

(Name of Project)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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EXT. SPACE

A white space ship hangs in the empty black field with a teal planet drifting away in the background. The ship looks like a glossy pill with black specks for thrusters and windows.

Chunks of BUSTED SHIPS, DEFUNCT SATELLITES, and GNARLED DEBRIS rush through the foreground.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY.

Comfortably sprawled alone in the bed and half way under the sheets, SPECIALIST KAT POWELL (late 20s) lies naked with her eyes closed. She's talented, persistent, and focused - it drives guys crazy for better or worse.

The full curves of her body outlined beneath the thin cover. Glimpses of her skin peak out through the folds of the sheet. She's smiling. Her black hair is fanned out across the pillows.

The Ship's AI, SHIP - a calm male voice - radios into the captain's room.

SHIP

Captain, you have a message from management.

CAPTAIN BEN DRAKE grunts from off screen.

KAT

Let's quit.

DRAKE (O.S.)

Oh yeah?

KAT

Yeah.

She rolls over and stretches.

KAT

We'd find something new.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Drake stands at the sink in his underwear. He's in his mid 30s with a soft stomach and distinct five o'clock shadow that are signs of contentment with his easy gig.

Leaning on his elbows, he holds a tiny ring box in his hand. He tries to hide his anxiety under a playful response.

DRAKE

I dunno. Corporate sucks, but the money is pretty good.

KAT (O.S.)

The money isn't bad; but, when was the last time they actually let you be a captain? Be decisive?

The statement jabs him.

DRAKE

Just a few more jobs, and then I'll think about quitting.

KAT (O.S.)

Are you coming back, or what?

He opens the box. It's a silver ring.

DRAKE

Yeah, just give me a sec.

She playfully calls out to him from the bedroom.

KAT (O.S.)

What are you doing in there?

Deep in thought, he opens and closes the box a few times.

The intercom buzzes a page throughout the ship. Its the crew doctor RACHEL GALVIN.

RACHEL (FILTERED)

Paging specialist Kat Powell. I need you at the med bay, now.

Drake hears Kat ruffle off the bed.

KAT (O.S.)

Oh, shit.

He's knocked out of his trance. He closes the box and sets it on the sink.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Kat slips on her sweat pants and hurdles into a shirt. She's half way out the door and doesn't look back.

KAT

Catch you later?

DRAKE

Yeah.

She glances back, blows him a kiss, and mouths "I love you". Like a whirlwind, she's gone and he's missed his chance.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Two walls displays instruments, meters, data, etc. taper into a V at the pilot's seat. There's a mess of information on the screens.

Drake flicks through the touch screen controls at the back of the V. His concentration lies on the stars outside the viewing window. He's really easy going for a guy in charge. He can't help it that he sees the crew as friends, not subordinates.

The screens fade to black and white text blinks across them: URGENT MESSAGE FROM CORPORATE MISSION COMMAND.

DRAKE

Answer call.

The screens fade in to DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS AYERS - a terse greying man in a sharp suit - sitting taught in front of the massive windows in his corner office.

AYERS

Mission's over, Drake.

DRAKE

But -

AYERS

Turns out Ceres can be terra-formed thousands of times faster than anyone had imagined. We don't know who else knows this but we have to get down there and lay claim.

DRAKE

We're not even half way done with -

AYERS

You'll have plenty of supplies arriving ahead of you at the surface. God only knows who else is going to be there. You've got twenty days.