

# RED PLANET

screenplay by

Chuck Pfarrer and Jonathan Lemkin

story by

Chuck Pfarrer

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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FADE IN:

1 MARS - VARIOUS SHOTS 1

Starkly beautiful, operatic landscapes. Panoramas revealing the Red Planet's arid, forbidding features:

Flat, rocky plains stretching to the horizon. Red dunes of fine sand. Ancient flood channels. Abyssal canyons six miles deep.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

As our own planet reaches a point where it may be uninhabitable in fifty years, we have begun the process of colonizing Mars...

2 EARTH - FROM SPACE 2

The familiar blue marble. Only it's not so blue anymore. More a sickly yellow-gray.

3 EXT. AMERICAN CITYSCAPE - DAY (2050) 3

A brutal, polluted, Malthusian nightmare. Daylight so bright it hurts. The sulphurous, ozone-less sky casts a pall over streets teeming with people, many wearing respiratory devices and sun-protective clothing.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

... Even as oxygen levels drop dangerously on Earth, algae introduced on Mars has been creating what we hope will one day be an oxygen supply capable of supporting human life...

3A EXT. MARS - VARIOUS SHOTS 3A

More images depicting 40 billion years of celestial evolution unchanged by man:

Vast craters. Icy, white polar caps.

An immense volcano, the base of which (though we have no reference for scale) is large enough to cover Arizona. A bright yellow sun setting in a pale gray-blue sky.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

... Complications are part of every endeavor, however. And recently, the oxygen on Mars began to decline. In order to discover the reason --

3B INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM DAY (2050)

3B

As a mother readies her young son for school, on a TV we see a closeup of Bud Chantilas, 60. Chironed below his name is a title: "Chief Science Officer."

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

-- We are about to embark upon the most ambitious undertaking in the history of human exploration: the first manned mission to Mars...

The mother hands her son a lunchbox and raincoat. Slips a respirator over his mouth and nose. Then kisses him and sends him out the door.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

... I am honored to be among the six people --

On the TV we begin seeing images of five other people: four men and a woman, ages thirty to forty.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

-- chosen to become --

The mother crosses to a window, where the harsh, undiffused sunlight blasts through open blinds.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

-- Earth's first voyagers to another planet...

She snaps the blinds shut, plunging the room into welcome darkness... A darkness which then becomes the deep black of...

3C EXT. SPACE

3C

The endless universe. Uncomprehended numbers of faraway galaxies and star systems. An oceanic emptiness to object-seeking human eyes. Which is why it's a relief when we FIND...

4 OMITTED

4

5

5

6 EXT. MARS-1 (MISSION DAY: 182) - DAY

6

A spaceship unlike any we've seen. Thirteen spheres up front. The MEV (Mars entry vehicle), a large icosahedron behind.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

The whole thing slowly turning as it floats (at 17,000 mph) silently through space. As the ship floats by, REVEAL... Mars. Very large. Very close. Under which we hear:

CAPCOM (V.O.)

Mars-1, Houston. You have acquired orbit. Congratulations on 182 days of smooth sailing, and welcome to Mars. Houston out.

6A INT. MARS-1 - ACCESS TUBE - DAY

6A

Inside Mars-1, ROBBY GALLAGHER, 40, has his face turned to the daylight streaming in through a porthole. Sunglasses. Aloha shirt. Catching rays.

(NOTE: Everyone communicates via comm-link headset)

GALLAGHER

We get a good parking space?

INTERCUT WITH:

7 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

7

Navy Lt. Commander KATE BOWMAN, 30, at the helm. Calm and assured.

Air Force Lieutenant TED SANTEN, 30, flying shotgun. Fighter-jock intensity. Chewing gum.

Bowman responds to Gallagher --

BOWMAN

Right between Phobos and Deimos.

GALLAGHER

(thinks, then)

I like having one moon. That way you just call it 'the moon'...

SANTEN

(rolls eyes)

More color commentary from the janitor.

GALLAGHER

Lieutenant Santen, the correct term is Mechanical Systems Engineer.

INTERCUT WITH:

7A INT. MARS-1 - LAB - DAY 7A

DR. CHIP PETTENGILL, 30, eager, pipes in from the Mars-1 lab.

PETTENGILL

But he will accept Space Janitor.

GALLAGHER

Space Janitor First Class, maybe.

INTERCUT WITH:

7B INT. COMMON AREA - DAY 7B

Chantilas is sitting with his eyes closed. He could be meditating or just resting. Smiles at the conversation in his headset.

INTERCUT WITH:

7C INT. LAB - DAY 7C

DR. QUINN BURCHENAL, 40, self-centered but good-natured, works in the lab with Pettengill.

BURCHENAL

To hell with the chit-chat. After six months, I'm ready to get outta this hamster cage. What do you say, Bowman?

PETTENGILL

Yeah. How about it?

They're all chomping at the bit, and Bowman knows it. She pauses. Then --

BOWMAN

Initiate all pre-launch systems checks, gentlemen. We're eating dinner on Mars.

In a SERIES OF CUTS, we see the crew's individual reactions. Six months of drills and boredom is about to become the real thing.

Gallagher is last. Turns his face from the sunlight.

GALLAGHER

Finally.

7D INT. MARS-1 - MEDICAL SPHERE - DAY (LATER)

7D

Chantilas and Santen attach microchip biosensors to their chests. Santen's still working on his chewing gum.

SANTEN

Last football game in high school, all the college scouts were there ... I knew I had to go out and play four perfect quarters... That game was my ticket out...

CHANTILAS

... I played rugby to hit and get hit.

Santen's still lost in his own thoughts.

SANTEN

No room for mistakes today, either.

Beat. Chantilas sees how keyed up Santen is. By way of making a counterpoint to his nervous energy --

CHANTILAS

My granddaughter's six today.

SANTEN

Yeah? Tell her 'Happy Birthday.'

CHANTILAS

Sang it to her live... As live as one can be with a twenty-minute transmission delay.

Beat. Santen stops chewing, momentarily calmer.

SANTEN

... She's turning six, and her Grandad's taking the first step on Mars...

Chantilas nods. Santen starts working the gum again.

SANTEN

Big day... Very big day...

7E EXT. MARS ORBIT

7E

Mars-1 passes through terminus, entering night.

7F INT. MARS-1 - ACCESS TUBE - NIGHT

7F

Chantilas walks. Exits into a sphere.

8  
thru  
11

OMITTED

8  
thru  
11

12

INT. MARS-1 - LAB - NIGHT

12

Chantilas and Burchenal make a final inventory of scientific gear to be transported to Mars. Chantilas hands over a piece of equipment.

CHANTILAS

Better give the soil analyzer one last calibration test.

As Burchenal begins doing this --

BURCHENAL

Got a nice speech planned for when you take that first step?

CHANTILAS

I've organized a few well-chosen words.

BURCHENAL

... Armstrong's line was good. Tough to top that one.

CHANTILAS

I'm not always consumed with being superior.

It's a friendly jab. They're comrades after six months. Burchenal laughs it off. Hands back the analyzer.

BURCHENAL

It's dead on. Battery's at max charge.

(then)

Once you've had your big moment, we can start figuring out why oxygen levels took a nosedive up here.

CHANTILAS

All of mankind's relying on us to find an answer.

(as a punchline)

And I'll be relying on you.

BURCHENAL

(beat)

If anyone can do it, it's me.

12A INT. MARS-1 - MEV - NIGHT

12A

Six high-g seats are arrayed inside the small descent pod. Stenciled-on names identify who will sit where. Santen and Pettengill check the MEV's onboard systems as Bowman finishes pre-flighting the controls at her command seat. Santen's still working his gum.

SANTEN

Alpha Mach Indicator.

He snaps off a switch in a wall panel. Snaps it back on. Pettengill watches a readout, sees a light flick from red to green.

PETTENGILL

Clear.

BOWMAN

All set. I'm going to the flight deck.

Starts out.

SANTEN

O.M.S./R.C.S.

PETTENGILL

Clear.

(as Bowman passes)

I'm still getting my head around the fact we're really doing this.

BOWMAN

Just keep it automatic. Follow the routine.

She goes.

SANTEN

Optical Alignment Sight.

PETTENGILL

Clear.

SANTEN

Got half a million hits on my website yesterday... How many you get?

PETTENGILL

... Eight hundred thirty-two.

Santen finds it funny.

(CONTINUED)



12A CONTINUED:

12A

SANTEN  
Inertial Measurement Unit.

PETTENGILL  
Clear... My public's small, but  
it's discriminating. They actually  
care about what we're doing... Your  
fans are all teenyboppers.

SANTEN  
And you know you'd love having  
half of 'em... Master Timing Unit.

PETTENGILL  
Clear.

SANTEN  
That's it.

13 OMITTED

13

14 INT. MARS-1 - MEV/DECK - NIGHT (MOMENT LATER)

14

Pettengill and Santen emerge from MEV.

SANTEN  
I'll be on the flight deck with  
Bowman.

(beat; points at  
himself)

Five hundred thousand.

(points at  
Pettengill)

Eight thirty-two.

He laughs, gives Pettengill a slug in the arm. Then heads  
out, passing Gallagher. Snags Gallagher's aloha shirt,  
wads it and tosses it back over his shoulder at him.  
Re: Santen, when he's gone --

PETTENGILL  
Life's just like high school.

GALLAGHER  
(agreeing)  
It's jocks and us guys.  
(going with it)  
You watch my back, I'll watch  
yours.  
(then)  
Gimme a hand with AMEE.

(CONTINUED)

As they cross to storage compartment and begin pulling out a heavy, metal box --

PETTENGILL

Who're you kidding? You're a jock. You were on the NASCAR circuit...

GALLAGHER

I tuned engines. Not exactly jock stuff.

(then)

Ears're still ringing.

As they lower the box, we see stenciled on it: "Autonomous Mapping Exploration and Evasion" with the first letters of each word emphasized: AMEE.

Gallagher slides a spacesuit sleeve onto his arm. On the sleeve is a flexible screen. He activates it, and...

The metal "box" suddenly comes to life. Unfolds like a Swiss Army knife. Extends four legs and a "head." Stands up on the two hind legs.

As AMEE unfolds, the screen on Gallagher's arm flicks on. On it, we see whatever AMEE sees in AMEE-Vision (basically a 180+ degree modified fish-eye panorama).

Gallagher whistles. AMEE WHISTLES back.

GALLAGHER

Hey, sweetie.

PETTENGILL

She our navigator or your girl friend?

GALLAGHER

Hey, it's been a long flight.  
(checking her systems)  
Looking good... Let's check your T.I.

He turns off the light.

On the sleeve screen we see what AMEE sees in the dark: a thermal image of Gallagher and Pettengill. Pettengill throws some punches in her direction. AMEE doesn't move.

PETTENGILL

Military removed her old reflexes before they transferred her, huh?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

PETTENGILL (CONT'D)

(looks AMEE  
over)

She's your kind of woman.

Beat. Gallagher switches something in AMEE's circuitry.  
Hands her a pen.

GALLAGHER

Gut him like a fish.

In a flash, AMEE thrusts her arm out at Pettengill and whips it upward. A blur of movement... But we see the result: there's a line drawn from Pettengill's navel to his sternum. Pettengill shocked by the speed of the attack. Looks down at the ink mark running up his suit.

GALLAGHER

That's my kind of woman.

PETTENGILL

Real goddamn funny.... She  
could've hurt me.

GALLAGHER

Don't make fun of my honey.  
They took away her knife, but  
underneath she's all Green  
Beret.

Gallagher fiddles with AMEE's circuitry again.

GALLAGHER

She's back in navigator mode...  
(then)  
Okay, you're good to go.

He whistles. AMEE WHISTLES back.

GALLAGHER

Back in your box, sweetie.

As her head and limbs fold up once more...

15

EXT. MARS ORBIT

15

Dark side of Mars. Mars-1, a dull speck, moving toward the horizon and light. We see a flash on the horizon's edge.

16 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT 16

Bowman and Santen. Bowman speaks into her comm-link --

BOWMAN

We're approaching the day side.  
MEV launch in approximately two  
hours.

(to Santen)

We'll take a look at Hab and the  
landing zone on this pass.

17 EXT. MARS ORBIT 17

Mars-1 just clears Mars' shadow. Light hits it, and...

18 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY 18

Wham. A panel light starts to flicker red. At the same  
time, the flight deck windows suddenly go black. More  
lights flicker. Some just go off. ALARMS start RINGING.

SANTEN

What the hell's going on?

Bowman quickly begins to reset states. Some hold, some  
flip back to red. Cabin lighting begins to flicker.

BOWMAN

Single event upsets. All over the  
board. Latch up. Free flow...  
We're gonna lose chips. Shut it  
down!

SANTEN

Shut it down?

BOWMAN

Now! Everything! SEP, some kind  
of massive solar flare.

Santen's shutting off every system he can get his hands  
on. She reaches to finish it off herself.

BOWMAN

... Proton flux. Multiple event  
upsets...

19 INT. MARS-1 - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 19

The lights flicker, then go dark.

Emergency U.V. light panels flick on, casting an eerie  
glow inside the ship...

20 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

20

A radiation WARNING starts SHRIEKING. Via comm-link, her voice calm but forceful --

BOWMAN

Radiation alert. Safe area. Go.  
(to Santen)  
You, too.

SANTEN

You need me here on the flight  
deck.

BOWMAN

I want one of us in charge back  
there.

Santen hesitates, then unbuckles and goes.

21 INT./EXT. MARS-1 - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

21

From different locations, the crew hurries down access tubes and converges in the MEV elevator safe area.

The SHIP begins to flex. CREAKS and WHINES.

The RADIATION ALARM'S STILL SHRIEKING.

Bowman and the men wait... wait... And then...

... a secondary wave of radiation hits. Much more powerful than the first. Rips through the ship at the speed of a bullet...

At 2000 FPS we see:

Paint warping off walls[]--

Lights imploding[]--

Electronics and circuitry being fried[]--

The crew listening to the sounds of Mars-1's STRUCTURES WEAKENING, beginning to come apart.

And then zap! it's gone. Cooks off past the now-motionless ship.

Inside the safe area, the crew shares a look. Chantilas opens the hatch. The men emerge to find...

ALARMS SHRIEKING. CIRCUITRY POPPING and FIZZLING. U.V. panels glowing bluish.

- 22 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY 22  
Via comm-link --  
BOWMAN  
Santen?  
INTERCUT WITH:
- 23 INT. MARS-1 - ACCESS TUBE - DAY 23  
Santen responds via comm-link --  
SANTEN  
Copy. We're okay, but the ship's  
hit bad.  
Bowman's flicking switches...
- BOWMAN  
... We're dead in the water...  
I can't run damage assessment.  
She's together now, but she might  
come apart at any moment.  
(thinks, then)  
Change of plans. We're launching  
now. Suit up.
- 24 INT. MARS-1 - MEV DECK - DAY 24  
The five men enter. Move to their individually identified  
spacesuits. Deflate the air-hangers holding them and pull  
them on.
- 25 INT. MEV - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 25  
The crew enters. As they start cinching themselves into  
their high-g seats.
- 26 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 26  
Bowman finishes preparing to abandon ship. She's about  
to go. Reaches for a panel marked: "MEV Launch  
Release." Flicks a toggle to "Arm." The toggle won't  
hold, snaps back to "Disarm." She tries again. Same  
result. The toggle won't stay on "Arm" unless Bowman  
holds it there manually. It only takes her a moment to  
decide what to do next. She's not happy about it, but  
tries not to let her concern show --

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

BOWMAN

Okay, listen up. MEV's not supplying power to the launch release system. I'll be staying behind to arm it manually.

INTERCUT WITH:

27 INT. MEV - DAY

27

The crew reacts to the bombshell from Bowman.

SANTEN

We're not leaving you.

BOWMAN

It's not up for debate.

GALLAGHER

We'll fix the problem.

BOWMAN

We don't know if the ship'll hold together that long. I'm not risking the mission... Santen, it's your team now. Hope you like the saddle... Lock it up.

Santen hesitates. Has no choice... He POWERS UP MEV. Seals the hatch.

SANTEN

Crew secure?

As they respond, the looks on their faces say it all. They're not just leaving her behind -- they know that by staying, Bowman could very well be sacrificing her life.

ALL

Secure. Secure. Secure. Secure.

SANTEN

We're green across the board.

BOWMAN

On my signal.

She puts a finger on the toggle. Then --

BOWMAN

Get the job done. A lotta people're counting on you.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

PETTENGILL  
(an aside)  
I hope she makes it.

Gallagher glances over at Pettengill. Bowman flicks the toggle to 'Arm' and holds it there.

BOWMAN  
Launch.

Another moment... Then Santen slams two large buttons on either side of him, and...

28 EXT. MARS-1 - DAY 28

EXPLOSIVE BOLTS BLOW. As this is space, and a vacuum, there's no sound.

29 INT. MEV - DAY 29

In here, however, it's loud. The EXPLOSION REVERBERATES. Then another EXPLOSION, and...

30 EXT. MARS-1 - DAY 30

MEV is blown free. Again, oddly silent. Small maneuvering motors burn for a moment, nudging MEV out of orbit toward Mars.

31 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY 31

Bowman's alone, but she's got no time to worry about it. There are still free-flows all over the board. Bowman can't get them to shut down. They flicker, pop on and off. Systems start and shut down and start up again all over the ship. When suddenly...

31A EXT. MARS-1 - DAY 31A

The ship stops spinning.

31B INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY 31B

Artificial gravity is lost. Bowman is jolted by the sudden stop and begins tumbling in zero-g along with everything else not lashed down.



- 32 INT. MARS-1 - SPHERE SIX - DAY 32  
A control PANEL on the wall. We hear a CLICKING.
- 33 INSIDE PANEL 33  
The switch sputters on/off. It fails, arcs. Smoke begins to wisp out.
- 34 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY 34  
A red light comes on. An ALARM sounds. Bowman turns. Smoke warning in sphere six.
- 35 INT. MEV - DAY 35  
Descending. Santen's throwing switches madly.  
(NOTE: Throughout MEV's descent, a COMPUTER VOICE announces various onboard systems failures.)
- SANTEN  
Auto-guidance system's out. Flare must've cooked a chip.
- PETTENGILL  
I thought MEV was shielded.
- SANTEN  
Complain later... I'm going to manual flight.
- 36 INT. MARS-1 - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 36  
Bowman propels herself down access tubes to...
- 37 INT. MARS-1 - SPHERE SIX - DAY 37  
Bowman frees a fire extinguisher. Moves to the smoking panel. Yanks off the cover. Aims the EXTINGUISHER. TRIGGERS it. And --  
  
-- is hurled across the room by the force. Smashes into the far bulkhead... For a moment, though, it looks like she's succeeded. Then smoke begins to wisp out again. She propels herself over, anchors her feet and jams the nozzle into the panel. Empties the extinguisher. This time it seems she's prevailed. And then, in a gentle digital V.O. Mars-1's P.A. --
- ANNUNCIATOR (V.O.)  
Fire, sphere five. Fire, sphere three. Smoke, sphere eight.

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38 EXT. MARS ATMOSPHERE - DAY 38

MEV drops toward the planet at high velocity. Sparks fly off as the head shield cooks away.

39 INT. MEV - DAY 39

The high-g couches do what they can as the craft brakes from 17,000 to 800 mph. Santen tries to keep his eyes focused on the gauges. Gallagher's making a noise. Humming a song behind clenched teeth. Indistinct. Almost a groan. A groan that sounds a little like "Here it comes, here it comes..."

40 EXT. MARS - DAY 40

MEV can't be seen, but a huge plasma trail can. There's a THUNDEROUS CRACK as the SHOCK WAVE reaches the surface.

41 INT. MEV - DAY 41

800 mph. 35,000 feet. The needle passes a red mark. Nothing happens. As they continue to plummet, Santen reaches over and with great effort, finds and pulls a manual release lever. We hear EXPLOSIVE BOLTS FIRE.

42 EXT. MEV - DAY 42

The top PANEL BLOWS off. A drogue chute streams out. And then main CANOPY WHOPS open.

43 INT. MEV - DAY 43

The sudden deceleration pins them. Eyelids flutter, pupils roll back. They're at the edge of consciousness.

44 OMITTED 44

45 INT. MARS-1 - MEV DECK - DAY 45

More smoke. Bowman's choking on it as she enters. She cracks a glowpanel for extra light, then moves to the remaining spacesuit -- hers -- deflates the hanger that's holding it, and hauls it on. Yanks the hood over her face and secures it, whereupon air begins feeding into the suit... Bowman gulps it, relief for her searing lungs.

- 46 INT. MEV - DAY 46
- Still descending under the chutes. Santen regards a radar screen showing the Martian topography below them.
- SANTEN  
We're off-target. Terrain's  
crappy.
- CHANTILAS  
Find a new landing zone.
- SANTEN  
No time. Deploying bags.
- He smashes a button, and...
- 47 EXT. MEV - DAY 47
- ... BLAM, BLAM, BLAM... AIR BAGS the size of Land Cruisers POP out of the icosahedronal sides of MEV, surrounding the entire outside of the craft.
- 48 INT. MARS-1 - MEV DECK - DAY 48
- The fire breaches the hatch to the access tube. Bowman's hurled across the room by the effect of the fire. Beat. Her eyes go to something. She launches herself towards a safety tether attached to a wall. Clips on. Reaches for a control panel marked "MAIN HATCH" and throws it open. And...
- ... instantly, Bowman's sucked toward the hatch, until --
- WHAP! The TETHER SNAPS TAUT. Almost breaks her in half. Bowman a ragdoll on the end of the line. Every loose object on the ship starting to purge past her. Smacking into her. Bouncing off her. The fire purging, too. Streaming around her body and head, nearly cooking her alive as it vents into space.
- 49 INT. MARS-1 - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 49
- Everything that's not lashed down is sucked toward the Main Hatch... And then, as pressure equalizes with the vacuum of space, the stream of flotsam slows and stops flowing... The fires subside and die. The ship is still and dead.

49A INT. MARS-1 - MEV DECK - DAY 49A

The ALARMS CEASE. With the pressure equalized, Bowman's no longer being thrashed and pummeled at the end of the tether. She hauls herself to the controls. Shuts the hatch... The immediate danger's over. And Bowman finally allows herself a moment to be terrified.

50 EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY 50

MEV crushes down on the uneven terrain. Bounces. Again and again. Rebounding, rolling, tumbling...

51 INT. MEV - DAY 51

A carnival ride from hell.

52 EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY 52

A jagged outcropping. MEV hits it. Air bags tear open.

53 INT. MEV - DAY 53

The ride's now worse. There's no cushion on one side. Chantilas is directly over the unprotected area. He takes the brunt of each impact.

A horrible jolt rips loose Chantilas's g-seat. He's battered and rolled as MEV continues to tumble. He's a threat to all of them as he bashes about with each rotation. He takes a monstrous beating.

54 EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY 54

MEV slowly grinds to a halt. The bags that aren't in shreds begin to deflate. The icosahedron unfolds. Opens like a flower... And then silence. Utter quiet that seems to last forever. When...

... the hatch blows. A figure steps out. Gallagher. A moment later, Chantilas is passed through the hatch. He's unconscious. Gallagher drags him a short distance away as one-by-one, Santen, Pettengill and Burchenal emerge. Shaken but intact. To Burchenal and Pettengill --

SANTEN

Everyone else okay?

PETTENGILL

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Burchenal's looking at Mars, too distracted to answer.  
Santen joins Gallagher, kneeling over Chantilas.

SANTEN

How about you?

GALLAGHER

Banged-up knee. I'll be fine.  
(re: Chantilas)  
He's coming around.

Chantilas's eyes slowly open. Burchenal and Pettengill join them.

SANTEN

I don't feel any broken bones.  
(to Chantilas)  
We're here. Everyone made it.

PETTENGILL

(an accusatory glance  
at Santen)  
Barely.

SANTEN

How do you feel?

CHANTILAS

Like someone's punching bag.  
(then)  
The first one on Mars... Couldn't  
have been me... Who was it?

No one had thought about it.

SANTEN

... Gallagher.

CHANTILAS

(to Gallagher)  
Congratulations.

GALLAGHER

(beat)  
That's one small crash for man,  
one giant pile-up for mankind.

Chantilas and Burchenal smile. For Pettengill, it's no laughing matter. And the joke makes Santen uncomfortable.

SANTEN

Let's check the gear.

55 EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY (LATER)

55

Chantilas is propped against a rock, moving a device the size of a paperback book across his abdomen. It's a kind of combination x-ray/sonogram. He doesn't like what he sees. Clicks it off without showing anyone.

Nearby, Santen finishes doing something with his HHC (book-size, 2050 descendant of a laptop).

SANTEN  
Distress signal's away.

Gallagher emerges from MEV.

GALLAGHER  
Radio's dead. AMEE's screwed up... Repairs are gonna take time.

Burchenal and Pettengill have been looking through a pile of broken equipment. Exchange a glum look. Then --

BURCHENAL  
Science package is k.o.ed, too.

SANTEN  
Shit.

PETTENGILL  
No more mission.

SANTEN  
Mission's not over yet, Pettengill.

PETTENGILL  
Oh, really. You miss something? We lost the science gear. We can't do what we came here to do.

SANTEN  
Quit whining.

PETTENGILL  
You're the one who parked us in the rocks, ace!

SANTEN  
Shut the hell up! There're always risks.

CHANTILAS  
(cutting in)  
And right now, locating Hab is what matters.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

Santen and Pettengill glare at each other a moment longer. Then, putting his command hat back on --

SANTEN

I think we're somewhere down range.

Santen turns his attention to his HHC. Begins calling up data.

INSERT - HHC

Hab info whizzes past: schematics, a 360 degree pan from the landing site, topo map of Mars... Santen zooms in on the map to show where Hab's deployed.

SANTEN

Based on the last uncorrupted nav state, I'd say... we're in this 60x120 kilometer ellipse.

Beat. That's big. That sucks. And Burchenal's vast intelligence can't accept it. Re: his HHC --

BURCHENAL

All the mission data's in here. We just gotta close in on the downrange variables. Tighten up the ellipse. It's about the math.

GALLAGHER

This is it. That moment they told us about in high school, where one day we'd use algebra, and it'd save our lives...

They're already working on it.

BURCHENAL

Shut up.

GALLAGHER

Heard that a lot in high school, too.

Gallagher wanders off. In b.g., we hear the OTHERS discussing drag coefficients and whatnot.

Gallagher stares out at the Martian plain. It'd be kinda cool -- except he could die out here. He yanks his HHC out of the pocket on his thigh. Mutters something. The Hab details appear.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED: (2)

55

Gallagher stares at the topo map. Then the 360 degree panorama. Something about it strikes him. He looks at it some more. Looks up. Looks around.

GALLAGHER

Hey, guys?

SANTEN

What, Gallagher?

GALLAGHER

I don't think it's about the math,  
I think it's about the picture.

SANTEN

What picture?

GALLAGHER

This one.

He holds out the HHC. They walk over, look at the panorama on the display.

SANTEN

We're not in that picture. If we  
were, we'd know where Hab was,  
we're trying to figure that out.

Gallagher ignores him. Tosses a rock in the sand. Wraps the panorama around it. As he does, the HHC screen bends and turns translucent.

GALLAGHER

Say that's Hab. About 30 degrees  
in the distance, it sees this  
mountain with the funny top. At  
about 180 degrees, it sees this  
set of twin peaks.

(indicates)

Now, I see this mountain over  
there. And these peaks over  
there. And then this other peak  
maybe. Which would put us on a  
line, say here. Which leaves the  
angle to Hab about there.

Beat.

CHANTILAS

Space Janitor First Class  
Gallagher, good job.

Santen feeds it into his HHC.

(CONTINUED)



SANTEN

It's about an eight-hour walk.

PETTENGILL

(checks his readout)

We only have seven and a half hours of air.

SANTEN

Let's get moving.

They fall in behind Santen. As they approach Chantilas, still sitting by the rock□--

SANTEN

We'll leave the equipment and salvage it later.

(to Chantilas)

We gotta go. You ready, sir?

CHANTILAS

Unfortunately, I'm staying here.

GALLAGHER

What're you talking about?

CHANTILAS

My spleen's ruptured. There's significant internal bleeding. I wouldn't get very far.

BURCHENAL

We'll carry you.

SANTEN

There's emergency medical gear at Hab. We'll lock out the spine impulse. If it's more serious, we'll do remote surgery with the doctors back home.

CHANTILAS

Carrying me will slow you down just enough to deplete everyone's oxygen. I won't let you jeopardize your lives, too.

PETTENGILL

We can't just leave you.

CHANTILAS

You can and you will.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

I'm not gonna let you die here.

CHANTILAS

What we came here to do is more important.

GALLAGHER

(appealing)

Santen...

Pettengill looks at Santen, waiting to see how he'll respond. But Santen doesn't say anything.

CHANTILAS

He has to say no.

(then)

The four of you must carry on the mission. It won't be easy.

(then)

Get going.

The four men look down at him a moment.

SANTEN

You heard the man.

Santen starts off. Burchenal and Pettengill AD LIB their good-byes, then follow Santen. Gallagher is last. He's unable to go. Chantilas meets his eyes.

CHANTILAS

It's okay. I got to see Mars...

Beat. Chantilas sticks out his hand. Gallagher hesitates, then takes it. The two men grip hands. Chantilas releases him. It's time to go. Gallagher turns, begins walking away. After a moment, Chantilas calls after him.

CHANTILAS

Keep looking for that rock.

Gallagher turns back and salutes him. Then continues on.

Chantilas watches him a beat, then takes a deep breath... His eyes go to a stone lying in the dust.

With his finger, Chantilas traces a line in the dust around the stone. As he begins to trace another...

57

FLASHBACK - INT. MARS-1 - KITCHEN - DAY (THREE MONTHS EARLIER)

57

CLOSE ON a hand stirring coffee in a cup. PULL BACK to reveal it's Chantilas doing the stirring. Under which we hear --

PETTENGILL (O.S.)

... It's not there. Yesterday, I could see it. Today, I couldn't find it.

INCLUDE GALLAGHER, SANTEN AND PETTENGILL

Doing various things nearby. To Pettengill --

SANTEN

What, you think Earth vanished?  
It's gone forever?

PETTENGILL

I'm just saying it's weird not being able to see it.

SANTEN

Okay, it's weird. Get used to it.

Santen goes. Pettengill looks at Chantilas and Gallagher.

PETTENGILL

It's not something I expected,  
that's all.

CHANTILAS

(beat)

... Do you like bacon, Pettengill?

PETTENGILL

(taken aback)

... Sure ...

CHANTILAS

Me, too. But we don't have any.

(crossing to him)

When I want some, what I do is, I imagine I'm sitting down to breakfast in the restaurant in a five-star hotel, and a waiter's lifting the cover off a sizzling plate of bacon... And I can taste the bacon... I can taste it right now. Can you?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

PETTENGILL

(sold)  
... Yeah.

CHANTILAS

Okay.  
(then)  
Now, do that with Earth.  
(beat)  
Make sense?

PETTENGILL

(grins)  
Makes me hungry.

CHANTILAS

Me, too.

Chantilas lays a hand on his shoulder. Beat. Then Pettengill goes, acknowledging Gallagher on the way out. When he's gone --

CHANTILAS

Some people aren't at home among the stars...

GALLAGHER

... I'm probably more at home here than anywhere else.

CHANTILAS

(beat)  
Up for a little walk?

GALLAGHER

(shrugs)  
Sure.

CHANTILAS

Let's take a couple laps around the campus.

And they head out.

58 FLASHBACK - INT. MARS-1 - VARIOUS SHOTS - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

58

Gallagher and Chantilas walk through the ship...

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

My grandfather taught me to sail when I was a kid... He made me learn the stars in case all the G.P.S. satellites fell out of the sky at once. Said anyone who put his life in the hands of anything run by batteries was a jackass.

CHANTILAS

... A real Yankee.

GALLAGHER

He didn't like easy answers or quick fixes. Wouldn't own anything he couldn't repair himself... he wouldn't've approved of this.

CHANTILAS

Going to Mars?

GALLAGHER

He'd say we're asking for more trouble.

CHANTILAS

... Say we didn't try. We just finished poisoning the Earth, and everyone was dead in a hundred years. Then what was the point of any of it? Music, art, beauty, love. All gone. The Greeks, Gandhi, the Constitution, people dying for freedom and ideas... none of it meant anything? What about religion. Do we give up on God, too?

GALLAGHER

(beat; smiles)

You did just quit being a scientist one day, huh?

CHANTILAS

My wife's death was violent, senseless. The world I knew was shattered. Science couldn't offer a way of understanding it. So I turned to philosophy. Been searching for God ever since.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

GALLAGHER

You find him, you gonna pick  
a fight with him?

CHANTILAS

No. But we're gonna have a  
long talk, and he'll have  
some explaining to do.

GALLAGHER

(beat)

That's why you're here, isn't  
it? To continue the search.

CHANTILAS

... I wouldn't be on this mission  
if my wife hadn't died in a plane  
crash... You could say it's partly  
a spiritual journey, yes. The way  
out of the abyss her death opened  
up... Who knows? I might find the  
answer to it all up there.

GALLAGHER

Something that'll prove God exists?

CHANTILAS

(smiles)

Maybe I'll pick up a rock and it'll  
say so on the bottom. 'Made by God.'

(beat, then)

The Universe is full of surprises.

GALLAGHER

That'd be a big one.

END OF FLASHBACK.

59 CLOSEUP - ROCK

59

lying in the Martian dust. Chantilas's finger has drawn  
in the dust a series of lines that flow gracefully around  
the rock -- a miniature Zen garden. The hand that drew  
the lines is drawing no more. Chantilas is dead.

60 OMITTED

60

61 INT. MARS-1 - MAINTENANCE LEVEL - NIGHT

61

Pitch black except for glow panels Bowman's stuck around  
the room. She cracks another one on.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

She's jumpered the circuits. Has multimeters velcroed all over the place. Trying to reboot the entire ship. Checks her loads, balances one more jumper, throws a breaker. The SHIP GROANS, FLICKERS TO LIFE, DIES.

She checks a meter, changes a jumper.

BOWMAN

I'm not taking 'no' for an answer, you got that? Do it.

She tries again. This time the SHIP GROANS, FLICKERS TO LIFE and STAYS ON-LINE. Systems begin to come alive around her. Panels light up, turn from green to red. Lights start to come on. Artificial gravity returns. Bowman can stand again.

BOWMAN

Thanks for listening...

She moves to a set of valves. Opens them. AIR HISSES in from an emergency supply. She checks a meter, checks again to be sure. Then folds back the helmet of her suit. Breathes.

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

63

Bowman tries to bring the rest of the ship back to life. Half a dozen systems are just plain dead and have to be locked out. Things are not good.

BOWMAN

Gimme communications... C'mon, I need coms... You don't want to gimme coms? Then gimme eyes.

Light's beginning to come up outside. Moments away from entering the day side of Mars. She opens a panel marked "OBS" and throws a series of switches. It works.

BOWMAN

Okay, let's find the boys.

On a large viewscreen, Bowman can now scan the surface to about one meter resolution. She searches a spot.

BOWMAN

Here's the L.Z. Why aren't you there?

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

She picks up a glint off something elsewhere. Zooms in... At first, there's nothing but the crashed MEV in profile. (Like a spy satellite, we are at an extreme angle, slowly revealing more as MARS-1 grows less oblique and tracks overhead.)

Then the severity of the damage becomes clear. A body lies near the wreckage. There are no other signs of life.

BOWMAN

... Shit...

OFF Bowman, as the horrible reality sinks in...

64

OMITTED

64

65

EXT. MEV CRASH SITE (MARS) - AMEE-VISION - DAY

65

EMERGING from MEV. LOOKING AROUND. Seeing Chantilas. MOVING TOWARD him and STOPPING.

END AMEE-VISION.

BACK TO SCENE

We now see AMEE standing over Chantilas, looking down at him. Then still more SERVOS WHINE, and we begin to hear a high-pitched WHIRRING sound from within AMEE. And then suddenly...

... a SECTION of AMEE's "body" suddenly launches. Flies a SCREAMING loop around the site, then zips off.

As her drone disappears, AMEE begins following it. Out across Mars. Like a dog seeking its master.

65A

EXT. MARTIAN PLAIN - WIDE - DAY

65A

A landscape so huge, it's hard to comprehend. Five tiny figures progress across the enormous expanse.

(CONTINUED)



65A CONTINUED:

65A

CLOSER ANGLE

Santen's in the lead. Then Burchenal, Pettengill and Gallagher. Santen pulls away his HHC.

SANTEN

We're making good time.  
Should reach Hab soon.

Beat. Then --

PETTENGILL

It's weird. There's nothing here.

GALLAGHER

It's Mars.

PETTENGILL

No, I mean there is not one sign of the algae we sent up here... Even if it all died, there should be something. A dried algal mat, traces on lee sides, something.

BURCHENAL

He's right. They're not just dead, they're gone. Like they were scoured off.

GALLAGHER

Maybe there was never anything in this valley.

PETTENGILL

If we are where we think we are, this area was covered with blue algae as recently as a month ago. Valley before this one should have been blazing with orange-red chloroflectic.

BURCHENAL

At least we know what happened to the oxygen. There is nothing here to make it.

SANTEN

Talking's just sucking up air. Let's move out.

That quiets everybody. They walk on a while... When Gallagher stops. Looking down. At a rock near his foot. Beat. What the hell. He reaches for it. Picks it up. Checks the bottom. Tosses it aside --

(CONTINUED)

65A CONTINUED: (2)

65A

GALLAGHER

Sorry, Bud.

As Gallagher plods on...

66 EXT. MARTIAN PLAIN - DAY (LATER)

66

Santen, Pettengill, Burchenal and Gallagher continue trudging along.

Santen stops.

SANTEN

There it is.

The others catch up to him.

THEIR POV

Not far in the distance, sunlight glints off Hab's solar panels. The bright reflection tells us it's there but hides our seeing Hab itself.

ANGLE BACK

BURCHENAL

We made it...

SANTEN

Twenty-six months of food, water and air.

They begin running.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They keep running... Until Santen first begins to slow. And then the second and the third. It's not from exhaustion. It's from horror.

67 ANOTHER ANGLE

67

Hab is in tatters. Roof gone, walls gone. Nothing but the titanium ribs remain standing.

GALLAGHER

What the hell happened?

They walk into what's left of the structure.

(CONTINUED)

PETTENGILL

Did an ice-storm do this?

SANTEN

(shakes head "no")

Every Hab stood up under an F5  
in tornado alley.

(then)

Start looking for O2.

They spread out, digging through the wreckage  
desperately. Then --

BURCHENAL

I don't see anything.

PETTENGILL

Me, either.

GALLAGHER

(ends his search)

... No food, no water, no air...

Santen's found nothing as well. Beat.

PETTENGILL

What're we gonna do?

BURCHENAL

There's nothing we can do.  
We're outta time.

Beat. Santen looks at the others.

SANTEN

We're outta time when we're  
outta air.

Another beat. Then Santen walks off. Ever the stoic  
warrior. The others watch him go. Burchenal checks  
his readout.

BURCHENAL

Eleven minutes.  
(to Gallagher)  
How much you got left?

GALLAGHER

A little less.

BURCHENAL

(beat)

This is some final entry for the  
bio, huh?... 'Disappointed twelve  
billion people'...

68 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

68

Bowman works to get the radio operating.

BOWMAN

Red light... red light... red light... Don't you do this to me and my team. I need coms now... Gimme a goddamn red light!

A red light comes on.

BOWMAN

See? All you needed was an attitude check.

Into the mike --

BOWMAN

Mars ground crew, this is Mars-1.  
Mars ground crew, this is Mars-1.  
Over.

She waits. Nothing.

BOWMAN

Mars ground crew, this is Mars-1.  
Do you copy? Over.

Still nothing. Beat. Then --

BOWMAN

Houston, this is Mars-1. We have experienced a massive proton field upset sequel to a solar flare. Mars-1 systems at below 70 percent. Orbital path degraded by fire-control air purge. Engine function zero -- MEV launched with crew of five. I have visual on a crash site, one person down. Radio contact zero... Houston, visuals confirm HAB-1 is tango-uniform. Even if the rest of the team's alive, they have no way to survive...

(beat, then)

Sorry...

(beat, then)

I'm uploading telemetry and video data to you now.

68A INT. MARS-1 - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

68A

Bowman walks through the quiet, dead ship.

(CONTINUED)

68A CONTINUED:

68A

FEET CRUNCHING across BROKEN GLASS. Every room a mess. She's alone. Maybe forever. Looking for faces she knows aren't there.

She walks into the hygiene sphere. Looks at herself in the mirror.

68B FLASHBACK - INT. MARS-1 - HYGIENE SPHERE - DAY  
(TWO MONTHS EARLIER)

68B

A hatch opens. Santen and Bowman enter from the gym. Sweaty from working out. A natural camaraderie exists between them.

BOWMAN

You're talking to a class of second-graders from Iowa at 1430.

SANTEN

It's your turn to do the kiddies.

BOWMAN

Don't even try. You're up, and you know it. Besides, I outrank you. I could order you to do it.

SANTEN

... Just 'cause they promote faster in the Navy...

(CONTINUED)

68B CONTINUED:

68B

BOWMAN

You gotta promote faster when you  
have the best people... 1430.  
With a smile on your face.

SANTEN

Pulling rank on me for the  
shower, too?

BOWMAN

Not rank, gender. Ladies first.

69 FLASHBACK - INT. MARS-1 - HYGIENE SPHERE - DAY  
(TWO MONTHS EARLIER)

69

Gallagher comes in. His timing, depending on how you  
look at it, is very good or very bad. Bowman steps out  
of the shower. Reaching for a towel. Too late for  
Gallagher to retreat.

BOWMAN

Hand it to me?

Oh. The towel. Gallagher passes it over. Bowman calmly  
wraps up.

BOWMAN

Just pretend I'm your sister.

GALLAGHER

I have two. And neither one's  
this fine.

BOWMAN

(a pause)

The only way this works is if we  
both believe it doesn't matter.

GALLAGHER

... Like you could be Burchenal.

BOWMAN

Well, maybe it could matter a  
little more than that.

GALLAGHER

Okay. So let's practice. You go  
back in the shower and step out  
naked, and this time, I won't  
make it matter too much.

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

69

BOWMAN

(beat; smiles)

Go fix something, Gallagher.

GALLAGHER

Yessir, ma'am.

Gallagher heads out. OFF Bowman, turning to face the mirror and looking herself over...

END OF FLASHBACK.

70

EXT. HAB (MARS) - DAY

70

Gallagher's sitting as before. Thinking.

GALLAGHER

Wonder if Bowman made it.

Burchenal sits nearby. Thinks about it.

BURCHENAL

I had a thing for her from day one.

Gallagher just looks over at him. Beat. Then --

GALLAGHER

You think we were chosen 'cause we're single? In case we died?

BURCHENAL

I know I was chosen 'cause I got the only Macgregor Prize in bio-engineering.

Only Burchenal. Who checks his readout. Beat.

BURCHENAL

Short time to live, but a long time to wait...

71

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

71

Santen stands on the edge of an abyssal canyon miles deep and wide. It's a glorious view. FEET CRUNCH up behind him. Pettengill. He falls in next to Santen. After a beat --

PETTENGILL

I was going to get engaged when we got back.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

SANTEN

(beat)

I'm gonna miss a lotta girls.  
And a lotta girls're gonna miss  
me.

A long beat. Then, almost as if he knows what  
Pettengill's thinking --

SANTEN

My flying ability isn't an issue  
now. With Hab destroyed, it makes  
no difference where we landed.

PETTENGILL

(beat; disbelief)

You're out here calculating  
excuses...

SANTEN

There's nothing to excuse. It's  
moot. No impact.

PETTENGILL

What about Bud Chantilas?

SANTEN

Moot. He'd've died here anyway.  
Same as us.

PETTENGILL

... You're amazing. Your life's  
about to end, and you still can't  
admit you failed at something.

SANTEN

(beat)

I can come across as a hardass. I  
know that. But, technically, I  
didn't fail.

PETTENGILL

(beat; stunned)

I came here to forgive you.

SANTEN

Yeah, well, screw you. I don't  
need forgiveness from pussies.

Pettengill stares at him. Hating him. His face  
contorted with hate. And lashes out. Does something  
next that Santen wasn't expecting... He shoves him.

(CONTINUED)



Hard. Past the edge of the cliff. Santen's eyes are wide with shock, but his training, his athletic ability are already kicking in.

The shove upset his balance and every part of him fights to regain it. It happens for an instant. Arms flail, heels dig. He reaches back. Catches Pettengill's suit, backhand. Spins himself around. Still off balance.

Still going over the edge if he lets go. Reaching out toward Pettengill with the other hand... And Pettengill's following his own twisted instincts now, too.

With the shove, he's crossed an emotional threshold, and he's not pulling back. Fights Santen's hands. Knocks them away.

Only to find that each time they shoot right back and find a new spot to grab. Santen's desperate, clawing. In Earth's gravity, maybe he'd have gone over already. But here, now... he fights his way back onto his own feet.

Away from the cliff edge. Wild with an adrenalized survival energy that now turns to absolute fury.

Pettengill's no match for it. Santen unleashes body blows and head butts. Savage enough to make a hairline crack in Santen's own visor.

Even in the suit and helmet, the blows hurt. He slams Pettengill into the dirt. Punishes him as they roll in the red dust... but Santen begins to slow. His breath has been growing labored. He's now gasping for air.

Stops.

Darts a look at his readout. Still has some air. But the exertion has been too much. The suit's depleted supply can't feed him what he needs fast enough. He lets go of Pettengill. Hypoxia overcoming him. Crawls away on hands and knees. Willing himself to move. As if by doing so he'll keep death at bay that much longer... And now Pettengill gets up and comes over. Enraged. And...

... drives his foot down on Santen's head. Slams it into the ground. Stunning Santen. Then stomps him again. Santen's visor spider-webbed by the crushing blow. His blood spattering against the inside of the cracked glass. Like a windshield in a car accident. A fatal one.

Pettengill stares down at Santen's head.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

PETTENGILL

I wanted to forgive you.

Beat. He stands. Then kicks Santen's body over the edge of the cliff. Watches it fall. It falls a long time.

72 EXT. HAB (MARS) - DAY

72

Burchenal's thinking aloud. The dedicated scientist who can't stop working through all the steps again...

BURCHENAL

... Mars' polar ice is mostly CO2. We use low-order nuclear detonation to melt the ice. That releases CO2. CO2 buildup creates a greenhouse effect. Mars starts warming up. When it's hot enough, we seed down some algae. The algae grows and emits oxygen.

(then, to Gallagher)

Want me to shut up and let you die quietly?

GALLAGHER

Nah, keep talking. It's kinda peaceful.

BURCHENAL

(beat)

They sent us here to figure out what happened to the oxygen. Question now is, what happened to the algae?

Pettengill walks INTO VIEW around the remains of Hab. Stops near them.

PETTENGILL

Santen's dead.

They stare at him. He's dirty and battered.

PETTENGILL

He was almost out of air... Said he couldn't die like that. Wanted to end it like a samurai... Jumped off the cliff...

Gallagher and Burchenal exchange a look. Then Gallagher checks his readout.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

I'm under a minute. What's it gonna be like?

BURCHENAL

Hypoxia? Dizziness. Skin'll tingle. Vision narrows. Then anoxia. Shock, convulsions, acidosis...

GALLAGHER

Gonna hurt?

BURCHENAL

Yeah.

Suddenly, a WARNING TONE goes off on Gallagher's readout. It gets slightly harder to breathe... then harder still... Gallagher starts to gasp. Falls to his knees. Burchenal and Pettengill barely able to watch. Know they're next... Gallagher down on all fours now, sucking hard on the last of his air... When suddenly all his fear and anger and frustration peak, and in an act of desperation and defiance, he unfastens his helmet. Pushes back the gelatinous visor. And shouts...

GALLAGHER

Fuck this planet!

A scream against the void. Against death. The final word dragged out to the very last bit of air in his lungs... Burchenal looks away... The word fades... Drops to nothing... No air left to make a sound... The next inhale will bring no relief. But it can't be stopped. It's reflexive. Involuntary... Gallagher shudders, holding back. Until he can't any longer... and his lungs contract. Sucking in the worthless Martian atmosphere... And... something unexpected occurs... Gallagher's still on his feet. No shock, convulsions and acidosis... He exhales. Inhales again... Then --

GALLAGHER

I'm breathing.

He turns to Burchenal and Pettengill, who are watching in amazement.

GALLAGHER

It's like being at high altitude... but I'm breathing it!... We can breathe this air!

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED: (2)

72

Beat. Burchenal decides not to wait for his alarm. Folds back his helmet. Hesitates. Breathes... Breaks into a grin.

BURCHENAL

I don't know what's going on. But  
I'll sure as hell take it.

Pettengill's ALARM goes off. Beat. Much more tentatively, he folds back his helmet and breathes, too. Not rejoicing like the others.

PETTENGILL

... It's not possible...

Beat. The enormity of what he's done hits Pettengill.

PETTENGILL

I thought we'd be dead...

BURCHENAL

(beat)

If only Santen'd waited a few more  
minutes...

OFF Pettengill, grappling with his conscience --

73

INT. MARS-1 - KITCHEN/Common AREA - DAY

73

Bowman's getting water... when she's startled by the sudden sound of a voice over the PORTABLE RADIO --

CAPCOM (V.O.)

Mars-1, this is Houston. We got your message. Looks like we got a world of trouble here, and you're carrying the load... We sent you a beacon as soon as we found out about that solar flare, but the flare beat us to you... Analysis of your telemetry indicates Mars-1 orbital failure in thirty-one hours. Good news is we'll have out of there by then... We believe we can restore engine function for a main engine burn and exit from Mars orbit... The ground crew is presumed End of Mission. They died trying to do their job. Now, it's our job to help you get home... We're uploading to you now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

CAPCOM (V.O.CONT'D)

(then)

There's no sorries. The prayers  
of the whole world are with you.  
And on a personal note, you did a  
helluva job holding that ship  
together... Houston out.

OFF Bowman --

74

OMITTED

74

75 EXT. HAB (MARS) - DAY

75

The sun hangs low in the sky. Burchenal and Pettengill make a pile of scraps from what's left of Hab. To Pettengill --

BURCHENAL

Terraforming get even close to creating breathable air up here?

Pettengill's distracted, still struggling with his conscience.

PETTENGILL

No.

BURCHENAL

And the oxygen levels were already dropping when the sensors all died... So how can there be more O2 now than ever and no algae to make it?

Suddenly, the DRONE HUMS by overhead and circles them.

PETTENGILL

AMEE's drone.

BURCHENAL

How'd that thing find us?

GALLAGHER

Homes in on me. Transmitter in my suit... AMEE must be coming. The drone can't fly by itself.

Gallagher yanks something out of the wreckage. Holds up tangle of wires and chewed-up circuits.

GALLAGHER

Here's the radio... so much for trying to reach Bowman.

He junks it. Beat.

BURCHENAL

Wait a second...

Burchenal pulls out his HHC.

BURCHENAL

I saw something here when we were trying to locate Hab... That little rover. The one they sent up here back in '97... It must've had a radio, right?

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

GALLAGHER

Yeah.

Burchenal finishes punching data.

BURCHENAL

It's four kilometers from here.

Beat. Their hopes are momentarily renewed. Gallagher regards the sun, just starting to dip.

GALLAGHER

Can't go now. Gonna be too dark and too cold.

BURCHENAL

We'll go at first light.

76

INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

76

Bowman flicks switches, resetting systems in different combinations trying to wake up the engine ignition system. The indicator's red. Bowman wants green. She kicks the console. Still red. She gets on the radio --

BOWMAN

Houston, Mars-1... No joy on all scenarios for engine ignition... That includes giving the console a boot. What's next?... Out.

(beat; to herself)

Gallagher, where are you when I need you?

77

EXT. HAB (MARS) - NIGHT

77

Using a small torch, Gallagher finishes lighting the pile of scrap on fire, then stands back.

GALLAGHER

Hab cost a billion dollars. At least it's good for something.

We hear AMEE's DRONE in the dark overhead. The men warm themselves by the campfire.

PETTENGILL

If the rover's radio works, we can tell Bowman there's breathable air here... But it's not gonna help us, is it?

It's a question better left unasked.

(CONTINUED)

BURCHENAL

They taught us always to keep a positive mental attitude. Let's focus on that.

GALLAGHER

That's what Chantilas and Santen would do...

BURCHENAL

Yeah.

(to Pettengill)

Which is why I have trouble seeing Santen tossing himself off any cliffs. Committing suicide.

Pettengill looks up --

PETTENGILL

... His ego was too big... he couldn't take failure... Believe me, I was surprised, too.

BURCHENAL

(unconvinced)

I'll bet.

They're about to continue... when they hear a sound out in the darkness. Something MECHANICAL. CRUNCHING over ROCKS. Beat. Gallagher whistles. Beat. AMEE WHISTLES back. A moment later, she walks into the firelight.

GALLAGHER

Way to get here, sweetie.

(moves to her)

How you doing?

He looks her over with his suit-light.

GALLAGHER

Kinda banged up, huh? Have to rename you LAME-EE.

The other two men join them.

GALLAGHER

She seems a little outta whack.

(to AMEE)

Let's check you out... On your back.

She obeys. Puts her limbs in the air. As Burchenal and Pettengill look on, Gallagher opens AMEE's service port. Looks around with the suit-light. Then --

(CONTINUED)



GALLAGHER  
Processor's damaged.

PETTENGILL  
Can she still navigate for us?

GALLAGHER  
Until she breaks down for good.

BURCHENAL  
We wait 'til she breaks down, that  
drone'll crash. Let's yank her  
Mars positioning system now.

One of AMEE's legs twitches. Gallagher runs the logic.

GALLAGHER  
... M.P.S. hard drive's modular.  
It's self-powered. We could run  
it through an H.H.C. We'd have  
command of the drone.  
(then)  
But that'd be killing her.

BURCHENAL  
Want me to pull the plug?

GALLAGHER  
No... I'll do it.

He makes a move toward AMEE... And what happens next  
happens very fast...

AMEE slams Gallagher with the arm nearest him. The force  
of the blow knocks him ten feet.

With her two back legs, AMEE grabs Pettengill. Squeezes  
him. Looks like she's gonna squeeze the life out of  
him... Then uses her legs to throw him. A very long way.  
He lands hard and crumples.

Another arm already has Burchenal pincerred by the wrist.  
Twists it. Forces him to the ground in pain. The way a  
martial artist would.

Gallagher madly punches buttons on his sleeve unit.

GALLAGHER  
AMEE, stop!

AMEE rolls over. Still holding Burchenal's wrist. A  
tin-can armadillo with the strength to keep a large man  
on his knees. Making him suffer.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

AMEE, don't hurt him!

And hey, she stops. We think he's reached her... When she plunges an arm into Burchenal's chest. Not piercing his suit or flesh, but jamming it in deep. Using her pincer-hand to grasp a rib. Twisting.

The RIB SNAPPING horribly. Burchenal screaming in pain... Then AMEE withdraws her arm. And moves off into the darkness.

Gallagher goes to help Burchenal. Pettengill stumbles back, terrified.

PETTENGILL

What's going on?

GALLAGHER

She's in military mode. The crash must've flipped her back... Help me get him to the fire.

As they drag the groaning Burchenal --

PETTENGILL

Why'd she turn on us?

We hear the DRONE ZIP by overhead.

GALLAGHER

We tried to take her eyes. That made us the enemy.

PETTENGILL

You can't override her?

GALLAGHER

I tried. She won't respond.

They've set Burchenal down. Gallagher examines him.

GALLAGHER

Rib's broken.

BURCHENAL

Tell me something I don't know. Like why she let us live. She had us.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (4)

77

GALLAGHER

(thinks, then)

She's playing war games.

(off their looks)

She's running through her military programs. She knows she's unarmed, so she's using guerilla tactics. Breaking your rib was a version of an old Viet Cong trick. Wound one of the enemy. The others have to help, and it slows 'em down. Makes it easier to pick 'em off.

(beat)

Sooner or later, she'll play search and destroy... And then she'll come and kill us.

There's a long beat as that sinks in. Then --

BURCHENAL

Even with AMEE out there, we'd better get what sleep we can. I'll take the first watch.

GALLAGHER

You sure?

Inching himself into a sitting position --

BURCHENAL

Hurt too much to sleep anyway.

78

INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

78

Bowman flips more switches. Regards the engine ignition indicator. Still red. She looks at her notes. Scratches off that scenario. There's one more. She takes a deep breath. Begins working through the steps... Reaches the final one and...

... the engine ignition indicator goes green.

Bowman whoops. Gets on the radio.

BOWMAN

Houston, Mars-1. I've got a green light for engine ignition. Repeat, we are 'go' for engine ignition... Thank you guys for busting your asses...

Her eyes go to Santen's empty seat beside her. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

BOWMAN

... There's still plenty of time before I have to punch. I'm gonna take another look for the crew at daybreak... I know they're End of Mission, but it's something I gotta do.

79

EXT. HAB (MARS) - PRE-DAWN

79

The last of the fire flickering out. Gallagher's on watch. Cold as hell. AMEE'S DRONE audible overhead.

Gallagher switches on the AMEE-vision screen on his sleeve. We see just snow and interference... Burchenal stirs awake.

GALLAGHER

How you feeling?

BURCHENAL

Only hurts when I breathe.

(beat)

Sun's coming up in a couple minutes. Might as well get going.

Gallagher indicates the sleeping Pettengill.

GALLAGHER

You think he had something to do with Santen's death?

BURCHENAL

I'm not sure what happened out there, but I know he's not telling us everything.

GALLAGHER

(beat, then)

Nothing we can do about it right now.

Gallagher goes to wake him up.

GALLAGHER

Pettengill...

Pettengill stirs.

GALLAGHER

We're going.

BURCHENAL (O.S.)

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

Gallagher turns. Burchenal's holding his HHC.

BURCHENAL

My H.H.C.'s down.

Gallagher pulls out his. Tries it. No dice.

GALLAGHER

(to Pettengill)

Try yours.

Pettengill does.

PETTENGILL

Mine's out, too.

GALLAGHER

(beat)

AMEE jammed her screen. She must be jamming everything.

Gallagher regards AMEE's drone.

GALLAGHER

Screw you.

As dawn breaks, Gallagher walks off a short distance. To the drone, as he unzips the front of his suit.

GALLAGHER

I'm taking the first piss on Mars.  
Wanna watch?

Hurting and shivering, Burchenal walks nearby and does the same. Beat.

BURCHENAL

Damn. You sure get some arc in this low gravity.

PETTENGILL

How're we gonna find our way?

GALLAGHER

Have to make the best guess we can.

Burchenal sees the sun's just beginning to break the horizon. Beat. He suddenly grabs a titanium rib from Hab and shoves it in Pettengill's hand.

BURCHENAL

Run. Toward the sun.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED: (2)

79

PETTENGILL

Why?

BURCHENAL

Do it.

Pettengill goes. Burchenal gets another rib. Jams it into the soil close by. The sun breaks. Pettengill's fifty yards away.

BURCHENAL

Stop! Left. Left. Little more.  
Right. There! Mark it.

Pettengill comes loping back.

PETTENGILL

What'd we do?

GALLAGHER

(admiring)  
Built a directional.

BURCHENAL

Now at least we know where  
something is.

80

OMITTED

80

81

MARS ORBIT

81

Mars-1 approaches the light once more.

82

INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY 2

82

Bowman uses the high-res viewscreen to search Mars one final time.

No one at MEV. No one at Hab. (The fire's out.) Beat. Bowman has to face the facts. Shuts off the screen. Into radio --

BOWMAN

Houston, this is Mars-1... I was hoping Burchenal would've figured out how to get oxygen outta rocks. I guess not. There's no sign of the ground crew... I'm configuring Mars-1 for a final slingshot around the dayside. Then it's earth return.

83

GALLAGHER, BURCHENAL AND PETTENGILL

83

stand together, out of breath, looking down at something.  
REVEAL at their feet...

ROVER

America's photogenic first visitor to Mars.

Gallagher kneels beside it.

GALLAGHER

Sorry about this.

He power-screws off a cover. Looks at what's inside.

BURCHENAL

Well?

GALLAGHER

It's a 50-year-old, off-the-shelf  
computer modem on a frequency we're  
not using for this mission... But  
it beats trying to shout for help.

84

EXT. ROVER SITE - DAY (LATER)

84

Gallagher has cobbled together a radio from 50-year-old  
parts. Pettengill holds the solar panels at the sun,  
while Gallagher carefully removes one of his two suit-  
radio microphones. Checks with a meter, then solders  
it onto his jerry-rigged transmitter.

GALLAGHER

Testing, testing...

He adjusts a tiny pot as he continues to call out. A  
green LED comes on, flickering with his voice.

BURCHENAL

Does it work?

GALLAGHER

The little green thing lights up.  
Only way we'll really know is if  
someone calls back.

(into mike)

This is Mars-1 ground crew. This  
is Mars-1 ground crew. Do you  
copy?... This is Mars-1 ground  
crew. This is Mars-1 ground crew.  
The guys on Mars. Do you copy?

We PULL BACK WIDER and WIDER. They're very alone.

85 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

85

Bowman straps herself into her command seat. She's going. Hits a sequence of switches. Panel indicators light up. Into the radio --

BOWMAN

Houston, Mars-1... I've acquired elliptical orbit. Commencing engine ignition sequence for Earth return.

She's about to hit the switch... when she hears...

CAPCOM (V.O.)

Mars-1, Houston. Standby for message...

And then an Australian voice comes over the radio.

OZZIE (V.O.)

Commander Bowman, this is Hank Osterbee in Canberra, Australia. Deep Space Network, mate...

Bowman actually looks at the radio speaker.

OZZIE (V.O.)

... I've picked up an urgent call for you... from the surface of Mars... Please tune your radio frequency to...

86 EXT. SAGAN/SOJOURNER SITE - DAY

86

Gallagher regards the cobbled-up radio. Nothing.

PETTENGILL

It's been two hours.

GALLAGHER

... Well, it was worth a shot.

He's gonna pitch it... There's the windup. And then, at the top of his arm rotation --

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Gallagher?

Whoa... Gallagher just barely saves it. Into radio --

GALLAGHER

Bowman?

INTERCUT WITH:



87

INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

87

BOWMAN

(disbelief)

You're alive...

GALLAGHER

(into radio)

Holy shit! You made it, too!

BOWMAN

I know Hab's wrecked. What's your status?

GALLAGHER

We're at that little rover, what's-its-name... Pettengill and Burchenal're with me. No food, no water. AMEE's gone mustang...

BOWMAN

I saw a body back at MEV. Who was it?

GALLAGHER

Chantilas. Santen's dead, too.

BOWMAN

(reacts, then)

What happened?

GALLAGHER

I'll fill you in later. Bowman, you're not going to believe this, but there's oxygen down here. We're breathing on our own.

BOWMAN

That's impossible! The oxygen levels... how could --

GALLAGHER

We don't know. But we're doing it.

(then)

That's the news. Now the forecast: we're not gonna last a whole lot longer down here... You got any ideas? 'Cause we're out.

BOWMAN

(beat)

Let me work on it. I'll get back to you.

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED:

87

GALLAGHER

We'll be here.

BURCHENAL

... I don't know how you did it.  
Gallagher. But outstanding. Now  
we gotta pull an even bigger  
rabbit out of the hat... Mars-1 out.

When she's gone --

BACK TO BOWMAN

She finishes dialing up Houston on the radio. Then --

BOWMAN

Houston, this is Mars-1. I got  
three men alive and breathing...

88

EXT. ROVER SITE (MARS) - DAY (LATER)

88

Looking UPWARD. Watching something. TRACKING it. A  
familiar HUMMING noise over this. The CAMERA PULLING  
BACK as...

... Pettengill hurls a rock at AMEE's drone flying  
overhead. The drone dodging the rock easily

ROVER SITE - ANOTHER ANGLE

Gallagher watches Pettengill. Burchenal's thinking.

BURCHENAL

... Still can't figure out this  
algae and oxygen business...

Gallagher looks over at him.

GALLAGHER

You hate not knowing, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

BURCHENAL

Given time, believe me, I'll know.

GALLAGHER

Yeah?

(then)

Maybe life's more mysterious than you think.

BURCHENAL

You spent too much time with Chantilas. But hey, if you want to go the God route and take the easy way...

GALLAGHER

Easy way, bullshit. It's a lot harder to live a spiritual life than it is to be smart.

BURCHENAL

And I say it's wimping out on the facts.

GALLAGHER

(beat)

I bet you don't believe in the tooth fairy, and you hate Christmas.

BURCHENAL

I'm a geneticist. I write code. Like a hacker. Four elements, A-G-T-P, in different combinations. Hacking the human genome. I choose what, I choose where, and your kidneys work, or you grow a sixth finger. I do that... You spot God, lemme know. 'Til then, I'll trust my Ph.D.s.

(then)

But don't get me wrong. Even without a Great Pumpkin, life's still great. You gotta seize it with two hands and live it large... Which is why I'm not happy about maybe spending my last hours on this ugly planet.

89

INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

89

Bowman's at a table, studying a computer. Via radio --

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

BOWMAN

I'm not getting anywhere, Houston.  
The only hope's to repair MEV,  
but everything they need was at  
Hab, and Hab's gone.

As she talks, she closes the data file she's in and returns to something resembling a "home page." (She's accessing the mission's voluminous and detailed briefing materials, as was done earlier with the HHCs.)

BOWMAN

Put your skulls together down  
there, boys. And do it quick...  
Mars-1 out.

ON COMPUTER

Bowman's scanning a table of contents on the home page. Moves the cursor to a "History of Mars Exploration" section. Stops at the first category: "Early Russian Missions." Pauses. Clicks on it.

90 EXT. MARS SURFACE - BIRD'S-EYE VIEW - DAY

90

Medium resolution. MOVING. Looking for something... then stopping. Apparently on nothing... and then the CAMERA ZOOMS IN... and suddenly we're looking at a strange object squatting on metal legs in the red Martian dust... ZOOMS IN more... and now we see the cyrillic lettering on top. REVEAL...

91 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

91

Bowman's looking at the cyrillic writing on Mars-1's high-res viewer.

92 EXT. ROVER SITE (MARS) - DAY (MUCH LATER)

92

Gallagher, Burchenal, and Pettengill wait in silence. After a few moments, the RADIO CRACKLES --

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Gallagher.

PETTENGILL

Let's hope it's something good.

GALLAGHER

(into radio)

Go.

93 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY 93

BOWMAN  
You guys sitting down...?

94 EXT. ROVER SITE (MARS) - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 94

They've heard the plan. It leaves a lot to be desired.

GALLAGHER  
We walk 100 kilometers to a 30-  
year-old Russian rock probe that  
failed to launch and try to jump-  
start it... Gee, you couldn't make  
it tough?

INTERCUT Bowman and Gallagher.

She's watching them on the viewer.

BOWMAN  
The probe's called Cosmos.  
Houston found the designer.  
Name's Borokovski. Owns a deli in  
Brooklyn. He thinks the launch  
sequence can be reprogrammed on  
site.

BURCHENAL  
If not, maybe he can send up a  
couple salami-on-ryes.

BOWMAN  
Here's the big thing... You've  
got just nineteen hours to get  
there and get it off the ground.  
So you better get moving.

As they exchange looks and stand --

GALLAGHER  
I take back what I said about not  
making it tough.

BOWMAN  
I gotta ditch the 'B' tank and  
burn more fuel from 'A' just to  
hold orbit that long... I can't  
burn more after that or Mars-1  
won't have enough fuel to get home.

GALLAGHER  
(into radio)  
Which way we going? I need a  
heading.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

Bowman uses the viewer to figure it out.

BOWMAN  
Your eleven. More.  
(as he turns)  
There.

GALLAGHER  
(to the others)  
Let's go.

As they head off --

BOWMAN  
I have work to do here. Then I'll  
be in comm blackout on the dark  
side. Call you when I come back  
around.

GALLAGHER  
Roger... And thanks.

BOWMAN  
Wish it could be more.

GALLAGHER  
Hey, it's something... and it's  
nice just knowing you're still up  
there.

BOWMAN  
... I don't mind dying, but I hate  
the idea of being alone. So you  
guys stay in high gear. I want to  
see friendly faces around here  
again.

OFF which...

95

FLASHBACK - INT. MARS-1 - MAINTENANCE LEVEL - CLOSE  
ON GALLAGHER'S FRIENDLY FACE - DAY (ONE MONTH EARLIER)

95

Smiling big.

GALLAGHER  
Hi.

REVEAL Bowman in the doorway looking in.

BOWMAN  
Hi.

She tries to look past him. He moves to block her view.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

How you doing?

BOWMAN

Fine... As soon as someone tells me why there's an indicator on the flight deck saying the temperature in here's above normal. About ten degrees.

GALLAGHER

... Fahrenheit or centigrade?

A look. Then she blows past him. Finds Burchenal tending a huge contraption of glass tubing, Bunsen burners and filtration tanks.

GALLAGHER

He's teaching me. About biology. I've developed an interest in --

BOWMAN

Fermentation?

(then)

A few billion taxpayer dollars in this mission, and you're using the lab equipment for a still.

GALLAGHER

We're sterilizing it.

BOWMAN

Nice try.

(then)

What's the fermentation base?

BURCHENAL

Freeze-dried taters.

BOWMAN

How would you propose I explain to Houston that two of my crew went blind on moonshine vodka?

GALLAGHER

Carefully?

Bowman eyes them both darkly a long moment. Then --

BOWMAN

So, what, this establishment doesn't serve women?

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED: (2)

95

They're off the hook. Burchenal pours her a cup. She looks at it. Tosses it back. Woooof.

BOWMAN

You making hootch or jet gas?

(then)

How much you got so far?

BURCHENAL

About three liters.

BOWMAN

You're done. Dismantle this thing. Offer equal rations to Pettengill and Chantilas.

(then)

Lieutenant Santen doesn't drink or approve of those who do... Since he's on duty on the flight deck, what he doesn't know won't hurt him. How much're you cutting this?

BURCHENAL

It's about seventy-five percent alcohol... Can't believe you took it in one shot standing up.

BOWMAN

I learned to drink in the Navy, boys.

OFF which, as Bowman pours herself another snootful...

96

INT. MARS-1 - PRIMARY SPHERE - DAY

96

Chantilas and Pettengill have joined Gallagher, Bowman and Burchenal. There's only a little vodka left. They're all looped.

BURCHENAL

... I can figure out what went wrong on Mars. I can probably fix it. And then mankind'll build burger franchises and breed like guppies and destroy the planet, too. And then it's really good-bye, 'cause there aren't any more friendly ones... We're buying a couple hundred years, tops.

GALLAGHER

Maybe we've learned a lesson from what happened on Earth.

(CONTINUED)



BURCHENAL

(beat; to Chantilas)

There were frogs around when you were a kid, right?

CHANTILAS

Yes.

BURCHENAL

And then we killed 'em. Every last one... Since frogs breathe through their skin and react to toxins in the environment faster, that should've been a warning, don't you think? Canary in the coal mine kind of thing?

BOWMAN

What's your point?

BURCHENAL

Man's a party animal. If we're doing okay, nothing else matters. That's not gonna change.

CHANTILAS

Unless there are larger forces than biology at work.

BURCHENAL

Uh-oh. We gonna talk God now? 'Cause I'll need another pop.

CHANTILAS

Not God. Faith.

BURCHENAL

Faith?... Had a girl friend named Faith. She cheated on me... with a girl named Chastity.

Burchenal's fun when he's drunk.

CHANTILAS

You're riding 309 million kilometers into outer space and back in a rocket ship nobody ever had time to test properly. You don't do that without a little faith.

BURCHENAL

Can't argue with that.

(CONTINUED)

CHANTILAS

Works that way with life, too.  
Sooner or later, we surrender to  
things beyond our control. To do  
that and still keep moving  
forward requires we believe in a  
right outcome.

BOWMAN

Gotta have hope, right?

BURCHENAL

Hope's just another way of  
postponing disappointment.

CHANTILAS

And I believe it's the only way we  
can realize the very best in us...  
Which, by the way, also happens to  
be a pretty good definition for  
God.

PETTENGILL

(to Chantilas)

If you're American, how come you  
sound British?

He's totally ignored. Continuing --

BURCHENAL

Listen, forget hypotheticals for a  
moment, alright?... I say to hell  
with humanity,. I say we get to  
Mars, and we take it over for  
ourselves.

GALLAGHER

Radio back? Say it sucks and  
don't bother coming?

BURCHENAL

Whatever keeps out the riff-raff  
... Chantilas can handle the  
religion thing. Gallagher can  
keep the space john working.  
Pettengill's...

(looks at him)

... passed out... And I'll handle  
pretty much everything else.  
Y'know -- King.

BOWMAN

And what about me?

(CONTINUED)

He gives her a drunken smile.

BURCHENAL  
Propagation of the species.

Chantilas rolls his eyes, then stands, ending this line of discourse.

CHANTILAS  
And with that, I suggest we go to bed.

BURCHENAL  
(off Bowman's look)  
Think I'll take the suggestion.

He stands, and saying their "good nights," they head out, taking Pettengill with them. When they're gone --

GALLAGHER  
Heavy stuff. Smart people.

BOWMAN  
How about you, Gallagher? Never heard you express an opinion.

GALLAGHER  
Okay. I think you should wear a bra.

That shuts her up for a few moments. Then --

BOWMAN  
Bras are designed to support your breasts on Earth, where there's real gravity. Why would I need one in space?

GALLAGHER  
'Cause it's very distracting.  
(then)  
Not as distracting as seeing you step out of the shower, but...

BOWMAN  
I make sure to lock the door now.

GALLAGHER  
I know. Tried walking in on you by accident a dozen times since then.

He looks serious. Beat. He smiles. It's a joke. A smile breaks on Bowman's face. Then --

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED: (4)

96

BOWMAN

Y'know, you're not who I thought  
you were at first.

GALLAGHER

That an insult or a compliment?

BOWMAN

An observation.

Beat. They're very close. And very drunk. It's when he  
should kiss her. But he doesn't.

The moment passes. They both know it was there and now  
it's gone. Drift apart. Feel stupid...

END OF FLASHBACK.

97

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

97

Gallagher, Pettengill and Burchenal move across the  
landscape strung out in a single line. Miles from  
where they started. Everyone's breathing hard.  
Pettengill and Gallagher doing better than Burchenal,  
who's dragging behind. Right now, Gallagher's in front.

OVER the COMM-LINKS --

BURCHENAL

Sure we're heading the right way?

GALLAGHER

Pretty sure.

PETTENGILL

... We all make mistakes now and  
then.

GALLAGHER

Everyone but the king.

BURCHENAL

(between breaths)

No, no, there was one time.

GALLAGHER

One time. Whoa.

BURCHENAL

Cloning potatoes... Spent two  
years trying to make a better spud  
and two more trying to stop it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BURCHENAL (CONT'D)

Almost wiped out Idaho.

(beat, then)

Of course, it turned out to be my assistant's fault.

Pettengill stops, suddenly alarmed.

PETTENGILL

What's that?

GALLAGHER

(stops)

What?

Pettengill points off into the distance.

PETTENGILL

Over there. Like the ground's moving.

GALLAGHER

I don't see anything.

PETTENGILL

... It's gone now. But I definitely saw something.

Gallagher looks at him a moment, wondering if Pettengill's hallucinating... When his eyes go to Burchenal for the first time. He sees that Burchenal's fallen way behind... And that AMEE's drone is hovering directly over his head.

GALLAGHER

(tense, concerned)

Burchenal, you're too far back!

BURCHENAL

Drone zeroing in on me?

GALLAGHER

Affirmative.

As Burchenal picks up the pace, OVER the RADIO we hear --

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Gallagher?

GALLAGHER

(into radio; still watching Burchenal)

Hey... I need a heading check.

INTERCUT WITH:

98 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

98

She can see them on the high-res viewer.

BOWMAN  
You're right on target.  
(beat; grave)  
We need to talk.

Gallagher TURNS OFF his COMM-LINK.

GALLAGHER  
I'm off the comm-link. What's up?

Bowman's never hesitated in the execution of her command responsibilities. She does now. What she's about to say is hard even for her.

GALLAGHER  
Bowman?

And then --

BOWMAN  
The only place to ride Cosmos  
is inside the rock sample  
container.

GALLAGHER  
Sounds comfy.

BOWMAN  
It's very small... Houston and  
Borokovksi have been going over  
the schematics. They've done all  
they could to figure out how to  
cram three people in.  
(then)  
They couldn't.  
(then)  
Only two people fit, Gallagher.  
Two people barely.

The news storms Gallagher's head. He just stands there.  
Trying to absorb it.

GALLAGHER  
... someone has to stay behind...

BOWMAN  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

Pettengill and Burchenal are getting near. To Bowman --

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

GALLAGHER

Yeah, okay. I'll talk to you later.

He lowers the radio. As Burchenal walks up --

BURCHENAL

How we doing?

Gallagher hesitates, weighs telling him. Then answers.

GALLAGHER

Fine... Good...

OFF Gallagher, falling in with him...

99 EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY (LATER)

99

Burchenal's slowing again, the pain holding him back. He glances up at the sound of AMEE'S DRONE over his head. Tries to move faster. Does for a few moments. Then can't keep it up. Stops.

BURCHENAL

Shit...

GALLAGHER

(turns; calls back)

Keep moving!

BURCHENAL

... I'm hurt, I'm tired, I'm thirsty... I can't do this.

He falls on the ground. Gallagher sees and stops.

GALLAGHER

Get up!

BURCHENAL

Screw it. I'm through.

The drone's circling like a buzzard.

Gallagher looks at him. He and Pettengill could leave now, and there'd be no decision about who's going on Cosmos and who's staying behind. Beat. Beat. Then Gallagher starts hustling back to Burchenal. Passes Pettengill, who just watches him go by.

Gallagher reaches Burchenal.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

You want to know what AMEE's  
going to do to you?

BURCHENAL

I don't give a damn.

GALLAGHER

Get your ass up!

Gallagher hoists him up. It hurts, but Burchenal stands.

BURCHENAL

... This air's too damn thin. I  
can barely breathe...

Gallagher puts a hand in Burchenal's back. Starts  
pushing him.

GALLAGHER

C'mon. Left foot, right foot, hop  
like a bunny -- I don't care.  
Let's go.

Burchenal groans, but he's doing what Gallagher says. He  
has no choice. It's either that or fall on his face...  
They plod ahead like that for awhile. When Gallagher  
starts singing --

GALLAGHER

'Better stop, look around. Here  
it comes, here it comes, here it  
comes. Here comes your nineteenth  
nervous breakdown -- '

BURCHENAL

What the hell're you doing?

GALLAGHER

My grandfather always sang this  
Rolling Stones song. That's the  
only part I remember.

(sings)

'Better stop, look around. Here  
it comes -- '

Burchenal groans.

GALLAGHER

' -- here it comes, here it comes.  
Here comes your nineteenth nervous  
breakdown...'

(beat)

C'mon.

(CONTINUED)



99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

BURCHENAL

No.

GALLAGHER

'Better stop -- '

BURCHENAL

No.

100 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

100

Bowman's got them in the viewfinder once more. Making measurements. Scanning Mars... When something catches her eye. Something obscuring the Martian surface. Something large.

101 EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

101

Gallagher's still singing. Clearly, he's worn down Burchenal, because Burchenal's into it now too. And Pettengill's joined in.

ALL

'Here comes your nineteenth nervous breakdown -- '

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Gallagher.

He keys the mike.

GALLAGHER

'Better stop -- '

BURCHENAL

'Look around -- '

BURCHENAL

'Here it comes -- '

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Gallagher.

GALLAGHER

'Here it comes -- '

PETTENGILL

'Here it comes -- '

ALL

'Here comes your nineteenth -- '

INTERCUT WITH:

102 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

102

Bowman's agitated. Wants 'em to shut up.

BOWMAN

Cut it!

They hear it. The next line falling apart in their mouths --

ALL

' -- nervous breakdown... '

BOWMAN

(then)

There's an icestorm coming at you.  
It's the size of Montana, and it's  
moving fast.

Her TRANSMISSION'S getting STATIC-Y.

BOWMAN

I'm in comm blackout in a few  
seconds. Find shelter. Now.  
Any shelter you can --

Just STATIC. She's gone.

END INTERCUT. Gallagher and Burchenal are still a little giddy. Pettengill's looking around at the vast nothingness.

PETTENGILL

Shelter? Where're we gonna find  
shelter out here?

GALLAGHER

Let's go over that ridge.

101A EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY (LATER)

101A

Gallagher, Burchenal and Pettengill hustle down a hill. They stop, looking around.

PETTENGILL

There's nothing big enough here.

GALLAGHER

... Winds could hit two-fifty. I  
was stationed in Antarctica fixing  
submarines. You didn't want to be  
caught out in a big blow there,  
and those were nothing by  
comparison.

(CONTINUED)

101A CONTINUED:

101A

BURCHENAL

If you were caught out, what would you do then?

GALLAGHER

If you didn't have a choice? Dig a snow-cave. I guess.

BURCHENAL

So let's dig one.

GALLAGHER

There's no snow. And we can't dig rock.

There's a funky-looking hillock nearby. Five feet high, as big around. Burchenal's gone over. He kicks it. The soft volcanic rock crumbles away, revealing... snow.

BURCHENAL

Permafrost.

He scrapes away some.

BURCHENAL

And you can dig in it.

103 EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT (LATER)

103

They're digging. Burchenal not able to give to it like the other two. Pettengill really working at it. Gallagher puts a hand on him.

GALLAGHER

Take it easy.

Pettengill stops a moment. Breathing hard.

PETTENGILL

We've come this far. We gotta make it all the way. We gotta live.

As Pettengill rejoins the effort...

104 OMITTED

104

105 EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT (LATER)

105

They've hollowed out the hillock. The WIND'S starting to KICK UP. Gallagher's talking into the radio.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

GALLAGHER

Bowman... Come in, Mars-1...

Beat. Nothing. He gives up and crawls inside.

106 INT. SNOW CAVE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT 106

Gallagher crawls in. As he seals the entrance with snow and rocks...

BURCHENAL

Reach her?

GALLAGHER

Still in blackout.

PETTENGILL

We can't talk to her from in here?

GALLAGHER

Signal won't penetrate.

He finishes sealing the entrance. They settle in. It's a very tight fit, but not bad considering. Lit by their suit-lights. Burchenal's in obvious pain, cradling his hurt ribs.

BURCHENAL

Even resting hurts.

Beat. Suddenly, they hear a WHISTLE outside. AMEE.

PETTENGILL

The wolf's at the door.

GALLAGHER

(beat)

AMEE's programmed for psy-ops.  
She's trying to freak us out.

She WHISTLES again. Gallagher yells.

GALLAGHER

Beat it.

107 EXT. NEAR SNOW CAVE (MARS) - NIGHT 107

The WIND WHIPS ice and dust around AMEE, riding out the storm in her box.

The three men sit as the DUSTSTORM HOWLS outside. Illuminated by their suit-lights... We see how really trashed these guys are. They look like an Everest expedition caught at camp five for a month. Dirty, bearded, battered, sore, thirsty, hungry, tired, scared, and now shivering with cold. Burchenal has the added burden of his injury. Just checking the time like he does now hurts like a motherfucker.

BURCHENAL

How far's Cosmos from here?

Gallagher's lost in thought. Finally realizes Burchenal's asked him something.

GALLAGHER

What?

BURCHENAL

Cosmos. How far you think it is?

GALLAGHER

(shrugs)

Five or six hours.

BURCHENAL

(checks time)

... Leaves four to try and launch  
... Not counting whatever time we lose here.

(beat)

Borokovski better have a good memory. Won't be time for plan B.

They sit in silence a while. Burchenal thinking hard about something. Then --

BURCHENAL

There's a thing... Something maybe science doesn't fully explain... That drives us on when everything else fails. That extends itself to other people... Like when you kept me going back there.

Gallagher meets his eyes. Beat.

BURCHENAL

Chantilas would say it's got something to do with the Almighty. Maybe it does. Or maybe it's just something special about the human spirit... Whatever, I'm grateful for it.

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

Beat. Gallagher doesn't warm to the praise.

GALLAGHER

I didn't do it because I wanted you to live. I did it because I hated myself for what I was really thinking.

BURCHENAL

What was that?

GALLAGHER

That if I left you, I'd survive.

BURCHENAL

What're you talking about?

GALLAGHER

Cosmos only has room for two people.

Beat. Burchenal and Pettengill can't believe it.

PETTENGILL

You're saying one of us can't go? After all this?

GALLAGHER

I've already decided. You're both going.

(off their looks)

The mission's not over if you can get back and tell 'em what you've seen. That's a helluva lot more important than anything I can offer.

(then)

I'll help you rig Cosmos. Then we say good-bye.

There's a long beat. And a noticeable lack of argument. Burchenal does have a conscience, though...

BURCHENAL

You're a rare man, Gallagher.

GALLAGHER

(beat, then)

Hey, we don't know if Cosmos'll even launch. Even if it does, hell, it's Russian -- it'll probably get ten feet off the ground and blow up, and I'll still live the longest.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

PETTENGILL

Somehow I don't quite believe it.

GALLAGHER

What do you mean?

PETTENGILL

I've always been the odd one out.  
Came on as a last minute  
replacement. Never quite fit in.  
(re: Burchenal)  
Now he thinks I'm responsible for  
Santen's death.

Gallagher and Burchenal exchange a look. Pettengill  
can read into it.

PETTENGILL

Don't you trust me, Gallagher?  
'You watch my back, I'll watch  
yours?'

BURCHENAL

I know I don't trust you.

PETTENGILL

(to Burchenal;  
sarcastic)

But you're gonna leave your buddy  
behind and take off with me?

GALLAGHER

That's right, he is.

Pettengill just looks at each of them. Then settles  
back against the snow, processing it all, capable of  
anything.

OFF Gallagher and Burchenal, exchanging a look as the  
WIND SHRIEKS outside...

108A INT. MARS-1 - ACCESS TUBE - NIGHT

108A

Bowman's pacing to stay awake. Into the portable  
radio --

BOWMAN

Gallagher... Gallagher, come in...

Nothing. But she's going to keep trying.

BOWMAN

C'mon, hear me, Gallagher. I know  
you're there...

109 INT. SNOW CAVE - NIGHT (LATER)

109

The STORM'S still HOWLING outside. In the suit-lights, we see Pettengill asleep and Burchenal nodding. Gallagher's the only one you'd call awake. But that just barely. Keeping an ear on the storm. An eye on the clock. Still watching over the team, even though he's chosen to die. Too tired to even worry about that.

110 INT. MARS-1 - KITCHEN/Common AREA - NIGHT

110

Bowman's still pacing. Checks her watch. Into the radio --

BOWMAN

Gallagher... Hey, you did it before, man. Give me a call. Bus has gotta leave soon... talk to me now...

She hears from Houston instead --

CAPCOM (V.O.)

Mars-1, this is Houston. Commander, we don't know about your clock, but ours is running out of time down here. You've been outta contact with 'em three hours. Those boys came a long way on shoestrings, but that's a ferocious storm, and no one could survive it... Here's where it is ... If you don't punch it in the next window, we're getting down to a gnat's ass. You're risking your life, that ship, and the future of this program -- and your team died for what?... If they haven't made contact by the time you receive this, you're ordered to return home ASAP... We'll catch you coming home... Houston out.

There's a long beat. Then Bowman keys the radio. Her words are measured, her tone deliberate.

BOWMAN

Houston, Mars-1... That's a Negative... I'm not leaving 'til I know... Mars-1 out.



111 INT. SNOW CAVE - NIGHT

111

Gallagher's asleep. He's shivering. So hard it wakes him up. Realizes he's cold because the entrance to the cave is open to the outside. No sound of the storm. Next, he sees Pettengill's missing.

GALLAGHER

Shit.

He turns to Burchenal, asleep on the other side of him.

GALLAGHER

Burchenal.

He shakes him awake.

GALLAGHER

Pettengill's gone.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

He quickly looks and feels around the cave.

GALLAGHER

He took the radio.

BURCHENAL

What's the bastard gonna do,  
try to take off alone?

112 EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT 112

It's a weird place in the day. At night, lit by  
Pettengill's suit-light, it's fucking spooky. Pettengill  
hurrying along. When...

... he hears a WHISTLE... And now he's scared. Starts  
to move a lot faster.

112A INT. SNOW CAVE - NIGHT 112A

We hear a SHARP BEEP. Gallagher looks down at his arm.

On the screen, in infrared AMEE-vision, we see  
Pettengill. Running madly. The camera chasing him.  
There's no sound.

GALLAGHER

Oh, man...

Gallagher slows and stops. Burchenal stops beside him.

BURCHENAL

What is it?

GALLAGHER

(re: the screen)

AMEE's got him... She wants us  
to see it.

On screen, we see AMEE'S POV as she closes in on  
Pettengill and runs him down.

There's nothing Gallagher and Burchenal can do about  
what's going to happen next. They can only watch.

Pettengill's cornered. He turns. Faces what he knows  
is coming. Accepting his fate. Our vision's limited  
to what AMEE sees. There's no sound. But the brutality  
of her attack is plain enough.

(CONTINUED)

112A CONTINUED:

112A

AMEE finally slams Pettengill to the ground. She moves in. Gives them a closeup of Pettengill's face... His eyes blink once. Blink again. Nothing else moving. The dull reactions of a spinal cord-injury victim. And then his eyes close. The reaction of a dead man... And then the screen goes dark. Beat.

BURCHENAL

He thought we were gonna leave him. He made it come true.

GALLAGHER

(beat)

We need that radio, or no one's going anywhere.

As they head off --

113 EXT. MARS SURFACE - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

113

Using their suit-lights to see, Gallagher and Burchenal follow Pettengill's tracks. Burchenal checks the time.

BURCHENAL

We lost three hours in the snow cave.

GALLAGHER

At least Pettengill went in the right direction.

BURCHENAL

How do you know?

GALLAGHER

Took a general heading before we went into the snow cave. When we came out, I lined it up with the stars.

BURCHENAL

(shivers)

It's freezing.

GALLAGHER

Keep moving. Increasing body activity's the only way to ward off hypothermia.

114 EXT. MARS SURFACE - FARTHER ON - NIGHT

114

Gallagher's suit-light continues to illuminate Pettengill's tracks.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

BURCHENAL (O.S.)

I don't get this.

Gallagher turns. Burchenal's stopped. Has his light trained on the ground. We see color.

BURCHENAL

There's still algae here.

He sweeps the beam out across the landscape. Patches of algae extend out beyond the reach of the light. Glowing pink. Burchenal bends down and grabs a handful. The pinkish glow dissipates as he touches it.

BURCHENAL

Why's it here and nowhere else?

GALLAGHER

Too late to figure it out now.  
We gotta keep moving.

Gallagher looks to the horizon. Sees a thin shaft of light shooting straight up.

GALLAGHER

Pettengill...

114A EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT

114A

They rush across the iridescent landscape until they reach...

114B PETTENGILL

114B

Lying on a patch of ground devoid of algae.

His face is obscured by the closed helmet, the visor fogged-over. There's a fist-size hole punched through his chest.

GALLAGHER

AMEE must've done it.

BURCHENAL

Let's hope she left the radio.

Burchenal takes off his gloves to search Pettengill's suit for the radio.

Gallagher tries to open Pettengill's helmet, but it jams, barely open. Whereupon we hear a nerve-fraying, HIGH-PITCHED SOUND from the narrow slot.

(CONTINUED)

114B CONTINUED:

114B

GALLAGHER

I hear something inside his helmet.

BURCHENAL

Why'd he close it? He didn't have any air left.

Gallagher finds the radio.

GALLAGHER

I'll try to raise Bowman.

Gallagher moves off.

Burchenal puts his ear very close to Pettengill's visor. Looks again at Pettengill's face.

114C ANGLE - PETTENGILL

114C

His mouth appears to be moving.

Burchenal looks closer.

114D INSIDE PETTENGILL'S HELMET

114D

Several yellowish translucent nematodes wriggle over Pettengill's lips sucking in a human sludge that fills their three-inch bodies.

114E BURCHENAL

114E

Mystified, he takes out his ignition lighter. There's a small rotating buzzsaw at the end. Burchenal begins to saw through the visor.

Gallagher's had no luck reaching Bowman so far.

GALLAGHER

She must be on the back side.

Burchenal continues to saw.

114F INSIDE HELMET

114F

Carbon sparks begin to bounce off the inside of the visor.

114G EXT. MARS SURFACE

114G

... hundreds of fiery nematodes explode.

Burchenal staggers back.

BURCHENAL

Jesus!

GALLAGHER

What happened?

BURCHENAL

Some kind of nematodes. They were eating Pettengill. Sparks ignited 'em.

There's a patch of algae near Burchenal. He shines his light on it. We see more nematodes.

BURCHENAL

They're feeding on the algae. That's where it went...

GALLAGHER

Thought there wasn't any life here.

BURCHENAL

There shouldn't be.

Burchenal whips out a telescoping rod. A titanium vial on the end.

BURCHENAL

They're gonna flip out over this back home.

He jabs the rod into the nematodes. A sample is sucked into the vial and frozen by liquid nitrogen. The vial seals shut.

BURCHENAL

Let's get moving.

They begin walking --

GALLAGHER

You sure it's smart to take those things with us?

BURCHENAL

Smart?... You don't understand the importance of this, do you?

GALLAGHER

I'm the janitor, remember?

(CONTINUED)

114G CONTINUED:

114G

BURCHENAL

Earth's losing oxygen. You see how those things burned? They make it. They eat algae, and they make O2... Gallagher, we don't have to move to a new planet if we can save the old one.

As Burchenal's words sink in --

115 OMITTED

115

&amp;

&amp;

116

116

117 EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT (LATER)

117

Gallagher and Burchenal walk across a vast field of algae. Gallagher pauses to look.

GALLAGHER

Been years since I've seen green fields.

Burchenal's ahead of Gallagher, when something catches his eye... The algae in front of him has begun to glow. The glow swiftly surges toward him like a wave. The wave reaches his feet, surrounds him. Burchenal shines his light down. In the beam, we see nematodes beginning to swarm up his legs.

BURCHENAL

Go back!

GALLAGHER

What?

Burchenal runs back, the wave moving with him.

BURCHENAL

Run, goddamn it!

Gallagher begins running back the way they came.

Burchenal's injured rib slows him. More nematodes catch up. The swarm of nematodes on his legs grows. Burchenal stumbles and falls.

Gallagher continues running... When suddenly the glowing wave surges into the algae ahead of him. Gallagher stops. He looks around. The wave of nematodes is moving in on him from all sides.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

GALLAGHER

We're surrounded.

He realizes Burchenal's not there.

GALLAGHER

Burchenal!

Burchenal's on the ground, hurting, his body swarmed by nematodes, some already eating through his suit and beginning to devour him.

BURCHENAL

Stay there! You won't make it!... Sons of bitches're already inside my suit...

Beat. Burchenal struggles out of his life support vest.

BURCHENAL

You're outta air. You'll need this for the launch.

He tosses the vest to Gallagher. Then --

BURCHENAL

You said you're not important 'cause you aren't a scientist... You're wrong.

Burchenal tosses him the vial containing the nematode sample.

BURCHENAL

Accomplish the mission, Gallagher.

GALLAGHER

Burchenal...

BURCHENAL

Put your helmet on. It's gonna get hot here in a sec.

Burchenal pulls out his ignition lighter.

Gallagher draws his helmet over his head. Beat.

GALLAGHER

So long, Burchenal.

Beat. Burchenal manages a smile... Then triggers his lighter and drops it into the sea of nematodes. Instantly, they COMBUST -- an enormous, fiery chain reaction that EXPLODES out across the field and all around Gallagher.

(CONTINUED)



117 CONTINUED: (2) 117

The blaze burns brightly and intensely for a moment, then just as suddenly, is gone. Beat. Gallagher pulls back his helmet and looks around. OFF his reaction --

118 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY/NIGHT 118

Mars-1 passes through terminus. Day becomes night. An anxious Bowman flips on the Thermal Imager. Searches the Martian surface. Looking for...

POV - THERMAL IMAGING SYSTEM

... a hot spot. ZOOMING IN ON a lone figure moving across the vast, dark coldness of Mars.

BACK TO BOWMAN

Happy and relieved, her faith rewarded by the living presence of at least one member of the team.

BOWMAN

Thank God...

INTERCUT WITH:

119 EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT 119

Gallagher pounds it out. Huffing and puffing. Long past the nematodes. AMEE's DRONE HUMMING overhead. Into the radio --

BOWMAN

Gallagher?

GALLAGHER

Here.

INTERCUT Gallagher and Bowman -- Her relief is multiplied knowing Gallagher's made it. Beat. She makes a calculation.

BOWMAN

Stop. You're going the wrong way.

Gallagher slows.

GALLAGHER

Which way?

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED:

119

BOWMAN

You have to go back. The way you came.

This is too much... Even for Gallapher. He starts to lose it.

GALLAGHER

I can't... the worms... We found life... Burchenal sacrificed himself for me... They're all dead.

BOWMAN

(reacts, then)

Stop... Listen to me.

He stops. Swaying with exhaustion and the prospect of defeat. Then drops to his knees.

BOWMAN

If Burchenal gave his life so you'd have a chance, it's your job to take it... You gotta find a way to keep going, or he died for nothing.

GALLAGHER

... I can't...

Bowman looks at the warm figure on the screen a moment.

BOWMAN

... Then how about doing it for me?... Get moving, Gallagher. I'll guide you.

There's a long beat. Then slowly, Gallagher gets to his feet.

GALLAGHER

Okay...

He gets himself moving.

GALLAGHER

Okay...

Gallagher picks up the pace until he's going as fast as he can.

GALLAGHER

Okay...

OFF Gallagher, gutting it out across cold, dark Martian wasteland.

120 EXT. MARS - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT 120

Time has passed. Gallagher runs. Tired but persisting. Navigating by the stars. His suit-light bouncing in the vast emptiness.

121 SAME SCENE - LATER 121

Gallagher radios --

GALLAGHER

Time.

INTERCUT WITH:

122 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT 122

BOWMAN

Fifty-two minutes to go.

GALLAGHER

I should be there by now.

BOWMAN

Maybe not.

GALLAGHER

I could've screwed up the celestial nav. I could be off course.

BOWMAN

Stay positive. It's there. Make it be there.

GALLAGHER

I could've run right past it --

But suddenly, there it is. Right in front of him. Cosmos. In all its rock-probe ugliness. No looming spacecraft, just a small sample container atop a launching base. Hardly confidence-inspiring. And Russian. But...

GALLAGHER

I found it.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

There's no time to experience the relief she feels.

BOWMAN

See?

As Gallagher looks over Cosmos, solar panels revolve and track toward his light.

GALLAGHER

Okay, what do I do now?

BOWMAN

There's an infrared maintenance port. It should be marked.

Gallagher looks for it. Minor stumbling block --

GALLAGHER

Yeah. In Cyrillic.

Finds it anyhow.

GALLAGHER

Okay, I got it.

Tries to unscrew the cover. Can't.

GALLAGHER

Hands're too cold. My fingers won't work.

BOWMAN

Use your teeth if you have to. Just do it.

He flexes his fingers. Tries again. Finally gets the cover off. An IR port inside.

GALLAGHER

I'm in. What now?

BOWMAN

Connect the radio to Cosmos. I'm gonna download what you need through the modem.

Gallagher finds it. Hooks up the radio to Cosmos.

GALLAGHER

Go.

Stuff flashes on the Cosmos' digital readout. The launch program, etc. When it's finished, Gallagher unplugs the modem to speak into the radio again.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

GALLAGHER

Still has power.

BOWMAN

You should be able to run diagnostics.

He does. System check positive. It's a big moment.

GALLAGHER

All green.

BOWMAN

(stops holding her  
breath)

Alright. Now, this thing only has two settings: 'on' and 'off'... right now, 'on' sends it all the way back to Earth. As you lack air, food and water, that'd be bad.

She refers to data.

BOWMAN

We want just enough power to reach orbit. I've recalculated for the weight of one person... You gotta take two liters out of each fuel tank. There's a central purge... You'll have to measure it somehow ... It's gotta be pretty exact.

GALLAGHER

Russians couldn't add a gas gauge?

BOWMAN

(no time for nonsense)

I'm going into comm blackout soon, and we're down to forty-nine minutes. Shut up and figure it out.

GALLAGHER

Yessir, ma'am.

123 SAME SCENE - LATER

123

Gallagher's unbolted the rock scoop. Finishes taking crude measurements.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

GALLAGHER

I need you to do some math. A box forty by twenty centimeters and ten high, how deep's four liters?

CONTINUE INTERCUT.

124 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

124

Bowman quickly does the math.

BOWMAN

Call it three centimeters.

Gallagher measures and scribes in the line. Moves to the purge valve. Fills the box with four liters of liquid rocket fuel. Sets it down.

GALLAGHER

Now what?

BOWMAN

Launch diagnostics. Avoid pressing anything that says 'ignition.'

He runs it. Everything's in the green... until it reaches "Ignition Power." Green is 300 volts at six amps. There's exactly zero. It's dead as a doornail. The program suggests the replacement part number. Gallagher stares at the readout, not wanting to believe it. Then slowly lets in the truth: he's not going anywhere after all.

BOWMAN

Gallagher?

GALLAGHER

Ignition battery's dead. There's not enough power to launch.

BOWMAN

Is there anything else you can use?

GALLAGHER

(sarcastic)

Let me look around and see if I see a high-voltage source... Nope, just rocks.

He sits down next to the Cosmos. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

I'm gonna die here, Bowman.

Bowman's shook.

BOWMAN

I'll figure out how to stay up here longer. We'll find another way.

GALLAGHER

You can't stay without burning more fuel to hold orbit. Do that, and you don't make it home... No. You gotta go. It's your duty to get back.

Bowman knows he's right... but she hates it. A long beat. Words fail her...

BOWMAN

Gallagher...

GALLAGHER

... How soon you in blackout?

BOWMAN

About a minute.

GALLAGHER

So we have a minute. And there's some stuff I gotta tell you. First, about the worms... They ate the algae. Maybe Hab, too... But what's important is they make oxygen. I guess that's why we could breathe. Burchenal says they might even be able to save Earth. So get someone back here quick. And tell 'em to be careful ... These things are omnivores.

(beat)

That's the big story. Other than that, I just gotta tell you I really hate Mars. I'd never want to live here. I'd miss Earth too much... the way I do now.

(then)

The way I miss a lot of things.

(beat)

I should've kissed you, Bowman.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2)

124

BOWMAN

(eyes welling)

Yeah. You should've kissed me.

(beat)

I pretended it didn't matter...

And every force inside me was  
pulling me toward you...

Tears are streaming down her cheek now.

Gallagher pauses. Half a beat. When...

125 EXT. MARS ORBIT - NIGHT/DAY

125

Mars-1 circles into daylight. And...126 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

126

Bowman's RADIO suddenly blares STATIC. As...

127 EXT. COSMOS SITE (MARS) - NIGHT

127

... He goes on to say --

GALLAGHER

Good-bye... I'm gonna miss you...

But it's too late. There's no response. Only STATIC.  
A long, long beat. He's alone. He'll be alone for the  
rest of his life. Sitting on a big, cold rock in space.

GALLAGHER

(softly)

'Here it comes, here it comes,  
here it comes -- 'When he's interrupted by a familiar SHARP BEEP.  
Gallagher looks down.On the screen on his sleeve, we see AMEE's infrared POV  
as she moves across the Martian landscape.

GALLAGHER

Letting me know you're still  
coming, huh?

There is a long beat. Gallagher realizes something.

GALLAGHER

Okay. Come and get me.



127A CLOSEUP - BOX - MOMENTS LATER 127A

Part of Cosmos. Gallagher removing some fasteners and opening it. Revealing a bundle of white fabric inside. Cosmos' re-entry parachute.

He picks up the bucket of rocket fuel. OFF Gallagher, pouring it into the box and soaking the chute...

128 AMEE-VISION INFRARED POV (LATER) 128

MOVING INTO a position twenty yards from Gallagher, who's against Cosmos again.

129 GALLAGHER 129

looks at AMEE.

GALLAGHER

Ready to move in for the kill, huh? Okay. Come on over and finish me. Then you can be up here all alone. Just walking around Mars whistling to yourself.

She keeps coming.

GALLAGHER

... Couldn't happen to a nicer girl...

AMEE walks right up to him. Not a pause. Raises an arm into the air. Gonna plunge it into Gallagher's brain. When...

... at the last possible second, Gallagher jerks away from the death-blow. Rolls over. Underneath Cosmos. Triggers a switch he's wired there, and...

BOOM! Cosmos' PARACHUTE SHOOTS out of its box, which is positioned so as to kick the chute out laterally. The chute engulfing AMEE. Gallagher now rolling out from under Cosmos. Pulling out his torch, and...

... the fuel-soaked parachute EXPLODES into FLAMES. The fire all around her. Burning up into her maintenance port, which Gallagher'd opened to Hab and never closed again. Melting circuitry and wiring there.

Even as the parachute burns away, the fire in AMEE's belly is starting to disrupt her behavior... Her movements become erratic.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Gallagher'd like to wait, but he doesn't have time. Moves in on her. A metal rod from Cosmos in his hand.

AMEE tries to fight him off. Lands blows. But there's no coordination. No ability to follow up. And finally...

Gallagher grabs an arm. Flips her over. Stabs the rod deep into the open, smoldering port on her underside. Into her exposed CPU. Once. Twice... and then it's over. She stops moving. Lies still. Gallagher looks down at her.

GALLAGHER

I'm getting off this planet.

Gallagher removes another port cover. Starts to reach inside. When suddenly...

AMEE grabs his wrist in her pincers. Gallagher plunges the rod into her one more time, and the pincers release, the hand falls.

Gallagher reaches into the second port again, dredging up AMEE's E-source -- a power cell the size of a soda can. Disconnects it. If this were the jungle, AMEE would be a slain animal, the battery would be her heart -- and Gallagher would celebrate his victory by eating it. Here, now, he's gotta get into space...

130 SAME SCENE - FEW MINUTES LATER

130

Gallagher finishes jerry-rigging the battery inside AMEE. Shuts the battery port and begins sweeping rocks out of the sample container -- his "capsule."

Gallagher's about to pull his helmet over his head... when he stops... He rips something. Skewers it on the rod that finished off AMEE. Bends OUT OF FRAME and does something we can't see. Gallagher turns back to Cosmos. And now we see...

... the American flag patch from the shoulder of his suit. "Flying" from the rod. Planted in the Martian turf.

Gallagher pulls his helmet on. Looks at the tiny rocket with its rock box.

GALLAGHER

This should be interesting....

131 INT. COSMOS - NIGHT

131

Gallagher slides into the sample container. There's supposed to be room for two. There's barely room for one. But he's in.

Beat. Gallagher takes several deep breaths. Closes his eyes. And punches it. We hear the IGNITION kick ON... and then, with a GRINDING ROAR, the thirty-year-old ROCKET MOTORS COME TO LIFE.

Inside his capsule, Gallagher's rocked by vibration.

132 INT./EXT. COSMOS - NIGHT

132

The wide canyon where Cosmos lies lights up from the enormous EXPLOSION of the ENGINE.

And, slowly at first, the little ship begins to rise.

Gallagher's rattled harder by vibration.

And now, as Cosmos picks up speed, the g-forces press him against the hard floor of the box.

The heat shield glows bright red two inches from Gallagher's face.

When the second stage kicks in, the force rips the shield away completely.

MICRO DUST PINGS against Gallagher's visor. Inside the helmet, his eyes and ears begin to bleed. His face distorts from the 9-g's pulling down on him.

Cosmos reaches the atmospheric envelope. And bursts through.

Released from Mars' gravity and atmospheric friction, Cosmos accelerates.

Gallagher's head is snapped sideways by the increased velocity.

And then, at last, the second-stage ROCKET MOTORS SPUTTER and DIE. The second stage falls away... Cosmos floats in the deathly quiet of space...

133 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

133

Bowman's making final preparations for her return. When her eyes go to a screen on the instrument panel... Something's shot up into the atmosphere ahead of her... She looks up from the screen, looks out the window. Beat. It hits her...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

BOWMAN

Gallagher...

Then, to the voice-activated computer system --

BOWMAN

Abort. Reroute. Orbital  
maneuvering. Power the O.M.S.  
Power the R.C.S.

She flips a joystick out from underneath the dash in  
front of her.

BOWMAN

I need roll, pitch, yaw, X, Y, Z.

She's flying the ship now.

BOWMAN

Ten millimeter bursts.

134 EXT. MARS ORBIT - NIGHT/DAY

134

Small HYDROGEN BURSTS begin to shift Mars-1. Bit by bit  
the large ship dives down into a lower orbit to catch  
Cosmos.

135 INT./EXT. COSMOS - NIGHT

135

Gallagher drifts on the edge of unconsciousness. On his  
wrist display, we see that Burchenal's life-support pack  
is running low on air. Mars-1 approaches. Closer and  
closer. More HYDROGEN BLASTS slow Mars-1. Both ships  
nearing the daylight. And when Mars-1 is as close as  
Bowman dares bring it...

136 INT. MARS-1 - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

136

She triggers a final breaking burst. Throws off her seat  
harness.

137 INT. MARS-1 - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

137

Bowman races through the ship. Exits into...

138 INT. MARS-1 - HAB RETRIEVAL DECK - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

138

Bowman runs herself across the room. Jams her feet into  
EVA boots. Moves upward into the EVA upper body section.  
Locks it shut. Fully encased now. Like a large  
crustacean with legs.

139 INT./EXT. COSMOS - NIGHT/DAY 139

Gallagher's out of air. He's either unconscious... or dead. Cosmos and Mars-1 entering the sunlight now.

140 INT. MARS-1 - HAB RETRIEVAL DECK - DAY 140

BOWMAN

Seal this level! Open the dock!

The large outer doors of the dock open. Air and loose items purge. Gallagher and Cosmos float 300 yards away.

Bowman unclips her suit from its anchoring device and yanks something off the wall. Like a 40mm grenade launcher with a power retrieval cable. Bowman shoulders it. Aims. Pulls the trigger... the device emits a thin laser beam.

141 OMITTED 141

142 BOWMAN 142

regards a readout on the gun: "OBJECT OUT OF RANGE." She lets go of the gun. Looks around. Propels herself up to the long "Canadian arm" which is used to bring Hab into the bay. The arm attached to a linear acceleration track pointing out the open hatch.

A receptacle on the back of Bowman's EVA suit matches the large Hab retrieval ball on the end of the arm. Bowman backs herself against the ball. Clips her suit onto it.

BOWMAN

Last acquisition. Line release.  
Full velocity.

And the linear accelerator shoots the arm down the track and hurls Bowman out into space. The ball stays embedded in her back. Trailing a line back to Mars-1.

143 EXT. MARS ORBIT - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY 143

Bowman flies toward Gallagher and Cosmos. No means of stopping herself. Crashes hard into Cosmos. Momentarily stuns herself. Then recovers. Moves to Gallagher. Puts her visor against his. And screams.

BOWMAN

Gallagher! Gallagher!

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

She's shouting at the top of her lungs, but inside Gallagher's helmet there's only a muffled HUM transmitted through two face-plates. Bowman grabs onto Cosmos. Says something we can't hear. The linear accelerator yanks her violently backward. Begins retracting Bowman and Cosmos back toward the open Hab retrieval bay.

Mars-1 is swallowing up Bowman, Cosmos and Gallagher. At 45 mph. They almost make it through the door cleanly. Cosmos catches slightly on one side. Flips them around as they plunge inside.

144 INT. MARS-1 - HAB RETRIEVAL DECK - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

144

Cosmos rams the end of the arm. The arm fractures away but still stops Cosmos from ramming through the inner bulkhead and destroying Mars-1.

BOWMAN

Seal! Emergency atmosphere! Now!

The OUTER DOOR SLAMS SHUT. The room is buffeted in a white mist. The atmosphere is restored.

Gallagher's limp, unresponsive. Bowman checks his readout. No air. No heartbeat.

BOWMAN

Not after all this, damn it.

She grabs an emergency cutting tool. Hooks it into the front of Gallagher's suit. Rips it open from stem to stern.

A first-aid station is bolted to the wall. Bowman grabs a pair of paddles from a defibrillation unit. Jabs them against Gallagher's chest. As she triggers them --

145 INSIDE GALLAGHER'S BODY

145

We FOLLOW the ELECTRICAL SHOCK as it courses through neural networks and reaches his heart. ZAP! Nothing.

146 BOWMAN

146

sees there's no response. Dials up the defibrillator. Hits him with the paddles again. Once more --



GALLAGHER

(beat)

We were put into a situation we didn't expect and weren't ready for. We all made mistakes. Things we'd take back if we could... Four men died. But in the end, we accomplished the mission.

(beat)

That's what people should remember. That the men who died down there were all heroes, too.

Beat. Gallagher reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a rock and looks at it.

BOWMAN

Memento?

GALLAGHER

Something for Chantilas's family.

(beat)

His faith got us through.

Bowman gazes up at him. Beat.

BOWMAN

I'll say it again: you're not who I thought you were.

Gallagher meets her gaze... then draws her to him and kisses her. It's been a long time coming. They both make it last. And then, holding her, smiling, looking into her eyes --

GALLAGHER

Universe is full of surprises.

And that's the way we leave them. Holding each other. Tired. At the beginning of a long journey. The CAMERA PUSHING IN ON the small rock in Gallagher's hand until it FILLS the FRAME and SLOWLY TRANSFORMS INTO...

The Red Planet. Cold and forbidding. Floating in the jet black of space.

FADE OUT.

THE END