

Extinction Level Event

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALIEN WORLD

From space: A world enshrouded in darkness, pulsing red veins of lava glow faintly beneath churning clouds of ash.

EXT. SURFACE - DAY

Primordial. Active volcanos belch geysers of flame and ash into the air. A rocky surface is bisected by rivers of molten lava, where an emergency evacuation is underway:

A trio of space-craft: hulking behemoths of non-human design - - massive engines don't so much lift them, as reluctantly push their enormous mass skyward, before they disappear into swirling ash clouds.

The ships are beating a hasty retreat away from two ominous structures reminiscent of Brutalist architecture: large, and foreboding.

From this distance, small black 'dots' speed toward the last remaining space-craft on the surface, like ants.

EXT. MESA - DAY

The 'dots' are actually a mob of HUMANOIDs -- uniformed, two meters tall, gangly, unusually large craniums -- running toward the last remaining space-craft at the far end of the mesa.

Their faces aren't human, but their features are clearly etched in fear; some are nursing life-threatening injuries.

They're running from something horrific.

The healthy ones run full tilt, the injured hobble -- all desperate to get on that last ship.

The craft's rear hatch is open, gangway extended. The propulsion units on the underside of the ship WHINE and glow blue, as it prepares for an emergency take-off.

The first HUMANOIDs that reach the craft race up the gangway and into the airlock. The second group pushes to make room, and the third group climb over them -- crabs trying to escape a pot of boiling water.

Some of the HUMANOIDs fall and are trampled to death by the others.

The small airlock simply can't accommodate all of them - but they push forward anyway, desperately trying to squeeze themselves into the small space, like commuters trying to board a crowded subway car at rush hour.

The overworked servos WHINE as the gangway retracts into the ship.

The heavy metallic door SLAMS SHUT, emitting a HISS as it locks.

A dozen HUMANOIDS are left trapped on the wrong side of the hatch. Three fingered hands pound the hull, leaving orange-colored blood stained handprints.

By way of response: The blue heat of the engines sears to white, lifting the ship off the landing pad...

...stranding the remaining HUMANOIDS on the landing pad.

They WAIL in anger and disbelief, as the ship rises skyward, before it too disappears from sight.

It is oddly reminiscent of the scene from the roof of the American embassy during the fall of Saigon.

Their features frozen in abject terror, the surviving HUMANOIDS turn to face: The large menacing structure behind them.

The door opens, the air is filled with the SCREECH of GRINDING metal.

There are bright flashes of light inside the building, visible through the opened door - followed by the SCREAMS of other HUMANOIDS (o.s.). On the SCREAMS we...

SMASH CUT:

TITLE CARD: **Extinction Level Event**

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

The near future. Boston is instantly recognizable: The Prudential building and the Zakim Bridge, stretching over the Charles river, stand beside mammoth new temples of technology and finance.

EXT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

Trees full of sunlit leaves. The warm yellow light gives the red and rust leaves a warm autumnal glow.

Seemingly impervious to the vicissitudes of time, the Harvard campus has remained largely unchanged: A common area with neatly trimmed lawns, lined with quaint red brick lecture halls.

Groups of STUDENTS, hot and sweaty, dressed in shorts and t-shirts, walk across campus, on a now typically sweltering New England fall day.

INT. LECTURE HALL - HARVARD - DAY

A quarter filled auditorium-style room containing only 40 students, their attention focused on:

PROF. JANE RAMSAY: late-30's, long dark hair pulled back in a bun, tasteful suit, highly intelligent and accomplished - but in a field of dwindling interest; despite this, the tone of her lecture is at once enthusiastic, and personal:

JANE

I've been fascinated by  
'disappearing civilizations' since  
I visited Chichen Itza with my  
parents as a teenager...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. MAYAN TEMPLE - DAY

A group of AMERICAN TOURISTS moving toward the entrance of the temple.

Most of them are distracted, barely paying attention to their TOUR GUIDE -- with one exception: An awkward, coltish, TEENAGE JANE RAMSAY -- intelligent eyes scanning the ruins with a combination of surprise, fascination and awe.

JANE (V.O.)

...the Mayans developed a highly  
sophisticated society, with a  
written language, technology, and  
legal system...

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. LECTURE HALL - HARVARD - DAY

JANE refers to a large HOLOGRAPHIC MODEL to her right, with a 3D representation of the same Mayan pyramid.

JANE

...and sometime between eight hundred and twelve hundred A.D. they just disappeared, vanished without a trace...

(beat)

Their disappearance, that mystery... that was fascinating to me.

She presses a pad on a nearby console and the image on the HOLOGRAM changes: Now depicting JANE leading an archeological dig in Central America.

JANE (CONT'D)

The current thinking is that the Mayans were absorbed into the more militant Toltec civilization...

JANE pauses. Her tone lowers ever so slightly, becomes more conversational and at the same time more animated:

JANE (CONT'D)

...but I've always subscribed to a more 'radical' theory. I think the Mayans suffered from an 'extinction level event': a cataclysmic war, sudden climate change, something that destroyed their civilization overnight.

Just as she hits her stride, the STUDENTS get restless, and start putting away their handhelds. JANE looks at her chronometer watch: It reads 3:00pm

JANE (CONT'D)

OK, I guess that's it for this week. Have a good weekend.

In almost the blink of an eye - the classroom is empty.

JANE turns to her T.A., PETER STROBEL, early 20's, dark hair, bearded, intelligent and idealistic. There is an ease between them, almost like siblings:

JANE (CONT'D)

Wow. They disappeared faster than the Mayans.

He smiles, moves behind the far end of the podium and reviews his handheld, while simultaneously placing his belongings in a briefcase.

PETER

Any plans this weekend?

Before JANE can answer:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Whatever your plans are, you're going to have to put on them on hold...

(beat)

...someone I want you to meet.

They turn to find a MAN in his 60s wearing a sober navy blue bespoke suit and a Cheshire Cat grin: DEPARTMENT CHAIR ARTHUR SCOTT.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - HARVARD - DAY

The trio enters a room from the previous century. Warm sunlight absorbed by the mahogany lined walls and bookshelves lined with academic works and first editions.

JANE

Who're we meeting?

Before he can respond, his OFFICE DOOR opens. RONALD ROSENFELD - late 50's, salt and pepper hair slicked back, a large paunch partially disguised by the expensive suit - steps across the threshold.

SCOTT

Right on cue. If you'll allow me to introduce you to Ron Rosenfeld from the Colonial Space Administration.

JANE politely shakes his hand, PETER is clearly reluctant to do so.

ROSENFELD

Professor Ramsay, it's an honor to meet you. We're big fans of your work.

JANE

(flattered, but confused)

Uh...thank you, I have to admit I'm surprised that 'Colonial' would be interested in my work, let alone come up to Cambridge to meet me.

ROSENFELD looks at SCOTT.

ROSENFELD  
 Didn't you tell her?

SCOTT shakes his head, still grinning.

ROSENFELD (CONT'D)  
 One of our board members, has an  
 interest in archeology. He read  
 your work on vanished  
 civilizations.

JANE  
 Oh so he was the one?

ROSENFELD  
 There are currently six wars being  
 fought around the world: Sudan,  
 Argentina, to name a couple, over  
 food, water, land. It's forced us  
 to look off-world for natural  
 resources and colonization  
 opportunities...

PETER  
 You were responsible for Tharsis.  
 (barely suppressed  
 hostility rises to the  
 surface)  
 You never thought that mission  
 through. No doubt, some Colonial AI  
 came up with a way to try and do it  
 on the cheap, no contingency plans,  
 so when things went bad you had no  
 idea how to deal...how many people  
 died at Tharsis? Six, seven  
 hundred?  
 (to SCOTT)  
 Chairman, no disrespect, but with  
 his record - this is the last  
 person you should be listening to  
 about...anything...

ROSENFELD doesn't take the bait.

ROSENFELD  
 On Mars there were 'unknown  
 unknowns'. Things we didn't know,  
 that we didn't know. But we've put  
 that behind us. We're moving  
 forward and we're actively  
 searching for earth-like worlds,  
 for natural resources...

PETER

Planets you can use up, but not before you make some money and get a lot of people killed in the process.

There is a growing tension between them, SCOTT is about to interject, but ROSENFELD holds up a hand, signaling everything is fine.

ROSENFELD

I appreciate your uh... 'passion'.

(changing tack)

Five years ago I revived a twentieth century space exploration program called 'Kepler'. Kepler was designed to find 'Goldilocks planets'. We found three.

(beat)

They're 'only' a few light years away. And the pictures of the surfaces from those planets revealed some extraordinary things.

He pauses, waiting for this information to sink in. As it does, an expression of understanding slowly forms on JANE'S face.

ROSENFELD produces a small hand-held device. He activates it and it produces a low-res 3-D image - which we can't see:

ROSENFELD (CONT'D)

Each world contained a structure created by an intelligent species. We want to go to explore them...determine if the world is habitable, figure out what happened to the original inhabitants...if they experienced an 'extinction level event.'...and most importantly if it's suitable for colonization.

(a beat)

We're putting three separate missions together, and we'd like you to lead the scientific team on one of them.

JANE'S expression reflects even greater degrees of awe, surprise and fascination than she felt seeing her first Mayan temple.

EXT. MASS. AVE - HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

Lined with bars, restaurants, coffee shops. A river of 3-d holographic advertisements - for **Colonial Space Exploration**, **Tesla**, and **Boeing** - in English, Spanish, Portuguese and Mandarin - float down the street like bioluminescent fish.

The streets are crowded with PROFESIONALS, TOURISTS, and drunken STUDENTS stumbling out of bars. PETER navigates the crowd, toward the entrance to the Harvard Square T stop:

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

As the high-speed train races, almost noiselessly, through the tunnel, PETER'S eyes are focused on his Holo-pad, as he watches a 'Frontline' documentary.

CLOSE - HOLO: A makeshift triage room. The deep red light streaming through the windows, alerts us we're on Mars.

Dozens of VICTIMS, i.v.'s pumping them full of pain-killers -- bodies badly mangled, blood-soaked bandages covering the stumps of missing limbs -- lie unconscious, connected to various bio-mechanical monitors.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The final toll of the Tharsis disaster was seven-hundred twenty dead, and four-hundred nineteen injured...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT

Future suburbia. A quiet, tree-lined street of old three and four bedroom homes; a sanctuary from the towering skyscrapers and congestion of downtown Boston.

EXT. BACKYARD - JANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A small half-acre of green outdoor space, complete with a recently finished gardening project. JANE, in mud smeared overalls, sits in the middle of the yard, relaxed, glass of wine in hand, watching a small tablet: A Ted Talk.

On stage: SIOBHAN FITZGERALD, early 30s, classic overachiever: star engineer and former track star.

SIOBHAN

Tonight I wanted to talk about the latest advances in industrial materials...

PETER (O.S.)

Hey!

INT. LIVING ROOM - JANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PETER'S footsteps ECHO on the hardwood floors, as he navigates the familiar space: walls lined with books, a desk with a copy of "Sophocles" on top of it.

JANE (O.S.)

I'm out back.

PETER opens a sliding glass door, emerging onto:

EXT. BACKYARD - JANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He sits down next to JANE, sees the tablet.

JANE

Siobhan Fitzgerald. M.I.T., she's remarkable.

PETER

And not too hard on the eyes.

She pats him on the shoulder to soften the bad news:

JANE

And happily married.

He sighs.

PETER

Oh well.

He takes in the garden, the tools, then jokingly:

PETER (CONT'D)

So last night on Earth for the next couple of years, and you spend it...in your yard. That's just... sad.

JANE

Wanted to take one last chance to feel grass under my feet, and put my hands in some earth. I might not get to do it again for awhile.

PETER picks up a glass. JANE fills it almost halfway, then lifts her gaze to the twinkling stars above:

JANE (CONT'D)

We're going to be the first people in our field, hell the first people period, to explore the remains of an alien civilization.

(smiling)

It's not 'first contact', but it's still pretty damn cool.

PETER

Not an astrophysicist, but what I do know is: space is dangerous. Why? Because everything in space is trying to kill you, and I don't think entrusting Colonial with our safety is a good idea.

JANE nods, almost reluctantly.

JANE

(a beat)

...I know you're not a fan...

PETER

They've got a lot of blood on their hands.

JANE sighs, not eager to repeat a conversation they've had many times before:

JANE

I don't pay attention to politics. You know that.

(beat)

What politicians do, doesn't really affect my life.

By way of response, PETER immediately launches into a familiar rant.

PETER

Well if you do this, the politics are definitely going to affect you.

(beat)

Rosenfeld's missions turn into shitshows... then he offers up that 'unknown unknowns' crap as an excuse. Media's too scared of losing access to ever call him on it...and he's got friends in the Pentagon, so no matter how bad he fucks up, their government contract always get renewed...just once...

JANE finishes his sentence, doing a fair impression of him.

JANE  
...“I’d like to see some damn  
accountability”.

PETER can’t help but chuckle at her impression.

PETER  
(turning serious)  
I’d love to live in a world where  
arrogant morons like Rosenfeld  
don’t stumble, ass backward, into  
situations they don’t understand,  
and get people killed.

JANE  
Counterpoint: They’re going to make  
it possible for us to explore an  
alien world...

PETER reluctantly concedes the point. Sighs. She smiles, then returns her gaze skyward toward...

EXT. SPACE

The moon, cold and gray, silently in Earth’s orbit.

JANE (V.O.)  
(genuinely enthused)  
... I think this is going to be  
really exciting.

EXT. MOON - DAY

A sprawling lunar launch site on the moon’s equator:  
Tranquility Base.

The base is ringed by four launch pads. Each pad is connected to the base by a long gangway.

INT. TRANQUILITY BASE

Like an airport departure gate. A massive floor to ceiling window, reveals the cold lunar surface and the landing pad beyond. Lots of media and REPORTERS.

Standing in front of the observation window is ROSENFELD and the fourteen member CREW, each wearing an advanced space suit.

ROSENFELD  
(to the assembled  
reporters)  
Ladies and Gentlemen, this will be  
the first of three missions to  
visit the closest inhabitable  
worlds. Our crews will spend a week  
investigating the planets...  
(laughs)  
...then return safely, and  
hopefully with good news.

The REPORTERS laugh at his joke. He's good with the press.  
ROSENFELD pauses a moment before continuing.

ROSENFELD (CONT'D)  
(looks at his chronometer)  
And now I'd like to present to you,  
the ship's crew...

The CREW, a diverse range of ages, genders, and ethnicities:  
MISSION COMMANDER GEORGE PHELPS, DALEY, YOO, RAWLINGS,  
RAMSAY, STROBEL, KUREISHI, YARMOLENKO, BOSCH, MAKAROVA, YOUNG  
and CARDONA.

They are allegedly the best of the best - like a futuristic  
version of 'The Right Stuff'.

The CREW tries to maintain their smiles and keep their eyes  
open as dozens of bright speed lights flash simultaneously,  
and REPORTERS shout questions at them.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - TRANQUILITY BASE

A seam appears along the top of the launch pad, as the doors  
open...

INT. UNDERGROUND HANGAR - TRANQUILITY BASE - CONTINUOUS

Lights in the floor illuminate the underside of a massive  
craft. Yellow warning lights start STROBING, as hydraulic  
lifts slowly push the floor toward the open ceiling...

INT. TRANQUILITY BASE - CONTINUOUS

Through the observation window, A ship is rising onto the pad  
and into view.

ROSENFELD

...these missions will take place  
aboard the most advanced ships  
known to man, The Cheney, The  
Capitol and...

(beat)

...the Abraham Lincoln...

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - TRANQUILITY BASE - CONTINUOUS

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A mammoth interstellar craft, sleek and  
pristine - a truly impressive feat of engineering.

INT. TRANQUILITY BASE - CONTINUOUS

At the sight of the craft, the REPORTERS erupt into rapturous  
APPLAUSE.

ROSENFELD

Now, it's time to get this show on  
the road...

On his cue, the CREW files past toward the gangway, shaking  
hands with ROSENFELD as they pass.

The CREW MEMBERS smile and wave for the cameras one last  
time, before finally turning and heading - single file into  
the gangway. Once they're inside the doorway closes and locks  
behind them.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - TRANQUILITY BASE - LATER

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S red engines power up then FIRE, the  
landing struts retract. The SHIP HOVERS for a few moments,  
before slowly rising space ward.

INT. TRANQUILITY BASE

The gathered crowd ERUPTS into APPLAUSE again. A group of  
REPORTERS and EXECUTIVES eagerly congratulate ROSENFELD,  
media darling.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD

The ship's blood orange secondary jets fire, pushing the ship  
beyond the lunar horizon, receding in size until it  
disappears against the star field.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

A thousand pinpoints of light and particle clouds that glow brick red, illuminate the endless night.

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN, powers through the particle cloud.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A collection of five work stations. It is empty. The faint blue glow of the computer displays the only illumination.

The only sound is a rhythmic THUMP from the ship's propulsion system, not unlike the beating of a heart.

On a computer monitor: ON APPROACH KEPLER SYSTEM. BEGIN DECELERATION. END HIBERNATION.

INT. HIBERNATION COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Quiet. Still. White. Almost like a museum gallery, one wall is a large bio-computer with 14 separate monitors, one for each hibernation tube.

The tubes, each filled with a cloud of orange hydrogen sulfide mix gas, line the wall opposite the computer.

A row of transparent polymer tubes - each tube is marked with a crew members name: PHELPS, YOO, DALEY, BOSCH, YOUNG, CARDONA, MAKAROVA, YARMOLENKO, KUREISHI, RAWLINGS, FITZGERALD, STROBEL..

At the end of the row, we find a familiar face: JANE RAMSAY.

She is in deep hibernation. Half a dozen I.V. lines snake from her arms.

All 14 bio-monitor displays simultaneously flash: END HIBERNATION

The quiet room is suddenly filled with the gentle sounds of Mozart: Serenade in G 'Eine Klein Nachtmusic'.

A loud collective THUNK as each HIBERNATION TUBE is simultaneously unlocked, accompanied by a pneumatic HISS as thick clouds of orange gas fill the compartment.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

The Bridge, like the crew is slowly coming to life. Ambient lights slowly flicker on.

Navigational monitor: ON APPROACH CRETA SYSTEM. HIBERNATION ENDED. 0 FATALITIES

INT. HIBERNATION COMPARTMENT - LATER

JANE takes a moment to get her visual bearings, and adjust to the cloud of orange gas hanging in the air.

She slowly rises from her tube, PETER rises in the tube next to her, but is a little unsteady on his feet. JANE reaches out and steadies him.

PETER  
(slightly disoriented)  
Thanks. Still getting my sea legs.

JANE looks down the row to find:

HENRY BOSCH - early 30's, lean, wiry - an unlikely looking soldier.

BOSCH arises from his tube next to his colleagues: FRED 'TURK' YOUNG, ARIADNE MAKAROVA and CARLOS 'SHORTY' CARDONA chiseled, muscular SECURITY OFFICERS, all humbled by the hibernation.

Each sits on the edge of their tubes, both with their head in their hands.

BOSCH  
(rubbing his temples)  
That seriously messes with my  
chi...

A HISS, as the filtration unit slowly sucks out the hydrogen sulfide mix, clearing the air. As visibility returns to normal...

MISSION COMMANDER GEORGE PHELPS, late 40's, part Frat Boy/part 'Good 'Ol Boy'. He stretches his tired limbs - yawning before he speaks (with an affected Southern Drawl), addresses the crew:

PHELPS  
Mornin' y'all, gonna keep this  
brief as I'm not much of a 'mornin'  
person'...  
(chuckles at his joke)  
Flight crew - y'all know the drill.  
Rest a 'ya - remember yer  
training...

(MORE)

PHELPS (CONT'D)

the side effects ain't worse than  
some hangovers I've had....they'll  
wear off in an hour or so...

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Tighter quarters than the usual gym locker room. JANE and MAKAROVA enter first. They're soon joined by SIOBHAN.

SIOBHAN slowly slides dark blue coveralls, affixed with the C.S.A. logo and name patch, over her lean, athletic body. While doing so - she sneaks a furtive peak at MAKAROVA'S fit, soldier's body.

MAKAROVA doesn't notice, focused on placing a medal around her neck and kissing it before closing her coveralls.

SIOBHAN

(shivering with cold)

You know Boylston...near  
Copley...the buildings form a wind  
tunnel...

JANE

I know the exact spot you're  
talking about.

SIOBHAN

I think that's the only time I've  
ever been this cold; but I guess  
that's the new normal. Extreme heat  
in the summer, cold as hell in the  
winter.

MAKAROVA, who has been quiet until now, finally chimes in - serious, with a hint of threat:

MAKAROVA

Compared to St. Petersburg, Boston  
is like tropics.

With that, she walks out. Once she's out of earshot:

SIOBHAN

Cute... but mean.

JANE and SIOBHAN can't help but chuckle.

## INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

Working against the cramped confines - PETER, BOSCH, TURK, and SHORTY slide into coveralls: PETER'S blue coveralls identify him as part of the scientific team, while BOSCH, SHORTY (in a Yankee's cap), and TURK put on olive coveralls - for the security team.

Up close we can see TURK'S scarred face, physical reminders of past battles. Ironically, he's in the middle of a joke:

TURK

Old guy, young guy are pushing carts around Home Depot, they run into each other. Old guys says to the young guy...sorry about that I'm looking for my wife...young guy says 'So am I'.

(a beat)

...Old guy says maybe we can help each other...what's your wife look like...young guy says she's tall, long red hair, long legs, great rack, didn't wear a bra today. So he says to the old guy, what's your wife look like...

(giggles in anticipation of the punch line)

...Old guy says, doesn't matter. Let's look for yours.

The SECURITY team laughs, as TURK slips on his sidearms, while BOSCH leaves one of his guns in the locker.

PETER

I didn't realize we'd need so much firepower.

SHORTY slaps him on the back reassuringly.

SHORTY

Relax, these things are usually milk runs.

## INT. MESS HALL

A high-tech cafeteria, so clean it's almost sparkling. Each clique sits at its own table.

At main table are the ship's officers:

COMMANDER PHELPS (now wearing a Stetson).

The X.O.: RICHARD DALEY, late 50s, balding, menacing, and so out of shape he barely fits into the uniform.

HELMSMAN DONALD YOO, Asian-American, with a round chubby face, always wearing a deathly serious look - seemingly incapable of expressing happiness.

At a second table are the SECURITY TEAM: BOSCH, SHORTY, TURK and MAKAROVA.

JANE, PETER and SIOBHAN are at a table in the back, still a bit woozy and cold - the least accustomed to space travel. JANE is sipping coffee, but it doesn't seem to be having the desired effect.

SIOBHAN  
(still shivering)  
Why am I still cold?

JANE  
They said it might take a few hours  
to wear off.

She goes back to her meal, drinking a tall container of water. PETER'S still feeling the after-effects as well:

PETER  
Is this the exciting part?

A group of civilians in tell-tale blue Colonial coveralls enter the room:

DR. ANA KUREISHI, a cheerful Saudi doctor in her mid 30's.

PAUL RAWLINGS, mid-20s, bearded, rangy, Ghanaian, chemistry prodigy.

PROF. BOGDAN YARMOLENKO, 40s, Ukrainian, salt and pepper mullet, with matching handle bar mustache; a debauched rock star crossed with your favorite uncle (who your mother thinks is a bad influence).

They glance around the room, see the officers table, the soldier's table, and finally trays in hand, make their way toward the table in the back.

KUREISHI  
(to JANE & SIOBHAN)  
The nerd table.

JANE  
You've found your people.

She gestures for them to sit down.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Doctor Kureishi, please, sit.

They sit down at the table. JANE glances at PETER:

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Issues with Colonial aside, I just  
 feel really lucky to be on this  
 mission with so many incredibly  
 talented people.

There are 'Thank You's, some gentle applause, the only person  
 who remains quiet is PROFESSOR YARMOLENKO.

All eyes turn in his direction. He's eating quietly,  
 oblivious to conversation around him, until he realizes the  
 conversation has stopped and they're waiting for him to  
 respond.

He looks down the table, doesn't speak and simply continues  
 his meal.

KUREISHI  
 Don't mind him. He's always like  
 that.

RAWLINGS picks up the conversational slack:

RAWLINGS  
 Speaking of Colonial...

Before anyone at the table can get a word in:

PETER  
 Incompetents, who let AI design bad  
 missions, then appoint their  
 equally unqualified friends and  
 relatives to supervise them...  
 (beat)  
 ...then they wonder why they go  
 wrong.  
 (quieter - glancing at the  
 Captain)  
 Phelps is only leading this mission  
 because he's Rosenfeld's son-in-  
 law.  
 (beat)  
 This is Tharsis all over again.

KUREISHI tenses at the mention of the name 'Tharsis', but no  
 one else at the table notices.

Taking everyone by surprise, YARMOLENKO decides to participate in the conversation. He begins by grumbling in Ukrainian, before switching to English:

YARMOLENKO  
 ..."Any man can make mistakes, but only an idiot persists in his error."

JANE recognizes the quote:

JANE  
 Cicero.

But YARMOLENKO'S gloomy recitation has lowered the group's spirits. KUREISHI attempts to lighten the mood.

KUREISHI  
 (to YARMOLENKO)  
 I think I liked you more when you didn't talk.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A small, cramped room with 20 chairs set up, auditorium style - not unlike a classroom.

The crew, now fully recovered from hibernation, unlike most students - look awake, bright and eager. They file into the briefing room and take their seats.

At the front of the room PHELPS (still wearing the Stetson), YOO and DALEY, stand on either side of a large console.

PHELPS  
 Now that we're all awake, and fed, hopefully our brains are functioning...or in Dickey's case...as close it gets to functioning...

In an effort to be deferential, DALEY laughs.

DALEY  
 Very good sir.

PHELPS  
 (turns to DALEY)  
 ...'Dickey' we don't get us started...

A holographic display appears. A waterfall of information cascades through the air.

DALEY punches a sequence on a console, and it instantly creates a 3-D map of the Creta system: Six planets orbiting a binary sun.

A small flashing icon highlights the location of The Abraham Lincoln, and a second indicates their destination: Kepler 320.

DALEY

We ran a final round of scans...  
 (directed at PETER)  
 ...we've done our due diligence...  
 and confirmed atmosphere is an  
 oxygen, nitrogen, CO-two mix. It's  
 breathable.

DALEY presses his console and the display changes: An enormous blue-green world, almost completely covered by ocean.

DALEY (CONT'D)

Gravity, earth normal... no  
 indications of airborne pathogens.  
 (beat)  
 So you won't need E.V.A. suits.

YARMOLENKO

(reading a display screen)  
 Scans still haven't picked up any  
 life signs?

DALEY

(firm)  
 Nothing. We were very thorough,  
 there's nothing down there we're  
 not prepared for.

On the holo-display: Two large Brutalist looking structures rise out of the ocean on stilts, connected by a bridge - but distinctly alien.

SIOBHAN

(to PHELPS)  
 Did you run a spectrographic  
 analysis on it?

PHELPS

A wha?

PETER quietly does a face palm in the b.g.

SIOBHAN

An analysis of what it's made of.

But PHELPS responds as if she's the idiot:

PHELPS

We got no idea what this dang thing is, that's why you're here.

DALEY

And you'll have exactly three days on the planet surface to collect data...

JANE

We were told we'd have a week. A discovery of this magnitude requires more time to fully explore.

DALEY

Rosenfeld's team revised our timetable, determined that three days would be the best approach.

PETER

(not even attempting to hide his disgust)  
You mean the cheapest.

DALEY

(restrained anger)  
Once we set down, have your gear packed, and be ready to head out.

INT. WORKSTATION TWO - ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A large room with an open floor plan, there are two large work tables with inset monitors, set in the middle of the room - the walls are lined with advanced computers, and large display screens.

JANE and PETER have settled into their stations, now deep in conversation:

PETER

That story, about your first trip to a Mayan temple, you never finished it.

JANE

The Mayans lived thousands of years ago, where they lived, their writing, their art, their religion was still around...

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

like they were reaching out across time and space, speaking to us, to me...

(beat)

...and I was standing in the middle of it. I got so distracted by it, I wandered off from the tour, and I got lost. My parents couldn't find me for an hour. They had to stop the tour. Dad almost had a heart-attack. When we got back home, I was grounded for a week.

PETER

This isn't a family vacation.

JANE

(more serious)

I know this is potentially dangerous, especially since it's a Colonial mission. I get it...

She stares at the display screens, charting their course.

JANE (CONT'D)

But understanding how ancient people lived, this is a dream for me, I mean, it's all I've ever wanted to do...

Before she can expound, SIOBHAN, out of breath, appears in the open doorway.

SIOBHAN

We just entered the Creta system...

EXT. ABRAHAM LINCOLN - SPACE

A distant solar system, distinctly unlike our own.

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN glides into the foreground. Small orange-red guide engines fire, steering it towards the third planet in the system.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SIOBHAN leads JANE, PETER, KUREISHI and YARMOLENKO to an ACCESS LADDER, built into the wall of the lower level corridor.

SIOBHAN

A shortcut to the bridge.

She heads up the ladder. The others follow.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Like the rest of the ship, everything on board is state of the art. A large observation view-screen at the bow, the other walls are lined with workstations, surveillance monitors, and diagnostic computers.

Outside the vast Bridge view-screen: The binary star Creta burns like twin fires on a starless night.

The ship's OFFICERS man their stations: YOO sitting at the helm, PHELPS next to him, and DALEY monitoring a series of display screens.

JANE, PETER, KUREISHI, YARMOLENKO and SIOBHAN enter the bridge, stunned speechless by the view.

PHELPS

Welcome to Kepler three-twenty.

JANE

Can we get a closer look?

YOO pushes a pad on his console, and the image on the central display changes to: An enormous dark blue world, flecked with white.

The lapis lazuli colored surface partially obscured by massive cloud formations the size of continents.

It is a majestic sight. They are the first humans to take in this view. They give the moment the reverence it deserves.

It is quiet, like a library or chapel. PHELPS is forced to break the silence.

PHELPS

'Donny' can you get a fix on our destination?

YOO, unmoved by the sight, consults his computer display.

YOO

Yes sir, structure's located at the equator.

PHELPS

Alrighty then. Set a course, and take us in.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Kepler 320, a vast star field visible behind it, is suddenly eclipsed by the mass of the ABRAHAM LINCOLN, bristling with telescopes and antennae, slides INTO THE FRAME.

The guide jets on the ABRAHAM LINCOLN fire, ROLLING the ship, as it enters orbit around KEPLER.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

PHELPS is studying the navigational display. Then turns to the SCIENTISTS gathered next to him.

PHELPS

(to KUREISHI)

Doc, I want you in Medical lab,  
prepped for any emergencies.

(to the SCIENTISTS)

We'll be on the planet surface  
within the hour. Survey team should  
saddle up.

The SCIENTISTS leave the bridge in pairs, chattering excitedly amongst themselves as they head out. SIOBHAN lags behind.

SIOBHAN

We're going to land on the  
structure, right?

PHELPS

We found what looks like an open  
platform, connected to the main  
structures, large enough for us to  
set down.

SIOBHAN

You haven't done a spectro, and I  
haven't had a chance to study its  
structural integrity. Is it going  
to support the ship?

PHELPS and DALEY exchange a quick glance. Clearly they hadn't considered this - which SIOBHAN notices.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Oh for fuck's sake.

The potential danger only worries PHELPS for a moment, before he continues in his customary, optimistic fashion.

PHELPS

Well we're about to find out. If not, I hope you can swim.

EXT. KEPLER 320 - UPPER ATMOSPHERE - DAY

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN descends through towering gray clouds several stories high. The ship eventually penetrates the cloud cover to emerge over the surface of a world covered almost entirely by water.

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN comes in, gliding over the ocean. The ocean extends into the horizon in every direction. The waters are gray and choppy, like the North Atlantic.

The ship is glides toward a large, forbidding, charcoal gray structure, rising ominously out of the turbulent waters below.

As the ship gets closer the shape of the structure becomes more distinct: it's surprisingly industrial - it does in fact look like two large off-shore oil rigs connected by a bridge, designed by a non-human architect.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

YOO at the helm, guides the ship down expertly - while PHELPS studies the display: The structure, composed of a dark charcoal gray metal, consists of a large flat circular pad, connected by a long elevated bridge to an even larger circular structure.

To their collective amazement - a circle of lights on the platform below begins to flash, as they descend.

YOO

That makes things easier.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - DAY

A RUMBLE as a series of landing jets on the underside of the ship fire, guiding the ship down gently, like a helicopter. The landing struts sets down on the landing pad with a loud CLUNK.

EXT. OCEAN - KEPLER 320 - DAY

Just above the wave tops, an enormous, thick fog bank drifts slowly toward the structure.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

At the HELM, DALEY is startled by a BLEEPING sound from a nearby radar monitor: Showing the large fog bank moving in.

DALEY

We've got a heavy fog bank moving  
in from the west.

INT. DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

A sophisticated decontamination chamber attached to the airlock.

BOSCH, TURK, SHORTY and MAKAROVA in gray body armor, automatic weapons (with flashlights under the barrels) at the ready - lead the SURVEY TEAM (in blue excursion suits - like waterproof mountain climbing gear complete with large high tech backpacks) into the:

INT. AIRLOCK - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Where the SURVEY TEAM pauses and makes final equipment checks.

PETER, JANE and SIOBHAN are huddled in a corner. JANE excitedly reads a checklist from a handheld device.

BOSCH, TURK, SHORTY and MAKAROVA are positioned at the airlock door, when BOSCH'S headset monitor BEEPS.

PHELPS

(through BOSCH'S headset)  
Just picked up a fog bank coming in  
from the west. Thick as pea soup.

BOSCH

(into headset)  
Copy that.  
(to SURVEY TEAM)  
I want everyone to have their comms  
open to channel nine.  
(they adjust their units)  
...synchronize your chronometers.  
It will be exactly zero ten,  
Greenwich Mean on my mark...

The SCIENTISTS each look down at their chronometers.

BOSCH (CONT'D)

Three, two, one - mark.

Each SCIENTIST adjusts their chronometer.

BOSCH (CONT'D)

We'll have a look around. When you get the all clear from us, you can come out. We clear?

EXT. OCEAN - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

The fog bank is closer. Tendrils of fog wrap themselves around the platform's stilts, they rise and twist like a living thing and within moments they are enveloping the entire platform.

INT. AIRLOCK - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

He nods to TURK, who presses a button on the console and the AIRLOCK - the light above the door changes from red to green, and the door slides OPEN with a WOOSH. BOSCH, TURK, SHORTY and MAKAROVA deploy:

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER - CONTINUOUS

Thick tendrils of fog rise onto and across the platform. The pale sunshine gives the fog a muted silver glow. It is eerily quiet. The powerful waves CRASHING against the structure's stilts are the only sounds.

Their weapons drawn, BOSCH, TURK, SHORTY and MAKAROVA move out, in a well-practiced routine. Each member of the security team fans out to investigate their environment.

TURK moves around the bow of the ship. He flips down a visor from his helmet: A computer-enhanced image of the surroundings shows nothing.

He replaces the visor. Then he activates the flashlight under his gun barrel - but with the fog, the light doesn't help much. As he scans the area - there is nothing but a thick gray fog.

TURK

(into headset)

Clear.

MAKAROVA heads starboard, flips down a visor: The fog limits her visibility as well, she only see the gray waters extending into the distance.

MAKAROVA  
 (into headset)  
 Visibility is shit.

SHORTY is at port.

SHORTY  
 (into headset)  
 Same here.

BOSCH heads aft. His head on a swivel, he checks in every direction: But there is nothing but fog, and large dark amorphous shapes somewhere in the distance.

BOSCH  
 (into headset)  
 Turk, bring 'em out.

INT. AIRLOCK - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

The lights above the door switch from yellow to green. There is a RUSH of air as outer hatch opens.

The SCIENTISTS take in a foggy, mist enshrouded platform. No sign of the security team.

RAWLINGS  
 Where are they?

Suddenly TURK'S hulking form, leaps into FRAME. RAWLINGS jumps, but manages to stifle a scream. The others cover their mouths and try not to laugh.

TURK  
 (laughing)  
 That was too easy. C'mon we're all clear.

RAWLINGS  
 Not funny!

RAWLINGS takes a moment to collect himself. PETER leans in as he passes him.

PETER  
 C'mon Rawlings, it was a little funny.

RAWLINGS  
 You do NOT sneak up on a man on a strange alien planet!

The SCIENTISTS, file out, onto:

EXT. LANDING PAD - KEPLER - CONTINUOUS

The large open space. The fog has settled in. The view of the ocean is gone. They can still hear the sound of LAPPING water, but they can't see much of the ocean around them.

YARMOLENKO  
(checking a hand-held  
sensor)  
Still clear for pathogens.

PETER  
(to JANE & SIOBHAN)  
Reminds me of the Cape, off-season.

SIOBHAN  
Off, off season.

YARMOLENKO  
(still off hand-held,  
clearly disappointed)  
But no signs of life.

JANE  
(looking around the pad)  
This is an enormous space, what  
little I can see of it.

SIOBHAN  
I was just thinking the same thing.  
Built for something much larger  
than our ship.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

At his console, PHELPS, sips from a flask and watches them on a series of monitors: The ship's external cameras show the bow, port, starboard parts of the landing platform and the SURVEY and SECURITY TEAMS positioned aft.

PHELPS  
(into headset)  
We've got y'all on camera. Can't  
see too much though.

EXT. LANDING PAD - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

Weapon momentarily lowered, BOSCH scans the horizon.

BOSCH  
(headset)  
Roger that. We can't see too much  
either.

A brief FLASH of light in the distance catches MAKAROVA'S attention.

She peers into the fog. There is a faint light, moving towards them.

MAKAROVA  
I've got movement. Twelve o'clock.

BOSCH and TURK spin, weapons aimed: There is a FLASHING light moving towards them.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

On the radar: A green glowing screen. A large shape moving towards the ship, growing larger with each passing sweep.

DALEY tries to remain calm.

DALEY  
(into mic)  
We're picking up an object coming  
towards you, moving at forty  
kilometers an hour.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

All eyes are fixed on the fog ahead of them, where a dark shape and light are visible.

A long dark shape emerges from the fog - and it is a 'train', comprised of several interconnected 'cars'.

At first glance it is ugly, brutish, utilitarian: a series of segmented compartments, like a series of connected 'tanks' made out of the same dark material as the landing platform itself.

An automated door slowly slides open. The air is filled with the SCREECHING of grinding metal, as the double doors reluctantly open to reveal: an empty car.

They exchange nervous looks.

EXT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

PHELPS watches the train come to a stop, momentarily speechless. A beat:

PHELPS  
(to BOSCH over headset)  
Bosch, what is that?

BOSCH  
Dunno.

TURK can't help himself and jumps on the comms:

TURK  
They didn't have this ride last  
time I was here.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

The SCIENTISTS cautiously step forward to inspect the cattle-car like train.

JANE  
This came across the connecting  
bridge...

SIOBHAN  
(finishing her thought)  
...must be what links the platform  
to the main structure.

BOSCH  
(to YARMOLENKO - calm, not  
accusatory)  
I thought you said there were no  
signs of life.

YARMOLENKO  
(consulting handheld  
again)  
I'm not picking up anything.

BOSCH  
Are you sure?

YARMOLENKO is irritated that anyone would deign to question his competence.

YARMOLENKO  
Of course I am.

MAKAROVA  
Then who sent it?

SIOBHAN  
Probably automated.

RAWLINGS  
So do we get in?

There is a beat while the SECURITY TEAM and SCIENTISTS exchange a series of nervous looks - trying to disguise their fear; eventually they turn to JANE:

JANE  
We're here to explore, so let's explore.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

PHELPS, DALEY and YOO stare at the display, transfixed: The segmented train, humming like a somnolent insect.

BOSCH  
(over speaker)  
Commander, looks like we're going for a ride.

PHELPS  
Keep them comms open.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

BOSCH is transfixed by the vehicle before him. He doesn't take his eyes off its dark shape.

BOSCH  
(headset)  
Copy that.  
(to GROUP)  
Alright. Let's go.

He motions for the group to climb aboard.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

From a monitor, the bridge crew watches JANE, PETER, RAWLINGS, SIOBHAN and YARMOLENKO head toward the open door of the train.

DALEY watches anxiously; he reluctantly speaks up:

DALEY

Commander, you sure that's a good idea?

PHELPS reaches into the pocket of his flight suit, produces a silver flask, and takes a long pull before answering:

PHELPS

This is the mission. Bosch is with them. They'll be fine.

But his tone suggests he's trying to convince himself as much as DALEY.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

BOSCH, MAKAROVA and TURK enter the train car first, followed by JANE, PETER, RAWLINGS, SIOBHAN and YARMOLENKO.

The door closes and LOCKS with a loud SNAP. The train lights activate.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

PHELPS, YOO and DALEY are gathered around the monitor, watching the centipede-like train disappear into the fog bank.

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. There are no windows. Recessed lights in the floor provide the only illumination. JANE looks around the car, despite the oddness of the situation, she can't help but be inquisitive.

JANE

A means for transporting a species like ours.

YARMOLENKO

They must've had a similar physiology. Given the planet's gravity, that makes sense.

SIOBHAN

(doing mental calculations as she examines the space)

This train could probably hold a few thousand passengers.

(MORE)

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

                  (holding out her hands to  
                  steady herself)

I think we're moving. There was a  
bridge that connected the landing  
platform to the main platform.

                  JANE

Must be our destination.

                  BOSCH

If that's the case, once we get to  
the main platform, it's the same  
routine...

                  (to SHORTY, TURK &  
                  MAKAROVA)

...we scout the area first.

                  JANE

                  (speaking for the group)  
We've got it.

                  BOSCH

                  (to YARMOLENKO)

You. Biology. You're with us.

                  YARMOLENKO

                  (indignant)

It's Professor Yarmolenko or  
Bogdan.

The CAR comes to an abrupt stop. The door slowly slides open,  
metal GRINDING against metal, to reveal:

EXT. MAIN PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

A smaller open area. Looming at the far side of the platform,  
are the entrances to two large, Brutalist structures; seeing  
them again, we're reminded of their menace and 'alien-ness'.

BOSCH, TURK, SHORTY and MAKAROVA disembark first, moving in  
formation. YARMOLENKO gets out behind them.

They scan the area: Empty. The air thick with fog. The  
structures dark menacing shapes.

YARMOLENKO looks at his handheld: A glowing green, radar-like  
screen. The only objects on the screen are the SECURITY  
DETAIL, and fellow SCIENTISTS.

BOSCH nods back to the SCIENTISTS, who step off the train.

BOSCH  
 (to JANE)  
 Alright. Looks like it's just us.  
 What's next?

JANE  
 (to the GROUP)  
 Set up a base camp.

EXT. BASE CAMP - MAIN PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - DAY

A mobile base-camp has been established between the entrance to the two windowless buildings: a collection of three hi-tech Quonset huts.

Near the first building (Site A): BOSCH, TURK, and MAKAROVA have taken up positions around the perimeter of the base camp. Alert to the LAPPING water and strange ocean noises around them.

Near the second building (Site B): RAWLINGS, double-checks a hand-held device, while SHORTY is facing tripod mounted cameras - being set up by JANE and PETER.

SHORTY  
 You ready yet?

PETER  
 One minute.

PETER makes some final adjustments on the first camera, then walks over to the second building and second camera.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Okay, go ahead.

A green light switches to red. On the display: SHORTY'S standing against the backdrop of the mysterious second building. A flashing red 'REC' icon in the upper right hand corner of the display.

SHORTY  
 Testing one, two... testing one  
 two.

A running clock in the lower right hand corner: 10:48:58, 10:48:57, 10:48:56, 10:48:59..

PETER realizes the counter was moving backwards.

PETER  
 Damn. Should've run updates on  
 these.

He checks the display: The clock reads 10:49:14, 10:49:15, 10:49:16..

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Hmm. Weird.

JANE  
 What happened?

PETER  
 Something wrong with my  
 chronometer, probably just a  
 glitch.

He produces a small head-mounted unit, looks through the display.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 But the mobile unit seems fine.

Satisfied with that explanation:

JANE  
 Okay, let's do a carbon test on the  
 first structure.

INT. TENT TWO - MAIN PLATFORM - LATER

Where SIOBHAN and YARMOLENKO are finishing setting up their mobile workstations, when JANE, PETER and RAWLINGS enter; JANE fairly bursting with enthusiasm.

JANE  
 Preliminary tests are done and  
 we're ready to check out the first  
 structure, which I have designated  
 Site A.

RAWLINGS  
 (good-natured teasing)  
 Very creative.

JANE  
 (smiling)  
 Hey just because you scare easy,  
 don't take it out on me.

They laugh.

SIOBHAN  
 So, what'd you find?

JANE, PETER and RAWLINGS sit down. YARMOLENKO produces a flask and some cups. The other SCIENTISTS gather around to listen.

RAWLINGS

We took some samples of the platform. It's an alloy: carbon, tungsten, and four other elements that aren't on the periodic table.

The SCIENTISTS look at each other surprised. JANE continues, almost rapid-fire, like she's finally divulging a secret she's been dying to share with someone:

JANE

We carbon dated the sample. We think this structure is approximately twenty thousand years old.

(beat)

This civilization had reached a level of incredible technological achievement long before humans had built the pyramids.

JANE, PETER and RAWLINGS are awestruck, while SIOBHAN and YARMOLENKO are decidedly more apprehensive.

EXT. BASE CAMP - PERIMETER - MAIN PLATFORM - DAY

BOSCH, SHORTY, TURK and MAKAROVA patrol separate corners of the base camp. Each actively scans the foggy main platform.

SHORTY

(into headset)

You know what I'm thinking? Luxury condos. I'm gonna get the rights from Colonial to build condos here, nothing but ocean views.

MAKAROVA

(laughing over the headset)

You've got to be kidding me!

TURK

You gotta respect the hustle, and it's definitely better than your idea for...

He's interrupted by the whole group of SCIENTISTS, led by JANE.

JANE

We're ready to explore Site 'A', if you'll kindly lead the way.

BOSCH

You're the boss.

(to TURK & MAKAROVA)

With us. Shorty watch our six.

SHORTY

(over headset)

Copy that.

The party moves toward a door at the far end of the structure with BOSCH and TURK on point, the SCIENTISTS in the middle and MAKAROVA bringing up the rear.

As they reach the entrance an unseen sensor detects their presence outside the door. With a loud nerve-jangling SCREECH - like nails being dragged across a chalkboard, the large door GRINDS open:

PETER clicks a button on his headgear, activating the mobile camera. He speaks into the mike, barely able to contain his excitement.

PETER

(softly into microphone-  
snarky)

This is Peter Strobel. September eighteenth, the time is four fifty nine p.m. Greenwich Mean. Entering Site 'A' on Kepler three-twenty. Time to get this party started...

On the camera display: We see JANE standing in front of the SCIENTISTS, addressing the GROUP:

JANE

(to TEAM)

Before we go in. It looks like this site has been undisturbed for thousands of years, so please don't touch anything and contaminate the site.

YARMOLENKO

Or yourselves.

JANE

Good point. We stay together, maintain visual contact.

JANE looks at 'Site A', like she did at the Mayan temple -- with a mixture of surprise, awe and excitement.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. MAYAN TEMPLE - DAY

Gray. Dense, stone walls. Illuminated by a lone, slanted shaft of sunlight.

The other TOURISTS (including JANE'S PARENTS) move deeper into the temple: bored, barely paying attention, but TEENAGE JANE studies the surrounding architecture, rapt.

She reaches out to touch the stone walls, brushing her fingertips along the surface.

END FLASHBACK.

BOSCH and TURK leads the SCIENTIFIC TEAM toward the entrance.

INT. ENTRANCE - SITE A - CONTINUOUS

The GRIND of metal against metal as the door opens. There is a RUSH of air into the darkened room. BOSCH and TURK step through first - bringing tentacles of fog with them. They're followed by the rest of SCIENTIFIC TEAM.

BOSCH and TURK make their way through the entrance, flashlights slung under their rifle barrels continually sweeping the dark and now fog enshrouded corners of the room. The criss-crossing beams reveal:

INT. OUTER CONTROL ROOM - SITE A - CONTINUOUS

Strange instruments, ancient and monstrous. They seem to come to life, their blinking lights obscured by the heavy fog that has followed them in.

JANE, SIOBHAN and YARMOLENKO are the first to step forward, peering into the fog and ready explore their surroundings. The move forward cautiously, with a healthy mix of fear and curiosity.

SIOBHAN

Must be running on a power source  
we didn't see in our scans.

JANE swings a flashlight across the room. The beam finds an indentation in the wall.

She steps forward for a closer look, her eyes adjusting to the fog and darkness. As she moves closer it's clear the indentation is a doorway.

The DOOR opens reluctantly, metal GRINDING on metal, accompanied by an unnerving SCREECH. The result is not dissimilar to nails being dragged across a chalkboard.

TURK looks to JANE, his trepidation evident.

INT. CORRIDOR - SITE A - CONTINUOUS

Tentatively, BOSCH and TURK step into the corridor and scan it for any movement.

TURK looks back at JANE.

TURK

We're clear, but are we absolutely certain we want to go deeper into the scary alien lab?

JANE

(determined)

Yes.

TURK

Are we though?

BOSCH'S death stare silences TURK. He shrugs. As they walk:

SIOBHAN

It's a lot larger than it looks from outside.

Just in front of her, PETER passes an opening in the corridor, there's a gentle breeze. He peers into the darkness. He's about to step across the threshold when:

JANE

Something down here.

He stops and turns toward JANE where he notices, the corridor ends in a large door. It opens as soon as they arrive at the threshold.

EXT. BASE CAMP - MAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Bored, SHORTY strolls around the camp. There is a STRANGE NOISE in the b.g. SHORTY spins, suddenly alert.

He flips on a night-vision unit and scans the darkened periphery: A computer-enhanced image of the surroundings still shows nothing.

He removes the night-vision unit and uses his naked eye, nothing but fog. He remains perfectly still and listens: only the sound of the waves.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SITE A - CONTINUOUS

The door slowly GRINDS OPEN. A cloud of fog billows into the room, followed moments later by the SECURITY TEAM and SCIENTISTS enter a small room crammed with monitoring instruments.

Through a large double thick polymer window, a cavernous inner chamber is visible: Housing a single object, a large tank, filled with a viscous crimson colored liquid.

BOSCH

Looks like you were right  
Professor.

Next to the observation window is another door. It SLICES open to reveal: A long stairwell, leading down into the:

INT. INNER CHAMBER - SITE A - CONTINUOUS

BOSCH and TURK are the first down the stairwell:

TURK

So we're really doing this?

BOSCH signals for him to continue his descent. They're followed by JANE, YARMOLENKO, SIOBHAN and the others.

YARMOLENKO

A humanoid, bipedal species. What  
are the odds of finding another  
species like ours? Out here?

The room is easily two stories high. The floor now covered with a thin layer of fog.

Rising from the fog-covered floor is one piece of equipment: a large tank - filled with hundreds of gallons of a dark, crimson fluid. Vapor curls off the tank and fills with room with a fine mist.

Positioned next to the tank is a ladder, and platform allowing access to the top of the tank.

SIOBHAN

(looking at the tank)  
An artificial environment,  
completely self-contained and  
there's a control room nearby to  
monitor it.

On the camera display: PETER is narrating the scene.

PETER

The time is now five, twenty-six  
p.m. We've entered an inner chamber  
in Site A and discovered a large  
tank, containing an unknown  
fluid...

JANE walks past BOSCH and MAKAROVA toward the tank.

JANE

(to YARMOLENKO)  
Are you getting a reading?

YARMOLENKO produces his hand-held scanner, waves it at the  
tank. On his display: The various monitors fluctuate  
slightly.

YARMOLENKO

That's strange.

JANE

Peter are you getting this?

On his display: JANE standing next to the tank. A flashing  
red 'REC' icon in the upper right hand corner.

PETER (V.O.)

Oh yeah.

RAWLINGS

Professor, would you get a sample  
of that fluid?

YARMOLENKO

(cranky, to the others -  
first in Ukrainian, then  
English)  
Tak... Thank You. It's Professor.  
Not 'Mister', or 'Biology Guy'.  
See? Easy.  
(to JANE)  
It would be my pleasure.

JANE and YARMOLENKO climb the ladder. They step onto the  
small platform and peer over the edge.

YARMOLENKO kneels down on the platform, and a gloved hand produces a small test tube. He leans out over the tank:

Hundreds of liters of the strange, viscous, red fluid, but apparently empty.

YARMOLENKO reaches out. Dips the tube down just beneath the surface, filling it.

As YARMOLENKO is poised over the tank, RAWLINGS nudges TURK in the back, catching him completely off-guard. He lurches back in surprise then regathers himself, which RAWLINGS notices.

RAWLINGS

Not so funny now is it?

On the ladder, JANE leans over the tank. She looks inside to discover:

A dark shape floating beneath the surface.

She fights the adrenaline (and fear) rising from her gut; she's actually looking at an alien life form. She takes a moment to collect herself.

JANE

(calling down to BOSCH)

There's something in here.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

The strains of the 4th movement of Mahler's 5th symphony play on the speakers. It's a beautiful piece, but also subtly foreboding.

DALEY and YOO ignore the music while hard at work, running a series of diagnostic tests.

PHELPS stares out the main view port, taking noticeably longer pulls on his flask.

The silence is pierced by a loud BEEPING from the surveillance monitors: BOSCH is in motion, breathing heavily from exertion. His usually calm demeanor gone.

BOSCH

(over speaker)

Commander. We have a situation developing here.

The urgency in his tone immediately grabs the attention of the entire BRIDGE CREW. They stop their individual tasks and focus on the monitors. PHELPS puts on his headset.

PHELPS  
(into headset)  
This is Phelps. What's going on?

YARMOLENKO  
(over speaker)  
Have Doctor Kureishi prepare the Medical lab, set up a level four decon protocol, then meet us at the airlock.

INT. CORRIDOR - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

Brightly-lit, floor to ceiling white pads. KUREISHI in a blue biohazard suit, wheels a large quarantine unit in front of her.

Ahead of her there's a large RUMBLE. She quickens her pace, and turns a corner toward the:

INT. DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

The decon bubble attached to the airlock. Through the glass we see the entire SURVEY TEAM bathed in ultraviolet light and mist of an antiviral spray.

After a moment, the light and the mist fade and a light changes from blue to white. KUREISHI studies a display next to the door.

KUREISHI  
Looks like you're clean.

The door HISSES open and DR. KUREISHI rushes in. SHORTY directs her towards BOSCH and TURK, who are carrying a black body bag.

KUREISHI (CONT'D)  
We better put it into the quarantine unit.

They enclose the container into a mobile quarantine unit. The lid slides down with a HISS and the trio of KUREISHI, BOSCH and TURK rush it down the corridor.

The rest of the SURVEY TEAM begins quickly unpacking their gear. RAWLINGS removes his sample of the red fluid from the tank.

RAWLINGS

I'm going to run some tests on this.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

The atmosphere is very tense. It is a HUMANOID body (like the ones we saw at the beginning), encased in a sealed MRI-like machine that also uses X-ray and ultrasound.

KUREISHI and YARMOLENKO in quarantine suits stand nearby, watching a monitor.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

With a mixture of excitement and apprehension PHELPS and YOO watch KUREISHI and YARMOLENKO work on a large monitor.

The door behind them opens with a HISS, momentarily startling them. Relief washes across their faces when they turn to the door and see: JANE and BOSCH step into the room.

She looks in on the scans progress then turns to YOO.

JANE

How's it going?

YOO

I don't think they've started.

PHELPS

(to BOSCH)

I don't remember giving you permission to bring a damn alien body on my ship.

Even though PHELPS directed his question at BOSCH, JANE responds.

JANE

Our mission is to find out what happened to the original inhabitants, well I think we found one of them.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

The HUMANOID, its body withered and aged - lies inside the MRI-like device.

A green scanning light passes over the body.

DR. KUREISHI and YARMOLENKO stand near the machine. They glance at a nearby monitor:

YARMOLENKO  
(quietly)  
Very well preserved.

On the monitor: A brain composed of three components, all protecting a secondary vital organ underneath. A structure completely unlike any terrestrial mammal.

KUREISHI activates a recording device:

KUREISHI  
'Subject' is...bipedal... enlarged  
cranium... brain size is nearly  
sixty-six percent larger than human  
brain... minimal cellular  
activity...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

JANE, excited, turns to PETER and the others, ignoring a visibly annoyed PHELPS:

JANE  
Let's get everyone together in the  
briefing room, discuss our  
findings.

EXT. MAIN PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - DAY

The two dark windowless structures are still partially obscured by fog, but have lost none of their menace.

The ominous structures dwarf the hastily abandoned base camp, sit empty between them. The fluorescent glow from the Quonset huts, the only illumination.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - DAY

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN sits perched in the fog, illuminated by the glow of its running lights.

The sounds of the vast ocean and aquatic creatures is AUDIBLE in the distance.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

The room is set up with a dozen chairs, just like their initial briefing - but the mood this time is very different.

The excitement of the first meeting has been replaced by tension and unease.

This time PHELPS is in the front row, still fuming, while JANE, and DR. KUREISHI, SIOBHAN and RAWLINGS, stand on either side of the large console.

JANE

Thought it'd be a good idea to compare notes.

On the holo-display: JANE presses a sequence on a console, and it instantly changes to a model of Site 'A'.

JANE (CONT'D)

(she turns to RAWLINGS)

Paul?

RAWLINGS steps forward to present his findings, with a nod to YARMOLENKO:

RAWLINGS

We discovered 'The Humanoid' floating in a solution, very similar to the hallucinogen L.S.D.

(beat)

In a state of suspended animation....

RAWLINGS nods at KUREISHI:

KUREISHI

Dr. Yarmolenko...

YARMOLENKO

(swearing in Ukrainian before correcting her)

...'Professor' Yarmolenko...

KUREISHI

(rolling her eyes)

My cranky colleague, Professor Yarmolenko, and I ran a series of bio-scans...

KUREISHI presses a console. On the holo-display: The corpse, before the autopsy.

KUREISHI (CONT'D)  
 ... and found something  
 interesting, what I'm guessing is  
 an enormous pineal gland...

On the holo-display: The image changes to an ultrasound scan  
 of the brain.

YARMOLENKO  
 (off their confused looks)  
 Produces melatonin, helps regulate  
 sleep...  
 (to JANE)  
 ... an enlarged pineal might make  
 them better suited for extended  
 hibernation or trance states.

JANE nods in agreement. She picks up his thought and develops  
 it further.

JANE  
 (thinking out loud)  
 ...trance states...  
 psychotropics... certain cultures  
 especially in the Americas, used  
 hallucinogens like Peyote and  
 Mescaline...

PETER  
 (excited, finishing her  
 thought)  
 ...in rituals because they believed  
 it gave them the ability to  
 communicate with other dimensions,  
 what we might call 'higher'  
 dimensions.

YARMOLENKO  
 (to PETER)  
 At lunch yesterday, you sounded  
 relatively sane.

SIOBHAN  
 (coming to PETER'S aid)  
 The 'superstring' model of the  
 universe allows for as many as ten  
 different dimensions.

PETER mouths 'thank you' to SIOBHAN before JANE continues.

JANE  
 So maybe our humanoid used the  
 hallucinogen as part of a sacred  
 rite, as a communication tool...  
 (MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

(beat)

...but to communicate with what?

A heavy silence descends on the room. No one is particularly eager to explore the implications of JANE'S question. Finally PHELPS interjects, if for no other reason than to ease the tension.

PHELPS

(checking his chronometer)

...well 'cording to the mission clock y'all got twenty four hours to explore this site and ya ain't finished the job.

JANE

Before we can determine whether this civilization experienced an 'extinction level event' and whether it's 'safe', we have to answer two questions...first, who was our 'subject', what happened to the other inhabitants? And we can't answer those questions until...

EXT. BRIDGE - KEPLER 320 - DUSK

Night is slowly falling across the surface of the planet. There is a RUMBLE as the train powers across the bridge.

JANE (V.O.)

...we explore Site 'B'.

INT. TRAIN CAR - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

This time the BRIDGE CREW is on the train with the SURVEY TEAM and SECURITY TEAM. PHELPS, YOO and DALEY take in their strange surroundings for the first time.

PHELPS reacts by taking a long drink from his flask, which JANE picks up on. He catches her looking, sees the concern in her expression, then turns away.

SIOBHAN takes in the group, does a quick head count and notices there are people missing:

SIOBHAN

Where are Kureishi and Yarmolenko?

PHELPS is brusque:

PHELPS

I told them to hang back, run some more tests.

JANE

They should be here. They could've been helpful.

An insecure man, feeling the need to assert his authority:

PHELPS

I decide where to deploy personnel. I'm the decider.

JANE

Doesn't change the fact they should be here.

(beat)

I'm leading the scientific team.

PHELPS

I'm running the show here.  
(beat - to JANE & PETER)  
Don't either of you forget it.

EXT. BASE CAMP PERIMETER - KEPLER 320 - DUSK

The evening is alive with NOISES from the ocean that surrounds them: discordant and unsettling, they seem to hang in the air. The omnipresent fog prevents us from seeing their source.

PETER checks the cameras set up along the perimeter of the camp.

On his camera display: Set on the fast forward. No signs of movement in the last several hours.

The time signature in the lower right hand corner is moving erratically, forwards, then backwards, then forwards again.

PETER

Damn, these things.

Satisfied it's just a minor malfunction. He hits 'REC'.

On the camera display: PETER is narrating the scene.

PETER (CONT'D)

September nineteen, the time is now...

(a beat - taps his watch)

What is wrong with this thing?

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
ten-twenty-six p.m. We're preparing  
to enter Site 'B'...

He leaves the cameras and rejoins the rest of the SURVEY TEAM, now emerging from the tents, weighed down with gear.

DALEY scans the turbulent ocean surface with growing unease. The vast ocean, strange NOISES and dense fog remind him of just how far from home he is.

All three teams: SURVEY, SECURITY and BRIDGE stand before 'Site B'. In the fading light, the hulking windowless structure appears considerably more sinister than it did during the day.

PHELPS  
Y'all geared up?

The SURVEY TEAM nods in unison.

PHELPS (CONT'D)  
Bosch. You're with me.

With that BOSCH and PHELPS lead the crew toward the entrance of:

EXT. ENTRANCE - SITE 'B' - KEPLER 320 - CONTINUOUS

When they are feet from the entrance, the large door to Site 'B' opens, accompanied by the loud SCREECH of grinding metal, ECHOING in the empty space, as the door opens:

PHELPS  
These doors just open?

SIOBHAN  
Not hard to do. Sensors detect  
movement and open the doors.

JANE  
(looking around)  
Almost like it's inviting us in.

In contrast to entering 'Site A', this time JANE'S reaction is distinctly more fearful. She gets a grip on her fear, puts on a brave face.

The DOOR finally opens completely to reveal:

INT. ENTRANCE - SITE 'B' - CONTINUOUS

Seeming to almost float in on a heavy cloud of fog, they step across the threshold, into a dimly lit space.

Again, the fog is almost like a living thing, filling the air, and obscuring the details of their surroundings.

BOSCH does his best to peer through the fog: A large space, made of the same charcoal gray metal. It is distinctly industrial, like a factory floor.

There is no machinery - but on each of the opposing walls is a heavy-duty double door, roughly the size of a bank vault entrance.

PHELPS takes another long pull on his flask. His face is ruddy, his eyes redder, suggesting he's had too much to drink:

PHELPS

(surveying the room with  
some difficulty)

Fog ain't exactly helping...but I  
see three separate entrances, so we  
split up into three teams.

At this suggestion, JANE steps forward, getting in PHELPS' face (despite their size difference) to make her point:

JANE

Commander, I was hired to lead the  
scientific expedition...because  
Peter and I know how to safely  
navigate ruins. One of the basic  
rules of exploring a potentially  
dangerous site like this is to stay  
in visual contact with the other  
members of your team.

(a beat - while she lets  
this sink in)

We found 'The Humanoid' in Site  
'A', who knows what we're going to  
find here. Splitting up is  
extremely ill-advised.

PETER

Should've sent in drones.

DALEY

Rosenfeld's team...

PETER

Don't tell me, their AI deemed it  
an unnecessary expense.

(to PHELPS)

And you can't disobey 'Dad' can  
you?

PHELPS glares at PETER, growing redder, but managing to  
suppress his growing rage. He glances at his chronometer.  
His expression is curious for a moment, then becomes stern.

PHELPS

(firm)

We only got eight more hours to  
finish this up, so we need to  
spread out and collect as much data  
as possible, as quickly as  
possible.

(then more faux-folksy)

The sooner we finish this, the  
sooner you can get back to research  
and I can get back to my ranch.

JANE

I want to go on record, this is a  
really bad idea.

PHELPS

(dismissive)

Noted.

PHELPS clicks his headset.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

Comms work here?

BOSCH

They worked at Site 'A' without any  
problems.

MAKAROVA

I've got the beacons.

She reaches into her backpack, then hands out three beacons  
to TURK, SHORTY and BOSCH.

SHORTY

(re: PHELPS, YOO, DALEY)

What if one of you gets lost? I got  
some skills, but piloting a  
starship ain't one of them.

(beat)

I can't fly the Lincoln back home.

YOO

In the unlikely event something happens to one of, or all of the flight crew, the ship is programmed to lift off and auto-pilot back to Earth, in twelve hours.

His assurance stems their growing anxiety, for the time being.

PHELPS

Bosch, why don't you and Turk, take Jane and Siobhan through this door on the left...

(looking around)

...Makarova and Shorty why don't you take Peter and Rawlings through this entrance.

The various members of the SURVEY TEAM and SECURITY TEAM begin to move into their separate groups.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

I'll take the flight crew through this door on the right. We'll stay in touch on the comms. Keep them open and tuned to channel nine. Understood?

BOSCH

Understood.

(to JANE and SIOBHAN)

You're with us.

MAKAROVA turns to PETER and RAWLINGS who are already moving in her direction. PETER turns to JANE:

PETER

Potentially dangerous mission, lead by a drunken idiot cowboy. What could go wrong?

They exchange a smile.

JANE

(a beat - then serious)

Be careful.

PETER

You too.

Then each group proceeds to their corresponding door.

THE LEFT DOOR: The massive double door slides open slowly, like a bank vault, accompanied by a loud SCREECH - ECHOING in the large space; these doors haven't been opened in a long time.

JANE

Heavy doors.

SIOBHAN

To keep someone out?

JANE

Or keep something in.

BOSCH, shines his flashlight ahead of him, the beam cutting through the darkness to reveal:

MOVING into an extremely narrow hallway: high chain link walls, forces his group to enter single file. At the end of the short narrow passage is another door.

THE CENTER DOOR: ARIADNE MAKAROVA looks at the narrow, claustrophobic entrance that lies ahead, and appears to have second thoughts.

She steels herself - looks back at SHORTY, PETER and RAWLINGS, then proceeds inside.

THE RIGHT DOOR: In contrast to MAKAROVA, PHELPS and his group move confidently into the narrow, penned in, passage.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

YARMOLENKO and KUREISHI are hunched over monitors, studying the ultrasound, x-ray and tissue sample results. Their reddened eyes suggest they have been at it for hours.

KUREISHI rubs her tired eyes and stretches. Raises a cup of coffee to her lips, before realizing it's empty.

KUREISHI

I need a break. Tell me something,  
Bogdan. Why are you out here?  
Really.

A long beat, while he looks at her, deciding whether or not to take her into his confidence.

YARMOLENKO

Legacy. Never discovered a new  
species, never won any major prizes  
in my field. I'm getting old,  
running out of time.

(MORE)

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

I don't want to die and be completely forgotten. This trip may be my last chance to make my mark.

(beat)

You?

KUREISHI

I lobbied Colonial. Called in every favor I had.

(beat)

My husband was an idealist, believed that medicine was one of man's highest, most noble pursuits, more of a calling, than a career.

Saddens creeps into her voice as she reminisces:

KUREISHI (CONT'D)

He thought going on that mission to Mars, would help us find resources, help improve life on Earth, help save humanity.

YARMOLENKO

He was on the Tharsis mission? I didn't know. My condolences.

KUREISHI

So coming here, is my way of honoring him.

A long beat.

YARMOLENKO

You and your late husband are very noble...

She smiles, alleviating the tension and sadness:

KUREISHI

Or very foolish. I haven't decided which yet.

YARMOLENKO rises to his feet and stretches:

YARMOLENKO

While you decide, I'm going to grab something to eat.

KUREISHI

While you're up, would you get me a coffee?

He nods, and moves into the nearby:

INT. ISOLATION WARD - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

A solitary isolation chamber stands in the center of the room like a thick polymer pillar. Vapor curls off the chamber and fills the room with a fine mist.

YARMOLENKO walks up to the iso-chamber. With his sleeve, he wipes away the condensation and looks in. This is the first time we're given a good look at:

The HUMANOID floats in a viscous blue flotation gel.

CLOSE - HUMANOID: There is the slightest hint of movement in its' eyelids, suggesting it is dreaming or remembering...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TEMPLE - KEPLER 320 - DAY

The opening that PETER almost stepped into. Designed like a small stadium. Walls, three stories high, sweeping upward in exaltation and covered with inscriptions from sacred texts. Hundreds of seats arranged around a small raised dais.

Striding the dais is the HUMANOID, in a ceremonial uniform - shouting incomprehensible words (to us) to his CONGREGATION.

The HUMANOID'S eyes burn with a frightening intensity.

As it surveys the rest of the congregation, none of the others dare meet its gaze and lower their eyes out of a combination of fear and respect.

They bow their heads before beginning a rhythmic CHANT. The powerful bass of their voices gradually grows louder, ECHOING off the high cathedral walls, filling the cavernous space with sound.

The rhythmic CHANT is almost indistinguishable from a war cry.

INT. INNER CHAMBER - SITE A - DAY

A solemn ritual. The HUMANOID is lowered into the tank by four members of the congregation, until it disappears beneath the surface of the red liquid.

The HUMANOID'S eyes close, as the hallucinogen fills its orifices, enters its circulatory system...

EXTREME CLOSE - BLOODSTREAM: We follow the molecules of the hallucinogen, as they attach themselves to orange blood cells and course through the circulatory system, toward...

EXTREME CLOSE - BRAIN: Where the hallucinogen molecules make contact with the frontal lobes and create a series of violent mini-electrical storms.

CLOSE - HUMANOID: Its expression rapturous, as the drug takes effect...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

A series of bright CRIMSON-COLORED FLASHING LIGHTS. INHUMAN SCREAMING.

A scene from a charnel house: dozens of bloodied corpses, of another alien species, torn limb from limb - lie motionless on the floor of a large utility room.

More RED FLASHING LIGHTS. INHUMAN SCREAMING.

An emergency evacuation. A massive personnel carrier lifts off from the landing pad, away from the surface of the panthalassic world.

A massacre: The corpses of the entire congregation of HUMANOIDS piled on the cathedral floor, motionless, frozen in a pool of their own congealing orange blood.

As the HUMANOID floats weightlessly in the red stasis fluid.

END MONTAGE.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ISOLATION WARD - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

YARMOLENKO regards the HUMANOID, but fails to notice signs of faint movement in its arms and legs.

YARMOLENKO

And you...

YARMOLENKO leans in close, his face almost pressed to the glass.

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

(grinning)

...you are my Nobel fucking prize.

On the screens behind him: The graphs on the bio-monitors suddenly spike.

YARMOLENKO is leaned in close to the tank - mentally composing his Nobel acceptance speech, oblivious to the frantic computer activity behind him.

A LOUD ALARM sounds, bringing YARMOLENKO out of his reverie. He looks back at the monitors behind him, then back towards the isolation chamber where:

The HUMANOID opens its eyes. They are not more than tiny milky white slits, unaccustomed to the light.

And YARMOLENKO find that mere centimeters away, two milky inhuman eyes are looking directly at him.

Only a transparent polymer barrier separates them. YARMOLENKO launches himself back from the isolation chamber.

He presses himself into the far wall, swearing in his native:

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)  
(Ukrainian)  
*Oshitoshitshit....*  
(in English)  
It's alive!

INT. CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

A darkened corridor. It is quiet, unnervingly still. The silence is momentarily interrupted by the sound of indistinct HUMAN VOICES (o.s.), coming from somewhere nearby.

The CAMERA remains focused on the center of the corridor, where the air begins to ripple, like heat rising off the asphalt on a hot summer day.

This isn't heat though. The ripples themselves are black. They are slowly assuming a FORM.

From the brief flashes we would guess that it is taking the shape of something...terrible.

Before we see what shape the ripples finally assume...

INT. ISOLATION CHAMBER - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

The HUMANOID looks around at his confinement, then at YARMOLENKO and his features distort in anger. Its massive, powerful, fists start HAMMERING against the chamber.

YARMOLENKO runs back into:

INT. MEDICAL LAB - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Where KUREISHI is peering into a microscope. She hears YARMOLENKO and looks up, expecting to find him holding two cups of coffee.

KUREISHI  
Where is the...

YARMOLENKO  
(breathless)  
It's alive! It's alive!

On KUREISHI'S stunned reaction.

INT. (LEFT) ENTRY PASSAGE - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

BOSCH'S entire team is now in the narrow passage, when the vault door SLAMS shut behind them, closing and locking with a loud CLANG.

They're understandably nervous - and before it can develop into full-blown panic:

BOSCH  
(calmly)  
There's another door up ahead. If it's like the others, it should open right up.

TURK  
Open up into what?  
(beat)  
Again, I gotta ask, are you absolutely sure we should do this? Absolutely, one hundred percent sure?

BOSCH shoots him a look. TURK goes quiet. The group moves through the corridor, SIOBHAN reaches out to touch the chain-link barrier.

They reach the end of the corridor, and the door does in fact open right up, with a loud SCREECH.

INT. (LEFT SIDE) INNER CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

A pair of black boots hit a grated metal floor with a loud CLANG. They belong to:

BOSCH scans the inner corridor ahead of him: His vision is partially obscured by the ever present fog - but it appears to be just an empty corridor.

On his signal, TURK, followed by JANE and SIOBHAN, step across the threshold.

There isn't much light, but they notice that floor is a grated metal, and there appear to be metal protuberances in the ceiling.

SIOBHAN

Something familiar about this design, can't quite put my finger on it.

JANE

I was just thinking the same thing...this place reminds me of a dig we did outside Fallujah.

(beat)

Years ago, before the water wars, but the layout here...

Before she can finish the sentence, the secondary door behind them SLAMS SHUT as well, and the dim lights SHUT OFF, startling the team.

BOSCH and TURK simultaneously flip down the night-vision visors on their helmets: The now brightly illuminated corridor is empty.

BOSCH

We're good.

BOSCH immediately taps his comm unit.

JANE

(looking around nervously)  
What just happened?

SIOBHAN

Main power went out.

BOSCH

(into comm. unit)  
Commander Phelps. Makarova,  
Shorty...

The line is dead. The only reply he receives is the CRACKLE of static.

BOSCH (CONT'D)

(to JANE)

Can't reach Phelps, so that means you're the boss. What are your orders?

JANE

We keep moving forward. If we haven't found an exit in a half-hour, we re-asses.

BOSCH nods.

BOSCH

Yes M'am.

INT. (LEFT SIDE) INNER CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - LATER

BOSCH and TURK are on point, with SIOBHAN and JANE just behind them:

SIOBHAN

You know my wife told me not to go on this mission. I'm starting to think maybe she was right.

JANE

The night before we left Earth, Peter told me that Colonial let their AIs plan missions, they were always a disaster, people died, but I ignored him. I thought this opportunity was just too good to pass up.

(beat - guilty, concerned)

I dragged him out here, now I can't reach him - I have no idea if he's okay.

TURK

(trying to maintain morale)

We've been in worse situations than this. We were in a peacekeeping force in Baghdad, at the end of the first water war...some hairy shit.

He points to his facial scars:

TURK (CONT'D)

That's where I got these. Not as pretty as I used to be, but we made it out of that, we'll make it out of this too.

TURK turns away from the group and the smile he was struggling to maintain vanishes, revealing the concern and fear that was just under the surface.

INT. (CENTER) INNER CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

MAKAROVA and SHORTY try to force the door open, while RAWLINGS looks for a control panel.

PETER takes this opportunity to activate the mobile recording unit. On the display: PETER standing against the closed door.

PETER

We've just entered a central corridor in Site 'B'. The doors have closed automatically behind us and we appear to be cut off from the other members of the crew.

As he takes a few steps from the door.

PETER (CONT'D)

...we're in a dark corridor, few lights, unlike Site 'A' there is no technology or markings to indicate direction or the nature of this structure...

As PETER narrates his own personal documentary, MAKAROVA watches with increasing frustration.

MAKAROVA

What are you doing?

PETER

My job. Collecting data, documenting what we find, and formulating theories.

MAKAROVA

(to PETER)

Do you think you could stop documenting this for a minute and make yourself useful?

(a beat - then deadly serious)

(MORE)

## MAKAROVA (CONT'D)

If we don't find a way out, no one  
is going to see that anyway.

INT. (RIGHT SIDE) INNER CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

The members of the BRIDGE CREW are looking around curiously,  
but calm.

PHELPS

(into comm. unit)  
Hello?

The only response is STATIC.

YOO

Anyone responding?

PHELPS just shakes his head. He produces his flask, takes a  
drink, empties it - then turns to YOO. His words are a little  
slurred:

PHELPS

I'm sure, 'nother way out of here,  
so let's find it.

PHELPS is glassy-eyed, tipsy, but YOO doesn't question him or  
his sobriety, he simply follows orders.

He affixes the small puck-sized beacon to the wall and  
activates it.

PHELPS goes back toward the door. There isn't a handle or  
panel; frustrated he finally tries to force it open.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

Sealed shut. What's our time?

PHELPS, DALEY & YOO, facing each other. The air behind PHELPS  
seems to ripple, and a DARK, SHADOWY FIGURE floats down from  
the ceiling.

It's only visible for a moment before disappearing again.

DALEY happens to look down at his chronometer: The numbers  
advance at high speed, almost as if it's malfunctioning.

DALEY

Commander, my comm is down and  
something weird is going on with...

Before DALEY can finish his sentence there are three flashes  
of brilliant crimson light.

The parallel ARCS of RED LIGHT, resembling claw marks, slide across PHELPS' throat.

PHELPS can barely get out a SCREAM, as his vocal chords and carotid artery are sliced open:

DALEY'S sprayed with a thick rope of PHELPS' arterial blood.

He doesn't even have time to react to the surprise and savagery of the attack by the unseen assailant.

YOO, further down the corridor, hears the noise and looks up:

In the darkness, for a split second, YOO can make out a form. It's a brief shimmer, then it disappears, like a mirage.

He quickly unholsters his sidearm and pulls the trigger.

There are quick MUZZLE FLASHES, low WHUMPS, followed by loud EXPLOSIONS as the shells hit the door. The narrow space is filled with the DEAFENING THUNDER of small arms FIRE.

YOO  
(calm, but urgent)  
Come on.

He pulls DALEY back, further down the tunnel - trying to put some distance between themselves and the thing lurking in the darkness ahead of them. DALEY on the other hand is anything but calm:

DALEY  
What the fuck was that?! What the  
fuck was that?!

YOO'S tone is measured, emotionless, almost robotic.

YOO  
We have to find an egress.

They turn and run, disappearing into a pool of darkness in the distance.

Leaving behind their captain's dismembered corpse:

PHELPS' dead eyes stare into the distance. Blood drips from his mouth - through the grating below.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

For a moment KUREISHI thinks YARMOLENKO is joking.

KUREISHI

What?! There were no life signs,  
minimal cellular activity.

YARMOLENKO

Perhaps the enlarged pineal, allows  
it to undergo a kind of  
cryptobiosis, like a Tardigrade.

He waves it off as irrelevant:

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

Right now, it is alive and  
seriously pissed off!

He pulls her off her stool, and pushes her toward the:

INT. ISOLATION WARD - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

They stand on the threshold, afraid to actually enter the  
room, where the HUMANOID is pounding on the transparent  
polymer chamber wall of the isolation chamber.

On the iso-chamber tank: A hairline fissure appears on the  
surface.

The HUMANOID continues PUMMELING the tube.

The crack gets longer.

YARMOLENKO

It's going to get out.

KUREISHI

We have to lock this place down.

They scramble back out of the Isolation Ward..

INT. MEDICAL LAB - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

...through the Medical Lab and into the:

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS

Where KUREISHI taps a series of commands into the wall  
mounted display panel: Emergency. Level Four Contamination.

There is a sound like SHATTERING GLASS in the Isolation Ward,  
followed by the POUNDING of HEAVY, WET FOOTSTEPS.

YARMOLENKO

It's out. Hurry!

KUREISHI

I know! I know!

KUREISHI finishes tapping in the commands. The MEDICAL LAB double doors slide down and LOCK into place, just as...

The HUMANOID appears on the other side of the observation window, the blue floatation gel dripping from its body, its facial features contorted by rage.

It POUNDS on the metal door in a fury.

They back away from the OBSERVATION WINDOW, never taking their eyes off the HUMANOID on the other side of the door.

Once they've reached a safe distance, they turn and sprint down the corridor.

INT. (LEFT SIDE) INNER CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

Unaware of PHELPS' fate - JANE, BOSCH, and TURK search the walls for some type of markings - SIOBHAN is studying the door that just closed behind them, looking for an opening mechanism.

SIOBHAN

They usually open automatically, but not this one. It closed behind us and there's no way to open it from this side. Are there any power lines running to it?

JANE scans the walls of the passage, looking for wires or cables.

JANE

I don't see anything.

SIOBHAN

If this isn't opening, we'll have to find another way out.

JANE

Bosch, do you have those beacons?

He reaches into his pack, and produces one. It is a thin plastic disc. She takes it and places it against the wall.

JANE (CONT'D)  
This should help us find our way  
back, for now...

BOSCH stops, waits for orders.

BOSCH  
So, where to boss?

JANE scans her flashlight into the darkness ahead of them.

JANE  
We'll have to head this way.

TURK gently grabs her by the shoulder, then moves ahead of her.

TURK  
(glancing at his weapon)  
Better let us take point.

BOSCH arrives at his side a moment later.

BOSCH  
Go to night vision.

They each flip down a visor from their helmets: The corridor glows green, and brightly lit.

With BOSCH and TURK on point, JANE and SIOBHAN, bring up the rear - they head deeper into the complex.

INT. (CENTER) INNER CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

MAKAROVA and SHORTY, peer ahead into the darkness - the flashlights slung under their rifles providing much needed illumination.

As a coping mechanism, PETER takes the opportunity to vent:

PETER  
I promise you after this  
clusterfuck is over, we'll get  
back, file a report...Colonial will  
ignore it... then turn around and  
do the same stupid shit on the next  
mission.

MAKAROVA has finished mounting a beacon on the wall. A BLINKING red light signals it's working.

MAKAROVA

We've got to find a way out of here. So let's focus on how to do that.

She checks her handheld: The beacon's position blinks - but the blue lines that should normally indicate walls and layout are blurred.

MAKAROVA (CONT'D)

I can see this beacon, but not much else, the mapping system is for shit.

They are lost and cut off, immersed in an inky darkness. In order to repress the fear growing inside of them, PETER and RAWLINGS toss out suggestions.

PETER

We can't get that door open. So going back that way isn't an option.

RAWLINGS

Do we wait for the power to come back on? Wait for the door to open then head back?

SHORTY

We can't go back, so we go forward.

RAWLINGS

I think we should wait.

SHORTY snaps at RAWLINGS:

SHORTY

Listen I'm going to head this way, if you want to stick with me, you should start moving.

He starts moving forward. MAKAROVA joins him. PETER and RAWLINGS exchange a look, it appears the decision has been made. They don't have much choice except to follow - so they do.

INT. SECOND (RIGHT SIDE) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

Almost pitch black. There are a few pools of light. We can hear FOOTSTEPS ECHOING in the distance.

Moments later, a very frightened DALEY, still covered in PHELPS' blood, and YOO jog into the light - and stop long enough to catch their breath.

DALEY

What just happened?! What just happened?!

With his typical, emotionless calm, he states the obvious:

YOO

The commander's dead. And if we don't keep moving, we will meet a similar fate.

They pick up the pace again - moving briskly down the long corridor, sidearms raised.

DALEY

But what was that man?! What the fuck was that?!

YOO grabs him firmly by the shoulders.

YOO

Calm down. Breathe, breathe.

DALEY takes his advice. He takes three long, deep breaths and it calms him down somewhat.

YOO (CONT'D)

You ok?

DALEY tries to wipe the blood off of his face, but there's simply too much of it.

He looks YOO up and down. He's out breath from running, but not particularly perturbed:

DALEY

How the fuck are you so calm?

A beat.

YOO

A.S.P.D.

On DALEY'S confused expression.

YOO (CONT'D)

Sociopathy.

(beat)

Let me check the map.

DALEY laughs bitterly:

DALEY

Oh great, I'm trapped in here with  
a sociopathic human and homicidal  
alien.

YOO looks down the corridor:

YOO

Whatever attacked the Commander is  
still around here.

With his free hand YOO produces the handheld and studies the  
readout: The normally clear blue lines are fuzzy and nearly  
indecipherable.

The chronometer in the upper right hand corner starts to slow  
down...

YOO (CONT'D)

This device isn't working. We'll  
just have to make an educated  
guess.

DALEY

Guess?!!

YOO

That's our only option right now.

They jog, quickly reaching the end of the corridor.

YOO peers around the corner: Dark, except for the faint light  
from a few wall mounted lights spaced a couple meters apart.

It is dark, but empty.

YOO (CONT'D)

Nothing down there.

They hear a loud a series of loud CLANKS BEHIND them,  
something heavy and metallic. They exchange a quick glance:

YOO (CONT'D)

Go.

They break into a run, heading around the corner down the:

INT. THIRD (RIGHT SIDE) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - CONTINUOUS

A short corridor, that abruptly comes to a dead end.

DALEY  
What is this?!

DALEY slams the wall in frustration, while YOO looks around them, perplexed - there are no doors.

They turn and head in the opposite direction.

INT. SECOND (LEFT SIDE) INNER CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

BOSCH and TURK heads move from left to right, scanning the corridor for potential dangers. Just behind them JANE and SIOBHAN, despite a creeping sense of dread, are still awestruck by the strange alien space.

SIOBHAN  
This is an incredible feat of engineering.

JANE nods in agreement before continuing to speculate:

JANE  
A humanoid culture, that built something similar to the pyramids, but it doesn't appear to be a tomb...  
(beat)  
What is it? What are we in?

INT. FOURTH (RIGHT SIDE) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

YOO and DALEY quickly jog down a third featureless corridor that is virtually identical to the first two.

YOO in the lead, DALEY behind him, occasionally checking over his shoulder: Nothing but darkness and a lone pool of light from around the corner.

DALEY  
Hear that?

YOO listens closely.

YOO  
I don't hear anything.

DALEY  
Exactly.

A large shadow appears on the wall beside them, a DARK FORM is moving wraith-like, through the wall, finally coming to rest and solidifying, directly behind them.

YOO  
Where did it go?

DALEY  
I don't care as long as we're  
moving away from it.

YOO takes a step forward and the ILLUMINATED RED CLAW MARKS FLASH across his thighs - as muscle, bone and arteries are severed, the walls on either side of him are splashed with jets of his blood.

His head, torso and upper thighs fall to the WET ground with a sickening SPLAT, his legs now separated from the rest of his body, fall a foot farther behind them.

DALEY'S mouth is agape.

He's frozen in his tracks, paralyzed with fear. He can't even bring himself to raise his sidearm.

Beads of sweat pour down his forehead, as he looks up at his assailant.

There is a moment of pure uncomprehending fear. He can't even scream.

INT. CORRIDOR - UPPER LEVEL - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

Running for all they're worth, YARMOLENKO and KUREISHI turn a corner.

KUREISHI  
Where are we going?

YARMOLENKO  
The Bridge. Lock ourselves in.

They continue running, the entrance to the bridge at the end of the corridor.

They stand at a JUNCTION. There are two corridors that branch out to the left and right. They stand at the door, waiting for it to open.

KUREISHI looks behind them: She looks directly behind them, and then down the corridors on either side of them.

After what seems like an eternity, the bridge door opens:

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

The heavy-duty security door slices open with a HISS. YARMOLENKO immediately moves to a computer panel next to the door.

KUREISHI  
What are you doing?!

YARMOLENKO  
Security measure. To prevent hijacking. Once this thing is locked. Only way to open it, is from in here.

KUREISHI  
I want to see where it is.

KUREISHI make a beeline for the bank of surveillance monitors: One of the screens is a jumble of white noise.

YARMOLENKO  
(over her shoulder)  
Please tell me that isn't the medical lab.

KUREISHI  
It isn't the medical lab.

YARMOLENKO  
It is though, isn't it?

YARMOLENKO can only give a pleading glance.

KUREISHI  
(looking down at the monitor)  
You said not to tell you.

YARMOLENKO  
So we don't know where it is, but it's probably out.

KUREISHI  
And probably still somewhere on the ship.

YARMOLENKO  
We have to get in touch with the Commander, warn them, then get them back here.

KUREISHI shifts her attention to the nearby communications center, puts on a headset, and presses a pad on the console.

KUREISHI  
(into headset)  
Commander Phelps. Commander Phelps.  
This is Doctor Kureishi. Urgent.  
Come in...

There is only static. She pushes the console again and tries to raise him.

KUREISHI (CONT'D)  
Come in... Commander Phelps.

YARMOLENKO  
Try the security team.

KUREISHI  
Good idea. Bosch, Makarova,  
Sanchez, Turk, anyone come in. I  
repeat anyone, come in...  
(growing more frantic)  
We have an emergency situation on  
the ship... please... anyone...

Again her pleas are met with silence.

YARMOLENKO  
Their comms are down.

KUREISHI  
What do you think happened to them?

YARMOLENKO can only look at her as if she's just asked him a rhetorical question.

YARMOLENKO  
What do you think I'm going to say?

KUREISHI  
Any bright ideas?

She casts a nervous glance back at the bank of monitors: She sees movement on a corridor camera, before it disappears from frame.

KUREISHI (CONT'D)  
It definitely got out of the med  
lab and maybe headed this way.

YARMOLENKO  
Where is it?

KUREISHI  
May already be on the upper level.

KUREISHI hammers the non-responsive communications unit in frustration. YARMOLENKO paces back and forth.

KUREISHI (CONT'D)  
We're all alone in here.

YARMOLENKO  
(in Ukrainian)  
Thinkthinkthink...

An idea hits him, YARMOLENKO stops pacing and turns to KUREISHI.

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)  
The locker room.

KUREISHI  
What?

He grabs her and leads her toward the security door.

YARMOLENKO  
If it gets in here. Somehow. We  
need to be able to defend  
ourselves. Just come on.

They reach the door. YARMOLENKO peers through the double thick OBSERVATION WINDOW: The corridor is brightly lit, but empty.

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)  
Wait here. If it's clear, then  
follow me.

KUREISHI  
If it's not?

YARMOLENKO  
Then it's been nice knowing you.

YARMOLENKO taps a code onto the console. The DOUBLE DOOR slices open - and yet still seems to take an interminably long time.

Once it's completely open YARMOLENKO sticks his head out again: The corridors to the left and right off the bridge are empty as well.

He takes a tentative step forward into the:

INT. CORRIDOR - LOWER LEVEL - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

YARMOLENKO still carefully scanning the area around him with each step. Behind him KUREISHI watches anxiously from the relative safety of the Bridge.

Sweat dripping from his brow, YARMOLENKO inches his way down the corridor until, after what seems an eternity, he turns around and motions for KUREISHI to follow.

KUREISHI moves briskly down the corridor, until they are both standing in front of the ACCESS LADDER:

YARMOLENKO steps onto the ladder in the confined space and looks down: Nothing at the bottom of the ladder.

YARMOLENKO looks back at KUREISHI, but she's hesitant.

KUREISHI

I don't think I can do this...

YARMOLENKO

Yes you can. I'm going to go first.

She needed that slight bit of encouragement. She nods in agreement.

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

We climb down to the lower level,  
turn a corner and we're there.

He disappears down the ladder, reluctantly KUREISHI follows.

INT. CORRIDOR - LOWER LEVEL - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

The lights are dimmer here. YARMOLENKO is first off the ladder, he looks down the corridor, then signals back up to KUREISHI.

Climbing down, she reaches the lower level as well. They turn a corner into:

INT. SECOND CORRIDOR - LOWER LEVEL - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONT.

After a few nerve-racking moments, they reach:

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They step quietly down the row of lockers. Trying to make as little noise as possible.

KUREISHI  
(barely above a whisper)  
What are you looking for?

YARMOLENKO scans the nameplates across the tops of the lockers, until he sees the name 'Bosch'.

YARMOLENKO  
This.

He lifts the handle, again trying not to make any noise. He opens the door to find: a spare sidearm.

KUREISHI  
Do you know how to use that?

He turns the gun over in his hand, examining it, before concluding:

YARMOLENKO  
I should be able to hit it, if it gets close enough.

KUREISHI  
Let's just try and make sure it doesn't get close enough.

YARMOLENKO  
Agreed.

At that moment, the lights in the locker room go out, and they're plunged into darkness.

KUREISHI  
It cut the power.

There is a sudden SCREECH in the b.g., as the door to LOCKER ROOM is forced open.

KUREISHI is about to speak, but YARMOLENKO holds a finger up to his lips.

A long beat.

He slowly opens the door to BOSCH'S locker, and steps inside. KUREISHI follows his example, stepping inside YOUNG'S locker.

INT. BOSCH'S LOCKER - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

YARMOLENKO squeezes himself into the small space, careful not to make a sound.

As the sound of heavy FOOTSTEPS grow closer, he looks out through the locker's slanted grate: Difficult to see past the locker's grate - but he can discern a darkened form, the HUMANOID, moving slowly through the locker room.

Gobs of floatation gel fall from the HUMANOID'S feet, leaving small puddles in its wake.

INT. TURK'S LOCKER - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

KUREISHI can see it approaching as well. She remains absolutely still and quiet. The only sound she can is the rapid BEATING of her HEART...

...that is until she hears the HEAVY FOOTFALLS stop just in front of her hiding place.

She's certain that it's going to rip the door off the hinges. Her HEARTBEAT picks up speed, and it is loud THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

She braces herself for a violent, horrifying death...

INT. THIRD (LEFT SIDE) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

A third poorly lit unmarked corridor, full of deep shadows.

At the end of the corridor BOSCH abruptly stops in his tracks, and holds up a fist. There is a moment of panicked silence.

JANE  
(a whisper)  
What is it?

BOSCH points ahead of them, the corridor not only comes to an end - but branches off to the right and left.

His head whips from right to left. Two dark corridors, and no good choices.

A gloved hand taps BOSCH'S shoulder. He jumps a bit. He turns around to find TURK standing behind him.

BOSCH  
Do not do that.

TURK  
Sorry.

BOSCH  
You are seriously fucking up my  
chi.

JANE and SIOBHAN catch up to them, they stand in a circle at  
the intersection of corridors.

TURK  
I said 'sorry'. So what's the plan?

BOSCH  
(to JANE)  
Well? Which way?

JANE  
(perplexed)  
I still don't think it's a tomb, or  
a palace...  
(beat)  
I don't understand why they would  
build these corridors that don't  
seem to lead anywhere.

A beat as she grapples with her own question. Her expression  
darkens momentarily, before:

JANE (CONT'D)  
Whatever this place turns out to  
be, there's got to be a way to  
navigate it. Temples, pyramids,  
sometimes have a complicated system  
of passageways, but there's always  
a way in and a way out.  
(to BOSCH - momentarily  
changing the subject)  
Any luck raising the other teams,  
Peter?

BOSCH  
Comms are still down.

JANE  
I need to know he's okay.

TURK  
First we need to get the fuck out  
of here.

JANE  
(looking around)  
Maybe it loops back around. To the  
right again?

BOSCH

You're the team leader, I just work here.

JANE

Let's go right.

They turn right - walking, until they've all but disappeared into the waiting shadows.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - NIGHT

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN, landing struts extended, is positioned in the center of the platform - enshrouded in fog.

Through the darkness, a series of running lights along the ship suddenly activate, creating luminous strings hovering in the night.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

A series of monitors on the bridge come to life, information scrolls down the screens: PROTOCOL TWO. AUTOPILOT ENGAGED. TIME TO LIFT-OFF: T -60:00:00. DESTINATION: EARTH.

INT. SECOND (CENTER) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

The second group: MAKAROVA, SHORTY, PETER and RAWLINGS make their way down the corridor, their boots ECHOING on the metallic floor.

The beams from MAKAROVA and RYAN'S flashlights roam across the walls and floor.

MAKAROVA

So mister real estate tycoon, any ideas about how to get out of here?

SHORTY adjusts his Yankees cap, looks at the compass on his wrist: It's blank.

SHORTY

Compass ain't working for shit.

MAKAROVA

Just like mapping.  
(increasingly nervous)  
Ship probably going into preflight, getting ready to leave without us.

PETER  
How long do we have?

MAKAROVA  
If I had to guess, fifty minutes,  
an hour at most.

PETER looks down at his chronometer: The numbers are  
advancing rapidly.

PETER  
The cameras at the base camp...the  
comms, the internal clocks were  
screwy. Now my chronometer looks  
like it's stuck on fast forward.  
(beat)  
When the clocks on the camera did  
it, I thought it was software, but  
this is something else...  
(beat)  
... I don't know what would cause  
all these systems to fail at the  
same time.

There is the sound of heavy metallic FOOTSTEPS pounding  
against the floor (o.s.), moving towards them.

MAKAROVA  
Hear that?

SHORTY  
The tech don't work, but my ears  
do.

MAKAROVA and SHORTY heads whip around - towards the noise.  
They scan the darkness behind them.

MAKAROVA  
Nothing at twelve.

SHORTY  
Nothing at six.

Not satisfied with their answers, RAWLINGS offers an  
explanation.

RAWLINGS  
Must be the others.

MAKAROVA shines her flashlight into the darkness. RAWLINGS  
takes a step in the beam of her flashlight - his eyes  
squinting trying to make out figures in the darkness.

RAWLINGS takes a few steps forward and calls out:

RAWLINGS (CONT'D)  
Hey guys! We're here!

It happens very quickly. The very air around RAWLINGS begins to vibrate and ripple, finally taking a hulking DARK FORM.

He instinctively knows that he's in trouble - but before he can move away - he sees bright FLASHES of RED LIGHT, like ILLUMINATED CLAW MARKS, just over his right shoulder.

The ILLUMINATED CLAW MARKS - leave a trail of light in the air, slowly sweeping across his body, slicing through him, blood erupts from the wounds.

RAWLINGS (CONT'D)  
(coughing up blood)  
Ahhhh...

PETER witnesses this, still not quite understanding what he's witnessing.

PETER  
Paul?

The RED LIGHTS slides slowly to the left, nearly cleaving RAWLINGS' head from his body.

PETER (CONT'D)  
What is happening?! Paul! Paul!

MAKAROVA  
Move!

MAKAROVA grabs PETER, who's standing in front of her, and pulls him out of the potential line of fire. Once he's clear, she and SHORTY pepper the corridor with shells. The shells EXPLODE against the corridor walls.

MAKAROVA and SHORTY'S muzzle flares illuminate the far end of the corridor.

In the muzzle flashes, they can see: A shadowy FIGURE moving in the darkness.

The small space is filled with the ROAR of their weapons discharge. The shells are shredding the walls - but not hitting their assailant. They stop firing. The air is filled with smoke, but no bodies.

MAKAROVA (CONT'D)  
What was it?!

SHORTY  
I don't know. I don't know.

PETER looks into the cloud of smoke:

PETER  
We need to go get him.

MAKAROVA  
He's gone.

MAKAROVA grabs PETER pulls him in the opposite direction, and SHORTY covers their retreat.

INT. TURK'S LOCKER - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

KUREISHI watches the HUMANOID moves away from the locker.

The door opens with a HISS. She waits for a moment, before opening the locker door and stepping back into:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LOWER LEVEL - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

She and YARMOLENKO emerge from their hiding places at the same time. Their eyes dart to the trail of blue gel leading out of the locker room.

They are on edge, when a loud THUMP in the ceiling - directly above them, causes them to jump.

They stand perfectly still in the small space, focused on the NOISES above them.

YARMOLENKO  
I think that's just the back-up  
power system kicking in...

A few spare emergency lights are activated, creating a few pools of light in the small space - but large parts of the room are filled with shadows.

KUREISHI  
What now?

YARMOLENKO  
Back to the bridge. We lock the  
security door, wait for the crew to  
get back here, or for the autopilot  
to get us the fuck out of here.

INT. SECOND CORRIDOR - LOWER LEVEL - A. LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

YARMOLENKO and KUREISHI step back into a darkened lower level corridor, now running on emergency lights it is even darker than before:

KUREISHI

I can barely see.

YARMOLENKO

We're doing the same thing, just in reverse. Around the corner, up the ladder, back to the bridge.

YARMOLENKO clicks the safety 'off', and raises the sidearm.

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

Ready?

KUREISHI

No, but let's do it anyway.

YARMOLENKO steps forward, KUREISHI a half meter behind him.

A long shadow passes along the end of the corridor - followed by the ECHO of FOOTSTEPS.

They press themselves into the wall. YARMOLENKO points the weapon at the end of the corridor, his finger wrapped tightly around the trigger. Neither of them says a word.

At the end of the corridor, the shadow remains still, then begins to recede as the FOOTSTEPS head in the opposite direction.

YARMOLENKO nods at KUREISHI and they continue making their way around the corner:

INT. CORRIDOR - LOWER LEVEL - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Back to the first corridor on the lower level - also lit by emergency lights. KUREISHI cocks her head, listening carefully for the sound of footsteps. Silence. She nods at YARMOLENKO who steps across the corridor, toward the access ladder:

He steps onto the lower rungs - then calls back to KUREISHI, barely above a whisper:

YARMOLENKO

Same thing. I go up, then you follow.

Hand over hand, he makes his way up the ladder, momentarily disappearing from sight.

INT. THIRD (LEFT SIDE) INNER CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

BOSCH and TURK keep pushing ahead tirelessly. Behind them, JANE, without the benefit of military or athletic training is covered in sweat and tiring.

JANE stops to catch her breath. She's tired, but still unaware of the danger that lurks nearby.

JANE

Could we take a quick break?

TURK

But we should be quick.

BOSCH and TURK stop and move back to them, weapons still raised.

BOSCH

(to JANE)

You ok?

JANE

(frustrated)

We've been walking around in circles for hours. This whole time, I've been asking myself:

(beat)

The Humanoid. Its culture. Why would they build something like this, this way?

(beat)

Long hallways that turn in on themselves...

SIOBHAN checks her chronometer: The numbers are moving erratically. Unintentionally interrupts JANE:

SIOBHAN

Damn! I'm guessing we've only got about forty minutes to get back to the ship.

TURK

If we miss our window, it'll be years before a rescue mission gets here.

JANE

(looking around in  
frustration)

But I have no idea how to get us  
back...

(beat)

It's not really like any pyramid or  
temple system I've ever seen. I  
can't believe we haven't found a  
way out of here yet... unless...

BOSCH

(to JANE)

If you're open to suggestions, I  
say we double back. I've been  
counting, we made a right, left,  
two rights and two lefts. Six  
steps. We reverse that. Try the  
first door again. Maybe it'll open  
this time.

TURK

Or we might be near the exit right  
now and not even realize it.

As JANE considers the possibilities, she stares off into the  
middle distance. As she contemplates this question, she has  
an ominous epiphany:

JANE

Unless, there isn't an exit.

TURK

What are you talking about? You  
said, if there's a way in, there's  
a way out.

JANE turns to him and is uncharacteristically grim:

JANE

I'm not so sure about that anymore.

INT. THIRD (CENTER) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

The other group of survey team survivors: PETER, SHORTY and  
MAKAROVA move like they're on a mission. In this case their  
mission is to put as much distance as possible between them  
and the slaughter they were almost a part of.

PETER

(to SHORTY)

Some 'milk run'.

SHORTY

Since I'm the one keeping you  
alive, might not want to piss me  
off.

SHORTY prods him forward. MAKAROVA keeps looking over her  
shoulder as she scans the corridor behind them: Just a long,  
empty corridor.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

(trying his headset again)  
This is Shorty to Bosch...Commander  
Phelps...somebody. Somebody.

MAKAROVA

Come on. There's no one there. No  
one's coming. We've got to get out  
of here.

PETER

(to MAKAROVA)  
What did you see back there?

MAKAROVA

While we were shooting. The muzzle  
flashes lit up the corridor - just  
for an instant.

PETER

Like the flash on an antique  
camera.

MAKAROVA

Right.

PETER

And what did you see?

MAKAROVA

This sounds crazy, but I saw  
someone standing there, maybe three  
meters tall, hard to make out any  
details...

PETER stops in his tracks.

PETER

Hold on. Hold on. Why didn't I  
think of this earlier?

SHORTY

(re: their stopping)  
What the hell are you doing?

PETER  
I want to know what that was, and I  
think the mobile unit might've  
captured it.

PETER taps the side of the mobile unit.

SHORTY  
What are you doing?

SHORTY'S curiosity gets the better of him and he moves next  
to PETER.

The three of them gaze down at his handheld screen: The scene  
rewinds past RAWLINGS' death - to the four of them standing  
in the corridor.

PETER  
Ok, that's just before Paul was  
attacked.

He plays the scene at normal speed, as RAWLINGS is suddenly  
butchered.

PETER grimaces. It's difficult for him to watch again.

SHORTY  
He got taken the fuck out. We know  
that. Hell, you were there.

PETER  
But both of you saw something in  
the muzzle flashes. So...

Still focused on the screen: The scene plays again - this  
time in slow motion.

The action freezes: There is a dark, shadowy BLUR that  
appears in front of RAWLINGS.

The action speeds up to frame by frame. The dark shadowy blur  
is into what is vaguely the shape of a very tall, distinctly  
alien FIGURE, covered in red and black armor that appears to  
PHASE in and out of existence.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You were right, there was...  
something there.

SHORTY  
Why can't we see it?

PETER

It's moving faster than the human eye can see.

MAKAROVA

And how is it doing that?

SHORTY

(scanning the corridor  
nervously)

Can we talk about this as we walk?

The three of them start walking again, down the long dark corridor.

PETER

Temporal distortion field maybe? I don't know, I'm not a physicist. I can use this as a crude early warning system...

On SHORTY'S confused look.

PETER (CONT'D)

I keep resetting the chronometer alarm at five minute intervals. If it suddenly starts beeping before I can count to three hundred...

(to MAKAROVA)

...whatever you saw is close.

INT. CORRIDOR - UPPER LEVEL - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

The corridor is sparsely lit by emergency lights.

YARMOLENKO sticks his eyes just above the deck. Scanning from left to right - he sees: Nothing but a darkened corridor.

He looks back down at KUREISHI.

YARMOLENKO

(whispering)

All clear.

He emerges onto the deck, gun at the ready. He leans over to help KUREISHI up onto the deck.

They are steps from the bridge, and just they reach the doorway, he hands her the gun:

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

Here, take this while I try and open this thing.

(MORE)

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

(beat)

We'll try the Commander and the team again. Maybe the comms are working. Other than that nothing to do but sit tight and wait...

KUREISHI

Good. We go home, you publish, start building your legacy.

(gently touching his forearm)

You won't be forgotten Bogdan.

Still walking, he touches her hand and responds in kind:

YARMOLENKO

And your husband would be proud of...

YARMOLENKO'S foot slips on something and he momentarily loses his footing.

He regains his balance and looks down: A massive glob of blue flotation gel.

A long beat. Before he can even process what he's looking at and why it's there - a dark shape LUNGES from the left-side adjoining corridor.

YARMOLENKO turns to find: The HUMANOID. The powerful long arms, shortened torso, and large cranium. Milky white eyes, its mouth a gaping maw of sharp blackened teeth, drooling long ropes of orange saliva...

KUREISHI sees the alarm on YARMOLENKO'S face. Before she realizes what's happening the HUMANOID grabs the arm holding the gun. It is hideously strong. It twists her arm back at unnatural angle until we hear a sickening CRACK as the bone snaps. The gun clatters to the ground.

KUREISHI

Ahhh!!!!

KUREISHI drops to her knees, cradling her destroyed hand and wrist. The HUMANOID takes her head in his powerful hands, and TWISTS. Her neck snaps. Her eyes stare ahead vacantly.

She's dead before she hits the floor.

YARMOLENKO

(softly)

No no no...

The HUMANOID'S head whips around. It turns its attention to YARMOLENKO. It stares at him with pearly eyes and large muscular hands smeared with blood and viscera.

YARMOLENKO turns and runs through the security door:

INT. THIRD (CENTER) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - CONTINUOUS

They stumble through the dimly lit maze, exhausted, miserable. PETER resets his chronometer, starts counting in his head - while SHORTY looks on skeptically.

SHORTY

So how's the count going?

PETER screws his face in frustration.

PETER

Fine, until you interrupted me.

MAKAROVA

(grabbing her medal and  
kissing it)

You know what's going to get me out  
of this?

(holding up a religious  
icon)

St. Demetrius here. Seen me out of  
some tough scrapes, got me out of  
the Persian Gulf water wars, it'll  
get me through this too.

SHORTY

I hope you're right.

PETER

You said it'd get 'you' out of  
this. What about us?

MAKAROVA

(smiling)

Oh, you two are fucked.

Given the circumstances, SHORTY and PETER can't help but laugh at her gallows humor. They stop laughing when they realize she wasn't joking.

PETER

And the comms are still down?

SHORTY

Yeah I tried just after...it got  
Rawlings.

PETER  
I wonder how the others are doing.

MAKAROVA  
Hopefully better than us.

SHORTY  
(to PETER)  
Can we make it back to the ship in  
time?

PETER  
(looking at his  
chronometer)  
I'm guessing we've got about thirty  
minutes.

SHORTY  
Then why are we sitting here  
running our mouths?

PETER  
Because you asked me about the  
count...

PETER'S watch starts BEEPING, slicing through the silence.  
Followed a split second later by the sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS  
ECHOING on the grated metal floor.

MAKAROVA and SHORTY spin around. For one brief moment their  
flashlight beam illuminates the SHADOWY FIGURE:

It is a fearsome sight: almost three meters tall, a black  
metal carapace of non-human design, illuminated from within  
by a STROBING reddish light.

It appears in the beam of light for an instant, and then it's  
gone. Without thinking MAKAROVA and SHORTY unleash two short  
bursts of gunfire - before turning and running. They round a  
corner into a:

INT. FOURTH (CENTER) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

PETER, SHORTY and MAKAROVA are in full flight.

TWIN FLASHES of LIGHT, like ILLUMINATED CLAW MARKS, appear  
just over PETER'S left shoulder. They arc downward, tearing  
through sinew and bone - amputating his arm at the shoulder.  
The pain and blood loss send him crashing to the ground.

PETER  
Aaaahhhh!!

MAKAROVA hears PETER'S animal-like wailing, then turns and raises her weapon in his direction. She unleashes a fusillade of shells. They explode against the wall.

In the muzzle flashes - she can see the SHADOWY FIGURE moving closer.

There are another pair of FLASHES over her forearm. They arc downward, slicing through her weapon and then her arm. Both fall to the ground.

SHORTY keeps running, he looks back over his shoulder: PETER and MAKAROVA lie in bloody heaps against each wall.

He doesn't go back for them. He keeps running, blindly turning a corner into a:

INT. FIFTH (CENTER) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - CONTINUOUS

Another abrupt dead end. He pulls up short, before he runs into the wall.

SHORTY

Dafuq?

He turns back around, then peers around the corner: An empty corridor.

He runs in the opposite direction, down a:

INT. SIXTH (CENTER) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - CONTINUOUS

He gets midway down the corridor, looks over his shoulder: There's nothing behind him.

SHORTY

(looking around  
frantically)

Got to be a way out of here.

He looks down at his wrist compass: Nothing. Not even the beacon is represented.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Come on! Give me something.  
Something!

He starts moving down the corridor, he's taken a few steps when he remembers.

He switches from compass to chronometer: The numbers advance at an abnormal pace.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Shit.

To confirm this the corridor is suddenly filled by the sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ECHOING on the grated metal floor.

SHORTY raises his weapon in the direction of the footsteps. He backs up, as the footsteps grow closer.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

You want some of this smoke?!!

He FIRES several rounds. They explode against the far wall.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Yeah, motherfucker!!

He FIRES again. His eyes focused in front of him, SHORTY doesn't see the bright ILLUMINATED CLAW MARKS, at his hip, floating in the air like fireflies.

They suddenly move sideways, across his legs - amputating them at the thigh. The corpse falls to the ground in a bloody heap.

The metal protuberances in the ceiling, spray water: Hosing down the corridor. Washing the blood off the grated metal floor.

INT. THIRD (LEFT-SIDE) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

JANE is lost in thought as she walks. She slows down, before coming to a stop:

JANE

(strangely grim)

We're going to die here.

BOSCH offers, philosophically:

BOSCH

Everyone dies sooner or later.

JANE

For us it's going to be sooner rather than later.

TURK

(fighting to remain optimistic)

(MORE)

TURK (CONT'D)

I have to admit I'm not anxious to file a report about how we spent a good part of the mission lost, wandering around this thing...

JANE

We're not lost.

TURK

We're pretty lost.

JANE

We're right where we're supposed to be. Remember what Rawlings said?

JANE'S fatalistic tone has SIOBHAN very concerned.

SIOBHAN

(taking her firmly by the shoulders)

I looked at this thing from orbit, it's a mile in diameter at most. There has to be another exit...we find it.. take the train back to the ship...

TURK

We'll get back, the rest of the crew will be waiting for us, we'll all have a good laugh about it and you will have a story to tell once we get home.

As he steps forward a FLASH of LIGHT passes over TURK'S leg, amputating it just above the knee. He screams, then falls to the ground still grabbing at the space where his leg used to be.

TURK (CONT'D)

Bosch! FUCK!

BOSCH, thinking quickly, fires at the area where the light originated.

BOSCH

I'm coming man.

BOSCH reaches TURK, kneels down next to his fallen comrade and produces a medical kit.

TURK

Sorry about fucking up your chi.

BOSCH  
(forces a smile)  
That's okay buddy. You just hold  
on. Hold on.

BOSCH removes a syringe and injects his leg. BOSCH takes a  
step back and looks for supplies to make a tourniquet.

BOSCH (CONT'D)  
Okay that should take care of the  
pain. Now for the bleeding...

The injection seems to do the trick. TURK stops grimacing  
momentarily.

BOSCH (CONT'D)  
Just hold on buddy...

There are several FLASHES of LIGHT in quick succession, all  
of them crossing TURK almost simultaneously, tearing his body  
apart.

BOSCH jumps backward away from the LIGHTS. He rolls toward  
his weapon, grabs it, and in one motion is on his feet  
aiming.

BOSCH (CONT'D)  
(to JANE & SIOBHAN)  
Get back!

JANE and SIOBHAN move behind him. Once they're out of the  
line of fire, BOSCH shoots blindly into the darkness.

BOSCH (CONT'D)  
You sonuvabitch!!!

The SHADOWY FIGURE suddenly emerges from the darkness,  
heading straight towards him -- it's moving so fast that it's  
little more than a black and red blur. BOSCH keeps firing.

The SHADOWY FIGURE slows down for a moment. The explosive  
bullets find their mark - detonating like fireworks.

Its arm disappears; apparently damaged in the barrage of  
bullets and explosives.

BOSCH (CONT'D)  
Yeah, how you do like that, you  
sonuvabitch?!!!

Before he can celebrate, the SHADOWY FIGURE'S arm has  
returned.

BOSCH (CONT'D)

What the?

Then the SHADOWY FIGURE is bearing down on him again. While BOSCH tries to get a bead on it, the FIGURE is moving so fast it is little more than a blur of black and red.

BOSCH (CONT'D)

(to JANE & SIOBHAN)

Go! Go! Go!

SIOBHAN

Bosch! Nooo!

Half crazed with adrenalin and fear, BOSCH fires wildly at the SHADOWY FIGURE, emptying his magazine. He ejects it, expertly and efficiently inserts another and continues the barrage.

ILLUMINATED CLAW MARKS rake across his abdomen, before disappearing inside his gut.

BOSCH is lifted off his feet, into the air, jets of blood spraying out of his abdomen.

He drops his weapon, which bounces once, twice off the floor, before skidding toward JANE and SIOBHAN.

JANE fights through her fear, picks up BOSCH'S cumbersome automatic rifle with one hand and uses the other to practically shove SIOBHAN behind her.

With a little difficulty, she manages to activate the weapon, and fire it at the SHADOWY FIGURE. They don't wait to see what damage they've done, instead turning and running down the corridor.

A gut-wrenching SCREAM from behind them makes them turn.

They look in time to see: In a brief flash of light, the red and black SHADOWY FIGURE is holding BOSCH and TURK'S limp bodies like rag dolls.

When the light flashes again, the SHADOWY FIGURE, BOSCH and TURK are gone.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

The DOOR opens with a HISS, and YARMOLENKO, his blue surgical scrubs torn and stained with generous amounts of KUREISHI'S blood, stumbles onto a darkened bridge, lit only by emergency lights.

The first thing he does is activate the security measures for the bridge door. The door locks with a loud THUNK. The HUMANOID POUNDS on the door.

He leans unsteadily against the a console, wide eyed and scared - still traumatized by the horror of what he's just witnessed.

He looks around the bridge: Finally finding the communications console.

He lurches forward, frantically presses pads on the console.

YARMOLENKO  
(breathing hard -  
desperate)  
Come in Commander, survey,  
anyone...anyone!

He's interrupted by a loud BANGING on the BRIDGE DOOR. He turns to see: The long powerful arms of the HUMANOID pounding on the doors, searching for a way in.

INT. FOURTH (CENTER) CORRIDOR - SITE 'B' - NIGHT

SIOBHAN, the athlete, is running in the lead: There is a glowing red light in the distance.

SIOBHAN  
I see something, up ahead. Might be  
a way out.

JANE is behind her, struggling to hold BOSCH'S large rifle, fueled by pure adrenalin; but still consumed by a fatalistic outlook.

JANE  
There is no way out.

SIOBHAN keeps moving forward, survival instinct forcing her to press on. They both reach the source of the red light, as she approaches the door, she slows overcome by a repulsive stench:

SIOBHAN  
Oh my god. What is that smell?

Now more cautiously, with the rifle raised, JANE takes the lead and steps forward into:

INT. CREMATORIUM - SITE 'B' - CONTINUOUS

The center of the labyrinth. A large space, three stories high. There is an open space in the ceiling where a diffuse light penetrates the gloom. What commands their attention first are the bodies:

Piles of skeletons line the walls, each skeleton permanently twisted in a convulsion of pain, many are missing limbs...

CLOSE - SKELETON: A mouth frozen in a silent scream.

...but the grotesque skeletal remains don't prepare SIOBHAN and JANE them for what they see in the center of the room:

A large table. The partially dismembered bodies of PHELPS, YOO, DALEY RAWLINGS, MAKAROVA, PETER, SHORTY, TURK and BOSCH lie atop it.

JANE sees the crew, but focuses her attention on PETER'S lifeless body. She releases her grip on the rifle, sending it CLATTERING to the ground. The tears start streaming down her face.

JANE

The Colonial administrators asked their AI to come up with a mission plan, but they never considered that the AI might be wrong, or that none of them had any idea what they were dealing with.

(beat)

What they were really dealing with.

She smiles bitterly through her tears, as she remembers:

JANE (CONT'D)

"What politicians do, doesn't really affect my life."

(beat)

But Peter knew their plan was fucked. And we'd be the ones who paid the price. Now he's dead.

Eventually she realizes they have to keep moving. She grabs the heavy rifle, again lifting it with some difficulty, and starts to move toward a door at the far side of the room, when she realizes SIOBHAN is not with her.

She looks back to find SIOBHAN still staring at the pile of bodies.

SIOBHAN

It's not your fault Jane.

A forced smile as SIOBHAN gently tries to guide JANE away from the grotesque scene.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)  
Come on, we have to keep going.

JANE  
It doesn't matter if we run.

SIOBHAN  
What do you mean?

JANE  
We were dead the minute we walked  
in here.  
(staring off into the  
distance)  
Remember...

SIOBHAN  
(ignoring her)  
Come on, if we can find our way  
back to the beacon.

JANE  
We speculated that this might be  
part of some ritual, that they were  
trying communicate with beings in  
higher dimensions...  
(beat)  
...they called out into the void...  
and something answered... something  
terrible...

She spreads her arms wide:

JANE (CONT'D)  
...and it came here...

SIOBHAN checks her chronometer, still focused on the ship's auto lift-off departure time and only half-listening to JANE.

SIOBHAN  
What?

JANE  
We came here to find out what  
happened to this civilization,  
determine if they experienced an  
'extinction level event'.  
(beat)  
If you want to know what happened  
to them, this is the key.  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

If you understand this... then you know what happened...

SIOBHAN checks the time on her chronometer again:

SIOBHAN

...the ship isn't taking off for another twenty minutes...  
 (a beat while she examines it again)  
 ...twenty minutes is plenty of time for us to make our way back.

She checks the chronometer a third time: The numbers denoting seconds start to slow down.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Great time for this to stop working again.

JANE

They called this thing 'down' here...right here...  
 (pointing emphatically at the ground)  
 You don't get it, do you? This 'incredible feat of engineering'...  
 (beat)  
 ...a train to deliver us here, doors that open to invite us in, but lock behind us, a structure that's impossible to navigate, but leads us inexorably... here.  
 (beat)  
 I know what this place is...

JANE doesn't even want to speak the words aloud. Instead leans in close to SIOBHAN, to share a terrible secret.

CLOSE - SIOBHAN'S EAR: As JANE'S lips whisper something into her ear that we don't hear.

As SIOBHAN backs away several steps in shock and denial. Her mind still grappling with the implications of what JANE'S just told her.

SIOBHAN

That's not possible... it's not possible... that...  
 (looking around her)  
 ...can't be what it is.

The realization hits her and her eyes grow wide with fear.

As she grapples with this knowledge...

...the air ripples. The SHADOWY FIGURE appears in the space between JANE and SIOBHAN. For a moment it remains opaque, then...

...it solidifies. A beat. A TRAIL of LIGHT passes across SIOBHAN'S midsection.

Her lean, elegant frame is cut in two, with surgical precision. There is a SPLASH as her entrails spill onto the ground below.

SIOBHAN doesn't even have time to register what's happened. Her expression only communicates confusion and that she knows something is wrong.

As her head and upper torso fall to the left, her lower torso and legs fall to the right with a sickening SPLAT.

Already holding the rifle, JANE raises it in the general direction of the SHADOWY FIGURE and FIRES. The BOOMING report of the rifle echoes throughout the space.

The explosive tipped rounds strike the bones along the wall, setting them ablaze.

Some of the other shots hit the SHADOWY FIGURE, limbs disappear, then reappear - without appearing to have suffered any damage.

She keeps squeezing the trigger tightly, raining explosive tipped shells. Blossoms of fire bloom across the enclosed space. She fires until the rifle CLICKS empty.

She drops the now useless rifle in disgust and looks in the general direction of her unseen assailant.

On the other side of a thick cloud of acrid gray smoke, there's a loud CLANGING sound (o.s.) - the sound of heavy metallic footsteps pounding against the floor - moving toward her - closer and closer, a shape appears through the smoke:

From her expression, her assailant has finally revealed itself.

The SHADOWY FIGURE steps into the light provided from the furnace and we see it fully for the first time...

The HUMANOID called out into the void. This is what answered the call: THE HIGHER DIMENSIONAL BEING.

It's emerged fully formed from a nightmare -- existing in layers -- each layer existing in different dimensions.

It's three meters in height, covered by a partially opaque black metal exoskeleton. Beneath the exoskeleton, a layer of translucent red energy, that seems to be alive.

Beneath that layer of glowing red energy is what appears to be a translucent humanoid form.

All the layers take turns appearing and disappearing, lending it a distinctly hallucinogenic quality.

JANE stares into its face: like the surround structure, it's featureless. There are no eyes or mouth -- just black metal illuminated by layers of pulsing red energy beneath.

Hanging at its side are long powerful arms, hanging below its' knees, that end in glowing red, razor sharp talons; talons still wet with SIOBHAN'S blood.

Although it is still on the other side of the room, JANE backs away.

There is a dark BLUR and in the blink of an eye, the HIGHER DIMENSIONAL BEING has closed the distance between them. It seems to have defied the laws of physics and is now inches from her.

She leaps back in surprise, tripping over her feet and falling to the ground.

Without ever looking away from THE HIGHER DIMENSIONAL BEING she crawls backward, taking cover behind:

A wall of skeletons. She presses her back against it. There are holes in the wall.

Almost daring herself, she looks over her shoulder and peers through a hole: The legs of THE HIGHER DIMENSIONAL BEING, are just on the other side of the wall.

She crawls in the opposite direction, following the length of the wall of bones, hoping it will provide her with some type of cover.

The CLANGING METAL FOOTSTEPS grow closer. JANE covers her mouth to stop from screaming.

When they finally stop, she manages to quietly rise to her feet.

Before going further, she scans the room through the porous wall of bones: The room is ablaze, the air thick with smoke, but the door that they came through is just to the left of the wall.

There's no sign of the HIGHER DIMENSIONAL BEING. Alone like this, she's reminded of:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. MAYAN TEMPLE - DAY

TEENAGE JANE has wandered away from the TOUR GROUP and her PARENTS and finds herself alone, deep within the massive structure.

She looks around, taking in the space.

END FLASHBACK.

She does the same here, within the crematorium, while also listening intently for the sound of its FOOTSTEPS.

The room is quiet save the crackling of flames.

She waits.

The seconds seem to pass like hours.

Convinced she has a clear egress, she doubles back, and turns the corner emerging from behind the wall. She's alone.

She sprints for the door. The door, and possibly freedom, are only meters away.

The air in front of her blurs and darkens.

The darkness eventually taking the form of THE HIGHER DIMENSIONAL BEING.

She stops in her tracks.

A long beat, as the two stand facing each other.

JANE finds an oasis calm in the midst of her terror -- that allows her to remember, then paraphrase, a Sophocles quote:

JANE

"..Alas, how terrible is wisdom  
when it brings no profit...I had  
forgotten it, else I would not have  
come here..."

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - NIGHT

YARMOLENKO drags himself to the CAPTAIN'S CHAIR. He presses a button at the console.

There is the sound of WET FLESH POUNDING against METAL (o.s.)

On the communication monitor: YARMOLENKO'S face. Blood-splattered. Haggard. Haunted.

YARMOLENKO

This is Professor Bogdan Yarmolenko. Chief Biologist on the Abraham Lincoln.

(pauses to catch his breath)

..I don't have much time...

(looks nervously over his shoulder)

...it's coming for me. To anyone who sees this message...we found a pair of structures on Kepler three-twenty... Jane Ramsay, and the scientific team, that went to explore the structures...

YARMOLENKO looks anxiously over his shoulder: Still nothing.

Convinced that he's momentarily safe, he carries on.

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

...they're missing, and I have to presume, dead. A humanoid creature that we found in the other structure and brought onboard has killed Ana....Doctor Kureishi...If it can find a way onto the bridge, it will kill me too.

(a beat)

...Colonial found evidence that there are three other worlds like Kepler three-twenty...to whoever watches this, if you encounter these structures...

There is the SOUND of GRATING metal, as the SECURITY DOOR is being forced open. SOUND of FLESHY FOOTSTEPS POUNDING the metal floor - the HUMANOID has found him. His tone grows strangely calm, knowing the end is near.

YARMOLENKO (CONT'D)

...do not enter them...the only thing waiting for you is horror.

Long gray inhuman digits slowly, almost delicately wrap themselves around his forehead and mouth.

He attempts to SCREAM through the fingers, as he is lifted out of the chair and back into the shadows, until he disappears from sight.

INT. HIBERNATION COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Quiet. Still. White. Fourteen empty hibernation tubes.

                  YARMOLENKO (O.S.)  
                  (over speaker)  
                  ...no...no..no...

INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Empty. Trays and glasses still sit on the tables. The peacefulness broken by a blood-curdling SCREAM.

                  YARMOLENKO (O.S.)  
                  (over speaker)  
                  ....NOOO!

The SCREAM ends abruptly.

INT. BRIDGE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

It is empty. YARMOLENKO is nowhere to be found. The five empty work stations, are now stained with liberal amounts of blood.

The only sound is a loud RUMBLE from the ship's propulsion system.

On the monitor: AUTO-PILOT ENGAGE. PRE-FLIGHT. PRE-FLIGHT COMPLETE. COMMENCE LIFT-OFF. DESTINATION: EARTH.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - KEPLER 320 - DAWN

The ship's landing jets FIRE. The landing jets slowly retract, as the rockets slowly lifting the Abraham Lincoln from the platform and into the morning sky.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The ABRAHAM LINCOLN leaves the orbit of Kepler 320.

The secondary engines ignite, in a sudden burst of greenish lights.

Until the ship reaches a safe distance, when the primary engines ignite, sending the ship hurtling into space.

Until it disappears against the star field.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Still focused on the star field, as another advanced spacecraft, similar to the ABRAHAM LINCOLN, lumbers into view. On the ship's hull: CAPITOL

INT. BRIDGE - CAPITOL

A layout like the Abraham Lincoln: the forward wall of the bridge is a floor to ceiling monitor. Overlaid on the monitor is the image of a large, forbidding dark gray world.

A complete bridge crew. COMMANDER RONALD THOMAS, early 70s, body's gone to seed, barely fits into his uniform -- a stack of empty MRE containers next to him.

He's ignoring the main monitors, instead focused on a game show, while lustily digging into a hamburger.

Standing silently beside him is, MATT SPENCER: a gray haired, mild-mannered, sycophant. Always loathe to contradict the commander, he's the quintessential middle-manager.

Sitting at the communications console is the perpetually flustered NAVIGATOR/COMMS OFFICER BETH DE JONG.

Piloting the ship HELMSMAN VANCE MALONEY, short, balding, 'squirrelly'.

MALONEY

Entering orbit of Kepler one-six...

There is a BEEPING at DE JONG'S console. With some difficulty, she manages to key in the correct sequence.

On the communications monitor: Incoming Message. C.S.A. Urgent.

DE JONG

(to THOMAS)

An incoming message from 'Colonial'. It's marked 'urgent'.

THOMAS

(annoyed at the interruption)

Whadda these idiots want?

DE JONG pushes a pad at her console, attempting to load the message. A synthetic computer voice responds, first in RUSSIAN.

DE JONG  
Sorry about that.  
(working the controls)  
Adjusting.

COMPUTER  
(now in English - over  
speaker)  
We are experiencing higher than  
normal communication volume. Please  
attempt your communication later.  
We apologize for any inconvenience.  
Your business is very important to  
us. Thank you for choosing Colonial  
Communications.

THOMAS  
So what's going on down there  
Matty?

SPENCER  
It was in the brief sir.

THOMAS  
You know I don't read the briefs.  
Gimme the bullet points.

SPENCER  
Colonial's lost contact with the  
Abraham Lincoln and the Cheney.

THOMAS scoffs:

THOMAS  
Not surprised, Phelps is an idiot.

SPENCER  
No signs of life from the planet,  
but we're getting some interesting  
EMR readings, and some readings  
indicating massive iron, cadmium  
deposits and rich beds of a  
petroleum like substance.  
(on THOMAS'  
uncomprehending look on  
the word 'petroleum')  
Oil, sir.

THOMAS  
(curiosity piqued)  
Oil, huh? Let's take a look.

THOMAS puts down the hamburger, turns his attention from the game show, and toward a series of figures on the view-screen.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
(to SPENCER)  
Don't uh, mention the oil in your  
log - let's keep that to ourselves.

SPENCER smirks knowingly, nods in acknowledgement.

THOMAS smiles in anticipation of the adulation and riches he thinks the successful completion of the mission will bring him, then:

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
(to MALONEY)  
OK. Take her down.

EXT. SPACE - OVER KEPLER 1-6

The maneuvering jets on the CAPITOL fire, guiding it toward...

A world covered by a giant cloud of ash, blood red veins of lava criss-crossing the surface.

The same planet from the opening.

The ship powers toward the surface; the crew blissfully unaware of the horrors that await them inside the labyrinth.

FADE OUT.

The End