

# ***DARK MATTER***

Episode #101

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TEASE

VFX - SPACE

Establish. Vast. Desolate. We PAN the empty stillness, the distant stars, and come to SETTLE ON - a spaceship floating, listing awkwardly. PUSH IN to reveal - it has been damaged and is venting atmosphere.

INT. SPACESHIP - VARIOUS CORRIDORS

SWEEPING THROUGH the ship's interior - empty rooms and corridors illuminated by emergency lighting only. Dark. Dirty. More Nostromo than Enterprise. An ALARM SOUNDS. A disembodied voice warns -

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)  
Life support at fifteen percent.

But not a soul in sight.

INT. SHIP - STASIS CORRIDOR

The ALARM SOUNDS.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)  
Life support at fifteen percent.

Steam vents from ruptured pipes. Sparks shower down from the overhead gak. We PAN DOWN a corridor. Suddenly, a sectioned panel of the corridor slides up to reveal an upright stasis pod, its contents opaque and obscured by a thick mist. It slowly dissipates to reveal -

A handsome man in his late twenties [ONE]. He is fairhaired, boyish good-looking. Eyes shut, dreaming, oblivious to the surrounding pandemonium, he stands in the roiling mist, wearing a simple t-shirt and pants. HOLD ON him. Beat.

Suddenly, his eyes flash open. The pod's shielding retracts and he collapses into the corridor -

ONE  
(gasps for breath)

He fights to catch his breath, then straightens and looks around, panicked. Clearly, he has no idea where he is.

He struggles to make sense of what the hell is going on. The ALARM CONTINUES TO SOUND. The disembodied voice informs him -

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)  
Life support at fourteen percent.

He pulls himself up and hurries down the corridor. PAN BACK TO a section of the wall. It slides up to reveal another upright pod. The thick mist inside dissipates, revealing its occupant: a beautiful, soft-featured woman [TWO].

INT. SHIP - VARIOUS CORRIDORS

He charges down the darkened corridor.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)  
Life support at fourteen percent.

He slows, faced with a choice as the corridor branches left and right. Hesitates, chooses right and presses on.

Up one corridor, down the next, he hurries, desperate and confused.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR A

He hurries by, catching sight of a room in his passing haste. Beat. He doubles back, throws the room another look. REVERSE TO REVEAL he is standing at the entrance to -

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

A few seconds to take it in, then he hurries over to the main control panel and stares down at the darkened console.

ONE  
Okay...okay...

Then tries a button. Nothing. Slides a toggle. Nothing.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)  
Life support at thirteen percent.

He flies into action, hitting buttons at random, sliding toggles, touching everything in sight.

ONE

Come on...come on!

Nothing. Frustrated, he slams his fist down on the console once. Twice. He gives it a swift kick. Nothing. Suddenly, he catches something in his peripheral vision, turns -

And comes face to face with TWO - who delivers a blow to his solar plexus, staggering him. She follows up with a flurry of kicks and punches. Clearly, she is a seasoned fighter. Just as obviously, he is not. She delivers a roundhouse kick that drops him.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)

Life support at thirteen percent.

She heads over to the console, takes a couple of seconds to look over the array and try to make sense of it.

Enough time for him to scramble to his feet and launch himself on her. They both go down. He straddles, tries to pin her. Not a chance. She boxes his ears, flips him off, and jumps to her feet. Hoists him up and sends him headfirst into the computer console. BANG. The console magically comes to life, lighting up with a ROLLING HUM.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Life support at twelve percent.

She studies the console. Hesitates. Suddenly, an epiphany. She hits a sequence of buttons, then glances up hopefully as -

The viewscreen lights up with a display of the ship's internal systems turning back on. The ALARM DIES and we hear -

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Restoring life support.

Relieved, she drops herself onto on one of the bridge chairs. She takes a couple of seconds to gather herself, then glances down at ONE lying at her feet. He stirs, looks up at her, tests his bruised jaw and asks -

ONE

What'd I do?

She shrugs -

TWO

You were in the way.

Suddenly, movement at the doorway causes them both to instinctively reach for sidearms - they aren't packing.

A fellow stasis-tenant - late thirties, scarred, rough-looking [THREE] stands in the entranceway, a gun in each hand. He evidently had them in the pod with him (which, we will come to realize, says a lot about his character).

THREE

Who are you?!

A second's hesitation, then simultaneously -

ONE/TWO

I don't know.

ONE and TWO exchange confused looks, then look over at THREE.

TWO

Who are YOU?

THREE slowly lowers his weapons, as the realization dawns -

THREE

I got no idea.

And OFF everyone's confused looks we -

END OF TEASE

ACT ONE

VFX - SPACE

The crippled ship still floating in space, no longer venting atmosphere.

INT. SHIP - STASIS CORRIDOR

ON a muscular, bald, behemoth of a man [SIX], unconscious, in stasis. He stirs, opens his eyes. Beat. The shielding slides back and he collapses onto the floor.

THREE (O.S.)

Shake 'n wake, Tiny. Shake 'n wake.

He looks up, sees -

Five strangers standing over him: ONE, TWO, and THREE who we have already met, FOUR (an androgynous Eurasian male) and FIVE (an adolescent, pixyish, female). THREE, still armed, has him dead to rights. Although we can glimpse SIX's stasis pod, the others are O.S. within the neighboring recesses of the corridor.

ONE

Who are you?

The big man pulls himself up, goes to answer - and hesitates. A couple of seconds in which he searches his mind, then a look of dawning horror...

ONE (CONT'D)

You don't remember do you?

SIX

No.

ONE

Well that makes six of us.

THREE

Hell.

THREE immediately loses interest and redirects his attention to checking out the rest of the corridor.

SIX

What's going on?

THREE steps up to a door, slaps his hand on the scanner.

ONE

We don't know. We all woke up, just like you. No memories. No idea who we are or how we got here.

It slides open to reveal a storage room housing a multitude of mystery crates. Lockers line the far wall.

THREE

Hey, check this out.

INT. SHIP - STORAGE ROOM

They follow THREE inside. As the others talk, THREE checks each crate in turn. All are locked.

SIX

What is this place?

ONE

It's a ship. And looks like we're dead in space.

TWO, who moves to check out the lockers, informs him -

TWO

Systems were down and we were venting atmosphere. I was able to bring us back on-line and initiate the ship's auto-repair protocol.

SIX

How'd you manage that?

TWO

I don't know exactly. I was standing there at the console and...it just came to me.

They all chew on that.

ONE

Well that's a good sign, right?

Off SIX's look -

ONE (CONT'D)  
Maybe it'll all come back to us.  
Eventually.

TWO  
Hey -

TWO holds up a jacket she rescued from one of the lockers.

TWO (CONT'D)  
If anyone's feeling underdressed...

FIVE  
(delighted gasp)

An animated FIVE joins her.

ONE  
For now, we've named ourselves in  
the order we woke up in. I'm One.  
She's Two -

Who is slipping on the jacket.

ONE (CONT'D)  
Three.

Who grabs a hanging piece of metal pipe jarred loose by the  
accident - or whatever it was that damaged the ship - wrenches  
it free, then goes to work on one of the crate's locks -  
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

ONE (CONT'D)  
Four.

Who hasn't moved from where he has been standing, stone-faced,  
arms crossed, surveying the others suspiciously.

ONE (CONT'D)  
Five.

Who is going through the assortment of pants, shirts, and  
jackets in the lockers - wide-eyed and jubilant, like a teen  
at a mall designer sale.

ONE (CONT'D)  
Which makes you Six.

ONE (CONT'D)

We, uh, saved you for last.

SIX

Why?

ONE

Because you're the scariest-looking.  
No offense.

SIX

I'M the scary one?

He glances over at - CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! - THREE going  
ape-shit on that crate -

THREE

(grunting angrily)

ONE and SIX walk over to the lockers. They don jackets -  
But nothing in the way of a uniform. Beside them, TWO is  
studying a couple of communication earwigs she has found.  
She puts one on. Tests it by blowing into the second.  
Informs the others -

TWO

We've got comms.

And proceeds to gather more from the other lockers.

SIX

So what do you figure? We the crew  
of a transport vessel on some sort  
of long-range haul?

ONE

Would explain what we were doing in  
stasis. Ship gets into trouble.  
Takes some damage. Systems shut  
down. When life support hits  
critical, hazard protocols kick in  
and we're automatically awakened.

SIX

Wouldn't explain the memory loss  
though.

CLANG! Finally! THREE tosses the pipe aside and opens up  
the crate. ONE asks him -

ONE

So what are we shipping? Seeds?  
Meds?

THREE

Better.

He pulls out one awesome big-ass gun. He grins. Cool.

THREE (CONT'D)

Who wants?

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR B

ON our crew striding down the dimly-lit corridor, fully dressed, all sporting ear comms. THREE, sporting two holstered hand weapons, also totes the big gun. TWO, leads the way.

TWO

Stay together. Try not to get lost.

She taps her ear comm.

TWO (CONT'D)

And use these to keep in touch.

They head off in pairs. TWO and FIVE head down one corridor. ONE and FOUR head down another. THREE and SIX keep right on walking.

SIX eyes THREE's assorted weaponry.

SIX

Expecting trouble?

THREE

Hopin'.

He locks and loads. And they're off.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO approaches the console and considers. She reaches out, hits a button. Hesitates. Then presses two more - bringing the ship diagnostic up onscreen. Rather than take a seat on one of the bridge chairs, FIVE hoists herself up onto one of the flanking consoles and watches.

Her mannerisms are juvenile, almost childlike.

FIVE

Gonna fix it?

TWO

I'm going to try.

FIVE

Can I help?

TWO

I don't know. Can you?

FIVE shifts over for a closer look, triggering the console she is sitting on, causing it to light up with a BUZZ. She hops off in a panic. TWO crosses over and quickly hits a button. The console goes dark. She throws a look over to -

FIVE, now sitting on one of the bridge chairs, sheepishly drops her gaze.

FIVE

Guess not.

TWO, amused, redirects her attention back to the main console.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR C

ONE and FOUR head down a corridor.

ONE

She says "it just came to her" while she was standing at that console but I did the exact same thing, trying to figure out what buttons to push, and nothing came to me. How do you figure that? Hell, how do you figure any of this?

(beat)

No way of knowing how long we were in those pods. Could've been days, months - years maybe.

A stonefaced FOUR doesn't even acknowledge the comment.

ONE (CONT'D)

Weird thing is it's not like our minds've been wiped clean. If they were, I wouldn't know what a pod was, or a year, or even be able to express myself. Language would be totally alien to us, right?

He throws FOUR a look, considers the possibility -

ONE (CONT'D)

You're about to blow my theory here.

FOUR ignores him, then stops. He glances down a branch in the corridor. Considers.

FOUR

This way.

He takes a right.

ONE

Uh, ok. Why don't you lead?

ONE follows.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR D

THREE and SIX head down another corridor -

THREE

All I'm saying is we don't know how long we're going to be stuck here, so it'd make sense to choose a leader, someone who can make key decisions for the group.

SIX

Lemme guess. Someone like...you?

THREE

Well not me necessarily, but somebody who'll represent everybody's best interests. You know, somebody who'd have final say in case there's ever a disagreement.

(beat)

I don't know. Could be me. That what you suggesting?

SIX

Nope.

They approach a double-doored entrance. SIX reaches out and runs his hand over a scanner.

THREE

Just between us, if that was the case, I could probably use a good second in command.

SIX

Un huh.

INT. SHIP - MARAUDER

The two double doors slide open to reveal the interior of a shuttle. THREE and SIX stare in amazement.

THREE

I'm calling this one.

INT. SHIP - TRAINING ROOM

The doors slide open and ONE and FOUR step inside, look around. The lay-out resembles a dojo - mats at the heart of the room, exotic-looking weapons lining the walls.

ONE

Training room?

He steps up to an odd-looking, multi-pronged weapon -

ONE (CONT'D)

Or torture chamber maybe.

Something catches FOUR's eye. He walks over and helps himself to two katana's off the far wall. He assumes a fighting stance, carefully weighs the weapons, then tests them - attempting a couple of thrusts and slashes.

ONE, inspecting the weight training equipment on the other side of the room, warns -

ONE (CONT'D)

Uh - you sure you know how to handle those things?

FOUR pauses. He stands frozen, eyes fixed straight ahead. Shuts his eyes. Beat. And suddenly, launches into action: charging, turning, back-pedaling, leaping, ducking, as the blades whirl and sing around him, slicing through the air. He makes his way across the room in a remarkable display of swordsmanship, lightning quick reflexes controlling the deadly katanas in a blur of movement causing -

ONE to step back as FOUR closes and stops - katanas crossed, mere inches from a wide-eyed ONE who stares back at FOUR -

Who still has his eyes shut.

ONE (CONT'D)

I'm going to say - yes.

FOUR smiles, opens his eyes. He draws back the blades.

ONE (CONT'D)

How'd you know how to get to this room? And how'd you know how to use those?

FOUR, in the process of sheathing the two katanas, unexpectedly flings one at ONE's head. ONE reacts, throwing up his hand to catch the sheathed blade before it can strike him.

FOUR

Instinct.

FOUR secures the other sheathed katana to his belt.

INT. SHIP - MARAUDER

ON THREE, in the pilot's seat, looking over the console -

THREE

I gotta take this thing for a ride.

(beat)

Wonder if I know how to fly it?

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR D

SIX, who has seemingly lost interest, continues down the corridor and peers through an open doorway into -

INT. SHIP - ANOTHER STORAGE ROOM

Another room stacked with crates and...something sitting along the far wall.

SIX approaches and discovers what appears to be another stasis pod, this one lying flat on the floor. He leans in close to peer inside, and suddenly the compartment LIGHTS UP, revealing -

A sleeping MAN - mid-thirties, pale, short white hair.

SIX

Hey, we've got something here!

SIX watches in astonishment as the compartment opens with a HISS, revealing the sleeping man. Beat. SIX leans in, to check if the man is breathing -

SIX (CONT'D)

...The hell?

The man's eyes flash open.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

FIVE sits in one of the command chairs, looking bored as TWO works at the console. Unbeknownst to TWO, a light begins to flash on the console to her right. FIVE catches it.

FIVE

Why's that light flashing?

TWO glances over, then looks up at the viewscreen.

TWO

That's strange. The ship's computer just initiated some sort of security protocol.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR D

THREE steps out of the shuttle and back into the corridor.

THREE

Hey, Tiny, you find anything?

By way of an answer, SIX comes flying out of a room and CRASHES against the wall.

ON SIX, down but not out. The white-haired man steps out of the room and surveys him. Click. He turns -

And finds himself staring down the barrel of THREE's big gun.

THREE (CONT'D)  
Hey there, Whitey. Mind answering a couple of hundred questions?

The white-haired man moves, lightning quick, and slaps the big gun out of THREE's hand. THREE quickly draws one of his hand weapons - has it slapped away just as quickly. Goes for the third gun - loses it as well. It all happens in a matter of seconds - WHAP-WHAP-WHAP - then WHUMPF - as the white-haired man delivers an open handed blow, slamming THREE against the wall. THREE's knees buckle and he collapses.

SIX, on the ground, keys his ear comm -

SIX  
This is Six! We need some help here!

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO keys her ear comm.

TWO  
What's the problem?

SIX (OVER RADIO)  
We're under attack!

TWO  
Under attack? By who?!

No response.

TWO (CONT'D)  
Under attack by who - ?!

TWO enters a sequence, brings up a ship schematic. Hits a button. A section flashes red. Keys her ear comm -

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR C

ONE and FOUR are headed down the corridor. FOUR is armed with two sheathed katanas.

TWO (OVER RADIO)  
Anybody - ?!

ONE keys his ear comm, interrupting -

ONE  
We heard! Tell us where to go.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO checks the ship's schematics, keys her ear comm -

TWO  
I can track your comms. Take the next right.

INT. SHIP - ANOTHER STORAGE ROOM

ON a pile of equipment. Beat. SIX CRASHES into the mass. He winces, shakes it off, reaches over and grabs hold of a big metal instrument. He pulls himself up and brings the makeshift weapon down hard on his advancing opponent in an overhead two-handed strike. It glances off the white-haired man's upraised arm with absolutely no effect. The man shoves him - WHAM. Up against a crate. SIX shakes it off, sees -

His opponent pick up a nasty, bladed instrument. And, as he advances on SIX we -

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

VFX - SPACE

The ship floating in space (re-use).

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR E

ONE and FOUR charge down a corridor.

TWO (OVER RADIO)  
Left at the next intersection!

They hang a left -

INT. SHIP - ANOTHER STORAGE ROOM

The white-haired man advances on SIX with the bladed instrument. SIX grabs a piece of metal gak hanging overhead, brings it down to shield himself - CLANG - then rolls out of harm's way as - the impromptu weapon THUNKS into the crate behind him.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

Onscreen, the ship's schematics. In the bottom right corner of the screen is a second window with the flashing data: "PROTOCOL 352-7: INITIATED". TWO inputs a sequence. FIVE looks on with mild interest.

FIVE  
Whatcha doing?

TWO  
Trying to override a security protocol.

FIVE  
Is somebody gonna die?

TWO  
Not if I can help it.

INT. SHIP - ANOTHER STORAGE ROOM

SIX on the floor. The white-haired man advancing on him, moving in for the killing blow when suddenly - ONE and FOUR step in behind him. ONE, clutching an oversized tool, swings and connects -

With such force that the white-haired man staggers, drops his weapon. But he is otherwise unharmed. ONE is stunned. The white-haired man delivers a blow that sends ONE hurtling back against the far wall.

SIX

(roars)

Jumps up and pins his opponent's arms to his side with a bear hug. The white-haired man swings his head back, connecting with the big man who releases his grip and collapses, out cold.

FOUR unsheathes his katanas and launches a furious attack, sending the white-haired man back-pedaling. The blades slice through the air - high, low, left, right - but FOUR's quarry is inhumanly fast, and manages to avoid every blow. Then he steps in, disarming FOUR with two backhanded cuffs, and grabs him by the throat. He lifts the struggling FOUR off the floor.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO desperately trying to figure out the controls. She keys her ear comm -

TWO

What's going on down there?!

INT. SHIP - ANOTHER STORAGE ROOM

FOUR struggles, to no avail. His face is beet red. His eyes begin to roll back.

TWO (OVER RADIO)

What's happening?!

Suddenly, a katana WHOOSHES INTO FRAME and neatly severs their attacker's hand at the wrist (VFX), releasing FOUR, who drops. The white-haired man turns to face -

ONE who is now wielding FOUR'S sword. ONE takes another swipe but - the white-haired man ducks the clumsy blow and delivers an uppercut, dropping him.

ONE looks up at the white-haired man standing over him. The stump of his severed hand reveals not blood and bone, but SPARKING circuitry (VFX). He's an android. He reaches for ONE who flinches. And, suddenly, the android freezes - and powers down. His eyes go dark (VFX). Beat. ONE opens his eyes, looks around.

The android is frozen. SIX lies on the ground unconscious a few feet away. FOUR is also on the ground, gathering himself, clutching the severed hand. THREE is on his feet.

TWO (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Is everyone okay?

THREE  
Took you long enough, doll.

INT. SHIP - INFIRMARY

SIX, and ONE are tending to their cuts and bruises. Their android attacker lies on a bed, an overhanging diagnostic instrument running repeated scans of his unconscious form and relaying the information to a computer station where TWO is studying the results. FIVE sits up on a table, perusing the medical gadgetry.

THREE and FOUR walk in with boxes of multi-colored dehydrated food packets.

THREE  
We found food!

The packets are distributed. SIX tears into one, takes a bite. And immediately spits it back out.

SIX  
Gah! You sure?!

He checks the packaging. THREE, sinks his teeth into his packet.

THREE  
Close enough. So what's with the robot?

TWO

Technically, he's an android. His bio-synthetic physiology is very similar to that of our ship's outer hull.

THREE

(not so -)  
Fascinating.

She motions to the monitor displaying a map of the android body. It is teeming with thousands of tiny nanites, many of which have amassed at his now re-attached hand.

TWO

He's an extremely efficient entity. Corrector nanites have almost fully restored his damaged parts.

THREE

Not a problem. We'll just shove him through the airlock and space him.

TWO

That won't be necessary. I've deleted all of his security directives and re-established his base program. He's no longer a threat to us.

SIX, gingerly applying an ointment to a nasty cut on his head, throws her a dubious look.

TWO (CONT'D)

And he could prove useful.

ONE

Whoa, whoa. We're not waking that thing up.

TWO

The diagnostic suggests he possesses some sort of neural sync with the ship's mainframe. Once he's back online, he'll be able to run a more effective repair command, have us space-worthy in no time.

Off everyone else's uncertain looks -

TWO (CONT'D)

He may also have some answers for us...if anyone's curious.

The others exchange looks. THREE tosses SIX his big gun, ONE his back-up. They surround the android, weapons leveled.

ONE

Alright. Start him up.

TWO inputs a sequence at the work station. Then she picks up a small electronic device, about the size of a flash drive.

She tilts the Android's head to one side, revealing an opening in his skull behind one ear. She inserts the device, and the hole closes up (VFX).

The android opens his eyes. He tests his once-injured hand - clenching, unclenching, wiggling his fingers - surveying the range of motions with mild detachment.

ONE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

ANDROID

I possess no personal designation.

SIX

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around.

ONE

Why'd you attack us?

ANDROID

I have no memory of any such attack.

TWO

The reboot must've wiped his data stores.

THREE

Well ain't that convenient.

The Android sits up, causing everyone to step back, grip their weapons a little tighter.

TWO

I want you to initiate a neural link with the ship's computer. Can you do that?

ANDROID

Of course.

The Android concentrates. Beat. He looks over at TWO. Next?

TWO

Now I want you to access any and all data related to the passengers onboard this ship.

Beat.

ANDROID

No such data exists.

ONE

Anything in the ship's records about its crew, its mission?

The Android concentrates, searching the ship's database via his neural uplink. Beat.

ANDROID

No such data exists.

SIX

How's that possible?

TWO

It's not. This ship's programming is highly sophisticated. There are redundancies in place to guard against data loss.

She informs them -

TWO (CONT'D)

Someone must have deliberately deleted that information.

Uncomfortable looks among the group -

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR F

ONE, THREE and FOUR head down the corridor.

ONE

It wasn't necessarily one of us.

THREE

Then who the hell was it?

ONE

It's a big ship, lots of places to hide. Maybe there's someone else on board.

(then, considering)

Although they'd have to know we'd find 'em sooner or later, so I'm not sure what would be the point.

THREE

We don't even know for a fact that everyone's really lost their memories. Any one of us could be lying about that.

ONE

No, I don't think so. I woke up first - I saw that moment in everyone's eyes...I don't think anyone was faking.

THREE slows up, getting a thought.

THREE

Exactly how long WERE you awake before the rest of us came to?

ONE frowns. He looks over at the ever-inscrutable FOUR, who simply stares back.

ONE

Couple of minutes, at most...why?

THREE

No way to prove it, of course. And no way for us to know what you were really up to.

ONE

What exactly are you trying to say?

THREE steps right up to him, stabs a finger in his face.

THREE

If one of us is responsible, you  
gotta be the number one suspect.

ONE

That's ridiculous.

But THREE doesn't budge. ONE turns to FOUR.

ONE (CONT'D)

You could jump in here any time.  
Maybe say something about how we  
should stick together, how fighting  
amongst ourselves isn't gonna solve  
anything?

FOUR simply turns and continues down the corridor.

ONE (CONT'D)

Chatty guy.

THREE glares at ONE, as if trying to decide if this is the  
moment for a confrontation - then seems to think better of  
it. He leans in, but instead of making a hostile move, simply  
hits the scanner on the wall behind ONE, opening the door  
next to him. THREE looks inside -

What look like sleeping quarters: bed, bathroom, some personal  
effects.

THREE

Sleeping quarters.

He enters, starts poking around. ONE watches from the door,  
very much aware that he's on thin ice with this guy.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO steps onto the bridge. The Android follows.

ANDROID

My neural link allows me instant  
access to the system from anywhere  
(MORE)

ANDROID (CONT'D)  
on the ship. Manual guidance is not  
only unnecessary, it's inefficient.

                  TWO  
We'll worry about that later. For  
now, I need you to run a full  
diagnostic and restore all systems.

                  ANDROID  
Very well.

He stares off into space, concentrating.

                  TWO  
No.

He glances over. She motions to the console.

                  TWO (CONT'D)  
Show me.

Under her close scrutiny, he enters a sequence, initiating a  
full system diagnostic. She looks around as several screens  
come to life with data read-outs. She tries to make sense  
of it all. Suddenly, her eyes narrow.

                  TWO (CONT'D)  
What is that?

Indicating an undulating energy signature.

                  ANDROID  
It's a subspace transmission. The  
ship is broadcasting a distress  
signal.

INT. SHIP - INFIRMARY

FIVE sits up on the bed once occupied by the Android, fiddling  
with a complicated-looking medical gadget. She flicks it on  
and off. It stays dark. As she talks, she proceeds to break  
it down, studying its individual components, then reassembling  
it while -

SIX searches the room's various shelves and cupboards.

                  FIVE (O.S.)  
Whatcha doing?

SIX

Looking for something to treat a  
headache.

FIVE, focused on the gadget, states matter-of-factly -

FIVE

Headaches can be caused by blood  
vessel abnormalities or brain tumors.

He throws her a look.

SIX

How d'you know that?

She shrugs.

FIVE

I dunno. I just...do.

SIX rifles through a compartment, finds some pills and studies  
the label while FIVE rattles off more random medical trivia -

FIVE (CONT'D)

A tumor is a mass of cells that  
multiplies uncontrollably. The human  
body creates twenty-five million new  
cells every second. And its kidneys  
process one hundred and eighty liters  
of blood every day.

SIX knocks back a few pills.

FIVE (CONT'D)

Blood will spurt up to two meters  
when the carotid artery is severed.  
It's a very efficient killstroke.

He throws her an uncertain look.

SIX

Uh huh.

She snaps the last piece of the gadget back into place and  
flick it on. This time, it lights up. She is delighted.

FIVE

Yes!

INT. SHIP - STORAGE ROOM

FOUR steps in and scans the room, considering... Beat. He throws a quick look to the lockers, then walks over. He picks one, and opens it. It's empty. He puts his hand inside, and knocks against the back of the locker. He pulls his hand out, and considers. Then he steps back, and shuts his eyes, concentrating. Beat. He opens his eyes, looks down the line of lockers, and settles on one in particular.

He goes over, and opens it. Again, he reaches inside.

Again, he knocks on the back of the locker. It sounds hollow. He presses his fingers against it, and slides it aside revealing a hidden niche and, inside the niche -

A small, ornate box. He is mesmerized by the sight of it.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO is on the bridge with the Android. Data flashes up on screen.

ANDROID

The ship appears to have taken meteorite damage.

TWO

So that's why we were venting atmosphere.

ANDROID

One of the forward relays was also hit, causing a power surge that damaged multiple systems. It will take some time to repair them all.

TWO

Do we have engines and navigation?

ANDROID

Yes.

TWO

What about weapons?

ANDROID

No.

TWO

Then let's make that our next priority.

ANDROID

Alright.

The Android closes his eyes to implement the next program.

TWO

No. Show me.

He opens his eyes, enters a sequence at the console. TWO takes note. Suddenly, the console CHIRPS.

TWO (CONT'D)

What's that?

ANDROID

Another vessel has entered our scanning range.

TWO

What's their course?

ANDROID

They're headed straight for us.

TWO

They've come to help.

The Android studies the readout on his console.

ANDROID

No, I don't believe they intend to render assistance.

TWO

Why not?

ANDROID

Because they just launched missiles. Impact in sixty seconds.

Off a horrified TWO -

END OF ACT TWO



ONE

Hey, sounds like we got the engines going.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

The Android reports.

ANDROID

One missile has lost our signal. The other is still tracking. Based on our current acceleration, time to impact is now forty seconds.

TWO

We can't outrun it?

ANDROID

I'm already pushing the engines past maximum.

TWO

What about a jump to FTL?

ANDROID

We don't have time to execute the necessary nav calculations.

TWO

Options?

ANDROID

I can attempt further evasive maneuvers, but at these speeds they may overtax our artificial gravity and inertial dampeners.

TWO

Do it.

The Android concentrates.

VFX - SPACE

The ship dives like a speedboat going over a waterfall. Seconds later, the pursuing missile dives after it. (VFX)

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

The ship begins to shake.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR F

ONE and THREE standing in the corridor.

THREE

Something's not right. I'm feeling...

Suddenly, they begin to rise off the deck.

THREE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, WHOA!

VFX - SPACE

The diving ship suddenly pulls up hard. The missile is unable to make the turn quickly enough. It arcs away. (VFX)

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR/BRIDGE/CARGO HOLD/INFIRMARY

QUICK SHOTS OF everyone dropping and landing hard around the ship - with the exception of FOUR who lands, cat-like, in a three-point stance. The ship is shaking violently now. ALARMS SOUND. Everything switches to red emergency lighting. Steam vents from ruptured pipes. The ship GROANS with the strain.

ANDROID

Calculations complete. Jumping to  
FTL.

VFX - SPACE

Electrical arcing dances over the hull of the ship. The ship flashes out of existence.

INT. SHIP - INFIRMARY

BLURRED GREYNESS COMES INTO FOCUS to reveal a concerned SIX staring down.

REVERSE TO REVEAL FIVE lying on the diagnostic table.

FIVE

What happened?

FIVE on the table, SIX tending to her. The rest of the group is present minus THREE and ONE.

SIX

You cracked your head on the way down.

FIVE

I did?

She tests her injury.

SIX

You okay, kid?

FIVE

I think so.

The door to the infirmary slides open and they are joined by THREE and ONE.

ONE

So, no idea who attacked us, or why?

TWO

None.

THREE

Maybe the robot had something to do with it.

ANDROID

I have no intention of harming anyone on this ship.

THREE

You almost killed me!

ANDROID

I have no memory of any such attack.

THREE

So you keep saying!

SIX

Alright. Calm down.

THREE

Are you kidding me? I wake up a couple of hours ago not knowing who I am or how I got here. I'm nearly killed by the forgetful robot, almost blasted to scrag by some mystery ship, and now I'm floating in the middle of who-knows-where -

ANDROID

Actually - we do know where. We're on course for a nearby inhabited world.

They all look at him.

TWO

We are?

ANDROID

Before we were attacked, I initiated a recovery program in an attempt to salvage recently deleted or overwritten data.

ONE

You can do that?

ANDROID

The process is time-consuming and most of the lost information is irretrievable. However, I have managed to restore some data.

THREE

What kind of data?

ANDROID

This ship's original destination. We should arrive in approximately twelve hours.

Off their looks -

VFX - FTL SPACE

The ship streaks through FTL (Faster Than Light).

INT. SHIP'S UNDERBELLY

ON a metal ladder descending down to the ship's lower levels. THREE, still lugging the big gun, climbs down and drops. He takes a couple of seconds to look over his surroundings -

Darker, danker than the upper landing. Emergency blue lighting offers adequate illumination of the run-down zone. Creepy. THREE checks his big gun, then forges ahead.

INT. SHIP - FOUR'S QUARTERS

FOUR sits on his bed, staring down at the ornate box, an intricate construction of raised wooden symbols and depressions. He picks it up, runs his fingers along it. He pushes one of the symbols. It slides up with a CLICK. He slides over another. CLICK.

He considers, then randomly slides the various symbols - up, down, sideways - CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

FOUR realizes. It's a puzzle. He scrutinizes the box...

INT. SHIP - INFIRMARY

FIVE lies on the diagnostic table, hands under her head, staring up at the ceiling. Off to the side, SIX sits on a chair, feet up, munching away on one of the green-labeled food packets.

SIX

Y'know the green ones aren't that bad. They still taste like crop fertilizer, just not as much.

He throws FIVE a look. She continues to stare up at nothing in particular.

SIX (CONT'D)

You sure you're okay?

FIVE

Yeh.

SIX

Still don't recall hitting your head?

FIVE

Nope. I just remember falling and then blackness.

(beat)

And the door.

The memory comes as a revelation to her and she seems genuinely surprised by the recollection.

SIX

What door?

She searches her memory, trying to bring it back -

FIVE

It's in a dark place...underneath.

INT. SHIP'S UNDERBELLY

THREE makes his way along, sidestepping timeworn equipment, ducking overhanging gank.

FIVE (V.O.)

A big, round, metal door.

Through the lurid blue light he spots something - a large, metal door. He steps up to it.

FIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They keep it locked. Always.

THREE tries the door. It's sealed. He checks out the scanner - console, different from the other door scanners we have seen. This one is bigger, more complicated, possessed of a key pad, a palm reader, and a series of red lights all in a row.

THREE considers, places his hand on the console. One of the red lights, the second to last, flashes green. He tries the door again. Still locked.

INT. SHIP - INFIRMARY

SIX

Why? What's inside?

She looks at him.

FIVE

Secrets.

INT. SHIP'S UNDERBELLY

THREE steps back. Considers.

THREE

Fine. Be that way.

Hefts up the big gun, aims it at the door, and fires -

Loosening an enormous ENERGY BLAST (VFX) whose concussive force knocks him back into the wall behind him. Hard. The blast also causes a portion of the ceiling to give, raining gak down on him from above.

INT. SHIP - ONE'S QUARTERS

ONE is in the quarters he has selected for himself. He turns, looks over his shoulder toward the door - did he just hear something? He waits, but all is silent. He shrugs, goes back to what he was doing - opening drawers, and checking out the nondescript contents: coins, a cup, a pair of glasses.

He carefully lays them out on the bed and studies them, holding each in turn, touching, considering. Like FOUR, he is attempting to jog his memory, hoping the personal items will offer a hint of some lost recollection. First the coins. Then, the cup. And finally the glasses. Nothing. TWO's voice come over his ear comm -

TWO (OVER RADIO)

Everybody pick a room and get some rest. We should be dropping out in ten hours.

ONE sits down on the bed, clearly exhausted. He flops back down, frowns. That didn't feel right. He reaches underneath the pillow and pulls out -

A pendant with a curious sunburst symbol. Hmmm.

VFX - FTL SPACE

The ship flies through FTL (re-use)

INT. SHIP - INFIRMARY

ON FIVE, who has fallen asleep on the diagnostic table. A blanket has been placed over her. PAN ACROSS to find SIX seated at the foot of her bed, also fast asleep, having never left her side.

INT. SHIP - FOUR'S QUARTERS

FOUR, asleep on his bed, clutching the ornate box to his chest.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO sits in the command chair, wide awake and staring dead ahead out -

- one of the forward windows, watching the streaking stars.

INT. SHIP'S UNDERBELLY

ON THREE lying amidst the fallen gak. He stirs awake, winces and sits up. His eyes go wide in disbelief.

THREE

You gotta be kidding me...

ON the big metal door and its console - completely unscathed.

THREE exhales, frustrated. For now, whatever secrets are behind that door are going to remain just that: secret.

END ACT THREE



INT. SHIP - MARAUDER

TWO looks on as ONE, FOUR, SIX, and the Android strap in. THREE comes in sporting a fresh cut on his forehead and limping noticeably. SIX throws him a look.

SIX  
What happened to you?

THREE  
I roll around a lot in my sleep.

TWO informs them -

TWO  
We tried communicating with whoever's down there but received no response.

ONE  
Could be a tech issue.

TWO  
Could be a lot of things.

He tries to read her but her face betrays nothing.

TWO (CONT'D)  
Fly safe.

She heads out. ONE watches her go, intrigued - not just by the attitude but the entire package. She disappears into the corridor. The Marauder's back doors slide shut.

INT. MARAUDER

SIX has taken the co-pilot chair and looks on as the Android punches in a sequence on the console in front of him.

SIX  
This ship have a name?

ANDROID  
It's a Phantom class Marauder.

SIX  
Marauder. Nice.

VFX - EXTERIOR OF THE SHIP

A metal protective shell hinges open to reveal the shuttle, still parked on the hull of the ship, it's back end attached to a docking collar. Small maneuvering rockets fire and the Marauder disengages from the ship. It turns and flies off.

INT. MARAUDER

Everyone locks and loads.

ANDROID

There's no reason to assume the inhabitants will be hostile.

THREE

No reason to assume they won't.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING -- DAY

The ship sets down in the middle of a clearing (VFX).

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

ON the crew, with the exception of the Android, trudging along..

ONE

Remember, we're just looking for answers. We're not here to cause trouble.

Suddenly, movement all around them as -

The planet's inhabitants, rough-looking miner types, come out of hiding, stepping out from behind trees and bushes armed with weapons.

Our team have their weapons trained, tit for tat. But they are outnumbered and surrounded.

THREE

Remind me to tell that robot I told you so.

INT. BRIDGE - SHIP

TWO sits, waiting. FIVE walks in.

FIVE  
Where is everybody?

TWO  
Down on the planet.

FIVE  
Why didn't you go with them?

TWO  
Someone had to stay behind to keep  
an eye on this ship.  
(beat)  
And fly it out of here if things go  
bad.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Resuming the standoff. One of the camp's inhabitants, a  
bear of a man in his mid-thirties (NASSAN) breaks the silence.

NASSAN  
Who are you? Why are you here?

ONE  
Yeah, I was afraid those questions  
might come up.

Another inhabitant, a pretty woman in her mid-twenties  
(MIREILLE) points out -

MIREILLE  
They're not Corporate Guard. They  
could be Hrothgar's people.

The other inhabitants exchange looks and EXCITED MURMURS.

NASSAN  
Did Hrothgar send you?

SIX  
Uh...maybe?

ONE

Look, we didn't come here to hurt anyone. Or get hurt.

SIX

Especially that last part.

ONE

So why don't we just lower our weapons...

He lowers his weapon, then looks over at his people - who do the same. With the exception of THREE.

ONE (CONT'D)

All of us.

THREE reluctantly lowers his weapon.

EXT. MINING FACILITY -- DAY (MATTE)

PAN off the trees to reveal a large area of the planet's surface that has been deforested, where a mining facility has been established. It covers several acres, with large warehouses, smokestacks, cranes, gantries, barracks and the like. It has a grimy, industrial feel, in marked contrast to the landscape around it.

INT. MINING FACILITY - COMMISSARY -- DAY

ONE, THREE, FOUR, and SIX sit at a table with Nassan, Mireille, and another inhabitant, KEELEY (early fifties, wiry). They are enjoying the first real meal they've had in - well, longer than they can remember. Nassan places more food on the table. A few of the commissary's other patrons survey them with mild curiosity.

NASSAN

You say your ship was attacked. By who?

ONE

Well, we're not exactly -

THREE

Raiders. Came at us out of nowhere - disabled our engines, looted the ship, and left us for dead.

ONE throws THREE a look. THREE ignores him.

KEELEY

You're lucky to be alive.

THREE

Wouldn't be if we hadn't managed to restore life-support. With our nav systems down, we were flying blind and just got lucky when we picked up your settlement on our long-range scanners.

Nassan and Keeley exchange looks - there's something not quite right about the story. But they let it go for now.

MIREILLE

Well, you're welcome to re-supply, help yourselves to whatever you need. Then best be off.

ONE notices the pendant Mireille is wearing. It's identical to the one he found on the ship.

SIX

Why's that?

NASSAN

We're expecting trouble.

KEELEY

This is an independent colony. We pull enough quadrium out of the ground to get by, but we've never been of interest to any of the big multi-corps. That is until now.

SIX

You hit a big strike?

NASSAN

We wish. It was a couple of Ferrous Corporation geologists. They were surveying the nearby asteroid belt. Apparently they found the mother lode.

KEELEY

But without a Hab-1 planet in the vicinity it would be too expensive to extract. They need a place to house the miners, grow food, source fresh water.

SIX

Somewhere like here?

NASSAN

As long we work this claim we have legal title. But if we were to leave, or if anything were to happen to us...well, you get the idea.

Mireille catches ONE staring at her pendant. She flashes a smile. Embarrassed, ONE redirects his focus back to the conversation -

KEELEY

That's why you wanna be long gone before the Raza get here.

ONE

The Raza?

NASSAN

They work as enforcers for the multi-corps. Clean up loose ends, trouble spots - like us.

KEELEY

They're aliens - half-man, half-reptile, I heard, over seven feet tall, with skin that burns to the touch.

NASSAN

We don't know that for certain -

KEELEY

Also heard 'em described as shadows that'll suck the very soul from your body if you're unlucky enough to set eyes on one of 'em.

NASSAN

The fact is no one really knows what they are, because no one's ever survived an encounter with them.

EXT. MINING COMMUNITY - ALLEYWAY -- DAY

ONE, THREE, FOUR and SIX, arms laden with supplies, follow Mireille and Nassan.

ONE

If these Raza really are as dangerous as you say, why don't you just leave?

NASSAN

You don't get to a place like this unless you've already run out of options.

MIREILLE

This claim is all we have, and we're going to fight for it.

SIX

No offense but it doesn't look to me like you've got the manpower or the firepower.

NASSAN

We scraped together all the funds we had, sent one of our people off to score a shipment of arms - the real thing, like the weapons you carry. Enough for every man and woman on this settlement.

ONE stops and turns to him.

ONE

A shipment? When is it supposed to get here?

NASSAN

Any day now.

MIREILLE

If it arrives in time, we'll give the Raza more than they can handle, make Ferrous Corp reconsider.

ONE, THREE and SIX exchange looks. Beat.

THREE

Well...good luck with that.

He heads off. FOUR follows. SIX hesitates, then with a nod to Nassan and Mireille, he leaves as well.

ONE motions to Mireille's pendant.

ONE

That symbol - does it hold any special significance?

She glances down at the pendant.

MIREILLE

Hrothgar gave this to me before he left. He said it symbolized freedom in the face of oppression and that when his people came to deliver the weapons, we would know them because they too would have the mark.

Off ONE, suddenly convinced he knows the truth about who they are, and why they're here -

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BRIDGE - SHIP

FIVE is lying on the floor, working on the wiring underneath one of the consoles that has yet to be re-activated. TWO looks on, arms crossed.

TWO

The Android said that console was fried. You really think you know what you're doing?

FIVE

Well, it's like you with the controls, or Four with his swords. For me, it's wires, circuits, fuses. I don't know why, but it just kinda makes sense to me. Not like all the other stuff.

TWO

What other stuff?

FIVE

I see things, in my head. Like, while I was sleeping, I saw a dream.

TWO

Oh yeah?

FIVE

I was walking on the beach with my little brother. He was crying because he'd gotten lost, but I found him and was bringing him back to the palace.

TWO

The palace? That sounds like a nice place to live.

FIVE

It was. Until they murdered my father, and then came for me. But I was too much for them. And even though I could've killed them, I didn't.

(MORE)

FIVE (CONT'D)

I just carved out their eyes and  
left them for my step mother to find.  
The bitch.

(then, sunnily -)

I hope they're bringing back some  
real food. I'm starving.

TWO looks back at FIVE, stunned.

TWO

You...carved out their eyes?

FIVE

Well, it was me in the dream, but it  
wasn't really me 'cause it wasn't my  
dream.

TWO

Who's dream was it?

FIVE

I dunno. But it was somebody's.

Suddenly, the console LIGHTS UP. TWO steps forward.

TWO

You did it!

FIVE comes out from under the console, beaming with pride.

FIVE

What is it, anyway?

TWO

Looks like long range sensors.

She scans the onscreen data. Her expression goes dark.

TWO (CONT'D)

We got a problem here.

FIVE

What?

Suddenly, the screen starts to FRITZ, blinking on and off.

TWO

Whoa, whoa, get it back, we need it.

FIVE

Hang on.

She ducks back under, fiddles with the wires some more. Suddenly, SNAP - the circuits begin to SPARK and CRACKLE. FIVE jumps back. One last POP and console dies, going black with a dying ELECTRIC HUM. Then, silence.

FIVE grimaces.

FIVE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

TWO

Well, that's unfortunate.

FIVE

What did you see?

INT. MARAUDER -- DAY

The Android sits in the pilot's chair, going through a pre-flight check, as ONE enters. The others have already taken a seat.

ONE

This isn't right.

(beat)

Am I the only one who heard what they said? A shipment of arms? Obviously we were meant to help these people.

THREE

We don't know that.

ONE

And the fact that we have a cargo hold full of weapons - that's a coincidence?

THREE

You're forgetting one important detail - the soul sucking lizard people who are on their way to kill everyone on this rock. You really wanna be here when they show?

ONE

Okay, I admit, that part sounds bad.  
But if we hurry we can unload the  
shipment before -

Suddenly TWO's voice comes over the Marauder's communication  
channel -

TWO (OVER RADIO)

Hello, hello, is anyone there? This  
is TWO, onboard the ship.

ANDROID

We're here. We're preparing to  
launch.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO looks at an onscreen graphic display.

TWO

Good, because I need everyone back  
here, now.

INTERCUT

ANDROID

Is there a problem?

TWO

We just picked up a ship on our long  
range scanners. It's headed right  
for us.

ONE, THREE, FOUR and SIX exchange looks - no one likes the  
sound of that.

VFX - SPACE

The ship in orbit (re-use).

INT. SHIP - MESS

Everyone minus the Android has gathered around the mess hall  
table.

SIX

How long till the ship gets here?

TWO throws a quick, barely noticeable glance at FIVE, who looks away sheepishly

TWO

Well, the system accidentally shorted out before I had a chance to get a precise fix, but I'm guessing we've got a day at most.

ONE

Plenty of time to do what we came here to do.

Then, off the uncertain looks of the others -

ONE (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, we're supposed to help these people. The matching pendants? It can't be a coincidence.

THREE

All I'm saying is that just because that's what we were supposed to do, don't mean we're going to end up doing it.

TWO

We still don't know what happened to us, or how we're going to get our memories back. And those weapons would fetch a very good price on the open market. The money would go a long way -

ONE

Except they're already paid for. They belong to the miners.

THREE

They're in our cargo hold. They belong to us.

SIX

Those people WILL die if we don't help them.

FOUR

They're already dead.

Everyone throws a look to FOUR sitting quietly at one end of the table.

THREE

There you go. He don't say much but when he does, he makes a good point.

FOUR

If their enemy is even half as powerful as they believe, they don't stand a chance.

ONE

We can't know that for sure.

(beat)

The least we can do is give them a fighting chance.

THREE

No, I'm pretty sure the least we can do is nothing. Which, for the record, is what I'm suggesting.

TWO

Alright. Let's put this to a vote.

THREE

Fine. I say we keep the weapons, sell 'em off, and use whatever we make to stay alive and figure things out.

FOUR

Agreed.

ONE

I say we do what we came here to do: complete the delivery.

He looks at SIX, who considers for a moment, then -

SIX

He's right. I say we help those people.

FIVE smiles sunnily up at SIX -

FIVE

Me too. I want to help those people.

THREE

Wait a minute! She can't vote.

FIVE

Why not?!

THREE

She's a kid.

SIX

She's a member of this crew.

TWO

(sighs)

Do we really have to have a vote to  
decide whether she gets a vote?

All eyes on THREE. Beat. He raises his hand.

THREE

I vote against her voting.

He looks around. No one, not even FOUR, is with him on this.

THREE (CONT'D)

Seriously?

Miffed, he lowers his hand.

THREE (CONT'D)

Fine. Her vote makes it three to  
two. What do you say, boss lady?

TWO considers for a couple of seconds, then -

TWO

Set half the crates aside. The rest  
go down to the surface.

The decision has been made. But, clearly, THREE doesn't  
like it.

END OF ACT FIVE

## TAG

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR D/MARAUDER

ONE, FOUR, FIVE and SIX are transferring crates into the Marauder. FIVE's contribution is more of a supportive nature. She strains against an immovable crate only to have SIX come over and pick it up. She skips alongside him as he lugs the crate into the shuttle. THREE is seated on a crate, back to another, a mere spectator to the goings-on. He looks on as ONE hunkers down to pick up one of the smaller crates -

THREE

Make sure to lift with your back to take the pressure off your knees.

ONE

You know what would take the pressure off my knees? You helping out.

THREE

I feel that'd be kinda hypocritical of me given the way I voted and all.

ONE

I wouldn't worry. I don't think it'd be possible for us to think any less of you.

THREE

Well that's nice to know.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO enters the bridge. The Android is at the console, surveying a stream of onscreen gibberish.

TWO

How's it coming?

ANDROID

As I said, it's a difficult and time consuming process. However, I have managed to recover a sizable data cache.

TWO

Let's see it.

She steps up to the console as the Android hits a button.

ON TWO. As the O.S. information flashes by in front of her, her expression changes. Confusion. Shock. Then - horror.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR D/MARAUDER

They finish loading the Marauder. Several crates remain.

ONE

Looks like we're going to have to make two trips.

TWO (OVER RADIO)

I need everyone on the bridge.

ONE keys his ear comm.

ONE

What's the matter?

TWO (OVER RADIO)

Just get up here.

They exchange confused looks, head out.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

They all join the Android and TWO on the bridge. TWO looks shell-shocked.

ONE

What's going on?

TWO

We managed to recover a significant amount of data related to this ship and its passengers.

SIX

That's good. Isn't it?

The Android hits a button. The information flashes up onscreen:

A candid image of THREE accompanied by a name, "MARCUS BOONE", and a litany of charges: "MURDER, ASSAULT, KIDNAPPING, PIRACY".

Then an image of SIX accompanied by a name, "GRIFFIN JONES", and a list of offenses: "MURDER, ASSAULT, SMUGGLING, PIRACY".

Then an image of ONE, accompanied by a name, "JACE CORSO", and a litany of charges: "MURDER, ASSAULT, KIDNAPPING, TRAFFICKING, THEFT".

Followed by an image of FOUR accompanied by a name, "RYO TETSUDA" and the charges: "MURDER, ASSAULT, PIRACY".

And a surveillance image of TWO accompanied by a name, "PORTIA LIN", and her list of offenses: "MURDER, ASSAULT, ARSON, THEFT, PIRACY".

As their true identities flash by onscreen, TWO informs them -

TWO

Turns out the Raza aren't a race of aliens. "The Raza" is the name of this ship.

(beat)

We didn't come here to help these people. We're here to kill them.

And OFF everyone's stunned expressions we -

FADE OUT