

RED MARS

FADE IN:

EXT. EARTH - VIEWED FROM SPACE

A perfect blue marble - clouds, oceans, continents. A voice begins to speak. An older, wise voice. Bud Chantilas. We'll meet him later.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

The Earth. From space. In all its glory, the most perfect, self-regulating organism you could imagine. We went out there; we turned around; we looked back; we saw it. You'd think we'd behold and learn something.

(beat)

We didn't.

The DATE APPEARS in one corner of the screen. 1961.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

It was 1961 when we first went into space. There were four billion people in the world.

The POPULATION APPEARS in the other.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

And at a rate that was scarcely comprehensible, we began to poison and populate our planet.

DATE SPINS, the POPULATION as well. The big, sparkling blue marble that is Earth begins to lose its luster and slowly turns gray. By the year 2000, the population is six billion.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

We increased by 80 million people a year. Pumped out our toxins beyond measure. Destroyed our resources killed forests, trees, plants, animals...Anything that couldn't be trademarked and sold at a profit we annihilated without a thought. We killed half of what was on the planet. We didn't care. Right about the millennium, we got another warning...

DISSOLVE
TO:

PERFECTLY ROUND LILY PAD

in the midst of a pond. Surrounded by hundreds of dead, dying and deformed frogs.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

We killed all the frogs.
Every frog on the face of
the planet. We'd killed
species before, sure, even
a genus or two. But this
time we wiped out an entire
phylum. As the frogs
breathe through their skin
and react to toxins in the
environment faster, this
should have been a warning,
canary in the coal mine
kind of thing.

The last frog dies.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

Nah, we didn't pay any
attention to that either.
The only people who were
really upset were the
French. And no one really
likes the French. We -

DISSOLVE
BACK TO:

EXT. EARTH - VIEWED FROM SPACE
DATE and POPULATION begin to WHIR again. The
planet grows dimmer and dimmer. The oceans
grayer and grayer.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

By 2050 there were 12
billion people. It took us
100 years to go from the
Industrial Revolution to
putting a man in space. It
took us only another 100 to
poison and overpopulate the
planet so seriously that if
we didn't go out and find
somewhere else to live, we
realized we were gonna die
out as a species ourselves
in the next two
generations.

FADE
OUT.

FADE IN:

A billion stars. We PULL BACK THROUGH -
EXT. ARES - DAY

A spaceship unlike anything you've seen.
Thirteen spheres up front, cuboctoahedral
packing. The MEV (Mars Entry Vehicle), a large
cylinder behind. The whole thing is slowly
turning.

SUPERIMPOSE: FIRST MANNED MISSION TO MARS (DAY
190)

The ship floats by to reveal -
EXT. MARS

Red, huge, and very close. OVER which we hear

-

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Houston, we are go for Mars
orbit acquisition.

CAPCOM (V.O.)

You are go. Nice flight.
Godspeed.

Engines light up in the back of the craft. The
ship heads down towards Mars. Enters orbit.
Disappears around the back side.

SUPERIMPOSE: MARS - FOURTH PLANET FROM THE SUN
The WORD SUN STARTS TO BLAZE BRIGHTER AND
BRIGHTER, FILLING the SCREEN until we are
LOOKING AT -

EXT. SUN

A writhing ball of plasma. The surface roils,
waves of energy pass by and a flare starts to
grow and expand out from one quadrant like a
giant volcanic eruption.

INT. SOLAR OBSERVATORY (EARTH) - DAY

Two SOLAR ASTRONOMERS stare with mouths agape
at the heliostat. Monitors around record the
event as well.

SOLAR ASTRONOMER

Jesus...It's gotta be
800,000 miles long. It's
gonna shut down every comm
satellite on this side of
the planet.

ALARMS are starting to BUZZ.

SOLAR ASTRONOMER

The good news is it's
directional, most of it's
gonna miss us.

INT. MISSION CONTROL (HOUSTON) - DAY

More ALARMS. Science Officer, ANDY LOWENTHAL,
turns to the Flight Director, MATT RUSSERT.

LOWENTHAL

The bad news is it's
directional, and most of
it's going toward Mars.
Sub-light speed. It'll take
40 minutes to get there.

RUSSERT

Let 'em know.

He looks to the Capcom, JOHN SKAVLEM. News
gets worse.

SKAVLEM

No comm. They're on
backside. They'll be clear
in...40 minutes.

(NOTE All the crew in mission control wear
small Projected Image Monocles (PIMs) over
their dominant eye. There are no giant
viewscreens dominating the room as in missions
past. When so moved, the flight director can

throw an image on a large general viewscreen.
But unless noted, there are no projected
images in the room.)

EXT. MARS ORBIT - NIGHT

Dark side of Mars. The Ares is a slightly
shining speck, moving towards the horizon and
light. At 17,000 mph.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Commander KATE BOWMAN is at the helm. She's
got a kind of quiet assurance. You'd like her.
Mission co-pilot ED SANTEN is beside and
behind her. She speaks into a mike to rest of
the ship -

BOWMAN

We have stable orbit. We've
got three laps around,
ninety minutes each. In
four and a half hours, we
will launch the Mars Entry
Vehicle.

ROBBY GALLAGHER floats in through the hatch in
the back. He's been waiting 309 million miles
for this -

GALLAGHER

Are we there yet?

Kate shakes her head. She's about to respond
when -

EXT. SPACE

They just clear the edge of the planet, lights
hit them and...

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK

Wham. One light starts to flicker to red. And
then another. Some just go off.

BOWMAN

What the hell??

Santen reaches for the RADIO as it begins to
blare STATIC.

SANTEN

Comm's out.

Bowman begins to rapidly reset states. Some
hold, some flip back to red. Things are bad,
but she's calm. Decides.

BOWMAN

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

SANTEN

Shut it down?

Safety BUZZERS start to go off.

BOWMAN

Everything. SEP, some kind
of massive flare.

(then; into the
intercom)

Gentlemen, correction, we
will launch on this pass.
In fact...in five.

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

BOWMAN

Proton flux. MULTIPLE Event
Upsets. Ed, bye.

Santen is out of his seat and heading back as
fast as he can. Gallagher behind him. ALARMS
ring now as he rushes out, the artificial
gravity begins to fail.

INT. ARES - MULTIPLE DECKS

The crew madly scrambling everywhere.
On the MEV DECK, BUD CHANTILAS, Chief Science
Officer (60s, graying) is pulling himself into
a spacesuit.

Popping out of his bunk and into the wall,
CHIP PETTENGILL (30s, a little dour), grabs a
satchel of personal possessions and swims off
down an access tube.

Gallagher and Santen rush along, careening off
the walls.

Emerging onto the MEV deck, looking absolutely
calm, COOPER BURCHENAL (40s, weathered,
unconcerned) stops at an intercom station,
presses a toggle -

BURCHENAL

Katherine, you could
probably cut off that
caterwauling now. I'm up
from my nap.

A moment later, the ALARM CEASES.

INT. MARS ENTRY VEHICLE

6 High G couches are faceted about the
interior walls, crew names stenciled on them.
(Bowman's remains conspicuously empty.) Santen
straps himself in. Chantilas, Burchenal,
Pettengill, and Gallagher stream aboard. Start
cinching themselves in as -

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Kate continues to try to shut the ship down.
Some circuits do, others flicker/free flow and
refuse to stop. One particular circuit will
clear, but only as long as she holds it shut
manually - MEV Launch Release. Only takes her
a moment to decide. She's not happy, but tries
not to let her concern show as -

BOWMAN

Gentlemen, it seems I will
not be able to join you and
will maintain the manual
release for the MEV from
the Flight Deck.

SANTEN (V.O.)

Commander!?!

She has no time or inclination to engage in discussion about her decision.

BOWMAN

You are go for Mars
descent, Lieutenant. On my
signal.

INT. MEV

Santen powers up the smaller craft. Seals the door. He can't believe he's doing this, but he has no choice.

SANTEN

We are green across the
board.

The last of them finish torquing themselves down. Gallagher toggles his intercom to Bowman

-

GALLAGHER

Promise you won't leave if
we don't like it there.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK

She responds in kind. Keeps her tone as light as she can...

BOWMAN

I promise.

(then)

Lieutenant Santen, you have
control authority of the
MEV. Now.

She holds the circuit closed...

INT. MEV

Lights are starting to flicker off on the board. Waiting is not a good plan. Santen calls out quickly -

SANTEN

Crew secure??!

ALL OF THEM

Secure. Secure. Secure.
Secure.

Santen slams two large buttons on either side of him.

EXT. ARES - MEV CYLINDER - DAY

Explosive bolts blow the two halves of the cylinder away. The MEV is an icosahedron revealed inside. As this is space, and a vacuum, there is no sound.

INT. MEV - DAY

However, in here, it's LOUD. EXPLOSION REVERBERATES. Half a moment later, ANOTHER EXPLOSION and -

EXT. ARES - DAY

The MEV is blown free of the Ares. Again, oddly silent. Small maneuvering MOTORS BURN for a moment, starting the MEV out of orbit and in free fall towards Mars.

It drops, drops, drops and disappears, friction blazing as...

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

There are still free-flows all over the board. Bowman can't get them to shut down. They flicker, pop on and off. Systems start and shut down and start up again all over the ship. Checks the COMM again. Still STATIC.

INT. ARES SPHERE SIX

Control panel on the wall. We hear a CLICKING. Inside the panel, we see the switch sputtering on/off. It fails, arcs. Smoke begins to wisp out.

INT ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

A red light comes on. Soft BUZZ. Kate turns. It's a smoke warning in sphere six.

INT. ARES - VARIOUS DECKS - DAY

Bowman rushes through A sphere that's a garden. Another with orchids growing on walls. Artwork on huge LCD screens...Pulls open panels and slaps down banks of breakers as she goes. Rooms turn dark, the artwork disappears. Only phosphorescent safety lights remain. More ALARMS.

INT. ARES - SPHERE SIX

Bowman yanks out a fire extinguisher. Sprays down the offending area. She is, of course, hurled across the room by the force. For a moment, though, it looks like she's succeeded. Smoke begins to wisp out again. She pushes over, anchors her feet and jams the nozzle into a fire port. Empties it. This time it seems as if she's prevailed. And then a gentle voice on the intercom.

ANNUNCIATOR (V.O.)

Fire. Sphere 5. Fire.

Sphere 5. Smoke. Sphere 8.

Smoke. Sphere 8.

She still doesn't panic. Hurls herself down another access tube and...

EXT. MARS - DAY

Way up in the sky, we can see the tiny flare of the MEV entering the atmosphere. A moment later, a SONIC BOOM reaches us.

INT. ARES

Bowman fights a fire in another sphere. Dark now except for the flickering flames. This time we see them otherworldly round and glowing in the zero G. Smoke's in the air it's getting hard to breathe. She puts out the fire, but from the ALARMS, it's clear she's now fighting a losing battle.

INT. ARES - MAINTENANCE LEVEL/MEV DECK - DAY

Kate rushes in. Starts pulling master breakers. LIGHTS are EXPLODING as the power surges. She's surrounded by a cloud of glittering glass fragments. We can see the fire/smoke panel lit up nearby. The news is bad. Half of the lights are red. She yanks on a spacesuit. Slaps on a small oxygen

container. Locks on the waist, wrists. Reaches back to what seems to be a gelatinous hood. Pulls it over her head, locks the front down and the helmet turns rigid and transparent. She throws the last breaker. Life Support. The ship is now dead, but still burning. She clips herself in with a set of safety tethers and...throws open the main hatch.

INT. ARES - DAY

The venting air crystallizes in a huge white plume. Papers, books, cups, clothing flies forth as well.

INT. ARES - MAINTENANCE LEVEL/MEV DOCK

Bowman is sucked towards the open hatch. Tethers hold. Watching all her air escape is not a calming moment.

INT. ARES MULTIPLE DECKS

Without oxygen, the fires subside and die. All of them. The ship is still and dead.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL/MEV DOCK

Total silence. Fire lights are out. Kate shuts the hatch. Finally she lets herself begin to react. Starts to hyperventilate and shake inside her spacesuit.

EXT. MARS SURFACE

The MEV has crash-landed. It's a wreck. Air bags deflate. Half have been destroyed. The icosahedron attempts to unfold. A figure struggles out of the shattered craft, collapses on the ground.

GALLAGHER

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

FLASHBACK - EXT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: LAUNCH MINUS 9 DAYS

The air is gray, thick. Stragglers in heavy protective gear struggle through the fetid wind to an airlock on the side of...

INT. NASA BRIEFING HALL - DAY

...and join hundreds of journalists in the audience. Lights dim. In front, face lit from below at a podium, Senior Scientist HAROLD ERNEST, 60s, head of the Space Exploration Office.

ERNEST

As many of you may know, in 2032 the Space Exploration Office began a series of unmanned flights to Mars.

The entire wall behind him, 40 feet by 100 feet, is a vid screen. As he speaks the images appear. Not as if he's narrating to the footage, but as if it's voice activated.

ERNEST

It had been determined by 2020 that Mars harbored no life. Although beginning

with the same resources as Earth four billion years ago, Mars didn't support any life beyond the microbial stage in the last 300 million years. Nor did it have an atmosphere or climate supportive of human life.

Exactly as he describes it, it occurs. (Icecaps melt, temperature gradients rise, etc.). In the audience are hundreds of journalists watching.

ERNEST

It was, however, concluded that Mars was receptive to terraforming. If we could raise the temperature of the planet by only four degrees, the resultant melting of the ice caps would increase the density of the atmosphere, thus holding greater heat, melting the icecaps further. We could use the greenhouse effect to our benefit. To do this, we needed to increase the oxygen content of the atmosphere. Resultingly, a series of probes were sent, each releasing further and further genetically manipulated lichen and algae designed to stand the rigors of the Martian environment while augmenting the oxygen content of the Martian atmosphere. In the last 28 years, we have sent 2200 probes. The terraforming was initially successful.

We see the probes launching and bursting in aerosol deployments over the Martian surface. Algae blooms. Red, orange, green, black, burnt sienna. Every color you can imagine. Valleys covered with color.

ERNEST

The average temperature on Mars has increased two and a half degrees over the last three decades. The oxygen content began to increase as well. And then eleven months ago, the O₂

on Mars suddenly began to decline. Soon after, all the remote sensors on the planet ceased functioning. We have no idea what's gone wrong. We need to know why. Man's very destiny may lie in the answer.

The color on Mars ebbs away.

ERNEST

We are about to embark on the greatest mission of human exploration. By using a number of Heavy Lift Launch Vehicles and a modified close lunar cargo ship, we have created a vessel capable of journeying to Mars.

We see construction being rushed along and Hab-1 (a kind of big space RV) landing and deploying on Mars as -

ERNEST

Three months ago, Hab-1, an unmanned living environment, was launched. In nine days Ares-1, our first manned mission, will be sent to Mars. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the first men and women to travel beyond the reach of Earth to the next planet in the solar system.

Light comes up on the crew.

ERNEST

Lt. Commander Katherine Bowman will supervise the flight component of our mission. Commander Bowman has 2200 hours in space. She will be assisted by Pilot and Mission Specialist Ed Santen.

(next)

And we're pleased to have Dr. Bud Chantilas come out of retirement as our Chief Science Officer. Bud brings a view as a generalist few can offer, with a Nobel in chemistry and a MacGregor in molecular biology. He was off getting another Ph.D., this time in...

(checks)

...theology when we asked
him to join us.

(next)

Dr. Chip Pettengill, who
until recently has held the
number two position in the
Terraforming Office, is an
expert in extremophile and
cryptoendolithic biology.

(then)

Dr. Cooper Burchenal, late
of Western BioTech has left
the private sector to help
us.

(last)

And we are also joined by
Robert Gallagher.

Santen turns to Kate and quietly mutters.

SANTEN

The janitor.

His MIKE was on. It ECHOES across the room.
But Gallagher's too quick to let him try to
apologize anyhow.

GALLAGHER

That's technically space
janitor.

Crowd likes this. Gallagher continues -

GALLAGHER

When the toilet breaks 80
million miles from the
nearest hardware store,
they call me. Actually,
they called me now 'cause
then would be too late.

ERNEST

To be more precise, Mr.
Gallagher is the Mechanical
Systems Engineer. We're
glad to have him along.

Ernest moves on quickly.

ERNEST

We stand on the threshold
of the most triumphant
moment of the millennium.
Science has brought us
here, and science will take
us further.

CUT TO:

END FLASHBACK

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

The MEV is horrendously battered. It's a
wonder they're alive. Chantilas is propped
against a rock, moving a device the size of a
hardback book across his abdomen. It's a kind
of combination x-ray/sonogram. Doesn't like
what he sees. Puts it aside for the moment
without discussing it with the others.

Gallagher emerges from the MEV dragging some tools and other salvaged gear. (NOTE All communication is via the VOX radios in their spacesuits.)

CHANTILAS

What've we got?

GALLAGHER

The radio's dead. Rover's dead. AMEE's dead. You gave me a shop and three months and I could get this thing set for orbital re-entry. Otherwise...it's staying here.

Santen's climbed to the top of a nearby outcropping of rock. Surveys the area
red sky, blue clouds,
rocks.

BURCHENAL

Anything?

SANTEN

No.

PETTENGILL

Great. We put up with your shit for three hundred million miles, so you could crash-land us on Mars. Just fucking great.

BURCHENAL

By all rights, son, we should be dead. That was a decent piece of flying.

SANTEN

We have a mission to accomplish, people...

PETTENGILL

We'll be dead in eight hours anyhow when the air runs out. 'Cause megapilot missed the landing site. There is no more fucking mission.

That puts it all into perspective.

GALLAGHER

So, where the hell are we?

SANTEN

The G.P.S. was tied to the radios...which are dead. Transponder on the Hab was tied to the nav computer...

GALLAGHER

...which is dead. Didn't the boys at NASA pack us a compass?

BURCHENAL

There's no magnetic core on Mars. Wouldn't do any good.

Gallagher considers all this for a moment.

GALLAGHER

I don't think I like this planet.

CHANTILAS

Best guess. Where do you think we are?

Santen shrugs. As much as you can shrug in a spacesuit.

SANTEN

Somewhere downrange.

Santen pulls his HHC out of a pocket on his thigh. 2050 descendant of a laptop. Mutters at it. It whizzes past all Hab info

schematics, the standard 360 degree pan from the landing site, topo map of Mars. Zooms in to show where the Hab was deployed.

SANTEN

Based on the last uncorrupted nav state, and given that we were in a full manual descent with no computer correction, I'd say...in this 60x120 mile ellipse.

Okay. That's big. There's a long moment of resignation. It's a little irrational, but then, re the HHC -

BURCHENAL

We've got every other mission variable in here, we ought to be able to figure aerobrake friction and the speed and orbit of the Ares when we exited. We should be able to close in on the downrange variables. Tighten up the ellipse. It's about the math.

Gallagher can't believe it.

GALLAGHER

This is it. This is that moment they told us about in high school. Where one day again we'd use algebra. And it would save our lives. And I thought they were fucking kidding.

Gallagher turns in frustration and walks away. Chantilas calls to him -

CHANTILAS

Stay in range. A thousand yards. And your radio's line of sight.

GALLAGHER

Right, I wouldn't want to
get lost.

He continues to wander off. We can hear them
discussing drag coefficients and whatnot. It
just makes him ill.

Gallagher stares out at the Martian plain. It
would be kinda cool. Except for the fact he's
gonna die here. He's pissed and frightened.
Yanks his HHC out. Mutters, images appear. All
the Hab details. Stares at the map and then
the 360 degree panorama. Back at the map. Back
at the panorama. Something about it strikes
him. Looks at it some more. He gets up, looks
around. Looks around some more. Heads back to
the guys...

GALLAGHER

I don't think it's about
math. I don't like math, so
I'm biased. I think it's
about the picture.

He holds out the picture of the panorama.
Santen dismisses him - he's not a scientist,
he's not a pilot, he should leave them alone.

SANTEN

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

Robby ignores him, tosses a rock in the sand,
wraps the the 360 degree panorama around it.
Screen bends and turns translucent as he does.

GALLAGHER

Look, say that's the
lander. At about 30 degrees
in the distance, it sees
this mountain with the
funny top. And at about 180
degrees it sees this funny
set of twin peaks. (points)
Now I see this mountain
over there. And these peaks
over there behind me almost
on a straight line. And
then there's this other
peak maybe, which would put
us on the line, say here.
Which leaves the angle to
the Hab at about there...

Santen and Chantilas start to manipulate their
HHCs faster than you can follow. Muttering to
them, hand-gesturing, cross-referencing back
and forth to the map, as the ellipse shrinks
and their landing location is...determined.

BURCHENAL

Space Janitor First Class
Gallagher, nicely done.

SANTEN

The good news is it's an
eight-hour walk.

GALLAGHER

There's bad news?

Chantilas checks Gallagher's wrist monitor.

CHANTILAS

You've got seven and a half
hours of air. Try not to
breathe too deep.

BURCHENAL

Let's get the hell outta
here.

Chantilas struggles to his feet. As the five
of them tromp away in the giant landscape...

FLASHBACK - EXT. SPACE -DAY

The Earth FILLS the SCREEN. And then PULLING
BACK, BACK, BACK, BACK...It recedes in the
distance and disappears. We CATCH UP WITH the
Ares as the final launch stage fizzles out and
is discarded.

SUPERIMPOSE: MISSION TIME: DAY 1

INT. ARES - PRIMARY SPHERE - DAY

A large open common space. Empty for the
moment. Until Chantilas and Pettengill enter
through an access tube. Gravity follows them
around as they walk. Floor, ceiling wall...A
meter on the wall with a glowing "G" points an
arrow the direction of the current gravity.

PETTENGILL

Chief Science Officer
Chantilas.

(off his nod)

This is trippy.

Chantilas grins. He's been up so many times
he's forgotten what it's like the first time.

CHANTILAS

You'll get used to it. When
you get home, it feels
weird you can't walk on the
ceiling.

INT. ARES - MEV DECK - DAY

Gallagher comes in too fast. Stumbles up. It's
just confusing. He resets. Opens up a locker,
about three feet by three feet. He calls in to
what seems to be a large tangle of silver
pipes.

GALLAGHER

Good morning, AMEE. Step
out carefully, we're in
multi-directional gravity.

AMEE, the Autonomous Mapping Exploration and
Evasion unit, unfolds and steps gingerly from
the cabinet. About waist high, eight legs,
stereo camera eyes. Like a big silver spider.
Old attachments have been sawed off and buffed
down. She's a piece of off-the-shelf gear
that's been modified. When the light hits her

at the right angle, we can see a Marine Corps insignia still etched under the refinishing.

GALLAGHER

How are we after launch?
I'd like to run a systems
check. (as she nods)
Shall we do the hokey-
pokey? Just to satisfy me?

She rapidly shakes each of her legs in turn.
Gallagher flips on a wrist panel display.
Built into the fabric of his suit. He sees
what AMEE sees.

GALLAGHER

Take a look around.
He flips off the lights. She flicks over to
IR, sees just fine in the dark. Turns the
lights back on.

GALLAGHER

And how is your C.P.U.
today?

A 1000 quick calculations flash by and then -
"Good."

GALLAGHER

Okay, run the occasional
self test. Let me know if
anything's wrong. And back
to storage.

AMEE contracts and climbs back into her
locker. Gallagher shuts the door. Display
reads "Good-bye" and winks out.

INT. ARES - KITCHEN/DINING SPHERE - NIGHT

All six of them are gathered. First dinner in
space.

BOWMAN

Any Space Adaptation
Sickness? Vertigo? No?
Liars. You'll wake up all
night long thinking you're
falling. Promise. I'll hear
you scream. Status?

BURCHENAL

Garden's good.

CHANTILAS

Didn't lose a plant.

BOWMAN

Anything else?

Gallagher holds back here a little. Not a
scientist, not an astronaut. Suddenly feels
like the most junior member of the crew.

GALLAGHER

Ahh, Commander...Bunch of
the HVACs jammed from the
lift-off. Reset 'em.
They're fine now.

BOWMAN

I'll tell you what, unless
we pass a recruiting

station on an asteroid and
you sign up for the
military, you can call me
Kate for the next six
months, okay?

GALLAGHER

Okay.

(as she waits; he
relents)

Kate.

BOWMAN

Why'd you come, Gallagher?
Not expecting this one. Takes a sec -

GALLAGHER

I did two years as a
mechanic at NASCAR. A year
and a half at McMurdo in
the South Pole. Three years
on subs. I had the highest
military tech ratings you
can get. And I went cross-
country once with my
cousins in a motor home.
This didn't seem so bad.

BOWMAN

That's why they called.
Why'd you come?

A beat, then -

GALLAGHER

You ever been to Europe?
Europe's horrible. It's
full of stodgy people whose
ancestors didn't have the
balls to go to America and
try something new. Earth is
gonna be like Europe. You
might visit there and
admire some old buildings
and crap, but you wouldn't
want to live there. This
was like getting a call to
go with Columbus to America
the first time. But harder.
How could you not go?

Damn. Burchenal grins.

BURCHENAL

I don't like Europe much
either, son. Didn't quite
figure it the same way, but
damnation, you don't turn
down a phone call like
that, do ya?

(to Kate)

You?

BOWMAN

I spent my entire life
training to fly the

biggest, fastest thing you
can fly. This is it. It's
the best job in the world.

(points to Santen)

He's going 'cause he got
the second best job in
space. He's a little pissed
about it, but he still
came.

She's nailed him so precisely, Santen can only
wince and look away. Pettengill just pipes up.
Maybe no one's gonna ask and he wants to get
it out in the open -

PETTENGILL

I was never supposed to
come. I came 'cause my boss
couldn't. He failed the
medical. Heart arrhythmia.
So here I am. They tapped
me on the shoulder, told me
I was going to Mars. I was
supposed to be second in
charge of the Terraforming
office till I died.

Chantilas's the last. They turn to him. His
reason's a little different.

CHANTILAS

Psalm 107, verse 23
They that go down to the
Sea in Ships, that do
business in great waters,
these see the works of the
Lord, and His wonders in
the deep.' So I figured how
much wonder for those in
space?

Beat.

SANTEN

You're going to Mars
because of a poem??

Chantilas thinks about it. He could go on
about it, but...

CHANTILAS

Basically.

INT. ARES - EXERCISE SPHERE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: MISSION TIME: DAY 13

There's no up here, equipment is attached to
the floor, ceiling and walls. Santen and
Bowman are on a large spinning bicycle-driven
centrifuge. Santen's pedaling. By keeping up
the speed, he's able to provide enough extra
gravity for Bowman, on the other side, to lift
free-weights. They're both dripping sweat so
it must work. TIMER goes off, they slow to a
stop. Pettengill comes in. He looks a bit
uncomfortable. Certainly out of his element. A
little, well, puny.

PETTENGILL

So...required exercise.
Haven't had this since
grade school.

SANTEN

Yeah, you musta been doing
some kind of reverse thing
where you get small...

Santen's got years in the gym. Muscles on
muscles. Bowman takes a two-second evaluation
of the situation.

BOWMAN

You're done. You can
shower.

SANTEN

I'm not done. I was
gonna...

BOWMAN

No. You're done.

Santen can't believe he's being thrown out.
But he's also a product of the military and
couldn't argue if he tried.

SANTEN

Yes, ma'am.

He leaves. Pettengill feels stupid.

PETTENGILL

You didn't have to do that.

BOWMAN

No. I did. If I didn't nip
that in the bud, I wouldn't
be doing my job.

(then)

Flying this beast is only
half the job. The whole
job's to get the crew in
place in shape to do what
they have to do. And the
funny thing is, flying's
the easy part.

Pettengill stands abashed for a moment and
then his resentment just bubbles out...

PETTENGILL

I just hate all those
fucking guys. I feel like
I've spent my entire life
being the guy who was
hassled in phys ed. I lost
the first girl I ever cared
about to some thug who
could throw a football
farther than I could. It's
like women are hardwired to
think that guys who are
proficient at sports are
going to be better
providers. It's not like we

hunt and kill our own food
anymore.

(then)

He sells cars for a living
now. Cars. I end up working
on a project that may save
the existence of mankind
and he sells cars.

This is impressively obsessive.

BOWMAN

You kept track of him. What
happened to her?

(off his look of
"who?")

The girl.

He has no idea. She grins at him -

BOWMAN

Little competitive? Who's
hardwired for what, Cro-
Magnon guy?

He can't help it, he grins, a little abashed.

BOWMAN

We're gonna start with the
bungees. Try to quit being
pissed off you weren't
chosen for dodgeball,
willya?

PETTENGILL

I'll try. Twenty years of
hating the bullying
motherfuckers is a hard
habit to break.

END OF FLASHBACK.

EXT. CRASH SITE (MARS) - DAY

It's quiet. And then, a slight METALLIC SOUND.
We PUSH TOWARDS the MEV and IN. AMEE lies on
the deck beside her storage container. A leg
twitches. Then another. Servo WHINE. Gets
gingerly to her feet. Eyes turn. Wriggles once
as if she was stiff and cautiously makes her
way outside.

EXT. CRASH SITE (MARS) - DAY

Looks around. Analyzes. Turns and heads off
into the landscape.

EXT. MARTIAN PLAIN - DAY

A landscape so huge, it's hard to comprehend.
Five tiny figures progress across the bottom
of the frame. They've already come a long
ways. Beginning to string out. Pause and
regather. Pettengill stops to catch his
breath.

GALLAGHER

How you doing?

PETTENGILL

Little tired. I'm okay.

SANTEN

You should have put more
treadmill time in.

PETTENGILL

(sotto)

Go fuck yourself.

SANTEN

What'd you say?

PETTENGILL

Ahhh...Musclehead, go fuck
yourself??

They're both getting louder and louder...

BURCHENAL

Guys...

Burchenal reaches out, checks their wrist
monitors.

BURCHENAL

We're doing fine. In point
of fact, he's using less O2
than you are. We can stop a
minute. Unless you two want
to shout at each other and
use up your air.

PETTENGILL

Sorry.

SANTEN

Fine. I'm sorry, too.

No one's sorry. They rest. Use the moment to
look around. It's pretty astounding. Chantilas
uses the respite to re-scan his abdomen. Puts
the device away again. He's in pain but
refuses to acknowledge it.

GALLAGHER

How you doing?

CHANTILAS

Things are as they are.

(then)

Lord. Look at it, we're on
Mars. Pretty damn amazing.

PETTENGILL

It' weird. There's nothing
here.

GALLAGHER

It's Mars.

PETTENGILL

No, I mean there's not even
a trace of the algae.

He kneels down, examines a rock. Nada.

PETTENGILL

Even if it all died,
there'd be something - a
dried algal mat, traces on
the lee sides, something.
Nothing. Nada.

BURCHENAL

He's right. We sent up
fifty-two varietals. Blue-
green, black, orange.

Anhydriobiosics,
chemotrauphs, even a
thibacillus that could grow
autotrophically on
elemental sulfur. Not only
are they dead, they're all
just gone. I don't get it.
It's like they were scoured
off the rock.

GALLAGHER

Maybe there was never
anything in this valley.

As they walk, Burchenal checks his HCC.

BURCHENAL

If we are where we think we
are -

Map appears on a small screen, he mutters to
it, overlays of all the algae and lichen that
were on Mars appear.

BURCHENAL

This valley was covered
with blue algae a month
ago. Valley back one should
have been covered in an
orange-red chloroflectic.
He's right. It's weird.
There should be something.

They crest a small rise. Below lies a valley
that closes down quickly into an extremely
narrow canyon. Burchenal and Santen check
their HHC maps.

BURCHENAL

This, however, makes sense.

SANTEN

Debris apron. Delineated
valley fill. Depositional
fan...

He double-checks with Chantilas. Seems they're
going the right way. Chantilas leans back
heavily against a rock.

CHANTILAS

Good. You gotta keep
moving...

Chantilas doesn't get up.

GALLAGHER

And what're you gonna do,
sit here and watch? You
getting old and lazy?

CHANTILAS

My spleen's ruptured.
There's significant
internal bleeding. I'm not
going any further. And
trying to carry me will
slow you down just enough
that we can all die.

Robby's stunned, frantic.

GALLAGHER

We'll get you to the Hab.
Lock out the spine impulse
and you can walk one of us
through it.

CHANTILAS

No. You won't.
Santen takes charge. It's his mission now.

SANTEN

We build a litter. We take
him.

CHANTILAS

(stern)

Chain of command once we
hit the surface starts with
me. And I'm ordering you to
go, Lieutenant. Now.

(turns to Robby)

I've only got about forty
minutes. There's really not
much pain. Put me around
the corner where I've got a
view.

They lift him to the other side of the rock.
Gallagher stays with Chantilas a moment.
Stricken, speechless. Inside Gallagher's
helmet, we can see as the tears roll down.
Then -

CHANTILAS

It's okay. I'm not sorry I
came.

Gallagher takes one last look over his
shoulder. We are already PULLING BACK, BACK,
BACK. Tiny figures in the landscape once
again. One left behind.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Tense. Flight Director Russert watches as
Skavlem mutters into the mike.

SKAVLEM

Ares, this Houston, do you
read? Ares, this Houston,
do you read?

Skavlem continues in the b.g. as -

LOWENTHAL

What do you want to do?

RUSSERT

Get every dish in the Deep
Space Network pointed at
Mars.

(doesn't like it,
but)

Declare a spacecraft
emergency.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

Chantilas has toppled over. Unmoving. We GO
WIDE, WIDE, WIDE and...

EXT. HILLSIDE (MARS) - DAY

The four of them trudge up a long hill. The summit is a dozen steps away. Santen is the first to reach it. He looks out over the horizon. Turns back to the others -

SANTEN

You're gonna like this.

HIS POV

We see what he sees, as do the others as they arrive - not that far in the distance, in the valley below, they can see the lab shining in the sun.

BACK TO SCENE

BURCHENAL

Twenty-six months of food,
water and air, gentlemen.

PETTENGILL

We're saved...

They run down the hillside. For the first time we get a feeling for the .38 gravity. Bouncing sixteen foot steps. Like little kids as they come bounding down.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR (MARS) - DAY

They keep running and leaping and coming.

Until the first one begins to slow. It's not from exhaustion. And then the second and the third. It's from horror.

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

They approach. The insides are not much better. It's destroyed. There's no food. There's no water. There's no air.

EXT. MARS - HAB - DAY

They search. The news doesn't improve.

SANTEN

What the fuck happened
here?

PETTENGILL

Jesus...

Burchenal continues to look around for a moment. It doesn't matter what happened. It's over. Shakes his head at Gallagher.

BURCHENAL

How's your air?

GALLAGHER

(checks)

Twenty-two minutes.

BURCHENAL

I'm not much better.

SANTEN

What the fuck...

He kicks angrily at what's left of the structure. Storms off. It takes Pettengill a moment to process it, but...

PETTENGILL

We're all gonna die, aren't
we?

INT. ARES - MAINTENANCE LEVEL - NIGHT

Pitch black except for the electroluminescent panels she's stuck around the room. She cracks another one on. They work like glowsticks, but the size of menus.

She's jumpered the circuits. Multimeters Velcroed all over the place. Trying to reboot the entire ship. Checks her loads, balances one more jumper, throws a breaker. The SHIP GROANS, FLICKERS TO LIFE, DIES. She checks a meter, changes a jumper, tries again. This time the SHIP GROANS, FLICKERS TO LIFE and STAYS ON-line. The systems begin to come alive around her. Panels light up, turn from red to green. Lights start to come on. Gravity returns.

INT. ARES - VARIOUS SPHERES - NIGHT

Bowman moves through. The place is a mess. Soot and fire stains in some spheres. Smoke damage in all. Flowers destroyed. The garden is half-wrecked. She manually opens a set of valves in one room. AIR HISSES in from an emergency supply. She checks a meter in her hand, checks again to be sure. Folds back the helmet of her suit. Breathes.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Bowman tries to bring the rest of the ship back to life. Half a dozen systems are just plain dead and have to be locked out. Things are not good. Light's beginning to come up. Moments away from entering front-side orbit. Kate opens a panel marked OBS and throws a series of switches.

EXT. ARES - NIGHT

Door slides open. A small optical receiver is seen. They clear the dark side and burst into the light.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

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

Searches. Starts wide, scanning the edge of the horizon as it comes into view.

Picks up the glint of the MEV. Zooms in. At first there's nothing but the crashed MEV in profile. (Like a spy satellite, we are an an EXTREME ANGLE, SLOWLY REVEALING more as the Ares grows less oblique and tracks overhead.) Then the severity of the damage comes clear. Bowman tries not to react. Nothing else is there. No sign of activity or escape. The footprints are beyond the resolution of the camera. There's no reason to believe anything but they're all dead.

EXT. HAB & ENVIRONS (MARS) - DAY

Gallagher and Burchenal sit on rocks nearby. Not exerting themselves. Checking their monitors.

BURCHENAL

Maybe we got what we
deserved. We ignored
science and truth on one
planet and poisoned it
beyond repair. Then tried
to get science to save us
on another. Maybe it's the
inconsistency that did us
in.

Burchenal points at a depression a few hundred
yards away.

BURCHENAL

(then; points)

That's what they call the
datum. Sea level. If there
was a sea. Or when there
was a sea, that's where it
was. You can tell 'cause
the sand was created by
what's called the fluvial
process where water breaks
rocks into smaller and
smaller pieces. We're the
first men on Mars. Even if
it isn't gonna last long.

(then)

Would you rather I shut up
so you can die quietly?

GALLAGHER

Nah, you can keep talking.
It's kinda peaceful.

In the b.g., headed towards a ridge of rocks,
we can see a lone figure making its way along.
It's Pettengill. He steps around the ridge. We
can hear his RADIO WHOOSH TO STATIC as he
loses line of sight communication with the
others.

Up ahead of him, standing on the edge of an
enormous drop-off, just staring out into
space, is Santen. His back is to us.
Pettengill walks towards him. Santen still
doesn't hear.

Santen's radio is off. BEETHOVEN BLARES in his
helmet. A 3000 foot drop at his feet. It is
magnificent. As Pettengill approaches and
Santen remains unaware, the scene seems less
and less innocuous. We fear for him. Until...
Pettengill just walks right up beside him and
stares out at the chasm as well. Santen LOWERS
his MUSIC. They stand there silently for a
moment. Santen has some kind of weak-ass
epiphany...

SANTEN

Look, I'm sorry. I owe you
an apology. I've been a
dick. I pick on people who
are weaker than I am.

It's way too little, way too late. But Pettengill doesn't let on. Just nods. As if he's forgiven him. Steps away and OUT OF FRAME. We HOLD ON Santen a moment and...Pettengill has picked up what would be a 250-pound rock back on Earth and is heaving it with all his might into Santen from behind. It slams into him, bending him in half, knocking his feet out from under him. For half-a-moment we think Santen might regain his footing. But he doesn't. He starts to fall past the edge of the cliff. Slowly. In .38 grav SLOW MOTION. Flailing. Twisting in the air. As he falls, looking up, he slaps OFF the MUSIC, the RADIO COMES BACK ON. Pettengill leans over the edge.

PETTENGILL

Fuck you. Fuck you. I'm gonna die. But I'm gonna spend the next five minutes of my life completely satisfied knowing I killed you.

SANTEN

No, you won't, because...
Pettengill shakes his head and steps back out of the line of sight. Santen's last taunt turns to STATIC.

PETTENGILL

Yes, I will.
He turns and walks away.
EXT. MARS - HAB - DAY
Pettengill returns to the others. He can hear over the RADIO as he approaches -

BURCHENAL

Johannes Kepler was the first to accurately map the orbit of the planet. In 1609.

PETTENGILL

Santen's dead.
They turn. But not surprised. They just figure he -

BURCHENAL

Chewed through his air...

PETTENGILL

He threw himself off the cliff.

GALLAGHER

Ouch.
Burchenal bows his head down for a moment, overcome. But it's not Santen. It's the bigger picture...

BURCHENAL

It's not often you get to fail when 12 billion people are counting on you.

Gallagher's got more pressing problems. Checks his wrist. unnerved.

GALLAGHER

I'm at under a minute here.
You guys know what this is
gonna be like?

BURCHENAL

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

GALLAGHER

Gonna hurt?

PETTENGILL

Yeah.

A WARNING TONE GOES OFF on Gallagher's SENSOR. He starts to gasp. Opens his mouth wide. Sucking in and out air that's worth less and less to his body. He begins to claw at the air. It's not pretty to watch. Spins about seeking some release. None forthcoming. Claws some more. Falls to his knees. The others can barely watch. They know they're next. Gallagher's growing more claustrophobic and crazed. Falls the rest of the way to the ground. Still clawing at the air. It's horrible to see. And in one last desperate, angry, trapped-feeling move, reaches up and unhooks the front of his helmet and throws it back. Croaks out a faint epitaph as he collapses.

GALLAGHER

Fuck this planet.

And he's still. Still. And then in a last reflexive shudder. Gasps. Gasps again. Takes in the worthless Mars atmosphere. And right when we think it's entirely over...Takes in some more. Breathes again. And again. Opens his eyes.

GALLAGHER

I'm not dead.

The other two are watching in amazement.

GALLAGHER

I'm not dead. It's like
being at high altitude.
There's not much air here.
But...

Takes him a minute to catch his breath, but...

GALLAGHER

We're not gonna die.

Burchenal's suit ALARM GOES OFF. He doesn't screw with gasping in the suit. Just opens the damn thing up and prays. Breathes. Raggedly.

BURCHENAL

It ain't much. But it'll
do.

He looks around, puzzled.

BURCHENAL

What the hell's going on
here??

Pettengill's ALARM GOES OFF as well. Much more
tentatively he removes his helmet. Breathes.
He's not really rejoicing like the others.

PETTENGILL

I thought we'd be dead.
The enormity of what he's done strikes him.

PETTENGILL

I thought we'd be dead.
They all breathe the thin Martian air for a
moment.

GALLAGHER

God, if Santen had only
waited five more minutes.
What a waste...

OFF Pettengill's completely unsettled face...

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK

STATIC on the comm clears. A brief caesura
then -

BOWMAN

Copy.

SKAVLEM (V.O.)

Roger, Ares. Good to hear
from you. We believe you
may have suffered a proton
field upset. What is your
status?

Silence. Silence. Bowman struggles to maintain
control. Tear runs down. Takes a deep breath.

BOWMAN

MEV launched. Radio contact
zero. Visual shows crash
site, one body, no motion.
Believe entire crew to be
End of Mission. Ares
systems check at below 70
percent. Telemetry to
follow.

She punches a button. Starts to upload it to
them.

BOWMAN

Air purge in fire control
degraded orbital path.
Current orbit unstable.
Thirty-two hour projected
failure. Do you copy,
Houston?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

The telemetry has come in. Russert puts it up
on the common viewscreen. Ship status and all
the failures are displayed. It's a disaster.

SKAVLEM

Roger. We copy that.

He lets go of the mike. Can't help himself.

SKAVLEM

Jesus fucking God.

FLASHBACK - INT. ARES - ACCESS TUBE - NIGHT
SUPERIMPOSE: MISSION TIME DAY 15

Dark. Someone moves along. And emerges into -
INT. ARES - OBSERVATION SPHERE - NIGHT

An icosahedronal slice has been removed from
one side and replaced with optical glass. A
billion stars are brighter and more numerous
than you've ever imagined. Gallagher comes in,
bumps smack into Chantilas. Thought he was
alone.

GALLAGHER

Sorry

CHANTILAS

Lotsa room.

They lean back against the "floor" for a
moment and stare out at a billion and a half
stars.

CHANTILAS

Know the stars at all?

GALLAGHER

(pointing)

Andromeda, Cassiopeia,
Cetus, Lepus, Canis Minor.
We're looking at what you'd
see south around midnight,
mid-May if we were on
Earth. At about 42 degrees.

He's not showing off. He just really does
know. Chantilas looks at him, surprised.

GALLAGHER

My grandfather taught me to
sail when I was a kid.

(fondly)

He made me learn the stars
in case all the G.P.S.
satellites fell out of the
sky at once. He said anyone
who put his life in the
hands of anything run by
batteries was a jackass.

CHANTILAS

He sounds like quite a guy.

GALLAGHER

He didn't like what he
called the easy answer or
the quick fix. He didn't
want to own anything he
couldn't repair himself.

(thinking back)

And, oh yeah, everything
automatic sooner or later
fails automatically,
usually during or
immediately before a

crisis. He had a lotta damn sayings.

(then)

He wouldn't've approved of this.

CHANTILAS

Going to Mars?

GALLAGHER

No. That we killed off half the living things on Earth. That after we all but destroyed one planet with global warming, we're trying to bring another to life the same way. Kinda tricky, don't you think? He woulda said we were asking for trouble.

CHANTILAS

It looks like we got trouble. That's why they sent us.

A beat. They go back to staring at the heavens. Then -

GALLAGHER

I don't really get it. You quit being a scientist? You went back to school to study God??

CHANTILAS

I just realized science couldn't answer any of the really interesting questions.

(off Robby's look)

There are values that are fundamental to an adequate apprehension of the world in which we live that can't be expressed by equations or experiments. In that, you see the hand of God.

(explaining)

Acknowledgment of basic values. Love, kindness, joy. Science doesn't have much use for these. Look, ugly theories are wrong. We know it by insight. Science doesn't want to accept that. We live in a moral world and have moral knowledge that tells us that love and truth are better than hatred and lies. But it's modern to think this is little more

than genetic imprinting or
a tacit communal cultural
agreement. That's not a
world I cared to live in
anymore.

Robby stares back into the void. This is not
the kind of conversation he's used to, but -

GALLAGHER

I asked my grandfather once
if God existed. He played
me Brahms' Third. Then he
asked me what good it was?
Or was it just vibration.

CHANTILAS

(following)

What good is beauty?

GALLAGHER

He said if a man could
listen to Brahms and not
believe in God, he was a
fool.

CHANTILAS

I think I woulda liked your
grandfather.

Robby turns to him.

GALLAGHER

You didn't come on this
trip because of science at
all, did you? That's why
they let you come, but
you're going to Mars to
prove to yourself God
exists.

Yup.

CHANTILAS

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

GALLAGHER

Maybe God's more subtle
than you are.

(then)

You think we're doing
something we shouldn't,
Bud, messing with another
planet?

CHANTILAS

(unconcerned)

If so, it's because we're
supposed to find something
out. (then)

Let's say we didn't. And we
finished poisoning off the
Earth and everyone was dead
in a hundred years. Then
what was the point of any
of it? Music, art, beauty,

love? All gone. The Greeks,
the Romans, the
Enlightenment, the
Constitution, people dying
for freedom, ideas? None of
that meant anything? I'd
rather go out and make a
mistake than live in a
world that bleak.

GALLAGHER

No one said jack to me
about the Greeks and
Romans. Shit, I just came
along to fix stuff.

CHANTILAS

Fooled ya, didn't we. It's
okay. No one told the
others either.

There's a quiet moment. Robby just came up to
stare at the stars. Wasn't expecting all this.
Then -

CHANTILAS

There's a reason the
planets go around the stars
in exactly the same way
electrons go around the
nucleus of the atom. It's
not an accident. There's a
design at the bottom of all
this. God's watching over
you.

GALLAGHER

I just wish I didn't think
he was chuckling.

END OF FLASHBACK.

EXT. HAB (MARS) - DAY

Gallagher, Burchenal, and Pettengill are still
stunned over the fact they're alive.

BURCHENAL

There shouldn't be enough
oxygen on Mars to do this.

PETTENGILL

We never even got close to
a breathable atmosphere.
Then the levels started to
drop and the sensors all
died. I don't understand
what's going on here.

Gallagher is rummaging through the wreckage of
the Hab. It's been devastated.

PETTENGILL

Wattya lookin' for?

Gallagher unearths a tangle of wire and
chewed-up circuits.

GALLAGHER

This.

He tosses it aside. It's worthless.

GALLAGHER

It used to be the radio. I don't mean to piss on the parade, guys, but no one knows we're here. Don't you see? The good news is we can breathe. The bad news is, unless we can tell somebody, now we get to starve to death. The only mission left is rescue.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK

The schematic she sent back to Earth is on the screen here as well. The ship is fucked-up bad.

SKAVLEM (V.O.)

The ground crew's dead,
your orbit's unstable, and
you're gonna burn in less
than a day and a half.

(beat: then)

Let's get you home.

EXT. HAB - DAY

The three of them rummage through the ravaged structure. News isn't good.

BURCHENAL

We could head back to the lander, try to make something work there.

PETTENGILL

(won't make it)

It's six hours back.

GALLAGHER

And it all ran through the main computer which was half-fried and dropped from a great height.

Shakes his head no. That ain't gonna help. Then Burchenal, of all things, grins.

BURCHENAL

Gotta think about this scientifically. There's another radio. Two kilometers from here.

GALLAGHER

I didn't see any stores on the way over. I miss a Radio Hut?

BURCHENAL

We sent it here. Twenty years before you were born. In 1997. Think where we are...

PETTENGILL

(gets it)

We're right over the edge
from the Ares Vallis. The
Sojourner site.

The HHCs are yanked out.

PETTENGILL

There was a high-density
ridge ringing the valley.
The algae never took there.

Gallagher checks his watch.

GALLAGHER

We still might have a
chance this pass. We wait
long...

They start to run towards a ridge to west. Sun
hangs low in the sky. Only an hour or so of
day left.

CUT TO:

GALLAGHER, PETTENGILL AND BURCHENAL
with a goofy look on their faces. Like kids at
Disneyland the first time. They're standing
there looking at -
SAGAN/SOJOURNER SITE

The little rover. All those damned named
rocks. Our first big visit to Mars. The
reverie is over quickly. Gallagher tosses down
his bag of tools. Walks over, kneels beside
Sojourner (the rover).

GALLAGHER

Sorry about this.

He pats it once and starts POWER-SCREWING off
the cover. Tosses another tool to Burchenal.
Re

the Sagan lander -

GALLAGHER

Rip the panels off
everything around the
aerial.

(then)

It's a fifty-year-old off-
the-shelf computer radio
modem on a frequency that
we're not using for this
mission.

PETTENGILL

Then why are we bothering?

GALLAGHER

Cause I'd rather die doing
something than just sitting
there.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOJOURNER SITE - DAY

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

GALLAGHER

Testing, testing...

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

BURCHENAL

Does it work??

GALLAGHER

Well, the little green thing lights up. I don't know if it works...

(into mike)

This is Ares ground crew, come back. This is Ares ground crew, do you copy?

We PULL BACK WIDER AND WIDER. They are so damn alone.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Various return scenarios are flickering on different vid screens.

SKAVLEM (V.O.)

Okay, scenario three calls for you to lock out systems 17, 22 and 40.

Kate tries. 40 freeflows, doesn't lock out.

BOWMAN

No joy.

She resets everything.

BOWMAN

Maybe we're trying to be way too subtle. Why don't we just jettison the damn tank?

SKAVLEM (V.O.)

Because the margins for error are so small. There's enough fuel to get you home, then if you don't sneeze. It makes us nervous.

BOWMAN

You want nervous...

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Over in the corner, Schlissel is listening to something on his headset that's blowing his mind. He starts waving three fingers frantically at Skavlem and Russert. They don't respond fast enough for him. He reaches over and patches someone into the comm link. A new voice breaks into the conversations. The accent's Australian.

OZZIE (V.O.)

Right, right. Commander Katherine Bowman?

RUSSERT

(peevd)

This is a restricted,
encrypted frequency. Who is
this?

OZZIE (V.O.)

(unperturbed)

This is Hank Osterbee in
Canberra. Deep Space
Network, mate. I've got a
call for you.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK

BOWMAN

A call for me?

OZZIE (V.O.)

Right. From the surface of
Mars. I'm routing it
through. Direct frequencies
follow.

There's CRUNCH OF STATIC, then -

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

Commander Bowman?

BOWMAN

You're alive?? You're
alive?!

EXT. SOJOURNER SITE (MARS) - DAY

GALLAGHER

We're at sixty percent.
Lieutenant Santen and Bud
are gone.

(beat: then)

Oh, and by the way, we can
breathe.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

SKAVLEM

You can breathe??!

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

Not real well, but yeah.

(then)

Hey, Kate...We've changed
our mind. Get us outta
here. We'd like to come
home.

If the room was at a standstill before, now
it's frozen. Is there hope?

SKAVLEM

If they can breathe, can we
live there?

LOWENTHAL

No. Ninety percent of the
algae's gone. It's some
kind of freak anomaly. Mars
is a dying planet. Just
like Earth.

RUSSERT

They're breathing. It
coulda worked. Dammit, it
coulda worked...

Then through the cacophony comes one voice.

SCHLISSEL

It doesn't matter. They're going to die tonight anyhow. In an hour, the sun sets on Mars. It's going to be minus 140. They cannot survive in the open. They're going to die.

Yow. Everyone shuts up. It's ugly but true.

LOWENTHAL

He's right. You can walk across the South Pole, long as you stay moving and you're wearing insulating clothing - the suits'll work - you can stay warm. But once they stop moving, without shelter, they're gonna die.

SCHLISSEL

Her orbit could degrade at any time. She could auger in and burn while they chat about old times and freeze to death. It's a waste. We should just bring her home.

Skavlem doesn't love it, but -

SKAVLEM

We can get a free return trajectory now. She's got enough food and water to bring one person back.

Russert not happy at all, but -

RUSSERT

You're not wrong.

Nods to Skavlem...

SKAVLEM

Commander, this is Mission Control.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

BOWMAN

No.

SKAVLEM (V.O.)

Ma'am?

BOWMAN

I'm not stupid, John, I know what the question is. I'd ask it if I was there. And the answer is no. So let's move on.

(then)

By my calculations, if I ditch my reserve tank now and commit to a three-second apogee burn, I stabilize my orbit for another eighteen hours. I'd

like someone to check the
numbers as my apogee's in
seven minutes.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Russert has to grin. It's gonna drive him
crazy and it's exactly what he'd do. Before
any of them can bitch and whine -

RUSSERT

Come on, people, you heard
the woman, let's get on it.

The techs begin calculating madly.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

The crew is coming down a rise toward the Hab.
Carrying the radio. Walking back quickly. Sun
is flat over the horizon. Shadows are long,
already getting cold. You can see their
breath.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

There's some concern at
Mission Control. About the
weather.

GALLAGHER

(deadpan)

It's gonna rain?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

It's gonna get a little
chilly.

GALLAGHER

I could see that. It's
dropped about fifty degrees
in the last half hour. We
figure a hundred below
fairly soon.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Bowman is doing her best to keep the tone
light. But she's gotta know whether or not he
thinks he's gonna live or die.

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

It would have been nice to
be in the Hab. And there
ain't no other motel to
check into.

BOWMAN

You have a plan? Any
thoughts on how you
might...stay alive?

EXT. HAB (MARS) - ALMOST SUNSET

They're back at the Hab now. We can't quite
tell what's going on, but Burchenal and
Pettengill are busy doing something noisy and
furious in the b.g. Crashing, bashing,
breaking. Burchenal flicks open an entrenching
tool. Thumbs a button, edge whizzes by like a
tiny chain saw. Chews through something and...

GALLAGHER

Yeah...

Behind Gallagher is a whoooosh of flame as Pettengill gets the debris he's piled in the middle of the Hab to light. He's got stacks of additional fuel nearby.

GALLAGHER

We're gonna have a 75 million dollar campfire.

EXT. HAB (MARS) - 20 MINUTES LATER

The sun sets. First sunset on Mars man has seen. Red upon red upon red. Fire burns behind them. Sky turns black. Fast. A billion stars. And then a METEORITE begins to fall. It's huge. It's red. It EXPLODES.

GALLAGHER

What the hell was that?

BURCHENAL

She ditched the 'B' tank. She must be figuring there's an even chance we'll live through the night.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

The Ares lights up and burns for three long seconds. And off.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Bowman checks the gauges. Eight liters was burned.

BOWMAN

Hell, what's eight liters?

(answers herself)

It'll either save their lives or I've screwed up getting home and I'll spend the next three hundred years circling this planet.

EXT. HAB - NIGHT

Burchenal pokes at the flames. They're spread out and low. Flickering yellow and blue.

BURCHENAL

I think we'll make it through. There's so little O2, this is gonna burn real slow.

Gallagher picks up a piece of scrap, about to feed it into the flames, then stops, examines it by the light of the fire. It looks like someone took a rasp to it. He gets up, turns on a suit light and looks over the remaining ribs of the structure.

GALLAGHER

What happened to this place? Everything but the titanium supports were just chewed up. Could a dust storm've done this?

BURCHENAL

No prevailing pattern to
the damage. I don't know
what could've done it.

Nor does it matter right now. They sit back
around the fire and relish the warmth. Out in
the darkness, past a rise, something catches
Robby's eye. A flash, a reflection. Of the
fire? On what? And then it's gone. He doesn't
bother to mention it. Writes it off.

TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY

Behind a hill, AMEE crouches in the dark. Pops
up again, looks over, sees the three men and
the fire. Lowers back down - you'd swear she
was thinking - then silently ambles away.

BACK AROUND FIRE

The weird tableau of three men in spacesuits
around a campfire on Mars. A moment then -

GALLAGHER

You still think we had any
business coming to Mars?
Screwing with stuff? Trying
to spread life? You think
maybe God's teaching us
some hardass lesson?

Pettengill just makes some kind of weird
gulping noise and turns away. They let him be.

BURCHENAL

God? You talked to
Chantilas too much on the
trip over. I don't mean to
burst your bubble, but
God's the retreat of the
ignorant, the weak and the
hopeless.

GALLAGHER

I bet you don't believe in
Santa. And you're no fun at
all at Christmas.

(then)

Not everything gets an
explanation you can write
down as a formula.

BURCHENAL

Son, I'm a scientist. A
geneticist, as good as they
come. I write code, just
like a hacker. Four
elements, A.G.T.P., in
different orders, back the
genome. And your kidneys
work or you grow a sixth
finger. I line up
unconscious atoms and they
give rise to conscious
beings. It's like if I
stacked up a bunch of rocks
in the right order and they

become a dog. I do that. I chose when, I chose where, I chose how many fingers. I just don't hold with mystical explanations for science, with organized religion, buildings with different symbols on 'em. You spot God, you lemme know. Till then, I put my trust in my three Ph.D's.

(then)

But I think life's an amazing thing. And I believe that when you get it you should grab it with both hands and live as much of it as you can. Which is why I am not happy about losing it on this damn ugly planet.

Burchenal shuts his eyes. We PUSH IN ON Gallagher looking rueful and...

FLASHBACK - INT. ARES - HYGIENE SPHERE - DAY
SUPERIMPOSE: MISSION TIME: DAY 32

Gallagher comes in. His timing, depending how you look at it, is very good or very bad. Bowman steps out of the shower. To dry off. It's too late for Robby to stop or recoup. He has to tough it out and try to act like an adult. Bowman sees his discomfort. She's amused.

BOWMAN

It's okay. I had brothers.

GALLAGHER

I have two sisters.

(gives up)

Neither of them were this fine.

Now she colors.

BOWMAN

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

GALLAGHER

I tried. I really tried.

(then)

Maybe I should go fix something.

BOWMAN

(laughing now)

Maybe you should.

He hesitates, leaves. She starts to vacuum dry her hair.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. CAMPFIRE (MARS) - NIGHT

Gallagher's half filled with regret, half annoyed with himself. Sighs, shuts his eyes, tries to get some sleep.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Place is ragged

coffee on the workstations,
techs as unshaven and beat
as the crew on Mars.

RUSSERT

All right, people, we
bought ourselves another
eighteen hours in orbit.
The crew's burning pretty
much what we've got on the
surface so they don't
freeze solid. So whatever
we can come up with...

LOWENTHAL

...has got to work before
the sun sets again tomorrow
and they freeze to death
anyhow.

RUSSERT

What else is on Mars?

SCHLISSEL

Rocks. Sand.

RUSSERT

The janitor just built a
radio out of a fifty-year-
old Rover mission. Now,
what else is on Mars?

Mars maps come up on all their PIMs. There are
things on the surface. Marked with various
symbols. Leftovers from other missions.

SKAVLEM

We sent a dozen probes even
before the biologics
started up. Eight were
return missions.

LOWENTHAL

And they're back.

SKAVLEM

There's a Viking lander...

SCHLISSEL

2,200 kilometers away.

Silence. They all stare at the PIMs. And then
Schlissel turns to a nearby TECH -

SCHLISSEL

S.Y.F.

TECH

Slap your forehead.

SCHLISSEL

We're not the only people
who sent stuff to Mars.

Other overlays come up on the maps. New
colors. New symbols.

SKAVLEM

The Twenties were nothing but unmanned sample return missions. Everyone wanted to bring back a bucket of Mars rocks.

They find something near the Hab.

SCHLISSEL

There was Euro-Malaysian sample return mission 2018.

TECH

Checking...

LOWENTHAL

(knows)

It blew up on attempted return.

Looking further afield, they find something else.

TECH

It ain't close, but there's an Uzbeki S.R.M. that failed to launch.

SCHLISSEL

(argh)

An Uzbeki probe from 2032.

RUSSERT

Is it viable? Can we get plans?

SCHLISSEL

It was built at the Cosmos factory in Garagin in 2031. (there's more)

The factory closed eight years later. And then it burnt down.

All right, that's the end of that. And then Schlissel spots a detail that means something to him.

SCHLISSEL

It was designed by Aleksandr Ivanovich Borokovski. He was the last of the greats in the Russian space program.

RUSSERT

Is he still alive??

Schlissel's PIM flickers madly as he mutters at it.

SCHLISSEL

There's no closing date on his bio. He'd be in his seventies.

RUSSERT

Find him. Somebody get on the line to Kazakhstan.

LOWENTHAL

This is insanity. A thirty-year-old lander built in a

factory that doesn't exist
anymore.

TECH

Found him!

SCHLISSEL

He emigrated. He runs a
deli in Brooklyn.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Low hum of conversation, a bunch of the
workstations are vacant, techs sleeping in
cots nearby. BOROKOVSKI, in his best suit, 20
years old, comes in led by two NASA flunkies.
Unhooks his filtration mask. Vindicated.

BOROKOVSKI

All right, I am Borokovski.
I am here.

EXT. HAB (MARS) - PRE-DAWN

Sky's beginning to grow light. Last of the
fire flickering out. Nothing left of the Hab
but a few metal ribs.

Gallagher stirs. Stiff from sleeping on the
ground. Burchenal and Pettengill follow.
They've lived through the night. Gallagher
walks off twenty paces. When we see him again,
he's unlocked the top and bottom of his suit
and dropped the trousers to his knees.

GALLAGHER

I'm the first man to piss
on Mars.

Burchenal and Pettengill follow suit on the
other side of the Hab. A beat, then -

BURCHENAL

Damn.

PETTENGILL

Whoa.

BURCHENAL

You sure get some arc in
this low gravity.

The sun's gonna break any minute. Something
suddenly hits Burchenal. He yanks up his
pants, runs to remains of the Hab. Looks
around desperately. Pulls free a metal rib.
Turns to Gallagher.

BURCHENAL

Run. Towards the sun.

Robby understands or doesn't bother to ask
why. Takes off. Burchenal yanks free a shard
of metal. Pounds it into the sand a dozen feet
from the Hab. The sun is just breaking the
horizon. Robby is fifty yards away.

BURCHENAL

Stop! Left. Left. A little
more. Right. Mark it.

He adjusts his own peg a tad. Robby comes
loping back.

PETTENGILL

What'd we do?

GALLAGHER

(approvingly)

Built a directional. Now at
least we know where
something is.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Good morning, boys. Martian
weather today's clear and
cold. Warming to a high
today of around sixty.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY
She hasn't slept. There's notes and charts and
additional HHC's all over the place.

BOWMAN

So...Houston has an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAB (MARS) - MOMENTS LATER
Gallagher, Burchenal and Pettengill have heard
the plan. It doesn't impress them.

GALLAGHER

That's it? We walk a
hundred kilometers in one
day to find a twelve-by-
twelve object that's been
sitting there for 30 years.

(are you kidding)

That's the best plan they
could come up with?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

It's the only plan they
could come up with.

GALLAGHER

(reconsiders)

I guess that makes it best.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

There's an I.R. maintenance
port on the Cosmos. Your
H.H.C. should talk to it.
You'll have to reprogram
the launch sequence. The
bad news is...

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

There's bad news?

BOWMAN

(ignoring him)

...is it's programmed in a
forty-year-old dead
operating system no one
uses anymore. It was
something called...Windows.

EXT. MARS - DAY

None of them have ever heard of it.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

We're getting a copy of it
from the Smithsonian. We're

gonna have to download it
to you.

GALLAGHER

Let's worry about it when
we get there. Where're we
going?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

I've got coordinates for
you.

BURCHENAL

How 'bout something
simpler. Like how many
degrees it is off from the
direction the sun rose. We
marked it. I'm figurin'
we're within half a degree.

GALLAGHER

Heck, we just gotta pack.

He picks up a satchel of tools. Everything
else's burnt to a cinder.

SAME SCENE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Basic trig has been calculated. A triangle of
scavenged wire stretches with one side along
the directional, the other side points their
way across the Martian landscape. They take a
last sighting, and stride off into the
distance getting smaller and smaller and then
-

ON the three of them. Pettengill looks
doubtful.

PETTENGILL

A hundred kilometers.
Sixty-odd miles. Say two
and a half marathons. In
twelve hours. Do we really
have a chance in hell?

GALLAGHER

It took us six hours to go
26 kilometers last time. We
don't have the rebreathers,
we don't have the tanks.

BURCHENAL

Figure you weigh about
fifty pounds in this
gravity. We have a chance
in hell. But not much
more'n that.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

A messenger is escorted in and taken to
Borokovski. He's got a copy of Windows, fifty
years old, and still in the shrink wrap.
Borokovski rips it open, then peers at tech
requirements on the box.

BOROKOVSKI

I will need a computer with
a CD-ROM drive. And a
pentium processor.

Nobody moves. It's like asking for a steam engine.

SCHLISSEL

What's a pentium processor?

TECH

What's a CD-ROM?

BOROKOVSKI

(a little defensive)

It was all state-of-the-art in Kazakhstan. We were cut off.

Still nobody moves.

RUSSERT

We gotta wake up the Director of Dead Technology at the Smithsonian. And quick.

Assistants scramble. Schlissel comes over to peer curiously at the shiny silver disk and -

FLASHBACK - EXT. SPACE - ARES - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: MISSION TIME: DAY 132

The ship floats THROUGH FRAME. We hear the familiar CLINK of POKER CHIPS.

CHANTILAS (V.O.)

Call.

SANTEN (V.O.)

Call.

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

Call.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING SPHERE - NIGHT

Burchenal, Santen, Chantilas and Gallagher are playing poker. Burchenal fans his cards down. Full house.

BURCHENAL

Kings over queens.

CHANTILAS

That's it. You're the best poker player in a hundred million miles.

BURCHENAL

Yep.

He rakes in all the chips.

BURCHENAL

And no one'll play for money. What a waste.

SANTEN

I'm done. See you all in the morning.

Game's over. Santen leaves, Chantilas starts to follow, then turns and asks, three-quarters kidding -

CHANTILAS

Do you cheat?

BURCHENAL

Compared to what?

Chantilas gives up and leaves.

GALLAGHER

Do you cheat?

BURCHENAL

Only Santen.

That seems fair. Gallagher's putting away the chips when -

BURCHENAL

You know what I miss? A drink sometimes at the end of the day...Damned hard-asses at NASA.

Gallagher gets a look in his eye.

GALLAGHER

You got enough gear on board to splice genes, right? Glassware, tubing, Bunsen burners...all that kind of stuff?

BURCHENAL

Yep, sure do. Why?

INT. ARES - MAINTENANCE LEVEL - NIGHT
Bowman comes in. Robby moves quickly to intercept her. Blocks her view.

BOWMAN

I came to apologize. You were uncomfortable with a situation the other day, and I made you more uncomfortable for my own amusement. I'm sorry. It's too small a ship for playground games.

GALLAGHER

Okay.

He's done. She can leave now.

BOWMAN

Okay? No witty comeback? No gloating?

(beat)

No explanation for why the temperature in this sphere is up three degrees?

She slithers by him before he can stop her to find Burchenal tending a huge contraption of glass tubing, Bunsen burners and filtration tanks.

GALLAGHER

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

BOWMAN

...fermentation?

Even when you make it out of high-tech glassware, a still looks just like a still.

BOWMAN

(stern)

You built a still?

GALLAGHER

It's a science experiment.
Did you know that an ounce
of red wine per day
actually benefits your
heart?

BOWMAN

(adamant)

So does three ounces of
grape juice.

GALLAGHER

Grapes don't grow well
hydroponically...So we, ah,
used potatoes...

BOWMAN

You're making moonshine
vodka on my ship.

BURCHENAL

Well, yes, ma'am. But we
ran it through the Gas
Chromatograph Mass
Spectrometer and the
impurity levels are very
low.

BOWMAN

How's it taste?

Burchenal is the first to realize they're off
the hook.

BURCHENAL

It's a little rough.

BOWMAN

Are you going to offer me a
drink?

BURCHENAL

Of course. That would be
the polite thing to do.

He does. She tosses it back. Woooof.

BOWMAN

That's a little rough. How
much have you made?

BURCHENAL

...'bout three liters.

She considers. Then -

BOWMAN

You're done. Dismantle the
science project. Offer
equal rations to the crew.
Mr. Santen doesn't drink or
approve of those who do.

(stern again)

Now tell me the truth. How
much were you cutting this?

GALLAGHER

(they're busted
again)

About three to one. I can't
believe you drank that.

BOWMAN

I learned to fly in the
Navy. Wimps.

INT. COMMON AREA SPHERE - NIGHT

Gallagher, Bowman, and Burchenal are there.
They've got half a beaker of vodka left.
They're all looped and laughing.

BURCHENAL

I spent half of my life
trying to make a better
potato. And the second half
trying to stop it. The
things were so damn good
they killed everything in
their path. Corn, wheat,
barley...

(suddenly
melancholy)

We fucked up our own back
yard, hit the Malthusian
wall, and tried to breed
our way out of it. Maybe we
don't deserve another
chance.

Then he shakes it off. Laughs.

BURCHENAL

Don't worry, if we need any
help on the surface, I'm
allowed to grow us some
six-fingered lab
assistants.

He cracks up again. He's wasted. Knows it.

BURCHENAL

I gotta go to bed.

He heads off drunkenly. Gallagher gets an
idea...

GALLAGHER

I'm in space. I wanna see
the stars.

He flails off in another direction. She laughs
and follows him...

BOWMAN

Don't go outside.

INT. OBSERVATION SPHERE - NIGHT

A billion stars, two very drunk people, half a
beaker of moonshine vodka. She's talking about
Burchenal -

BOWMAN

He's okay. I bet there's a
hell of a girl waiting for
him back home.

GALLAGHER

Three. And a horse. He
really likes the horse.

BOWMAN

You're serious?

GALLAGHER

He pines for the horse.
You?

BOWMAN

I don't have a horse.

GALLAGHER

That's too bad.

He takes another swig. Offers it to her. She matches him.

GALLAGHER

Can I ask you something
very personal?

BOWMAN

Okay.

GALLAGHER

It's about bras and space.

She looks at him.

BOWMAN

I don't wear a bra in
space.

GALLAGHER

I know.

BOWMAN

Bras are designed to hold
your boobs in place on
Earth where there's real
gravity. Why would I need
one in space?

GALLAGHER

Cause it's really fucking
distracting.

BOWMAN

You want me to wear a bra?

GALLAGHER

No. Not at all. I'm sorry I
ever brought this up.

The good news is neither of them will remember
in the morning. Much. Another round. Then -

BOWMAN

Do you have someone waiting
for you back home? Or a
horse?

GALLAGHER

With the kind of jobs I've
had, it's very hard to
maintain any kind of
relationship. So...no
horses.

BOWMAN

Or maybe you took those
jobs 'cause you didn't want
anyone waiting for you. Or
maybe...

GALLAGHER

No, I like horses just
fine.

They've floated very close.

BOWMAN

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

GALLAGHER

Is that an insult or a
compliment?

BOWMAN

An observation.

They're very, very close. And very drunk. It's
when he should kiss her. But he doesn't.
The moment passes. They both know it was there
and now it's gone. Drift apart. Feel stupid.
Damn.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

MOVING ACROSS the landscape. Miles and miles
from where they started, we FIND the three men
as they move rapidly across a dry wash, across
the bank and up and over a hill. And stop dead
at the top.

Over the next ridge, the landscape is covered
with algae. Colors like brush strokes on the
terrain. Oxblood brown, burnt orange, cadmium
yellow.

PETTENGILL

Wattya know.

Pettengill gets down on one knee to examine
it. Half inch to an inch high, vibrantly
colored. Healthy.

PETTENGILL

Maybe it's the longitude.
Maybe it's the equatorial
belt...

GALLAGHER

Maybe it doesn't matter
'cause we gotta keep moving
or we're gonna die.

Pettengill doesn't argue. Just trying to stay
alive is the great scientific mystery right
now. They bound down far side and...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Borokovski is laboring to install Windows on a
50-year-old computer from the museum.
Schlissel and the Tech watch, kibbutz. It
crashes. Again.

BOROKOVSKI

Yob tyvou mot!
(Which, by the way,
means "fuck your
mother.")

SCHLISSEL

It keeps crashing.

BOROKOVSKI

That was part of its charm.
You had to buy programs to
check why the program you
had already bought was not
working.

TECH

People installed this on
their computers on purpose?
It wasn't a virus?

BOROKOVSKI

The company planned it this
way. It was later
discovered they owned all
the companies that sold you
the products to fix the
product they had already
sold you.

SCHLISSEL

I remember this. The
government had to bomb the
factory in the end.

Borokovski nods. Windows comes up.

BOROKOVSKI

Look, there we go...

EXT. SURFACE OF MARS - DAY

The ANGLE seems odd. In fact it is. It's from
orbit. It's Bowman searching on the telescope.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - MONITOR - DAY

As the picture skitters along the surface and
finds them, tiny figures on a landscape. In
extreme profile.

EXT. ARES - ORBIT - DAY

A few minutes away from plunging onto the
night side.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

She marks their location on the viewscreen,
zooms out wide. The Hab and the Cosmos are
marked with symbols. The computer pauses,
analyzes, then spits them out as a little more
than 56 kilometers along their way.
More calculation is done on the screen.
They're more than halfway; they've used up
less than half the available daylight; their
average speed is looking good. They're on
time, on schedule and on the right course. So
far, so good.

BOWMAN

Ground crew, this is Ares.
You're a little more than
half. You're doing great.

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

(over radio)

Oh yeah, we're doing
fabulous.

As she plunges into darkness, we hear -

BURCHENAL (V.O.)

(singing)

Rollin', rollin', rollin',
keep them doggies rollin'.'

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

They're all exhausted and a little punchy.

BURCHENAL

How long can a man go
without food or water?

GALLAGHER

How long can you go without
singing that dumb song?

Burchenal looks hurt. Walks another few paces.
Begins to sing again. Gallagher turns to
Pettengill.

GALLAGHER

There's two of us. And we
can stop him from singing.

Pettengill considers. Then sings along
instead. They only know the one line. It's
really annoying.

GALLAGHER

What is that?

BURCHENAL

I have no idea. It's old,
though. It's classic music.

GALLAGHER

I don't know the classics.

This sets Burchenal off. He sings some more -

BURCHENAL

Mars ain't a place to raise
your kids

In fact it's cold as hell
And there's no one there to raise them
If you dig.'

GALLAGHER

What the hell is that?

BURCHENAL

You don't know any of the
classics, do you? He was a
rocket man.

GALLAGHER

An astronaut wrote that?

BURCHENAL

Never mind.

GALLAGHER

Sing the one about the dogs
again.

BURCHENAL

It's about cows.

GALLAGHER

Then why does it say
doggies?

All this time, they've been walking across a
landscape pigmented with color - steel blue,
alizarin crimson, malachite green - the algae
varietals everywhere. And then off to the
left, the algae stops. Erased, like it was
never there, extirpated in a long crooked
line.

PETTENGILL

What the fuck?

GALLAGHER

Yeah, what the fuck? You
said doggies.

Then he sees as well. They all see. Can't help themselves. They're drawn towards it. Gallagher and Burchenal check their course in the distance before veering off. Pettengill is already heading towards it. It's maybe 100 yards away. At 50, something indistinct can be seen. Sort of. It's like the line, and the surrounding terrain is out of focus, blurry. At 30, the blurriness comes into focus. It's alive. It moves slightly. You can see through it. At ten, you can see it undulating. Slowly, TOWARDS us. Erasing the algae, the color slowly spreading outwards behind and diffusing. And then we can see... A billion, a hundred billion...nematodes. Little tiny translucent worms. Eating the algae. Slowly, irrevocably. Advancing. Pettengill pulls out his entrenching tool. Carefully separates one out. Lifts it up to the light to see. Maybe three inches long, skinnier than an earthworm. One end lifts in the air, a tri-part mouth with little crystalline teeth opening and closing, searching for something to eat. It's fucking scary. It gets worse when you realize how many of them there are. The line's moved three or four inches closer as they stand there. They take a step back. No one can really speak yet.

GALLAGHER

What...

PETTENGILL

It's a nematode. Or something like one. It's probably this skinny so it defrosts each morning when the sun hits them. Or they'r enot water-based at all.

GALLAGHER

Is it something we sent up by accident with the probes?

PETTENGILL

No.

GALLAGHER

I thought we said there wasn't any life on this planet.

PETTENGILL

We did. We were wrong. Maybe there wasn't when we checked. I don't know. It's not from Earth.

(beat; yow)

And it's not from here.

BURCHENAL

This can't be. This can't
be.

Burchenal actually seems kind of upset about it. Gallagher looks at him. Say what? Burch is upset.

BURCHENAL

It can't be here. You don't understand. The odds of there being any other life in the universe are infinitesimally small. The odds that it could survive on something other than its home planet are equally astronomical. The odds that it could travel to another solar system, let alone one where life already existed are...impossible.

GALLAGHER

But it's here.

BURCHENAL

Yeah.

Burchenal seems almost unhappy about this. It rocks his world. In a bad way. Gallagher turns to Pettengill happily and untroubled....

GALLAGHER

Well, it looks like we're not alone in the universe. You just discovered life on another planet, pal.

It takes a moment for this to sink in. Then something hits Robby.

GALLAGHER

Made by God. That's what's stamped on the bottom. That's what Bud would have said. He woulda loved this.

Gallagher gets down on one knee and looks at them. They're kinda horrible, but as he turns to Pettengill -

GALLAGHER

You know what this means? You're gonna be more famous than Darwin. They're gonna name buildings after you. Spacecrafts, cities on Mars...

The enormity of how badly Pettengill has screwed up - that in the space of one day, he's committed murder and discovered life on another planet - begins to dawn on him. He doesn't handle it well. He's fucked up like few people can imagine. He tries to reset, it doesn't work. The worm twists about, starts to

eat the metal right off the entrenching tool.
He flicks it back to its relatives.

PETTENGILL

Right. Right. Motherfuck.
Motherfuck.

And then he says something really odd -

PETTENGILL

Name them after Santen.

BURCHENAL

You hated Santen.

PETTENGILL

Yeah.

He storms away. They're both confused by this.
Pettengill finds a rock, sits down behind it.
He's obscured except for his head and
shoulders.

PETTENGILL

I need a minute or two.

GALLAGHER

You wanna tell Houston?

PETTENGILL

Go ahead. You do it. Just
give me a few minutes.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

BURCHENAL (V.O.)

We seem to have come across
the, uh, cause of the
annihilation of the algae.
There's cryptoendolithic
life here. Eating it.

INTERCUT as needed with Mission Control and
Mars surface.

LOWENTHAL

(concerned)

They're hallucinating.

BURCHENAL

Pettengill's a bit
overcome. Or he'd be
telling you about it
himself. But the discovery
goes to him.

(baffled; but)

Though he wants to name
them after Santen...

SKAVLEM

You're saying there's
Martian life.

PETTENGILL

(calling out from
behind the rock)

No, that there's life on
Mars. We're not saying
where it came from. But not
Earth. Fuck.

They all disregard that last bit.

GALLAGHER

They're like some kind of
translucent worms.

SKAVLEM

You're all seeing these?

BURCHENAL

Oh yeah. They're here. What
did you think this was,
hypoxia?

They did.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

Conversation's over. Gallagher walks towards
the rock -

GALLAGHER

We should get outta here.

Pettengill doesn't respond.

BURCHENAL

Really. We should get
going...

Gallagher walks over. We hear a familiar
WHINE. Don't recognize what it is at first.
Until Gallagher around the rock and sees...
Pettengill's flicked on the WHIZZING CUTTING
EDGE of the entrenching TOOL. Shreds his left
wrist. Lifts it and rips through his carotid
arteries. All but cuts off his head as he
falls to the ground. Suit's awash with BLOOD.
Overflowing onto the ground and him. BURBLING
in spurts. Some hits the worms.

BURCHENAL

Jesus...Jesus God...

Burchenal's joined him. There's nothing they
could do. Only watch in shock. It gets worse.
The worms come. Pulsating and undulating
towards Pettengill. As if some secret message
the food is here has spread through the
billions of them in burst of knowledge.
A diaphanous, hungry wave crests onto
Pettengill and engulfs him. He's covered in
translucence as they devour him. Gallagher and
Burchenal stagger backwards in horror as a red
aureole grows around him as he's eaten. Color
spreads out around him in a perfect ever-
growing circle. It's a feast.

WIDE

The two of them walk along. Can't tell if
they're hurrying towards something or away.
They've both figured out what's up. A beat,
then -

GALLAGHER

He killed Santen.

BURCHENAL

Yep.

GALLAGHER

Probably figured we were
gonna die anyhow.

BURCHENAL

Yep. Figured wrong. For
now.

GALLAGHER

(beat; then)

Nobody deserves to die like
that.

BURCHENAL

No.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

There's a general buzz of animated scientific
debate. One voice cuts through -

LOWENTHAL

We've thawed out three and
four-million-year-old
organisms from the
permafrost in Siberia and
they've come back to life.
It's possible.

RUSSETT

So even if there wasn't
life there, there is now.

SCHLISSEL

And we warmed the place up
and sent it something to
eat.

LOWENTHAL

It could have sat there for
millions of years since
Mars cooled. Waiting. Rode
in on a frozen meteorite
from anywhere. And waited.

A voice chimes in from the corner -

BOROKOVSKI

Like sea monkeys. But not
as friendly.

They all consider that. Kinda bizarre but
accurate.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

Burchenal and Gallagher trudge onward.
Burchenal checks his watch. It's time.
Gallagher hands him the radio. Walks ahead.
Doesn't want to hear.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Bowman just heard the news. It's like she's
been punched. It takes her a moment to
recover.

BOWMAN

Copy that, Ground Crew.

Mission Control has heard as well. A beat,
then -

SKAVLEM (V.O.)

Requiescat in Pace.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

The sun is way past its zenith. It hangs
noticeably lower in the sky. Maybe four or
five o'clock. Burchenal and Gallagher plod
along. They're beat. There's no singing,

there's no banter. They're just trying to keep moving.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Bowman finds them again with 10m scope. Marks it. Computer analyzes their position. The results aren't encouraging. Their average speed has been steadily dropping. There's only two hours left till dark. They've gone 79 kilometers. And they're projected to get 88.5 kilometers before nightfall. They're gonna miss getting to the Cosmos by about an hour.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - DAY

It's worse. They're stumbling. Not keeping in all that straight a line. Having to constantly re-check their position. RADIO CRACKLES.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Ground Crew, this is Ares.
(studiously casual)

How's it goin'?

They look at each other. Is she kidding?

GALLAGHER

We've just done a little over two marathons back to back. We haven't had anything to eat or drink in two days. There are these worms that want to eat us and a mad robot who wants to kill us. Why do you ask?

He starts to laugh. For some weird reason Burchenal joins him.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

You're not going to like what I have to say.

BURCHENAL

You're going home? Bring us some chicken.

They crack up anew.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

You have to pick up the pace.

They laugh. It's not funny, but they really laugh.

BURCHENAL

We're not gonna make it?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

At this pace, you'll make about ninety kilometers.

Burchenal shakes himself. Digs into some deep reserve. Picks up his speed and shouts -

BURCHENAL

We Sleep Till Brooklyn!

He totters off towards the horizon.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

What was that?

GALLAGHER

Cooper's been singing
classic music. I don't know
most of it.

BURCHENAL

No Sleep Till Brooklyn!

GALLAGHER

Neither does he. I think he
knows one line from each
song. We'll try to go
faster. We really will...

He's trying to convince himself as well as
her. But he does pick up the pace and push
after Burch and...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Borokovski has listened in curiously to this
exchange.

BOROKOVSKI

Why is he speaking of
Brooklyn?

SCHLISSEL

He's singing classic music
to keep his spirits up.

The tech looks at him curiously.

SCHLISSEL

I studied it in college.
It's the Beastie Guys. Most
of the music we listen to
today is based on the
ground-breaking work they
did before the turn of the
century.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - 40 MINUTES LATER

They're stumbling. Literally. Gallagher just
stops.

GALLAGHER

You know, I don't care if I
weigh 60 pounds on Mars. I
am one tired doggie.

Gallagher sits down on a rock. Burchenal
collapses nearby. They can't go any further.
Burchenal catches his breath.

BURCHENAL

Ten K short.

The sun is a finger above the horizon. Redder
than red, breathtakingly beautiful.

BURCHENAL

It's pretty.

GALLAGHER

Too bad we're gonna be
dead. I can't keep walking
in circles. And there's
nothing to keep us warm.

They look around unhappily. Ugly way to die.

GALLAGHER

It's gonna be like trying
to live on Mount Everest.

BURCHENAL

What would we do if we were
on Mount Everest?
Thinks a long time.

GALLAGHER

I would have brought a
tent.

BURCHENAL

If we didn't have a tent.
Robby's so tired he's confused.

GALLAGHER

We don't have a tent.

BURCHENAL

Yeah. Yeah, I know.

GALLAGHER

I'd guess you'd dig a snow
cave. Use the snow for
insulation. You've seen the
3Ds.

There's a funky-looking hillock nearby. Five
feet high, as big around. Burchenal totters to
his feet. Goes over and kicks it. It's soft
volcanic rock.

BURCHENAL

Let's dig a snow cave.

GALLAGHER

There's no snow.

Burchenal kicks at it again. Gives. He takes
out the entrenching tool, hacks at it. Knocks
a piece free.

BURCHENAL

Let's dig a snow cave or
we're gonna fucking die.

He starts to wail on it. Gallagher staggers
over and joins him. The two of them start to
flail away like a cross between prehistoric
man and giant beavers, desperate as -
EXT. MARTIAN HORIZON

The sun begins to set. 30 miles away, the
terminus, the line where night turns to day,
begins to advance across the planet towards
them. In the dark of the shadow, the FROST
forms a dozen feet behind and follows growing,
GROWLING - the cold advancing TOWARDS us with
a CRACKLING CRUNCHING FREEZING WHINE. It's as
if the cold has a sound...

BACK AT HILLOCK

Gallagher and Burchenal can see the darkness
approaching. Digging madly. Cackling. Losing
their minds. Can't tell who is who as they're
silhouetted against the sun, one now inside
the hillock throwing rock back as the other
clears.

The sun continues to drop. Terminus continues
its pernicious HISSING and freezing approach.
Halfway inside now. On his knees, suit light
on, Gallagher chops away at the rock. When
he's thigh-deep in debris, he backs out,

dragging the leavings with him. Burchenal leaps in, replacing him. Dripping in sweat, nutty, but at least they're doing something. The last of the sun disappears. Their breath is in the air. The darkness and frost reaches them now. The sweat begins to freeze, ice in their hair and eyebrows and stubble. But they've dug most of the shelter. They continue to thrash and chop away. The frost is now everywhere.

Gallagher climbs inside. Burchenal drags a lava boulder over to seal the entrance. Climbs in, hooks his tool into the rock and seals it shut.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

It's not big. The two of them are scrunched into balls. They chop away and pack the debris in the entry tunnel to block the cold. Shaking bitterly. Lips blue...

EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT

Nothing. Darkness. Rocks. And in the midst of it all, our crazy hillock/snow cave.

INT. HILLOCK/CAVE - NIGHT

Gallagher looks up to find Burchenal staring at him. Actually, not exactly at him. At his forehead.

GALLAGHER

What? Is this some kind of cartoon moment where you're imagining I'm a giant chicken and you're going to eat me?

BURCHENAL

It's melting

GALLAGHER

It's a Wizard of Oz moment?

BURCHENAL

The ice on your forehead is melting. The rock's really insulating us. We might not freeze to death.

GALLAGHER

Oh. Good.

And then the enormity of what's gone on hits them. And the exhaustion. Adrenaline is gone. Gallagher physically droops. Burchenal follows.

GALLAGHER

I've never been this tired.
I've never hurt this bad.
You think dead is worse than this?

BURCHENAL

Hell, we'll probably know soon. Shut up. Rest.

GALLAGHER

We oughta probably tell
someone we're not frozen
solid. Yet.

Burchenal checks his watch.

BURCHENAL

We're on the nightside,
can't reach Houston.
Bowman's dayside for
another forty-five.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Common viewscreen shows ground crew's
projected position. Darkside of the planet.
Estimated temperature of -20 degrees
fahrenheit and falling. The room's downcast.
And bewildered...

SKAVLEM

Not a word before it got
dark.

-25 degrees. -30 degrees.

RUSSERT

They're dead. Or dying.
Let's get Bowman home.

SKAVLEM

She's gonna wanna waste a
pass trying to get them on
the radio.

RUSSERT

Let her. She's got five and
a half hours before the
orbit starts to decay. If
she has to do this so she
can concentrate later on,
so be it.

Skavlem gets busy on the radio with Bowman -

SKAVLEM

Ares, this is Houston...

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Their breath condenses on the ceiling.
Freezes. Then falls down. It's snowing.
They've got their own weather system.
Gallagher watches it fall. Burchenal seems
kinda pissed.

BURCHENAL

No, I don't know why the
worms are here. No, I don't
know why we're still alive.

GALLAGHER

There's gotta be a reason.

A moment, then -

BURCHENAL

You're talking about faith,
son. Faith is another way
of saying I know something
you don't know but I can't
tell you 'cause it's a
secret. But I don't know
why I know it.

(agitated)

I live in the real world.
I've lived there my whole
life. I'm comfortable
there.

GALLAGHER

We're not in the real
world. We're on Mars.

(softly)

Nobody gets in a rocket
ship to outer space without
some kind of faith. Do
they?

Burchenal doesn't answer. Not directly. But he
looks like a third grader busted in some
elaborate story he can't keep up.

BURCHENAL

If you think I'm gonna have
some kind of weak-ass
epiphany for you right here
in this cave, you're wrong.
Now, why don't you get that
light outta my eyes and let
me try to rest.

Gallagher's satisfied. Lowers the light to a
dull glow, leans back against the rock and...

EXT. ARES - DAY/NIGHT

The ship slips into darkness.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Bowman reaches for the mike, begins -

BOWMAN

Ground crew, this is Ares.
Do you read?

(off no response)

Ground crew, this is Ares.
Do you read?

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The radio lies on the ground. The green light
flickers with her transmissions. But little
signal seeps through the rock. What there is
is MUFFLED and INDISTINCT.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Zzzzz zzz, zzz zz, zzzzzz?

And Gallagher and Burchenal are fast, fast
asleep.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Time's passed. Bowman has searched with the
10m scope. IR, thermal. She picks up the
occasional footprint. Tracks their progress.
Finds some odd rock configurations.
And...nothing. They're just gone. Finally, she
gives up. Picks up mic sadly for one last time

-

BOWMAN

Ground crew, this is Ares.
It was a pleasure and an

honor to serve with you,
gentlemen.

Sits quietly a moment, then turns off the screen. Brings up a new image. Shows her current fuel status, position and projected path. She begins to work on getting home.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT

Dead quiet. The two small moons shine faintly. A rime of ice covers everything. The hillock shimmers in the feeble light. The rock entrance is sealed over with frost.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Gallagher and Burchenal breathe shallowly. The inside of the cave is covered in white flaking hoarfrost. Lips are blue. Skin is pale. Gallagher's eyes open. Something's wrong. Doesn't know what. And then he realizes the air moving in and out of his lungs isn't doing him any good at all. The door is caked shut with ice. There's no air.

He moves badly, uncoordinated, but manages to chop and shove it open. Fresh ice cold air rushes in. Burchenal awakes. Only half-responsive. Gallagher grabs him, drags him out.

GALLAGHER

Breathe! Breathe!

EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT

Cognizance returns. Burchenal looks at his watch.

It doesn't make any sense. Three hours have passed. Three hours...

BURCHENAL

Son of a bitch. Son of a
bitch. We've been asleep
for three hours!

Gallagher desperately hauls out the radio.

GALLAGHER

Ares, this is ground crew.
Ares, this is ground crew.

BURCHENAL

Forget it. She's dayside
again. If she's even still
here.

(then)

We gotta get to Cosmos.

Burchenal looks around. Oh God...It gets worse.

BURCHENAL

Can't see the landmarks.

Gallagher starts to madly scan the night sky.

GALLAGHER

We gotta keep moving.

He yanks out his HCC. Mutters rapidly into it. We see the map appear. Hab/Cosmos line marked. Then a star chart for Mars on this day and time. He calls for it to change to a horizon

projection. The machine freezes, computes.
Brings up a horizon. It matches what Robby
sees. And highlights a star sitting just above
the horizon that will lead them on their way.
Canis Minor. They start to run...

A beat. AMEE rises up silently from behind a
rock and watches them go.

EXT. MARS - SURFACE - NIGHT

The two men run. Lit by the two moons Phobos
and Deimos - Fear and Terror. It's
unbelievably cold. Plumes of breath light up
around them as they go. Following the star on
the horizon. Across a valley, over a ridge.
Over a dune. Scrambling.

Up and over the next long, long gradient. They
lose the star over this false horizon as they
climb. There's something odd, however. A faint
broad wash of light coming over the lip. They
crest the rise to reveal -

VALLEY

Completely covered in phosphorescent algae.
Pale green and glowing. A mile across, a mile
wide. If they weren't rushing for their lives,
it would be worth stopping to stare.

Across the vale Canis Minor sits directly in
the center of a small mountain pass. They're
about to dash onward when something -
intuition, it's hard to say what - hits
Burchenal.

BURCHENAL

Stop.

GALLAGHER

What?

Burchenals' not quite sure at first. But won't
enter the algae. Walks left, walks right.
Kneels down.

The algae glows. Otherworldly. And then
movement. In the f.g. a worm, green, glowing
and filled with algae, slithers through. And
then another. And another, indistinguishable
from the plants around them they've imbibed.
And then as Burchenal plays his light out
across the valley we realize it's entirely
full of worms. Gallagher takes an appalled
step back. They're fucked.

GALLAGHER

We're fucked.

Burchenal considers for a moment. And yeah,
probably has that epiphany. Then-

BURCHENAL

(re the pass)

Get to the closest point
you can safely. I'm gonna
go down to that end.

He starts to run to the far end.

GALLAGHER

What are you gonna do?

Burchenal's far enough away now that his voice comes over the SUIT RADIO.

BURCHENAL (V.O.)

I'm gonna distract them.

GALLAGHER

You're gonna distract the worms??

BURCHENAL (V.O.)

Yeah.

Perhaps Gallagher ought to give this more thought. But he doesn't. Maybe it's the exhaustion. Maybe it just never would have occurred to him. Burchenal disappears into the darkness and the distance. Gallagher waits. Then -

BURCHENAL (V.O.)

You ready?

GALLAGHER

Yeah.

BURCHENAL (V.O.)

Good. Lemme know when it starts to clear.

Gallagher doesn't get it. But a moment later, a shiver runs through the worms. And they start to undulate away. Towards Burchenal. Pulsing faster and faster until it's clear in a moment or two, like a giant amoebae withdrawing, he will have clear access to the pass.

BURCHENAL

at the far end, is five hundred yards into the worms. They know. They've told each other. And they're coming in pulsating waves. Towards him. At the epicenter. He gags. And hears -

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

(stunned)

It's clear.

Burchenal tries to turn around. He's mired now. And they're up to his waist. It's a fucking nematode feeding frenzy.

BURCHENAL

Good.

He can't even lift his feet. They're beginning to cover him now. He can see the color of his suit spreading around him as they devour it.

BURCHENAL

(then; oddly calm)

You were right, son.

There's gotta be a reason.

This can't just be an accident. I don't know what the worms're doing here or how they got here. But science don't explain it.

And it pisses me off to no end.

Gallagher turns. He can see now what Burchenal has done. A tiny glowing figure can be seen 1000 yards away. Gallagher's speechless at first...

BURCHENAL

I'm gonna have to turn off my radio in a sec. So you don't have to hear me screaming like a girl.

GALLAGHER

What have you done??

BURCHENAL

Finding out there's things I don't understand. That science don't know squat about. Maybe even the damn Earth's worth saving. Someone's gotta give it a try. Gotta find out about these worms. Go, get off this fucking planet.

During which we've CUT TO Gallagher, 'cause you don't want to see this.

BURCHENAL (V.O.)

There's two women in Missoula, one in Bozeman. Tell them each they were my last words. And make sure my horse gets sold to someone who knows how to ride.

(then)

Oh, my Lord...

RADIO GOES SILENT. Across the distance we can see a figure, now entirely coated in luminous worms, writhing wildly. Gallagher leaves his light on, starts to run. As Robby flees, we PULL BACK, FURTHER and FURTHER until he's just a tiny figure in the landscape - until we are AT what was Burchenal. The frenzy is all but over.

The phosphorescence is gone in the center of the circle. The edges are the color of his suit. Then blood red for forty yards. Bits of bone white. And then right in the dead center, as we watch; gray, spreading, spreading as what was once Burchenal's brain is food for worms.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT

Gallagher scrambles up, steeper and steeper, to the edge of the valley and the ridge line. From the top he can see the way below is his prize - the Cosmos. Checks his watch, hopefully, desperately triggers the radio.

GALLAGHER

Ares, this is ground crew.
Ares, this ground crew. Do
you copy?

EXT. ARES - NIGHT

Above him somewhere in the sky.

INT. ARES - MAINTENANCE DECK - NIGHT

Bowman is locking out parts of the ship to
conserve power on the way home. At first she's
not sure she really heard that. Rushes across
the room to the radio interface.

BOWMAN

Ground crew?! Status??

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

Me. Alone. The worms just
ate Burchenal. Thought you
might be gone.

(shaky)

Guess you promised you
wouldn't leave...

BOWMAN

Robby, I'm...still here.

They both know he's caught her still here
sheerly by happenstance.

GALLAGHER (V.O.)

I'm about a kilometer from
the Cosmos. It's in sight.
Call you when I'm there.

EXT. RIDGE LINE (MARS) - NIGHT

Gallagher heads down. Bounding down the hill.
No algae on his side. He leaves a trail of
phosphorescent footprints as he goes. They
grow fainter and fainter as he descends.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Bowman comes rushing in. Too fast. Slams up
into a wall. Resets. Belts herself in.

EXT. COSMOS SITE - NIGHT

It's been sitting there for 30 years. As he
approaches, the solar panels turn and track
towards his light. It's still waiting. Sits on
six over-built legs. Sample return vehicle
launches off the base. Liquid fuel tanks,
sample return container the size of a large
trash can. We hear -

BOWMAN (V.O.)

How you doing?

GALLAGHER

(unsettled)

It's really cold. My
fingers aren't sure they
want to work.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

You can do this.

(then)

The maintenance port has a
cover. It should be marked.

Gallagher looks it over. Minor stumbling
block...

GALLAGHER

Yeah. In Cyrillic.

Finds it anyhow. He flexes his unresponsive fingers, and after a try or two, unscrews the cover, reveals an IR port.

GALLAGHER

Got it.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

All right, I'm gonna download this to you.

Gallagher yanks out his HHC. Dozen adapters in the back. Finds the one that fits the old modem port on the jerry-rigged radio.

GALLAGHER

Go.

Plugs it in. Stuff flashes. On the HHC, Windows comes up, the Cosmos LaunchMaster program, Cyrillic crudely relabeled in English. Unplugs the modem so he can speak again.

GALLAGHER

It's still got power.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

You should be able to run diagnostics.

There's a diagnostics check and launch check. He hits diagnostics. The two talk, link up, and - a Windows error screen comes up on the HHC:

"Warning - your system has become busy or unstable. Press Ctrl-Alt-Delete to exit programs and reboot."

GALLAGHER

I know now why it didn't launch.

(says the magic words)

Control alt delete.

Reboots in the blink of an eye. Systems check positive.

GALLAGHER

It's looking good.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Okay, this thing only has two settings. On and off. One sends it all the way back to Earth. As you don't have air, food or water, that would be bad.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Bowman is calculating madly as she goes on. Trying to sound calm. She's anything but.

BOWMAN

We want just enough lift for escape velocity. With the weight you left at and the suit...I peg you at

165. It was designed to
take 200 pounds of rocks
home. Tanks are seven
liters each. You need to
take two liters out of each
tank. There's a central
purge; you're gonna have to
be exact.

EXT. COSMOS SITE - DAY

As she continues -

BOWMAN (V.O.)

And you better try to find
something to put the fuel
in and get it the hell away
from there, as we don't
want it to go up when the
rocket goes off.

Gallagher considers. Yeah, it all makes sense.
But how?

CUT TO:

EXT. COSMOS SITE - MINUTES LATER

Gallagher, using the few tools he has left,
has unbolted the sample return container.

Measures its width -

GALLAGHER

I need you to do some math.
A cylinder 50 centimeters
wide, how deep is six
liters?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Eleven and three quarters
centimeters.

He measures and scribes in the line.

GALLAGHER

Somewhere, Mr. Plummer, my
10th-grade math teacher, is
cackling like a son-of-a-
bitch.

Under which, he slithers underneath, opens the
main purge and fills the big steel bucket with
rocket fuel. It looks just like the guy at
Texaco, working on your car. Lugs it away from
the Cosmos.

GALLAGHER

Now what?

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Launch diagnostics. Avoid
pressing anything that says
ignition.

He runs it - seals are good, pumps are good,
engine's ready. And the ignition power force,
all 300 volts of it, is dead as a doornail.
The program suggests the replacement part
number. And suggests he order it quickly.
Checks again. Answer's the same. He slumps
down, sits beside SRM. He ain't going nowhere.
Just sits there. Can't move. Can't speak.

After all this, he's fucked. Stares out into the distance. Finally -

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Gallagher?

GALLAGHER

No. No go. There's enough power to run the computer, but not enough to launch.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

How much do you need?

GALLAGHER

I need 300 volts at six amps. And I've 28 volts running the computer system. Ignition battery's stone cold.

Beat.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Is there anything you can use?

GALLAGHER

Let me look around and see if I see a high voltage source....No, just rocks. In fact, everywhere I look, there's just fucking rocks. And more fucking rocks.

Then, as he tries not to break down -

GALLAGHER

I'm gonna die here.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

She's shook. She knows he's right. Not a damn thing she can say. Tries to maintain. Barely. Looks up at one of the screens. In four minutes she's back on day side orbit. And then home.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. COSMOS SITE - NIGHT

Gallagher steadies himself. Picks the radio back up. He's just babbling to keep himself sane for a little while.

GALLAGHER

I didn't come here to be a citizen. I came as a tourist. You know, visit Mars, check out the sights. Go home.

Bowman tries to do the right thing. Whatever the hell that is...Takes a breath, wipes away an errant tear, tries to be calm for him.

BOWMAN

Is there anything you want me to do?

GALLAGHER

(thinks; then)

Tell all of Burchenal's women that they were the

only one. Sell his horse to
somebody nice.

BOWMAN

For you?

GALLAGHER

No.

Then, burbling up, unplanned...

GALLAGHER

I shoulda kissed you.

There's a long beat. Yeech. He shouldn't have
said anything. Then -

BOWMAN

Yeah. You shoulda kissed
me.

Gallagher can't believe it. He could kick
himself.

GALLAGHER

(to himself)

Okay. This is like all the
worst parts of high school
math and the beautiful girl
you're too stupid to tell
you're madly in love with.
And then, I get to die.
What a shitty day.

(into radio)

Commander Bowman, I am
really sorry I didn't kiss
you. Really, really sorry.

He pauses. Only half a beat, but...

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

She bursts from the darkness into the light of
day side and is gone. RADIO turns to STATIC...

EXT. COSMOS SITE - NIGHT

When he goes on -

GALLAGHER

Loved you madly, shoulda
said so.

It's too late. She never hears. STATIC. He
realizes she's gone. Puts the radio down. He
is very, very alone.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

She sits there, just gut-shot for a moment.

Picks up the mike.

BOWMAN

Houston, this is Ares,
commencing return sequence.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

On all the PIM's her return trajectory is
plotted. She's to come all the way across the
day side, enter night, begin acceleration and
slingshot around the backside of Mars and head
home.

SKAVLEM

Copy. Ares, beginning
return

She steels herself then reports the rest of the news -

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Ground crew, reduced to
Gallagher, reached Cosmos,
failed second diagnostics.
No joy, no launch. While
crew member is still
extant, mission commander
declaring him E.O.M.
Commencing return.

There's silence in Mission Control. Not everyone has followed the circumvention.

TECH

What was all that?

SCHLISSEL

Gallagher made it to the
Cosmos, won't launch, he's
alive, she's gotta leave
him.

TECH

Whoa.

BOROKOVSKI

Da...

EXT. COSMOS SITE - NIGHT

Gallagher sits there. And sits there. Alone beyond imagining. Hope gone. Just staring 1000 yards out into the distance. Not looking at anything. Waiting to die. He's given up. And then...he shakes himself out of it. Just feels foolish he's let himself go this far. Gets up. Done with feeling sorry for himself.

GALLAGHER

Well, this can't get any worse. I guess.

Grabs himself to stay warm. Hops up and down. On one of the hops he ends up facing the direction he came from. There's something green and phosphorescent coming over the ridge. They've tracked him. Footprint by footprint.

He looks closer. It's not just the ridge. They're down in the valley with him. The ones in the front are back to translucent, not glowing anymore. They're hungry for something new. He gets down low to silhouette them against the sky. There are already four or five hundred thousand on this side of the hill. And they're coming. Faster.

GALLAGHER

I guess I was wrong. It can get worse. A lot fucking worse.

(shouts at them)

Forgive me if I don't feel like getting eaten before I die!

They don't really respond. Except the ones in the front who rear up, and seem to listen or sniff for him. And gnash their little crystalline teeth. They split now to come at him from two sides. Gallagher gets caught in a dry-heave.

GALLAGHER

Oh, man...
Sees the bucket of rocket fuel. Lot closer to them than it is to him. Gathers his nerve, runs, grabs the bucket. Drags it twenty feet back. Then tilts it, carefully pouring it out in a ring around himself and the Cosmos. Worms closing in as he goes. Leads a fuse of fuel back towards him. Lights it.
It burns low and yellow in the oxygen-depleted atmosphere. Doesn't look like much. Certainly not a defence. First worm gets near it. Unsure. Bewildered. Pulls back. But his compatriots are behind him, still coming. No choice. He advances. And...POOF. VAPORIZES in burst of red-orange as he touches the flame. And the next...And the next. Like little sparks. Gallagher watches, puzzled by this...And then it hits. Right as the ring of flame is about to die out. The main wave touches the ring of fire. And...they do burn. And SCREAM. Little WORM SCREAMS that multiplied by tens and hundreds of thousands begin to pierce the air.

GALLAGHER

That's for eating the Hab!
And killing Cooper, you
slimy worm fuckers!
Rolling waves of flame. Half plasma. Flying blobs of burning worms rain down like napalm. One lands on and torches the cobbled-together radio. It's so damn hot for a moment Gallagher panics, thinking everything might explode. Then it drops to embers and the wave burns over the hill like a wild fire. Gallagher does a dance of triumph. However short-lived. Then it hits him -

GALLAGHER

How do you burn like that
without oxygen??
There's a BLAST of flame from the far side of the ridge that rattles rocks and Cosmos. Knocks him to the ground.

GALLAGHER

Holy shit...Holy shit!
Gallagher stares with wonder over the hill. He figured it out. There's a couple of dozen worms, unburnt and thrown free. He picks one up, looks at it.

GALLAGHER

You motherfuckers stole all
the oxygen.

(realizes)

And you can give it back.
Motherfuckers. I gotta tell
someone. It could work. It
could work here...

He turns, looks - the radio is still burning.
He snatches it up, scorches him. Tries to put
it out. It's cooked. Deceased. He's
devastated. Drops to his knees.

GALLAGHER

No!! Not after all this.

No!!!

It ain't gonna work ever again. All the
shouting isn't gonna make a difference. He
knows the answer, he knows how to save the
species and there's no one he can tell.
As he stumbles back onto his feet, he's jarred
the switch that links to AMEE's display. it
comes on, shows:

AMEE'S POV

The fire on the far side of the ridge. She's
approaching it. And fast.

BACK TO SCENE

Gallagher stares at it for a moment...

GALLAGHER

My day is not getting
better, is it.

There's a look on his face somewhere between
inspiration and fear. Like he's got an idea.
But it might be a really, really bad one...

EXT. MARS SURFACE - NIGHT

AMEE skitters along. Moving fast. Climbs up
and ever so carefully peers over the
ridgeline.

AMEE'S POV

The Cosmos down below. And beneath it, his
feet sticking out as he works on something,
Gallagher. He messed with her once; she
recognizes him. If she could bare her teeth
like an angry dog, she would. AMEE considers
for a moment. Makes her move.

EXT. COSMOS SITE - NIGHT

She comes down the hill. Twelve, sixteen,
twenty-foot strides. Doing forty or fifty
miles an hour easy. And all but silently.
Gallagher hasn't yet responded. And then she's
all the way to him. She rears up to strike and

-

And Gallagher, in his skivvies, bursts up from
where he's buried himself in the sand,
avenging, entrenching tool high over his head,
already swinging as AMEE wheels back around
and...He chops off both her eyes. Sidesteps as
she rushes him blindly and backhands her in
her electronic Marine cranium from behind.

Whatever he's hit, the jolt stiffens his arm, throws him off. The tool stays embedded. She runs headlong into the Cosmos. Smashes, stumbles, falls. And before she can get back up to her feet...He wraps the sleeve of his shirt around his hand, rescues the entrenching tool and deals a death stroke to the silver arachnid.

GALLAGHER

Robust real-time response
to the environment, my
butt.

Gallagher grabs his satchel of tools and begins to unbolt her as fast as he can. Checks his watch. Whatever he's racing, there's only minutes to go.

Deep within the electronic entrails of AMEE, he dredges up her Esource. Size of a soda can. POWER CELL that runs her for year and a half. HUMS as he removes it from its shielded container. It's 280 volts.

GALLAGHER

Work.

He rips open a panel on the Cosmos, yanks out the dead cell and hooks the new one in. It doesn't fit. He's got nothing left but a couple of wrenches and a tube of epoxy. Glues it in place.

Runs the launch Diagnostics on his HCC. It flickers, goes to yellow, flashes on and off to green. He yanks back on his suit. Grabs a handful of the uncharred worms and seals them in the container that held the Esource. Stuffs it in a side pocket. Looks at the top of SRV. Wedges himself under some cables and wiring on the top.

GALLAGHER

This oughta be interesting.

Checks his watch. It's now or never.

EXT. ARES - DAY

The ship is just about to enter the darkside.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Bowman's got her suit on. Screens show the apogee launch and a slingshot around the backside.

BOWMAN

Houston, this is Ares. I am
go for return ignition.

SKAVLEM (V.O.)

Copy that, Ares, you are go
for return.

She slides into the darkness.

EXT. COSMOS SITE - NIGHT

Gallagher watches the second hand come around, takes a deep breath, and...

GALLAGHER

Fuck you, Mars.

...slaps the helmet shut. Hits ignition.
Nothing happens. Then the GRINDING of thirty-
year-old PUMPS. And then a GIANT flaming ROAR.
And it launches.

Gallagher, epoxied to the top, is pinned flat.
Face squashes, eyes bulge. Ship starts to glow
friction. Thirty-year-old paint chips off like
tiny shooting stars burning away as this
reverse comet leaves the atmosphere.
We can hear him roaring at the top of his
lungs as the ROCKET BLOWS by and...

MARS

pulls away in the b.g. Rapidly contracting.
FROM FILLING the FRAME, TO a red circle below.
Atmosphere thins, the friction and flame
decrease and disappear.

SKY

turns from deep red to maroon to black as he
blows through the clouds into the outer
reaches of the Mars atmosphere and beyond. The
ENGINES STOP. Fuel's expended. And...

Quiet. He comes skittering back from the edge
of blacking out. He floats silently, orbiting
the planet, slowing receding into the
distance. Until he's...gone.

EXT. ARES - NIGHT

We see Bowman THROUGH the front viewport.
Unhurried. Making the last of her
preparations. Downhearted and slow. Then -
INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT
She's strapped in now. Counter on a screen is
ticking down. 13, 12, 11...She tries to allay
her horror at what she's doing. Reaches for
the mike.

BOWMAN

Robby...

(no answer)

If you can still hear
me...I'm so sorry. And I
shoul'da just kissed you.

EXT. COSMOS SITE

Radio, three-quarters cooked, lays there on
the still-smoking ground.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Countdown continues. Nine, eight, seven...Then
just breaking the horizon way out in front of
her, a shiny metallic speck breaches into the
light. It's a man, glued to thirty-year-old
spacecraft. Four, three...She slams down an
abort button, as with the other hand she
twists the radio over to the suit-to-suit
frequency.

BOWMAN

Gallagher...

No response.

EXT. COSMOS

Gallagher is sucking on a few useless raspy breaths. He can see her, ten kilometers away. Barely hanging on.

GALLAGHER

No. Air.
INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT
They stare up at the screen awaiting her return ignition.

SKAVLEM

She should be clearing.
Starting the burn.
She's not showing. Still not showing. And then...

SCHLISSEL

There's secondary object in orbit.
INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK
Bowman has flipped a set of joysticks/collectives out from underneath the dash in front of her. She's shouting at the computer.

BOWMAN

Reroute. Orbital maneuvering. Power the OMS, power the R.C.S. I need roll, pitch, yaw, X, Y, Z. Now. Goddammit now!
INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT
They've figured out what's up. Some are thrilled, others are freaked.

LOWENTHAL

No! No, there's no fuel for maneuvering. Stop her!
Skavlem shakes his head. Not a chance. Nor would she listen to him.

BOROKOVSKI

She is going to burn fuel to rescue this man without enough to come home?
(very Russian of her)
I like this girl.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK
Which is exactly what she does.

BOWMAN

I want ten milliliter bursts. Now!
And puff, puff, puff...
EXT. MARS ORBIT - NIGHT
Ares, bit by bit, dives down into a smaller orbit to catch up with the Cosmos.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK
Bowman grabs the whole orbital maneuvering assembly, yanks it out of the flight deck, turns and rushes from the sphere.
EXT. COSMOS - ORBIT - DAY

As he watches it come closer, he's depleted what little air there was in the suit. And starts to die.

INT. ARES - MEV DECK - DAY

It's now an empty docking port. Bowman careens in. No artificial gravity here. Floats as she shouts at the computer.

BOWMAN

I want a 180 degree. Now!

EXT. ARES - ORBIT - DAY

Puff, puff...The ship turns end over end. As...

INT ARES - MEV DECK

Kate plugs the maneuvering deck in with one hand, slaps an oxygen bottle on and her helmet shut.

BOWMAN

Seal this level! Open the dock.

Clips herself in just in time as the DOORS behind her SLAM shut and the giant doors in front of her open. Air purges. And in front of her, 300 yards away, is the Cosmos.

BOWMAN

Gallagher! Gallagher!

He doesn't respond.

EXT. COSMOS - CLOSE ON HIM

Because he's unconscious or dead. His head lolls there.

INT. ARES - MEV DECK

There's no time left for subtlety. Bowman yanks a device off the wall. It looks like a 40mm rifle with a power cable. Points it at him. Triggers it. It's a huge laser pointer. Lights him up. Shouts to the computer.

BOWMAN

Hard Dock!

The ship pauses, like it's thinking. And refuses.

ANNUNCIATOR (V.O.)

Object out of range.
Emergency braking will
commence in seven seconds.

Ares turns off the pointer. Kate throws it angrily aside. There's a linear acceleration track on the side of the wall with a line thrower attached. She clips in. Grabs something the size of a medicine ball with seventy nozzles sticking out of it in her free hand. And shouts -

BOWMAN

Last acquisition. Line
release. Full velocity.

And it does. The linear accelerator wrenches her violently along the track and hurls her into space. REEL and a line behind her WHIR.

It's like the world's largest angler has cast her into the void.

EXT. ORBIT - DAY

Tumbling, she half-regains her bearing, holds out the mini-thrust ball. Shouts something at it. FIRES. Drags her by the arm towards Cosmos. She hits it. Twisting, flailing, way too hard. Half knocks herself out. Recovers, clips in with the tether on her suit. Gallagher is completely insensate. She shouts something in the silence we can't hear. The reel in the ship starts to spin. So damn fast it's smoking.

The Cosmos is reeled in, oscillating wildly at the end of the line. The Ares, giant by comparison, is about to swallow up the tiny SRM and its two passengers. At 45 mph.

INT./EXT. ARES - MEV DECK

Dock comes careening at them. They're both going to be squashed like bugs. Bowman slashes loose the line. And fires everything left in the portable thrust engine at once. Blue plasma flares. Her arm is wrenched wildly, pulled from its socket. But...

The Cosmos spins 180 degrees as they plunge through the opening of the port into the Ares. They're on the lee side as the Cosmos hits the far side of the dock like a freight train.

BOWMAN

Seal! Emergency atmosphere.

Now!

The DOCKING DOORS SLAM SHUT. The room is buffeted in white mist. She grabs an emergency cutting tool, hooks it into the front of Gallagher's suit. Rips it open from stem to stern. He's limp, unresponsive.

BOWMAN

No. Not after all that,
dammit. No.

She checks, he has no pulse.

BOWMAN

Dammit, no!

A first aid station is bolted into the wall. She grabs him by the shirtfront, launches them over there. Takes out a pair of pre-gummed HEART PADDLES, slaps them onto his chest and FIRES them.

Gallagher is thrown entirely across the room by the current. Slams into the far wall. Opens his eyes. Starts to breathe.

GALLAGHER

Hey, I knew you wouldn't
leave without me.

(beat)

You promised.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

They're all stunned. And freaked. They've got a serious problem now.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

Mission Control. This is Ares. Recovered ground crew. Request recalc and reconfiguration for return flight. Orbit is stable but diminished.

The scientists have been figuring madly. And they don't like what they're coming up with.

LOWENTHAL

We can get 'em back. Slowly. Fifty extra days. And we're not going to be able to support food and air for two people.

Russert nods. Motions to Skavlem.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Bowman and Gallagher listen as -

SKAVLEM (V.O.)

...that travel has been increased by approximate two months. Concern is that available life support is untenable for duration and current crew strength.

Gallagher's unimpressed. Worms tried to eat him, robots tried to kill him and they're worried about this? Feh.

GALLAGHER

Scientists. Scientists sent us here. Scientists figured the whole thing out with Mars. I hate to bring this up, but they got us into this whole mess in the first place. Hell, they shouldn't be allowed to drive 'cause they miss the turnoff as they consider the ramifications of the internal combustion engine.

He picks up the mike.

GALLAGHER

Hey, guys. How 'bout we come about halfway home and you send a ship with air and food and stuff to meet us? In the middle. And we don't have to get all the way back. Huh?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Schlissel nods. That'd work. As Russert, Lowenthal and the big guys start to talk this over, Borokovski motions to Schlissel and his new friend the Tech.

BOROKOVSKI

I know where there is a
rocket in Uzbekistan. For
cheap. A friend of mine has
kept it.

INT. ARES - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

OUT the window, Mars drifts by in the view
port. Bowman looks at it kinda sadly.

BOWMAN

So much for saving
humankind and living on
Mars. I guess the worms
took care of that.

GALLAGHER

The worms are not our
enemy. They're our friends.
He's pulled the container out of his pocket.
Unscrews it to show her the little slimy
monsters. She recoils in horror.

BOWMAN

You brought them back? Are
you insane??

GALLAGHER

It's okay, I'm pretty sure
they don't like titanium.

(then)

We're gonna live. On Mars.
Hell, maybe even back on
Earth. Maybe anywhere we
want. And the reason we're
gonna live, is the damn
worms. Yeah, they ate all
the algae, and damn near
everything else, but they
store and excrete oxygen.

She finds this hard to believe. But he
explains.

GALLAGHER

That's why we could
breathe. You should have
seen these suckers burn
when they went up. I had
some time to think about
this. I was in orbit for
six minutes before you
found me. I shoulda been
dead. But the air locked in
the suit was almost pure
O2. 'Cause of the worms. We
didn't just find a new
place to live on, we may
have saved our old one.
Toxic waste, they'll eat
it. Poisonous landfills,
they'll eat it.

She's still trying to absorb all this. It's
been a long couple of days.

GALLAGHER

God's got a sense of humor.
He's giving us another
chance. If we can all get
along this time. Burchenal
knew somewhere that it
wasn't the science, it was
about having something to
believe in. Bud always
knew. Wonders of the deep.
We just had to go to Mars
to remind ourselves of what
we should have been able to
see back on Earth. It's not
all about us. We can't kill
everything and survive.

Bowman looks back at Mars. Astounded.
Believes.

BOWMAN

You wanna tell them back on
Earth the species is saved
and we're gonna live?

GALLAGHER

How should I know, I'm the
janitor.

(then)

Look, Commander...I just
fought off half a million
screaming nematodes, and a
killer robot and glued
myself onto a rocket to get
offa Mars, and I was
wondering...

BOWMAN

If you could kiss me?

GALLAGHER

Yeah.

BOWMAN

Yeah.

He does. She kisses him back. They continue
for a long damn time. Finally, they break
apart and...

BOWMAN

It's an extra fifty days
back.

GALLAGHER

Gee, wonder what we'll find
to do with ourselves.

As she starts to laugh...

FADE
OUT.

THE END