Samora.

Colonel Habsburg walks over to Samora and picks him up by the collar.

Samora glares at the Snitch menacingly.

Samora turns to Colonel Habsburg and spits in his face. Colonel Habsburg gives a crooked smile and clocks him over the head.

Samora blacks out.

INT. ATRIUM CATWALK

DIRK stands across from CAPTAIN KENNEDY.

DIRK  
Captain, the new planet is  
desolate. The people will find  
out!

The Captain rubs her forehead.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
Don't you think I know that? Since  
I took charge, our research team  
has made amendments to the current  
colonization plan in order to  
account for the different  
ecosystem.

Dirk shakes his head. Captain Kennedy walks over to him.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
You have to trust me.

DIRK  
I don't.

Dirk glares at her.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
This ship is falling apart under  
your watch.

Captain Kennedy sighs, defeated.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
You're right. But there is still  
hope. Come back to the bridge and  
let me show you the systems we have  
put in place.

Captain Kennedy smiles and guides Dirk back along the  
walkway.

Dirk suddenly stops.

DIRK  
You're right about one thing,  
Captain. There is still hope.

Dirk removes a dagger and inserts it into Captain Kennedy's  
back. He digs it in deep, up to the hilt, and wiggles it  
around.

He uses all of his strength to twist the blade and rip it out. A stream of blood gushes forth as the dagger is removed.

Dirk puts his face close to the Captain's ear.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Even when you're coming clean you  
still have secrets.

Captain Kennedy gasps for air. She lurches forward and grabs the rail.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
You hung my father, and you ruined  
my life.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY  
I-It had to be done... Th-They  
needed s-someone to blame.

Captain Kennedy coughs up a wad of blood.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
I did it all... f-for the good of  
the p-people.

Captain Kennedy's eyes roll back in her head and she goes limp.

Dirk catches her before she hits the walkway. He lifts her up and pushes her over the rail.

He watches as her body falls lifeless hundreds of feet onto the forest floor below.

Dirk heads back to the bridge.

INT. DEPLORABLE CELL - DAY

MAYA jolts awake. She gathers herself and looks at MAPS. The steady rise and fall of his chest has stopped.

MAYA  
You okay...? Maps?

Maps leans up against her, motionless. Maya shakes him with her shoulder.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Maps?!

Maps' destroyed body slumps forward.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
No... No, Maps!

She sobs and shakes her head.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
No, no, no! I'm sorry that I  
dragged you into this, buddy...

Maya reels in agony.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
It's all my fault. I got you into  
this mess!

Maya screams.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
I should've declined when I met  
with the Captain; the credits  
weren't worth it, and that damn  
Dirk!

She kicks her legs.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't have been so-- I'm  
sorry, buddy!

She turns to Maps, kisses him on top of the head, and  
continues to sob.

INT. ENGINE ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

SAMORA, in full Police Enforcer armor, marches down the long  
hallway flanked by his two CRONIES. They approach an  
industrial lift guarded by two SECURITY ENFORCERS (20s).

The SHORTER SECURITY ENFORCER raises his hand and stands in  
front of the door.

SHORTER SECURITY ENFORCER  
Halt. Identification required.  
This's a restricted area, boys.

Samora holds up a tablet. The Shorter Security Enforcer  
scans it and looks up at Samora. He peers closer through the  
helmet's tinted visor.

SHORTER SECURITY ENFORCER (CONT'D)  
Hey... take off your helmet.



SAMORA

What, are you joking, pal?

The Shorter Security Enforcer reaches out to remove Samora's helmet.

Samora shoves him, pulls out a pistol, and fires.

ZAP! ZAP! Two shots melt through the Shorter Security Enforcer's helmet. He falls to the floor, motionless.

The TALLER SECURITY ENFORCER pulls up his rifle and takes aim. The two Cronies unload a volley of lasers into him.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

Hurry, we don't have much time.

Samora holds his tablet up to the lift's keypad.

BEEP! A green light appears and the door opens. Samora and the two Cronies file inside.

A dozen POLICE ENFORCERS round the corner and open fire on the lift. The doors slowly close as Samora and the two Cronies return fire.

ZAP! One Crony reels backward and collapses to the floor, dead. More rounds slam into the door as it shuts.

INT. ENGINE ROOM LIFT - CONTINUOUS

SAMORA and the surviving Crony stand over the corpse of their fried comrade. Steam emits from his singed flesh.

Samora snaps his gaze up to his partner.

SAMORA

Let's get changed.

The Crony looks on in shock as they remove their Enforcer uniforms. They reveal ratty, Martian clothes underneath.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

Give me the bomb.

DING! The lift stops. Samora takes the small, rectangular explosive and tucks it away in his breast pocket. The two of them walk out of the lift as the door opens.

## INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAMORA and his CRONY exit the lift. Large, metallic cannisters, pipes, and devices fill the room. Dozens of ENGINE CREWMEN (30s) rush about and attend to the various machinery. The room is noisy and humid.

Samora jogs along the perimeter of the room with his rifle, unnoticed.

ERRT! ERRT! ERRT! The engine room's alarm sounds and red lights flash. The Engine Crewman look at Samora as he rushes by. Samora holds up the gun and fires into the ceiling. The Engine Crewman scatter.

Samora and the Crony head toward a back door and enter the fuel room.

## INT. FUEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAMORA steps inside the small room and removes the bomb from his pocket. Different colored pipes line the walls and collect at a large control mechanism.

He snaps the bomb onto it, activates it, and exits the fuel room.

## INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAMORA and the CRONY barrel back into the engine room as five POLICE ENFORCERS exit the lift.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! The Police Enforcers immediately open fire, as Samora and his Crony take cover.

Samora breathes heavily and looks over to the Crony. He meets Samora's gaze and they nod.

Samora tosses over his rifle and removes his pistol. The Crony tucks the second rifle away and pops out from cover. He lays down suppressive fire.

Samora jumps up and scrambles off.

## INT. BRIDGE - DAY

DIRK enters the bridge with two POLICE ENFORCERS and strides over to the Captain's chair. The two Enforcers wait by the elevator door.

CORPORAL PENNY notices Dirk and hurries over to his side.

CORPORAL PENNY

Sir! Have you seen the Captain?  
We need to know if--

DIRK

The Captain has been relieved of  
her command. I am in charge now.

Everyone on the bridge gasps. Dirk scans the room and makes eye contact with each crew member.

DIRK (CONT'D)

If you have something to say, you'd  
better say it now.

The bridge falls still for a beat. SERGEANT NGUYEN stands up. Dirk glares at him, fiercely.

SERGEANT NGUYEN

I'm on board.

The rest of the bridge crew members look at the Sergeant.

SERGEANT NGUYEN (CONT'D)

We all know how deceitful Kennedy  
was. She's taken us down the wrong  
path. We need someone the people  
can respect.

Sergeant Nguyen holds out his right arm toward Dirk.

SERGEANT NGUYEN (CONT'D)

Habsburg has the ability to lead us  
through the unrest.

Some of the other crew members nod. Corporal Penny looks around, stunned.

DIRK

Well, then. Corporal, bring up the  
landing information.

Corporal Penny snaps out of her daze and quickly types away. She brings up a map on the Captain's monitor.

CORPORAL PENNY

There's traces of a number of toxic  
elements in the atmosphere that  
coalesce near the coasts. Our best  
chance would be to touchdown more  
inland. Here.

She points at a desolate section of the planet.

CORPORAL PENNY (CONT'D)  
The high winds in that area would prevent the poison gases from settling.

Dirk folds his arms and rubs his chin.

DIRK  
Alright. Stay the course and forward all information to the Captain's quarters.

Dirk stands up and removes himself from the main floor of the bridge.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

DIRK sits in the Captain's chair, behind the desk, and uses his communicator to contact SAMORA.

BEEP! The communicator connects and displays Samora's video feed.

Samora's face appears.

SAMORA  
Ah! Just the man I wanted to see.  
How goes the good fight?

DIRK  
I've neutralized the Captain and taken the bridge as planned. Now to quell the unrest in the Martian levels. Are your men in place?

Samora smiles.

SAMORA  
I apologize, but plans have changed.

Dirk looks at the communicator in confusion.

DIRK  
What the hell are you talking about? You realize what I can do to you for disobeying me, right?

SAMORA  
I don't think you understand. Your people killed my family. I'm not going to aid you in subverting Martian culture.

Samora suddenly snarls.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

Instead, I'm going to destroy everything... and make it so no one can feel the pain we've suffered ever again.

Dirk pounds his fist on the desk.

DIRK

Think about what you're saying. You'll die, too!

SAMORA

A small price to pay to achieve my goal.

Samora flashes an evil grin.

SAMORA (CONT'D)

Enjoy your power while it lasts.

The transmission cuts out.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Seed 2 floats through space toward Omega.

An explosion erupts and engulfs part of the engines. Massive pieces of the ship are ripped apart and flung into space.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

DIRK emerges onto the bridge. The crew members work frantically to assess the ship's condition.

DIRK

Damage report!

SERGEANT NGUYEN gets back to his terminal. He presses a number of buttons at his console as Dirk walks over to the Captain's chair.

SERGEANT NGUYEN

The engines are offline, and a significant amount of damage is being reported from the rear of the ship.

CORPORAL PENNY spins around in her chair.

CORPORAL PENNY

I'm on with the Engine Chief; he says there's been an attack on the engine room, and a subsequent explosion has taken out most of thrusters.

Dirk activates his helmet communicator.

DIRK

Status!

Static.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Come in!

More static.

DIRK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

The police channel is down.

Dirk punches the Captain's monitor.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Lock down the bridge. No one in or out. Sergeant, can we still land with the engines in their current shape?

Sergeant Nguyen pipes in.

SERGEANT NGUYEN

I believe it's still possible. At our rate of speed, one well-timed burst could slow us down enough. It's just a matter of when.

DIRK

Figure it out.

Sergeant Nguyen nods.

INT. DEPLORABLE CELL - DAY

MAYA looks out the cell window as MAPS lays in the corner. Two loose PRISONERS run down the cellblock past her.

POLICE ENFORCER (O.S.)

Halt! I'll shoot!

ZAP! The Police Enforcer blasts one Prisoner backward.

Maya looks down the hall. The other FURIOUS PRISONER jumps on the guard, pulls back his helmet, and bites his face.

POLICE ENFORCER (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!!

The Furious Prisoner rips away face flesh, spits it out, and grapples the Police Enforcer to the floor.

The Police Enforcer's rifle slides away. A THIRD PRISONER runs up, grabs the rifle, and lights up the Police Enforcer.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! The Police Enforcer twitches with each blast.

THIRD PRISONER

Woo hoo!!!

He wildly fires into the air as he slips into the security kiosk. He pounds his fist onto the control panel.

Random doors in the cellblock open. Cheers echo down the corridor.

The Third Prisoner marches back down the hallway. He shouts and continuously discharges the gun.

He walks by Maya's cell. She looks through the window.

The Third Prisoner stops, stares at her, and tilts his head. He lunges at her and slams against the window.

THIRD PRISONER (CONT'D)

Woooooo!

He spins around and continues down the cellblock. Maya hangs her head.

INT. LAB - DAY

Samora's CRONY runs down a dimly lit hallway. Gunfire and muffled yells resound from the nearby prison.

The Crony turns a corner and approaches a heavy door. He pulls out a stolen communicator and unlocks it. The door slides open.

A dark room lies on the other side of the threshold.

CRONY

Yo. I-Is anyone in there?

The Crony inches forward.

CRONY (CONT'D)  
 Samora says you're some kinda super-human or something?

A low growl emits from the darkness.

CRONY (CONT'D)  
 Well... Uh, whatever you are, the boss says to do what he says and--

A massive hand emerges from the room, grabs the Crony by the neck, and drags him inside.

The Crony shrieks wildly. His bones snap as he's ripped apart.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR CAPETIAN pulls up her communicator.

BEEP-BEEP! DIRK's image appears. He sits comfortably in the Captain's chair.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
 Dirk! What's going on? Where's Captain Kennedy?

DIRK  
 She's away. I have assumed command in her stead.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
 What happened? The prisoners are taking over the Station.

DIRK  
 Remain in your quarters until my Enforcers have secured your area.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
 But I--

The feed cuts out.

An inmate runs by her door and screams. She crouches down and peeks out of the door's window. Dozens more prisoners run by.

She waits for a lull and opens the door. The POLICE ESCORTS assigned to her lay on the floor, bloodied and unconscious. The Doctor grabs their communicators, steps over them, and heads toward the elevator.



INT. DEPLORABLE CELL - DAY

MAYA sits in the corner of her cell.

CLACK! The cell door unlatches and slides open. Maya picks up her head as DOCTOR CAPETIAN walks in.

The Doctor unlatches her bindings. Maya rotates her hands around and rubs her wrists.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Maya, are you all right? Quickly,  
we need to get you two out of here!

MAYA  
He's dead.

Doctor Capetian gasps. She walks over to MAPS and checks his pulse.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Oh, dear... I'm so sorry.

Maya hangs her head.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
We can still get you out, come on!

MAYA  
The thing I cared about most in  
life was taken from me.

Maya smirks absently.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
I caught him with a cart full  
stolen electronics running from a  
LAN center. I didn't have the  
heart to turn him in so I just  
looked after him ever since.

She shakes her head.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
What's going on? I honestly  
thought the Captain cared...

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Dirk's done something to Kennedy.

Doctor Capetian reveals Maya's confiscated communicator and hands it to her.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
She's a good person and she's in  
trouble. I just know it. You need  
to go to her!

Maya sighs and looks back at the floor.

MAYA  
I don't give a fuck about these  
people!

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
While I'm sorry for your loss, you  
have the chance to save a lot more  
lives, and fix--

THUD! Maya kicks her foot against the wall in frustration.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
--fix all of this, but you need to  
hurry!

MAYA  
He was my best chance at making any  
kind of difference. I can't do  
this alone. I need him!

The Doctor places her hands on Maya's shoulders.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
You can do this. Martians and  
Earthlings; we're all worth saving.  
Don't let a few bad people ruin  
your view on the human potential.

Maya stares at the ground deep in thought. She slowly nods  
her head.

She stands up and turns around.

MAYA  
Okay, doc.

Maya pulls out her locket, opens it, and looks at the picture  
of her mother. She then looks to Maps' corpse.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
How am I supposed to get to the  
bridge with no navigation, weapons,  
or time?

She closes the locket and tucks it back into her shirt.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
I don't know but I need you, Maya.  
We all need you. Please.

MAYA  
Don't leave him here.

Doctor Capetian glances at him.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
I'll take him to my office for now.  
He will be safe there.

MAYA  
Let me protect you on the way back  
to your office, at least.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
No, you need to--

MAYA  
I'm not leaving him!

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
What you need to do is get to the  
bridge and protect Captain Kennedy.  
She is the only one that can land  
this ship safely!

Doctor Capetian looks at Maps and then back up to Maya.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
Please. Our safety means nothing  
if the ship goes down.

INT. MARTIAN PRISON - DAY

MAYA exits the lift. She makes her way toward the partially open front door on the opposite side. Cells on either side of her are open and empty.

She leans up against the wall and brings up Maps' chat box. She reads the last exchange of messages they shared.

Maya looks closer and notices Maps' video file transmission. She quickly access the file and opens it.

The prison footage of Dirk and Samora plays. Maya's jaw drops. She clenches her fist as she holds back her rage.

Suddenly, the THIRD PRISONER walks out from around a corner and fires his rifle into a corpse.

A SMALL PRISONER (28) rummages through nearby bodies. He giggles, turns, and spots Maya.

SMALL PRISONER  
Oooh! Boss! Boss!

The Small Prisoner shrieks and sprints toward Maya. He leaps at the last second.

Maya throws an elbow at his face and shatters his nose. He gets clotheslined and lands hard on his back. He writhes on the ground and coughs up blood.

Maya spins back to the Third Prisoner. He holds up his rifle, aimed at her.

THIRD PRISONER  
Pretty girl?!

Maya sprints forward. The Third Prisoner grins and squeezes the trigger.

BOOM! A side door is ripped out of the threshold and slams into the Third Prisoner. His laser shoots wide and misses.

A grotesque, disfigured MUTANT of a Martian barrels into the room. He towers above seven feet tall with abnormally large, bulging muscles.

Mutant jumps on the door and squashes the Third Prisoner. His blood splatters out from every edge of the door.

Mutant turns to Maya. They make eye contact.

MUTANT  
IIIIII!!!

Maya takes a step back.

Mutant turns away from her and approaches the large, metal front door; he pries it open all the way and exits the prison.

MAYA  
What the hell was that?!

INT. STATION ONE FIRST FLOOR - DAY

MAYA bursts into the room. The main entrance has been obliterated - the front door completely destroyed. She makes her way out of the Station.

INT. SECTOR ONE HALLWAY - DAY

MAYA sprints down the corridor toward the lift to the Earthling sector.

MAYA (V.O.)  
All hell broke loose.

She meanders through the clamor of Martians in the street.

MAYA (V.O.)  
It was pure chaos when the Martians  
banded together. They quickly  
overran the ship.

She marches toward the lift. A MARTIAN MOB runs past her. Maya shrinks against the wall and lets them go by.

ASH (O.S.)  
Help me! Aieee!!

Maya stops and looks around. An OBESE MARTIAN (48) grabs Ash and drags her off to an alley.

ASH (CONT'D)  
No! Help me! Noo!! Aieee!!!

Maya runs after him. She spots a piece of metal on the ground. She rips off a piece of her shirt, wraps it around her palm, and grabs the jagged scrap.

She turns the corner and sees the Obese Martian behind a dumpster. Ash shrieks as the Obese Martian smacks her.

MAYA  
Hey, you sick pervert!

The startled Obese Martian looks up. Maya socks him with a left hook. He spins around and is knocked off-balance.

Maya kicks him forward and he lands face-first in a pile of trash. He scrambles to his feet and puts his hands up. He backs up to a wall.

OBESE MARTIAN  
Please, this is a misunderstanding,  
really!

Maya walks up to him and rams her metal shank into his nether region.

The Obese Martian shrieks and falls over. He slowly dies as blood gushes from his body.

Maya walks over to Ash and helps her to her feet.

MAYA  
Get out of here. Go home, quickly!

Ash brushes herself off.

ASH  
Thank you, but I don't have  
anywhere to go.

Maya sighs.

MAYA  
Can you read?

Ash nods.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Have you been to jail?

Ash hesitantly nods. Maya looks down and smiles.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Listen: Go to the Station One jail  
and head up the stairs to Doctor  
Capetian's office. Tell her Maya  
sent you. She's my friend.

ASH  
But, I'm scared...

Maya smiles and removes her necklace. She places the locket  
in Ash's hand.

MAYA  
This is a picture of my mother, the  
strongest person I've ever known.  
Whenever I'm scared, I look at her  
and find the strength to press on.

Ash looks up at Maya.

ASH  
Where is she?

Maya smiles.

MAYA  
She's not with us anymore... but  
she taught me to fight for my  
beliefs.

Maya pats Ash on the back.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You need to believe in yourself,  
and be strong! Fight! Now, go to  
the jail.

Ash smiles and runs off.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Be careful!

Maya thinks back on her mother. A tear wells up in her eye.

Ash looks at Maya. She turns a corner out of sight, and Maya continues on to the lift.

INT. SECTOR ONE LIFT ENTRANCE - DAY

MAYA approaches the choked-off security walkway to get to the lift. Corpses of Police Enforcers and Martians both litter the floor.

Maya steps over them. She pushes the lift's call button.

SCREEEEEEEECH! A long, metal-on-metal sound drags down the lift shaft. Sparks fall as the elevator car rumbles and shakes. It comes to a stop.

INT. SECTOR ONE LIFT - DAY

MAYA enters the lift. Blood stains cake the floor and lower walls. The doors barely close. The lift jerks violently and Maya ascends.

SCREEEEEEEECH! Maya covers her ears as she approaches the Earthling sector.

SLAM! The lift rocks in the shaft. It suddenly descends a couple inches.

Maya uses the wall for support. She looks around and pounds the "Door Open" button repeatedly. Nothing.

She pries open the door; she's halfway between floors. She hops up and squeezes between the elevator and the upper level.

INT. EARTHLING SECTOR - DAY

MAYA crawls out of the lift. A wide-open environment sprawls out before her with the domed atrium in the center.

What used to be bountiful shops and high-end living spaces is now a war zone. Only a few of the lights remain on.

She picks herself up as dozens of well-to-do Earthlings run past her, chased by a horde of scraggly Martians. A row of shops and houses burn to her left, and a group of looters flee from four ROWDY POLICE ENFORCERS (20s) to her right.

One Rowdy Police Enforcer beats a looter to a bloody pulp and then spots Maya. He activates his stun baton; electricity arcs across it.

The Enforcer breaks into a run followed by his companions. Maya charges forward, as well. At the last moment, she goes low and kicks his knee out. He collapses in pain.

Maya spins around and cracks the Second Enforcer's visor with a heel kick. He stumbles to the side and falls over, dazed.

A Third Enforcer swings his baton.

THUD! Maya blocks the strike and grapples with him. The fourth Enforcer comes to his aid.

BZZT! He brings the stun baton down onto Maya's back. She falls to the ground, briefly paralyzed.

FOURTH ROWDY POLICE ENFORCER

Get her!

The Fourth Enforcer steps forward and brings his baton down. Maya quickly recovers and upkicks him in the chin.

The Fourth Enforcer's head whips back and he falls over, unconscious.

Maya sweeps the Third Enforcer off his feet with her leg. She stands up and soccer-kicks his head.

The Second Enforcer picks himself up and wildly swings his baton. Maya feels the heat from the arc as she barely dodges the blow.

Maya blocks the Enforcer's next attack and counters with an elbow to the helmet.

POP! The Police Enforcer's visor cracks some more. Maya throws two more elbows and pushes him backward. The Rowdy Police Enforcer stumbles but quickly regains his balance.

THUD! Maya throws a low kick, connects, recoils, and then kicks high.



CRACK! She lands a roundhouse kick and his visor shatters. He reels backward.

Maya throws a punch through the busted helmet.

SNAP! She breaks the Rowdy Police Enforcer's nose. He drops his baton, grabs his face, and howls in pain.

Maya picks up the baton and activates it. It thrums with power.

SECOND ROWDY POLICE ENFORCER

Ah! No, please!

He holds his arms up. Maya rains down a flurry of strikes on the Second Enforcer.

She spins around and clocks the him on the side of the head. The baton breaks on his helmet.

The Rowdy Police Enforcer falls over, unconscious. Maya huffs and wipes the sweat from her forehead.

Maya tosses the baton off to the side and steps over the Enforcers. She walks closer to the atrium and sees the bridge elevator shaft towering upward on the opposite side of the greenery.

She picks up an X-525 plasma rifle from a slain Police Enforcer. She looks at the tiny screen on the side of the gun: "Empty". She tosses the rifle off to the side.

MAYA

Damn!

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! Police Enforcers engage Martians in a gun battle further down the row of shops.

Maya runs to the atrium's entrance. She uses her communicator to unseal the door.

INT. ATRIUM - DAY

MAYA enters the lush, green atrium. She takes a deep breath of the fresh air. She steps down on the soft grass. A bird flies from one tree branch to another high above her.

She cautiously proceeds along a stone path, enamored by the vegetation. She glances upward at a commotion on the catwalk.

Martians and Earthlings are locked in a brawl. She looks back to the bridge elevator on the other side of the atrium and quickens her pace.

Maya runs down the path. Foliage whisks by.

She slows down as she passes a large hole in the glass wall.

MUTANT (O.S.)  
IIIIII!

Maya stops. She frantically looks around and creeps forward.

MUTANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I!

Mutant stands near a tree further along the stone path. He smiles and observes a butterfly land on his outstretched finger.

The ruckus on the catwalk above grows.

Maya looks up. A WEAK EARTHLING (30) gets thrown over the railing.

WEAK EARTHLING  
AAAAAHHHHH!!!

The Weak Earthling falls through the canopy. He hits branches on the way down and slams into the ground. Birds flee from the impact.

The butterfly flutters away from Mutant. Mutant looks around, flustered, and spots Maya.

MUTANT  
IIIIIII!!!

MAYA  
Oh, no...

Maya dives behind a tree stump and scrambles to the middle of the atrium. Mutant chases after her. He quickly gains on her with his long strides.

Maya weaves in between trees and bushes. Mutant barrels through the obstacles.

Maya peers over her shoulder. Mutant is a few steps behind. He swings his forearm at her. She ducks the blow and rolls away.

Maya hides behind a tree. She sees the bridge elevator through the canopy in the distance. She peeks around the tree and sees Mutant, confused.

Maya darts from her cover in the direction of the bridge. Mutant howls and lumbers after her.

Maya sprints along the side of a small stream which leads into a pond. She stops to pick up a tiny rock from the creek bed.

She looks behind her. Mutant runs into the middle of the stream fifty yards away. Maya ducks behind a large boulder.

SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! Mutant's massive footsteps splash through the stream.

Mutant slows down at the boulder, unaware of Maya's presence. Maya throws the tiny rock into the pond.

BLOOP! Water ripples out from the splash.

MUTANT

IIII!

Mutant rushes into the pond after the rock, waist-deep, and howls. He smashes the water's surface with his fist. Water splashes all over him. He smiles and smacks the water again.

MUTANT (CONT'D)

I!

Mutant frolics in the water, totally distracted. Maya slips away from the boulder and back into the treeline.

MAYA

(to herself)

Glad I could provide you with some entertainment.

Maya glances at the nearby bridge elevator. She quietly hurries toward the lift's entrance.

SNAP! A twig breaks under her boot. Mutant spins around, spots Maya, and roars.

He dashes out of the water and barrels toward Maya. She sprints for the elevator. Mutant quickly gains on her.

She steps inside the lift and slams the "Door Close" button. The doors shut as Mutant reaches inside.

BOOM! The lift rocks and Maya is knocked off of her feet. Mutant pries the doors back open.

Maya quickly recovers and presses the "Bridge" button.

PSST! The air tank depressurizes and the lift quickly ascends. Mutant holds on and he's taken upward, off his feet, at a rapid pace. He loses leverage on the doors and they shut.

MUTANT

IIIIII!!!

Mutant lets go as the doors crunch his fingers. He howls as he falls eighty-feet back down to the atrium floor.

BOOM! The ground craters from the impact.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR CAPETIAN looks down at MAPS' body on her desk. A tear rolls down her face.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN

You poor boy.

Her hand caresses his forehead.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Doctor Capetian jolts around, her eyes fixate on the door. She grabs a pistol off the counter and moves closer.

She peeks through her office window. ASH stands at the door, scared.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)

Who are you?

ASH

Maya sent me. Please, let me in.

Doctor Capetian opens the door.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN

Is Maya alright? How do you know her?

ASH

She saved me. She said you would help.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN

She was right. You're safe here. Come in.

Doctor Capetian leads the girl inside and tries to close the door behind her.

THUD! A DERANGED PRISONER (50), with long, thin hair and a scraggily beard, blocks the door with his foot.

DERANGED PRISONER  
What's goin' on in heah?!

He pushes the door open. Doctor Capetian is knocked backward, and her gun falls to the floor. Ash wails in horror.

The Deranged Prisoner smacks Ash. He turns on Doctor Capetian who recovered her gun.

ZAP! Doctor Capetian fires, but the shot only hits his shoulder; his skin instantly melts. The Deranged Prisoner doesn't even flinch as he pounces on Doctor Capetian.

DERANGED PRISONER (CONT'D)  
Hahah! Who'd've thought I'd find a babe in this place?! Yeah! Woo!

Doctor Capetian struggles under him. Globbs of spit dribble from his mouth onto her face.

The Doctor tosses her head side-to-side. The Deranged Prisoner notices her name badge.

DERANGED PRISONER (CONT'D)  
Oh?! You're the good doctor?!

He grabs her shoulders and shakes her. Doctor Capetian's head bounces off the floor multiple times.

DERANGED PRISONER (CONT'D)  
I thought doctors help people! How come you didn't help us?! Huh?!

The Deranged Prisoner repeatedly punches the floor next to the Doctor's head. She flinches over and over.

DERANGED PRISONER (CONT'D)  
Huh?! Explain yourself! Why--?!

ASH  
No!!

Ash lowers her shoulder and rams into the Deranged Prisoner to no avail. The Prisoner easily shoves her back.

Ash picks up a glass jar off a nearby table and winds up. She swings at the Deranged Prisoner and blasts him in the face. It shatters, shards of glass tear apart the Prisoner's skin, and he blacks out from the impact.

Doctor Capetian gets up from underneath the Deranged Prisoner and looks at the little girl.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN

Thanks...

Ash smiles and nods at her.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)

We're not safe here. Let's go.

INT. EARTHLYING SECTOR - DAY

SAMORA marches down the corridor with an X-525 plasma rifle at the ready. He steps out onto the main hallway as a group of RENEGADE MARTIANS (20s) chase after an EARTHLYING COUPLE (30s).

They run toward Samora.

EARTHLYING HUSBAND

Please, help us!

Samora holds up the rifle and takes aim.

ZAP! The Earthlying Husband falls to the floor.

EARTHLYING WIFE

Oh, my god! No!

ZAP! She tumbles over, dead, as well. The Renegade Martians cheer raucously.

Samora slowly aims his rifle at them.

RENEGADE MARTIAN

Wait, what the hell d'you think  
you're--

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! Samora unloads the rifle into the crowd of Renegade Martians. They scatter as Samora releases his rage.

Bodies hit the floor, lifeless, as Samora depletes the rifle of ammo.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Samora looks at the rifle's screen: "Empty."

He tosses it off to the side and makes his way toward the bridge elevator.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

The command consoles sound off with different alarms and warnings. DIRK sits in the Captain's chair as the bridge CREWMEN bustle about.

SERGEANT NGUYEN

We have no power to the stabilizing thrusters!

Corporal Penny shakes her head.

CORPORAL PENNY

Divert all power to the thrusters.

SERGEANT NGUYEN

Negative, they would overload.

CORPORAL PENNY

The fuel lines are jammed! We're going to have to switch to back-up thrusters.

Dirk stands up.

DIRK

Do what ever is necessary to land this ship!

SERGEANT NGUYEN

Yes, sir!

Dirk looks around the bridge and takes a deep breath.

DIRK

Crew.

They all turn to him.

DIRK (CONT'D)

It is likely we are going down. I will take the helm and issue a full evacuation of the bridge.

The crew murmurs and looks at each other.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Remember that we are the seed to a new society.

(MORE)

DIRK (CONT'D)

Remember the sacrifices that were made here today, as well as along the journey. We will survive!

Dirk walks over to Sergeant Nguyen's station.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Alright. Crew, you are dismissed; you may leave your posts. Get as many people as you can to the emergency holds. Go!

Most of the crew disperses from the bridge.

Sergeant Nguyen and Corporal Penny remain.

DIRK (CONT'D)

You two, join the others. That is an order.

SERGEANT NGUYEN

No can do, Captain. I'm in it for the long haul... but I'll need her help.

Sergeant Nguyen and Dirk turn and look at Corporal Penny.

Corporal Penny looks at them and puts her head down. She notices MAYA on the bridge lift out of the corner of her eye. She looks up at Dirk and hesitantly chokes out a response.

CORPORAL PENNY

I-I'll stay, too.

Dirk nods and scans the bridge devoid of crewmen.

DIRK

Looks like its just us, then. Bring the back-up engines online. We want as slow of a descent as possible.

Corporal Penny quickly presses a button on the console. The bridge doors open up. Dirk looks at her, shocked.

Maya steps out of the lift. She glares at Dirk.

MAYA

You did this. You did all of this!

Maya rushes Dirk. He spins around and fires at Maya.

ZAP! The round grazes her hip as she lunges at him.



They roll to the ground. Maya gets the full mount and brings her fists down on Dirk's defenseless face.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
You monster. How could you!?

Dirk rolls her over and brings down repeated hammerfists onto her face.

DIRK  
She lied to us!

Maya catches Dirk's fist, swings her leg around, and sets up an armbar. She wrenches back on his arm.

MAYA  
You murdered her, too?!

POP! Dirk's arm hyperextends. He grits his teeth, gets to his feet, and rips his arm free.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Do you realize what you've done?  
You let Samora go free and kill  
thousands of people!

Sergeant Nguyen and Corporal Penny look at each other, mouths agape.

Maya stands up and throws a combo at Dirk's face. He backs up to avoid the blows.

Blood gushes from Dirk's nose and mouth as he struggles to escape Maya's fury. He grapples with Maya and throws her into a control panel. She slams against it and rolls to the floor.

Dirk stands over her, lifts his boot, and stomps on her. The immense weight from his metallic leg crushes down on her chest. Maya violently exhales, coughs, and gasps for air.

DIRK  
This planet we fight for is  
desolate. It was never meant to be  
our new home.

Maya rolls over to her side and looks out the bridge window. The ship slowly begins to drift away from the planet.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Soon as she took power, she masked  
everything. Where we are, Captain  
Harrison, my family... Everything!

Dirk looks down to Maya.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
I never wanted you involved in the  
first place.

He sinks his boot into Maya's fresh gunshot wound. She howls in agony. Sergeant Nguyen and Corporal Penny cringe and look away.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Why did you even come here? The  
Earthlings hate you. Your own  
people consider you a traitor since  
you work for the Enforcers.

Dirk raises his boot above her face.

MAYA  
My people need me!

Dirk slams his foot down as Maya rolls to the side. She sweeps Dirk and quickly gets to her feet.

She gasps for air as she holds her wound.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
You're dooming the ship!

Dirk gets to his feet, as well.

DIRK  
You know nothing!

Maya rushes him and throws a right hook. She connects with Dirk's temple. Dirk flops to the ground.

Maya jumps on him and pounds his face once more. She brings down fist after fist onto Dirk.

Dirk stops resisting and accepts the beating. Maya halts her barrage and stands up from the carnage. Dirk rolls over and coughs up blood.

Maya stumbles around in shock. She clutches her hip wound and doubles over in pain.

She stands back up and stares out the window - the ship drifts further away from the planet and into the emptiness of space.

Maya suddenly looks at the two Crewmen.

MAYA

You two.

Sergeant Nguyen and Corporal Penny perk up.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Let's land this thing.

They nod as Maya slumps to the floor.

Sergeant Nguyen and Corporal Penny retake their positions. They diligently work toward the correction of the ship's trajectory.

Dirk whimpers. She looks over to him. He coughs up more blood.

DIRK

He's... he's coming.

Maya looks at Dirk.

MAYA

Who's coming?

DIRK

Samora.

Dirk's breaths are labored.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I tried to stop him.

Corporal Penny spins around.

CORPORAL PENNY

Ma'am? Someone has overridden the bridge's lockdown using Captain Kennedy's ID.

The lift doors slide open. Maya turns. SAMORA steps onto the bridge, bloodied and sweaty.

SAMORA

Move away from the controls, bounty hunter!

Maya breathes heavily, holds her hip, and aims her pistol at him.

MAYA

I don't think you are in a position to make me.

Maya's hand trembles from blood loss. Samora casually walks toward her.

SAMORA

You know, the people who fear me turned me into this. I'm only a product of hundreds of years of mistreatment, slavery, and the segregation of our people.

MAYA

But what about the suffering you're causing now?

ZAP! ZAP! Sergeant Nguyen and Corporal Penny slump over in their seats. Steam rises from the wounds in the back of their heads.

MAYA (CONT'D)

No--!

SAMORA

Destroying everything is the only way to end their suffering.

Samora chuckles.

MAYA

It's not the only way. We can still land the ship and start anew.

SAMORA

And then what? Life goes on planetside as it did onboard? The wealthy hoard food, water, and knowledge to themselves in order to keep us Martians weak! The system is broken and can't be fixed... but it can be cleansed.

Dirk coughs and rolls over.

DIRK

You dick.

Samora looks over at the battered Dirk.

SAMORA

Be patient. I'll deal with you next.

DIRK

You were gonna betray me the whole time. Heh. Should'a known.

Dirk smiles. His teeth are covered in blood.

MAYA

They can be saved, Samora.  
Everyone can be saved!

Samora looks back to Maya, pulls out a small knife, and charges. Maya dodges the attack and sends Samora into the control panel. She takes aim with her pistol.

He spins around and swings his knife wildly. He slashes her face and his forearm knocks Maya's gun out of her hands.

Maya counters with an elbow to his chest.

Samora steps in, unaffected by the strike and tries to drive the knife down into Maya's chest. Maya grabs his wrist. The knife stops inches from her breast.

Maya knees Samora in the gut and slams his wrist into the control panel. The knife falls from his grip.

Samora spins out of the hold and backhands Maya.

She stumbles backward. Samora pounces on her and unleashes a flurry of punches.

THUD! THUD! THUD! She attempts covers up as the blows pummel her body.

Samora throws a massive body shot and lands on Maya's fresh wound. She reels over and clutches her hip in agony.

Samora stands over her as she slowly gets to her feet. He grabs Maya by the collar.

SAMORA

Stand and face your end!

In a last ditch effort Maya, brings her arms up into Samora's wrists. His grip breaks and Maya swings for his face. He leans back and the punch soars past him.

Samora grabs Maya's throat and chokeslams her to the ground. His grip tightens around her neck. Her eyes bulge.

Her vision slowly fades.

MAYA

Raahhh!!

Maya summons all of her strength and explodes from under Samora. He is thrown off balance.

Maya connects with a powerful right hook to Samora's jaw.

Samora stumbles backward, dazed. Maya reaches toward the console. She grabs Samora's knife and lunges at him. She stabs him; the knife slips through his ribs.

Samora's eyes widen. He grits his teeth as Maya shoves the blade in deeper and twists.

Samora collapses on his back. He gasps for air as blood slowly fills his lungs.

Maya sits in Sergeant Nguyen's chair, exhausted.

DIRK  
The ship's log...

Maya glances over at Dirk.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
It's been recording since the  
lockdown.

He gasps for air.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Tell them... who we are...

The ship rumbles. Dirk passes out.

EXT. OMEGA'S ORBIT - DAY

Thrusters along the starboard and port sides of "Seed 2" ignite.

The ship enters Omega's orbit.

Debris from the explosion sites breaks apart and burns up upon entry into the atmosphere.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

MAYA sits at the controls.

A warning flashes on Sergeant Nguyen's monitor: "NOSE ANGLE LOW".

She hastily scans the panel, grabs the two control sticks, and musters the rest of her strength to correct the ship's angle.

The nose of the ship rises up.

INT. EMERGENCY HOLD - DAY

A stream of people flow through the doors of the Emergency Hold as they wait for an available life pod.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN files in line with the ASH under her arms. The ship shakes as the lights flicker out.

EXT. OMEGA'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

The ship rapidly approaches the planet Omega. It breaks apart upon entry into the atmosphere.

The hull splits into three massive sections. Each section hurtles toward the planet, engulfed in flames.

The glass dome shatters. Fire and torrential winds fill the atrium.

EXT. OMEGA SURFACE - DAY

"Twenty Years Later"

A dust storm rolls over the desert landscape. A small figure emerges from the clouds and roars toward a distant crash site on a dirt bike.

ASH (32), clad in a black trench coat and thick goggles, dismounts a small motorbike. A satchel is tossed over her shoulder. She approaches a mechanical exoskeleton half-buried in the sand.

She takes out a small, cylindrical device from her satchel and activates it. The device hisses. She attaches a translucent cannister and it fills with water.

She takes a drink and wipes her mouth.

Ash bends over a large piece of debris among the wreckage. She brushes away the dirt and uncovers a metallic box. The interface repeatedly flashes: "Power-Save Mode Engaged."

Ash dusts it off and reveals a keypad. She presses a few buttons and the device whirs.

KSSSSH! A static hiss emits from the speaker.

She smacks the side of the box.

THUD! THUD! THUD! The box plays the distorted sounds of a fight.

The activity lulls and a woman groans.

SAMORA (O.S.)  
(with static)  
Stand and face your end!

Static overtakes the recording.

POW! Ash gives the box another smack. The recording comes in clear.

MAYA (O.S.)  
Once everyone was aboard, we set  
for the stars.

Ash's face beams. Tears well up in her eyes. She pulls out Maya's locket from her shirt and stares at it.

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Eighty years after this date I was  
born. I am Maya.

Ash quickly stops the recording and puts the box in her satchel. She mounts her bike, wipes away her tears, and hauls off into the desert.

Ash stops on a cliff's edge and views a shanty town below her. In the distance, a massive chunk of "Seed 2" juts up above the horizon. It is surrounded by a sprawling, but crudely-built, city.

She grips her handlebars tightly and races toward the shanty town.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - DAY

ASH pulls up to a derelict shack. She turns off the motor.

She kicks her leg over the bike, repositions her satchel, and heads for the door.

Before she can knock, DOCTOR CAPETIAN (70) hobbles out with a cane.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN  
Did you get it?

Ash nods. Doctor Capetian grins.

DOCTOR CAPETIAN (CONT'D)  
We're finally going to learn what  
happened on the bridge that day?



Ash nods again and smiles.

They enter the derelict shack together and the door closes behind them.

FADE OUT.