

GRAVITY

Written by

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May 29,

BLACK.

SILENCE.

CARD 1

AT 600 KM ABOVE PLANET EARTH THE
TEMPERATURE FLUCTUATES BETWEEN 120 AND
-100 DEGREES CELSIUS.

SILENCE.

CARD 2

THERE IS NOTHING TO CARRY SOUND, NO
OXYGEN, AND NO AIR PRESSURE.

SILENCE.

CARD 3

LIFE HERE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

SILENCE.

TITLE-

GRAVITY

BLACK-

OUTER SPACE, 600 KILOMETERS ABOVE-

PLANET EARTH.

Like all images of Earth seen from space, this image of our planet is mythical and majestic.

in
white
deep
yellow

The globe seems almost tangible, slowly spinning, floating the endless void of space. It is a blue planet, and bright clouds swirl and stretch in capricious patterns across the blue of the oceans and the jigsaw of continents: green, and brown.

It is noon in Cape Town and early night in India.

The sphere is almost a perfect orb except for the darkened sliver on its Eastern edge.
It is beautiful! And so full of life.

But not here.

Here it is completely silent.

SILENCE-

IN THE DISTANCE-

Earth.
it is
is-

A small metal object crosses the empty space surrounding
If it appears to be a small satellite that is only because
far away from us. It is the size of one football field. It

The INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION (ISS).

modules.

It resembles a dragonfly. Its solar panels stretch out, like wings, from the long body made of connected pressurized

It floats with a sense of proud achievement.

at
laps

It orbits at an altitude of 500 km above sea level. It moves
an average of 27,700 kilometers per hour, completing 15.7
around the Earth per day.

Somalia

It is cruising over Zimbabwe. To the East, the island of Madagascar. Up to the North, the expansive dry lands of
and Ethiopia.

becomes
bright
Soon, the ISS curves around the spherical planet, and it
smaller, almost indistinguishable, no more than a small
spec grazing over the blue atmosphere.

CLOSER TO US-

Orbiting at an altitude of 600 km-

The EXPLORER SPACE SHUTTLE becomes visible.

of
This icon of space exploration has played a key role in all
NASA's missions since the late 90's.

frequencies.
Faintly we hear static, voices murmuring over radio

the
As the babble bulds we might hear one conversation amongst

REST:

MISSION CONTROL

(On radio, faint)

Explorer, please verify that the P1
ATA removal on replacement cap part 1
and 2 are complete.

EXPLORER CAP

(On radio, faint)

DMA M1, M2, M3 and M4 are complete.

MISSION CONTROL

(On radio, faint)

Copy that Explorer. Dr Stone-Houston,
requesting status update...

A fizz of static and then the voice continues with sudden,
starling clarity.

RYAN

Installation ninety-five percent
complete. Running level one
diagnostics on circuits, sensors, and
power. Standby.

MISSION CONTROL

(ON RADIO)

Standing by. Looks like we're on
schedule. Dr. Stone, Medical is
concerned about your ECG readings.

RYAN

I'm fine Houston.

**MISSION CONTROL
(RADIO)**

Well, medical doesn't agree doctor.
Are you feeling nauseous?

RYAN

Not any more than usual, Houston.
Diagnostics are green. Linking to
communications card. Ready for data
reception. If this works, when we
touch down tomorrow, I'm buying all
you guys a round of drinks.

**MISSION CONTROL
(RADIO)**

That's a date, doctor. Just remember,
Houston is partial to Margaritas.

RYAN

OK, here we go... Booting comm card
now. Please confirm link.

(BEAT)

Houston, please confirm reception of
data.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Negative. We're not seeing any data.

RYAN

Stand by, Houston. I'm gonna reboot
the comm card.

**MISSION CONTROL
(RADIO)**

Standing by.

from
bubble-
An ASTRONAUT - MATT KOWALSKI - floats thirty meters away
the Shuttle wearing a bulky white space suit and a full,
like helmet.

ASTRONAUT

Houston, I have a bad feeling about
this mission.

MISSION CONTROL

Please expand.

MATT

Okay, let me tell you a story. It was '96. I'd been up here 42 days. Every time I passed over Texas, I'd look down, knowing the second Mrs Kowalsky, was looking up, thinking of me. Six weeks I'm blowing kisses to that woman. Then we land at Edwards and I find out she'd run off with a lawyer before I was off the launch pad, so I packed my car and I headed to...

MISSION CONTROL

Tijuana. You've told this story, Kowalsky. As Houston recalls, she took off in your '74 GTO. Engineering requests fuel status on the jet pack prototype.

Matt smiles, checks the monitors of the sleek device strapped to his back.

MATT

Five hours off the reservation and I show 30% drain. My compliments to Engineering. Except for a slight malfunction on the nulling of the roll axis, this jetpack is one prime piece of thrust.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Engineering says thank you.

MATT

Tell them I still prefer my '67 Corvette though. Speaking of which did I ever tell you the--

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

We know the Corvette story, Matt.

MATT

Even Engineering?

MISSION CONTROL

Especially engineering. We're going to miss you, Matt.

Matt grins, fiddles with a control and propels himself away from

the Shuttle.

Stationed around the telescope are TWO ASTRONAUTS carrying
out a repair mission. They are also wearing space suits but unlike
Matt, they are not wearing Manned Maneuvering Units. SAFETY
TETHERS are the only things stopping them from floating away
into space.

RYAN

Comm card reboot in progress.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Thank you doctor. Shariff, what's your
status?

SHARIFF

Nearly there. Replacing battery module
A1 and C.

SHARIFF DASARI is an Indian engineer in his mid-thirties. He
is attached with tethers to a platform on one side of the
Hubble.

This is his second mission into outer space.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Could you be more specific?
Indeterminate estimates make Houston
anxious.

SHARIFF

No... no... no Houston, don't be
anxious. Anxiety is not good for the
heart... The system is ready to re-
activate.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Hubble Telescope engaged. Upgrade
fully functional. That applause you
hear is for you, Shariff.
Congratulations. Kick back, take the
rest of the day off.

Shariff cheers and begins singing a pop tune in Hindi,
bursting into a Zero-G Bollywood choreography that is repressed by
the stiffness of his space suit.

SHARIFF
(SINGING)

Woohoo... Jaise Baadal Paani Ka, Yaarana
Hai Oh Jaise Paani Ka, Yaarana Hai.

MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)

Matt, please advise as to Mission
Specialist Shariff's current activity.

MATT

He appears to be doing the Macarena of
some sort. Though that would merely be
a best guess scenario on my part.

his Matt is now approaching the Explorer, skillfully maneuvering
thrusters.

to The other astronaut stands perched on a ROBOTIC ARM attached
remotely the Shuttle. The arm is a crane-like moving platform
operated from inside the Shuttle.

We TRACK In on the astronaut as she works intently alone.

MISSION CONTROL

Dr. Stone. Houston. Medical now have
you with a temperature drop to 35.9
and heart rate rise to 70.
How are you doing?

RYAN

Houston, I'm fine, it's just...

(SHE SWALLOWS)

...Keeping your lunch down in zero G
is harder than it looks.

MISSION CONTROL

Doctor Stone? Medical is asking if you
want to return to Explorer?

Ryan HUMS as she jiggles the CARD.

RYAN

No, we've been here for a week
Houston, let's just finish this.

RYAN STONE is a medical engineer, specialized in hospital
scanning systems. She's focused on her work as though she's

all

alone in the world. This is her first mission.

Ryan eyes the Card, then...

RYAN (CONT'D (CONT'D))

Card is up.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

That's a negative. I'm afraid we're getting nothing on this end, doctor.

Ryan eyes the Card, then...

RYAN

Try again.

MISSION CONTROL

(a beat, then...)
Still nothing.

RYAN

Houston, could you please turn that music off?

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Kowalsky?

MATT

Not a problem.

Matt toggles a switch and the music stops.

RYAN

Thank you, Kowalsky.

Ryan moves the Card around.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Now, Houston?

MISSION CONTROL

Negative.

RYAN

Could Houston be misinterpreting the data--?

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

We're not receiving any data.

Engineering is recommending a vis-
check for component damage.

Again, as if to herself-

RYAN

Mmmm. Let me see what's going on.

She starts to disengage one of the panels.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(MUMBLES)

What have you got here?

examine Ryan takes out a card from under the plate and begins to
it. Matt begins to approach her.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Visual examination doesn't reveal any
damaged components. The problem must
be originating in the comms panel.

MISSION CONTROL

(ON RADIO)

That seems to be the case. Engineering
admits that you warned us that this
could happen. That's as close to an
apology as you're going to get from
them. We should've listened to you
doc.

Without losing any time, Ryan puts the card back into the
TELESCOPE-

RYAN

I'm on it.

MISSION CONTROL

(ON RADIO)

Copy that. How long do you think it'll
take you?

Matt begins a wide loop around the telescope.

RYAN

An hour.

MISSION CONTROL

(ON RADIO)

Outstanding. We appreciate your
patience, Doctor. Installing your
system in the Hubble is the main

purpose of this mission.

he Ryan doesn't respond, continuing to work. Matt closes in as he circles the telescope.

MISSION CONTROL (CONT'D)

Houston trusts Mission Commander Kowalsky realizes that this delay is not of sufficient duration to enable him to surpass Anatoly's Solovyev's spacewalking record, as most recent calculations indicate that he will be left...

MATT

Seventy-five minutes shy. Never crossed my mind.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Matt, It's been a privilege.

Matt hesitates ever-so-briefly, then...

MATT

Right back atcha, Houston.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Enjoy your last walk...

MATT

Am I a go to assist Dr. Stone in removing the panel?

RYAN

Assistance appreciated.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Permission granted.

MATT

Thank you, Houston.

(TO RYAN)

Mind if I join the fun?

RYAN

Certainly.

grabs Ryan begins unbolting. Matt lands right next to Ryan and onto the telescope. She is frustrated, determined.

MATT

How are you feeling?

RYAN

Like a Chihuahua that's being tumble dried.

its Matt takes out his pistol grip, and with fast precision puts head to a bolt and begins unscrewing. Matt removes the bolt with confidence.

MATT

It's been a rough week. If it makes you feel any better, I puked up everything but my kidneys on my first ride.

Ryan is not as precise with her pistol grip, and when a bolt **COMES OFF-**

She DROPS IT.

RYAN

Whoa...! AWOL!

MISSES, The bolt spins floating away. She tries to grab it but barely touching it but brushing it just enough to give it a push that makes it change direction....

the She turns and reaches out to grab it, but she is strapped to Robotic Arm.

The bolt spins out into the emptiness of space when-

A hand GRABS it before it has gone too far. It is Matt's.

Ryan looks at him, embarrassed.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Thanks. Sorry. In my basement lab things usually fall to the floor. Matt puts the bolt away. He begins to unscrew another bolt.

MATT

Hey -- you're the genius up here. I just drive this bus.

RYAN

Call me a genius if I can get this board initialized in the next hour.

MISSION CONTROL

Explorer, this is Houston.

EXPLORER CAP

Go ahead Houston.

MISSION CONTROL

NORAD reports a satellite has incurred a missile strike. The impact has created a cloud of debris orbiting at 20,000 miles per hour. Current debris orbit does not overlap with your trajectory. We'll keep you posted on any developments.

Ryan glances at Matt.

RYAN

Should we be worried?

MATT

Let the boys down there worry for us.

RYAN

Explorer, engage arm and pivot to cargo bay.

**EXPLORER CAP
(ON RADIO)**

Standby for arm maneuver.

Matt
The robotic arm moves very slowly, pulling Ryan along while
begins to unharness from the telescope to shift his
position.

MATT

So doc, now that you work for NASA, how do you like it?

SHARIFF

Kinda like winning the lottery, isn't it?

She grins at the memory, glances at him. Confesses:

RYAN

I was just happy that they didn't cut the funding to my research.

MATT

How long was your training?

RYAN

Six months.

SHARIFF

Including holidays?

MATT

So, what is this scanning system?

SHARIFF

Nothing rad, it's just a new set of eyes to scan the universe.

RYAN

Assuming it works, it's just for hospital use. This one is a prototype.

EXPLORER CAP

Standby for marking.

MATT

Listen, they don't bankroll prototypes, even for your pretty blue eyes.

She gives him a look.

RYAN

My eyes are brown.

Matt stares at her, a faint smile on his face.

MATT

Right now your eyes are blood shut.

She grins, looks away -- he got her. Then...

SHARIFF

Kowalsky!

Matt turns. Shariff raises his arms again.

SHARIFF (CONT'D)

Is this great or what?!

and
waist

Shariff JUMPS and FLOATS AWAY from the Shuttle, screaming
flapping his arms. A long SAFETY TETHER attached to his

TENSES AND-

Brings Shariff to an ABRUPT STOP, snapping him back like a bungee cord.

MATT

(for Ryan's benefit)
And to think he went to Harvard.

Ryan doesn't react to this, too consumed as she is with the panel. Matt looks out. A sad smile is on his face.

MATT (CONT'D)

You gotta admit one thing. You can't
beat the view....

MATT ENJOYS THE VIEW

whites,

THE EARTH, with its ever-changing surface of blues and
greens and browns, is massive and serene below him.

RYAN

Mm-hm.

MATT

"Mmm?" So what do you like about being
up here?

as

She hesitates -- trying sincerely to articulate her feelings
we GAZE down at the silent planet below.

RYAN

The silence.

(BEAT)

I could get used to it.

Matt laughs softly.

We arrive back on him as he turns back to look at Earth.
Something flickers briefly in Matt's eyes-- something

COMPLICATED--

MATT

Hmmmm. Terrific.

a

Ryan inspects a panel inside the telescope, studying it with
small mirror.

RYAN

Houston, from first inspection comms
panel appears to be dead. Am I a go
to cut link to auxiliary?

MISSION CONTROL

You're the expert, doctor. It's your
call.

Ryan takes out the small mirror and Matt stretches his arm,
offering assistance, but-

She does not want any help and puts the mirror away in her
toolbox, leaving Matt with his arm outstretched.

ahead
Ryan starts looking for another tool, but Matt is one move
of her, offering her a pair of tweezers.

Ryan hesitates and takes the tool. She starts working on the
panel.

MATT

Houston, I have a bad feeling about
this mission.

MISSION CONTROL

Please elaborate.

MATT

It's the same feeling I had at Mardi
Gras in 1987...?

He waits, letting the moment hang knowingly. Then:

MISSION CONTROL

That is affirmative. Surprisingly,
control hasn't heard the Mardi Gras
story. Please proceed.

MATT

Well, it's day one and I'm bumping my
way down Bourbon Street looking for
the sister of a friend of mine. The
streets are swimming with people, I'm
thinking there's no way I'm finding
this girl...

Ryan rolls her eyes and mumbles to herself-

RYAN

Proceeding to over ride.

Matt continues his story without missing a beat-

MATT

Then all of a sudden I look up and --
there she is.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

I am about to yell out when I notice
she's holding hands with a short hairy
guy in board shorts and a
Margaritaville T-shirt. Then I
realize, the guy's no guy. My sister's
friend is holding hands with a--

Mission Control interrupts on the radio.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

ISS, this is Houston.

**SPACE STATION CAP
(ON RADIO)**

Zlotze Houston.

Ryan inserts the plate into the Hubble.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Explorer, this is Houston.

**EXPLORER CAP
(ON RADIO)**

Go ahead Houston.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Mission abort. Repeat: mission abort.
Initiate emergency disconnect from
Hubble.

await All the astronauts stop what they're doing and anxiously
further instructions, except for Ryan who keeps working.

**MISSION CONTROL (CONT'D)
(ON RADIO)**

Begin re-entry procedure. Start
Deorbit Prep for PLS at Kennedy. ISS,

initiate emergency evacuation.

Matt is immediately flung into action and rapidly unharnesses himself from the Hubble.

**EXPLORER CAP
(ON RADIO)**

Copy all Houston, and in work.
Matt, immediate return to Explorer.
Repeat, immediate return to Explorer.

MATT

Roger. Explorer, prep airlock!

**EXPLORER CAP
(ON RADIO)**

Airlock engaged--ready to receive.

Ryan is working on the panel.

MATT

Houston. Elaborate.

**MISSION CONTROL
(ON RADIO)**

Debris from the impact has caused a chain reaction, hitting other satellites in its path and creating new debris. Norad reports that orbital and ballistic effects are driving the cloud of debris up toward your altitude. How copy?

MATT

Copy all Houston.

(TO RYAN)

Put a bow on it Dr. Stone.

RYAN

I can't. If I turn it off now we'll lose the whole system.

She keeps on furiously tweaking.

MATT

I'm not going to ask you again.

**RYAN
ONE SECOND--**

MATT

Not one second. Now! Shut it down!
THAT'S AN ORDER!!!

She looks up, sees Matt glaring. Looks him in the eye.

RYAN

Sorry. I'm sorry. It's done.

The ROBOTIC ARM slowly withdraws, carrying Ryan back towards
the Shuttle.

Matt watches her go, then:

**EXPLORER CAP
(ON RADIO)**

Kowalsky, initiate emergency
disconnect from the Hubble.

MATT

Alright Shariff, let's do this.

SHARIFF

Roger.

Shariff turns and heads toward the base of the telescope
holding onto the hangar's handrails.

MATT

Houston. Update.

Matt PROPELS himself to the base of the Hubble using the
propelling unit on his back.

MISSION CONTROL

We have a full on chain reaction. It's
been confirmed that it is the
unintentional side effect of the
Russians striking one of their own
satellites.

Shariff arrives to the base of the telescope.

SHARIFF

They shot down their own satellite?

MATT

Right of disposal. Most likely a spy
sat gone bad. Now it's space junk.

Matt grabs onto the base of the telescope-

MATT (CONT'D)

Explorer, ready to disengage HST.

**EXPLORER CAP
(ON RADIO)**

Locks releasing in three... two...
one...

and
the
The locks attaching the Hubble to the Explorer release. Matt
Shariff give the Hubble a push away from the hangar. Pushing
the
huge telescope is not a difficult task in zero gravity.

MISSION CONTROL

Explorer, new data coming through.

As it floats away, Matt gives the telescope a small spin.

MATT

What's the blowback, Houston?

MISSION CONTROL

It's not good. Most of our systems are
going down. Debris chain reaction is
out of control and rapidly expanding.
Multiple sats are now down and they
keep on falling.

Matt eyes the arm as it slowly retracts, carrying Ryan back.

MATT

Define "multiple" sats.

MISSION CONTROL

Most of them. Telecommunications
systems are gone. Expect a
communication blackout at any moment.

RYAN

Kowalsky, visual of debris at nine
o'clock.

Matt's eyes shift, watching a LARGE OBJECT, a piece of a BSE
SATELLITE, spiral toward them.

MATT

Half of North America just lost their
Facebook.

The sat glides by at tremendous speed.

MISSION CONTROL

You're a go for TH1138. Repeat You're a go for TH1138 procedure.

EXPLORER CAP

Copy that Houston.

MATT

Explorer, this is Kowalsky. Confirming visual contact with debris. Debris is from a BSE sat. To repeat--

SHARIFF

Heads up!

MATT

To repeat I have-

ANOTHER OBJECT, part of a WEATHER SATELLITE, hurls by them,
a little bit closer than the previous one.

RYAN

Dr. Stone requesting faster, faster transport.

faster It is followed by a SMALL PIECE OF DEBRIS. It zooms by
than the previous ones and hits the BSE SATELLITE.
The satellite EXPLODES into hundreds of pieces and-
A CHAIN REACTION takes place.

MATT

We have to go. Go, go! Go!

SATELLITE, The DEBRIS from the BSE satellite hits the WEATHER
and it EXPLODES, sending debris in all directions.

MISSION CONTROL

Attention. New data suggests immediate evacuation absolu...

A high frequency of interference and-

THE COMMUNICATION IS LOST.

THE ARM transporting Ryan is moving very slowly.

RYAN

Dr. Stone requesting faster transport

to the bay area. Explorer get me down.

MATT

Explorer permission to retrieve Dr. Stone.

**EXPLORER CAP
(ON RADIO)**

You are a go, Kowalsky.

Matt thrusts himself over to Ryan.

**EXPLORER CAP (CONT'D)
(ON RADIO)**

Houston, this is Explorer. Copy?

But there's no answer.

**EXPLORER CAP (CONT'D)
(ON RADIO)**

Houston, this is Explorer. Copy?

Still no answer.

**EXPLORER CAP (CONT'D)
(ON RADIO)**

We lost Houston!

Matt stops next to Ryan.

MATT

Unstrap! You can't tune out the world up here.

She reaches for the last clip and begins to undo it.

RYAN

I'm trying...

MATT

Try releasing the safety clip.

Shariff makes his way back toward the airlock as-

A PIECE of the debris HITS the Hubble's SOLAR PANELS, making
12-inch HOLE in its golden surface.

A piece of debris passes, nearly hitting them.

SHARIFF

Need some help there Matt?

MATT

No, don't wait for us. Get inside.

RYAN

It's stuck!

Further back, another piece of debris collides with a bigger one. The two chunks of debris explode into a million pieces of shrapnel, one of which-

HITS Shariff's helmet, breaking through the glass and hitting his head like an expansive bullet.

MATT

Man down! Man down!

Matt PROPELS himself toward Shariff, who is floating away from the Shuttle unconscious.

MATT (CONT'D)
(TO RYAN)

Disengage!!!

AN IMPACT.

A piece of debris pierces through the right wing of the Space Shuttle, creating a five-foot hole.

THE SPACE SHUTTLE ROLLS.

The arm, with Ryan attached to it, rolls with the Shuttle.

MATT (CONT'D)

Explorer has been hit. Explorer do you read? Explorer, over. Explorer--

Another IMPACT.

A piece of debris HITS the robotic arm like a cannon ball and DETACHES it from the Shuttle.

The broken piece of the arm SPINS AWAY from the Explorer at a great speed with Ryan attached to it. She passes next to THE HUBBLE as a big piece of debris hits the telescope. The top

in of the cylinder explodes into more debris, which is expelled
attached all directions, barely missing Ryan as she spins away
to the arm.

ON THE ARM-

of Ryan's panic grows as she spins further into the nothingness
space.

MATT (CONT'D)

Astronaut off structure! Dr. Stone is
off structure!

With every spin, the shuttle, being punished by debris,
diminishes into a tiny dot in the distance.

MATT (CONT'D)

(ON RADIO)

Dr. Stone, detach!

RYAN

Nooooo!

MATT

(ON RADIO)

You must detach!

RYAN

No.

MATT

If you don't detach that arm is going
to carry you too far!

RYAN

(FROZEN)

I can't!

MATT

(a brief beat, then)
Listen to my voice. You need to focus.
I'm losing visual of you. In a few
seconds I won't be able to track you.

RYAN

(She pulls herself together)
Ok. Ok.

MATT

You need to detach. I can't see you

anymore.

her The robotic arm keeps on spinning and stars orbit wildly in
field of vision.

RYAN

I'm trying. I'm trying.

MATT

Do it. Now!

RYAN

Ok. I'm trying! I can't it's stuck,
Hold on.

hook. Ryan's hands are trembling and she can't get a grip on the

MATT

Houston, I've lost visual of Dr.
Stone... Houston, I've lost visual of
Dr. Stone.

and As Matt's VOICE is LOST to STATIC, Ryan squeezes the hook
is...

FLYING ...gone, kicking herself AWAY from the robotic arm and
arm FREE of the rotating arm. She catches a brief glimpse of the
rotates as it helicopters away, then loses sight of it as she
end over end in endless free fall.

A PRIMAL SCREAM of God forsaken fear erupts from her lungs.

The RADIO CRACKLES and Matt's VOICE returns.

MATT (CONT'D)

Dr. Stone! Do you copy?! Repeat! Do
you copy?

RYAN

Yes. Yes. I copy. I'm detached!

space. Ryan slowly spins, drifting into the empty darkness of

MATT

...Give me your position!

RYAN

I don't know. I don't know! I'm spinning. I can't. I can't.

MATT

Report your position.

Tumbling end over end, Ryan fixes her gaze on her wrist. The effort makes her nauseous. She looks away.

RYAN

GPS is...down. I can't, it's down, I can't.

MATT

Give me a visual.

of
eyes
Matt's faint voice is heard on the transmission under a lot of static. Ryan is panicking and begins to hyperventilate. Her rake the dark sameness of her surroundings.

RYAN

I told you! Nothing. I see nothing!

MATT

Do you have a visual of Explorer?

RYAN

NO--

MATT

Do you have a visual of ISS?

RYAN

NO--

As Matt's signal grows fainter her breathing becomes more labored.

MATT

I need you to focus. Give me a visual... anything.

Ryan's eyes flutter, then roll up into her sockets...

RYAN

It's too fast.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

Ryan swallows harshly, her throat suddenly dry.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I can't breathe. I can't...breathe...

She inhales and exhales with quick short breaths-

AHHHH... OHHHH

AHHHH... OHHHH

Ryan's eyes are wide open and desperate as her breathing accelerates.

AHH... OHH... AHH... OHH

AHH... OHH... AHH... OHH

Her limbs look fragile against the black and incalculable
void.

AHH... OHH... AHH... OHH

She inhales.

AHH...

And her throat closes.

HH...

Her mouth is open, but she cannot exhale.

Not a breath.

Ryan's choking. The lack of oxygen is making her veins pop
out
and her lips turn blue.

Her eyes open wide, and-

She exhales.

OHH...

And begins breathing deeply.

AHHHHHH... OHHHHHH....

As her breathing steadies, she begins to focus, her eyes
searching the distance.

THROUGH THE HELMET-

the Ryan can see her face reflected against the visor, lit by control panels.

She dims the light and she can see-

drifts Her legs and arms floating against endless space as she towards the empty void, broken only by lonesome stars whose position change as she rotates, giving way to-

THE EARTH,

sphere Very still and very distant. Night is creeping across the as the sun sets, a sliver of light on the Western Hemisphere.

the A metallic object floating over the Earth is hit by a RAY of in sinking sun, and it gleams like a tiny star. Her eyes blink recognition, gleaming with alertness.

Her intellect engages and she gains a new sense of calm.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Houston, this is Dr. Ryan Stone.. I'm drifting but I have a visual of Explorer.

on Her eyes scan the enveloping darkness, trying to get a fix the gleaming orb that is earth, her face alive with concentration as she makes calculations.

RYAN (CONT'D)

With North at 12 o'clock, the Shuttle is at the center of the dial.

She frowns as she tumbles backward again, recalculating.

The sun is slipping behind the Earth. She studies the rim of fire until it too slides from view.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I can see the Chinese station. No, no, no, it's the International Space Station.

The sun's glow illuminates another object in the distance, a

SPACE bright spec hovering over the horizon- the INTERNATIONAL
STATION.

RYAN (CONT'D)

ISS is at 6, no, 7 o'clock.

becoming Just then, the sun's rays recede and the Station DIMS,
one with the darkness. Ryan blinks, mildly alarmed.
INSIDE THE HELMET-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Kowalsky, do you copy?

Silence.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Explorer, do you copy?

Silence.

light Slowly, the sun recedes further behind the earth and the
bathing Ryan's face evaporates. As she is swallowed by the
darkness, she speaks once again:

RYAN (CONT'D)

Houston, do you copy?

THE WHOLE FACE OF THE EARTH IS IN SHADOW.

spins And so is Ryan. Her eyes dart. It is utterly silent. She
in the darkness, waiting.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Houston, this is Mission Specialist
Ryan Stone. I'm off structure and I'm
drifting.

There is only the silence, complete and absolute.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do you copy?

Nothing. She watches the earth slip from view yet again.

snowflakes, When next she speaks, the words are as delicate as
tripping off her tongue like a prayer...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Anybody...? Anyone...? Please copy.

A soothing light hits Ryan's face.

THE MOON is rising over the Pacific Ocean.

globe,
It's almost full and its soft cool light pours over the
brightening the deep blue waters and-

IN THE DISTANCE -

A LIGHT, not bigger than a star, is FLICKERING.
Ryan's eyes focus on the light. Her PUPILS DILATE. Something
like tears glistens as she stares at the flickering light,
afraid to blink as she watches the...

radio
as
...star draw closer, smiling as the faintest thread of a
transmission stitches its way through the silence, listening
STATIC SINGS through her helmet, stinging her ears with the
sound of...

Her name.

**MATT
(ON RADIO)**

... Stone. Do you copy?

RYAN

(almost to herself)
Lieutenant Kowalsky?...

The flickering star begins to thicken...

**MATT
(ON RADIO)**

Repeat. Do you copy?

RYAN

YES! YES! I copy! I'm here!

As she watches the figure of an astronaut takes shape.

**MATT
(ON RADIO)**

Flash your light.

RYAN

My light?

MATT
(ON RADIO)

So I can see you.

RYAN

Here! Here!

Hands Ryan opens a pouch in her suit, fishes out a FLASHLIGHT.
trembling she shines it toward the approaching dot.

MATT
(ON RADIO)

There you are. Hang tight. Report your status.

RYAN

I'm... I'm alright... I'm fine.

MATT
(ON RADIO)

Your status! Give me your readings?

RYAN

3.6 psi, I think.

MATT

Your O2. Give me your O2.

RYAN

Steady at eight percent...no seven...

MATT
(ON RADIO)

You're breathing too fast. You're burning oxygen. We don't want to do that. We want to relax. Copy.

RYAN

Copy.

MATT

Nearly there.

RYAN

Please hurry.

Ryan can see Matt quickly growing in size. She continues to **FLASH HER LIGHT.**

MATT
(ON RADIO)

You can holster that torch, Dr. Stone.

RYAN

Oh. Sorry.

She slips the light back into her side pouch just as Matt appears as if from nowhere and GRABS HER.

MATT

Gotcha.

RYAN

Arghh!

Ryan holds on to Matt. Instantly, they begin to spin together.

Matt takes out a tether.

MATT

Now, I'm going to tether you to me.
Ryan is paralyzed, holding onto Matt tightly and looking at him
in fright. He stares back.

MATT (CONT'D)

I know. You never realized how devastatingly good-looking I am.

Matt grins.

MATT (CONT'D)

But I need you to stop staring and help me with the tether. Okay?

RYAN

Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay, Ohh I got it.

He runs the other end of the tether to the harness on Ryan's suit and attaches it.

MATT

Ok. So far so good. Now listen. I'm going to give you a little push, just so you're clear of the jets--

RYAN

NO--

MATT

Sorry. Not a push, more like a nudge.

RYAN

No... No... No... Wait... Don't.

gentle Matt places his hand on her breastplate and gives her a nudge. Drifting again she begins to freak.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Nooooooooo!!!! Dammit!!!

The tether tenses and she stops nine feet away from Matt.

this Matt ignites the thrusters, tugging Ryan behind him. But changing proves a difficult endeavor as her momentum drags him, his direction.

MATT

See? Where you go, I go.

does Matt ignites a new thrust to re-direct his position. As he so Ryan's change of momentum makes him swing again.

MATT (CONT'D)

Better. Let's get out of here.

Using his thrusters, Matt negotiates a new position and, igniting a long thrust, he jets away.

Ryan cannot repress the anger boiling up, and SHE SCREAMS-

RYAN

Ahh Dammit!

MATT

I know what you mean.

RYAN

Ahhh Dammit.

MATT

You're burning oxygen, we're going to go back to the shuttle. How's that for a plan. Copy?

RYAN

FUCK

MATT

Right copy that.

As Matt accelerates toward a lower orbit, his momentum takes

over, steadying Ryan's swing.

MATT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Houston in the blind, this is Kowalsky. Dr Stone and I are making our way to base, please prepare Airlock for arrival. Copy?

space
They descend, gliding through pieces of debris. Among the junk, a Solar Panel from the Hubble is distinguished.

Matt eyes a small dot in the distance: the Shuttle.

MATT (CONT'D)

Houston this is Kowalsky. How do you copy?

RYAN

Why aren't they answering?

MATT

It seems like communications are lost.

RYAN

Can they hear us on an alternate frequency?

MATT

We don't know. That's why we keep talking. If someone is listening they might just save your life. Set your watch for ninety minutes.

sets
Matt reaches for a digital watch strapped to his wrist and up the timer for- 90 MINUTES.

RYAN

Why ninety?

MATT

Houston clocked that debris at fifty thousand miles per hour. Factoring in our current orbit, I reckon we've got 90 minutes before we play duck and cover again.

count
Ryan sets her watch, studies the counter as it begins to down.

RYAN

02 down to six percent.

As they travel, the Shuttle begins to take form.

MATT

Okay. Pretty scary shit being untethered up here, isn't it?

RYAN

Yeah. Pretty scary shit.

MATT

(after a beat)
You did all right.

Silence.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to the Shuttle)
Houston, in the blind. This is Kowalsky. Our current location is approximately 900 meters out from the Explorer. Dr. Stone and I would like to retrieve the body of Mission Specialist Shariff and return it to Shuttle. Am I a go to retrieve?

Silence.

MATT (CONT'D)

Roger that.

ignite
fighting
Matt changes direction and approaches Shariff. He has to several small thrusts to try and steady his direction, against Ryan's momentum.

RYAN

Where is he? Where is he?

from
against
throws
Shariff's body is tethered to a PANEL that was ripped away from the Explorer. Matt approaches the panel and ignites the thrusters to slow down his course, and-
He grabs onto it. Ryan, continuing her momentum, crashes against Shariff's body. The contact slows her trajectory, but it throws

him. Shariff away, his tether tensing, pulling the panel with

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

Matt, holding on to the metal, spins with it. He detaches Shariff's tether from the panel and attaches it to himself.

bring He lets the panel go and immediately ignites his thruster, pulling the two tethers behind him which, as they tense, Ryan and Shariff closer together.

MATT

Grab him!

RYAN

I'm trying. I'm trying.

MATT

Quick. You're pulling me away.

RYAN

I got him. I got him.

the Matt tries to ignite a very long thrust in the direction of Shuttle, but this is difficult as the momentum of the other two bodies pulls him in all directions.

MATT

Clutch him like he's your Valentine. I can't gauge my thrust with you two yo-yoing around.

Shariff's Tentatively Ryan extends her right hand to grab onto body harness. And she sees-

pierces Shariff's broken helmet. A hole the size of a soft ball through it and has left a tunnel of frozen dried bloody mess.

Ryan's face is inscrutable. Finally she looks away, but this time something arrests her gaze:

his A LAMINATED PHOTOGRAPH floats next to Shariff, tethered to suit via a small chain. In it, a YOUNG BOY LAUGHS with abandon,

happy in the embrace of a man unseen save for his TWO STRONG ARMS. Transfixed, Ryan is unable to look away, something complicated confusing her eyes.

The photograph floats in the empty space above Planet Earth.

OUTER SPACE.

As they approach, the damage to the Shuttle becomes apparent.

Explorer has been badly hit.

MATT

(under his breath)
Jesus...

The Shuttle has suffered devastating damage. The tail is beyond repair, one wing is completely destroyed, while the other waffles weakly, nearly sheared from the fuselage.

**MATT (CONT'D)
(GRIMLY)**

Here's hoping you've got one monster insurance policy, Houston. Damages to Explorer are... it's totaled. Will commence search for survivors.

RYAN

02 down to five percent.

Matt thrusts to slow down his trajectory and slowly bumps against the windshield of the COCKPIT.

At the mercy of Matt's momentum, Ryan hits hard against the nose of the Shuttle, losing her grip on Shariff.

As she caroms off, she grabs onto what is left of the cockpit's window.

MATT

All right, here we go. Careful of the edges.

Matt takes his flashlight and looks through the broken windows, lighting the cockpit.

Ryan pulls herself up and looks-

THROUGH THE WINDOW-

and
The cabin has been destroyed. A disarray of objects, smashed
devastated.

lifeless
At the end of the cabin, among the floating objects, a
body drifts among the wreckage. Ryan regards it silently,
mesmerized.

BANG.

Ryan
The face of a second astronaut appears right in front of
and crashes against her visor.

backward
The eyes are frozen, unblinking. Ryan GASPS, wheeling
and away.

Matt clicks Shariff's harness onto the Shuttle.

MATT (CONT'D)

Houston, in the blind. To confirm.
Mission Specialist Dr. Stone and
myself, Mission Commander Matthew
Kowalsky, are the sole survivors of
STS-157.

Matt turns to Ryan, who is staring at the dead astronauts
inside.

RYAN

I apologize for not complying. I
should've stopped working as soon as
you instructed me to.

MATT

We were going to be hit no matter
what. There was nothing you could've
done to change that.

touches
He begins to reach out, hesitates briefly, then lightly
her shoulder.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hey.

RYAN

Yes?

She turns, no elbows this time.

MATT

Alright... We have to get ourselves to the Space Station. There.

Matt gestures vaguely to a bright dot in distance.

MATT (CONT'D)

It's a bit of a hike, but it's our only...

(CATCHING HIMSELF)

It's our best option. Agreed?

She stares at the dot.

MATT (CONT'D)

Dr. Stone...
(as she turns)
Agreed?

She studies his face and then, finally, nods.

RYAN

Agreed.

MATT

Alright. After you.

He gently pushes her into space. She slowly drifts away from the Explorer but is suddenly stopped by the safety tether.

Matt ignites his propellers and, giving a couple of small thrusts, he combats Ryan's swing. And with a LONGER THRUST-

He shoots forward, pulling Ryan behind him.

The two astronauts push forward together, leaving behind the shell of the Shuttle and the remains of the Hubble.

MATT (CONT'D)

Houston in the blind, this is Kowalsky. Dr. Stone and I have determined to proceed to ISS and use one of their Soyuz for re-entry. ISS if copy, please send rescue mission. Repeat please dispatch rescue mission.

Space Station, which is in a lower orbit.

OUTER SPACE. 550 KM ABOVE EARTH.

and We see the two astronauts crossing the distance - a thrust,
they coast ahead, and then another thrust. Matt pulls Ryan
behind him.

grows Two specks glide across the dark sky as a sliver of light
on the darkened hemisphere.

**THE SUN IS RISING.
WATCHING THE SUNRISE**

Earth's THE SUN looks brighter and clearer than ever outside of
light atmosphere. The oceans and the continents brighten as its
spills over the Earth beneath them.

Warm rays of sun caress the two astronauts as they propel
themselves across the empty expanse.

RYAN

02 down to two percent.

MATT

We're getting there.

MATT (CONT'D)

Beautiful, don't you think?

RYAN

What?

MATT

The sunrise. That's what I'm going to
miss the most.

But Ryan is not into the view right now. She's stricken with
fear. Her jaw is clenched and her eyes are almost closed.

smiles. Matt looks at the dark emptiness that engulfs him and

MATT (CONT'D)

So, where's home, Dr. Stone?

Ryan keeps her eyes closed, doesn't answer. Matt, trying to
DISTRACT HER-

MATT (CONT'D)

Ryan. Where's home?

of Ryan opens her eyes, but still she doesn't dare to look out the helmet.

RYAN

Home?

MATT

Ah ha. Down there. Mother Earth. Where do you pitch your tent?

RYAN

Lake Zurich.

MATT

Where the hell is that?

RYAN

Illinois.

MATT

Illinois. Central time zone. That makes it roughly... 8pm right now. What are the good people of Lake Zurich doing at 8 o'clock in the evening?

the Ryan tries to overcome her fear and looks out. She frowns, terrified by the sight, and hides her face once more inside helmet.

RYAN

I don't know...

MATT

What would you be doing?

at She tries again. This time she forces herself and stares out the Earth, which is over 500 kilometers below her.

MATT (CONT'D)

Come on. It's 8 o'clock. You've just clocked out of the hospital after putting in your customary 18-hour shift. You're driving home...

in Ryan's wide open eyes are transfixed on Earth, like a deer headlights.

RYAN

The radio. I listen to the radio...

MATT

There we go. Let me guess. NPR?
Classical. Top for--

RYAN

Anything. Doesn't matter. As long as they don't talk. I just drive...

her, Her glassy eyes reveal a strong emotion growing inside of taking over her body. It is not fear, it is something deeper and more painful.

Matt studies her curiously.

MATT

What do you miss down there?

Ryan looks at the Earth. It never felt so far away.
A long silence without an answer.

MATT (CONT'D)

Is there a Mr. Stone?

were a She frowns, unable to comprehend this initially, as if it particularly complicated bit of math, then shakes her head.

RYAN

No...

MATT

Nobody special? Someone down there,
looking up, thinking of you?

can't Ryan closes her eyes. She remains silent. A silence that hide an unspeakable pain.

RYAN

I had a daughter.

as if Her eyes flutter, then open. She is frozen in this moment,

stunned.

Her gaze shifts and finds-

Matt, studying her in his MIRROR.

MATT

What was her name?

RYAN

Sarah... She was four. Stupidest thing-
a school trip to the swimming pool.
She was playing tag- she slipped, hit
her head, and that was it... She loved
tag. I'm sure she was laughing.

She looks away, toward Earth. It looks small. Remote.

RYAN (CONT'D)

When I received the call I was driving
and ever since that's what I do. I
wake up, I go to work and then I just
drive.

consults
Matt finally averts his eyes. He rolls his wrist over,
the timer, watching the numbers slowly count down.

RYAN (CONT'D)

02 down to one percent.

MATT

Well, well, what d'you know. I have
good news and bad news.

RYAN

Uhuh?

MATT

The good news is we're five minutes
from the ISS and I know where
the Russians stash their vodka... and
that's a good thing cus I'm running
out of fumes. Bad news is I'm gonna be
ten minutes short of.....breaking
Anatoly's record.

SUDDENLY, COMING FROM INSIDE RYAN'S HELMET-

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

RYAN

Mmm...Mmmm.

MATT

What?

RYAN

I'm red lining... My O2 tank pressure is low...

MATT

The tank may be empty but there's still oxygen in your suit, so sip, Ryan. Don't gulp. It's wine, not beer. Sip. We'll get you there.

She nods.

MATT (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Matt gives Ryan a gentle push, waiting until the tether goes taut, and-

He gives a SMALL THRUST to position himself in the right direction.

He holds this SINGLE THRUST for longer than all of the previous ones, immediately gaining speed, descending towards-

THE SPACE STATION-

Which is half a mile away, and now all of its modules are clearly visible. It also becomes clear that-

IT WAS HIT BY THE DEBRIS.

MATT (CONT'D)

Houston in the blind we have visual of the ISS. Station must have been evacuated because first Soyuz is missing. Second Soyuz exhibits surface damage and chute has deployed. It's use as escape pod for re-entry to Earth is impossible.

The surface of a module is badly scratched and some solar panels have been ripped.

THE SECOND SOYUZ becomes visible, attached to the Station's Docking Module. A piece of red and white fabric floats around

the spherical capsule.

Ryan's losing her breath.

RYAN

Shouldn't we be turning? We're
DRIFTING AGAIN--

MATT

Sip, Ryan. Sip. Drifting is good. We want to drift. I wasn't kidding about those fumes. This can has one or two good thrusts left. If we're lucky....

and They approach the Space Station, which is just ahead of them
a hundred meters below.

She's sweating and starts to hyperventilate.

MATT (CONT'D)

Steady...

She looks down, eyes the Station passing beneath them.

MATT (CONT'D)

Ready... aim...

It looks as though the Station is going to slip away
altogether.

MATT (CONT'D)

...fire.

trajectory Matt triggers his THRUSTER, turning sharply. Ryan's
carries her in a straight line, until the tether tenses,
breaking Matt's direction.
He fires again to counter her momentum.

direction, A VERY LONG THRUST sends both of them in the right
straight down toward the Station, but at great speed.

fast. The Station is getting very close, and they're going very

Matt ignites the FRONTAL THRUSTER, which begins to slow him
down, but the thrust stops.

Ryan, following her own momentum, begins to pass Matt.

RYAN

Break... You have to break.

MATT

I can't. Can's empty. We're coming in fast and we're going to hit hard. Grab onto anything you can and hold tight!

Just then Ryan CRASHES against the SOLAR PANEL, but is unable to grab hold. As she tumbles past, the body of the Station looms.

Matt misses the solar panels, and COLLIDES against the Station. As he begins to drift past, he reaches out and snares a railing.

Ryan passes flying above him. The tether tenses, pulling Matt. The momentum is to great and he LETS GO of the railing.

Ryan floats over the roof of the Space Station, trying to grab hold of the handles and rods that stick out of the modules, but she's floating too high.

She's quickly reaching the end of the Station, there is only one handle left ahead, her last chance before floating away into the black void.

She extends her arm and GRABS the handle tightly for dear life

AND-

SHE STOPS.

She's holding onto the handle.

RYAN

I got it. I got it.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

She looks up and sees-

Matt is floating straight toward her and- He COLLIDES against her. For a moment they are face to face, only the glass of their headgear separates their faces.

her But she loses her grip on the handle and the impact projects
into the emptiness.

Her drifting is intercepted by a Solar Panel. She crashes
against it, shattering it, as Matt rolls above it.

pulling Ryan bounces down towards the Earth, tensing the tether,
Matt, making him descend over the other side of the panel.

The sharp edges of the broken panels cut the tether in two.

RYAN (CONT'D)

The tether broke. I'm detached. I'm
I'm detached.

MATT

Grab a hold. Grab anything.

infinite Ryan is drifting away from the Station. She sees the
black void ahead of her and-

HER FOOT GETS STUCK IN THE PARACHUTE.

down. It becomes tangled in the strings and fabric, slowing her

and Ryan is panting, her face covered in sweat. She turns back

SEES-

Matt rolling, drifting in her direction.

She stretches out her arm.

Matt's arm is also outstretched.

MATT (CONT'D)

(AN EDGE)

Give me... give me five here, Ryan.

to He's trying to make light of it, but he's really struggling
reach her.

Ryan stretches farther.

Matt's hand comes closer to hers.

The tips of their fingers are almost touching.

RYAN

I've got you. I've got you--

The very tips of their fingers touch --

BUT THEY MISS.

As Matt drifts past.

MATT

Shit... shit...

RYAN

No. No. No. Don't you. No. Don't you.

Don't. Don't. NO

As the parachute tenses, she STOPS.

her The tether attached to Matt's suit passes two feet away from

AND-

until- Ryan grabs the tether. It slides through her closed fist,

Her grip tightens and the tether STOPS.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

the Matt's momentum is now pulling Ryan, dragging her loose from
parachute.

MATT

You have to let me go.

RYAN

What? No--

MATT

You have to.

RYAN

No!

MATT

Those ropes are too loose,
I'm pulling you with me. You have to
let me go or we both die--

RYAN

I'm not letting you go! We're fine.

Her leg slides through the loose rope and she floats further out, being snagged at the last minute by a tether around her foot. (We move from high-angle to low angle two shot). As

this

HAPPENS:

MATT

Ryan!

RYAN

You're not going anywhere, you're not
GOING ANYWHERE--

MATT

It's not up to you.

Matt begins to unharness the tether.

RYAN

Please don't do this.

Matt has unhooked the tether and is holding it in his hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Please don't do this. Please don't do
this.

MATT

You're going to make it Ryan.

RYAN (O.S.)

No!

FLOAT

He opens his hand, letting go of the tether, and **BEGINS TO
AWAY.**

Relieved of Matt's pull, the parachute begins to retrieve,
pulling Ryan closer to the Station.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I had you! I had you.

Matt drifts away from the Station into the empty space.

she

Ryan bumps against the station, pulled by the parachute, and
twists and turns before finally grabbing hold of a rail.

MATT

(ON RADIO)

Ryan do you copy? Do you copy?

An ALARM GOES OFF.

RYAN

My CO2 alarm went off. My CO2 alarm went off.

MATT

You need to board the station. Can you see the airlock?

She turns, looking for the Station's Airlock.

MAT

Do you copy?

(P.O.V shot - beginning to blur)

RYAN

Yes. Yes. I see it. I see it.

MATT

(ON RADIO)

Good. That's where you want to go. You're losing focus, right?

RYAN

Yes.

MATT

That's because you're breathing CO2 and you're losing consciousness. You need to board the Station.

Her eyes flutter...

MATT (CONT'D)

(ON RADIO)

Move!

Ryan blinks, TURNS OFF the ALARM, and begins climbing over a module of the Station.

RYAN

Ok.

The transmission becomes weaker, filled with STATIC.

MATT

(ON RADIO)

Now listen to me. That second Soyuz is

too damaged for re-entry,
but it's perfectly fine for a little
Sunday drive.

RYAN

Sunday drive...?

MATT

(ON RADIO)

Look to the west... You see that dot
in the distance? That is the Chinese
Station. You're going to take the
Soyuz and cruise over there. The
Chinese lifeboat is a Shenzou.

RYAN

I've never flown a Shenzhou--

MATT

(ON RADIO)

That doesn't matter. Its re-entry
protocol is identical to the Soyuz's--

She nods, already looking.

RYAN

Ok.

MATT

(ON RADIO)

You've never flown a Soyuz either.

RYAN

Only on a simulator.

MATT

(ON RADIO)

So then you know.

RYAN

I crashed it. I--

MATT

(ON RADIO)

It's a Simulator. That's what it's
designed for.

RYAN

Every time. I crashed the Simulator
every time.

MATT
(ON RADIO)

It's not rocket science. Just point the damn thing at earth and by this time tomorrow you'll be back in Lake Zurich with one hell of a story to tell. You copy? Ryan. You copy?

RYAN

I'm going to take the Soyuz and come get you.

MATT

No you're not. . I have too much of a head start. That ship already sailed.

RYAN

No. I'm coming to get you.

MATT

Ryan, you're going to have to learn to let go.

RYAN

But... I...

MATT
(ON RADIO)

I want to hear you say you're going to make it.

Ryan is struggling for breath.

MATT (CONT'D)
(ON RADIO)

Ryan! Say it!

RYAN

I'm... I'm going to make it.

MATT

Alright. Keep going

Ryan stares at Matt's tiny figure in the distance.

MATT (CONT'D)

What kind of name is Ryan for a girl?

RYAN

Dad wanted a boy.

MATT

Are you close to the airlock?

RYAN

Not yet.

MATT

Keep going.

Ryan continues to the Airlock.

MATT (CONT'D)

So, now that we have some distance between us- you're attracted to me, aren't you?

RYAN

What?

MATT

Well, people say I have beautiful blue eyes.

RYAN

You... you have beautiful... you have beautiful blue eyes.

MATT

I have brown eyes... that hurts.

She looks at Matt's figure receding.

MATT (CONT'D)

(ON RADIO)

You wanna know the good news?

RYAN

What?

MATT

(ON RADIO)

I'm going to break Anatoly's record, and I think mine's going to stand for a long, long time.

RYAN

No... I'm coming to get you.

MATT

You know, Ryan is a nice name for a girl. Wow, you should see the sun on the Ganges. It's amazing.

Ryan starts to respond, then falters, watching Matt's figure grow ever smaller.

THE SAD CROONING of HANK WILLIAMS crackles through the dying radio.

RYAN

(in a daze)
Matt...

Only static hisses...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Matt!

Static again as Matt falls deeper into the distance,
becoming lost in a sea of white specks and-
The transmission ends.

SILENCE

INSIDE THE HELMET-

Ryan is dizzy, sweating, and having trouble focusing. She
sees

MATT-

Nothing more than a dot.

She stretches her hand toward him, as if trying to touch him
with the tips of her fingers. But the dot has already
vanished into never-ending darkness.

EVERYTHING IS BLURRED.

Ryan is about to lose consciousness, when-

A new ALARM GOES OFF.

She takes one deep breath as she opens her eyes widely.

If she doesn't move, she'll die.

Ryan pulls herself forward, reaching for a handle on the
Soyuz.
She grabs it and reaches for another, climbing her way
toward

the Station's airlock.

But she's losing focus.

As her right hand is reaching for a handle, everything becomes a blur, and she misses.

INSIDE THE HELMET -

Her brain is shutting down from lack of oxygen. She struggles to open her eyes and mumbles words that are unintelligible.

She reaches up again, almost blindly. Her hand grips the handle, and with one huge effort-

She sprints across the Docking Module, swinging from handle to handle, in one continual push, until she reaches the-

AIRLOCK.

She stops, takes one deep breath and-

She turns the latch and OPENS the re-entry hatch. The hatch BLOWS OPEN as the air inside the cabin escapes into the vacuum, almost throwing Ryan back into space, but she holds tightly onto the latch.

She hangs outside, trying to gasp the last breath of oxygen inside her life system. She sees her feet dangling against the emptiness of space and-

With one last effort, she pulls herself into the airlock.

AIRLOCK MODULE. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION. 500 KM ABOVE EARTH.

As she enters she does a 180-degree flip. As soon as her legs are in, she grabs onto the latch, and-

CLOSES THE HATCH.

She turns the latch and-

THE CABIN IS SEALED OFF.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

Ryan is suffocating. With very little oxygen and her body intoxicated by the nitrogen in her blood, her breathing is coarse and painful.

mercury She can hardly keep her eyes open, and she pushes herself through the cabin, an empty cylinder lit by two circular lights. She reaches the-

the CONTROL PANEL, a small computer with a screen that monitors atmospheric and temperature levels inside the airlock.

She presses a button on the panel and-

THE CABIN BEGINS TO PRESSURIZE.

panel's A low hissing sound can be heard as the tanks in the Station begin pumping pure oxygen into the airlock. The control monitor shows the atmospheric levels slowly rising.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

Ryan gasps for air, but there is none.

panel She stares at the red-orange-green graph on the control showing the atmospheric levels. It reads red. Her pupils begin to dilate as-

SOUND BEGINS TO SURFACE-

waves, In the vacuum of space there was nothing to carry sound but now sound begins to travel through the oxygen that slowly fills the cabin.

The sounds are muffled, like the sounds of the outside world heard from within the womb.

anxious A beeping sound intermittently penetrates the airlock, and halting.

The The Control System's graph slowly moves from red to orange.

cabin is still not fully pressurized.

But that will have to do.

With one sharp motion-

SHE TAKES OFF HER HELMET-

And pushes it from her head.

She gasps for air and coughs.

walls
is an
oxygen
in

She contorts and shakes, fighting to breath in the thin atmosphere of the airlock. Her helmet bounces around the of the cabin, floating.

The beeping sound has become clearer and recognizable - it alarm ringing out across the Station.

Orange is turning to green. Her lungs begin to absorb the and her breath becomes more even. Her body floats, relaxed in the confined space of the airlock.

SHE FLOATS.

Ryan brings her hands together and removes one glove.

And then the other.

She
if

Desperately, she begins to unscrew the lock near her waist. squirms under the suit and pushes off the upper half.

Then she throws off the lower half, squirming out of it as shedding her old skin, desperate to free herself from the claustrophobia of the suit.

surrounds
her.

Wearing only underwear and a t-shirt, she floats in mid-air, relieved and exhausted. The hum of the Space Station

them

Then, slowly, she pulls her knees to her chest and enfolds in her arms, floating in a fetal position.

amber,

For a moment, Ryan simply hangs in suspension, a fly in

in surrendering to the poetry of the planets, rotating slowly
the cabin's womb.

OUTER SPACE. 500 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

SILENCE.

infinite The International Space Station, with its modules, its torn
solar panels, and the Soyuz with its parachute billowing out
from its center, is dwarfed against Earth's orb and the
universe stretching out beyond.

the The Station looks frail and secluded, lost somewhere between
grandness of the Heavens and the Earth below.

Everything is still.

INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION. ZVEZDA MODULE.

small The module is like a wide corridor filled with cabinets, a
eating area and a small gym. A HUM reverberates across the
station.

leading At the end of the module there is an open circular hatch

INTO THE-

UNITY NODE 1.

A spherical space with three hatches, each leading into
different modules.

A HATCH OPENS and-

handle. Ryan floats in. She stops at the center and holds onto a

towards She looks in all directions and launches to her right,

THE-

ZARYA MODULE.

shoes, a
float in
There are sleeping bags fastened to the walls. Clothes,
strip of three condoms -- all kinds of personal objects
chaos around the module.

It's clear that someone left in a hurry.

cabinet
Ryan passes a stationary bicycle and reaches for a metal
on the wall.
She OPENS drawers, looking for something.

RYAN

Come on, come on.

straw at
She finds what she's looking for: a BAG OF WATER with a
one end. She unscrews the top and begins to drink from it.

quench
overflows.
She DRINKS in long gulps, squeezing the bottle, trying to
her thirst. DROPS FLOAT out of her mouth as the water

They float around her face like perfect pearls of different
sizes.

water
thirsty
She takes a pause from drinking to catch her breath. The
is cooling her down, but she still takes another long,
gulp and empties the bag.

counting
down.
She checks the count on the STOPWATCH- 14 minutes and

She takes a new bag of water from the drawer, and pushing
herself off of a wall, she dives into the-

UNITY NODE 2-

RYAN (CONT'D)

OK. Where are you? Where are you?
Comms. Comms... There you are!

into
Without stopping, she goes through one of the open hatches

THE-

ZVEZDA MODULE.

The walls are filled with electrical equipment and wires. Without slowing down her momentum, she floats to the-

MAIN CONSOLE- A large deck which houses all of the communication and navigational systems.

On the opposite wall there is a LARGE PORTHOLE through which Earth is clearly seen.

She begins to PUSH BUTTONS.

COMPUTERS COME TO LIFE and Ryan puts on a communications headset.

STATIC CRACKLES.

RYAN

Matt. This is Ryan. Copy?
She waits.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Matt. This is Ryan. Copy?

Nothing... only static.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Matt, I made it. I'm here. I'm inside the Station... Do you copy?

She drifts along the module, listening intently through the headset.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Come on Matt. Talk to me.

(NOTHING)

Tell me where you are.

(NOTHING)

Give me your position...

No voices. Just static.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where are you? Give me a visual...
tell me what you see.

Nothing.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. You've been yammering nonstop since we left Cape Canaveral,

and now you decide to shut up?

She waits ONE SECOND, TWO SECONDS-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Come on Matt, talk to me!

There is
The signal cuts in and out, but remains indecipherable.
something unnerving about it.

She drops her head and continues drifting toward the
porthole,
listening as the STATIC SPUTTERS.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Say something... Anything.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Tell me about Mardi Gras. Tell me
about the hairy guy. What happened?
Waiting for him to respond, and in a softer voice,
completely

RESIGNED-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh Matt. I'm not ready for this.

She bumps against the PORTHOLE, and glances out-

The Earth glimmers brightly. A third of the hemisphere is in
complete darkness. Her FACE REFLECTED in the glass is
SUPERIMPOSED over the EARTH.

pulls
Her eyes glisten briefly, but she fights it back. Then she
herself together, and begins reporting-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Houston in the blind.

The way Matt would have done it-

RYAN (CONT'D)

This is Mission Specialist Ryan Stone
reporting from the ISS... All
communication with Mission Commander
Matthew Kowalsky has been lost. Radio
transmission is absent. Visual is
nonexistent.

(A BEAT)

To confirm, I--Ryan Stone--am the sole survivor of STS-157.

Ryan hovers by the porthole, looking hopeless.

Space
All is silent save for the RADIO static and the hum of the Station.

the
Outside the Aurora Borealis performs its ghostly dance over Earth's Northern Hemisphere.

SILENCE. Only the hum and the static, when-

An ALARM CHIRPS, RED LIGHTS FLICKERING across the module.

Ryan twists, swimming back to the control panel, studying a FLASHING grid of LEDS:

GRAPH OF THE STATION-

ON
...where a blinking light indicates the Japanese Module IS **FIRE.**

RYAN (CONT'D)

What now?

AND THEN-

The Destiny Lab begins blinking.

THE FIRE IS EXPANDING

few
She pushes herself toward the hatch, swimming through the pieces of paper still hovering as she exits into the-

UNITY NODE 1.

emergency
The ALARM'S STACCATO is blasting in synchrony with the lights blinking across the station.

Destiny
SMOOTH BLUE FLAMES ribbon eerily across the skin of the Lab. They are spreading, expanding with a dense cloud of SMOKE.

the Ryan enters and snatches a FIRE EXTINGUISHER on the wall of module, and-

She points the nozzle at the fire and SPRAYS.

SENDS With no gravity to hold her down, the force of the spray HER FLYING BACK and-

against SHE CRASHES AGAINST A WALL. The fire extinguisher bangs her face and CUTS HER LIP.

eyes The impact is so strong that it almost knocks her out. Her fill with tears but she reacts.

the There's no time to lose. She fastens her feet to a strap on floor, and-

no SPRAYS the extinguisher at the fire. But the extinguisher is match for the fire, which has gathered in a gigantic smooth blue ball and is expanding, coming at her.

Ryan makes a fast turn and launches herself in the opposite direction into the-

UNITY NODE-

Dashing straight into the-

ZARYA MODULE-

She darts across the module, behind her-

The expanding fire ball has swallowed the Unity Node and is making its way towards her, chasing her into the-

UNITY NODE 2-

Where she makes a quick turn and darts down into the-

DOCKING MODULE-

Just in time. Above her, the flames cross the Node as they spread into the rest of the Station.

They quickly spread downward, into the Docking Module.

into Ryan, the flames caressing her feet, dives through a hatch

THE-

SOYUZ. AIRLOCK.

to Ryan crashes against a Space Suit floating inside and turns
close the hatch.

oxygen THE FIRE is spreading outside in the module, sucking the
at out of the Soyuz. An incandescent blue bubble that charges
her.

Ryan, faster than fire, CLOSES THE HATCH.

THE SOYUZ IS SEALED OFF.

She closes a second hatch, and the Soyuz is safe.

She exhales in RELIEF.

A RUMBLE in the Station makes the Soyuz quake.

has The extinguisher is blocking her path to the hatch and Ryan
to push it into the cabin as she darts toward the-

SOYUZ. CONTROL CABIN.

CABIN As soon as she makes it through the hatch, she TURNS the

LIGHTS ON.

There is just enough space for three astronauts to sit
surrounded by the CONTROL PANEL that navigates the vessel.

She sits down in the command chair.

She fastens the safety belt, and looks around, trying to
recognize the different buttons on the panel, which are all
labeled in Russian.

RYAN

OK... where was it?... where was it?
She moves her finger across the different buttons,
searching.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where is the power?... Here you are.

Her finger stops on a button, which is labeled- BKN

to
She presses on it and the CONTROL PANEL turns ON. All the
buttons light up and with a hum, the Soyuz's systems start
run.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Good... good... just like training...

are
Ryan reaches to the right, where next to the panel, there
several binders, each a different color.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Undocking... undocking... Yes...
red...

And she takes out a RED BINDER.

sees
It's all written in Cyrillic. She turns the pages until she
a GRAPHIC representing the UNDOCKING PROCEDURE.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ok... Ok... I remember this...
undocking...

the
She uses the CURSORS on the panel and selects a function on
COMPUTER SCREEN.

She presses another button and-

On the SCREEN, a COUNTDOWN- 4:30... 4:29... 4:28...

Another RUMBLE in the Station.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We don't have four minutes to spare.
We're going manual...

function
She flips through the binder to another page. She looks at a
diagram and uses the cursors on the panel to change the
on the screen-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Arming the system...

She releases the SAFETY LOCK on a BUTTON.

AN EXPLOSION in the Station makes everything shake. The vibration passes through her body, startling her, and-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Firing the pyros...

SHE PRESSES the BUTTON.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Rezerv rasstyk!

The SOUND of a mechanism releasing reverberates throughout
the vessel.

**OUTER SPACE. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION. 500 KM ABOVE
EARTH.**

SILENCE.

A SPRING MECHANISM pushes the Soyuz away from the Station.

SLOWLY.

VERY SLOWLY.

The Spacecraft is made out of three modules- the ENGINE, the CONTROL CABIN, and the AIRLOCK at the front.

SOYUZ. CONTROL CABIN.

Detached from the Space Station, the rumbling has ceased, leaving only the gentle hum of the cabin.

ON THE PERISCOPE-

The distance between the Soyuz and the Docking Module grows little by little as the vessel drifts away from it.

Ryan sits tensely and checks the manual and-

She presses different buttons, bringing to life a new set of systems.

RYAN

I engaged manual control- R O A K and RYD are activated.

She grabs the joysticks with her hand, and-

OUTER SPACE. 500 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

The lateral thrusters give a small thrust, and as the spacecraft moves away from the Station it drags its parachute, which floats lifelessly in space.

ANOTHER BIGGER THRUST, and as the Soyuz pulls away from the Station, the parachute's ropes tense, and-

A BIG JOLT.

SOYUZ. CONTROL CABIN.

Her seat belts prevent her from being projected forward as the Soyuz is pulled to a sudden stop.

Ryan is very confused, unaware of the reason for the sudden stop. She looks at-

THE PERISCOPE-

The Station is drifting out of the scope's sight.

She turns to-

THE PORTHOLE-

And through the glass she sees that-

The Station is coming straight at her and it looks as though-

THEY'RE ABOUT TO COLLIDE.

RYAN

Oh, no. No, no, no.

She presses the joystick.

OUTER SPACE. 500 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

The Soyuz is two meters away from the Station, about to crash,

WHEN-

The SOFT JETS ignite, launching the vessel upwards.

three
collision
The Soyuz skims just over the Docking Module and passes
inches away from the solar panels, barely avoiding a
with the metal giant.

it.
And as the Soyuz drifts upwards, the Station passes under

SOYUZ. CONTROL CABIN.

Now Ryan can see through-

THE PORTHOLE-

are
The parachute is tangled with a solar panel and the ropes
tensing up, and-

SHE'S SHAKEN BY A NEW PULL.

OUTER SPACE. 500 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

entwined
The Soyuz stabilizes over the Station, the parachute
with the solar panel.

SOYUZ. CONTROL CABIN.

She looks out at-

THE PORTHOLE-

with
The rope extends from the cabin to the parachute tangled
the Station.

RYAN

Great. Fantastic. Perfect.

OUTER SPACE. 500 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

SILENCE

swimming
The Station hovers below the Soyuz like a large whale

beneath a tiny lifeboat.

The HATCH of the Soyuz OPENS.

space Ryan comes out of the craft into space. She's wearing the suit she packed and she carries a large bag.

She holds onto handles as she floats, SAFELY TETHERED to the inside of the cabin.

She LOOKS around-

floating The International Space Station is a looming presence ten meters below. It is pulling the Soyuz by its parachute.

An ALARM on her STOPWATCH RINGS. It's been 85 MINUTES.

She turns the alarm off and looks around.

RYAN

Clear skies but with a chance of satellite debris.

Williams SHE HUMS A SONG, the tune is reminiscent of the Hank Melody that Matt had played earlier.

in She begins to climb around the vessel. With plenty of oxygen her pressurized suit, this is not a difficult task.

around She pulls herself from handle to handle, making her way the Soyuz and reaching-

THE PARACHUTE CONTAINER-

the An impact has blown open the cover. Three ropes float out of container into space. Three meters away from the vessel each rope branches into dozens of parachute strings. Next to it-

A second cover is also badly damaged.

Harnessing herself to a handle, she inspects the ropes. The three ropes are bolted to the container's frame.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay. We detach this and we go home.
Piece of cake.

time. She harnesses the bag and RESUMES her HUMMING, louder this

without She unzips the bag and takes out the PISTOL GRIP tool,
noticing that behind her-

meters DOZENS OF PIECES OF DEBRIS pass, zooming less than thirty
away from the Station.

Station to A tiny piece of high-speed debris crashes against one of the
tremble. Station's Solar panels, shattering it and causing the

arm She places the tool against the FIRST BOLT, stretching her
into the parachute container. It is an awkward position.

bolt, She pulls the trigger and the drill rotates, turning the
but it slides out of the notch.

She places the tool once more against the bolt and pulls the
trigger. The drill rotates, SLOWER this time.

She HUMS under her breath and SWEAT begins to drop down her
forehead.

through She is very focused, unaware that behind her-
DEBRIS HITS THE STATION'S SOLAR PANEL, piercing holes
it.

THE BOLT COMES OFF.

uses As it FLOATS OFF into space, Ryan drops the PISTOL GRIP and
both hands to detach the rope from the frame.

The ROPE FLOATS away from the Soyuz, undulating like a long
snake, but-

Ryan notices that the Pistol Grip is also floating away.

her She stretches her arm trying to catch it, but it is out of
reach.

manages She pushes herself towards the pistol grip, and barely

to grab onto it when she sees-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

THE TIDE OF DEBRIS is floating STRAIGHT AT HER.

She pulls herself back to the container.

DEBRIS HITS THE STATION.

It CRASHES in SILENCE against one of its modules, creating a hole the size of a car wheel. The vacuum sucks BLUE FLAMES

from

the station that quickly die without oxygen to consume.

Ryan brings the pistol-grip to the SECOND BOLT and pulls the trigger. The bolt spins.

Ryan is HUMMING louder and louder.

Ryan stares intently at the head of the bolt turning as the debris zooms by behind her.

THE SECOND BOLT COMES OFF.

She quickly pulls the rope loose from the frame and lets it float away.

with

Shaken by the impacts, the Space Station drags the Soyuz it.

She braces herself as-

crash

DEBRIS WREAKS HAVOC- some pieces hit the Station, others

against one another. Each collision creates more debris that ricochet and fly away in all directions.

The Soyuz is pulled by the remaining parachute rope, as the Station spins out of control.

now.

Ryan starts humming even louder, the bravado is full tilt

Her face is now covered in sweat, which pours into her eyes, making it difficult to see as she unscrews the last bolt.

Behind her, a cluster of debris PIERCES THE PARACHUTE.

Ryan continues drilling as-

MORE DEBRIS HIT THE STATION.

It CRASHES against the Japanese Lab, which silently EXPLODES into millions of pieces. The pieces expand away from the Station.

THE LAST BOLT COMES OFF.

Ryan manages to unhook the rope, freeing the Soyuz from the collapsing Space Station.

She braces herself against the vessel, as she sees-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

The Soyuz is heading straight towards the Station's Solar Panels.

RYAN (CONT'D)

No... no... no..

The Soyuz' Solar Panel collides with the Station's, shattering into smaller pieces of debris that almost hit Ryan.

The Soyuz spins away as-

MORE DEBRIS HITS THE STATION.

Ryan watches as a succession of satellite fragments pepper the slowly revolving Station segments. As the segments crumble, colliding with additional debris, the fragments glimmer magnificently then join...

...the THINNING TIDE OF DEBRIS orbiting toward the dark side of the Earth. All of a sudden...

EVERYTHING IS CALM.

She pauses, blinking into the suddenly empty distance. Her gaze remains fixed on the vast nothingness--for no good reason--but nevertheless FIXED on something.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I hate space.
SOYUZ SPACECRAFT. CONTROL CABIN.

and a A SYMPHONY OF ALARMS shrieks loudly. The hatch FLIES open
helmet floats in, followed quickly by Ryan.

RYAN

Shut up!

She presses different buttons, and with each a voice of the
alarm symphony dies until they are completely silent.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ok.

She takes a breath and begins fastening the seat belt.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Alright. That's good.

She puts on the communication headset and-

Resets the STOPWATCH- 85 minutes and counting down.

She checks the TEMPERATURE GAUGE-

the She exhales, the plume of her hot breath hanging briefly in
frigid cabin air before evaporating.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay, let's stabilise you.

She takes the JOYSTICK.

Ryan looks focused at-

THE PERISCOPE-

center Where the western horizon comes into frame and nears the
crosshair.

A small dot GLIMMERS in the distance- THE CHINESE STATION.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ok. Let's visit the Chinese station.

Houston in the blind, Tiangong is
approximately 100km... to the west and I
am off it's course by about 3 degrees.

I will correct trajectory.

She moves the Joystick, and the crosshair readjusts.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ok.
She releases the safety lock and places her finger on the button.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ok. I'll engage main thrust in five...
four... three
She releases the safety lock.

RYAN (CONT'D)

two... one...
She pushes on the button.

OUTER SPACE. 300 KM ABOVE EARTH.

The Soyuz floats with its nose directed towards a bright
star on the horizon, the Chinese Station, but-
Nothing, not even a small flame, comes out of its back
thrusters.

CONTROL CABIN.

Ryan waits, expectantly, and gives the button a NEW PUSH,
but-

RYAN

One...
Nothing. The thruster won't ignite.

RYAN (CONT'D)

One... one...

OUTER SPACE. 300 KM ABOVE EARTH.

The vessel remains motionless, orbiting over the Pacific
which is already under night's dark veil.

CONTROL CABIN.

She pushes again, and again, and again-

RYAN

Come on. Come on!

OUTER SPACE. 300 KM ABOVE EARTH.

But NOTHING.
The Soyuz stays in place.

CONTROL CABIN.

Ryan looks at the FUEL GAUGE- 30 percent.
She taps on it and the frozen needle drops to EMPTY.

RYAN

You gotta be kidding me.

the She taps on the frozen dial once more, as if trying to get
needle to go back up, and once again-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where's your backup?

She taps even harder this time.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where's your goddamn backup?!

She bangs down on the control panel in frustration--

RYAN (CONT'D)

FU--

OUTER SPACE. 300 KM ABOVE EARTH.

all Inside the capsule, through the portal, Ryan hits and hits,
bouncing around the confined space of the cabin and venting
her anger, until she herself is out of fuel.

She grabs the radio and-

RYAN

This is Dr Ryan Stone, can you hear
me? Houston, this is Ryan Stone, can
you hear me? Copy? Houston, this is
Ryan Stone, can you hear me? Copy?

THE SUN SETS.

Earth,
light
sun
of
lonely

A magical cosmic act. As the sun nears the edge of the
the atmosphere brightens, shining with a luminous orange
that is reflected off the surface of the Pacific Ocean.
At the Soyuz's orbiting speed this does not last long. The
quickly dips behind the edge of the Earth and the whole face
the planet is in shadow.
The vessel is almost lost in the deep black of night.
Fluorescent green light pours out of the porthole, like a
firefly lost in the deep of night.

CONTROL CABIN.

And the night has brought with it its cold grip.
Ryan shivers and her voice is now weak, but she continues
searching for help-

RYAN

Houston, this is Ryan Stone, can you
hear me? Copy? Houston, this is Ryan
Stone, can you hear me? Copy?

She turns her neck stiffly, looks at the-
PORTHOLE
TEMPERATURE DIAL, -8 degrees and dropping. Through the
the SUN drops. DARKNESS descends.
Finally, a SOUND SURFACES through the static:

A CRACKLING.

headset.
The CRACKLING SOUND is coming from the communication
Ryan puts it on and brings the mouthpiece to her lips.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Houston. Houston! This is Mission
Specialist Ryan Stone. Do you copy!

This glimmer of hope gives her a new burst of energy.

She **TURNS ON THE CABIN LIGHT** and attempts to tune into the frequency, turning one of the control panel's dials. She frowns.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(into the mouthpiece)
Houston, you're coming in over the AM frequency. Please confirm identity.

Fragmented words emerge through the static.

TRANSMISSION

Han... ni... ts...

She turns the dial slowly, clinging desperately to the wavering thread of communication.

RYAN

Repeat. This is Mission Specialist Ryan Stone from STS-157. Do you copy?

Words **BURST FORTH**, ringing clear as a bell for a moment.

TRANSMISSION

Hannik ya itc... pini.

Ryan blinks. The transmission is not in English.

RYAN

Is this the Chinese Station? Is this Tiangong? Copy?

As she tunes in a faint voice is distinguished. It doesn't appear to be in Chinese either.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do you speak English?

TRANSMISSION

Hannic ya itcitem pini!

RYAN

S.O.S. Do you understand?

TRANSMISSION

Umaruq taigaa!

RYAN

Mayday! Can you copy? Mayday! Mayday!

The voice on the transmission appears to be a man in a very jovial mood. He keeps laughing.

TRANSMISSION

Mayday!

RYAN

Yes! Mayday! Mayday!

TRANSMISSION

Mayday! Aningang!

RYAN

Aningang?

TRANSMISSION

Mayday, Aningang! Aningang, Mayday!

The HOARSE LAUGHING of an MAN rises through the STATIC.

RYAN

(TO HERSELF)

Aningang...?

(then, realizing:)

Is that your name? Aningang is your name?!

TRANSMISSION

Aningang! Mayday! Suli, suli!

her
her
plea.

She starts to speak again but the glimmer of hope fades from face with the realization that this man does not understand her plea.

RYAN

No, Mayday's not my name. I'm Stone, Dr. Ryan Stone-- I need help.

TRANSMISSION

Mayday! Ieukpalliktuq uumaruq taigaa naabuqtuq.

A noise in the background makes Ryan smile.

RYAN

(SOFTLY)

Dogs...

(INTO HEADSET)

Are those dogs? Those are dogs! Are you calling from Earth?!

voice.

The barking of several dogs can be heard behind the man's

She GRINS.

She listens to the man's laughing voice, shakes her head helplessly and sighs.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where are you, Aningang? Is the sun out? Are there birds? Are there trees? Can you smell the ocean?

TRANSMISSION

Ieukpalliktuq naabuqtuq.

RYAN

Is it beautiful where you are? Here it's colder than hell and lonelier than shit, but it's beautiful Aningang. Utterly, terrifyingly beautiful.

Through THE PORTHOLE-

Even under the darkness of night, it is possible to see the glaciers spreading over the green forests. It all looks so

fresh

and full of life.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Make your dogs bark again, Aningang. Will you? Please...

TRANSMISSION

Suli aasrivak aatqatik niuruq...?

RYAN

Dogs! Woof. Woof. Woof.

She makes barking noises. The man begins to laugh and barks

back

at her.

TRANSMISSION

Auuu. Auuu. Oipmiq. Oipmiq! Auuu. Auuu.

Ryan and Aningang bark in unison.

RYAN

Woof. Woof.

TRANSMISSION

Auuu... Auuu...

RYAN AND TRANSMISSION

Auuu. Auuu. Woof. Woof.

of
crazy
with

Ryan begins to HOWL, giving in to the mad joy of it all. Moments later, through the RADIO, she is joined by a CHORUS CANINES--Aningang's DOGS--TUNING INTO HER VOICE in a mad, harmonic cacophony. Ryan smiles, blissfully happy, howling with abandon.

her
in

Each howling reaches deeper and is more cathartic, unlocking emotions that have been festering over time, and- TEARS ROLL FROM HER EYES, clear as crystals, spilling from lashes and floating INTO THE AIR, glimmering LIKE SAPPHIRES in the cool moonlight.

to
wailing

They float away, like tiny satellites orbiting her face. Aningang can be heard intermittently, YELLING, as if trying to silence the dogs. Then the dogs, one by one, cease their and Ryan is left with nothing but her own voice.

She stops, gazing at her tears suspended in the gloomy blue light.

RYAN

I'm going to die, Aningang.

The SIGNAL ebbs, losing its battle with the STATIC.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I mean, we're all going to die. Everyone knows that. But I'm going to die today...

The STATIC waffles in and out.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Funny that. To know.

The STATIC breaks and Aningang's HUSKY VOICE begins SINGING.

RYAN (CONT'D)

And you know what Aningang... I don't care. I don't care if I die. I don't have anything... not anymore.

Ryan is floating now over her seat.

RYAN (CONT'D)

But the thing is... I'm still scared.
I'm really scared...

She rolls in space and stares upwards...

RYAN (CONT'D)

No one will mourn me. No one will pray
for my soul. Will you mourn me,
Aningang? Is it too late to say a
prayer? I'd say one for myself, but I
have never prayed in my life... no one
ever taught me how...

The tune is lyrical and soothing, tinged with a touch of
melancholy.

RYAN (CONT'D)

No one ever taught me how...

her
Ryan listens to Aningang's melody and smiles softly, closing
eyes.

unconsciousness,
Ryan's face grows slack as she drifts toward
buoyed along on Aningang's sad soulful song. Then...

...a SPUTTERING CRY cuts through the static.

A BABY.

Ryan's eyes pop open.

RYAN (CONT'D)

A baby. There's a baby with you.

A beat. Aningang stops singing, speaking in a soft voice:

TRANSMISSION

Ieukpalliktuq upatimi...

RYAN

You are singing to your baby? Is that
a lullaby? That's so sweet!

baby
Ryan is transfixed, listening to the gentle gurgle of the
as Aningang coos to it, then begins to SING again.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I used to sing to my baby too.

in Painful memories flash before her, haunting her. Ryan's lump
her throat is washed away by a gentle sob.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I hope I see her soon.

She reaches for a valve and opens it.

A HIZZING sound is heard inside the vessel, and-

ON THE SCREEN-

The Oxygen in the cabin's atmosphere begins to drop.

SHE TURNS OFF THE LIGHT.

Ryan closes her eyes, simply listening to the lullaby as it
grows fainter...

RYAN (CONT'D)

(growing ever drowsier)

That's nice. Keep singing, Aningang,
just like that. Sing me to sleep. I'll
sleep and sleep and sleep. Sing to me,
Aningang... sing...sing....

The transmission grows fainter...

...and fainter...

...and then is...

...gone.

humming a For a long beat Ryan merely sits there. She is gently
tune.

It is a LULLABY.

SHE SURRENDERS.

SHE WEEPS.

that A quiet deep sorrow that silently grows in intensity and
finally explodes into-

A SOFT WAIL.

TEARS float around her like tiny satellites.

The cold and the gentle humming of the Soyuz cradles Ryan.

to She closes her eyes, and as her breathing relaxes she begins
fall asleep, until-

CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Ryan opens her eyes, startled.

CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Ryan turns in confusion and looks at-

THE PORTHOLE-

THROUGH THE GLASS, the helmet of an astronaut is looking in.

IT IS MATT.

He knocks once more, this time louder.

CLICK CLICK CLICK.

on, Ryan is still drowsy and does not understand what is going
when she sees that-

The latch on the porthole begins to move.

RYAN (CONT'D)

No... no.. don't.

But the latch continues to open.

Ryan immediately straps herself to the commander chair.

The latch keeps turning.

Ryan covers her eyes and face with her hands when-
THE LATCH RELEASES and

THE HATCH SWINGS OPEN.

inside The VACUUM of space sucks in one sharp gust all the air
the cabin and with it every sound.

hatch.

The straps hold Ryan back as objects gush out through the
Her hands press tightly covering her face.

On the Control Panel alarms begin to flash.

A SHADOWY FIGURE makes its way in and with one sharp motion-
Turns and closes the hatch. Presses a green button and-
The cabin begins to pressurize.

And sound re-emerges with the beeping of the alarms as-

The red-orange-green graph on the control panel show the
atmospheric levels reaching green.

Ryan uncovers her face and stares from the shadows at the
figure, who straps into the seat next to her. He unlocks the
ring around his collar and-

TAKES OFF HIS HELMET.

COUNTRY WESTERN MUSIC escapes into the cabin.

MATT

Ahhhh! Alright, check your watch. 13
hours, 11 minutes. Call Anatoly, tell
him he's been bumped.

The figure glances around.

MATT (CONT'D)

Bit gloomy in here. How `bout a little
light?

He taps a few buttons on the console and a face blooms:

Matt.

Ryan stares, mouth agape.

RYAN

How did you?

MATT

Trust me, it's a hell of a story.

RYAN

But how did you?

He reaches out and effortlessly flicks a myriad array of
switches. Instantly, the alarms go silent.

MATT

That's better.

RYAN

How?

Ryan looks at him wide eyed, wanting to know how-

MATT

I found a little extra battery power. I'm just happy you're still alive. To be honest, I thought your chances were slim to none. By the way, did you find the vodka?

RYAN

You never told me where.

Matt fishes a SMALL FLASK from under his seat, spins off the cap...

MATT

Oh well... To Anatoly! Na zdorovje.

...and takes a big gulp. He offers the flask to Ryan, who appears to be dozing off. She blinks, shakes her head.

RYAN

No.

He studies her.

MATT

No? Right, let's get out of here.

He looks at the monitors, where the Chinese Station is seen.

MATT (CONT'D)

We're `bout a hundred miles to the Chinese Station. A little Sunday drive.

RYAN

We can't.

MATT

Course we can.

RYAN

There's no fuel. I tried everything.

MATT

Well, there's always something we can do.

RYAN

I tried everything.

MATT

Did you try the soft landing jets?

RYAN

They're for landing so.

MATT

Well landing is launching it's the same thing, didn't you learn about that in training?

RYAN

I never got to land the simulator, I told you.

MATT

But you know about it.

RYAN

And I crashed it every time.

Ryan is falling asleep. Matt studies her as she dozes off.

MATT

Listen you want to go back or do you want to stay here? I get it, it's nice up here, you can just shut down all the systems turn out all the lights, and just close your eyes and tune out everybody.

the
Matt starts flipping through buttons on the console, turning
cabin lights off.

MATT (CONT'D)

There's nobody up here who can hurt you, it's safe. Then what's the point in going on, what's the point of living?

When the cabin is in darkness, he turns and looks at Ryan.

MATT (CONT'D)

Your kid died, doesn't get any rougher than that, but still it's a matter of what you do now. If you

decide to go that you've gotta just
get on with it, sit back enjoy the
ride. You have to start living life,
Ryan.

Ryan is having trouble keeping her eyes open.

RYAN

How did you get here?

MATT

Ryan, you have to learn to let go ...
Hey?

Ryan is almost sound asleep.

RYAN

What?

Ryan is asleep.

MATT

It's time to go home.

Her eyes snap open.

Her gaze shifts. The flask is floating in front of her. But
no Matt. She turns. THE CABIN IS EMPTY. She turns back.

CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Ryan notices that the gate of the ventilation duct is
shaking,
making a percussive sound.

A SOFT COOL LIGHT shines in through the condensation that
has frozen on the glass. It is-

THE MOONLIGHT caressing Ryan's face.

RYAN

Landing, landing. Landing is
launching.

With a new surge of determination she TURNS ON THE CABIN
LIGHT.

She pulls the HELMET floating above her and puts it on.

Valve, She connects the umbilical to her suit, opens the Oxygen and begins to breath. As the Oxygen flows back into her brain a new surge of determination brightens her face.

She opens the valves of the other two umbilicals, allowing Oxygen to flow, pressurizing the cabin.

She grabs the MANUAL.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay, landing, landing, landing is green.

She opens the green binder and browses through its index.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay landing, alright.

She stops, turns some pages and stares closely at the manual.

and as Ryan notices the Energy Bar floating by her. She grabs it she opens the wrapper, she stares intently at one page of the MANUAL, where there is-

A DIAGRAM-

landing An ILLUSTRATION of the Soyuz Capsule two meters before and hitting the ground. A thrust is shooting out from under its bottom, cushioning its fall: THE SOFT LANDING ENGINES.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Soft landing jets trigger automatically at three meters before landing. ... you're a clever son of a bitch Matt. So to land I need to get rid of the BO and Engine module, okay?

She puts on the communication headset.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Listen to me Matt. You're going to see a girl with brown hair. She's Sarah, her hair is probably a mess. That's okay, she doesn't like to brush it.

She looks out of the porthole, down at Earth.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Tell her mommy found her red shoe. She was so upset about that shoe Matt, but tell her it was right under the bed.

of She turns back to the console and places her finger over one of the buttons.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You give her a big hug and a kiss for me and tell her mamma misses her. Tell her she's my little angel and that she makes me so proud, so so so proud, and that I promise I'll try and make her proud too. You tell her that I'm not quitting, that I'm going to keep fighting. You tell her I love her Matt... I love her so much.

Ryan smiles, remembering... and then-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Tri module separation, go...

She presses the button.

OUTER SPACE.

The locks connecting the three modules of the Soyuz release.

CONTROL CABIN, AIRLOCK, and the ENGINES SEPARATE.

and A mechanism pushes the CONTROL CABIN away from the AIRLOCK of the ENGINES, and it slowly gains distance from them.

CONTROL CABIN.

the Ryan scans through the complicated charts and diagrams in the manual.

RYAN

Okay Houston, here comes the tricky part, the Soyuz has to think we're only three meters above the earth.

A pause, and then-

RYAN (CONT'D)

Let's reset you then.

Using the manual as a reference, Ryan uses the cursors to
select the ALTITUDE DISPLAY on the computer screen.

The current ALTITUDE is- 2600 M.

She uses the cursors and presses a button. A WARNING on the
computer screen comes on.
She presses another button, and-

ON THE SCREEN, the ALTITUDE goes blank.

Ryan punches a new set of commands.

The ALTITUDE now reads- 3 meters.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay. I only have one shot at this.
One shot...

She extends her finger...

RYAN (CONT'D)

What's the point if we don't try?

SHE PRESSES THE BUTTON.

OUTER SPACE.

A THREE SECOND THRUST ignites at the back of the cabin,
pushing it at great speeds toward the Chinese Station.

SOYUZ CONTROL CABIN.

The strength of the thrust pushes Ryan back in her seat.

She looks at-

THE PERISCOPE-

The Soyuz is approaching the Tiangong. The center of the
crosshair is aiming three degrees above the Chinese Station.

OUTER SPACE.

The Soyuz is making its way rapidly towards the Chinese Station.

CONTROL CABIN.

Ryan is looking out of the window, at Earth-

RYAN

Wow... you were right Matt... it's magnificent....

She then turns to-

THE PERISCOPE-

The Chinese Station quickly grows in size as the Soyuz gets closer and closer.

ALTITUDE DIAL- 155 km and dropping.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You're losing altitude, Tiangong. You keep dropping and you're going to kiss the atmosphere. But not before I get to you. You have my last ride home.

A new sense of urgency comes up on Ryan's face.

She unhooks the umbilical from her suit.

She unstraps herself.

She floats over and looks out of-

THE PORTHOLE-

The Chinese Station is approaching, getting closer.

She disarms the emergency exit and holds on to the LATCH.

it She pauses and turns to grab the fire extinguisher and holds tightly against her chest with one arm. With the other arm- She reaches for the Latch.

going The Station is hovering right next to her and the cabin is to pass it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm done with just driving.
Let's get go home.

She turns the latch, and-

PYROTECHNICS shoot the porthole into space.

AIR

The brutal force of the infinite VACUUM of space SUCKS THE
out of the cabin, and-

Ryan is LAUNCHED out of the cabin at a tremendous speed.

SHE HITS HER SHOULDER as she goes through the hatch into-

OUTER SPACE.

She

A CANNONBALL WOMAN is launched up from the Soyuz's hatch.

Heavens.

passes the Chinese Station as she twirls up toward the

The Soyuz continues its straight trajectory toward Earth.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

Ryan is stunned from the impact and her shoulder is in pain.

OUTSIDE-

Everything twirls.

Earth and Heavens.

MINUTES.

An ALARM in her STOPWATCH RINGS. It's been EIGHTY-FIVE

And she spins and sees-

THE TIANGONG, one mile below her. And below it-

Earth. It

A bright comet leaves behind a yellow scratch over the

IS-

THE SOYUZ BURNING upon contact with the atmosphere.

Ryan drifts away. She holds tightly to the fire extinguisher
with one hand, and with the other she checks her right
shoulder.

IT HURTS.

But there's no time, the Tiangong is getting farther away.
She points the nozzle of the fire extinguisher away from her and

TRIGGERS A-

SPRAY-

It acts like a thrust that pushes her toward the Station. It helped, but she is still off target.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

She is in pain.

The glass visor is steaming up.

She begins HUMMING as she looks at-

The Station drifting ahead, less than five hundred meters
away.

From this distance the damage caused to the Tiangong by the
debris is clear. The solar panels are shredded to pieces,
and several modules appear to have been badly hit.

RYAN GIVES-

ANOTHER SPRAY-

Propelling herself even closer to the Station.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

She stops humming. Her breath is fogging up the glass,
giving her a blurred view of-

The Station, which is less than a hundred meters away. She
can

SEE THAT-

The LIFEBOAT, the SHENZHOU, a vessel very similar to the
Soyuz,
is docked on a module.

It's now clear that she's not flying straight toward the
Station.

Ryan attempts to correct her trajectory by giving-

ANOTHER SPRAY-

not
But only a very SMALL THRUST comes out of the extinguisher,
enough to push her on the right track.

She PULLS the trigger again-

But only a few dust particles come out. The extinguisher is empty. She lets go of it and it floats away.

She drifts toward the Station, SLOWLY.

She is less than twenty meters away, and getting closer.

AND CLOSER.

And she misses it by a hair.

She drifts, very slowly, two meters above the Station.

Her arm, outstretched, tries to grab hold of anything it
can.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

Ryan winces in pain and looks at-

Her outstretched arm reaching toward-

THE STATION-

fingers
She slowly drifts across the modules, the tips of her
almost touching the surface of the Tiangong.

not
A handle passes under her, almost within reach, but she does
manage to hold onto it.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

She
She's struggling, but she knows she's not going to make it.
looks ahead at-

THE STATION-

into
A solar panel, following the rotation of the Station, comes
view.

She stretches out her arm as she gets closer to it.

But the solar panel continues its rotation and she is approaching very slowly.

The panel is rotating away.

She STRETCHES, and-

She GRABS onto a rod on the Solar Panel, STOPPING her momentum.

Ryan hangs from the Station. She holds her right arm tightly to her chest.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

She catches her breath and is clearly in pain.

RYAN SEES-

A LONESOME PIECE OF DEBRIS.

It hovers above the Station and glows as the sunlight hits its surface. It passes very quickly.

And there's ANOTHER ONE cruising farther above.

She pulls her right arm up.

RYAN

Ahhhhhh!

The pain is excruciating, but she grabs onto the panel's rod,

AND-

SHE PULLS HERSELF UP, and clinging with her leg, she secures herself to the panel.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

She's panting, and through the fogged up glass she can see, far away over the horizon-

BRIGHT DOTS.

Pieces of debris burn as they hit the atmosphere. A swarm of incandescent locusts that-

Is coming directly at her.

Ignoring her pain but using her right arm as little as possible, she climbs up to-

THE BODY OF THE STATION.

She goes over the module and makes her way across, pulling herself from handle to handle.

When she reaches the end of it, with one last BIG PULL she makes it to the-

HATCH that leads into the airlock.

With her bad arm she holds onto a handle.

With the other, she pulls on the latch and-

OPENS THE AIRLOCK.

A gust of AIR bursts out, pushing the hatch wide open.

Ryan holds on tightly to the handle.

ABOVE HER-

Clusters of DEBRIS pass by, flying at different distances and at great speeds.

Pieces COLLIDE with each other, exploding into more debris.

A BIG PIECE OF DEBRIS is flying downward, missing the Station by ten meters as it continues its descent. And-

250 meters below, it BURNS like a shooting star.

The Station is rapidly approaching Earth's atmosphere.

And over the Eastern horizon-

A CLOUD OF DUST is quickly approaching.

THE TIDE OF DEBRIS.

TIANGONG. AIRLOCK. 150 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

Ryan secures the hatch.

Space
one

The airlock is smaller than the one in the International Station but, like the ISS, there is a small control panel on side.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

The glass is almost fogged up. She makes her way to the-

CONTROL PANEL-

TWO

The red, yellow, and green graph is bright red. Under it, BUTTONS with Chinese ideograms on them.

AND

Her finger hesitates as she takes a wild guess.

SHE PRESSES-

A FAINT HISSING SOUND is heard.

THE CABIN PRESSURIZES.

As oxygen fills the space-

SOUND BEGINS TO EMERGE.

Unrecognizable at first is a rhythmic pattern under a syncopated murmur. But as air allows sound to conduct its waves, it becomes clear.

AN ALARM IS GOING OFF.

Over it a recording plays in a LOOP. It is in Mandarin. The VOICE in the recording is urgent. Clearly it is not good news.

LOOP

She's in pain and more tired than ever now, and she's punchy.

LOOP (CONT'D)

She waits, floating.

INSIDE THE HELMET-

she The glass is completely fogged up. Through the condensation,
can only discern a RED LIGHT filtering through.
She waits.

RYAN

Come on. Come on.

And when the RED GLOW turns to ORANGE-

struggles Ryan UNLOCKS her helmet and, using only her left hand,
to take it off.

the As the helmet floats, bouncing off of the cabin walls, Ryan
massages her injured shoulder. She does this gently, as even
smallest pressure inflicts pain.

The orange light is turning green when-

the She feels the Station quake fiercely, reverberating through
handle she's holding onto.

THE STATION RUMBLES.

OUTER SPACE.

The Tiangong is plummeting.

parts The tip of a solar panel is already grazing over the outer
layers of the atmosphere, leaving a trail behind it as it
the gases.

DEBRIS passing under the Station burn up.

TIANGONG NODE 1.

EVERYTHING SHAKES.

Ryan rushes out of the airlock.

A new intensity sparkles in her eyes. Her fearlessness and

determination are bordering with madness.

long
LAB

She inspects her surroundings. Through a hatch she sees a
corridor-like cabin that leads to another node. It is the
MODULE.

The LOOP keeps on playing.

LOOP

She enters the hatch into the-
TIANGONG LAB MODULE.

The only light is coming from flickering emergency lights.
Objects float in chaos.

Ryan makes her way, dodging the disarray of lab objects-

two

Scientific instruments: A plant drifting by with its roots
exposed, clusters of liquid floating like wobbly spheres,
eggs hovering, one of which is broken.

THE SHAKING INTENSIFIES as-

She reaches the end of the module and goes into the-

TIANGONG NODE 2.

She floats to the center of the node.

There are three open hatches- RIGHT, LEFT, and-

BELOW-

far

A Docking Module, very similar to the one in the ISS. At the
end of it an open hatch leads into the SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

MORE RUMBLING SHAKES THE STATION.

OUTER SPACE.

where it

A SOLAR PANEL, defeated by the friction with the atmosphere,
breaks off from the Station and is thrown farther down,

quickly burns, dissolving into sparks.

The TIDAL WAVE of debris is catching up with the Station, a cloud of metal pieces that sparkle with the sunlight.

through
BRIGHT STREAKS can be seen as debris burns, scratching
the atmosphere.

TIANGONG NODE 2.

Ryan springs into the-

DOCKING MODULE.

Floating through it and reaching the open hatch at the other end, she tosses the helmet inside the Shenzhou.

A LOUD METALLIC ROAR. The Station is collapsing. She dives through the hatch into the-
SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD. AIRLOCK.

It is almost identical to the Soyuz's airlock.

She does a quick flip and-

CLOSES the outer hatch.

Then she pulls on another latch and-

CLOSES the inner hatch.

The Shenzhou is SEALED OFF from the rest of the Station.

She throws the helmet into the Control Cabin and follows through, into the-

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD. CONTROL CABIN.

then-
She struggles to turn around in the confined space, and

She pulls the hatch CLOSED.

THE CONTROL CABIN IS SEALED.

seat. In
The Shenzhou is smaller than the Soyuz and has only one
this confined space, the SHAKING of the station is felt even
stronger.

She sits, BUCKLES herself in, and looks at the-

CONTROL PANEL.

board

It has more monitors than the Soyuz's panel, and the main
is arranged differently. All of the buttons are labeled with
CHINESE IDEOGRAMS.

AND IT IS SHAKING FIERCELY.

RYAN

Seriously?

THROUGH-

THE PORTHOLE-

A thin bright yellow halo covers the whole window.

OUTER SPACE.

the

The yellow halo envelops the whole Station as it glides over
outer atmosphere.

FRICTION.

The remaining SOLAR PANEL resists breaking off from the
structure, but still goes up in flames, leaving a trail of
SPARKS.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

EVERYTHING IS SHAKING.

RYAN

In the Soyuz the power button is
erm...here!

of

She passes her finger over the board, trying to make sense
the buttons.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ah, ok ah undocking,
undocking...eenie, meenie,...

SHE PRESSES

clearly An ALARM RINGS, and under the ongoing LOOP, a RECORDING,
warning.

RECORDING

RYAN

Ok. That doesn't sound good....

She glances around frantically, turns it off.

It's shaking very intensely but she's wide-eyed now, clearly close to being beside herself.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Miini... moh...

She tries a BIG BUTTON that says-

A NEW ALARM, followed by a NEW RECORDING, also a warning-

And with a horrible accent-

RYAN (CONT'D)

No hablo chino.

She keeps searching for the right button.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Mini... moh...

And she presses a new one.

humming The LIGHTS on the Control Panel GO ON. The cabin makes a
sound as SYSTEMS BEGIN TO ACTIVATE.

the On the control panel lights go on in patterns reminiscent of
switchboard in the Soyuz.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay....okay...

Soyuz, She begins going through the progressions she used on the
only quicker this time, jabbing button after button.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Good...good...There. And this should
be...

She presses one more button and systems turn to green.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay... Houston in the blind...

She raises her voice to be heard over the GROWING RUMBLE.

RYAN (CONT'D)

This is Mission Specialist Ryan Stone reporting from the Shenzhou. I'm about to undock from the Tiangong and I have a bad feeling about this mission.

on She presses a new button and the system goes to green. And the MONITOR a COUNTDOWN appears.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Reminds me of a story, Houston--

She reacts to a bad shake of the cabin.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay, you know what, Houston? Never mind the story...

She looks around as the cabin starts shaking even harder.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's getting hotter in here.

She watches the COUNTDOWN on the MONITOR- 3:59... 3:58...

RYAN (CONT'D)

The way I figure it, there's only two
POSSIBLE OUTCOMES--

to Ryan keeps her eyes fixed on the countdown. Raises her voice compete with the rising chaos...

RYAN (CONT'D)

I either make it down in one piece and I'll have one hell of a story to tell...

And now the noise and the shake are nearing their peak...

RYAN (CONT'D)

...Or I burn up in the next ten minutes.

Ryan smiles, flips the safety lid of a button open.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Whichever way it goes, no harm no
foul.

As the cabin RATTLES VIOLENTLY.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Because either way--

She closes her eyes, puts her finger over the button.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It'll be one hell of a ride.

Ryan presses the button.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm ready.

OUTER SPACE.

The Station is bouncing over the atmosphere. One end of it
is glowing more brightly and catches FIRE.

The TIDE OF DEBRIS is getting closer. Not far off some
pieces are already burning.

A LARGE PIECE OF DEBRIS has caught on fire and is flying at
great speed and-

COLLIDES WITH THE STATION,

Tearing it into two parts, which are sent twisting in
opposite directions. The ESCAPE POD, attached to the DOCK, is
spinning towards earth.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

Ryan is SHAKEN and RATTLED in her seat.

RYAN

Yeehaaa!

GRAVITY is still minimal, but the force of the inertia is
rough and it jerks her around. She sees-

bad A RED LEVER above her, but she can only reach it with her hand.

SHE STRETCHES

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhh!

SHE GRABS THE LEVER-

AND PULLS IT.

OUTER SPACE.

THE LOCKS DISENGAGE-

THE CABIN separates from the rest of the vessel and from the Station. It spins away, plummeting toward the atmosphere.

of The two fragments of the Tiangong follow, spinning in a rage sparks and fire.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

also she The spinning is punishing. Ryan is shaken violently. She is mumbling words to herself that we can't hear. It looks like rambling.

Some LIGHTS GO OFF.

ATMOSPHERE. 130 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

positioning The capsule's aerodynamics slow down the spinning, the vessel nose up.

It cuts through the atmosphere at incredible speeds. Its metal is burning hot.

Smoldering DEBRIS and the fragments of the STATION chase the Shenzhou in its descent.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

THE PORTHOLE-

A blinding light pours in from outside the window.

The spinning is over, but the cabin vibrates with a loud rumble.

As the G-Force restrains Ryan against her seat, she clenches her face and sweats.

On the ceiling, condensation begins to form.

ATMOSPHERE. 120 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

The Shenzhou is a ball of fire precipitating from the skies.

It's followed very closely by DEBRIS and the two fragments of the STATION.

The TWO FRAGMENTS COLLIDE and EXPLODE into a ball of fire that breaks into many pieces.

An avalanche of fire cascades towards the Shenzhou, rapidly closing the distance.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

In THE PORTHOLE-

Outside burning debris is passing by. The gravitational pull keeps Ryan tense in her seat as drops fall on her face. She

LOOKS AT-

THE CEILING- where condensation is dripping.

ATMOSPHERE. 100 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

The avalanche is about to swallow the cabin when the burning debris disintegrates before reaching the cooling STRATOSPHERE.

The capsule escapes the inferno as the debris crumbles in a final explosion expelling-

A VERY SMALL PIECE OF DEBRIS that-

SHOOTS towards the Shenzhou and-
SKIMS its surface, tearing one of the outer shields.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

smoke
The impact is felt inside and a panel falls off. A small
trail is formed around its wires.

force
Ryan is restrained against her seat by the gravitational
of the fall and-

EVERYTHING IS SHAKING.

LOWER ATMOSPHERE. 70 KM ABOVE EARTH.

DOWN,
The Shenzhou has left the burning debris behind.
As it touches the lower atmosphere, it immediately COOLS
dimming its brightness, surrounded by a purple sky.

It FREEFALLS 9.8 meters per second and-

A PARACHUTE RELEASES.

red
cabin's
The long fabric comes out and EXPANDS as the air fills the
and white canopy. When it's fully open it SLOWS DOWN the
descent and lets it glide in a diagonal path over the Earth.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

A BREATH OF RELIEF, as through THE PORTHOLE-

She sees the ropes of the parachute extend out to the large
canvas cushioning the fall.

LOWER ATMOSPHERE. 10 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

A SECOND PARACHUTE expands.

more
It slows the fall even further, shifting the cabin into a

vertical descent toward the ground that is so close it now
seems tangible.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

Ryan starts COUGHING.

The cabin is quickly filling with SMOKE, and-
The white cloud of smoke overflowing the small space is
getting thicker.

LOWER ATMOSPHERE. 1 KM ABOVE THE EARTH.

The Shenzhou drops, hanging from the parachutes, at a speed
of thirty kilometers per hour.

It is surrounded by a blue sky. It passes through a layer of
clouds.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

She coughs as the white smoke is becoming unbearable. She's
suffocating.

LOWER ATMOSPHERE. 100 METERS ABOVE THE EARTH.

The Shenzhou is rapidly approaching the ground.

It is falling straight toward a lake. Two meters before
hitting

ITS SURFACE-

THE LANDING ENGINES IGNITE, giving the downward thrust meant
to cushion the landing on a hard surface.

The thrust parts the water, creating a curtain of steam, and
the Shenzhou gently falls down-

INTO THE LAKE-

Making a wave that spreads out in a circle.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

Ryan feels the cabin hit the water. She has landed safely.
But she cannot celebrate because she can't stop coughing.
She is asphyxiating in the thick cloud of smoke.
She UNSTRAPS herself and-
Reaches a LEVER at the side of the hatch.
She PULLS THE LEVER.

ON THE LAKE.

With a small controlled explosion, the hatch cover is
launched away from the cabin.
Smoke pours out through the open hatch.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

She begins to unstrap herself when-
WATER POURS IN through the open hatch.

She tries to make her way out, fighting against the strong
current that is gushing in, but the flow is too strong and-

IT PUSHES HER BACK IN.

She struggles to force her way through the cascade rapidly
filling the cabin, but it is too strong.

THE CABIN IS OVERFLOWING.

The water has reached Ryan's chin when-
She manages to take ONE LAST DEEP BREATH of air before-

WATER COMPLETELY FILLS IT.

UNDERWATER

The metallic capsule, which weighs almost three tons, sinks
quickly into the lake. As the ropes of the parachute tense,
the long fabric follows the cabin down.

SHENZHOU ESCAPE POD.

and
Air trapped inside Ryan's suit leaks out through the collar
small bubbles float up.

arm,
Ryan fights her way to the hatch, and pulling with her good
she swims out.

UNDERWATER.

the
She pushes herself away from the cabin, swimming away from

POD AS-

THE SHENZHOU HITS THE LAKE BOTTOM.

A dark cloud of mud swells up around it.

use
Ryan struggles to SWIM UP to the surface, but she can only
one arm and the wet suit is DRAGGING HER DOWN.

She strokes rapidly, but she isn't moving up. Instead-
SHE'S GOING DOWN, and

HER FEET SINK INTO THE LAKE BED.

She looks up and sees-

a
The rays of sunlight breaking through the lake's surface are
eclipsed by the parachute, which floats down toward her like
huge jellyfish about to engulf its pray.

its
THE FROG crosses in front of her, effortlessly swimming on
way to the surface.

struggles to
Small bubbles of air come out of Ryan's nose as she
open her suit.

She takes off the BOTTOM PART of the suit.

ABOVE HER-

THE PARACHUTE IS GETTING CLOSER, a net about to trap her.

out She struggles out of the TOP PART of her suit. And squirming
from under it-

She frees herself from the heavy garments and SWIMS UP as-
THE SINKING PARACHUTE traps her foot and begins dragging her
down. But with a kick-

SHE SETS HERSELF FREE, and-

out SHE SWIMS UP, stroking with her good arm. She is completely
of breath, only the tiniest bubbles rise from her nose.

She is about to lose consciousness, when she sees-

THE FROG swimming ahead of her, sliding smoothly through the
water toward the rays of sunlight diffracted by the surface.

Ryan's eyes are closed as she floats up, her body limp. The
surface is coming closer and closer.

come She reaches the thin boundary between water and air and she
out to the-
SURFACE.

And she takes an enormous breath.

RYAN

AAAAHHHHH!

Almost primal, like the first breath of a newborn child, it
burns her lungs but reclaims life.

She She only has enough strength to keep her face above water.

FLOATS, catching her breath and taking long gulps of air.

She looks up at-

THE SKY-

Where the clouds move, caressed by air and light. And beyond
THEM-

OUTER SPACE, but-

SHE'S BACK ON EARTH.

She turns around, and-

TAKING A DEEP BREATH-

last

She SWIMS, breaking through the water and harnessing every bit of energy in her.

And soon she arrives to the-

SHALLOW EDGE OF THE LAKE

life

She drags herself from the water, like the first amphibious form crawling out of the primordial soup onto land.

COLLAPSES ON THE SHORE.

her

The water laps gently over her, washing in and out around legs.

SHE LIES with her face against the muddy shore and her eyes closed, recovering her strength.

AND SHE BREATHES.

SHE BREATHES AIR.

And as her breath steadies-

SHE SMILES.

of

She pushes her face against the ground, enjoying the sense weight, and-

SHE OPENS HER EYES.

Then she looks at her surroundings, taking in the almost unbearable beauty of the planet Earth.

She's breathing deeply and begins to cough.

It's not a cough, it's a chuckle.

RYAN IS CRACKING UP.

Ecstasy overcomes Ryan and-

Joyful laughter fills her body.

SHE IS ALIVE.

RYAN

Thank you.

She PLANTS HER PALMS against the ground and-

With an effort, she pushes herself up.

knees SHE FEELS HER WEIGHT, and manages to rise to her hands and
like a four-legged mammal.

And she STANDS UP.

and ONE FOOT FALLS heavily on the ground. It sinks into the mud

THEN-

ANOTHER FOOT.

Ryan's FEET are solidly planted on the mud.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh!!!

unstable, One foot moves forward and lands on more solid ground,
coping with the weight. And then-

The other foot follows as-

SHE BEGINS TO WALK ON PLANET EARTH, laughing.

SHE IS PUNCH DRUNK.

SHE IS FREE.