

DARK GRAVITY

Written by

Michael H. Childress II

Frank.castle.wash.dc@gmail.com

Copyright (c) 2024. This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." - Alexander Pope"

FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME LIVING ROOM - EVENING

SUPER: "Earth, 2155"

Nondescript family living room, large TV embedded in wall.

A couch faces the TV -- on it sit an ethnically-mixed family of three, a MAN, a WOMAN, and a YOUNG GIRL.

Visible are the backs of their heads only.

The TV shows a news program in progress.

ON THE TELEVISION - CLIMATE-SPAWNED DISASTERS

-- Massive wildfires.

-- Devastating floods.

-- Destructive hurricanes.

-- Rampant climate change-driven displacement.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

The young girl's right arm extends towards the TV, she makes a swiping motion to the left, the channel changes.

Most of the TV channels show only snow -- a news program pops up after a few swipes.

ON THE TELEVISION

The new TV channel shows a MALE NEWSCASTER, 48, Caucasian. He wears a solemn expression behind a news desk.

MALE NEWSCASTER

Now in some rare, good news
mankind's first ever deep-space
pilgrimage vessel, the Erebus, is
currently undergoing final
inspections in preparation for its
impending launch from Moon Base
Armstrong.

(MORE)

MALE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
The ship's departure is scheduled
for an as yet undisclosed time and
day later this week.

The broadcast cuts from the studio feed to a live video of
the large spacecraft -- hull designation deems it "The
Erebus" -- which docks at a station in orbit around the Moon.

The Erebus sits a massive vehicle, a gunmetal plating hull
covers it, it looks very outer space-worthy.

COMMANDER TYRONE GENDRY, wears a spacesuit, waves at the TV
cameras from the Bridge of the ship.

MALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If you look now we see a waving
astronaut whom we believe to be the
commander of the Erebus. Very
exciting.

Gendry gives a thumbs-up for the camera -- flags of the
United Kingdom and the Erebus mission patches display on his
suit arms.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

The young girl claps excitedly, grasps her mother's shirt
sleeve for comfort.

The woman leans over, makes soft contact with the young
girl's head.

ON THE TELEVISION - Erebus Full-View

-- Five, major component parts distinguish the ship.

-- An extremely large fuselage makes up most of the Erebus'
size.

-- A giant solar sail lies retracted.

-- Two propulsion drives shaped like oblong cones extend out
from the fuselage.

-- A large propulsion engine resides at the aft of the ship.

MALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
On a world rife with environmental
disasters the Erebus may be the
last, great hope for mankind as it
exits our solar system destined for
a new world, trillions of miles
away, on which to perpetuate
species *Homo Sapiens*.

(MORE)

MALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Godspeed to the crew of the Erebus.
 You are indeed our only hope...our
 only...salvation.

The TV live feed shows more external shots of the spaceship.

-- Large weapons turrets dot both sides of the bow, the underbelly of the ship -- a stark reminder of the potential hazards of the mission.

-- A multitude of sensor pods and arrays also reside on the under-hull.

Sound from the TV indicates a severe bad air quality emergency -- TV screen shows only an alert screen: "BROADCAST ALERT - BROADCAST ALERT - SEVERE AIR QUALITY WARNING - WITH IMMEDIATE EFFECT".

MALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Folks, afraid we will now have to interrupt this program due to a hazardous particulate emergency notice. You should be seeing it on your screens about now. Don your Protection-Oriented Protective Posture gear immediately, and if you are outside seek shelter indoors without haste. Good night, and good luck.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

An alarm sounds loudly.

All three family members exit the couch quickly -- reactions are immediate -- this is nothing new to them.

The young girl runs back to retrieve her stuffed lion, hurries back to her parents.

EXT. DEEP SPACE IN THE MILKY WAY GALAXY

SUPER: "One Light Year From Earth, 2156"

The Erebus engages in rapid motion.

Lines of white light whisk by in a tunnel vision.

The Erebus drops out of warped space time, comes to a full stop.

The voice of the Erebus' onboard systems computer, ORACLE, 30, repeats an alert message -- the voice is female, Irish.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Alert. Alert. The Helios Leap Drive
has experienced a catastrophic
system failure. Both Promethean
drives are engaged. Life support
systems are operating nominally.

The Erebus' two Promethean cone drives fire intermittently,
produce large exhaust trails.

Ahead of the ship light bends around celestial objects in the
distance -- gravitational lensing magic.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commencing with the wakening of the
Erebus command crew from cryosleep.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE EREBUS - SAME TIME

Dark, metallic, advanced -- console and monitor lighting make
it appear more comfortable.

No human crew members sit their stations.

A thick, metallic shield covers a large viewing window at the
center-front of the Bridge -- large monitors in front and to
the side of it show the view of space in front of/outside the
ship.

Ten Bridge stations make up most of the Bridge space -- each
have equipment terminals, see-through monitors.

The center of the Bridge hosts the commander's station -- a
large chair serves as the nucleus, in front of it hangs a
large, retractable monitor with an arm extending from the
ceiling.

The monitor shows multiple system status gauges.

Yellow lights flash around the Bridge -- station monitors all
display pop-up graphs.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Attention. Attention. Course
correction initiated due to
significant dark matter
interference. Plotting a trajectory
to circumvent the dark matter and
return the ship to the designated
flight path.

EXT. DEEP SPACE IN THE MILKY WAY GALAXY - SAME TIME

The space around the ship hosts a variety of celestial events such as a stellar nursery, some protoplanet masses.

Erebus moves in the direction of the starboard side of the ship.

In the area of the flight path Erebus was on before the course change, space warps and flickers -- space-time warps due to an unseen force.

Oracle executes the course correction, the ship moves again.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Attention. Attention. Course
correction executed. Stand by for
an updated mission status situation
report.

Flight deck monitor alerts all clear, return to normal.

ORACLE (V.O.)
All ship systems are nominal at
this time. Promethean Radioisotope
Drives are operating at full
capacity. Cryosleep cabins are all
functioning within normal
parameters. Embryo storage facility
status is green. Redundant systems
are stable across the board. The
Helios Leap Drive remains degraded
and inactive. Hyper-space
distortion travel still not viable
at this juncture. Emergency crew is
approximately three hours from
cryosleep rousting.

INT. CRYOSLEEP CABIN - SAME TIME

Vast, dark -- with a subtle red-light hue -- status lights
flash.

Erebus' passengers lie in suspended animation -- hundreds of
individual cryo-sleep chambers line the walls.

A viscous fluid surrounds the occupants in each of the
individual sleep beds.

A section at the northmost point from the cabin entrance
sports a large, vault-like door -- above it a sign reads:
"EMBRYONIC MATERIAL STORAGE FACILITY - DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT
DELTA-LEVEL AUTHORIZATION".

A number of cryo-sleep chambers reside separate from the others.

The ship's crews' pods display their names and ranks.

On a wall a large monitor shows command crew vital signs -- a countdown timer reads: "TWO HOURS FIFTY-FOUR MINUTES AND TWENTY-NINE SECONDS".

INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

A large monitor shows an onboard computer application window that displays telemetry computations updating via graphic models.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Estimated time of the Erebus'
arrival to potential new target
destination, exoplanet Terra Prime,
is now being calculated. The
original mission destination, Alpha
Centauri B-b, is currently unviable
due to the Helios Leap Drive
failure.

INT. CRYOSLEEP CABIN - LATER

The cryo-chamber awakening timer stands at zero.

Crew pod doors open, the liquid Oxygen in them drains out.

One crew member comes to, initially. The display on his sleep chamber reads: "EREBUS CHIEF SECURITY OFFICER (CSO)".

DAMIEN KILDARE, 35, stocky, steps out -- the kind of man you would have a beer with and also would not underestimate in a physical confrontation.

Kildare wobbles as he emerges from the pod, rights himself with a hand.

He vomits up liquid Oxygen.

DAMIEN KILDARE
(somewhat drowsily)
For fuck's sake. I feel like a
cured ham. Do those Carbon Dioxide
scrubbers even function?

Kildare takes a seat at a table close to the crew pods.

He takes a pouch of a red, viscous liquid out of a refrigerator, drinks from it -- he gags a bit, keeps it down.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Oracle, Kildare. Situation report.
Have we reached Alpha Centauri B-b
as scheduled?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Hello Chief Security Officer
Kildare. That is a negative on
flight mission completion. During
the Erebus' space distortion travel
the Helios Leap Drive suffered a
significant power failure and is
currently inactive. The Erebus has
traveled approximately one quarter
of the distance to its final
destination.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Fuck, fuck, fuck! Can the Leap
Drive be repaired?

ORACLE (V.O.)
The overall Helios Leap Drive
status is unknown at this juncture.
Erebus' engineering crew members
will need to inspect the drive
firsthand for a complete
determination of its continued
viability.

DAMIEN KILDARE
What about the radioisotope
engines? Are they online? Any other
issues to report with the craft?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Both Promethean Radioisotope Drives
are currently operating at full
capacity. Hull integrity is at one
hundred percent and holding.
Erebus' nano-metal panels have
successfully repaired damage from
micro-meteorites and other
potentially harmful space debris.
No further issues detected at this
time.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Well thank fuck for that, at least.
We need the rest of the crew up and
able as soon as possible.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Per the staggered crew awakening protocols Erebus' primary Mission Specialists and Mission Techs, should be conscious and operational within the hour. Erebus' commander, pilots, Chief Science Officer, and the Chief Medical Officer are all awakening now.

Behind Kildare multiple crew members stir in their cryo-pods -
- still not conscious -- they move as if having vivid dreams.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Copy, what about our non-crew passengers? Everything A-Okay with the rest of the pods?

ORACLE (V.O.)

All cryosleep pods are intact, functioning, and no medical emergencies have been detected at this juncture.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Excellent.

Commander Gendry steps out of a pod behind Kildare with no apparent disbalance -- Gendry, early forties, Black, appears of average height with a slim build, and a military-style haircut -- he has a dad-like presence about him, but also projects a no-nonsense military leader image.

Gendry vomits up some of the liquid Oxygen, recovers quickly, does some calisthenics, and walks over to where Kildare sits, somewhat hunched over.

Gendry claps his hand lightly on Kildare's shoulder, grabs a pouch of the red liquid.

TYRONE GENDRY

What's the craic lad?!

Gendry drinks some of the liquid, grimaces.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)

Now that...does not taste good...
Like drinking from the bloody Thames. I would kill for a decent cuppa. Electrolytes and whatnot must have to taste like shite, eh?

DAMIEN KILDARE
Commander...Ty, some bad news...
Helios is offline, and we only
traveled about a light year from
Earth before it failed. Nowhere
near our target destination.

Gendry slams his fist on the table.

TYRONE GENDRY
Sodding..! What an utter
Clusterfuck.

Gendry paces around -- this looks like standard behavior.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
Bugger it all. Well we knew there
was a chance the Leap Drive could
fail...or deliver us into the
Phantom Zone. How bad is the
failure? Oracle hint at any chance
of a potential repair?

DAMIEN KILDARE
According to Oracle the Helios
engineering crew will have to
physically inspect it and run
diagnostics before we know if it's
fixable. The good news is both
Promethean engines are operating
optimally, and there's no detected
physical damage to the ship. Also,
I haven't seen any space pirates,
so there's that.

Gendry smirks, gets up, walks around doing high-knee raises.

TYRONE GENDRY
Small favors and such... Alright,
since we don't have any other
current emergency action
prerogatives when the rest of these
human popsicles thaw out let's meet
in the mess hall after post-
cryosleep medical screening. I
could eat a horse, absent a Full
English, myself at this point. We
can have a powwow there before
resuming normal Bridge and ship
operations.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Copy. With your permission I will hang back until the rest of the flight crew and give them the elevator brief regarding the current mission status.

Gendry waves his hand to acknowledge Kildare's request.

TYRONE GENDRY

Cracking idea. I am going to head to my quarters for a hot shower and quite possibly a good wank.

Kildare shakes his head, chuckles.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Cryosleep can do strange things to a man...

TYRONE GENDRY

Oh...regarding our cargo everything copacetic in that department? No missing space pilgrims I gather?

DAMIEN KILDARE

They are all still tucked in as snug as bugs in a rug.

Gendry flashes a thumbs-up.

TYRONE GENDRY

Oracle, Gendry.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Hello Commander Gendry. How may I assist you?

TYRONE GENDRY

En route to my quarters. Be a love and warm it up for me before my arrival. It's bloody freezing on this ship.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Of course Commander.

Gendry stretches some more, dons a warming robe, walks out.

INT. COMMANDER'S QUARTERS MAIN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The Commander's quarters -- large, walls filled with paintings of military battles and famous explorers.

A Wing Chun wooden dummy sits in a corner -- it's been hit before.

Gendry sits on a couch, tablet in hand.

He springs up, starts doing push-ups.

TYRONE GENDRY

Oracle, this is all the current
data available regarding the Helios
Drive failure?

ORACLE (V.O.)

That is correct, Commander.

TYRONE GENDRY

Shite. A lot of this looks like an
alien language to me. Right...wait
for the brain trust to defrost it
is then...

Gendry gets up, walks over to a wall, stares at a painting:
Goya's "The Third of May, 1808".

INT. GALLEY AND MESS HALL - LATER

Large galley and mess -- comfortable furniture and
surroundings, soothing music plays.

The Erebus' emergency skeleton crew sit at tables in the mess
area.

At a table with Kildare sit two crew members, a MAN and a
WOMAN.

The food in front of Kildare remains untouched, he
concentrates on a tablet in his hand.

The female, is the Erebus' CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER, ELSPETH
ADAMS, 39, Caucasian -- Adams wears a white flight suit with
a blue Mission Specialist patch -- a pretty, posh
intellectual.

Adams frowns as she eats something looking like rehydrated
scrambled eggs.

Kildare frowns and puts his tablet down, sprinkles an
inordinate amount of pepper on his eggs -- Adams cringes at
the sight.

The MALE at Kildare's table wearing a blue flight suit with a
blue Mission Specialist patch is the Erebus' CHIEF SCIENCE
OFFICER, MICHAEL LANCER, 41, Caucasian -- a skittish man.

Lancer wears glasses, his eyes look sallow behind them as if he hasn't slept well for a long time.

Lancer ignores the food in front of him, he looks as if he still dreams in his cryo-pod. He is muttering something to himself under his breath.

MICHAEL LANCER
(noticeably agitated)
There, there
is...nothing...blackness...devoid
of light...but voices...whispers...

Adams stares somewhat concernedly at Lancer.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Feeling okay there Michael?...

Lancer hears nothing Adams says, continues to mutter to himself.

Kildare looks up, in Lancer's direction.

DAMIEN KILDARE
He's alright Doc. Scientists are
always lost in their own strange,
little worlds. Particularly after
being thawed out like a human pot
roast.

ELSPETH ADAMS
We do need to monitor everyone for
the faintest indicators of cryo-
sleep and, or, space psychosis.

DAMIEN KILDARE
(pleased with himself)
Copy. It will be hard to tell with
the engineers though...

Lancer perks up, comes out of the rut he was in.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Michael, you in there?!

MICHAEL LANCER
What? Oh me...right as rain I am!
I...I had some amazingly vivid
dreams during cryo-sleep, and my
brain doesn't seem to have
registered that we are no longer in
stasis...

DAMIEN KILDARE

No worries Mister Spock. Get some grub in you. Absorbing nutrients through your space sleep bath liquid isn't quite the same as some good ole rehydrated Meals-Ready-To-Eat vittles down the gullet.

At a table besides Kildare's sit a number of the other crew members -- they eat and talk amongst themselves.

At the end of the table a MAN and a WOMAN wear Erebus flight suits, sit next to each other.

The woman wears silver insignia patches on the shoulders of her flight suit showing her rank as Pilot. DANA AHTONE, 31, Native American -- looks no-nonsense.

Ahtone deftly flips her fork between the fingers in her right hand while she picks at items on her tray of food.

The man next to Ahtone, also wears silver Pilot patches, CURTIS REDMOND, 33, is of mixed descent (Black, Caucasian, Native American) -- gives off inquisitive book nerd vibes.

Redmond tosses his fork onto his tray of food in mild disgust.

CURTIS REDMOND

I would take a lab-grown rat cheeseburger over this...gruel...

DANA AHTONE

Not quite gruel *per se*, but for once I have to agree with you. It seems we have greater problems at hand currently though...

CURTIS REDMOND

Yeah, what the fuck are we going to do if the Leap Drive can't be duct-taped back together?

DANA AHTONE

(nonchalantly)
Probably float aimlessly through space until we die.

CURTIS REDMOND

(un-phased)
Cool.

At the end of the table Redmond and Ahtone sit at are four more crew members, one FEMALE, and three additional MALES.

The lone, Caucasian, female of the group of four wears a gray flight suit with red shoulder patches that indicate she is a Payload Commander -- KENDRA STOCKTON, 33, looks at a tablet, scrolls down on it regularly -- a Midwestern space cowgirl.

KENDRA STOCKTON

Okay...while y'all engineering troglodytes are tinkering with the Leap Drive I am going to have to check all the comms and science equipment. Oracle says everything's green, but who the hell trusts the machines after what happened with advanced artificial intelligence systems on Earth?...

To Stockton's left is a large male, Black, wears a gray flight suit with blue Mission Specialist patches -- ANDREW DAVIS, 35, scarfs down the food on his tray, drinks something out of a small container -- combat engineer and drunk uncle.

Davis looks at Stockton slyly, puckers his mouth from the drink taste.

ANDREW DAVIS

Without us...troglodytes you sensor fuckers would be rowing the ship to our destination. Row, row, row your boat, gently to Alpha Centauriiiiiiii.

KENDRA STOCKTON

(sheepishly)

Oh, begging your pardon, are we not doing that already?!

ANDREW DAVIS

Also if Oracle were one of the naughty A-Is she...it could have deep-sixed us while we were all hibernating like Yogi the Bear!

Stockton rolls her eyes at Davis.

The two other MEN at Stockton's and Davis' table, both wear gray flight suits as well, laugh at the conversation between Stockton and Davis.

The man closest to Stockton is Hispanic -- ROBERT VILLAS, 37, wears green patches on his flight suit that indicate he is a Payload Specialist -- a compact, Texan jokester.

The last man at the table is Asian, and SONNY NAKATA, 39, closes his eyes as if he is still tired, but laughs along with Villas -- on his flight suit are also blue Mission Specialist patches -- a cool, Zen guy.

ROBERT VILLAS

Davis, you're my dawg and all, but
Bro...sometimes I wonder about
you...

SONNY NAKATA

(with a Japanese accent
but in excellent English)

Robert, Davis-San and I will have
the Leap Drive back up and running
before you can eat your way through
the M-R-E nachos.

ROBERT VILLAS

That is a bet Sonny!

Stockton sighs.

KENDRA STOCKTON

I am just going to prepare myself
for life in a space coffin...

Gendry enters the mess.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Commander on deck!

The crew members spring up from their seats, all stand at
attention.

Gendry waves his hand dismissively at the act.

TYRONE GENDRY

Bollocks that people. We can worry
about rank and protocol formalities
if and when we defrost our human
cargo. We have far more pressing
issues at-hand. C-S-O Kildare,
everyone has received the bottom
line upfront brief on the current
mission status?

DAMIEN KILDARE

Aye Commander. Awaiting orders.

Gendry paces.

TYRONE GENDRY

Right. So the obvious imperative is to attempt to repair the Leap Drive so we can get the Erebus back on course for Alpha Centauri B-b. Engineering crew, let me know, post haste, should we need to wake anyone else up to assist you.

Davis and Nakata nod in agreement simultaneously.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)

(to Adams)

Doc, everyone ship-shape and at fighting weight after preliminary medical evals?

ELSPETH ADAMS

Generally, yes, Commander. Some unanticipated dehydration levels in a few cases, but nothing of concern detected in the post-cryosleep screens. Also, and I could surely use a White Russian or five myself, I would like to remind everyone no alcohol consumption until at least seventy-two hours after exiting cryosleep.

A few of the crew members hem and haw.

Villas clasps both hands on top of his head, mouths the word "fuck".

Nakata chuckles, pats him on the back.

TYRONE GENDRY

Copy. Smashing. Don't worry your pretty heads my little sausages, we will have a proper piss-up after we get this mission back on course. Alright people get your bellies full and then get to work. I want a SITREP ASAP. Oracle, Gendry.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Yes, Commander Gendry?

TYRONE GENDRY

Patch all progress reports from the crew teams to me immediately, regardless of when they come in.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Commander Gendry.

Gendry turns to leave, spins back around.

TYRONE GENDRY
Listen people...I know I already gave you the "Once more into the breach" speech back at Armstrong, but that was before your cryosleep kips...naps. Remember that we are the first. The learning curve out here will be steep. We trained long and hard for this, and our colonist mates are relying on us to deliver them to the bloody promised land. This engine debacle will only be a temporary setback. We will prevail.

The crew nod, appreciatively.

Gendry waves, walks out of the mess.

The rest of the crew members remain, eat and talk amongst themselves.

INT. BRIDGE - LATER

Gendry, Kildare, Ahtone, and Redmond sit at their respective Bridge stations.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander Gendry, our long-range infrared scanners have identified a potential Goldilocks planet, Exo-Terra Prime, as a potential back-up mission destination in the event the Helios drive is irreparable.

TYRONE GENDRY
Understood Oracle. I presume you have already plotted out the best route to this exo-planet as a contingency destination?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Affirmative Commander Gendry. I will route the data to your terminal now. It includes estimated delays accounting for additional dark matter encounters.

Gendry stares intently at his monitor.

INT. HELIOS DRIVE ENGINEERING ROOM - SAME TIME

Large, metallic, bright room -- massive reactor core in the center.

Davis and Nakata stand in front of the Helios drive -- both have tablets in their hands.

The now-exposed Leap Drive shows an obvious core at the center -- comprised of two tall, wide rods that extend from the base to the ceiling of the engineering room.

SONNY NAKATA

The full diagnostic test is almost complete.

ANDREW DAVIS

Crossing my motherfucking fingers!

SONNY NAKATA

Ah...okay...a bit strange...

ANDREW DAVIS

What? What is it?

SONNY NAKATA

Diagnostic data is showing some foreign matter...in the reactor core.

ANDREW DAVIS

What kind of "foreign matter"?!

SONNY NAKATA

Unsure Davis-San. The drive sensors automatically shut down the engine after detecting the foreign material. We might, ah, be able to purge the reactor tanks, filter out the material, and then bring the Leap Drive back online...

ANDREW DAVIS

Okay, better apprise Gendry ASAP

Davis walks away from the drive core area, sits down at a workstation.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)

Oracle, Davis.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Go ahead Mission Specialist Davis.

ANDREW DAVIS
Patch me through to the Commander.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood. Routing now.

Nakata walks to where Davis is seated, takes a seat at a workstation across from him.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Davis, go for Gendry. SITREP?
Please give me some good news mate.

ANDREW DAVIS
Commander, we have completed the full Leap Drive diagnostic test. The good news is we think we can fix the engine. Appears to be some foreign matter in the reactor.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Foreign matter? Someone drop their beans on toast in it? What's the bad news then?

ANDREW DAVIS
The foreign particulate is unidentified at this time. The sort of bad news is it might take us a while to purge the reactors and get them back online.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Bollocks. Well mate, get on it ASAP then. Will you need any other engineers defrosted to aid you?

Davis and Nakata look at each other, Nakata nods.

ANDREW DAVIS
Affirmative Sir. We will first need to outline our game plan for the operation.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Good copy. Keep Oracle in the loop of your progress and that way I can have SITREPs routed directly to me without having to constantly pull you lads from your most urgent business.

ANDREW DAVIS
Roger Commander. WILCO.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Alright chaps...godspeed. Gendry
out.

Nakata gets out of his seat, walks over to Davis.

SONNY NAKATA
I could use some, ah, very nice
Japanese whiskey about now...

ANDREW DAVIS
Don't get me started Sonny... Let's
get on this FUBARed drive so we can
deliver the human popsicles to
Alpha Centauri B-b and not the
potentially shady back-up planet...

Nakata nods, he and Davis walk back over to the Leap Drive
core area.

INT. SCIENCE OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME TIME

Sterile, white -- sophisticated-looking scientific equipment
dominates the room.

Stockton and Villas run diagnostics from a central hub.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Well...so far so good... I guess
the brain trust back on Earth was
right about Leap Drive travel not
frying all of our instrumentation.

ROBERT VILLAS
Word chica, but some of the dark
matter sensory data is lookin' a
little strange...

Stockton walks over to Villas, looks at his screen.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Wait...those Zwicky Sensor readings
make it look like there were
significant dark matter detections
inside the Erebus?!

ROBERT VILLAS
That's what I'm sayin'. Weird...

KENDRA STOCKTON
Okay, let's try rebooting the
sensor platform and we will see if
that anomalous data remains.

Villas nods to Stockton, initiates the sensor reboot with a few keystrokes.

KENDRA STOCKTON (CONT'D)
Oracle, Stockton.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Yes, Payload Commander Stockton.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Could you get a twenty on Chief
Lancer and inform him he is needed
in Sci-Ops ASAP?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Affirmative. Locating the Chief
Science Officer now.

ROBERT VILLAS
Homie is probably masturbating
while singing love songs to his
plants...

Stockton looks at Villas, laughs.

ROBERT VILLAS (CONT'D)
Laugh, you know I'm fuckin' right.

INT. OBSERVATION STATION ALPHA - MOMENTS LATER

Lounge-like -- comfortable couches and seats.

Lancer stands in front of a large monitor, it shows the view
of space outside of the Erebus.

His hands press up against the monitor, mutters to himself.

MICHAEL LANCER
It has to be
about...gravity...matter is being
manipulated...in a way --

ORACLE (V.O.)
-- Chief Science Officer Lancer.

Lancer appears startled.

MICHAEL LANCER
Y...yes go ahead Oracle?

Lancer backs away from the monitor, still glares at it
intensely.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Payload Commander Stockton requires
your urgent assistance in the
Science Operations Center.

MICHAEL LANCER
Th-thank you Oracle. Inform Miss
Stockton I shall be there
momentarily.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Chief Lancer. Will
comply.

Lancer stares at the monitor for a moment longer, exits the
room.

INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Gendry appears laser-focused on his monitor screen.

TYRONE GENDRY
Oracle, this information the
Payload Commander just routed me...
What is your read on it me lovely?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander Gendry, preliminary
analysis is the data is the result
of an error with the Zwicky Sensor.
The information does not compute.
After the payload technicians
reboot the system perhaps the data
will be revealed as erroneous. It
is certainly anomalous at this
time.

TYRONE GENDRY
Right. Okay, thanks. Damien, what
is the status of our defensive
capabilities?

DAMIEN KILDARE
All weapons platforms cycled
nominally while we were all
napping. Ready for space wars!

TYRONE GENDRY
Lovely jubbly old chap. Let's hope
the hostile, space-jaunting extra-
terrestrials decided to stay at
home for the moment. We have enough
shite to contend with.

Gendry springs up from the commander's seat, walks over to the observation monitors at the front of the Bridge.

INT. SCIENCE OPERATIONS CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Lancer walks into the Sci-Ops Center, heads over to where Stockton sits.

MICHAEL LANCER
Hello lovely people. Please tell me
our craft here is not about to
break apart in deep space...

KENDRA STOCKTON
Not yet...I don't think Michael...
Check out this sensor data we
collected with the Zwicky while we
are all napping in the goo.

Stockton hands Lancer a tablet, he scrolls on it.

MICHAEL LANCER
That...that's quite impossible...
Have you reset the sensor?

KENDRA STOCKTON
Reboot is happening as we speak.

Lancer paces around with his hand on his chin.

MICHAEL LANCER
Right. Well we did theorize that
dark matter could potentially
affect hull integrity after
interactions, but these levels
detected inside the Erebus are
certainly a little odd...

ROBERT VILLAS
"Odd" is a mild understatement
Hombre!

MICHAEL LANCER
I will need to brief Gendry STAT on
the initial findings, but let me
know as soon as the sensor cycling
is complete, and if we are still
getting these anomalous readings.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Copy. WILCO. Shouldn't be much
longer until we can bring the
Zwicky back online.

MICHAEL LANCER

Cheers.

Lancer walks out of the Sci-Ops room.

ROBERT VILLAS

Yo, that dude is weird. Also my ass is starving. This sensor needs to hurry the fuck up.

Stockton looks at Villas judgingly, laughs.

INT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Lancer enters the Bridge, walks over to Gendry.

TYRONE GENDRY

Mister Lancer, our esteemed science officer. Please tell me you come bearing good news.

MICHAEL LANCER

Greetings Commander. Not...Not exactly I fear...

TYRONE GENDRY

Oh bollocks. What is it now? Spit it out already mate.

MICHAEL LANCER

Well...the...er...dark matter sensor has detected significant levels of the phantom particulate inside the Erebus... The payload officers are currently rebooting the Zwicky sensor.

The Bridge crew members shoot each other concerned looks.

TYRONE GENDRY

Inside?! Is that even possible?

MICHAEL LANCER

I suppose it is...possible. Dark matter still remains somewhat of a mystery to us despite the data we retrieved from the Voyager III craft, and our subsequent Earth-based experiments sans the actual material.

(MORE)

MICHAEL LANCER (CONT'D)

What we surely can say, with certainty, is that interactions with it have not crippled the ship, and if the matter does have mass I would imagine we should have expected some hull damage issues by now despite the nanometals... The problem is the Zwicky sensor is not electromagnetic energy-based as we theorized dark matter would not interact with it, an educated guess which appears to be holding true as the E-M spectrometers show no foreign matter onboard. That and the technology the Zwicky uses is obviously...experimental.

TYRONE GENDRY

Brilliant. I understood about half of that. Well you are right about one thing, we are not floating aimlessly in deep-space...or bloody worse.

MICHAEL LANCER

Indeed. With your permission I would like to take my leave and look more closely at the sensor data.

TYRONE GENDRY

Of course, of course. Let Oracle know of any developments post haste please and thank you.

Lancer nods in acknowledgment, exits the Bridge.

INT. CRYOSLEEP CABIN - LATER

Several cryo-pods containing the ancillary emergency crew open.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Commander, the auxiliary emergency crew members are waking at this time.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Copy Oracle. Sending CSO Kildare down to bring them up to speed on the current mission status.

(MORE)

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Make sure C-M-O Adams is updated as
well so she knows she has multiple
med screens impending.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Commander Gendry.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Expansive, well-lit, looks like you could eat off of the
surfaces -- multiple full-scan pods line the room.

Adams sits at a work desk, focusing intently on something on
a monitor screen.

She sips from a tea cup.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Chief Medical Officer Adams.

Oracle's voice startles Adams, her tea spills out onto the
desk, she wipes it up, irritatedly.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Yes, Oracle, go ahead.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander Gendry would like to
inform you of the pending rousting
of the additional emergency crew
personnel. They are currently in
the process of waking in the Sleep
Cabin.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Understood, thank you Oracle. I
will start prepping for their
medical screens.

Adams stands, walks towards another section of the Med Bay.

QUICK FLASH

A flash of black with bits of white light specs shoots across
Adams' vision.

BACK TO SCENE

She wobbles for a moment, unsteady.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Oh...what was...

Adams rights herself on an examination table nearby.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Almost looked like --

A loud alarm and flashing red lights interrupt Adams.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Lovely, now what? Space volcanos? A
supermassive black hole?

INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

On the Bridge the same alert sounds.

TYRONE GENDRY
Oracle, what the bloody hell is
going on?!

The ship lurches, the crew wobble.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander Gendry, The Erebus'
starboard Promethean drive has shut
down suddenly.

Gendry places his head in his hands

TYRONE GENDRY
Just fucking brilliant. Status of
the port-side drive?

Gendry waits for Oracle's answer, the ship jolts again.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander, the port-side Promethean
drive has also failed. Power has
been rerouted from the radioisotope
drives to the Erebus' stabilization
burners.

TYRONE GENDRY
Copy, patch me through to the
engineering crew STAT.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Of course Commander.

INT. HELIOS DRIVE ENGINEERING ROOM - SAME TIME

Davis and Nakata sit at workstations -- look bewildered at
the sudden, irregular movements of the spacecraft.

ANDREW DAVIS

Uh Sonny...did you press the wrong button or something?

SONNY NAKATA

You fucking wish Davis-San... That, ah, sounded like the Promethean drives going, ah, night night.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Mission Specialist Davis, I have Commander Gendry for you.

ANDREW DAVIS

Patch him through O.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Andrew, I presume you felt that just as we did?

ANDREW DAVIS

Aye, Commander.

Davis motions to Nakata to go, points towards the engineering room exit -- he tosses Nakata a two-way communication device.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)

Already dispatched Nakata to the Promethean drive control room to run diagnostics. It goes without saying we could really use those back-up crew members about now.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Understood. Oracle, inform Doctor Adams we need those newly roused crew members ready for service now.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Relaying the communique now Commander.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

(to Kildare)

Damien, can you go assist the Doc in briefing the new defrostees?

DAMIEN KILDARE (V.O.)

On it Lieutenant.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Andrew, expect some additional help ASAP.

(MORE)

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Let us know whatever else you need
and keep feeding me SITREPs via
Oracle.

ANDREW DAVIS
WILCO Commander.

INT. PROMETHEAN DRIVE ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nakata stands in front of a central operating hub for the
Promethean drives, tablet in hand, is staring intently at the
screen and frowning.

SONNY NAKATA
Ah...this cannot be right...

Nakata picks up his two-way communicator, speaks into it.

SONNY NAKATA (CONT'D)
Davis, Sonny.

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Go ahead Sonny.

SONNY NAKATA
Ah, we have a problem...

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Not what I want to hear Sonny!

SONNY NAKATA
I, ah, know. So the preliminary
diagnosis test is showing signs of
rapid decay in the reactor core as
if the drives have, ah, already
been operating for eight years...

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Say what?! Reactor decay? What
about the foreign mass phenomenon?
Any sign of it in our main
propulsion engines?

SONNY NAKATA
That part of the diagnostic is
still, ah, running.

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Copy. I will update Oracle for
Gendry. Hit me back as soon as you
get more data.

SONNY NAKATA
Of course Davis-San.

Nakata puts the two-way down, resumes his tests.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - SAME TIME

Adams preps examination stations.

The Med Bay doors open, Adams turns around.

Kildare is standing at the door, does not enter.

DAMIEN KILDARE
They're all yours Doc!

Kildare grins, waves at Adams, leaves.

In walk the five additional emergency crew members who have been woken up. All five are wearing flight suits with blue Mission Specialist patches adorning them.

In the lead are a MAN and a WOMAN.

The man, KEVIN LATU, 33, is Tongan -- a pleasant/friendly demeanor about him -- a rugby player in space.

The woman, ANNA WELKER, 29, Caucasian -- looks a little out of it after being awoken from cryosleep -- homecoming queen turned engineer type.

KEVIN LATU
(grinning)
Howdy Doc! We were told this is
where the good drugs are found!

Welker grimaces a bit, looks like she might vomit.

Two more WOMEN walk in.

SANDY CHOY, 36, is Asian -- smiles at Latu's boisterousness.

LIZ OLDHAM, 32, is Black -- has a seriousness about her.

ANNA WELKER
Forgive him Doctor Adams, he was
born special.

Adams grins, beckons for the four to come over to her.

The last to enter is ALAN PEMBRY, 30, Caucasian -- he has an energetic look to him -- the kid who always raises his hand to answer questions in class.

ALAN PEMBRY
Greetings C-M-O Adams, I am Medical
Officer Alan Pembry, here to assist
you!

LIZ OLDHAM
Yeah, way too much energy there
Alan...

ELSPETH ADAMS
Excellent, good to see you again.
Come on up here with me Alan.

Pembry walks up to Adams, pushes his glasses up on his nose,
and extends his hand to her.

Adams grasps his hand briefly to shake it, moves on.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Welcome everyone. Sorry we had to
wake you up under these
circumstances. We'll just be doing
basic med evals as quickly as
possible in order to get you with
your engineering teams ASAP. We
know time is of the essence. So the
first two of you just come on up to
these first two examination tables.

Adams motions for Latu and Welker to come forward, directs
Pembry to his examination station.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Alan, you can man number four
there.

Latu walks up, lies down on Adams's station.

KEVIN LATU
Go easy on me Doc, I bruise easily!

Welker shakes her head.

ANNA WELKER
Kevin...if Davis partners me with
you I am looking for the closest
airlock...

Adams laughs, she and Pembry start the examinations.

INT. HELIOS DRIVE ENGINEERING ROOM - LATER

Davis sits at his workstation.

The room's doors open -- Latu, Welker, Oldham, and Choy walk in.

Davis spins in his seat towards the entrance.

ANDREW DAVIS

Well thank fuck. Really glad to see you guys!

Latu shoots Davis a finger gun, a smile in recognition.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)

Okay, have to dispense with the pleasantries for now, but the priority is fixing the Promethean drives so we are, at least, not the equivalent of a space canoe... Nakata is already working on that in the radioisotope engine room. I will be working on the Helios issue. Remind me. Which of you are the Helios specialists?

Welker and Oldham raise their hands.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)

Alright you two are here with me. Latu and Choy you guys head over to help Sonny. If we need to send another body over tell Sonny to let me know. Good news is we have already run most of the diagnostics on both propulsion systems. Bad news is we are looking at some weird data and need to go through the motions to get the systems back online. Shore leave is cancelled people...let's get on this! Oh, and grab a two-way before you head out so we can communicate without having to hit Oracle up every time we need to chat.

Davis claps Latu on the back.

Latu and Choy grab walkies, exit the room.

Davis motions for Welker and Oldham to follow him to his workstation.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)

Okay, both of you grab a seat and I will show you exactly where we're at currently.

Welker and Oldham sit down at Davis' workstation, grab tablets.

INT. GREEN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Latu and Choy walk briskly down the corridor leading to the Promethean engine room.

SANDY CHOY

So...in terms of levels of
fuckedness...just how fucked are
we?

KEVIN LATU

I would guess...pretty fucked! I am
not going to count my chickens just
yet though. Plenty of smart people
to work out whatever these crazy
fucking space garbage issues are.

SANDY CHOY

I'm not trying to die out here
packed in a multi-trillion dollar
sardine can...

Latu laughs, he and Choy approach the entrance to the Promethean engine room.

INT. SCIENCE OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME TIME

Lancer paces in between two workstations -- one with a sophisticated microscope on it -- mumbles to himself.

Stockton and Villas sit together at the other side of the ops center, hunched over a screen on a desk.

MICHAEL LANCER

The Delta coefficient for the --

Stockton and Villas look at Lancer, exchange looks with each other.

KENDRA STOCKTON

-- Michael...Mike...maybe you
should get some food in you?

ROBERT VILLAS

Yeah Bro, you are looking muy
peckish...

Lancer doesn't appear to hear them, still mumbles to himself.

KENDRA STOCKTON

Mike!

Lancer comes out of his concentrative state due to Stockton's shout.

MICHAEL LANCER

Oh...yes, sorry. This anomalous data is causing me great ire...

ROBERT VILLAS

You been sleeping alright compadre?
You look a little pale, even for a mad scientist.

MICHAEL LANCER

"To sleep...perchance to dream..."
Sleep is highly overrated! Have either of you experienced strange...images since being roused from cryosl --

Lancer's eyes squeeze shut, his head snaps back.

FLASHBACK - Lancer in Space

INT/EXT. EREBUS CRYOSLEEP CABIN/DEEP SPACE DREAM STATE

CRYOSLEEP CABIN

Lancer lies in stasis, his body moves as if he is having vivid dreams.

DEEP SPACE DREAM STATE

Lancer sees deep space as if he is floating in it -- sans a spacesuit or ship.

He raises his arms upwards in disbelief, lowers them again.

MICHAEL LANCER (V.O.)

What in the name of --

Distant lights flash like mini lightning storms in the darkness of space.

Lancer drifts towards the flashes.

The light phenomena and colors flashes surge more vibrantly -- sparks of red, blue, and purple dance in the mysterious masses.

Electric crackles sound off in tune with the lightshow.

MICHAEL LANCER
It...it's beautiful...

Lancer almost enters the mysterious mass clouds -- a flash of light occurs.

BLACKNESS

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. SCIENCE OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Lancer open his eyes, gasps.

MICHAEL LANCER
AHHHHHHHH!

He draws in a deep breath, he falls down, starts to convulse.

Stockton and Villas run over to him.

ROBERT VILLAS
Holy shit Bro! Can you hear me
Homie?!

KENDRA STOCKTON
Oracle, contact the C-M-O STAT,
urgent medical emergency in Science
Ops! Lancer is seizing and
unresponsive!

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood. Will comply.

Villas runs over, grabs something from a nearby desk.

ROBERT VILLAS
Here, put this in his mouth so he
doesn't bite his fucking tongue
off!

Stockton takes the object from Villas, forces it in Lancer's mouth as Villas restrains him.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Michael! Can you hear me?!

Lancer continues to seize.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - SAME TIME

Adams and Pembry go over crew body scans on a large monitor.

Adams point to a section with a laser pointer.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Doctor Adams, there is a medical
emergency transpiring in the
Science Operations Center. Chief
Lancer is non-responsive and
convulsing.

Adams runs to grab a med bag, motions to Pembry to grab a
portable stretcher close to where he is.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Understood Oracle, inform them we
are en route now!

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Doctor Adams. Will
comply.

Pembry looks at Adams frantically.

ALAN PEMBRY
Sh-should we bring a Medbot for
patient transport?

ELSPETH ADAMS
Negative. There are bots already in
close proximity to the Sci-Ops
room, let's go!

Adams rushes out of the Med Bay, Pembry follows close behind.

INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

On the Bridge Gendry, Ahtone, and Redmond sit at their
stations.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander Gendry, Chief Science
Officer Lancer is currently
experiencing a medical incident in
the Science Operations Center.
Chief Medical Officer Adams and
Medical Officer Pembry are en route
at this time.

TYRONE GENDRY
Blast it. Keep me apprised of his
status as soon as his condition
changes.

Ahtone and Redmond look at Gendry, then at each other concernedly.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Commander.

INT. SCIENCE OPERATIONS CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Stockton and Villas still attend to Lancer.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Hang in there Michael, help is on
the way!

ROBERT VILLAS
Homie don't look so good...

Adams and Pembry rush into the room.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Stand clear guys!

Stockton and Villas heed Adams' command, quickly move away from Lancer.

Adams drops her bag next to Lancer's head, gets on her knees to examine him.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Did he fall, or was he struck by
something?

KENDRA STOCKTON
Negative. He just started seizing.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Okay...Pembry give me 5 c-cs of
Topiramate STAT!

Pembry fumbles with her med bag, eventually finds the syringe and medication.

Pembry draws the medication, hands the full syringe to Adams.

Adams grabs the syringe, injects Lancer in the thigh with it.

Lancer stops seizing almost immediately.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Let's get that stretcher open and
strap it to the Medbot so we can
get him back to the Med Bay.

Pembry deploys the stretcher, Villas assists him with it.

Adams enters commands on a hand-held device, a Medbot enters the room.

The Medbot reaches the crew members' location -- lowers itself towards the floor -- extends flaps to the size of the stretcher as it does.

Stockton, Pembry, and Villas position themselves around Lancer, grip him by his clothing.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Okay people on three...one-two-three!

The three heft Lancer onto the stretcher.

The Medbot deploys arms that extend out to the stretcher, pull it onto the bot.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Let's go. Pembry, when we get to the Med Bay right to the full diagnostic pod with him.

Pembry nods in acknowledgement.

Adams and Pembry follow the Medbot after it exits the room with Lancer.

Adams turns back towards Stockton and Villas.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Thanks guys, well done. We will update you on his status as soon as we can.

Stockton nods.

Adams exits the room with Lancer and the med bot, Pembry follows behind.

Stockton breathes heavily, puts her hand on Villas' shoulder for support.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Alright, enough adventure. Back to work amigo.

ROBERT VILLAS
Oh shit...I almost forgot we got an engine-less ship drifting in deep-space a trillion miles from Earth!

Stockton shakes her head, grins.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Adams and Pembry burst into the Med Bay.

The Medbot with Lancer atop of it trails behind them.

Adams directs the Medbot with a handheld device, she pilots it to a large examination pod in the room.

Pembry stumbles, he drops the med bag he was carrying.

The Medbot offloads Lancer.

His eyes shoot open, he gasps, and springs up on the stretcher.

MICHAEL LANCER
They're alive!

Adams and Pembry recoil at the outburst.

EXT. SPACE IN FRONT OF THE EREBUS - SAME TIME

The dark clouds of matter from Lancer's flashback erupt with light at a distance ahead of the Erebus.

Some of the same matter exits the Erebus near the Promethean drives.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS

Lancer's eyes close again, he slumps back down on the stretcher.

Adams rushes back towards Lancer, takes his vital signs.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Interesting...he's actually stable
now --

ALAN PEMBRY
-- That...that didn't look
"stable"... Also, who is "they"?

ELSPETH ADAMS
(dismissively)
Sounded like some fever dream
drivel. Alright let's get him into
the examination pod regardless.
(MORE)

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
 We can monitor his status
 exponentially better in there.

Pembry nods nervously.

Adams continues to pilot the Medbot to the examination pod,
 it offloads Lancer seamlessly into it.

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
 Oracle, Adams. Please get me
 Commander Gendry.

ORACLE (V.O.)
 Of course Doctor Adams.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
 Go for Gendry Doc. How's our lad
 doing?

ELSPETH ADAMS
 Currently stable after partially
 regaining consciousness for a
 moment.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
 Brilliant. Any idea as to what
 caused his little breakdancing
 routine?

Adams glances at Lancer in the med pod.

ELSPETH ADAMS
 We have him in one of the big
 examination pods at this time so if
 there's a latent issue undetected
 previously we will find it.
 Honestly it could just be a side-
 effect of either the cryosleep or
 the faster-than-light travel that
 we didn't anticipate...

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
 Copy all. Excellent work Doc. Let's
 get him back up and running ASAP
 given we need all the bodies that
 we have thawed out. Gendry out.

The examination pod scans Lancer's entire body, he is
 motionless as this occurs.

ELSPETH ADAMS
 Well Mister Pembry, let's hope that
 he is the only one...
 (MORE)

ELSPETH ADAMS (CONT'D)
Please inform Miss Stockton and
Mister Villas that Mister Lancer is
stable at this time.

Pembry nods nervously in acknowledgement.

INT. SCIENCE OPERATIONS CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Stockton and Villas stand together by a workstation.

ALAN PEMBRY (V.O.)
So, for now, he seems to be doing
well. We are running scans on him
to make sure there's not a larger,
um, issue at hand.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Good copy Pembry. Glad to hear it.
Y'all keep us informed of any
progress please?

ALAN PEMBRY (V.O.)
Yes, yes of course. Pembry out.

Stockton and Villas exchange relieved looks.

INT. HELIOS DRIVE ENGINEERING ROOM - SAME TIME

Davis stares at a computer screen intently.

Welker and Oldham converse quietly.

Davis picks up his two-way, clicks to talk.

ANDREW DAVIS
Sonny, come in.

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
Go for Sonny Davis-San.

ANDREW DAVIS
So we think the Helios purge will
work to restore the drive. How is
the Promethean reactor looking?

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
Ah, we still cannot explain the
reactor degradation. Davis-San,
this, ah, has to be dark matter
interference does it not?

ANDREW DAVIS
 Sonny, outside of another
 explanation, like space ghosts, I
 am leaning towards dark matter as
 the culprit --

The Promethean engines restart with a massive boom.

The Erebus lurches, briefly.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)
 Please tell me that was what I
 think it was...

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
 Promethean engines are back!

ANDREW DAVIS
 Oh hell yes. Not to look a gift
 horse in the mouth, but...how?

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
 Ah. Stand by.

Davis stands up quickly, paces.

ANDREW DAVIS
 Give me some good news, daddy needs
 a drink!

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
 Ah very strange...no longer
 detecting foreign matter in the
 reactor...

ANDREW DAVIS
 So it just disappeared into the
 fucking aether?

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
 I...I cannot explain it Davis-
 San... Engines are now operating at
 full capacity, and holding.

Davis pumps a fist in the air, jumps up and down.

ANDREW DAVIS
 Hell to the yes! Oracle, Davis. Get
 me the Commander.

ORACLE (V.O.)
 Understood Chief Davis.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Andrew, please tell me that was
what I think it was...

ANDREW DAVIS
Commander, we can't explain it yet,
but Promethean drives are back up!

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Miracles never cease. Well done
then lads!

ANDREW DAVIS
Not sure we can take credit, but we
certainly will!

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Absolutely smashing.

ANDREW DAVIS
We will let you know ASAP when we
figure out what resurrected them.
Helios is still down, but at least
with the main engines back up we
can direct all engineering
resources to fixing the Leap Drive.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Copy all. Gendry out.

ANDREW DAVIS
Alright Sonny, you stay put, but
send your engineer elves back to
Helios ops. Let me know the
millisecond you find anything
related to the mysterious purge of
the foreign matter.

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
Ah, will do.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - SAME TIME

Pembry remains on duty, Adams is absent.

Lancer stirs on the recovery bed.

Pembry sees Lancer waking, walks over to his bed.

ALAN PEMBRY
Sir...Mister Lancer? Can you hear
me?

Lancer opens his eyes.

Pembry grabs a pen light, flashes it into Lancer's eyes.

Dark spots float across Lancer's eyes.

Pembry stumbles backwards, drops his pen light.

ALAN PEMBRY (CONT'D)
What...what was --

Lancer springs up from the bed, resurrected.

He snaps his head in Pembry's direction.

The dark spots fill his eyes.

ALAN PEMBRY (CONT'D)
No...no...

Lancer gets off the bed, cracks his neck -- he walks towards Pembry, unnaturally.

Pembry turns to run, trips over his own feet, falls.

ALAN PEMBRY (CONT'D)
L-l-listen Mister Lancer y-you have
experienced a significant medical
trauma, you should get b-back --

The room goes dark -- it teems with black globules.

Pembry crawls frantically towards the door.

He turns his head, face etched in fear.

BLACKNESS

INT. COMMANDER'S QUARTERS READY ROOM - SAME TIME

Spacious, bright -- multiple monitors on walls.

Gendry sits at the head of a large table.

Adams, Kildare, and Davis sit on the sides of the table.

TYRONE GENDRY
So Andrew, what you are telling me
is that the foreign matter that was
detected in the Promethean
reactor...just disappeared?

ANDREW DAVIS

We can't explain it yet Commander. At first we thought the actual detection data might have been erroneous, but the Helios foreign matter still shows as present. We checked the reactor sensors on the main drives, and no issues that we could detect.

TYRONE GENDRY

I am both relieved and --

ORACLE (V.O.)

-- Commander Gendry, urgent crew-related information for you.

TYRONE GENDRY

Go ahead Oracle.

Gendry stands up. Begins pacing.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Neither Chief Science Officer Lancer nor Medical Officer Pembry are showing life signs at this time.

TYRONE GENDRY

What?! What's their last known twenty Oracle? The Med Bay? No video feeds?

ORACLE (V.O.)

That is correct Commander. Video surveillance has been lost in the medical bay.

Gendry shoots a concerned, but sharp, look at Kildare.

TYRONE GENDRY

Damien, on me. The rest of you stay put until we know what in the Sam Hill is going on...

Kildare springs up, grabs a Go Bag near him.

ANDREW DAVIS

Commander, let me go with the Chief.

TYRONE GENDRY

Thanks, but you're alright Andrew. You have the Conn.

(MORE)

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
Oracle, patch all video feeds of
the relevant corridors to the
monitors here.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Commander. Will comply.

Gendry exits the room, Kildare follows -- of steeled purpose.

INT. WHITE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bright, white, sterile, long.

Gendry and Kildare move quickly.

TYRONE GENDRY
Mayhap we should have grabbed one
of the People Movers?

DAMIEN KILDARE
Thought about it. The ones closest
to us are still charging. Besides,
you work out!

Kildare removes two compact firearms from a bag -- both guns
are black, imposing, but sleek and futuristic.

Kildare hands one weapon to Gendry.

Gendry looks at the gun suspiciously, but takes it.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Just in case. No idea what we are
dealing with here.

Gendry nods.

TYRONE GENDRY
Just like old times, eh? Let's hope
it's just a sensor error mate...

Kildare looks skeptical.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander Gendry.

TYRONE GENDRY
Go for Gendry, Oracle.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander, data from the Operations
Event Monitoring System shows a
potential correlation between two
significant, recent shipboard
incidents.

TYRONE GENDRY
Okay Oracle, out with it then my
precocious little fembot. What's
the story morning glory?

ORACLE (V.O.)
At thirteen-twenty hours Earth time
the foreign matter was seemingly
expunged from the Promethean drive
reactor. At exactly the same time
mark Officer Lancer regained
consciousness.

Gendry and Kildare exchange bewildered looks.

TYRONE GENDRY
Oracle, you're positive those two
occurrences transpired at the exact
same time?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Affirmative Commander.

Kildare looks like someone has walked over his grave.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Yeah, I do not like that at all...

TYRONE GENDRY
Copy Oracle. Inform the crew
members they are to stay situated
where they are until they receive
word from Mister Kildare, or me.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood, Commander. Will comply.

Kildare turns to Gendry.

DAMIEN KILDARE
I'm on point. Stay behind me.

TYRONE GENDRY
You've got it, Rambo.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Who the hell is "Rambo"?

Gendry smirks.

Gendry and Kildare close in on the junction leading to the Med Bay.

A shrill cacophony fills the air -- sounds like an alien version of a cicada swarm.

TYRONE GENDRY
What in the name of Margaret
Thatcher is that?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander, Chief. Full-face
respirators are advised given
sensor readings near the medical
bay show high levels of Argon in
the area.

TYRONE GENDRY
Bloody Argon? Oracle, what is the
source of the gas?

ORACLE (V.O.)
That is unknown at this time
Commander.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Let's break out the containment
masks.

Kildare pulls two face masks out of his bag, futuristic
respirators.

They don the masks.

Kildare taps the side of his mask.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Comms check. You copy?

TYRONE GENDRY
Good copy.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Oracle.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Yes, Chief Kildare?

DAMIEN KILDARE
Go comms-dark until the Commander,
or I, give you all-clear.

TYRONE GENDRY

Also give all crew members save
Lancer and Pembry unfettered access
to my quarters should we evac
everyone to that location.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Understood Commander, Chief. Will
comply.

DAMIEN KILDARE

(to Gendry)

Look if we're out of our depth we
bail STAT, okay? Escape and evade,
regroup, and lockdown. Plan an
adequate response.

Gendry nods in agreement.

Kildare motions to move forward.

The cicada-esque sound intensifies.

They reach the Red Corridor junction.

INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Ahtone and Redmond sit at their flight stations.

DANA AHTONE

Oracle, what in tarnation is going
on?

ORACLE (V.O.)

Pilot Ahtone, Commander Gendry and
Chief Security Officer Kildare are
en route to the medical bay in an
attempt to determine the current
bio-status of Chief Science Officer
Lancer and Medical Officer Pembry.

DANA AHTONE

Fantastic. Nobody bothered to tell
the people who are just flying the
damn ship...

Redmond looks at Ahtone, grins sheepishly.

DANA AHTONE (CONT'D)

Do we have video feeds at least?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Yes, I will patch the feeds to your
monitors.

Oracle displays the Gendry and Kildare feeds on the large
monitors at the front of the Bridge.

Alert chimes sound on all Bridge monitors.

CURTIS REDMOND
Is that a frigging external gravity
warning?

DANA AHTONE
Oracle, what is causing that alert?

ORACLE (V.O.)
There is an unknown external source
exerting a significant
gravitational force on the Erebus.
There are no detectable stars or
black holes in the vicinity that
could be the cause of the energy in
question.

DANA AHTONE
"Unknown"... Super...

INT. PROMETHEAN DRIVE ENGINE ROOM - SAME TIME

Nakata, Latu, and Choy huddle together at a workstation.

SONNY NAKATA
This data...ah...still seems
anomalous --

ORACLE (V.O.)
-- Specialist Nakata, I have Chief
Davis for you.

SONNY NAKATA
Ah, thank you Oracle, patch him
through.

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Sonny...what in the actual fuck is
going on onboard this ship?...

SONNY NAKATA
Davis-San, you tell me! Why have
you, ah, locked us down?

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Some strange shit going down my
friend. The Commander and Kildare
are en route to the Med Bay to see
why Lancer and Pembry seem to have
just dis-a-fucking-peared.

Choy looks at Latu in disbelief.

SONNY NAKATA
Ah, sorry...what now?

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Hold on, that's not the best
part... Get this...the exact
fucking moment the foreign matter
decided to abscond from the
Promethean reactor like a drunken,
foreign tourist on bail...is the
precise moment Lancer came to...

SONNY NAKATA
Yeah, ah...I am going to need that
whiskey now...

Nakata stands up, paces.

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Coincidence? Methinks fucking not!
Any new info on the Promethean
purge?

SONNY NAKATA
Negative. Does not make sense.

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)
Color me shocked. Oracle, make sure
the Bridge crew, and Sonny and
company, can view the Commander's
and Kildare's video feeds.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Chief.

INT. RED CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

DARKNESS

Gendry and Kildare move through the long corridor leading to
the Med Bay.

Both activate their respirator lights -- still limited
vision.

Cloudy, misty -- alien.

Walls contain a black, organic-looking material.

Gendry and Kildare exchange "What the fuck?" looks.

INT. COMMANDER'S QUARTERS READY ROOM - SAME TIME

Davis and Adams watch the Gendry/Kildare feed.

Davis recoils, jumps from his seat, points.

ANDREW DAVIS

Uh, Doc...what the fuck was that on
the walls?

Adams covers her mouth in awe.

ELSPETH ADAMS

That...it looks organic... Is it
possible dark matter is...

ANDREW DAVIS

Oracle, can you identify that
material on the walls?

ORACLE (V.O.)

Negative Chief. Identification via
visuals alone is not possible at
this juncture. A sample of the
matter would be required in order
to attempt identification.

ANDREW DAVIS

Not going to be me collecting that
sample...

ELSPETH ADAMS

Okay, okay they are close to the
Med Bay door.

Davis sits back down.

INT. RED CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Gendry and Kildare stop a few hundred feet from the Med Bay.

A dark shape moves in front of the Med Bay doors, writhes.

Kildare motions them forward, guns raised.

Their lights shine on the form -- Pembry, but not Pembry.

Gendry flinches, stumbles back.

Pembry moves in place -- dark tendrils of matter ooze from his orifices, float upwards.

DAMIEN KILDARE
What the actual...

TYRONE GENDRY
Pembry? Can you hear me mate? We
need to get you some help.

Kildare raises his weapon, aims it at Pembry.

INT. COMMANDER'S QUARTERS READY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Davis and Adams reel from the live feed images.

Davis jumps out of his seat.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Is...is that Pemb --

ANDREW DAVIS
-- Oh hell no Doc! That is not
Pembry!

Adams stands up, hunches over, vomits.

Davis gets up, offers her water, she accepts it.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is Lancer?!

Davis sits back down to the screen.

Stockton and Villas burst into the room.

Davis and Adams jump.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)
Um, what the hell are you guys
doing here?!

ROBERT VILLAS
Bro, we were not staying that close
to whatever was making that noise
we heard!

Stockton takes a seat next to Davis.

Her face goes sheet white as she looks at the screen.

KENDRA STOCKTON
What...what is...

ROBERT VILLAS
Ah hell naw homies, I didn't sign
up for no loco extra-terrestrial
shit! Is there a lifeboat on this
piece?!

Villas sits down next to Stockton, focuses on the monitor.

Davis' two-way squawks.

They all jump.

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
Davis-San, ah...what is that noise
we are hearing?

Davis shakes his head, grabs his two-way.

ANDREW DAVIS
Sonny, we do not fucking know. Have
Oracle bring up the Commander's and
Kildare's respirator feeds.

ROBERT VILLAS
I need a drink...I need ten
drinks...

Stockton and Adams laugh, nervously.

SONNY NAKATA (V.O.)
Oh...oh shit...

ANDREW DAVIS
Brilliant synopsis Sonny!

Adams points to the screen, shushes everyone.

INT. RED CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Pembry's form is breaking up, slowly, into particles.

Lancer exits the Med Bay -- he, it, looks at Pembry.

Lancer turns to Gendry and Kildare -- his eyes are completely
black.

TYRONE GENDRY
Michael... How are we there mate?
Looking a tad under the weather...

DAMIEN KILDARE
 Ty, we need to get the fuck out of
 Dodge, now.

Gendry motions to Kildare to wait.

The cicada-like sound dies out.

MICHAEL LANCER
 (voice is deep and with an
 echo)
We bid you...welcome...

Lancer talks hoarsely, as if he speaks through a liquid medium.

Gendry lowers his weapon hesitantly.

Kildare does not lower his.

TYRONE GENDRY
 Uh Michael, chap...who is "we"
 exactly? What is happening to
 Officer Pembry there? He seems to
 need immediate medical assistance,
 just as you did not too long ago...

Lancer moves closer to Gendry and Kildare, almost floating.

He glances back at Pembry, dismissively.

MICHAEL LANCER
 We...

Lancer appears puzzled by his own word.

The air around Lancer disrupts, a fluid wind.

Pembry's form dissipates completely -- particles float up and around Lancer.

Lancer's form absorbs the Pembry particles -- Lancer's head snaps back.

Lancer's form increases in size.

The cicada sounds return.

DAMIEN KILDARE
 Oh fuck...yeah fuck this all the
 way to Fucktown, Ty we are out!

Kildare pushes a gobsmacked Gendry back towards the junction.

TYRONE GENDRY

Oracle, seal off every junction around the Med Bay STAT! Establish a security no-go perimeter and ensure all crew members are not currently occupying areas directly surrounding the Med Bay!

ORACLE (V.O.)

Understood Commander. Will comply.

Kildare walks backwards with a hand on Gendry's shoulder -- his weapon raised in the other.

Lancer looks in their direction, he reenters the Med Bay.

INT. PROMETHEAN DRIVE ENGINE ROOM - SAME TIME

Nakata, Latu, and Choy pack up gear.

Sonny's two-way squawks.

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)

Sonny, Andrew.

SONNY NAKATA

If you are calling to tell us to leave we are, ah, way ahead of you.

ANDREW DAVIS (V.O.)

Cool. For now we are going to stay hunkered down in the Commander's Quarters until he and Kildare get back. Make your way up here ASAP. Oh, and swing by to snatch up Welker and Oldham from Helios ops if you can.

SONNY NAKATA

Copy, WILCO. We are out in, ah, five.

Nakata whistles, throws up a hand signaling "five minutes" until egress.

Latu and Choy nod, pack up more quickly.

INT. HELIOS DRIVE ENGINEERING ROOM - SAME TIME

Oldham stands at the Helios reactor.

LIZ OLDHAM
Hey Anna, can you look at this data
the last diagnostic pulled? It's a
bit puzzling, to say the least.

Welker kneels in front of an access panel, unresponsive.

Oldham turns towards Welker.

LIZ OLDHAM (CONT'D)
Anna? You okay?

Oldham walks over to her.

LIZ OLDHAM (CONT'D)
Earth to Anna, come in space cadet.

Oldham moves to look at Welker's face.

Welker looks up, dark spots float across her eyes.

LIZ OLDHAM (CONT'D)
Oh, shit...

Oldham drops her tablet, turns to run.

Welker gets up, turns towards Oldham, beckons to her.

Oldham exits the room, quickly.

INT. GREEN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nakata, Latu, and Choy move towards the Helios room.

KEVIN LATU
(to Choy)
Why am I carrying most of the kit?

SANDY CHOY
Um, because you're so big --

Oldham runs towards them, waves them back.

LIZ OLDHAM
No, no, no back that way! Welker
is...not Welker anymore...

SONNY NAKATA
Ah...shit. Ah okay, let's head for
the Webb Junction. Straight to the
Commander's quarters from there.

KEVIN LATU
 "Not Welker anymore"? What the --

LIZ OLDHAM
 -- Kevin, you do not want to know,
 let's move!

They abscond in the direction whence they came.

Oldham grabs one of the bags from Latu.

KEVIN LATU
 See Choy, teamwork makes the dream
 work!

Choy rolls her eyes, Nakata turns, hastens everyone to move.

INT. WHITE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Gendry and Kildare move up the corridor.

Kildare keeps his weapon raised, walks backwards with his
 back against Gendry's.

The ship lurches.

TYRONE GENDRY
 Bloody Christ on the cross. Now
 what?

ORACLE (V.O.)
 Commander, I have Pilot Ahtone for
 you.

TYRONE GENDRY
 Put her through Oracle.

DANA AHTONE (V.O.)
 Commander, sorry to interrupt
 your...operation, but we appear to
 have some unknown force exerting
 gravitational force upon the
 Erebus...

TYRONE GENDRY
 "Unknown"?
 (to Kildare)
 This has to be related to our
 other...issue.

Kildare nods.

DANA AHTONE (V.O.)

Oracle is working on the computational data now, but we are definitely being...pulled somewhere, by something.

TYRONE GENDRY

Copy. Okay keep me apprised of any updates immediately of course. We are almost back at my quarters. A contingent of us will be heading your way soon after we arrive there.

DANA AHTONE (V.O.)

Good copy, WILCO Commander. Ahtone out.

INT. COMMANDER'S QUARTERS READY ROOM - SAME TIME

Chaos ensues.

Adams squats in a corner of the room with her head in her hands, crying.

Stockton attempts to comfort her, rubs her back.

ELSPETH ADAMS

(quivering)

We-we're all going to die... T-t-that's it. I...I should have never signed up for this...

Davis and Villas hold court at the table in front of a screen.

ROBERT VILLAS

Bro, I was worried we might all die in fucking cryosleep, or maybe the Helios drive would deliver us into the molten core of a planet, but motherfucking space ghosts?! We dead Bro. D-E-A-D, dead.

ANDREW DAVIS

I'm not going out like Pembry! Dude just..vaporized into the aether.

ROBERT VILLAS

That was --

Gendry and Kildare storm into the room -- respirators still on.

Kildare drops his Go Bag, removes his respirator.

Gendry puts his hands on his knees, takes his respirator off.

He sees Adams breaking down.

TYRONE GENDRY
(to Stockton)
Is she alright?

Stockton nods in the affirmative, gives a thumbs-up.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
Oracle, patch this through to the
Bridge as well so the pilots can
hear.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Commander. Will comply.

TYRONE GENDRY
Okay people, everyone was privy to
what went on outside the Med Bay
with Lancer...and Pembry. I know
this is not what you expected from
this mission, but it's all gone to
pot so we need to steel ourselves
and figure out how to combat this
uninvited...entity... Time is of
the essence.

Gendry slumps into a seat at the table, exhausted.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
We only know what we saw, and what
the ship's sensors can tell us so
let's start with the former. There
is likely a correlation between the
foreign matter in the propulsion
systems' reactors and Mister
Lancer's...possession. Why did the
entity or entities choose Michael
out of all of us?

Kildare takes a seat next to Gendry.

DAMIEN KILDARE
After we all were defrosted he was
acting a bit strange... In the Mess
he was mumbling to himself. It
appeared it might have just been a
by-product of the cryosleep
process.

(MORE)

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
(to Adams)
Right Doc? Doc Adams?

Adams hears him the second time around, wipes at her cheeks with her fingers.

ELSPETH ADAMS
Y-yes...I was worried it might be early-onset space psychosis as a result of being woken up early.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Right. Well we also have an issue with the ship outside of the obvious ones. The pilots informed us there is some sort of unknown gravitational force exerting control over the ship. It seems to be guiding the Erebus somewhere like we're stuck in a bloody tractor beam.

ANDREW DAVIS
Oh...oh this gets better and better.

Gendry springs up, starts pacing.

TYRONE GENDRY
So I have already had Oracle set up a security zone around the Med Bay as that seems to be Ground Zero given Lancer...Lancer's form returned to it as we were absconding... What I am think --

Nakata, Latu, Choy, and Oldham arrive.

LIZ OLDHAM
(to Gendry)
Sir, Welker...she's like Lancer now...

Gendry slams his fist on his palm.

TYRONE GENDRY
So the...infection has spread outside of the Med Bay... Let's make sure everyone has respirators, just in case whatever it is...is communicated through the air.

Davis stands up.

ANDREW DAVIS

Sir, Sonny and I can go grab the ones in the White Corridors right by here. Will take five minutes tops.

TYRONE GENDRY

Okay do it. Stay alert, heads on swivels. Hurry back.

Davis claps Nakata on the shoulder, they run out of the room.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)

I am of the mind we should all relocate to the Bridge, for the time being at least. Damien, what do you think regarding weapons? We don't even know that conventional arms will stop it...them...

DAMIEN KILDARE

Exactly my thoughts. At least on the Bridge we do have the weapons locker just in case. Won't need to go sonic blasters from the Armory, yet at least.

TYRONE GENDRY

Right. Everyone be ready to move as soon as Davis and Nakata return.

INT. WHITE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Davis and Nakata pull respirators from access panels along the corridor, stuff them in shoulder bags.

ANDREW DAVIS

Sonny, please tell me you managed to pack some whiskey along with the diagnostic gear?

Nakata smiles, taps his vest.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)

You are the man! If we're going to die might as well die with a warm belly full. I can't believe --

SONNY NAKATA

-- Hold on Davis-San... You, ah, hear that?

The cicada-sounding noise grows.

ANDREW DAVIS

Okay let's get the rest of these
glorified swim goggles and get the
fuck back there now.

Lights flicker at the far end of the corridor -- amplified
whispers fill the air.

Davis and Nakata turn their heads towards the noise at the
same time.

SONNY NAKATA

Ah...this cannot be good...

Welker appears out of the darkness -- she is breaking up into
particulate like Pembry.

Davis shakes his head.

ANDREW DAVIS

Nope. All the nope.

Welker drifts slowly towards them.

ANNA WELKER

(almost hissing)

Help...help...me...

ANDREW DAVIS

Sonny, time to go!

(to Welker)

Listen Anna...you seemed really
cool, but Sonny and I can't help
you. You should head to the Med
Bay. Lancer is there. You two can
maybe help each other out...

Davis claps Nakata on the shoulder, they break out into a
run.

Welker shrieks -- drowns out the insect-like noise.

INT. COMMANDER'S QUARTERS MAIN AREA/READY ROOM - MOMENTS
LATER

READY ROOM

Davis and Nakata rush back into the room.

ANDREW DAVIS

Welker showed up...well what used
to be Welker that is. We need to
go.

TYRONE GENDRY

Damn it, I was hoping it wasn't too late for her... Right. Everyone grab your kit, we are evacing now!

The entire crew scrambles.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)

Damien, how about I take point and you bring up the rear?

DAMIEN KILDARE

Sounds good Ty.

(to the group)

Anyone else with combat experience?

Davis raises his hand with zero hesitation.

Kildare walks over to Davis, opens his Go Bag, retrieves another firearm and hands it to Davis.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)

How about you support me on tail?

ANDREW DAVIS

You got it brother.

Davis taps and racks his gun.

TYRONE GENDRY

Okay folks, fortunately for us the Bridge is not too far. Let's stay in a close formation. Yell out anything out of order you spy. I am quite sure our ship-steering mates will be chuffed to bits to see us. Let's move out!

Crew members nod, some "Aye Sirs" are spoken.

KENDRA STOCKTON

(to Adams)

You okay now hon? Good to move?

Adams nods, tentatively.

Gendry moves to the ready room door.

They exit one-by-one.

COMMANDER'S QUARTERS MAIN AREA

Gendry reaches the door to his quarters.

He holds up a fist to stop the group from moving.

TYRONE GENDRY
Oracle, Gendry.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Yes Commander?

TYRONE GENDRY
Right. As we move to the Bridge
please keep an eye out for any
anomalous activity in our
path...any you can actually detect
of course...

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Commander. Will comply.

TYRONE GENDRY
Alright my little sausages, heads
on swivels and follow daddy!

Gendry exits the room, the crew members follow suit.

INT/EXT. MEDICAL BAY/DEEP SPACE - SAME TIME

MEDICAL BAY

The Med Bay exists no longer as it was -- more like an insect
lair -- a hive.

Lancer claws at a wall -- like a pet attempting to greet a
long-absent owner at the door.

He stops scratching, stares directly, intently, at the wall.

The dark particles egress through the wall.

DEEP SPACE

The cloud mass continues its vivid electric light show -- it
intensifies.

Lancer's form appears in the mass.

Energy surges around his body -- he becomes more vascular --
veins and arteries pulsate in a rhythmic dance.

Particulate expels from his mouth, a gush of black globules.

The energy mass flashes even more intensely.

INT. BRIDGE/DEEP SPACE - SAME TIME

BRIDGE

Ahtone stands before a monitor at the front of the Bridge.

She zooms in on an image with her fingers.

DANA AHTONE

What the --

The Bridge door opens.

The remaining crew members enter one-by-one.

Gendry appears first, goes straight to his chair, drops his kit beside it.

TYRONE GENDRY

Dana, Curtis. Alright?

CURTIS REDMOND

Oh hell yes. Glad you guys are here...finally!

ROBERT VILLAS

Chill Winston...at least buy me a drink first!

Davis and Stockton take seats at Bridge stations.

TYRONE GENDRY

(without looking up)

Chuffed to see you lot as well.

Kildare goes to the weapons locker, enters a code on a panel and scans his handprint.

The arms locker pops open.

Kildare pulls out two modernistic rifles.

The ship lurches, several crewmembers right themselves.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)

Pilots, what was that exactly?

DANA AHTONE

Gravity. What is the source of said force you will have to tell me, Sir...

CURTIS REDMOND

Even with the Promethean drives
back online we don't know what
engaging them could do to the ship
should we try to full-on just gun
our way out of the pull.

DANA AHTONE

We had to cut them because all they
were doing was draining power
fighting the force.

TYRONE GENDRY

Oracle, any new data regarding this
Star Trek tractor beam bollocks?

ORACLE (V.O.)

Commander, the source of the
gravitational force appears to be
originating from a planetesimal
residing behind the dark matter
mass.

TYRONE GENDRY

Do we have a visual on the proto-
planet?

ORACLE (V.O.)

Stand by Commander.

The monitors at the front of the Bridge change view to the
space outside of the Erebus.

Ahtone points to a monitor.

DANA AHTONE

Oracle, zoom in and enhance on
sector five, beta quadrant!

Ahtone stands up quickly, races over to the monitor.

DANA AHTONE (CONT'D)

That...that's Lancer! Out in
fucking space with no suit on!

Gendry springs up from his seat, moves to Ahtone.

TYRONE GENDRY

Oracle, maximum zoom!

ON THE MONITOR

Lancer's form occupies the center of the matter clouds.

Light pulsates into and out of him.

Colors dance around his form.

A large jet stream of white light shoots out from Lancer's body towards the Erebus.

BACK TO THE BRIDGE

The Erebus shakes violently.

The crew members rock in their seats.

The Bridge lights flash on and off.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
What the bloody hell did he...it
just shoot at us?! Oracle, status
report!

Garbled language, static sounds emit from the Oracle speakers.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
Oh just bloody perfect.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Sir, Oracle is not responsive via
console control either. System
shows offline status.

TYRONE GENDRY
How are other systems, like life
support?

KENDRA STOCKTON
All other systems seem to be --

Oracle's speakers bleat, feedback cacophony.

Everyone covers their ears.

ROBERT VILLAS
What the fuck was that?

The insect noise returns through the speakers.

ELSPETH ADAMS
(lip quivering)
No, no, no...

MICHAEL LANCER (V.O.)
(distorted, garbled)
We...

ANDREW DAVIS
Oh shit, is that Lancer?!

Gendry waves for everyone to be quiet.

MICHAEL LANCER (V.O.)
You...will be...we...

The Erebus jolts violently again.

DANA AHTONE
Commander, the gravitational pull
has increased!

TYRONE GENDRY
Copy. No chance we can break free
with the Promethean drives?

CURTIS REDMOND
Not likely Sir. Lancer's buddies
are like a sentient black hole.

TYRONE GENDRY
Michael? Are you there mate? We
just want to know what you and your
lot want. How do we resolve this. A
lot of people in cryosleep are
depending on us to deliver them
safe and sound to our final
destination.

A squeal emits from the speakers.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander, Oracle here, back
online.

TYRONE GENDRY
Welcome back Oracle. Has the energy
burst disrupted any other systems?

ORACLE (V.O.)
All main and sub-systems are now
operating normally.

Kildare charges over to Gendry.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Commander, since we don't seem to
be able to communicate with this
entity we have to do something
before it sucks us into who knows
where, or what.

TYRONE GENDRY

Agreed, but what is our play exactly?

ORACLE (V.O.)

Commander, the energy burst that disrupted the ship systems made contact with the hull directly outside the Medical Bay.

Gendry pauses in thought, paces again.

TYRONE GENDRY

So maybe the connection...link to the entity has something to do with the Med Bay... Lancer was headquartered there after his...change. He also went back in the bay as Damien and I were egressing...

DAMIEN KILDARE

Right. So we torch the Med Bay. Controlled bonfire. The back-up medical supplies aren't stored there so we wouldn't be destroying anything we don't have a surplus of.

LIZ OLDHAM

Maybe they...it needs Lancer... Otherwise why not just hop aboard like alien hijackers and simply do their bidding?

TYRONE GENDRY

Top marks Liz. We may be more likely to neutralize Lancer than to stop the entire...colony out there...

Adams leaves her seat, moves closer to Gendry.

ELSPETH ADAMS

B-before we set fire to the precious equipment and supplies in there maybe we could get...retrieve sample of the organic material...growth and analyze it to see if fire would even be an effective retardant?

TYRONE GENDRY
Smashing idea Doc. Oracle, still
unable to identify the matter via
visuals only?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Correct Commander, a sample of the
material is needed for potential
identification.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Doc, we will have to do that
testing very quickly, and obviously
somewhere near the Med Bay. We
should also test our weapons on
some to see if they will be
effective.

Gendry nods at Kildare.

ELSPETH ADAMS
The Sci-Ops Center should have the
appropriate equipment, and the
diagnostic scans shouldn't take
more than a few minutes. Also we
need to remember Welker wasn't
anywhere near the Med Bay when she
was...appropriated...

DAMIEN KILDARE
Right. We should probably all be
wearing respirators now in case
the...infection is airborne.

TYRONE GENDRY
Great point mate. Break the kit out
and everyone cover up. Maybe those
of us on the collection operation
should get in the chem suits as
well.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Sir, we don't need you on this one.
Let me take Davis and maybe one or
two more bodies.

Gendry contemplates, nods.

Latu stands up, tosses his hair back, grins.

KEVIN LATU
Absolutely in!

KENDRA STOCKTON
(sarcastically)
Now there's a surprise...

Adams raises her hand tentatively.

ELSPETH ADAMS
I...I should probably go as well.

TYRONE GENDRY
You're sure you are feeling up to
it Doc?

ELSPETH ADAMS
I'll...be fine. It might be prudent
for me to get a closer look at the
material, and collect the samples
myself.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Andrew you down for a little bug
hunt op?

Davis stands, chambers a round in his rifle.

TYRONE GENDRY
Well that would seem to be an
emphatic "yes".

DAMIEN KILDARE
Four...we have ourselves a fire
team. Doc, anything in particular
you need for the collection bit?

ELSPETH ADAMS
(nervously)
Um, yes, but we can source what we
need in one of the medical kits in
the corridor. A-a "fire" what?

DAMIEN KILDARE
Copy. Alright gentlemen, lady,
let's get ready to move out. Time
is not on our side!

The crew members all don full-face respirators.

Kildare, Davis, Adams, and Latu put on chemical protection
suits.

Kildare taps his respirator.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Comms check.

Everyone throws up thumbs-ups.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Oracle, I will let you know if he
we need to go comms-dark again.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Chief.

Davis throws Nakata a head nod, Nakata returns it.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Y'all...Lancer is no longer
viewable in that cloud mass...

Gendry walks back over to the monitor.

TYRONE GENDRY
Blast it. He could be back on
Erebus now.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Shit. Okay folks call out, loudly,
anything you see, and if I give the
word to evac we do so immediately.

Davis, Adams, and Latu nod.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Bridge crew, try not to break
anything while we're gone!

Gendry claps Kildare on the back, chuckles.

TYRONE GENDRY
Stay safe!

Kildare leads the group off of the Bridge.

INT. CRYOSLEEP CABIN - SAME TIME

Lancer glides into the cryosleep chamber.

He makes a beeline to the embryonic matter hold.

He claws at the door.

MICHAEL LANCER
We...

Lancer glides away from the door -- moves around the chamber -
- assesses.

INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Gendry sits in his command chair.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander, Officer Lancer has been
detected in the cryosleep cabin.

Stockton and Villas turn in their seats -- towards Gendry.

Nakata places his palm on his head.

TYRONE GENDRY
He's where?! Oh shite. Patch me
through to Chief Kildare.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood Commander.

DAMIEN KILDARE (V.O.)
Go for Kildare.

TYRONE GENDRY
Damien, Lancer is in the cryosleep
cabin. You lot need to move it!

DAMIEN KILDARE (V.O.)
Good copy. Shit. Moving!

TYRONE GENDRY
Oracle, keep the communications
line open with the collection crew
for now.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Will comply Commander.

LIZ OLDHAM
All those potential hosts, or
worse...

ROBERT VILLAS
Oh...shit...

Gendry claps his hands in frustration.

TYRONE GENDRY
Alright people, heads in the game!
Only mission that matters now is to
halt the incursion and then get the
hell away from here.

INT. WHITE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kildare leads the way down the corridor.

Davis brings up the tail.

Midway down Kildare halts the group.

Adams opens a panel on a wall -- she collects items from the space, places them in her kit bag.

Adams gives the okay with a thumbs-up.

Kildare resumes moving the group.

The insect noise fills the air as they close in on the junction.

Kildare stops the group again at the junction gap.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Okay stay frosty. Shit hits the fan everyone egress the fuck back to the Bridge ASAP. Limit comms from here on out unless stealth is no longer an issue. Oracle, that goes for you too.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Understood Chief.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Andrew, Kevin things go south light Lancer and anything else looking like him up like a fucking Christmas tree.

Latu smiles, he and Davis nod.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)

Okay...on my one mark we move.
Three-two-one.

Kildare moves around the corner, the others follow.

INT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Gendry and the Bridge crew watch the White Corridor feed.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Commander, visual acquired of the object creating the gravitational pull affecting the Erebus.

TYRONE GENDRY
Lovely jubbly Oracle, bring it up
on all the monitors!

ON THE MONITORS

The electric cloud mass floats in front of the now-visible
proto-planet.

Black, gaseous, surges with energy.

BACK TO THE BRIDGE

NAKATA AND VILLAS
Holy...shit...

TYRONE GENDRY
Okay Dana what is our current range
to the...planet?

DANA AHTONE
Weird...sensor data is scrambled...

TYRONE GENDRY
Of bloody course it is.

CURTIS REDMOND
Should we try and break free Sir?

TYRONE GENDRY
What do you lot think, you are the
pilots?!

DANA AHTONE
I think at this juncture not
heading towards whatever that it is
warrants trying just about
anything.

TYRONE GENDRY
Right. Oracle and Sonny, if we
divert power from other systems
temporarily can we surge it to the
Prometheans?

SONNY NAKATA
Ah Commander, in theory, yes. We
never actually did it in training,
but, ah, theorized about it.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Commander, officer Nakata is
correct.

Gendry sits back down in his chair, hand on chin.

TYRONE GENDRY

Well it's damn well worth a shot.
Have at it.

Nakata walks over to Ahtone's station, they converse.

INT. RED CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Kildare, Davis, Latu, and Adams move slowly up the corridor.

Black particles float around them.

The corridor gets dark, they activate the headlights on their respirators.

The organic-looking material they seek resides on a wall to the left, several feet ahead.

Kildare stops, motions to Adams.

Adams nods, visibly nervous.

Kildare motions for the others to hang back.

He takes Adams' right hand, places it on his left shoulder.

Kildare moves towards the organic, wall-based stuff.

He stops, focuses on Med Bay area ahead.

Adams collects the material, places samples in tubes.

Latu drops his gun, walks towards the Med Bay.

Davis grabs after him, unsuccessfully.

Latu bumps into Kildare, knocks him over slightly.

Latu stops at the entrance to the Med Bay.

DAMIEN KILDARE

(whispering forcefully)
Latu! Kevin! Get back here!

Kildare also motions for Latu to return -- to no avail.

Latu turns towards them, smiles a dark, crooked smile -- dark spots fill his eyes.

ANDREW DAVIS

Oh shit, Kildare we out!

Kildare pushes Adams back towards Davis.

Lancer's form exits the Med Bay.

ANDREW DAVIS (CONT'D)
Aw not this motherfucker too...

Davis raises his rifle.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Andrew, light Lancer up, him only,
waste him!

Kildare fires at Lancer BRRRRRT -- Davis joins in BRRRRRT.

Their rounds penetrate Lancer, he does not fall.

Adams crawls on the floor, away from the fray.

Lancer moves towards them -- he motions for Latu to follow him.

Latu's form breaks up slowly -- he moves, zombie-like, behind Lancer.

ANDREW DAVIS
Let's fucking roll!

Davis and Adams close in on the junction, Kildare not far behind.

INT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Stockton weeps.

ROBERT VILLAS
Ah man, not Latu too...

KENDRA STOCKTON
H-h-how did he take over Latu and
not the others?

LIZ OLDHAM
Same thing happened with Welker,
that is I was in the same room with
her, and it took her and not me...

TYRONE GENDRY
Damn it all! Maybe Kevin can still
be helped. Let's attempt the
breakaway now!

DANA AHTONE
(sniffling)
Aye Sir, spooling up the Promethean
drives at this time.

SONNY NAKATA
We will maybe take it just
slightly...ah, more slowly since we
have not engaged the engines since
they came back online.

Ahtone and Redmond nod.

TYRONE GENDRY
Understood.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Promethean drives are approaching
ninety-five percent energy
capacity. Kinetic reserves are
powering redundant and back-up
systems with no energy loss.

The sound from the engines whines, then give off a large
boom.

DANA AHTONE
Okay get ready Curtis... Oracle,
tell the others to brace!

ORACLE (V.O.)
Understood pilot Ahtone. Will
comply.

Redmond shoots Ahtone a concerned glance.

INT. WHITE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Davis and Kildare attempt to seal off the junction between
the red and white corridors.

They pull down on a lever that extends out from the wall.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Okay...hit it!

Both men yank the lever.

The junction door shuts, violently.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Alright keep moving, not even sure
a door will stop them!

ORACLE (V.O.)
Chief Kildare, the Erebus pilots
are warning of an imminent,
significant ship movement. Everyone
should brace themselves now.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Oh shit. Grab something on the
walls, quickly!

Kildare, Davis, and Adams secure themselves onto protrusions
on the walls.

INT/EXT. BRIDGE/DEEP SPACE - SAME TIME

BRIDGE

Gendry and the other Bridge crew sit strapped in.

DANA AHTONE
Okay Curtis...punch it!

Ahtone and Redmond tap other consoles in unison -- the
physical steering mechanisms deploy -- they grab them.

The Erebus careens to the port side -- then rocks as if still
moored.

DANA AHTONE (CONT'D)
Okay that definitely did something.
Let's go again! Oracle, what's the
hull looking like?!

ORACLE (V.O.)
The hull is undamaged. Nanometal
panels are holding.

DANA AHTONE
Okay Curtis, hit it again, this
time with some oomph!

Redmond smirks at Ahtone.

The two pilots engage the drives again.

The Erebus lurches, breaks free of the protomass'
gravitational pull.

The Bridge crew cheer in unison.

TYRONE GENDRY
Phenomenal work my pilot
wunderkinds!
(MORE)

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
How about we put some distance
between us and the creepy alien
planet? Perhaps whatever connection
there is between Lancer and the
entity will break the farther we
are from it...

DANA AHTONE
Aye, aye Sir.

DEEP SPACE

The ship rockets into the blackness -- leaving the dark
planetesimal and the cloud mass in its wake.

The energy around the black sphere crackles, fades out.

INT. RED CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Lancer looks through the glass of the door Kildare and Davis
sealed.

Behind him Latu's form evaporates -- into nothing.

Latu's particulate floats into Lancer, it absorbs it.

Lancer's head snaps back, he lets out a screeching wail -- at
an inhuman volume level.

He moves to the other side of the corridor, clutches at the
wall.

INT. WHITE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Kildare, Davis, and Adams cover their ears -- Lancer's all-
encompassing scream hurts them.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Well that can't be good...

ELSPETH ADAMS
How...how are we going to get these
samples to Sci-Ops?

DAMIEN KILDARE
Is there equipment you can use that
is light enough we can hoof it back
to the Bridge?

ELSPETH ADAMS

No...wait, yes...but I will still need to use one heavy machine in Sci-Ops... I can be quick with that particular analysis.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Okay --

ORACLE (V.O.)

-- Chief Kildare, I have Commander Gendry for you.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Patch him through Oracle.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Damien, I presume you lot heard that nightmare-inspiring cacophony as well?

Kildare stares at the door Lancer is behind.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Oh, did we ever...

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

We managed to successfully break from the gravitational pull. It would seem Lancer did not like that so much.

DAMIEN KILDARE

It would seem so. Listen we need to get Doc Adams over to Sci-Ops STAT with this extra-terrestrial goo. Any chance we can get a diversion to attempt to keep Lancer where he is?

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Right mate, how about we put on a little light and Halon alarm show on in the Med Bay? He seems to be beholden to that room for whatever reason. You all will still need to move your arses.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Good copy. Sounds like a plan. Give me two Mikes and we will be on the move again.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Roger old chap. Counting down now.
Listen...don't be bloody heroes.
Escape and evade if you need to.

DAMIEN KILDARE
WILCO. Kildare out.

Kildare motions Davis and Adams over.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Okay we're going to head to the
Green Corridor then on to Sci-Ops
and back quick as we can. Oracle's
going to put on a little show for
Lancer to hopefully bait him back
into the Med Bay.

Davis and Adams nod their heads in acknowledgment.

ANDREW DAVIS
Let's rock and roll. Damn I need a
drink.

Adams sighs.

ELSPETH ADAMS
You and me both...

They move up the corridor with Kildare in the lead.

INT. RED CORRIDOR/MEDICAL BAY - MOMENTS LATER

RED CORRIDOR

Lancer moves away from the wall, looks back through the white
junction door.

An alarm sounds in the Med Bay BREET BREET BREET - lights
flash from within.

Lancer snaps his head in the direction of the noise and
lights.

He moves up the corridor towards the room.

Lancer enters the Med Bay.

MEDICAL BAY

Lancer strides, glides, into the bay, looks around.

He tilts his head at the lights from the fire/Halon system.

He turns back towards the Med Bay door, shrieks, he exits.

INT. GREEN CORRIDOR/SCIENCE OPERATIONS CENTER - SAME TIME

GREEN CORRIDOR

Kildare, Davis, and Adams stand outside of Sci-Ops.

Kildare posts up against the right side of the door, rifle pointed upwards.

Davis stands a shadow of him on the left side.

Adams hangs back past Kildare.

DAMIEN KILDARE

It's not a job, it's a fucking
adventure...

ANDREW DAVIS

I don't think I have ever agreed
with you as much as I do now.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Okay Doc, in and out. Andrew, as
soon as we clear the room I will
post up by the door.

ANDREW DAVIS

Copy. Let's get this shit over
with. Sonny is probably drinking
all the whiskey up.

DAMIEN KILDARE

(to Adams)

Ready?

ELSPETH ADAMS

Y-yes...I think --

DAMIEN KILDARE

-- Go!

Kildare and Davis enter, scan the room methodically.

Adams enters quickly on their heels.

Lights turn on as they move through the center.

Adams makes a beeline for a large piece of equipment, removes
items from her bag.

Kildare nods to Davis, moves back to the door.

Adams runs her tests.

Davis paces near her.

ANDREW DAVIS
You need any help Doc?

ELSPETH ADAMS
Thank you, I should be good. This
should only take a moment.

Davis removes some canisters from a see-through locker, he sticks them in his bag.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Chef Kildare, urgent message from
Commander Gendry.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Go Oracle.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Damien, mate, move your arses,
Lancer is likely headed to your
location!

DAMIEN KILDARE
Good copy. WILCO.
(to Davis and Adams)
Let's move people!

ELSPETH ADAMS
Okay...okay I am done here.

Adams grabs a small piece of diagnostic equipment.

The three move to the Sci-Ops door.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Oracle, we have a twenty for
Lancer?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Chief Kildare, ship sensors are
still unable to detect Officer
Lancer; however, there are
currently environmental
disturbances associated with the
unidentified entities in the Blue
Corridor at this time.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Yup, he's definitely headed this
way.

Kildare exits Sci-Ops, rifle raised, Davis and Adams follow.

INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Gendry paces around the front of the Bridge.

TYRONE GENDRY

Oracle, any preliminary data from Doctor Adams' analysis of the bio-samples?

ORACLE (V.O.)

Commander, please stand by for a moment. Parsing said data now.

TYRONE GENDRY

Looks like Damien and his crew are headed back to the nest now.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Commander, the samples Doctor Adams ran through the quantum microscope were also subjected to spectrometric analysis. No interaction of the subatomic particles with the electromagnetic force; however, microscopic analysis showed the presence of weakly-interacting massive particles, which are consistent with dark matter theory. Also found were complex Carbon bonds, relatives of which are the primary component of all life on Earth.

TYRONE GENDRY

The dark matter...is alive...

Several crew members GASP.

ORACLE (V.O.)

For all intents and purposes that is correct, Commander.

LIZ OLDHAM

Holy...

TYRONE GENDRY

So we can potentially burn it after all?

ORACLE (V.O.)
Theoretically, yes, Commander.
Questions still remain about the
dark matter organisms, however.

ROBERT VILLAS
Is Lancer made up of the same shit
though?

ORACLE (V.O.)
A sample of officer Lancer's
current make-up would be required
to determine if his form is
comprised of the identical particle
structure as the sample material
from the Red Corridor walls.

TYRONE GENDRY
We have to bloody work with what we
have got though. Oracle, get
Kildare on the horn!

Gendry returns to his chair.

INT. GREEN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Davis slings his rifle over his shoulder, grabs the equipment
from Adams.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Chief Kildare, Commander Gendry.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Damien, preliminary analysis of the
samples indicate the slime on the
walls is likely organic dark
matter. The problem is we don't
have one from Lancer himself so no
idea if he is comprised of the same
stuff.

DAMIEN KILDARE
Copy. So fire it is then?

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
What we're thinking absent more
data. Any sign of Lancer yet?

DAMIEN KILDARE
Roger. Negative on visual. We are
now --

The junction door at the end of the corridor opens, drops to the floor as if blown off.

The lights there flicker.

Black particles float through the doorway.

Lancer glides into the junction, menacingly.

ANDREW DAVIS

Oh...fuck...

DAMIEN KILDARE

"Speak of the devil and he shall appear". Ty, we just received a visitor from Blue Corridor.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Sod it all. Okay, get the hell out of there!

DAMIEN KILDARE

Way ahead of you boss!

Kildare waves at Davis and Adams to keep moving.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)

(to Lancer)

Hey buddy, still looking a little under the weather there. You should go back and lie down in the Med Bay.

Lancer is hovering now, floats on the black globules.

He stares intensely at Kildare, points at him.

MICHAEL LANCER

(hissing)

We...one...

DAMIEN KILDARE

Listen pal, we're not trying to join your little, freaky-deaky deep space adventure club.

Davis moves to Kildare, opens his bag.

ANDREW DAVIS

I picked these bad boys up in Sci-Ops.

Davis pulls one of the cannisters out and shows it to Kildare -- label reads: "ACETYLENE: HANDLE WITH CARE".

Kildare grins, grabs two of the canisters -- Davis puts the rest on the floor.

DAMIEN KILDARE

Nice one Andrew. Now get her back to the Bridge. Michael and I have some business to attend to.

(loudly to Lancer)

Isn't that right Michael?

ANDREW DAVIS

Uh, you'll be right behind us right?!

DAMIEN KILDARE

You know it my man, go!

Davis looks at Kildare warily, moves back to Adams.

Davis exchanges words with Adams, she looks back at Kildare concernedly.

Davis and Adams move to the white corridor junction door, enter through it.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Damien, are you daft man?! Start moving!

DAMIEN KILDARE

Ty, kind of busy right now. About to have a tet-a-tet with Mister Spock here...

Kildare tosses two of the cannisters towards Lancer.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)

Why do you have that Goya painting hung up in your quarters?

Kildare takes his respirator off.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)

Damien, put that mask back --

DAMIEN KILDARE

-- Because we always fight. Rebel against the dark forces no matter the battlefield.

Kildare empties his rifle magazine at Lancer BRRRRRT -- tosses the rifle aside -- draws his sidearm, aims it at Lancer.

Lancer slightly recoils at the rifle rounds, recovers quickly -- continues advancing towards Kildare.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
Drive back the interlopers into the
abyss whence they came... This is
the code. This is our way.

Kildare tosses two of the remaining three Acetylene
cannisters at Lancer.

DAMIEN KILDARE (CONT'D)
So here we are...once more into the
breach my friend...

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
Don't do it!

Kildare empties his sidearm magazine into Lancer.

Lancer recoils.

Kildare pulls out a flashbang grenade -- pulls the pin --
holds the flashbang next to the Acetylene can.

TYRONE GENDRY (V.O.)
(weeping)
No!

Kildare draws a deep breath, charges at Lancer.

Lancer appears confused, stretches his arms out towards
Kildare, welcomingly.

The flashbang detonates, triggers Acetylene explosions, boom,
that engulf the corridor in a wall of flame.

INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Gendry falls to his knees.

Stockton, Villas, Ahtone, Oldham, and Redmond exchange
horrified looks.

Nakata runs over to help him up.

SONNY NAKATA
Come on, ah, Commander-San. I have
you.

KENDRA STOCKTON
Y'all...they served together on the
front lines in the first Water
Wars...

Davis and Adams enter, they drop their gear.

Davis looks at Gendry as Nakata aids him, runs to a monitor.

INT. GREEN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The ship's fire-suppression system kicks in -- thick foam
coats the entire hallway.

ORACLE (V.O.)
The Green Corridor fire has been
contained. The toxic air from the
space is being funneled out and
filtered. All crew members must
avoid the area until further
notice.

The shape of a body lies in the corridor, under the foam.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - SAME TIME

The Med Bay shows no sign of Lancer or the dark matter
infection.

ORACLE (V.O.)
Ship sensors show no current
indication of environmental
disturbances associated with the
foreign entities.

Pembry's glasses lie on the floor next to some overturned
medical supplies.

INT. EREBUS MESS HALL

SUPER: "Three Earth Days Later"

The remaining skeleton crew members commune at tables -- no
food, but alcohol bottles litter the surfaces.

Davis and Nakata clink their cups together.

ANDREW DAVIS
I thought you would have drained us
dry while I was out doing shit!

SONNY NAKATA

Ah, come now Davis—San I would near
deprive you of your, ah, lifeblood!

Stockton, Adams, Choy, and Oldham engage in quiet, giddy
conversation.

ELSPETH ADAMS

I am not quite sure there are
enough White Russians in the
universe to make me feel okay...

Stockton, Choy, and Oldham raise their cups.

LIZ OLDHAM

Cheers to that Doc!

SANDY CHOY

Hell yes!

KENDRA STOCKTON

Y'all I need an ocean of liquor,
and also...probably a bit of
penis...

Villas sits with Ahtone and Redmond, looks over to the women,
smiles sheepishly.

ROBERT VILLAS

I got you Kendra...*Cabron grande*
right here!

The women roll their eyes, laugh.

Gendry enters the Mess.

TYRONE GENDRY

Hello me lovelies, top of the
mornin' to ya!

The entire crew cheers at his arrival.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)

Now who's got the bloody Irish
whiskey? Davis, got to be you
Governor!

ANDREW DAVIS

You know I got you boss!

Davis pours Gendry a large shot.

Gendry downs the whiskey in one go.

SONNY NAKATA

Oh...oh wow.

ANDREW DAVIS

That's how we do it Sonny!

TYRONE GENDRY

Alright, alright. Everyone have a drink?

Davis pours a few shots for people who are empty.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)

I would like to make a toast to one of the finest combat officers I ever served with. A man who may or may not have saved my bacon on more than one occasion. He most certainly saved this bloody ship in a last act of superb heroism, and may his name echo through eternity! Raise your glasses to Damien motherfucking Kildare, huzzah!

EVERYONE

Kildare!

Everyone downs their drinks.

Davis pats Gendry on the back.

TYRONE GENDRY

Lest we forget our other compatriots lost during that gobshite... Kevin Latu. Anna Welker. Alan Pembry. Michael Lancer. Victims of circumstance. Heroes, all of them. They will also not be forgotten, cheers to their memories!

EVERYONE

Cheers!

TYRONE GENDRY

Now for a bit of the ole brass tax.

Villas groans.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
 I know, I know... It appears as though the dark matter scrubbers we upgraded after the encounter with the entities will continue to function swimmingly for the remainder of our trip. No sign of particulate remains in either the Promethean or Helios reactors. Also no indication of dark matter elsewhere on the ship. The hope is that we will be able to successfully prevent further incursions onto the ship for the rest of our journey.

Gendry takes a swig of his drink.

TYRONE GENDRY (CONT'D)
 So well fucking done everyone. We overcame a bloody living nightmare. Oracle, thanks to you as well my little fembot!

ORACLE (V.O.)
 You are welcome, Commander.

Gendry raises his cup to the speakers.

TYRONE GENDRY
 Now let's get absolutely pissed before we go back in the deep freeze, eh?!

Davis stands up, bottle in hand.

ANDREW DAVIS
 Best thing I have heard out of anyone's mouth this whole damn trip!

The crew drink, laugh, and talk.

INT. BRIDGE - LATER

SUPER: "Two Earth Days Later"

The Bridge hosts no crew, dark -- illuminated only by console lights and a countdown clock that reads: "HELIOS LEAP IN T-MINUS THREE HOURS, FOUR MINUTES, FIFTY SECONDS AND COUNTING".

ORACLE (V.O.)
Attention. Attention. All crew
members have now been successfully
returned to cryosleep for the
impending Helios leap. All ship
systems remain nominal at this
time. Dark matter sensors indicate
no particulate onboard the ship.

Gendry's chair holds a sign that states: "NEXT STOP ALPHA
CENTAURI B-b BITCHES!"

INT. CRYOSLEEP CABIN - SAME TIME

The cryosleep chambers sit closed, shrouded in low
illumination.

Crew members and passengers sleep in their liquid Oxygen
baths -- status lights flash on their pods.

The door that sits at the back of the cabin still reads:
""EMBRYONIC MATERIAL STORAGE FACILITY - DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT
DELTA-LEVEL AUTHORIZATION".

INT. EMBRYONIC STORAGE FACILITY - SAME TIME

Hundreds of individual compartments house embryos at varying
stages of development.

The far end of the facility room houses tens of larger bio-
containers -- they contain birthed babies.

One baby stirs in its bio-pod, which connects to an
artificial umbilical device.

The baby's eyes open, dark masses float across them.

FADE OUT.