

Red Rose

"Just Us Humans"

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"Just us humans"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. THE VALLEY OF LILIES - DAY

A beautiful, peaceful spring day. A gentle breeze and blue skies with three moons spread across the heavens.

A valley, filled with lilies and grass, stretches into the horizon.

NICOLE MANNING, a mid-twenties, medium built, fit looking woman with dark hair sits at the edge of a precipice that overlooks the valley. She wears a long, flowing, white wedding dress with a veil over her face.

A rumbling grows in the distance. It gets louder.

Manning opens her eyes. She looks out at the

HORIZON

which darkens into a wall of pure black. The dark wall approaches Manning.

She stands. Her fists clenched tight.

The wall of darkness sweeps over her.

Darkness surrounds her. There's no sky and no ground.

Her dress sparks into flames of white light.

She lifts her veil.

Something approaches. It's a humanoid figure that is only a few shades lighter than the surrounding darkness.

It floats toward her. She stands her ground.

Its arms stretch out for her.

She reaches out and takes its hand.

Her dress glows brighter and brighter. The fiery glow catches onto the figure. It backs away. The white flame spreads over its entire humanoid body.

The figure lets out a devastating shriek.

Manning covers her ears.

The firelight gets brighter and brighter.

She drops to her knees and screams.

The firelight explodes.

INT. INTREPID - SLEEPER BAY - NIGHT

A dimly lit room with three levels. Around the walls of the room, dozens of sleeper tanks contain 200 CREW MEMBERS. Orange colored liquid oxygen fills each tank.

MANNING'S TUBE

The tube door slides up and open.

The orange liquid gushes out of the tank, washes across the ground, and spills through the grated holes.

Manning falls to the floor, on her hands and knees. She is wrapped in a form fitting, gray sleeper suit.

Her eyes close tight. The orange liquid gushes from her mouth. She pushes it out.

She lifts up onto her knees, stretches back, and lets out a long, drawn out breath of air.

She breathes deeply. Her eyes finally open.

A man darts to her side. It's MIKE ANDREWS, a black male in his mid-thirties. He's low cut and quite fit. He also wears a sleeper suit.

ANDREWS

That's it. Just like we did a million times before.

Manning nods.

ANDREWS

Are you okay?

She looks all around the room.

ANDREWS

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were dreaming in there.

She looks dead in Andrews' eyes.

MANNING

Was it a dream?

Andrews frowns in worry.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - DAY

A blue and red mix of gases fill the b.g.

THE INTREPID

A 1000 foot spacecraft emerges from the gas field. Led by long, rotating spires, the hull supports a command complex, stabilizer fin, and a large, cylindrical engine at the ship's rear.

The underside supports a shuttle and cargo bay. Behind that are three cylindrical storage tanks.

Two stabilizer wings extend outward, on a slight down angle. The hull also supports communication towers and satellite arrays.

Across the dorsal hull, "U.S.V. INTREPID" labels the ship.

INT. INTREPID - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Quiet and dark. The room is filled with state-of-the-art computer systems and security monitors in a dormant state.

The main door beeps. Then, it slides up and open.

Manning steps into the room. She's dressed in her white United Earth Marine Corps casuals. A towel is wrapped around her neck.

A cool white lighting illuminates the room.

She walks to the main computer station, at the center of the room and lays her hand on the station's security pad.

COMPUTER

(male voice)

Phoenix systems on stand-by.

MANNING

This is Major Nicole Manning. United Earth Marine Corps. Security password Ishula-One-One-Five-Pegasus.

COMPUTER

Identity confirmed.

Manning starts hitting buttons with intense agility.

The monitors on the wall spring to life. WE SEE several different areas of the ship on those monitors.

*

MANNING

Phoenix-Alpha, commence full security scan and tactical operation diagnostic.

COMPUTER

Acknowledged. Security scan and tactical operation diagnostic commencing.

Manning looks up at the monitors. She spots someone on monitor four. It's a view inside---

INT. INTREPID - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

BRENT MCKINLEY has the sleeves rolled up on his red technician's uniform. He's 40, Irish-American, tall, brash looking, and bearded. He also carries his large engineer's tool kit.

He steps into a room full of pipes and pumps. The hum of power, the jets of steam, and the overhead monitors and control stations occupy every turn.

He walks over to a window. His eyes fix on three

RED REACTORS

that sit in the middle of a shielded room. Each one numbered accordingly and three stories tall.

With a big grin, he folds his arms.

MCKINLEY

It's a thing of beauty.

The grin shows no signs of fading.

INT. INTREPID - MEDICAL - DAY

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

The careful hands of an older man, Doctor IAN HAMMOND, place a prestigious medical award down on a computer desk. He's 67 years old, English, and the process of losing his hair began long ago. Still, he's dressed in his Medical Doctor's uniform and as well-groomed as he can possibly be.

He stands and smiles at his award. Then, he turns and looks into the Medical bay through the surrounding glass wall.

His smile fades. He steps into the

ICU

where 15 MALE and FEMALE NURSES scramble about with medical supplies and equipment cases. It's a mad happening.

Hammond shakes his head at the sight of it. He whistles loudly. Everyone stops moving and looks at him with dumbfounded faces.

HAMMOND

This is not cadet school. This is the United Earth Vehicle Intrepid.

Hammond steps into the middle of the room with his hands clasped behind his back.

HAMMOND

Anyone entering the room with ICU equipment will walk on the far side of the room! Anyone exiting the room with CCU equipment will walk on the near side of the room! Double rows! No nonsense!

The NURSES keep looking at him.

HAMMOND

We need to have this all set up within...

He looks at his watch.

HAMMOND

17 and a half minutes! Chop-chop!

The NURSES organize themselves as directed. Suddenly, there is a nice even flow of human traffic.

Hammond turns.

HAMMOND

Kids.

He walks back to his office.

INT. INTREPID - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

A massive mess of pipes, steam, and liquid traveling through various tubes all over the place.

It's a factory built to pump energy into the ship and engines.

Interconnecting walkways with railings have engineering monitors at every turn. The hum of power fills the air.

McKinley stands in front of his team of 30 red suited ENGINEERS. They all look disheveled, but stand tall.

MCKINLEY

I know this is the hard part. So, after the initial check-up, report to Medical for your post-hypersleep inoculations, get a 2-4-5, and some grub.

ENGINEERS

Yes, sir!

MCKINLEY

I don't want to see your ugly faces back in here until your stomachs are full. Let's move!

Some laughs amongst his team as they move out.

INT. INTREPID - MESS HALL - DAY

Dozens of Union Space OFFICERS get in line, in a cafeteria setting, for food. It is a large room made of mostly steel, from the counters to the 50 tables throughout.

XANDER GRAHAM, 30, and GEORGE PAVECKY, 25, sport their uniform casuals. They sit at one of the tables and chow down.

Pavecky, with his chiseled Russian look, looks up and spots something that catches his eye. He nudges Graham.

Graham, with the permanent Hawaiian tan, looks to him, then looks out at

SANDRA SMITH

a black, 28-year-old female. She's in her Commander's Union Space uniform and in line getting her food from the SERVER.

GRAHAM

So that's her, huh?

PAVECKY

Why the hell is she even here? Because of this Colonel Andrews UE prick?

GRAHAM

Leave it to United Earth. There goes the solar system.

Pavecky chuckles.

INT. INTREPID - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Smooth and sleek contour. Leather seats at every station.

A command and strategy table with over-head monitors sits in the middle of the room. Surrounding it are several inactive work stations.

Up front is the Stellar Navigation station. It's a large, semi-circular station with two monitors that surround the pilot's chair.

A quartered off station, marked 'TACTICAL', activates at the right side of the room. Multiple monitors and a large diagram of the ship's layout adorn the walls at this station.

There are also stations and monitors for 'COMMUNICATIONS', 'OPERATIONS', and 'ENGINEERING'.

ENTER DANIEL SULLIVAN AND NATHAN KINCADE

They are two clean cut officers in full duty uniforms of navy blue. Both are both barely twenty-year-old males. Sullivan walks with a cocky swagger. Two golden stripes around each of their left uniform sleeves denote their rank of Lieutenant. The oval-shaped symbol of the Union Space Administration over their left breasts.

They take their stations. Sullivan, American, sits at Stellar Navigations. Kincade, Australian, at Tactical.

KINCADE

Phoenix-Alpha, this is Lieutenant Nathan Kincade. Security password Nelson-hydra-two-eight-five. Commence full start of all command systems.

COMPUTER

Identity voice print confirmed.
Commencing start up of command systems.

Every computer system and monitor in the room activates.

The front wall separates and opens, offering a spectacular view of open space ahead.

Sullivan smiles at the view.

SULLIVAN

There's nothing like it.

He looks to his station and works the board. He nods in agreement with what he sees.

ENTER XANDER GRAHAM

He is in his three striped, Commander's Union Space uniform.

GRAHAM
Everything five-by-five?

KINCADE
No problems to report, commander.

SULLIVAN
Copasetic, Commander. Now entering the
Beta-Maxium solar system.
(cocky)
We're right where I thought we'd be.

Kincade shakes his head at the conceited remark.

GRAHAM
Good to know, Mister Sullivan. Both of
you, get your station updates and your
gear unpacked ASAP. We've got a long day
ahead of us.

A bold, familiar voice calls out.

PRINN (O.S.)
Truer words were never spoken.

Kincade stands at attention.

KINCADE
Captain on the bridge!

Sullivan and Graham follow suit.

CAPTAIN DAMON PRINN

A bold looking, 40 year old, Native Indian male, in a Union
Space captain's uniform stands at the main entrance.

He steps up to Graham.

PRINN
Resume stations.

Sullivan and Kincade go back to work.

PRINN
Report?

GRAHAM

Intrepid held up, sir. As for the rest of the crew, you'll have to ask Doc.

Prinn smiles at the corner of his mouth, but it just as quickly disappears.

PRINN

Listen, I need to talk to you before the meeting.

GRAHAM

No time like the present, sir.

The two of them EXIT through the side door.

Kincade frowns at his control board.

KINCADE

Are you sure we're in position, Daniel?

SULLIVAN

Am I sure?

Sullivan shakes his head and looks over his readings again.

SULLIVAN

Triple checked. Planet DCS-516 is directly ahead. Why?

KINCADE

The astrological mechanics look odd.

SULLIVAN

Define odd.

KINCADE

Ah, it's probably nothing, but I'll send this to the science department.

Sullivan gets up and heads to the exit.

KINCADE

Where are you going?

SULLIVAN

You heard the Commander. Time to eat, buddy.

Kincade shakes his head with a smirk.

SULLIVAN

Oh, I forgot. Some humans don't need to eat. A sign of weakness, huh?

KINCADE

What made me think that a nice long hyper-sleep would make you stop being a wise-ass?

Sullivan smiles at him.

KINCADE

Besides, I already ate.

SULLIVAN

Efficiency at its finest. My turn. Don't burn the place down while I'm gone.

Sullivan smiles and exits. Kincaide sighs and shakes his head.

INT. INTREPID - MEDICAL - DAY

OFFICERS fill every bed in the I.C.U. area. NURSES prepare and administer inoculations to the OFFICERS.

On the very last bed, Doctor HAMMOND himself tends to MANNING, who lays back on the bed.

An over head monitor shows the complete internal and external biological readings for Manning's body and brain.

As he prepares Manning's injection.

HAMMOND

Interesting.

MANNING

What's that?

HAMMOND

Seems you're in good health. Just an odd increase in your cerebral fluid volume.

MANNING

What does that mean?

HAMMOND

It means that you're perfectly healthy. Hyper-Sleep for such a long period of time can sometimes produce a large storage of dreams and memories.

MANNING

They say it's nearly impossible to dream in hyper-sleep.

HAMMOND

Precisely why this only occurs sometimes.

MANNING

Have there ever been reports of disorders concerning hyper-sleep dreams?

Hammond frowns.

HAMMOND

I've never heard of anything like that. Then again, we just woke up from the longest hyper-sleep on record. So, there could be some adverse effects. Why do you ask?

A BEAT.

Manning looks aside in deep thought.

MANNING

Just asking... For a member of my team.

Hammond nods. He smirks and winces.

He holds up the injection.

HAMMOND

Don't worry. I'm a Doctor.

Manning takes a deep breath, but looks really worried.

Hammond pierces the skin at her neck with the injection.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. INTREPID - SULLIVAN'S ROOM - DAY

A small room meant for two with a view to the stars. A work table for two, a viewing monitor, and a double bunk with queen-sized beds furnish the main room. There's a door going out, and a door to the bathroom. WE HEAR the sound of the shower going.

ENTER SULLIVAN

He has a duffle bag over each shoulder, and a graham cracker hanging out of his mouth.

He makes his way to the bunk-bed and drops the bags at the side.

He frowns at a set of United Earth Marine Corps field uniforms hanging at the corner of the bunk.

The shower stops.

Sullivan looks around the corner of the bed and sees a large duffle bag at the foot.

Manning steps out of the bathroom. She's completely naked and dripping water.

MANNING

Top or bottom?

Sullivan turns and sees her in full glory. His eyes and mouth fly wide open. The graham cracker falls from his lips.

He speedily turns his back on her.

SULLIVAN

Forget something?

Manning reaches for a towel that hangs off the side of the door. She wraps herself in the towel. A little sinister smile crosses her face.

MANNING

Sorry, I forgot I was rooming with a jockey.

She steps up right behind him.

MANNING

You're gonna tell me you work for Union Space, and you've never seen a naked woman before?

SULLIVAN

Not like you.

(retort)

I mean... I was... Just... Trying to be... Polite.

MANNING

(playfully seductive)

In that case, I like it on top.

Sullivan frowns. He turns and confronts her, right in her face.

MANNING

If you wanted to be polite, you might just tell me your name first.

SULLIVAN

But you already know who I am, since this is my room.

MANNING

You don't like to share?

Sullivan smiles.

SULLIVAN

I've never shared with a woman.

MANNING

You don't know what you're missing.

SULLIVAN

I won't go there.

MANNING

Did daddy teach you to give up so easily?

SULLIVAN

That's cute. My daddy didn't teach me much of anything. Including sharing.

MANNING

Oh?

SULLIVAN

I learned it all by myself. Just a lowly Union Space jockey. Imagine that.

Manning reaches for one of her hanging uniforms.

SULLIVAN

So, you're Nicole Manning.

MANNING

Yes, Mister Daniel Sullivan. I am Nicole Manning.

SULLIVAN

You're pretty cute for a Marine.

Manning smiles and starts off for the bathroom.

SULLIVAN

You know---

She stops and turns back.

SULLIVAN

---Maybe I should call you Nick. That's a good strong name. Yeah. Nick.

MANNING

And why would you do that, Dan?

SULLIVAN

Well, being that we're going to be roommates on a Union Space vessel, maybe it's best if I think of you as a man.

Manning's mouth forms an 'O'. She keeps her calm demeanor.

MANNING

So much for being polite.

SULLIVAN

I try my best. Oh, and just for the record, no one calls me Dan.

MANNING

Sorry. I just thought... Being that we're going to be roommates, it would help me think of you as a man.

And she's off into the bathroom.

Sullivan chuckles.

SULLIVAN

She likes me.

CUT TO:

INT. INTREPID - ANDREWS' ROOM - DAY

Andrews and Smith entangle in the bottom bunk. They are naked, sweaty, and breathe heavy under a sheet.

SMITH

I thought this was prohibited after hyper-sleep.

ANDREWS

You said the same thing the last time.

Smith giggles. She turns her back on him.

Andrews touches her back. Smith closes her eyes.

SMITH

I feel...

ANDREWS

What?

SMITH

Their eyes on me.

Andrews pauses touching her.

SMITH

It's like they know every facet of my life, but...

ANDREWS

You knew this wouldn't be easy. It wasn't easy before, and it won't be easy now.

SMITH

I know, but it feels worse.

ANDREWS

Tell me.

SMITH

I can't get it wrong this time. I just can't get it wrong.

ANDREWS

You never had it wrong in the first place, as far as I'm concerned.

SMITH

Is that because we're sleeping together?

Andrews takes her by the shoulder and pulls her around. She looks at him. He's dead serious.

ANDREWS

You know exactly why.

Smith doesn't break her stare with him.

INT. INTREPID - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Separated windows give us a nice view to the stars. The mass of the blue nebula fills the b.g.

Sitting around a long conference table are members of the senior crew: Sullivan, Kincade, Graham, McKinley, and Hammond. However, nothing happens yet.

Sullivan twiddles his fingers.

SULLIVAN

Is there a fifteen minute rule?

Hammond gives off a smile.

Kincade shakes his head.

ENTER PRINN, ANDREWS, SMITH, AND MANNING.

Prinn sits at the end chair. He looks way too serious. Smith sits across from Graham. She gets a really nasty glare from him.

Manning stands by the doorway in her military casuals.

Andrews, now in his white United Earth Alliance uniform, sports the insignias of a Colonel. He stands at the head of the table.

ANDREWS

Thank you all for coming. I realize this entire mission was very sudden. I also realize that I pulled some of you from your time off.

HAMMOND

I think technically, it's called retirement.

A few chuckles come from Sullivan and McKinley. Hammond isn't amused though.

ANDREWS

This meeting should clarify quite a few items that I'm sure need explanation.

Andrews reaches down and hits a small button on the table. The room dims.

A holographic representation of a massive bulk of starship, complete with statistics and blueprints, glows over the center of the table.

Everyone looks at it with wonder.

SULLIVAN

What are we looking at?

MCKINLEY

I can't believe it. You built it.

SULLIVAN

Built what?

MCKINLEY

Project Noah.

ANDREWS

It's called Ark Two. A colonization ship, built for deep space transport of people, animals, plant life, and philosophy into deep space.

MCKINLEY

I'm sorry. Ark two?

ANDREWS

Yes. A few weeks ago, three Ark ships were launched from Earth. Each headed for a different sector, in an attempt to spread human life across the Galaxy.

KINCADE

Am I reading that correctly? It's over two kilometers long?

SMITH

The Ark was built to house over 10,000 human colonists in stases, for a period of up to two years.

HAMMOND

Good heavens. That's quite impressive.

ANDREWS

Our task is to scout the fourth planet of the system to locate a suitable area for colonization. That planet is DCS-516.

SULLIVAN

Bummer on the naming.

KINCADE

Why the big secret? We've colonized several planets in the Earth Domain.

ANDREWS

This is our boldest venture into deep space. We need to discover if the target planet is suitable for colonization in the next 9 months.

SULLIVAN

If its not?

SMITH

Then, upon the arrival of the Ark 2, we return the ship to Earth.

GRAHAM

(skeptical)

Either way, we go home in less than a year?

ANDREWS

That's the plan.

Prinn sinks his head. He doesn't like the answer.

HAMMOND

What do we know about the planet?

ANDREWS

Just what our deep space probe returned. It's definitely suitable for A-T-P processing.

HAMMOND

So, you plan to terra-form the planet then?

ANDREWS

Provided the terrain and lifeless requirements are met.

PRINN

How long until we reach orbit of the planet?

SULLIVAN

2 hours at present speed.

SMITH

As soon as we're finished here, we should launch our probes and get a closer look.

Kincade eyes Commander Graham still holds a shit-eating grin.

KINCADE

Um. Yes, sir.

ANDREWS

I'm sorry. There are those of you unfamiliar with Commander Sandra Smith. As of right now, she is replacing Commander Graham as Executive Officer.

Bewildered glares around the whole table. Kincade sinks back in his seat.

ANDREWS

Commander Smith's experience with colonization tactics will serve us greatly on our mission.

GRAHAM

Among other things.

Andrews and Graham exchange harsh glares.

ANDREWS

Commander Graham will remain on board, by Captain Prinn's request, as our Field Operations Specialist. Until this mission is over, we are to extend Commander Smith every courtesy, to the same extent as you would Commander Graham.

HAMMOND

I'm sorry. I think this must be asked, Colonel Andrews, but who is in command of this vessel?

ANDREWS

Captain Prinn is the C-O. I am the Mission Commander.

GRAHAM

A baby-sitter.

ANDREWS

(sharply)

Is that a request on your behalf?

A BEAT.

Sullivan turns away slightly. Graham stays quiet with his squinting eyes.

ANDREWS

Also here to assist us on this mission are a detachment of United Earth Marines, headed by Major Nicole Manning.

He gestures to Manning.

Manning nods to the roomful of eyes on her.

Sullivan winks her way. She just looks back to Andrews.

HAMMOND

Marines on a deep space terra-forming mission?

ANDREWS

Yes. In case the baby-sitting task gets a little too big for us.

HAMMOND

Does that include me, Colonel?

PRINN

Doctor.

HAMMOND

No no, I'm just saying. I'm a little too old for a baby-sitter.

ANDREWS

I brought you onto this mission the same reason I handpicked this entire crew. Because you're the best at what you do. Now, I realize that this is going to get very stressful, and I don't enjoy replacing officers at any cost, but this is the way it has to be, for now. This is how we're going to get the job done. So, I expect a little more professionalism as the mission continues.

KINCADE

I'm sorry. I'm just a little bit confused. Are you sure this doesn't have anything to do with the deteriorating conditions back at Earth?

HAMMOND

That makes more sense to me than just a routine scouting mission way out here.

PRINN

Yes.

All eyes on Prinn.

HAMMOND

Excuse me?

Prinn stands in a commanding fashion.

PRINN

My apologies to Colonel Andrews, but this information cannot be kept secret.

ANDREWS

Captain...

Prinn eyes Andrews, but keeps going.

PRINN

Earth's condition is worsening and it's not going to get better.

HAMMOND

What do you mean? How bad are we talking?

PRINN

If something isn't done to restore the planet's condition, it is estimated that Earth will be uninhabitable within the next 12 years.

Every jaw in the room drops open, except for Andrews, who gives Prinn a nasty glare.

HAMMOND

Oh, good God.

SULLIVAN

Wait, what are you saying?

Smith looks confused. She turns her gaze to Andrews.

GRAHAM

Could they be wrong.

PRINN

Listen carefully. This is the single most important mission we've ever accepted. We either achieve success, or mankind pays the price. It's up to us.

The astonishment still fills the room.

PRINN

I know this doesn't make it easier, but I refuse to keep secrets like this. So, for the next hour, do what you must to confront the situation, but after that... We go to work. Agreed?

Prinn looks at Andrews once more. There's nothing friendly about the looks.

INT. INTREPID - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Accolades fill the office space. Prinn stands and looks out the window, almost in reflection.

Andrews paces behind him from the couch to the computer desk and three chairs, and back again.

ANDREWS

What could you possibly be thinking? We agreed that that information would be kept classified.

Prinn offers no response.

ANDREWS

I was counting on you to be with me on this mission, Damon. Not only did you break that confidence, but you also broke a directive from United Earth Command.

PRINN

I don't work for them.

Andrews stops pacing and looks at Prinn.

PRINN

United Earth is nothing more than a hill top of classified information and secrecy.

ANDREWS

Oh, I see. It's the old argument. United Earth versus Union Space Administration.

PRINN

You're right about that. As long as you bring disgrace to this ship, you're God-damned right about that.

ANDREWS

Disgrace?

PRINN

Sandra Smith? What is she doing on my ship?

ANDREWS

She's the best candidate for this job.

PRINN

You can't be serious.

ANDREWS

We already talked about this.

PRINN

No. We didn't talk about replacing my Executive Officer with an insubordinate woman that got three people... Soldiers... Killed.

ANDREWS

That was a long time ago. She's paid the price, and fought harder than anyone I've seen to come back. She deserves this chance, Damon.

PRINN

She deserves it? I question that judgement. Just as I question every decision you make aboard my ship.

ANDREWS

Fine. Just don't let it get in the way of our mission.

Andrews and Prinn hold the longest, nasty glares.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. INTREPID - KINCADE'S ROOM - DAY

Kincade sits on the top bunk and holds a large syringe, filled with yellowish liquid. His sleeve is rolled up. He holds the tip of the needle close to his vein. His hand shakes.

ENTER - PAVECKY

Kincade quickly slips the syringe under his pillow.

PAVECKY

Hey. Have you seen...

Pavecky stops and watches Kincade rolls down his sleeve.

PAVECKY

(suspicious)

Is this a bad time?

KINCADE

No. This is our room. Don't be silly.

PAVECKY

Right. I'll just come back. It's not important.

Pavecky starts to walk for the door.

KINCADE

You don't have to do that. I have to get to Command anyway.

PAVECKY

Look. You just do what you have to do.

A BEAT.

Pavecky EXITS.

Kincade takes a breath and looks to the pillow.

INT. INTREPID - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

McKinley, once again, has his team of ENGINEERS before him. They look restless.

ENGINEER 1

What about our families? What about our lives back home?

MCKINLEY

According to the information I have, the United Earth Domain has posted all immediate family aboard the Ark. When she arrives, all of our families will be with us.

The restlessness continues.

INT. INTREPID - MEDICAL - DAY

Hammond stands before his NURSES. They too are restless.

HAMMOND

Now, listen to me, carefully. Our families are on their way to us, right now.

NURSES

How do we know that for sure?

HAMMOND

We are going to be receiving a complete manifest of everyone on board the Ark. Until then, it is imperative that we aid in creating a safe home for those people. They're depending on us.

The NURSE'S voices jumble together and overpower Hammond's.

INT. INTREPID - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Prinn sits at his computer desk with Graham right across from him.

GRAHAM

This mission is in serious jeopardy, sir.

PRINN

I'll handle Andrews. You just keep your cool. Don't let them win this one. The mission is too important.

Graham nods.

GRAHAM

Could they be wrong, sir? About Earth, I mean?

Prinn shakes his head in disappointment.

GRAHAM

So, I guess there's bigger things to worry about, huh?

PRINN

We'll get through this mission. We've got no choice.

GRAHAM

I wish I was as confident as you are right now.

The door-bell rings.

PRINN

Come in!

ENTER SMITH AND MCKINLEY.

GRAHAM

Speak of the devil.

PRINN

Commander?

SMITH

Sir.

Prinn watches her. She says nothing. Graham's scowl isn't helping matters.

McKinley scans the look on Prinn. He sighs.

PRINN

Did you just come in to stand around?

SMITH

No. No, sir. We have a problem. The crew isn't taking well to the news.

PRINN

I expected they wouldn't. They can handle it.

SMITH

Sir, Engineer McKinley and Doctor Hammond are getting swamped with questions. There's more talk and less work being done to achieve our goal.

PRINN

Did you talk to Colonel Andrews about this?

SMITH

Sir, you are the commanding officer.

Prinn and Graham eye each other. Graham's eyes widen sarcastically.

PRINN

How bad is it, Brent?

MCKINLEY

Bad enough that you have two senior officers confronting you about it.

Prinn nods to McKinley.

SMITH

Captain. Both McKinley and Hammond could probably talk to the crew all day and night, but there's really only one person they need to hear right now.

PRINN

Is that so?

SMITH

Just making a suggestion, sir. If you'll excuse me.

PRINN

You're excused.

Smith turns and EXITS.

GRAHAM

Wow.

McKinley walks to the door, then stops. He turns and looks at Prinn.

MCKINLEY

You know she's right... Right?

A BEAT.

Prinn frowns. McKinley walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. INTREPID - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Sullivan, Smith, Kincade, and various other officers man their stations.

ENTER PRINN AND GRAHAM.

Graham takes his post, but Prinn walks up to the center command station.

PRINN

Mister Kincade, I want ship-wide broadcast please.

Smith looks to Prinn, but the look isn't returned.

KINCADE

Ship-wide on, now.

With his boldest voice---

PRINN

Attention crew of the Intrepid! This is Captain Prinn! I want you all to look to the men and women around you, and I want you to tell them that you're going to let them down.

INT. INTREPID - MEDICAL - SAME

Hammond listens from his office.

The NURSES all stop and listen to Prinn on the ship's speakers.

PRINN (V.O.)

You have all been told about our mission. You've been told about the grave circumstances that surround the outcome of this trek.

Hammond stands and steps out onto the main floor.

PRINN (V.O.)

Never before have we been tasked with such a difficult mission.

INT. INTREPID - ENGINEERING - SAME

The ENGINEERS listen to the speech over the speakers.

McKinley stands with his arms folded.

PRINN (V.O.)

But the truth is this has always been our mission. This is the mission we swore to accept, even in the face of certain death. This is about protecting the defenseless, and giving mankind a road into the future.

McKinley nods.

INT. INTREPID - CONTROL CENTER - SAME

As before.

PRINN

We have family and friends, and fellow humankind on the way. Everyone of us is connected in this quest for a new home.

Kincade bows his head for a moment.

PRINN

Earth may be gone, but we are going to live on. We're going to save our own. So, I suggest that if you have any doubts about the meaning of this mission, or the meaning of the life you swore to uphold...

Sullivan and Kincade eye each other.

PRINN

...Of the families you swore to protect. I suggest you take a good look at the men and women around you and you tell them... Tell them you're going to let them down.

Smith lifts her chin.

PRINN

That is all.

Prinn nods to Kincade, who shuts off the speaker.

Prinn looks around at his officers with a squint in his eye.

PRINN

Let's get this done!

Everyone looks at each other. They turn back to their stations and go to work.