

DEAD SPACE

by

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Reg. WGAw #1969072  
September 2018

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The long, sleek, spaceship VERMILION coasts silently among the stars. A big corporate logo "T" is stamped on the hull.

Main engine thrusters on each side of the ship flank the cargo hold - also bearing the logo - attached to its stern.

The engines do not run hot, or at all. Everything is cold.

INT. VERMILION - SLEEPCHAMBER

Light is dim, ambient noise minimal. The bulk of the room is taken up by seven enclosed, opaque, hypersleep beds.

The enclosures pop open with a mechanical gasp.

CAPTAIN GEORGIA CALLAHAN (40's) sits up slowly, holds her head in minor pain. Next to her, COMMANDER FRANK O'MALLEY (40's) rises, notices her apparent discomfort.

O'MALLEY

You alright?

She nods.

O'MALLEY

Have a bad dream?

She smiles faintly at him, shakes her head.

The lights brighten as the others emerge from hypersleep.

STEVE FITZSIMMONS (30's, muscular) and CAROL JENKINS (30's, slim) greet each other with a kiss.

EDWIN RICHARDS (20's, nerdy) gazes lovingly at STACY MALDONADO (20's, gorgeous), offers her a hand to help her up. She smiles politely and gets up on her own.

The six crewmembers climb out of bed, stretch, loosen up. Each wears a uniform with their names lasered on the front.

The seventh person to get up is HARLAND PEARSON (60's, thin white hair, portly), a civilian in a white suit.

Pearson stumbles, coughs, leans on a wall of lockers. Callahan approaches him as O'Malley taps a button to close the beds.

CALLAHAN

Mr. Pearson, how are you feeling?

PEARSON

Like I rose from the dead.

He coughs again. Callahan pats him gently on the back.

CALLAHAN

That'll go away in a minute.

PEARSON

Great. Who the hell are you?

Callahan holds Pearson's head steady, checks his pupils.

CALLAHAN

Captain Georgia Callahan. Normally I would meet any passengers prior to takeoff, but since you requested to board in hypersleep...

PEARSON

The less time I spend awake on this dump, the better. You wanna get the hell offa me?

Pearson knocks her hands away from his face.

CALLAHAN

I need to make sure you're alright.

PEARSON

(indicates crew)  
Check them first.

CALLAHAN

They're accustomed to hypersleep, you're not. Now please. Just watch my finger.

Callahan holds up an index finger. Pearson stares at it.

CALLAHAN

Follow it with your eyes.

Callahan moves her hand back and forth. Pearson turns his head to keep the finger in sight.

CALLAHAN

Keep your head still, sir, just follow it with your eyes.

Pearson complies, less wobbly now.

CALLAHAN

Good. Squeeze my wrist.

Callahan places her arm in Pearson's hand. Pearson grips it.

CALLAHAN

Raise yourself up on your toes.

Callahan demonstrates, and Pearson does the same.

CALLAHAN  
Okay. You seem fine.

PEARSON  
What the hell was that about?

CALLAHAN  
Basic neurological tests. Simple ways to check for brain damage.

O'MALLEY  
You don't have any, sir. Damage, that is. You do have a brain.

PEARSON  
Oh, good! You want to check my prostate while you're at it!

He turns around and bends halfway over.

O'MALLEY  
You overestimate the medical capability of that finger.

Pearson gives O'Malley a hard stare.

PEARSON  
(to Callahan, indicates O'Malley)  
Who's this? Captain jokes-a-lot?

CALLAHAN  
No, sir, I'm the captain. This is Commander Frank O'Malley.

O'Malley puts forth a hand to shake. Pearson eyes it like it's diseased. O'Malley retracts it, cracks a knuckle.

Callahan turns Pearson around, introduces everyone to him.

CALLAHAN  
Our mechanical engineers Steve Fitzsimmons and Carol Jenkins.

Fitzsimmons nods, Jenkins smiles.

JENKINS  
Hello.

CALLAHAN  
Electrical and programming engineers Stacy Maldonado, Edwin Richards.

Pearson barely gives them a glance, coughs loudly.

PEARSON

Do you know what my construction materials in your hold are worth?

CALLAHAN

Quite a bit, I imagine. Sir.

PEARSON

Damn straight! The only reason I'm on this tin can you call a ship is so nothing happens to my property!

CALLAHAN

And I assure you, Mr. Pearson...

PEARSON

Your assurance don't mean squat, Captain. Okay? Diddley, squat!

O'MALLEY

Listen, Pearson...

PEARSON

The sooner we land this tub the sooner I can clear out and be on my way. So everybody just do your job, and let's not waste time being friendly.

JENKINS

(being friendly)

Would you like some coffee, Mr. Pearson?

Pearson turns to Jenkins like he's about to tear into her, but she smiles at him so sweetly, his anger simply fades.

PEARSON

Yes. I would. Thank you.

JENKINS

Come on, I'll make some for you.

Jenkins herds Pearson to a side door. It opens sideways from the center - each half slides into the wall.

JENKINS

How do you take it?

PEARSON

With whiskey.

The door closes behind them as they enter the main hallway.

FITZSIMMONS

What a pleasant old fart!

RICHARDS

No, I believe the word is curmudgeon.

MALDONADO

You sure it isn't dickhead?

CALLAHAN

As long as he's on the ship, it's Mr. Pearson.

O'MALLEY

But once we reach the settlement, dickhead will be fine.

FITZSIMMONS

(laughing)

Speaking of the settlement, we must be close if we're awake. I'm gonna (imitates Pearson) do my job, and check the systems. Save me some coffee, okay?

Fitzsimmons exits to the hallway.

CALLAHAN

We should all go do our jobs.  
(to Richards and Maldonado)  
See how soon we can reach the settlement and dump this cargo.

MALDONADO

Amen to that!

O'MALLEY

Can't we just put him back to bed?

CALLAHAN

You wish.

Callahan and O'Malley exit the hallway door as Maldonado and Richards use a second door, leading to the control room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Covering the entire front wall at waist height is a bank of computers, monitors, control panels, keyboards, dials, switches, and other spaceship kind of stuff.

Above the controls, in the center of the front wall, is a closed metal shield which opens in the center.

Seven seats, all with straps and buckles, are evenly spaced in front of the controls.

Richards leans over a computer control panel, jumps when Maldonado smacks his shoulder.

MALDONADO

Coffee?

RICHARDS

Sure! Uh, three sugars. No cream.  
Wait! Make that, uh, two sugars,  
half a cream. No. Hold on.

MALDONADO

How about black?

RICHARDS

Black is good. Thank you.

Maldonado exits a second door on the other side of the wide room. Richards smacks himself in the head several times once her back is turned.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Maldonado enters from the control room. The room is split into a small dining area with one large round table, and the kitchen is all countertop appliances and cabinets. It feels more like a warm, familiar office than a cold spaceship.

Pearson sits at the table with Callahan and O'Malley. He pours liberally from a flask into his coffee mug.

PEARSON

The Terantium Corporation owns this  
ship, and I'm a major stockholder.  
Like it or not, you work for me.  
Understood?

CALLAHAN

Yes, but...

PEARSON

I don't appreciate being stuck out  
here with a bunch of nitwits who  
don't have the foggiest idea what  
they're doing!

Jenkins hands Maldonado a cup of coffee. Maldonado mouths "one more," indicating it's for Richards.

CALLAHAN

Mr. Pearson, Please don't insult my  
crew. They're the best at what they do.

PEARSON

Ha! I'll believe that when I see it.

Maldonado exits to the control room carrying two coffees.

O'MALLEY

It can be a little strange coming out of hypersleep, but...

PEARSON

A little strange?! I had a dream I was awake, watchin' myself sleep! That's just plain crazy, man!

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Maldonado enters to see Richards has removed a panel under the computers and is half inside the inner workings, kneeling on the floor with his butt sticking out.

MALDONADO

What are you doing?

Richards bangs his head as he backs out and stands up.

RICHARDS

Ow! I can't get anything back online.

MALDONADO

Why'd you shut it down?

She sets both coffees in cupholders next to a monitor.

RICHARDS

I didn't! It was all powered down when I came in here.

MALDONADO

That's impossible. The hard drives and power supplies have triple backup.

RICHARDS

I realize that. But nothing's working.

MALDONADO

(looks around)

We have power, we have light. We have false gravity.

RICHARDS

But no navigation, no communication...I can't even open the shield to look outside!

Richards indicates the large metal shield covering the window.

MALDONADO

That's hardly important now. We need to get the computers up and running.



RICHARDS

What do you think I was trying to do?

MALDONADO

I don't know, Ed! Drink your coffee.

Richards picks up his coffee as Maldonado looks over the bank of computers, dials and switches.

RICHARDS

What should I tell the Captain?

MALDONADO

I don't know yet. Let's figure this out first.

Richards sips his coffee, flinches as it burns him.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

This room houses all sorts of pipes, pumps, and machines. There are cabinets and bins of many sizes and materials.

Fitzsimmons opens a check valve, which releases a very small puff of air, then nothing.

FITZSIMMONS

Hmm.

He looks over the pipes and gauges. The door opens behind him, but he doesn't turn around or see who comes in.

FITZSIMMONS

Honey, would you grab a pipe wrench for me? There's no pressure in the airflow unit.

Whoever came in the room slowly walks up behind Fitzsimmons.

FITZSIMMONS

Carol?

The person is right behind him. He stands and turns around...it is Jenkins. She hands him a cup of coffee.

FITZSIMMONS

Thanks. Why didn't you answer me?

JENKINS

(shows him her cup)

Had a mouthful of breakfast. What's up with the airflow?

FITZSIMMONS

I don't know. I think it's...

Pearson enters, followed by O'Malley and Callahan.

CALLAHAN

(to Fitzsimmons &  
Jenkins)

Mr. Pearson is quite interested in your field of expertise, and has a few questions in that regard.

FITZSIMMONS

Great! What can I do for you, sir?

PEARSON

Convince me you're not an idiot.

FITZSIMMONS

Ooookay. Where should we start?

Richards runs into the room, out of breath.

RICHARDS

Captain, we...we need you up front. There's a problem.

CALLAHAN

Why didn't you use the intercom?

RICHARDS

That's part of the problem.

CALLAHAN

(to Pearson)

I'll be in the control room if you need anything.

Callahan leaves with Richards. Fitzsimmons and Jenkins give O'Malley a pleading look.

O'MALLEY

I gotta take a leak.

O'Malley exits quickly. Pearson looks Jenkins up and down, then Fitzsimmons. They can only stand there, uncomfortable.

PEARSON

So what do you do?

INT. HALLWAY

Richards leads Callahan up the hall toward the sleepchamber. At the back end of the hall, behind them, is a heavy door marked CARGO ACCESS.

As Callahan passes the kitchen door on her right, it opens. Richards enters the sleepchamber as Callahan backs up and looks in the kitchen. No one there.

She starts to continue on her way when the lights in the kitchen, and only in the kitchen, flicker.

In the darkness of the kitchen, there appears to be some kind of large shape on the floor, moving toward Callahan.

The lights cease to flicker, remain on. There is nothing and no one in the kitchen.

RICHARDS

Captain?

Richards pokes his head through the sleepchamber door. Callahan turns to him, gives the kitchen a second, curious, glance, then continues to the sleepchamber.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

They walk through the room to the second door.

CALLAHAN

So what's wrong with the intercom?

RICHARDS

It's more than that. A lot more.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CALLAHAN

Problem with communications?

MALDONADO

Worse. All the computers are down.

CALLAHAN

That doesn't sound good. Any idea what's causing it?

Maldonado holds up what looks like an array of electric switches the size of her hand, only they're melted and burned.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

Fitzsimmons and Jenkins stand in front of Pearson, slouched, obviously tired of him.

PEARSON

And what, again, is the job of a mechanical engineer?

FITZSIMMONS

(gestures to equipment)  
Mr. Pearson, we're trying to...

PEARSON

You're trying to avoid the question, son, and I won't have it! Now tell me - what is...

FITZSIMMONS

(by rote)

I'm responsible for maintenance and repair of all physical systems, including the engine, life support, and peripheral mechanisms.

PEARSON

What are periph...

FITZSIMMONS

Doors, airlocks, and appliances.

PEARSON

And she's your assistant?

JENKINS

I'm his partner.

PEARSON

So you're not married?

JENKINS

I'm also a mechanical engineer. We work together.

PEARSON

But you are a couple.

FITZSIMMONS

Mr. Pearson, I don't believe our personal lives are any of your business, and I think we've answered enough questions.

JENKINS

We have work to do.

PEARSON

Fine. I'll check on the others.

Pearson heads for the door, turns to face them as it opens.

PEARSON

Try not to break anything.

He steps into the hallway and the door closes behind him.

JENKINS

Arrgh, he is such a...

FITZSIMMONS

Dickhead.

JENKINS

Precisely!

INT. HALLWAY

Pearson takes a swig from his flask and pockets it as O'Malley emerges from the door to the bathrooms and showers.

O'Malley tries to duck back in when he sees Pearson, but Pearson spots him and it's too late, so he steps out.

PEARSON

What were you doing in there?

O'MALLEY

It's a bathroom, Pearson, what do you think? Don't be so paranoid.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Richards, Maldonado and Callahan inspect the melted switches.

RICHARDS

It's sabotage. Has to be.

CALLAHAN

Let's not jump to any conclusions.

MALDONADO

The main circuit breakers to the entire computer system are fried. That's not likely to happen by itself.

CALLAHAN

First things first - let's focus on fixing it. Why haven't the computer's backup power supplies taken over?

MALDONADO

We don't know yet. I'll have to climb under there and check the connections.

CALLAHAN

All right. But don't get fried.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

Jenkins pulls a small part from the back of the airflow unit.

JENKINS

Well here's the problem!

Fitzsimmons turns to look at what she's removed.

FITZSIMMONS  
The valve assembly?

JENKINS  
From the CO2 converter. Shorted out.

FITZSIMMONS  
Shorted my ass; look at the solenoid.  
It's practically melted.

Jenkins turns it over for a better look. It appears very similar to Maldonado's fried circuit breaker.

JENKINS  
What could have done that?

Fitzsimmons unlocks a nearby tall metal cabinet.

FITZSIMMONS  
Who knows? But that's why we have...

Fitzsimmons opens the cabinet and looks inside.

FITZSIMMONS  
...spare parts.

The cabinet has five shelves a foot deep. All completely empty.

INT. COMPUTER ACCESS CRAWLSPACE

Maldonado tests a circuit. She doesn't look happy. She twists her upper body to reach another circuit and flinches in pain.

She reaches under her shoulder and picks up a small piece of broken plastic. She looks it over, then slides further back.

She looks down the length of the crawlspace under the bank of computers. Broken components lay everywhere.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Callahan and O'Malley confer in whispers off to the side.

CALLAHAN  
You swear this isn't one of your  
practical jokes?

O'MALLEY  
Georgia, Would I damage the ship as  
a joke? This is serious!

Pearson has Richards cornered.

PEARSON

So you're not her assistant, but she is your girlfriend?

RICHARDS

Well no, I mean, yeah, but...we're not, you know, I mean I do kinda...

Jenkins and Fitzsimmons enter from the sleepchamber.

FITZSIMMONS

Captain, we need to speak to you.

JENKINS

It's extremely urgent.

Maldonado slides out of the crawlspace.

MALDONADO

Captain, we have a serious problem.

The three of them start talking at once.

FITZSIMMONS

If we don't figure this out quickly...

JENKINS

I don't know how it happened, but...

MALDONADO

Someone is definitely messing with...

CALLAHAN

Hold it! Hold it.

(to Jenkins)

You first.

JENKINS

We had a bad valve in the CO2 converter, plus other parts seem to be...missing. From the unit.

CALLAHAN

Like what?

JENKINS

Fan motors, fan blades, two filters and a thermostat.

FITZSIMMONS

All of which we need to fix it.

JENKINS

It gets worse. All the spare parts are gone too.

O'Malley and Callahan exchange a worried glance. Pearson checks out their faces.

PEARSON  
What?! What's going on!

CALLAHAN  
It appears our life support system is damaged. If we don't find a way to fix it or get help...we'll run out of oxygen.

Pearson reaches behind him for something to lean on, falls into a seat.

PEARSON  
When?

CALLAHAN  
An hour. Maybe less.

MALDONADO  
(to Jenkins)  
What happened to the valve?

JENKINS  
Solenoid shorted out.

MALDONADO  
Shorted out how? Is it melted?

Jenkins registers confused recognition, looks at Fitzsimmons.

MALDONADO  
Like this?

Maldonado shows them the circuit breakers. They grimace.

MALDONADO  
(to Callahan)  
The batteries are intact, but the computer's smashed to pieces. We've got nothing.

Callahan pauses a moment to think this over.

CALLAHAN  
Everyone wait here. Commander?

Callahan indicates O'Malley should go with her. They move quickly to the sleepchamber.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

O'MALLEY  
Sure sounds like sabotage.



CALLAHAN

No one on this crew would do that,  
and you know it.

They step to opposite ends of a large safe in the far wall.

CALLAHAN

That can only mean one thing. Someone  
else is on board.

They each place a thumb on a scanner pad on either side of  
the safe door, and the scanner reads their thumbprints.

CALLAHAN

But that's why we have insurance.

The safe door slides up into the wall and reveals six empty  
holsters, clearly having once held weapons.

O'MALLEY

Looks like our policy expired.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Pearson drinks from his flask, receives a look of disdain  
from Maldonado. He offers her a drink, she refuses.

Callahan and O'Malley return from the sleepchamber.

CALLAHAN

Jenkins, Richards, let's go. Mr.  
Pearson, stay with me.  
(to Fitzsimmons &  
Maldonado)  
You two go with the Commander.

PEARSON

Where are we going?

CALLAHAN

We're searching the ship for parts  
to fix the life support. And we have  
to be cautious. I think someone else  
is on board.

O'Malley, Fitzsimmons and Maldonado head for the sleepchamber.

CALLAHAN

Also, our weapons are gone.

PEARSON

Gone?

CALLAHAN

Stay in a group. Watch your back.

Callahan taps a code into a pad at the kitchen door. After she, Pearson, Jenkins, & Richards step through, it stays open.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Callahan pulls a knife from a drawer. Jenkins grabs two long wooden salt and pepper shakers, hands one to Richards.

RICHARDS

What am I supposed to do with this?  
Salt somebody to death?

JENKINS

Don't be silly. That's the pepper.

Callahan locks the hallway door open and steps out. Jenkins holds the salt shaker like a club. Richards casually carries the pepper shaker at his side.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Fitzsimmons opens a locker, finds it empty except for a few papers. He leaves it open, tries the next one. Nothing.

Maldonado presses a button on the bed console. The seven lids open. All empty. O'Malley peers into the control room.

MALDONADO

I don't see how anyone could hide on  
this ship. There's nowhere to go.

Fitzsimmons closes a locker and reaches for the last one.

FITZSIMMONS

Maybe someone was on board but  
transferred off somehow.

P.O.V. INSIDE LOCKER

Fitzsimmons opens the locker and jumps at the sight of a human figure inside, arms hanging motionless.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Fitzsimmons shouts as he falls back. O'Malley and Maldonado run to his aid.

Inside the locker is a space suit, hanging on a hook.  
Fitzsimmons stands.

FITZSIMMONS

Should have been expecting that.

O'MALLEY  
All the others missing?

Fitzsimmons nods.

MALDONADO  
Whose suit is it?

INT. BATHROOM/SHOWERS

Richards shoves aside a shower curtain, his search half-hearted. Pearson digs in his ear in the background.

RICHARDS  
(mutters)  
This is pointless.

CALLAHAN  
Speak up, Richards.

RICHARDS  
No one is on board. We're wasting  
our time.

JENKINS  
We're also looking for parts to fix  
the life support. Unless you think  
breathing is a waste of time.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Fitzsimmons examines the frayed straps on the back of the  
space suit.

FITZSIMMONS  
So much for breathing in this thing.

MALDONADO  
Why would someone steal the tank but  
leave the suit?

FITZSIMMONS  
Maybe someone plans to use it.

MALDONADO  
I'd say its use is fairly limited.

O'MALLEY  
I don't know what this means, but...I  
think the Captain's wrong. No one's  
on this ship but us.

## INT. MEDICAL FACILITIES

The small room contains two medically equipped beds, a chair, several white cabinets, and a sink. Jenkins searches cabinets while Richards faces Callahan. Pearson sits on a bed.

RICHARDS

I'm just saying. Everyone on this ship will be dead in an hour.

CALLAHAN

I'm aware of the situation.

RICHARDS

So why would anyone disable the life support and stick around to die?

Pearson looks back and forth to Callahan and Richards.

RICHARDS

Whoever did this is long gone.

Callahan pauses for a moment.

CALLAHAN

I'm not sure I agree. But with the computers dead we can't call for help. We'll have to save ourselves.

## INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

FITZSIMMONS

If no one's on this ship, who took the spare parts?

O'MALLEY

They must have been taken while we slept. Nothing's happened since we woke up.

MALDONADO

This guy could be waiting for us to die so he can take over the ship.

O'MALLEY

If that's all he wanted, why not kill us in our sleep? He's got our weapons. Why bother to sabotage everything?

MALDONADO

The ship won't dock with us in hypersleep. How would anyone leave?

O'MALLEY

A good programmer could find a way around that. Couldn't you?

MALDONADO

Probably. But I'm not a murderous psychopath.

O'MALLEY

Glad to hear it.

FITZSIMMONS

If we're the only ones on board... We need to fix this. Or we're dead.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

Callahan and Jenkins are at the airflow unit. Pearson watches Richards type on a system console, pepper shaker on the floor.

CALLAHAN

So there's no way to fix this.

JENKINS

Not without a new valve.

CALLAHAN

Can you adapt one from a different unit? The beds, the fridge, anything?

JENKINS

Incompatible. And the beds don't operate independently.

RICHARDS

Did you guys know the heating coil is cracked?

Callahan and Jenkins look over his shoulder at the console.

RICHARDS

Not that it matters without oxygen.

PEARSON

What do you mean it doesn't matter?

JENKINS

(to Pearson)

The heating coil's part of the life support.

(to Callahan)

I didn't think to check it.

CALLAHAN

(to Pearson)

Without any heat we'd freeze to death  
in a few days.

RICHARDS

But we'll suffocate long before that,  
so don't worry.

CALLAHAN

Richards, don't be negative. Help us  
find a solution.

Richards pouts, crosses his arms.

CALLAHAN

Now think. We need the life support,  
but can't fix it. So what do we do?

JENKINS

We get on another ship.

PEARSON

We're in the middle of nowhere!

CALLAHAN

Not necessarily. We could be right  
where we expect to be.

RICHARDS

Or, we've been headed in the wrong  
direction for weeks. But there's no  
way to find out.

CALLAHAN

(to Richards)

Check the fuel supply. That should  
tell us how long we've been out.

Richards punches buttons on the console.

PEARSON

Why is the other computer smashed  
but this is still in one piece?

JENKINS

This system doesn't control anything.  
It only provides data.

RICHARDS

Fuel tanks empty.

PEARSON

What?

CALLAHAN

You've got to be kidding.

RICHARDS  
(off console)  
Doesn't make any difference; the  
engine core's purged.

JENKINS  
Oh no.

The crew takes a moment to let that sink in. Pearson checks  
out each of their faces.

PEARSON  
What's that mean?

CALLAHAN  
It means we're stranded.

JENKINS  
Without the core, what's running the  
lights? And the gravity?

Richards punches a few button.

RICHARDS  
Storage batteries.

PEARSON  
How long will those last?

RICHARDS  
Longer than the oxygen.

Fitzsimmons, Maldonado, and O'Malley burst into the room  
through the open door. Pearson staggers back, recovers.

FITZSIMMONS  
We've got an idea.

JENKINS  
I hope it doesn't involve moving the  
ship.

O'MALLEY  
No; why?

CALLAHAN  
Fuel's been dumped, and the engine  
purged.

FITZSIMMONS  
I don't believe this.

Fitzsimmons bangs a fist on the empty metal cabinet.

O'MALLEY

We couldn't use them anyway, we have no idea where we are. We might end up even farther from the settlement.

PEARSON

So what are we supposed to do?

O'MALLEY

Stacy had an idea.  
(to Maldonado)  
Tell them.

Maldonado rubs the side of her head.

MALDONADO

Without the computer, there's no way to send a distress signal, or even know which way to point the antenna. But I think I can build a small transmitter from the circuits.

CALLAHAN

What kind of range?

MALDONADO

Limited. But omnidirectional, so anyone close enough would hear it.

CALLAHAN

Can you stabilize it on multiple frequencies?

MALDONADO

I think so, if the UHB condenser is still in one piece.

CALLAHAN

How long?

MALDONADO

Few minutes, maybe.

CALLAHAN

Do it. Go.

MALDONADO

But we need to...

CALLAHAN

Just get started, we'll figure it out.

Maldonado runs out of the room.



FITZSIMMONS

Captain, what she's saying is...we need to attach it to the hull.

O'MALLEY

The radiation shield would trap any signal from the inside.

CALLAHAN

Okay.

Callahan looks from O'Malley to Fitzsimmons.

CALLAHAN

I'm sensing that's a problem.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

All six but Maldonado in the room, Callahan holds up the space suit, looks at the frayed straps.

CALLAHAN

This is a problem.

JENKINS

I forgot all about the suits.

CALLAHAN

This the only one?

FITZSIMMONS

Yes.

Callahan turns the suit around, sees RICHARDS on it. Richards sees his name too.

RICHARDS

Whoa. I didn't...you don't think...

CALLAHAN

Edwin...we need you to attach the transmitter to the hull.

RICHARDS

I'm not going out there, are you crazy?

CALLAHAN

(to Jenkins)

He'll need something to clamp it down. Gather up what you can.

Jenkins heads for the hallway door.

RICHARDS

I am not stepping off this ship until  
we land!

FITZSIMMONS

Calm down, Richards.  
(to Callahan)  
I've already decided. I'll go.

Jenkins stops at the door, runs back to Fitzsimmons.

JENKINS

Steve! No!

FITZSIMMONS

I'm the most qualified.

JENKINS

No! No, you can't!

Jenkins looks at Callahan, pleading with her eyes.

CALLAHAN

(to Richards)  
Go help Stacy with the transmitter.

Richards hurries to the control room. Pearson sits on the  
edge of a bed and takes a drink. Callahan breathes deeply.

CALLAHAN

All right, Fitz. Put the suit on.

JENKINS

No!

FITZSIMMONS

Honey, I have to.

Jenkins sees O'Malley pick up the suit and remove the helmet.

JENKINS

But there's no tank! You can't go  
out there with no oxygen!

FITZSIMMONS

There's an emergency vent outside  
the airlock. I can hook into that.

Jenkins looks around the room as if searching for another  
excuse. O'Malley pulls an air hose out of the last locker.

JENKINS

But it's not your space suit! It  
won't even fit you!

FITZSIMMONS

It'll be tight, but, this is my job.

JENKINS

Steven, please!

Callahan signals O'Malley to go with her to the control room.

FITZSIMMONS

Carol...somebody has to do this.

JENKINS

I won't let you.

He holds her close. She hugs him tight.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Callahan and O'Malley enter. Richards and Maldonado solder connections on their transmitter, an odd contraption about one cubic foot in size. It consists of two square batteries, hastily assembled components, and a thin maze of wires.

O'MALLEY

How's it going?

RICHARDS

We're almost done.

MALDONADO

Don't forget your Y connector.

RICHARDS

Got it.

Pearson shuffles into the room and over to the transmitter.

MALDONADO

Secure the ground wire?

RICHARDS

That's the first thing I did! Duh!

MALDONADO

Okay. Switching on.

Maldonado flips a switch. No visible change takes place.

PEARSON

Is it working?

RICHARDS

Perfectly.

PEARSON

How can you tell?

RICHARDS

Because I know what I'm doing.

PEARSON

But I don't know what you're doing.

RICHARDS

What you don't know could fill the cargo hold. Have another drink.

PEARSON

That's the smartest thing I've heard you say.

Pearson grabs his flask, has another drink.

CALLAHAN

Richards, knock it off. Bring that to the airlock.

Callahan takes Pearson to the sleepchamber. Richards eyes the transmitter, circles it, tries to find a way to pick it up.

Maldonado steps in and simply picks it up, then carries it to the sleepchamber. Richards shrugs to O'Malley, who gestures "after you," and follows Richards out.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Fitzsimmons wears the space suit. It's tight, but it's on. Callahan hands him the helmet as Jenkins attaches the hose to the front of the suit and flips a small switch.

CALLAHAN

(to Jenkins)

Clamps?

Jenkins indicates a large cloth bag on the floor nearby. Callahan puts a hand on Jenkins's shoulder.

CALLAHAN

Relax, Carol. He'll be fine.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

The inner airlock door is in the hallway, and the outer door is part of the ship's hull. They open from the center like all the ship's doors, and each half has a thick glass window.

Richards watches Maldonado set the transmitter next to the inner door. She cords together a length of wire and loops it around the batteries, makes a slip knot at the other end.

Everyone approaches from the sleepchamber, Fitzsimmons in the lead, air hose coiled on his arm. He lifts his foot so Maldonado can put the slip knot around his ankle.

Maldonado tightens the knot, effectively tying the transmitter to Fitzsimmons. She stands, looks him in the eye, admiration strong in her expression. She chucks him on the shoulder.

Jenkins steps in and kisses him long and hard. When she stops, their eyes meet. Unspoken love is written on their faces.

O'Malley attaches the cloth bag to Fitzsimmons's wrist with a thin chain, using a slip knot like Maldonado did, on the arm not carrying his air hose.

O'MALLEY

You'll do good, Steve. Always do.

FITZSIMMONS

Thanks, Frank.

Callahan grips the large, flat switch for the inner airlock door, looks at Fitzsimmons, and opens the door.

Fitzsimmons steps into the airlock, and Callahan throws the switch back. The inner door slides shut.

INT. AIRLOCK

Fitzsimmons takes a deep breath, attaches his helmet, and throws a switch inside the airlock.

The air rushes out, Fitzsimmons throws a second switch, and the outer door opens, exposing him to the emptiness of space.

EXT. AIRLOCK/SPACESHIP VERMILION

Fitzsimmons moves quickly. He grips a handhold right next to the door and swings out, grabs the end of his air hose with the other hand at the same time.

He slides the end of the hose into the emergency vent and locks it in, then flips a switch on his suit next to the hose. This opens the valve, and air rushes in.

He lets out his breath and takes in another. Sweet oxygen!

Without letting go of the handhold, he moves within view of the airlock window and gives everyone a thumbs up.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

Everyone cheers. Jenkins breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. AIRLOCK/SPACESHIP VERMILION

Fitzsimmons uncoils the hose to free his arm. He pulls himself back over the hull, and maneuvers his feet close to the ship.

His boots connect to the hull with a metallic CLICK. Magnetic.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

PEARSON

Why can't we talk to him?

CALLAHAN

(whispers)

All communication is handled by the computer. His radio has power but the system's down.

JENKINS

Shh! I'm trying to listen.

Pearson tries to listen for a moment, but looks confused.

PEARSON

To what?

Jenkins and Maldonado both shush him at once.

EXT. AIRLOCK/SPACESHIP VERMILION

Fitzsimmons has trouble opening the bag while it's still chained to him. He struggles to get his gloved hand inside.

Meanwhile, his uncoiled hose drifts in front of the airlock. Suddenly, the outer airlock door begins to close.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

Jenkins sees the outer door.

JENKINS

Why is that door closing?

Jenkins looks around frantically.

JENKINS

Who hit the switch?

CALLAHAN

It's inside the airlock. We can't get to it from here.

JENKINS  
Stop it! Stop it!

INT. AIRLOCK

A loop of Fitzsimmons's air hose gets trapped between the doors as they come together, fully closed.

EXT. AIRLOCK/SPACESHIP VERMILION

Fitzsimmons works on the bag. He hasn't noticed the hose.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

Jenkins bangs on the door, pounding the glass with her fists.

JENKINS  
Steven! Open the door! Steven!  
(to Callahan)  
Please get that door open, please!

CALLAHAN  
I can't do it from this side!

Jenkins continues to pound the airlock door.

RICHARDS  
He can't hear you in the vacuum.

CALLAHAN  
(to Maldonado)  
Find a flashlight, a mirror, anything  
to get his attention.

Maldonado runs off. O'Malley heads in the other direction.

O'MALLEY  
I'll look too.

EXT. AIRLOCK/SPACESHIP VERMILION

Fitzsimmons coughs, instinctively reaches for his throat as he starts to suffocate. He sees the trapped hose.

Fitzsimmons yanks on the external switch for the airlock door, but the switch stops halfway. He starts to choke.

He abandons the switch and grabs the hose outside the doors.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

Jenkins sees Fitzsimmons through the windows. He's only a few feet away, struggling to breathe.

JENKINS  
Steven! Steven, hold on!

Jenkins pulls the switch for the inner airlock, but it also stops halfway. Callahan holds Jenkins's hands.

CALLAHAN  
It won't open without equalizing the pressure first!

JENKINS  
He's dying!

EXT. AIRLOCK/SPACESHIP VERMILION

Fitzsimmons pulls too hard on the hose and it tears. The vacuum rushes into his space suit, pushing his upper body away from the window, his magnetic boots still on the hull.

The cold immediately produces frost around his mouth, nose and eyes. With no external pressure to balance it, the internal pressure of his body expands his skin, bursting blood vessels in his face and bulging out his eyes.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

They can't see Fitzsimmons out the window. Jenkins cries, still bangs on the window, though less frantically.

O'Malley and Maldonado return with flashlights.

MALDONADO  
The batteries are gone.

RICHARDS  
Figures.

CALLAHAN  
He started choking and tried to open the door. He was there a second ago.

Jenkins screams, the kind of scream that can wake people up in the middle of the night with their hearts pounding. Everyone looks out the window.

Fitzsimmons floats past the window. His face is split open, blood frozen in rivulets, one eyeball dangling from the optic nerve. It's utterly horrifying, and it's five feet away.



Callahan pulls Jenkins from the window as she screams and cries. Callahan holds her close.

Pearson lurches and gags, but recovers.

CALLAHAN  
(to O'Malley)  
Take him somewhere to sit down.

O'Malley leads Pearson up the hallway. Richards watches them.

RICHARDS  
Captain. I need to speak to you.

CALLAHAN  
Not now.

RICHARDS  
It's important.

Callahan releases Jenkins, signals Maldonado to take her somewhere else. Maldonado leads Jenkins away.

CALLAHAN  
What is it?

The way they are situated, Richards has unintentionally cornered Callahan against the inner airlock door, though he is not a threatening figure.

RICHARDS  
That wasn't an accident. O'Malley  
killed him.

Callahan stares at him. She can't believe her ears.

CALLAHAN  
What's wrong with you?

RICHARDS  
Think about it! We were all here...

CALLAHAN  
No! Stop it!

RICHARDS  
But he was...

She grabs him by the shoulders, frightens him momentarily.

CALLAHAN  
We just lost a member of our crew!  
Doesn't that mean anything to you?!

RICHARDS  
We're all gonna be dead soon if we  
don't stop the Commander right now!

Callahan slaps him in the face. Not hard, but quick.

CALLAHAN  
I don't want to hear any more of  
this. Understood?

Richards is about to protest, but censors himself.

RICHARDS  
Yes, Captain.

Callahan stares him down, then turns up the hallway. Richards glares at the back of her head.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Jenkins sits at the table with her head down, softly crying into her arms. Pearson sits across from her, takes a drink.

O'Malley and Maldonado confer quietly in the corner. Callahan enters and approaches them.

O'MALLEY  
(quietly, to Callahan)  
I know this sounds callous, but at  
least the transmitter is outside.

MALDONADO  
Even if it isn't still tied to Fitz,  
it can't be far.

CALLAHAN  
What do you think the chances are  
someone will hear the signal?

MALDONADO  
Not good. But better than nothing.

CALLAHAN  
Fitz may save us yet.

O'MALLEY  
(to Callahan)  
Can I talk to you for a minute?

O'Malley leads her into the control room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

They sit, facing each other.

O'MALLEY  
This is all my fault.

CALLAHAN

Don't say that. You can't blame yourself for everything that goes wrong.

O'MALLEY

Going outside the ship was my idea.

CALLAHAN

I sent him out there. Ultimately I'm responsible for the crew, not you.

O'MALLEY

But Fitz is dead because of me!

O'Malley's voice almost breaks, but he pushes it down.

CALLAHAN

No! Fitz is dead because some crazy bastard sabotaged our ship! How can that be your fault?

O'MALLEY

I don't know. But I feel terrible.

CALLAHAN

We all feel terrible. That's no reason to punish yourself.

Callahan puts her arm around his shoulders. O'Malley takes a deep breath, relaxes.

CALLAHAN

The crew is counting on you. I'm counting on you. I know you won't let me down.

Callahan smiles warmly, pats him on the back.

RICHARDS

Uh, Captain?

Richards stands near the sleepchamber door. They didn't notice him come in. O'Malley glares at him.

RICHARDS

Something's happened.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

Callahan looks out the window. Fitzsimmons is not in view.

O'MALLEY

Just because we don't see him doesn't mean he's gone. He could be right outside the door.

RICHARDS

That's what I thought at first, but...

CALLAHAN

He's right. The hose is gone.

Indeed, the air hose that had been trapped in the outer door is no longer there.

O'MALLEY

What did you do?

RICHARDS

Huh? What do you mean?

O'MALLEY

You were out here alone for the last few minutes. What were you doing?

RICHARDS

I wasn't doing anything!

O'Malley advances on Richards, backs him into the wall.

O'MALLEY

Don't you realize Fitz had the transmitter tied to him!

RICHARDS

But I didn't...

O'MALLEY

He died trying to save us, Richards!  
And you cut him loose like flotsam!

RICHARDS

I didn't do it, I swear!

Callahan steps between them, holds O'Malley back.

CALLAHAN

He's not lying, Commander. He couldn't have done it.

O'Malley steps back and faces Callahan, his anger gone.

CALLAHAN

Think about it. We can't open the outer door without being in the airlock. And Fitz has the only suit.

O'MALLEY

Oh. Right. But how did the door close in the first place?

RICHARDS

And how did it open just now?

They all look at each other. There's no way to answer that.

CALLAHAN

Whatever happened out there, we have to assume the transmitter is nearby. If it is gone, it's not like we can go chasing after it.

O'MALLEY

How else could we get off a signal?

CALLAHAN

Without the computers, we can't. So let's think positive. The transmitter will work.

Callahan heads up the hall. With her gone, O'Malley pokes Richards in the chest.

O'MALLEY

Don't tell anyone else about Fitz.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Pearson holds his empty flask upside-down over his open mouth. He sets it on the table, searches the cabinets.

MALDONADO

What are you looking for?

PEARSON

I don't wanna die sober.

Callahan enters from the hall, Richards and O'Malley in tow.

CALLAHAN

Let's have a seat next door. Try to conserve air.

PEARSON

Can't you call someone with that...thingy, outside?

CALLAHAN

The transmitter is working, Mr. Pearson. All we can do is wait.

Callahan takes Jenkins by the arm into the control room, Pearson and O'Malley follow. Richards stops Maldonado.

RICHARDS

I think O'Malley killed Fitz.

MALDONADO

What?

Richards shushes her, speaks more quietly himself.

RICHARDS

He runs off to get something, and  
the airlock door mysteriously closes?  
All by itself?

MALDONADO

No, you're wrong.

RICHARDS

How do you know? He could be...

MALDONADO

Richards, that's not what happened.  
Captain sent us to find flashlights  
*after* the door closed.

Richards shakes his head, has a hard time accepting what he  
knows is true.

RICHARDS

But didn't he...I mean...

MALDONADO

You're wrong. Just forget it.

She enters the control room. He pauses a moment, then follows.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Everyone in the room has a seat as Maldonado sits next to  
Jenkins, pats her hand. Jenkins doesn't turn her gaze from  
the big shield covering the window.

JENKINS

I wish I could see the stars again.  
Just once more, before we die.

Richards lands his skinny butt in a chair with a THUD.

RICHARDS

Can't open the shield. Already tried.

Jenkins blinks away tears. Maldonado smiles at her.

MALDONADO

I'll see what I can do.

Maldonado grabs a screwdriver off the floor and removes a  
small panel above the computer.

RICHARDS

I checked that. The gears are locked.  
You couldn't open it with a crowbar.

MALDONADO

It's still worth a try.

RICHARDS

Maybe we should try something else,  
in case the transmitter's gone.

This statement takes a moment to sink in for Maldonado,  
Pearson, and Jenkins.

Richards withers, catches the fury in O'Malley's stare.

JENKINS

What do you mean, gone?  
(turns to Callahan)  
What's he mean?

CALLAHAN

We can't see Steve...outside the  
window. The hose came loose.

Jenkins doesn't appear sure how to take this.

CALLAHAN

But if the transmitter's drifted  
away, anyone who hears it can still  
find us.

MALDONADO

Maybe we should try something. Just  
in case.

Maldonado crawls through the open access panel.

RICHARDS

We made that transmitter. What else  
is there to do?

Maldonado sticks her head out, points a screwdriver at him.

MALDONADO

We're not dead yet. I'm not giving up.

Maldonado slides out of sight. The lights flicker, staying  
dark for a half-second before flickering on and off again.

CALLAHAN

Stacy? You okay?

MALDONADO (O.S.)

Can you hand me the solder gun?

Callahan finds the tool and approaches the crawlspace in the  
flickering light.

She squats down and looks in to see Maldonado lying on her  
side, looking out at her and reaching for the tool.

The lights flicker again, and the figure in the crawlspace is not Maldonado. Callahan looks into the eyes of Fitzsimmons.

His clothes are torn in bloody strips, jagged wounds on his legs and torso. His skull is split, bone and brain exposed.

He looks at her. He reaches out to her. Callahan screams.

She falls back, scrambles to get away. The lights return.

O'Malley is the first out of his seat toward Callahan, Richards and Jenkins right behind. Pearson doesn't get up.

Maldonado sticks her head out of the open panel, but looks too scared to approach Callahan.

Callahan breathes fast, still sitting on the floor, staring at Maldonado.

O'MALLEY

Georgia! Georgia, what's wrong?

Callahan tries to control her breathing.

CALLAHAN

I...

She puts her hand out, O'Malley helps her up.

CALLAHAN

I'm okay. I'm okay.

RICHARDS

You don't sound okay, Captain. You freaked out.

CALLAHAN

I'm fine, I just...yeah, I freaked out. I'm sorry. I'm okay now.

Callahan returns to the dropped soldier gun, squats and hands it to Maldonado.

CALLAHAN

I'm sorry, Stacy. It wasn't you.

Callahan stands and heads for the kitchen. O'Malley follows a moment later, and they both exit.

PEARSON

She's losing it.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

CALLAHAN

I'm not losing it.



O'MALLEY  
You just shrieked at Maldonado back  
there.

CALLAHAN  
She wasn't...she wasn't what I saw.

O'MALLEY  
What'd you see?

CALLAHAN  
Forget it.

O'MALLEY  
Captain...

CALLAHAN  
Forget it! It's over.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Richards kneels in front of the crawlspace access.

RICHARDS  
Do you need anything?

MALDONADO (O.S.)  
No.

Richards appears to contemplate getting up, but doesn't.

RICHARDS  
Find any circuits intact?

MALDONADO (O.S.)  
I'm trying to work, Richards.

This time he does get up, wanders back to his seat.

RICHARDS  
Why bother.

He plops into the seat. Callahan and O'Malley enter. Pearson  
approaches O'Malley as he and Callahan sit.

PEARSON  
(to O'Malley)  
I demand that you relieve Captain  
Callahan of duty and take command.

O'MALLEY  
Pearson, we work for Terantium, not  
the military. Captain is a title,  
not a rank. We have jobs, not duties.

PEARSON  
But the Captain is...

O'MALLEY  
Harland, sit down.

PEARSON  
She's clearly mentally unstable.

RICHARDS  
(quietly)  
Look who's talking.

PEARSON  
I heard that!

CALLAHAN  
Mr. Pearson, we're all under a lot  
of stress. The best thing you can do  
right now is...

PEARSON  
The best thing to do would be to get  
off this ship! But there's nowhere  
to go, is there?!

Callahan turns away from him, O'Malley stares right at him.

PEARSON  
Is there?

It becomes clear no one will answer him.

PEARSON  
Screw it.

Pearson spins on his heels and enters the sleepchamber.  
O'Malley and Callahan jump up to follow.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Pearson tries to pry open a bed. O'Malley pulls him away.

O'MALLEY  
What the hell are you doing?

PEARSON  
What's it look like? Put me back to  
sleep.

O'MALLEY  
We can't do that.

CALLAHAN  
Mr. Pearson, please...

PEARSON

Why not?

O'MALLEY

The beds don't work anymore. Nothing works anymore. That's why we're in this mess.

PEARSON

So? Don't they have a backup system or something?

CALLAHAN

Everything is damaged or missing.

O'MALLEY

Don't you get it, Pearson? We're helpless.

INT. COMPUTER ACCESS CRAWLSPACE

Maldonado digs through smashed circuit boards, frayed wires and loose components. She picks up a circuit, nearly intact.

MALDONADO

Hello! Don't remember seeing you before!

INT. HALLWAY

Pearson steps out of the sleepchamber, O'Malley right behind him. O'Malley grabs Pearson's shoulder but he shrugs it off.

O'MALLEY

What are you doing now, you crazy old bastard?

PEARSON

I'm getting out of here.

Callahan follows them down the hall.

O'MALLEY

There's nowhere to go! You said so yourself.

Pearson stops at the airlock.

PEARSON

I won't sit around and wait to die.

Pearson throws the switch for the inner airlock door. Nothing happens. He tries it again.

O'MALLEY

Airlock's in a vacuum. It won't open.

Pearson sees a button next to the door switch, marked with two semicircular arrows pointing at each other: RECYCLE.

O'Malley sees it too, lunges for Pearson's hand as Pearson jabs at the button.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Jenkins cranes her neck, tries to look into the sleepchamber without getting up. No sounds or voices from in there.

She glances at Richards, chewing on the inside of his lip. She stands, slowly makes her way to the sleepchamber.

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

O'Malley struggles with Pearson, tries to keep him from reaching the button. Callahan stays out of the way nearby.

O'Malley gets into a stance with good leverage and thrusts backward, yanks Pearson out of the airlock into the hall.

Callahan steps aside, O'Malley crashes backwards into the wall and falls down. Pearson is now free.

Callahan blocks his path to the airlock and shakes her head.

Pearson sneers at her, then runs up the hall toward the front of the ship. O'Malley stands, sees Pearson running.

O'MALLEY

Pearson, stop!

Jenkins steps out of the sleepchamber, right in front of Pearson. He's too close to stop.

Jenkins sees him just as it's almost too late. Purely out of instinct she jams a forearm up under his chin as she steps to the side, re-directing his momentum sideways into the wall, and takes him off his feet.

CALLAHAN

Carol!

Pearson lands on his shoulder and lies on the ground. His eyes flutter and roll back in his head.

O'Malley and Callahan rush to Jenkins, who looks shocked.

CALLAHAN

Are you okay?

JENKINS

What the hell is going on out here?

O'Malley bends down to Pearson, checks his pulse.

CALLAHAN

Pearson went a little nuts.

JENKINS

I'll say! Is he all right?

O'MALLEY

He's fine.

(stands, to Callahan)

Well, he said to put him back to sleep.

(to Jenkins)

Nice shot.

JENKINS

Is it okay to move him?

CALLAHAN

I'd like to, but we should probably...

Callahan is cut off by a pervasive singular alarm, sounding throughout the entire ship: WHARM.

The three of them turn their heads, listening for another.

JENKINS

Wasn't that...

CALLAHAN

Stay with Pearson.

Callahan walks fast to the sleepchamber.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Callahan enters to find Maldonado at a computer console, Richards at her side.

MALDONADO

I wired the proximity sensor to a backup battery. Not sure what good it does, but it works. And it's all we've got.

That sound comes out of the stillness again. WHARM.

CALLAHAN

But why is the alarm sounding?

RICHARDS

Could be a test. Just to make sure it's back online.

CALLAHAN

Does it do that?

RICHARDS

I don't know. It's never been off before.

MALDONADO

Maybe it's working perfectly.

After a moment, Callahan shows the beginnings of a smile.

CALLAHAN

There could be another ship out there.

Callahan's smile appears in full. She maintains composure, and heads out through the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY

Callahan steps out of the kitchen to see O'Malley and Jenkins put Pearson in a sitting position.

O'MALLEY

Nothing's broken. We were getting ready to carry him in.

CALLAHAN

Maldonado is a genius. She fixed the proximity sensor.

As if the sensors heard Callahan: WHARM.

O'MALLEY

Seems to be working.

O'Malley gets a grip under Pearson's armpits, lifts his torso.

JENKINS

So we're within range of something big enough to trigger it! Something bigger than...

Jenkins bites back the next word. Her lower lip trembles. She's referring to Fitzsimmons. Callahan nods, solemn.

Jenkins lifts Pearson by the ankles.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

O'Malley and Jenkins set Pearson in a chair. WHARM.

CALLAHAN

Sounds like it's getting closer.

RICHARDS  
How can you tell?

O'MALLEY  
(to Richards)  
You have a watch. Time it.

Richards looks at his watch. He sighs. He looks at O'Malley.

WHARM. Richards quickly looks back at his watch.

RICHARDS  
About twenty seconds.

O'MALLEY  
Are you sure?

RICHARDS  
I said *about* twenty. So no.

O'MALLEY  
Be exact this time.

RICHARDS  
Where's your watch?

O'MALLEY  
I don't wear one.

WHARM. Everyone looks at Richards.

RICHARDS  
Fourteen seconds.

O'MALLEY  
Any way to convert that into distance  
without the computers?

MALDONADO  
If we had a point of reference we  
could calculate relative speed.

WHARM.

CALLAHAN  
Calculations aside, sounds like we're  
getting too close, too fast.

JENKINS  
Why isn't it slowing down?

WHARM.

RICHARDS  
Maybe it's not a ship.

O'MALLEY  
 What else would  
 (WHARM)  
 it be?

RICHARDS  
 I don't know! We're in outer space!

WHARM. The crew look at each others's worried faces. WHARM.

MALDONADO  
 Meteoroid!

WHARM. WHARM.

CALLAHAN  
 Strap into your seats!

WHARM. Everyone sits and buckles up. The alarm gets faster.  
 WHARM. WHARM. WHARM.

CALLAHAN  
 It could just be passing by! If we're  
 lucky it won't hit us!

O'MALLEY  
 Lucky hasn't exactly been our thing  
 today!

Jenkins sees Pearson, unconscious, not secured to the seat.  
 WHARM WHARM WHARM WHARM WHARMWHARMWHARMWHARM.

Jenkins unbuckles herself. Callahan sees this, reaches out.  
 WHAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMM. The alarm is nonstop now.

Jenkins frees herself and is about to stand to help Pearson.  
 There is a horrendous CLANG, loud and terrifying.

The ship rocks from the impact. Pearson is thrown from his  
 seat across the room, slams into the far wall with a CRUNCH.

Jenkins manages to hang on to the seat straps as her body is  
 flung hard into the computer console.

The ship shakes a bit, vibrates, but there is only one impact.  
 The motion dissipates fast. Callahan unstraps first, heads  
 straight for Jenkins, lying on the floor.

She's alive and conscious but busted up badly. She clutches  
 her ribs. A sharp bloody bone protrudes from her lower leg.

O'MALLEY  
 Oh no.

CALLAHAN  
 (to Maldonado)  
 Bring the stretcher. Hurry!



Maldonado runs out. Jenkins shivers, starts to hyperventilate.

JENKINS  
What have I done?

CALLAHAN  
(to Richards)  
Find a blanket, she's going into shock.

Richards runs out. Callahan holds Jenkins's hand.

O'MALLEY  
It's my fault. It's all my fault.

CALLAHAN  
Keep it together, Frank. We had this talk already.

Maldonado returns with the stretcher. She and Callahan gently slide Jenkins onto it.

Richards returns and covers Jenkins with the blanket. Callahan pushes past O'Malley as she and Maldonado carry Jenkins out.

Richards checks Pearson, who is not moving. O'Malley looks at Richards, expectantly.

RICHARDS  
Nope.

O'Malley collapses into a seat, stunned.

RICHARDS  
(to Pearson)  
If I had a hat, Harland, I'd take it off for you.  
(turns to O'Malley)  
But I don't have a hat.

O'Malley stands, mouth agape. He can't believe his ears.

O'MALLEY  
What is wrong with you?

O'Malley enters the sleepchamber. Richards looks confused by O'Malley's tone, tips an imaginary hat to Pearson.

#### INT. MEDICAL FACILITIES

Jenkins lies in bed, eyes shut but awake, jaw clenched. Maldonado hooks up an IV as Callahan bandages her leg.

O'Malley walks in, but hangs back a little. Callahan turns to him, mouths "Pearson?" O'Malley shakes his head.

O'MALLEY

How is she?

CALLAHAN

I set the tibia as best I could, but we'll have to move it again once the bleeding's stopped.

MALDONADO

Aside from that, just a broken collarbone, three cracked ribs, and a mild concussion.

JENKINS

You make it sound so routine.

CALLAHAN

(to Jenkins)

The morphine should kick in soon. You rest now. I'll wake you on the rescue ship.

JENKINS

(softly)

It's a beautiful dream, isn't it?

Jenkins slips into unconsciousness. Richards enters the room.

O'MALLEY

(to Richards.)

Where have you been?

RICHARDS

Nowhere. I came down right after you.

MALDONADO

It doesn't mean much right now, but we're lucky to be alive. That rock must have been relatively small.

CALLAHAN

Barely tagged us, too.

MALDONADO

Right. Anything but a shallow angle would drill right through us.

Callahan strokes Jenkins's hair, her back to everyone else. She blinks away tears before they're big enough to fall.

O'MALLEY

You two sit with Jenkins. I need to talk to the Captain.

Callahan looks up to see O'Malley exit, then follows him into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

O'MALLEY

Everyone's dying, Georgia. What are we gonna do?

CALLAHAN

I don't know, Frank. I really don't.

O'Malley presses hands to his head in frustration.

O'MALLEY

Why am I falling apart like this?  
We've been in tough situations before!

CALLAHAN

This...this is different.

O'MALLEY

We've got to stop it. Before anyone else dies, we've got to stop it.

Callahan look up at him, nods. In the full clean light of the hallway, with no flicker, Pearson walks past.

Pearson's arm is torn off, the ragged stump drips blood. His face is bruised and bloody as he turns his head and LOOKS CALLAHAN RIGHT IN THE EYE.

Callahan screams as Pearson walks behind O'Malley. O'Malley jumps at the scream, spins around to look behind him.

No one there. He turns back to Callahan as Maldonado and Richards emerge from medical.

O'MALLEY

What is it?

CALLAHAN

Pearson. He just...he was...

She points feebly. O'Malley sticks his head through the door to the bathroom/showers, turns back to Callahan.

O'MALLEY

He's dead, Georgia. He's not here.  
(to Richards)

You checked his pulse, right?

RICHARDS

What am I, an infant? He had no pulse,  
and his neck is broken.

CALLAHAN

Show me.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

They exit the kitchen to an empty room. Pearson is gone.

MALDONADO  
What the hell...

RICHARDS  
He was right there. Dead.

O'MALLEY  
That's twice now, Richards. Both  
Fitz and Pearson somehow disappear  
when you're the only one around.

RICHARDS  
I didn't do anything!

O'MALLEY  
You've been saying that for an hour.  
What else have you done, Richards?  
Smash the computer?

RICHARDS  
No!

O'Malley advances on Richards, who backs up.

O'MALLEY  
Did you kill the life support? Steal  
our weapons?

RICHARDS  
No! You're crazy!

Maldonado steps in front of O'Malley.

MALDONADO  
Commander! Listen to yourself. We  
know this guy. He's a whiny little  
weasel, but he's no killer.

O'Malley reads Maldonado's eyes, relaxes and backs off.

O'MALLEY  
I hope you're right.

CALLAHAN  
I know she's right. But strange things  
are happening, and none of us are  
safe right now.

Callahan puts a hand on Richards's shoulder.

CALLAHAN  
You are not to leave my side. Okay?

## INT. MEDICAL FACILITIES

The four of them enter, Callahan behind Richards. Maldonado goes right to Jenkins, who is slumped over.

MALDONADO  
Something's wrong.

Maldonado checks for a pulse.

MALDONADO  
She was stable, I don't know...

Maldonado lifts her face, looks at what remains of the crew.

MALDONADO  
She's gone.

Callahan sees something dripping from the underside of the mattress. There's a puddle on the floor. It's blood.

Richards sees the blood, pulls the blanket off the bed. The leg bandage and the mattress are soaked through, bright red.

Richards starts to retch but doesn't puke.

CALLAHAN  
How did this happen?  
(to O'Malley)  
I wrapped her leg, she'd almost  
stopped bleeding when you came in!

Callahan turns her attention to the vial on the counter. Maldonado follows her gaze, picks up the vial.

MALDONADO  
This isn't morphine. This is blood  
thinner.

CALLAHAN  
No...

MALDONADO  
Anti-coagulant. She bled out.

Callahan takes the vial from Maldonado, reads it.

CALLAHAN  
It said morphine, I swear it was  
morphine!

O'MALLEY  
It's a mistake, Captain. No one blames  
you.

CALLAHAN

This is different, Frank. This wasn't an accident outside the ship. I did this to her.

O'MALLEY

You didn't cause that meteoroid.

CALLAHAN

She died alone. Because of me.

MALDONADO

She was asleep. She didn't feel a thing.

RICHARDS

At least she won't have to suffer as long as the rest of us.

There is a HISS outside the room, and the sound of heavy doors locking in place. The sounds get everyone's attention.

The four of them rush into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

They stop and stare at the near end of the hallway. The cargo access door is open. Nothing but darkness beyond.

CALLAHAN

That shouldn't be possible.

RICHARDS

Obviously it is.

O'MALLEY

We had special protocol. Only Pearson and his buyer at the settlement could open this, and only on the ground.

CALLAHAN

I don't think Pearson is dead.

Three faces stare at Callahan. Nobody even blinks.

CALLAHAN

I saw him. Right there.

RICHARDS

Captain, he's dead. I know it.

CALLAHAN

Then where is he? Huh? What happened to him?

Richards can only shrug in response.

CALLAHAN

He walked right past me. It looked like he'd lost an arm, but that must have been fake.

MALDONADO

Lost his arm?

O'Malley looks at Callahan curiously.

RICHARDS

His neck was broken, not his arm.

CALLAHAN

He must have been hiding in there,  
(points to bath/showers)  
Then opened this door while we checked on Jenkins. He could be in with the cargo right now.

O'MALLEY

Or hiding elsewhere on the ship. Or he might actually be dead. Let's stick with what we know.

MALDONADO

We know this door is open.

RICHARDS

And we were in another room.

CALLAHAN

We have to find whoever opened it.

O'MALLEY

Two of us should stay out here to make sure you don't get locked in.

CALLAHAN

Good idea. Come on, Richards.

RICHARDS

Why me?

CALLAHAN

'Cause I said so. Let's go.

Callahan drags Richards by the arm to the cargo access door. She reaches in and flips a switch. No light. Second switch, nothing. Third switch provides dim light from the far end.

Inside are long rows and tall stacks of strapped-down shipping containers. Callahan pushes Richards in ahead of her.

O'MALLEY

I'll check the showers. Make sure no one ducked in there.

Callahan nods, then walks into the darkness.

O'MALLEY  
 (to Maldonado)  
 Why don't you wait out here for them.

MALDONADO  
 Don't you want me to search with  
 you?

O'MALLEY  
 I'm not searching for anything. I  
 gotta take a leak.

Maldonado gives him an odd expression.

O'MALLEY  
 I told you before, I don't believe  
 anyone's on this ship.

MALDONADO  
 How do you explain the cargo door?

O'MALLEY  
 Malfunction, time-release program.  
 Who knows. Maybe it is Richards.

MALDONADO  
 You don't really believe that?

O'MALLEY  
 I don't want to. But it's possible.  
 Try to keep an eye on them from here.

O'Malley enters the bathroom, turns a corner out of sight.  
 Maldonado gazes into the darkness of the cargo hold.

MALDONADO  
 (to herself)  
 Watch your back, Captain.

INT. CARGO HOLD

Callahan cautiously peers around corners, keeps Richards  
 where she can see him.

RICHARDS  
 How could you leave her out there  
 with him?

CALLAHAN  
 What are you talking about?

RICHARDS  
 He's going to kill her.



CALLAHAN  
I don't think so.

They turn a corner, pass a large dusty shipping container.

RICHARDS  
Captain, someone's trying to kill  
us. I think it's the Commander.

CALLAHAN  
He thinks it's you. Where's that  
leave us?

Callahan stops in the shadow of a container, looks at him.

RICHARDS  
In the dark.

Callahan has no response to that.

CALLAHAN  
Come on.

She pushes him forward.

INT. BATHROOM/SHOWERS

O'Malley washes his hands. The lights flicker. He looks up.

INT. HALLWAY/CARGO ACCESS DOOR

In the flickering light, Maldonado backs up to the wall,  
looks up and down the hall so no one can sneak up on her.

The lights cease fluttering and remain on.

INT. CARGO HOLD

Callahan pulls herself up to look over the top of a shipping  
container. She finds nothing but dust, and drops down.

Next to her is a taller container, too high to reach.

CALLAHAN  
Lift me up.

She puts her foot in Richards's clasped hands and stretches  
to reach the top. She grabs it and pulls herself up.

On top of the container is Jenkins's corpse with half her  
face burned off, mere inches from Callahan's nose.

Callahan screams and drops to the ground.

RICHARDS  
What happened?!

CALLAHAN  
Nothing. Out. Go. Run!

Richards runs for the door, Callahan right behind him.

INT. HALLWAY/CARGO ACCESS DOOR

Richards runs out of the cargo hold, stops at the waiting Maldonado, throws his arms around her.

RICHARDS  
Oh Stacy, I'm so glad you're okay!

Maldonado separates from Richards, holds him at arm's length.

MALDONADO  
I like working with you, Edwin, but  
you're still not my type.

Callahan runs right past them into the medical facilities.

INT. MEDICAL FACILITIES

Callahan stops at the bed, which is still covered in blood. Jenkins is gone.

INT. HALLWAY

Callahan runs across the hall.

CALLAHAN  
Is he still in there?

Callahan enters the bathroom without waiting for an answer.

INT. BATHROOM/SHOWERS

Maldonado and Richards follow Callahan in and around the corner. Callahan stops at the row of sinks.

The large mirror in front of all the sinks is sprayed with blood, still dripping. O'Malley lies on the floor, his throat cut wide open. Blood pools on the floor. He is still.

Maldonado screams at the sight. Richards pukes behind a shower curtain. Callahan trembles, sees her scared reflection in the bloody mirror. Richards recovers, wipes his mouth.

RICHARDS

You know I didn't do this. I never left your side.

Callahan and Richards turn to Maldonado.

MALDONADO

I was out there the whole time. I didn't hear a thing.

CALLAHAN

Jenkins is gone.

Maldonado turns toward the entrance door, as if to see her.

CALLAHAN

Disappeared. Just like Pearson.

The lights flicker and die. Total blackness. All that can be heard is their terrified breathing.

RICHARDS

We're gonna die, we're gonna die!

CALLAHAN

Shhh! Don't make a sound!

Their breathing becomes quieter. Suddenly the battery-powered, wall-mounted, blue-tinted emergency lights kick on.

O'Malley is gone. The pool of blood is undisturbed. Maldonado shivers as if freezing.

MALDONADO

What the hell is going on!

A harsh crackle of static builds up from nothing, surrounds them from all ship's speakers. A voice can be heard behind the static, but is too distorted to distinguish.

CALLAHAN

Is that...

MALDONADO

It can't be!

The voice becomes discernable as some of the static filters out, but it's very distorted.

VOICE (O.S.)

(through speakers)

Vermilion transport, please respond.

Richards raises his hands in triumph.

RICHARDS  
It's a rescue ship! The transmitter  
worked!

Richards runs out. Callahan immediately goes after him.

CALLAHAN  
Richards! Wait!

INT. HALLWAY

One set of emergency lights covers each end of the hall.  
Richards runs through cheering, Callahan on his tail.

RICHARDS  
We're saved! We're saved!

The crackling message does not repeat, and the static fades  
away completely.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Callahan catches Richards, grabs his collar as they enter  
the control room, Maldonado only a step behind.

MALDONADO  
We never fixed the radio, how's it  
getting through?

The door slides shut right in front of her!

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Callahan spins around, tries the door. It doesn't respond.

CALLAHAN  
Stacy!

Callahan pokes futilely at the keypad.

RICHARDS  
I'll try the other door!

CALLAHAN  
No! Wait!

Richards runs into the sleepchamber before Callahan can stop  
him. The sleepchamber door closes behind him!

Callahan pounds on the kitchen door, frantic.

CALLAHAN  
Stacy! Can you hear me?!

Callahan puts her ear to the door, breathing heavily. No sound from the other side.

Richards pounds the sleepchamber door from his side.

RICHARDS (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Captain! Captain, I'm stuck!

Callahan rushes to the sleepchamber door.

CALLAHAN  
What happened?

RICHARDS (O.S.)  
The other door closed. I'm stuck in here!

The panic in his voice is unmistakable.

CALLAHAN  
Pry open the controls, try to short it out!

RICHARDS (O.S.)  
There's nothing to pry it with!

CALLAHAN  
Find something! Anything!

Callahan rushes back to the kitchen door, tries her code.

CALLAHAN  
Stacy, I'm trying to open the door!  
Let me know if you can hear me!

A CRASH of metal and glass from the kitchen. Callahan pauses, takes a deep breath. Tries the keypad again.

CALLAHAN  
Hold on Stacy, I'm coming!

Callahan punches the keypad, kicks the door in frustration. It slides open. Callahan enters with caution.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

The emergency lighting makes a lot of shadows. Callahan's eyes dart around the room. The door stays open behind her.

Slowly she makes her way around the table. She sees Maldonado lying on the floor, rushes to her side.

Maldonado's eyes are half open, not moving, throat bruised. She's been strangled. Callahan checks for a pulse.

A door opens and closes OUTSIDE the closed door to the hall. It could only be the door to the sleepchamber.

Callahan eyes the door to the hall. It could open any second. She glances at the control room door, still open.

She runs for it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Callahan runs straight through to the sleepchamber door. It's also open.

CALLAHAN

Richards!

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Callahan skids to a halt in the middle of the room. Richards fiddles with the door to the hall, his back to her. He freaks when she runs in, as if she were coming to kill him.

RICHARDS

Captain?

CALLAHAN

What were you doing?

RICHARDS

I was trying to get the door open.

Callahan slowly advances on him.

CALLAHAN

You what?

RICHARDS

You told me to get it open!

CALLAHAN

It was open. I heard it.

RICHARDS

No, I was looking for something to pry it open.

Callahan grabs his uniform and shoves him against the door.

CALLAHAN

You're a liar!

RICHARDS

(cries)

I tried to fix it!

CALLAHAN  
You filthy little weasel!

She throws him to the ground, he scrambles back on his elbows.

RICHARDS  
I didn't do anything, I swear!

He backs up against the lockers, Callahan stands over him.

CALLAHAN  
How could you do it?

RICHARDS  
Do what?!

CALLAHAN  
How could you kill her like that?! I  
thought you loved her!

Richards stops crying long enough to register this.

RICHARDS  
Sta...Stacy's dead?

He really sounds surprised. Callahan grabs his throat, pulls him to his feet.

CALLAHAN  
How could you stand there and choke  
the life out of her!

Callahan chokes him, pressed against the lockers. He grabs her wrists, tries to speak but has no breath.

His body is failing him, fading away. Callahan slowly loses her rage, comes to her senses, and lets go.

CALLAHAN  
What am I doing?

Richards struggles to breathe, suddenly sucks in air, and freezes, mouth and eyes open wide in shock.

Callahan sees his shock, takes a step back.

Smoke pours out of Richards's mouth and nose. He clutches his chest and falls down dead.

Callahan stops backing off, watches him fall, sees the smoking hole in the metal locker door.

The emergency lights flicker and turn red as the locker door swings open. Inside is a dark figure with a laser pistol.

O'Malley steps out. Throat cut, uniform soaked in blood, pistol in hand. Walking and talking.

O'MALLEY

Knock, knock.

Callahan takes a moment to let this sink in before she turns to run. O'Malley fires past her head, scorching the door. Callahan stops, turns to face him, arms stiff at her sides.

CALLAHAN

I don't understand.

O'MALLEY

What? This?

He points to his bloody neck with his free hand.

O'MALLEY

Special effects.

CALLAHAN

But why?

O'Malley casually sits on the beds, keeps the gun on Callahan.

O'MALLEY

I could answer that in all sorts of clever and psychotic ways, but...the truth is much simpler. I did it...to make you suffer.

Callahan sneaks a glance at the open control room door.

CALLAHAN

How'd you close the airlock door on Fitz?

It's obvious she's asking him questions to buy time, but O'Malley doesn't seem to mind.

O'MALLEY

Wouldn't believe me if I told you.

CALLAHAN

The meteoroid?

O'MALLEY

Happy accident.

CALLAHAN

You injected Carol with that blood thinner.

O'MALLEY

No, you did. I just switched the bottles.



CALLAHAN

That doesn't make you any less of a murderer!

O'Malley shrugs like it's no big deal.

CALLAHAN

They were our crew, Frank. They looked up to you.

O'MALLEY

And you loved them, didn't you.

Callahan risks another look at the open door. O'Malley stands.

O'MALLEY

Didn't you!

CALLAHAN

Yes. I did.

O'Malley advances on her.

O'MALLEY

It's hurts to see them in pain. To watch them die when you can't do anything to stop it.

He stops within arm's reach of her.

O'MALLEY

Kind of gets you right here.

He holds the barrel of the weapon against her ribs, aimed at her heart. Callahan doesn't move.

O'MALLEY

Isn't that how you feel now? Helpless?

Callahan clenches her jaw, tightens her fists at her side.

CALLAHAN

No.

Callahan turns to the side, thrusts his arm away and kicks him in the gut. He doubles over and gets a knee to the face.

The gun drops from his hand and he falls to the floor. Callahan scoops up the weapon.

O'Malley lies on the floor, laughing. He sits up.

O'MALLEY

Good old Captain Callahan. Ever the opportunist.

He starts to stand. Callahan takes a step back and levels the gun at him.

O'MALLEY

Go ahead.

He stands, wipes his bloody nose on his sleeve. Callahan backs up a step, hand steady. O'Malley does a little dance.

O'MALLEY

Come on. Shoot.

Callahan takes another step back. O'Malley rolls his eyes and steps toward Callahan. She aims at him but doesn't shoot.

As O'Malley reaches for the gun, Callahan nails him in the jaw with a left cross. O'Malley reels from the blow, but manages to grab the gun by the barrel.

The hall door slides open as O'Malley staggers back. Callahan runs out and across into the kitchen, which is now open.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Callahan hops over the legs of Maldonado's body and tears through the cabinets and drawers, looking for a weapon.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

O'Malley picks up the laser pistol, slides it in his pocket.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Callahan grabs a relatively small knife, but it's all there is. She heads for the hall door, steps over Maldonado's body.

The body reaches up and grabs her! Callahan screams, slashes at the dead arm with her knife, then sees the corpse's face.

Callahan stares into her own dead eyes. The corpse looks up at her, a hole from a laser shot burned through the forehead.

O'Malley stands in the sleepchamber doorway, looking across the hall at the live Callahan, confusion on his face.

O'MALLEY

What are you looking at?

His presence frightens Callahan. She regains control and runs toward him, knife in hand. The dead arm drops away.

INT. HALLWAY

O'Malley steps back, the door slides shut in Callahan's face. She runs down the hall to the machine room.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

Callahan sees the pepper shaker on the ground, picks it up and scans the rest of the room.

INT. HALLWAY

The sleepchamber door opens and O'Malley steps out. He rubs his jaw and slowly walks down the hall toward cargo.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

Callahan pockets the small knife and picks up the long one she had before. She turns and bumps into her own corpse.

The dead Callahan stands upright, bloated, soaking wet. Live Callahan jumps back in shock, quickly regains herself and knocks dead Callahan aside with the pepper shaker.

INT. HALLWAY

Callahan steps into the hall. O'Malley aims and shoots, pepper explodes everywhere. Callahan freezes.

CALLAHAN

What do you want from me?

Callahan sneezes. O'Malley approaches. She sneezes again.

O'MALLEY

(laughs)

Breathe deeply, Georgia.

She sneezes again, tries to keep sight of O'Malley.

CALLAHAN

Why don't you just kill me?

Callahan reaches into her pocket, hides it from O'Malley.

O'MALLEY

I will. When I'm ready.

Callahan throws the little knife at him, end over end. O'Malley dodges it, but Callahan is already through the cargo access door and into the darkness.

INT. CARGO HOLD

Callahan ducks behind a tall shipping container. O'Malley stands in the doorway, a silhouette in the red light.

O'MALLEY

It's a dead end, Georgia. Nowhere to run.

Callahan quietly moves to the shadow of another container.

O'MALLEY

Time to face up to the truth.

Callahan eyes the view around a corner, tries to find a line of sight to O'Malley without revealing herself.

O'MALLEY

You've got nothing left to lose.

Callahan moves behind another container, steps in something squishy. She looks down and suppresses a scream.

Another dead Callahan lies on the floor, cut in half, intestines splayed out, legs separated from the torso.

Live Callahan shudders, turns away.

O'MALLEY

Have you been seeing things, Georgia?

Callahan closes her eyes tightly, takes a deep breath.

O'MALLEY

Was that really Pearson, in the hallway? What else have you seen?

Callahan opens her eyes. Dead Callahan is gone.

O'MALLEY

I'm curious.

Callahan looks around, sets the knife on top of a container, grabs the top to pull herself up.

O'MALLEY

I'd really like to know.

O'Malley hears her shuffling around in the dark, tries to locate the sound.

O'MALLEY

There is such a thing as stress-induced hallucinations. Have you been through anything stressful lately?

Another shuffle. O'Malley pulls the weapon, holds it up.

O'MALLEY  
No? Must be the lack of oxygen.

O'Malley points the laser pistol into the darkness, but there's no target. He can't see a thing.

O'MALLEY  
Speaking of which, I expect one of us to pass out within five minutes.

Another shuffle, much closer. O'Malley adjusts his stance.

O'MALLEY  
So I'm ready to kill you now. Unless you've got a better idea.

Callahan leaps out of the darkness from the top of a container. He sees her too late and she knocks him backward, but he does deflect the big knife.

INT. HALLWAY

The gun and knife hit the floor. Callahan kneels on O'Malley's arms and punches him in the face, three, four, five times.

CALLAHAN  
You sick, demented, bastard!

O'Malley frees himself and flips Callahan over his head into the hallway. She lands heavily on her back near the gun.

Callahan quickly scrambles to her feet and grabs the gun. O'Malley stands, face bloody.

O'MALLEY  
You're resilient. I'll give you that.

He slowly moves toward her. She backs away, up the hall.

CALLAHAN  
What the hell have you done?

O'MALLEY  
If you really want to know...shoot.

He stops advancing.

CALLAHAN  
You're crazy.

O'MALLEY  
Maybe. I don't think so, but maybe.

They stand motionless. Callahan briefly loses her balance, quickly recovers.

O'MALLEY

Air's almost gone. You better hurry.

Callahan glances at the airlock, tilts her head toward it.

CALLAHAN

Get in.

O'Malley rolls his eyes.

O'MALLEY

Are you serious?

Callahan shoots the floor in front of him, scorching it.

CALLAHAN

In whole or in pieces, I'm locking you up.

O'Malley sighs, hits the recycle button. Atmosphere enters the airlock with a WHOOSH. As the small room fills with air, O'Malley tries to stare Callahan down. She stands her ground.

The cycle ends with a CLICK. O'Malley flips the switch, enters the airlock, turns to face Callahan.

O'MALLEY

You really don't get it, do you?

INT. HALLWAY/AIRLOCK

Callahan throws the switch and closes the inner door. O'Malley watches through the window as she locks it.

Callahan leans against the wall, tries to clear her head. O'Malley knocks on the window. She looks up at him.

O'Malley grins and waves goodbye. Callahan turns away.

She tries to walk, almost falls. Catches herself on the wall, drops the gun. Her breathing is heavy, labored.

Static rises throughout the ship on all speakers, getting louder. The voice filters through, less clear than before.

VOICE (O.S.)

(through speakers)

Vermilion transport, please respond.

Callahan walks up the hall, falls to her knees. She tries to stand but can't. She gasps for breath.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Callahan crawls in, sees Richards lying there dead. She tries to make it to the control room, but collapses.

Her breathing slows and stops, one arm outstretched. The static fades away into silence.

The emergency lights flicker and cut off as the standard lighting switches back on. Both Callahan's and Richards's bodies disappear in the brief darkness.

PAN TO:

The closed bed lids pop open with a mechanical gasp. The same seven people, same clothes, occupy the beds, only they're not sleepy or dead. They sit up, unharmed and smiling.

Callahan laughs, punches O'Malley on the shoulder.

CALLAHAN

You dirty, rotten bastard!

O'Malley chuckles, makes an "Aw, shucks" face.

FITZSIMMONS

Whew! That was a trip and a half!

PEARSON

Y'all play some crazy games out here,  
I'll tell ya.

Everyone climbs out of their beds to mingle.

RICHARDS

(to Callahan)

You really thought I did it!

CALLAHAN

Oh, I'm so sorry!

She puts her arm around his shoulders, no hard feelings.

MALDONADO

(to Jenkins)

Did your leg really hurt?

JENKINS

It hurt like hell! Didn't you see  
that bone stickin' out?

FITZSIMMONS

Sorry about the leg, honey. The  
meteoroid was my idea.

JENKINS  
(to Fitzsimmons)  
Your idea!?

FITZSIMMONS  
Hey, Captain told you to buckle up!

O'MALLEY  
He actually came up with the plot. I  
just did the programming.

FITZSIMMONS  
How about this? Recognize this?

He half covers his mouth with his hand and alters his voice.

FITZSIMMONS  
Vermilion transport, please respond.

He sounds just like the radio voice, only without static.

MALDONADO  
That was you?

Fitzsimmons busts out laughing.

RICHARDS  
But you were already dead!

O'MALLEY  
It was pre-recorded. I just plugged  
it in.

CALLAHAN  
I don't know about you guys, but I'd  
like to check the computers. I have  
this nagging fear everything's smashed  
to pieces.

She gives O'Malley a mock glare. He looks away and whistles  
in mock ignorance, walks toward the control room.

Fitzsimmons hits the button to close the bed lids.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The doors slide apart to let O'Malley in. Others follow.  
There are no open panels, exposed wires, or other mess.

JENKINS  
I loved that I could still see  
everything after I died.

FITZSIMMONS  
Like watching a movie.



MALDONADO

Good thing for you, Fitz. You checked out pretty early.

JENKINS

That was horrible, watching you die out there.

FITZSIMMONS

It didn't feel too good, either. But it had to look like an accident.

CALLAHAN

(to Fitzsimmons)

You closed it yourself!

(to O'Malley)

That's why you said I wouldn't believe you! You sneaky son of a...!

O'MALLEY

All in fun. All in fun.

Richards and Maldonado sit at the console. The system is lit up, computers humming. Everything looks operational.

PEARSON

(to Callahan)

You call that fun? Is that what passes for entertainment around here?

CALLAHAN

It's all we've got, sir. You can't be awake the whole trip, you'd go mad.

MALDONADO

And the brain needs stimulation in hypersleep or you'll wake up crazy.

PEARSON

But why this murder mystery crap? Couldn't we just go fishing?

O'MALLEY

We've been through our catalogue of the mundane. It was time for a thrill.

RICHARDS

Whose idea was it to frame me for murder?

O'MALLEY

Well, that was never the original plan, but you made it so easy!

Maldonado grabs Richards around the neck, affectionately rubs his head. Laughter from all but Callahan.

CALLAHAN

(to O'Malley)

Wait. You decided *during the game* to frame Richards? As we were playing?

O'MALLEY

Yeah. He practically walked into it.

CALLAHAN

But you killed the entire crew. We all thought it was real.

O'MALLEY

I didn't. How could I?

RICHARDS

You knew it was the game?

O'MALLEY

Of course I knew! I programmed it.

JENKINS

(to Fitzsimmons)

So you knew about it too!

FITZSIMMONS

Naturally! That's why he killed me first! So I wouldn't ruin the ending.

CALLAHAN

Okay, we can talk more about this later. Right now, I'd like to check the life support.

(to Pearson)

Care to join us?

PEARSON

You better believe it.

Callahan leads Pearson into the kitchen, Fitzsimmons and Jenkins follow. O'Malley claps Richards on the shoulder.

O'MALLEY

How's everything look?

RICHARDS

All systems functioning, Commander.

MALDONADO

On course and on schedule.

O'MALLEY

Good. Let's give the settlement a call, let 'em know where we are.

MALDONADO

You got it.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

Jenkins checks the life support, Pearson over her shoulder.  
Fitzsimmons taps on the system console with lightning speed.

FITZSIMMONS  
Main engines, docking thrusters,  
heat, power..everything online.

CALLAHAN  
Fuel?

FITZSIMMONS  
More than enough.

Jenkins opens the spare parts cabinet. Fully stocked.

JENKINS  
Now there's a welcome sight.

CALLAHAN  
Fitz - after you died, could you see  
everything that was going on?

FITZSIMMONS  
Yeah, but it's sort of like watching  
a dozen televisions. You can see  
everything at once, but only focus  
on one screen at a time.

CALLAHAN  
Did you see where the Commander went?  
After he supposedly died?

FITZSIMMONS  
No, I was watching you guys.

JENKINS  
Me too.

Callahan turns to Pearson.

PEARSON  
I didn't know what was going on.  
(indicates Jenkins)  
This one knocks my block off, then  
you're talkin' about my corpse!

JENKINS  
I'm really sorry about that, sir.

CALLAHAN  
Well, it seems to me this game was a  
good lesson in dealing with a crisis.  
I think we should take the opportunity  
to review some of our procedures.

FITZSIMMONS

Good idea.

CALLAHAN

Pass the word to Maldonado and Richards. Any questions?

Her crew shake their heads. She turns to Pearson.

CALLAHAN

Mr. Pearson?

PEARSON

How soon can I get off this tugboat?

INT. HALLWAY

O'Malley walks down the hall as Callahan et al exit the machine room.

CALLAHAN

(to O'Malley)

One more thing I'd like to check with you.

O'MALLEY

All right. Mr. Pearson! You should check out the control room.

PEARSON

(oh so suspicious)

Why?

O'MALLEY

Take a look!

(off Pearson's reaction)

Trust me, you'll love it.

Jenkins puts her arm in Pearson's, leads him to the kitchen.

JENKINS

Come on, sir, I'll make you some coffee.

PEARSON

With...

JENKINS

With whiskey, I know.

Fitzsimmons follows Jenkins into the kitchen.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Callahan enters, O'Malley follows.

CALLAHAN  
You lied to me.

O'MALLEY  
I did? When?

Callahan turns to face him in the middle of the room.

CALLAHAN  
You said you'd never damage the ship  
as a joke.

O'MALLEY  
Ship's fine! Look around!

CALLAHAN  
You know what I mean.

O'MALLEY  
Look, Georgia...consider it a fire  
drill, okay?

CALLAHAN  
That's pretty much what I told the  
crew. But I don't like it.

O'MALLEY  
It's just a little mental exercise.  
It's necessary, and you know it.

CALLAHAN  
Yes, but I don't like you preying on  
our fears. It's...unsettling.

O'MALLEY  
That's kind of the idea.

CALLAHAN  
You went too far.

O'Malley is about to retort, but stops to think.

O'MALLEY  
Okay. I see your point.

CALLAHAN  
Good. Now, as I said, there's one  
more thing I'd like to check.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Pearson sits, drinks from his flask. He raises it for another  
sip but Fitzsimmons stops his arm.

FITZSIMMONS  
Coffee's almost ready.

Pearson gives him the evil eye, replaces the flask's cap.

MALDONADO

Okay. Here we go.

Maldonado flips a switch and the lights go out. Total darkness. The metal shield over the control panel opens in the center, slides apart, reveals the thick window.

Outside is empty space, and many, many stars. The starlight bathes the room and the crew with a gentle glow.

PEARSON

Well whoop dee frickin' doo.

Jenkins enters from the kitchen with coffee, gasps in wonder. She hands Pearson a mug and sets the rest down. She hugs Maldonado from behind.

JENKINS

Thank you!

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Lights are not off in here, only the control room.

Callahan and O'Malley watch the safe door slide open. Each holster holds a laser pistol. The weapons are safe.

O'MALLEY

Feel better now?

CALLAHAN

Very much so.

O'MALLEY

You know, you never answered my question. In the game.

Callahan appears confused, only looks at him.

O'MALLEY

About what you were looking at? In the kitchen?

Callahan laughs, shakes her head.

CALLAHAN

Oh, stop it.

O'MALLEY

No, I mean it. Did you really see Pearson in the hall?

Callahan's laughter slows.

O'MALLEY

And earlier you freaked in the control room. What was that about?

CALLAHAN

Give it a rest, Frank.

O'MALLEY

Georgia. Seriously. What happened?

Her face turns all serious. Unconsciously she steps back.

CALLAHAN

Stop fooling around. That was part of your game.

O'MALLEY

I didn't program any walking corpses. I made them disappear, to frame Richards, but that was it.

CALLAHAN

This isn't funny. I told you you went too far, now quit it.

O'MALLEY

On my honor, Captain, I didn't have anything to do with that.

Callahan crosses her arms, stands up straight and tough.

CALLAHAN

If you're messing with my head, Commander, you're off this crew. And I'm dead serious.

O'MALLEY

I swear on my pension I'm not messing with you.

Callahan relaxes her stance, moves around a bit, paces.

CALLAHAN

Yes, I saw Pearson walk right past you. Arm torn off.

O'Malley wrinkles his brow, deep in thought.

CALLAHAN

I thought I saw Fitz in the control room after he died. And I kept seeing...

Callahan takes a deep breath, keeps it together.

CALLAHAN

I kept seeing myself. Dead. Shot and  
drowned and cut in half.

O'Malley listens intently.

CALLAHAN

That's how you went too far. Killing  
them was bad enough. But to throw  
their corpses in my face like that...

Callahan trembles in anger, shakes her head, turns away.

O'MALLEY

(quietly)

It's really getting to you.

Callahan turns her head to face him.

CALLAHAN

What?

O'MALLEY

I think the stress is really getting  
to you. I blame myself.

CALLAHAN

Good!

O'MALLEY

But those things you saw weren't  
part of the game. They were in your  
head.

Callahan stalks away from him.

CALLAHAN

Don't you think that occurred to me?  
Jesus, Frank!

O'MALLEY

It must be some residual psychological  
effect from seeing your crew die  
horrible deaths.

Callahan sits on the closed beds.

CALLAHAN

You say that like it's not a bad  
thing.

O'MALLEY

It's not the end of the world. You  
just need some time off.

O'Malley slowly approaches her.



CALLAHAN  
This is all your fault.

O'MALLEY  
I realize that.

CALLAHAN  
I am so mad at you...

O'MALLEY  
You have every right to be.

He sits down next to her.

CALLAHAN  
You played it too real. That's what  
bothered me the most.

O'MALLEY  
I'm sorry about that.

CALLAHAN  
You truly seemed to relish the idea  
of murdering my crew. Like you enjoyed  
actually carrying it out.

O'MALLEY  
But I knew it wasn't real.

CALLAHAN  
Even so.

O'MALLEY  
Let's just say it's good practice.

Callahan looks in his eyes. His face looks simple, harmless.  
She jumps up and backs away from him.

O'MALLEY  
(chuckles)  
What? What's the matter?

He stands, she keeps her distance.

O'MALLEY  
You said you told the crew the same  
thing! Like a fire drill, remember?

He steps toward her, she backs toward the open safe.

CALLAHAN  
That's not what you meant.

O'MALLEY  
Yes it is!

CALLAHAN

You meant practice for killing us.

O'MALLEY

Georgia, that's ridiculous.

Callahan pulls a weapon from its holster, holds it down, finger off the trigger, eyes quickly back on O'Malley.

O'MALLEY

Hey! Whoa! Now you're going too far.

He stands still, arms out, hands open.

O'MALLEY

I have no desire to kill the crew.

CALLAHAN

You're not that good an actor.

O'MALLEY

Georgia, listen. Put the gun away, and let's keep talking.

CALLAHAN

Good idea. We'll talk to the review board. Get this straightened out.

O'MALLEY

Okay! Let's go to the board! I'm all for that! I'll apologize again.

CALLAHAN

Fitz didn't even come up with the story, did he? It was all your idea!

O'MALLEY

Why don't you ask him.

Callahan thinks this over, adjusts her grip on the weapon.

CALLAHAN

Sit down.

O'Malley checks behind him, sits on the beds.

CALLAHAN

Don't move.

Callahan slides to the control room door, her eyes never leave O'Malley.

The door opens. The rest of the crew and Pearson still gaze out the window in the dark.

CALLAHAN

Fitz? Everybody? I need you in here.

The crew exchange looks, make their way to the sleepchamber. Callahan approaches O'Malley but stays out of reach.

Fitzsimmons sees the laser pistol at Callahan's side.

FITZSIMMONS  
What's going on, Captain?

CALLAHAN  
Whose idea was that game?

Everyone shuffles about, uncomfortable with the level of tension. Callahan stays between O'Malley and the crew.

FITZSIMMONS  
Well like we said, I came up with the things that happened, and...

CALLAHAN  
Who said 'Let's play a game where we're on the ship with no oxygen and everybody dies!' Who said that?

Fitzsimmons thinks about the answer.

O'MALLEY  
I did.

All eyes turn to O'Malley.

O'MALLEY  
That's what you want to hear, right?  
It was my idea. I suggested it.

Callahan looks to Fitzsimmons for confirmation. He nods.

O'MALLEY  
Steve just went along. I made it sound fun.

Callahan's finger twitches, still away from the trigger.

O'MALLEY  
Not so much fun now, though.

Maldonado steps forward, next to Callahan.

MALDONADO  
Captain. You need to put the gun away.

CALLAHAN  
I don't trust him.

RICHARDS  
That game messed with all our heads.  
But it was just a game.

CALLAHAN

I know that. But he made the game.  
He pretended to murder each one of  
us. He said it was good practice.

O'MALLEY

That's not what I was talking about!

PEARSON

I told you that game was crazy.

CALLAHAN

Mr. Pearson, I apologize for this  
unusual situation and accept full  
responsibility for any inconvenience.

O'MALLEY

Is that so?

O'Malley stands. Callahan steps back.

O'MALLEY

You accept full responsibility.

CALLAHAN

Of course I do. I'm the Captain.

O'MALLEY

Well let me tell you something,  
Captain. I created that game because  
of you.

The crew looks from O'Malley to Callahan.

O'MALLEY

(to everyone)

None of you know this, but last year,  
I put in a request. Through official  
channels. I asked for a promotion to  
Captain, and my own ship.

Murmurs rumble through the crew. O'Malley paces as he talks.

O'MALLEY

I didn't tell the Captain I'd  
submitted it, and I also didn't tell  
her when my request came back denied.

Pearson knocks one back from his flask.

O'MALLEY

As stipulated in the charter, I waited  
ninety days and re-submitted on  
appeal. Once again - denied.

Callahan rubs her temple with her free hand.

O'MALLEY  
Six months later I appeal again.  
Strike three. I'm out.

Richards stares with avid interest, mouth agape.

O'MALLEY  
Anyone who fails the third appeal  
has to wait another year before re-  
applying. Unless his or her Captain  
sees fit to make their own request.

O'Malley glares at Callahan.

O'MALLEY  
But I don't think she intends to do  
so. And I'll tell you why.

O'Malley sits on the beds again.

O'MALLEY  
I hacked the HR files on Earth for  
my application, and the confidential  
results.  
(directly to Callahan)  
Want to tell them what I found?

Callahan only stares, deadpan.

O'MALLEY  
My request had been approved by  
everyone whose desk it crossed. Except  
our beloved Captain Callahan.

All eyes turn back to Callahan. She stays focused on O'Malley.

O'MALLEY  
As my immediate supervisor, she held  
the deciding vote. Do or die.

O'Malley rubs his face.

O'MALLEY  
She killed the request and both  
appeals. But it didn't say why.  
(to Callahan)  
You want to tell us why?

CALLAHAN  
Maybe we should speak in private.

O'MALLEY  
So you can shoot me with no witnesses?

Callahan adjusts her grip on the weapon, clear of the trigger.

O'MALLEY

I have nothing to hide from this crew. Let's get it out in the open. I insist.

CALLAHAN

(takes a deep breath)  
I didn't think you were ready.

O'MALLEY

Well, I thought I was. I like this crew, and I like working with you, but I felt I was ready to be Captain.

O'Malley leans back on his hands.

O'MALLEY

If you didn't think so, you should have talked to me about it. Not just marked a box on a form.

Callahan looks away from O'Malley, looks at the floor.

O'MALLEY

So I got a little mad at you. I felt like venting my frustration, and I concocted this crazy game to make you suffer. And I'm sorry.

Callahan looks at the gun as if wondering why she holds it.

O'MALLEY

I guess it went too far, and, if I've ruined this wonderful working relationship we've got, I'd never forgive myself.

Callahan blinks away tears before they form, hands the gun to Fitzsimmons, walks to O'Malley, gives him a big hug.

O'Malley is a bit surprised at first but quickly gives in and hugs back.

CALLAHAN

You're right. I should have talked to you, I'm sorry.

O'MALLEY

It's okay. It's over.

She squeezes, gives him a pat on the back, lets go.

O'MALLEY

You wanna talk in private now?

CALLAHAN

Sure.

(MORE)

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)  
(to crew)  
Everyone back to work.

INT. MEDICAL FACILITIES

Callahan sits in a chair, O'Malley lounges on a bed.

O'MALLEY  
Another hour and we're rid of Pearson.

CALLAHAN  
(laughs)  
Yeah. Look, uh...I'm sorry I was  
ready to shoot you.

O'MALLEY  
Too bad you didn't. Women back home  
really dig scars.

CALLAHAN  
I didn't know you had women back  
home.

O'MALLEY  
Well, no. Not anymore. There was  
one, but, she didn't stick around.  
Couldn't deal with the time away.  
You know how it is.

Callahan nods.

O'MALLEY  
Almost married that one. Hell, she  
ought to meet your ex-husband. They'd  
be perfect for each other.

Callahan stands, turns away.

O'MALLEY  
Sorry. Shouldn't have brought it up.

CALLAHAN  
No, it's okay. She sounds just like  
him. 'I don't see you for months.'

O'MALLEY  
'Why don't you take some time off?'

CALLAHAN  
'But you just got home!'

They reflect for a moment.

O'MALLEY  
Too bad we couldn't be there for  
them.

Callahan pats his arm, sits down.

O'MALLEY  
I would have been, if not for you.

CALLAHAN  
What do you mean?

O'MALLEY  
That's one reason I went for Captain.  
To choose my own schedule. Spend  
more time on Earth, with my fiancée.

CALLAHAN  
I'm sorry, Frank, I didn't realize...

O'MALLEY  
Well...it's too late for that now.

Callahan looks away, embarrassed. O'Malley laughs.

O'MALLEY  
I didn't mean it like that.

CALLAHAN  
I think...I'll be in the control  
room.

Callahan heads for the door.

O'MALLEY  
Do you want to know how you died?

The door opens. Callahan stops, halfway out.

O'MALLEY  
Why you saw those things in the game?

Callahan steps back into the room, the doors close.

O'MALLEY  
That wasn't the first game. I've  
been killing you and everyone else  
over and over and over.

Callahan stares hard at O'Malley. He relaxes on the bed.

CALLAHAN  
How?



O'MALLEY

You've been stabbed, decapitated,  
crushed...well you know! You've seen  
the corpses.

CALLAHAN

That's not what I meant.

O'MALLEY

Sometimes I just shoot everybody.

CALLAHAN

Stop it.

O'MALLEY

Once I blew up the entire ship.

CALLAHAN

Stop it!!

O'Malley grins.

CALLAHAN

How many times have you supposedly  
done this?

O'MALLEY

Thirty-six, so far. No wait! Thirty-  
seven. It's a simple program. I'll  
show you if you want.

O'Malley rises from the bed, stands. Callahan backs away.

CALLAHAN

Why don't I remember this?

O'MALLEY

You do, sort of. At least your  
subconscious does. Where do you think  
those walking corpses came from?

O'Malley advances on her as she backs away.

CALLAHAN

You put them in the game to mess  
with me.

O'MALLEY

I wish I had. It really seems to  
bother you.

Callahan backs into the counter.

CALLAHAN

Why do I remember the last game but  
not all the others?

O'Malley stops in front of her.

O'MALLEY

If you woke up knowing everyone would die but it was just a game, you'd stop caring. And you wouldn't suffer. This time, I'm just trying something different.

Callahan feels around on the counter behind her. O'Malley stands over her, too close for comfort.

CALLAHAN

I don't believe you.

O'MALLEY

Good. That makes the truth so much more terrifying.

Callahan stares at him in silence. Her hand grasps a syringe.

O'MALLEY

You're needed up front.

Suddenly the intercom crackles to life, startles Callahan.

MALDONADO (O.S.)

(through speakers)

Captain to the control room, please.  
Captain, we need your assistance.

She presses the intercom button on the wall with her empty hand, never takes her eyes off O'Malley. He stares back.

CALLAHAN

I'll be there in a minute.

Callahan quickly plunges the needle into O'Malley's leg, too fast for him to stop her. He grabs her wrist and yanks the needle out, but she's already injected him.

His legs go weak and he falls, catches himself on the bed.

CALLAHAN

It's just a sedative. You'll wake up in front of the review board.

O'MALLEY

(slurring)

I hope you read that label carefully.

O'Malley's upper body slips off the bed onto the floor. His eyes flutter and close. Callahan checks his pulse, then exits.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Lights are back on, window still open, all other crew and Pearson present. Callahan enters.

CALLAHAN  
What's happening?

MALDONADO  
Docking thrusters keep firing at random. We're spinning all over the place.

The view out the window shifts and turns and slides away.

CALLAHAN  
You can't shut them down?

MALDONADO  
They're not responding.

CALLAHAN  
Try cutting off their fuel supply.

FITZSIMMONS  
They feed off the main tanks. We'd have to cut all fuel to the engines.

CALLAHAN  
Do it. We'll coast for a while 'til we find a way to fix it.

Fitzsimmons moves quickly to the sleepchamber door. It opens, and he's immediately blasted back into the room.

He lands on his back, a burnt hole in his chest, still alive.

O'Malley steps through the door, laser pistol in hand.

O'MALLEY  
Poor Fitz. First again.

O'Malley shoots Fitzsimmons in the face. Everyone stares in shock. Richards runs for the kitchen, O'Malley shoots him.

O'Malley aims with precision, takes out Jenkins and Maldonado. Pearson stands frozen in terror. Callahan stares in fury.

O'MALLEY  
Like I said. Sometimes I just shoot everybody.

Callahan stands in front of the window, the stars outside spinning and twirling behind her.

CALLAHAN

You goddamn psycho! I sedated you.

O'MALLEY

With saline?

Maldonado's leg twitches, just a muscle spasm. O'Malley shoots the leg and it stops moving.

O'MALLEY

Hell, it could have been turpentine!  
I created this world! I control it!  
What I say goes! Here, I'll show  
you. Pearson! Play dead!

O'Malley shoots Pearson seven times in quick succession before Pearson hits the ground.

O'MALLEY

See?

CALLAHAN

You're gonna burn for this, Frank.

O'Malley fires several times into the computers, all the way up and down the row of consoles, not hitting Callahan. Sparks and smoke erupt from the computers.

The lights cut off, emergency red flashers come on. A siren blares occasionally.

O'MALLEY

Me? What'd I do?

CALLAHAN

You just killed my entire crew! And  
Mr. Pearson!

O'Malley walks around the room, casually steps over bodies.

O'MALLEY

Don't worry about Pearson. He's not  
even real.

CALLAHAN

You crazy bastard.

O'MALLEY

Honestly! Made him up! Fictional  
character. I thought a civilian might  
round out the cast.

CALLAHAN

You're completely insane.

O'MALLEY

No, I just wanted you to think so.  
And you said I'm not that good an  
actor.

O'Malley gestures to all the dead bodies.

O'MALLEY

This is not your crew. This is game  
thirty-seven.

CALLAHAN

And what if it's not? What if we  
really woke up this time?

O'MALLEY

We didn't.

CALLAHAN

How do you know?

O'MALLEY

I programmed it.

CALLAHAN

So there's a record of all this.  
Evidence

O'MALLEY

Self-deleting file.

CALLAHAN

The crew knows what you did.

O'MALLEY

The crew isn't even in this game!  
When they wake up they'll remember  
cloud surfing on Titan. They even  
think we're with them.

He kicks Richards's foot out of his way.

O'MALLEY

These are just characters. Programmed  
to look and act like the real people.

Callahan looks at the lifeless members of her crew.

CALLAHAN

You really expect me to believe that?

O'MALLEY

You haven't so far! This is the third  
time I've explained it.

O'Malley takes a seat, weapon still aimed at Callahan.

O'MALLEY

When I get tired of torturing you in here, the crew and I wake up, you don't, I become Captain. You think Fitz would make a good Commander?

CALLAHAN

You'll never be Captain.

O'MALLEY

Really? You gonna stop me?

CALLAHAN

If anyone can, I will.

O'MALLEY

Ha! Such overconfidence. Here, I'll give you hand.

He tosses her the pistol. She catches it, aims at him.

O'Malley points a thumb and forefinger at her, as if he could shoot her with his hand, then points at the front window.

Callahan risks a glance. Outside the window is a planet with a large settlement, the view spinning around and around.

Callahan pulls the trigger and looks back at O'Malley, but he's gone. Smoke drifts out of a hole in the chair.

Callahan frantically looks in all corners of the room, seeing only the bodies of her crew. No O'Malley.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)

(through speakers)

You may think I've been a tad overzealous in my retaliation. I mean, it was just a promotion, right?

Callahan runs to the kitchen, gun drawn.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Callahan enters, searches, ready to kill.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)

(through speakers)

So my fiancée left me! Big deal!

Callahan shoots the intercom and exits to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Callahan moves back toward cargo, checking both directions to make sure O'Malley can't sneak up on her.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 That's not the whole story. Truth  
 is, she couldn't stand the loneliness.

Callahan peeks through the airlock window, moves on.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 More than that, it frightened her.  
 Terrified her.

Callahan steps up to the bathroom/shower door, shoots blindly  
 into the room as it opens. Nothing. She lets the door close.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 Finally, it killed her.

This news gives Callahan pause on her way to medical.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 She killed herself, Georgia. And our  
 unborn child with her.

Callahan enters medical, checks under the beds. Nothing.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 She did leave a note. It had three  
 words on it.

Callahan rushes to the machine room, pauses as the door opens.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 'You weren't here.' That all she  
 said. That's why she did it.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

Callahan enters cautiously, peers around corners, behind  
 equipment. Nothing out of the ordinary.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 You took them away from me, Georgia.

INT. HALLWAY

Callahan exits the machine room. Only one room left. She  
 takes measured steps to the sleepchamber.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 You're a strong woman, Georgia! You're  
 capable! Confident!

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

Callahan enters, approaches the beds, still closed.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
 (through speakers)  
 Why would you need me more than she did?

CALLAHAN  
 I didn't even know about her! Okay?  
 I'm sorry! Why didn't you tell me?

O'MALLEY  
 (right behind her)  
 Why didn't you ask?

Callahan sucks in her breath, spins and aims to shoot.  
 O'Malley grabs the gun by the barrel, takes it from her.

Callahan backs out of reach. O'Malley stares her down,  
 menacing. Callahan looks right at him, breathes heavy.

CALLAHAN  
 I didn't know, Frank.

O'MALLEY  
 Uh huh.

CALLAHAN  
 I would never have kept you in the  
 field so long if I'd known.

O'MALLEY  
 Sure you would. You wanted me with  
 you, no matter what.

O'Malley crosses his arms, turns smug.

O'MALLEY  
 You wanted to spend a little quality  
 time with ol' Frankie. Didn't ya.

CALLAHAN  
 Don't flatter yourself.

O'MALLEY  
 You couldn't stand the thought of  
 sharing me.



CALLAHAN

I do only what I think is best for  
my crew.

O'Malley steps toward her, threatening. She doesn't budge.

O'MALLEY

(furious)

And you made a mistake!

(back under control)

I've had many theories about why you  
wouldn't promote me. Lust. Jealously.  
Ignorance. You've denied them all.  
I'm actually starting to believe you.

Callahan eyes the laser pistol.

O'MALLEY

But why you did it really doesn't  
matter. We can't bring my fiancée  
back. So until I get tired of it, we  
keep playing. And the game starts  
over every time you die.

CALLAHAN

What if I kill you first?

O'Malley smiles. Callahan looks super-dead-serious.

O'MALLEY

The game starts over. At least I  
think it does. You've never managed  
to kill me.

CALLAHAN

I'll tell you what I think. If you  
die in here, and I'm still alive, I  
can end the game. I can wake up.

O'MALLEY

Interesting theory. Want to put it  
to the test?

CALLAHAN

Sure. Give me the gun.

She holds out her hand. O'Malley just laughs.

O'MALLEY

You had your chance. I'm not making  
it that easy anymore.

Callahan looks him over, pauses to think about all this.

CALLAHAN

Fine. Then I give up.

Callahan turns away from him, kneels. O'Malley looks surprised. Sweat runs down Callahan's face.

CALLAHAN

I'll take my chances in the next game. Just remember that I'm sorry.

Callahan closes her eyes. O'Malley scratches his head.

O'MALLEY

You want me to just shoot you?

Callahan doesn't move, breathes calmly and evenly.

O'MALLEY

I could do something more elaborate!

No response from Callahan.

O'MALLEY

Okay. I'll save it for round thirty-eight.

O'Malley approaches her, puts the laser pistol against the base of her skull. The second it touches her, Callahan moves her head sideways, jumps up and back into O'Malley.

She pulls his outstretched gun arm forward and smashes the back of her head into his face, then yanks the arm down over her shoulder. His elbow hyperextends with a SNAP.

She drops him to the floor and gets on her knees behind him, puts him in a headlock. O'Malley laughs through the pain.

O'MALLEY

I should have known. You never gave up before.

CALLAHAN

Shut up. You're gonna rot in hell.

O'MALLEY

We'll see. By the way...your apology...is not accepted.

Callahan presses her knee onto his injured arm. O'Malley yells in pain.

CALLAHAN

Oh, does that hurt?

O'Malley resumes laughing, through the pain.

O'MALLEY

Yeah. It kinda does.

CALLAHAN

(mocking)

But I thought it wasn't real.

Callahan tightens her grip, twists his neck. It breaks with a loud CRACK. O'Malley falls limp.

Callahan stands, takes a deep breath, looks around to the corners of the room.

CALLAHAN

See! You're dead!

Nothing changes. She addresses O'Malley on the floor.

CALLAHAN

Wake up, Commander! Show me something more elaborate!

She kicks at O'Malley. His dead body doesn't respond.

CALLAHAN

That's what I thought.

She heads for the control room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Callahan tries not to look at the bodies of her crew as she steps over them on her way to the control panel.

The settlement looms large in the window, closing fast, the world outside no longer spinning.

Callahan punches every button and switch still lit, to no avail. She tries the radio, even though it's all shot up.

CALLAHAN

Mayday, Mayday, Vermilion transport,  
coming in hot, anyone copy?

All panels and displays dim and fade out. The computers shut down. The siren and emergency lights cut off.

Callahan floats off the floor, along with her lifeless crew. False gravity fails. Every system is dead. All is silent.

She watches helplessly as the structures of the settlement become clear. The ship rushes closer at incredible speed.

The ship impacts the ground with a tremendous crash. Everything goes white.

INT. SLEEPCHAMBER

PULL BACK to reveal the white lid of a closed bed, which then opens. Callahan sits up, rubs her eyes. She looks fine.

Next to Callahan is O'Malley, already sitting up. The rest of the crew, and Pearson, wake and rise and stretch.

PEARSON

We there already?

FITZSIMMONS

Almost, Mr. Pearson.

Pearson stretches his back, winces.

PEARSON

I feel like I slept for a week.

MALDONADO

Three weeks, actually.

RICHARDS

Remember that trip to Kartania? We were out for months.

JENKINS

Ugh! I am never doing that again.

Callahan holds her head as if in pain. O'Malley looks her over with apparent concern. She gives him a half-smile.

O'MALLEY

You alright? Have a bad dream?

O'Malley grins that devilish grin. Callahan eyes him warily.

THE END