

RE-ENTRY

by

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Nostromo Pictures
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OVER BLACK:

FAST, PANICKED BREATHING

as if inside a helmet-- as if hyperventilating until...

TOM (V.O.)

Houston, we are preparing for re-
entry-- Equipment failure in
the...

(static)

Repeat: systems failure...

(static)

Request permission to begin re-
entry procedure... over...

More STATIC until we...

SLAM IN:

ON TOM'S HELMET VISOR

as his wide eyes reflect the SHUTTLE DASHBOARD before
him-- dozens of blinking lights FLASHING in unison with
WARNING SIRENS-- a cacophony of chaos as...

HOUSTON (V.O.)

Negative, Captain. Re-entry not
advised-- Proceed with orbit until
re-approach... over...

Pull back to REVEAL we are...

INT. RE-ENTRY CAPSULE (MOVING)-- DAY

TOM HARPER (32) strangles the controls with GLOVED HANDS--
body attached & buckled to his seat by a SPACESUIT--
turning slightly to his right where...

JESSICA (30) adjusts monitors on the dash-- his co-pilot
in this and all endeavors-- her beauty undiminished
through the glare of her VISOR as...

JESSICA

Tom, we have to slow down--

TOM (INTO HEADSET)

We won't make another orbit-- we
can't re-approach...

HOUSTON (V.O.)
 Re-entry not advised, Captain. I
 repeat: permission not granted. Do
 not attempt re-entry approach--

TOM
 (to Jessica)
 Prepare for re-entry...
 (into headset)
 Houston, be advised: the Intrepid
 is executing re-entry procedures.
 We're leaking fuel and we've lost
 five men already-- I won't be
 responsible for another... over
 and out...

Tom switches OFF their communication module, turns to
 Jess:

TOM
 We're gonna make it...

Jessica reaches for Tom's gloved hand-- grasping it tight.

JESSICA
 See you on the other side,
 partner.

They release their grip-- turning to their duties-- ship
 SHAKING as it skims the surface of our atmosphere and--

EXT. RE-ENTRY CAPSULE-- DAY

The triangular, aerodynamic POD blasts toward Earth
 below-- burning RED-HOT-- panels peeling off its exterior
 like wilting flower pedals as--

INT. RE-ENTRY CAPSULE (MOVING)-- DAY

Tom white-knuckles the steering column-- both he and Jess
 shaking furiously and--

JESSICA (O.S.)
 --too much turbulence, Tom...
 we're coming in too hot... use the
 boosters... Tom?... TOM!

Fear in his eyes, Tom switches their comms back ON and:

TOM
 (into headset)
 Houston, our drogue chutes and
 main chutes have failed-- I
 repeat: drogue chutes and main
 chutes have failed to deploy...
 send a rescue team to our
 coordinates...
 (to Jessica)
 Jess, get ready to-- Brace for
 impact...

They reach for one another again, holding gloved hands
 until...

CRAAAAAAASH! as they SLAM into...

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN-- DAY

AN UPHEAVAL OF SALT WATER as the capsule BLASTS the
 surface at more than 4,000 MPH-- creating an instant
 meteoric crater that re-closes itself like the maw of a
 monster and--

INT. RE-ENTRY CAPSULE (SINKING)-- UNDERWATER

Tom & Jess are consumed by water-- FLAKED exterior of the
 capsule allowing a breach of the hull and--

TOM'S POV

as his visor protects him from drowning-- momentarily
 knocked unconscious by the impact-- startling him AWAKE--
 overcome with panicked breaths once more as--

Tom unbuckles his safety harness-- moving to Jess-- her
 VISOR CRACKED-- water SEEPING into her helmet--

TOM
 Jess, wake up-- C'mon, Jess, you
 hear me? Wake up! WAKE UP!

He removes her helmet as she comes to-- face BLOODIED--
 noticing the RISING WATER--

JESSICA
 ...Tom?

Tom peels off his helmet too-- grasping at her HARNESS--
 unable to shake it loose as--

TOM

You're okay, baby-- Gonna get you
outta--

JESSICA

Tom, I can't-- It won't open, my
harness won't open-- Damnit, it
won't...

Tom struggles harder-- tearing at the buckle with
everything he has but it just won't budge-- OCEAN WATER
continuing to seep inside the capsule-- SUNLIGHT from the
surface dimming further and further until...

TOM

Fucking thing...

Tom breathes deep, meets Jessica's trembling eyes

JESSICA

...go... Tom, please...

Tom meets her eyes-- unsettled by the suggestion...

TOM

I'm not leaving you. If we go
down, we go down together.

Jessica thinks-- knows he won't do it himself-- spots the
RIP-CORD for his PARACHUTE PACK-- pulls him in for a
kiss-- part passion, part distraction-- then a whisper:

JESSICA

I love you, Tom Harper...

She tears at his rip-cord like she's starting a lawn
mower-- his PARACHUTE explodes from his pack-- cupping the
remaining oxygen in the cabin within its fabric and...

EXT. RE-ENTRY CAPSULE (SINKING)-- UNDERWATER

Tom's PARACHUTE darts through the breached hull-- AIMING
for the surface but...

INT. RE-ENTRY CAPSULE (SINKING)-- UNDERWATER

Tom GRIPS Jessica's seat-- attempting to resist as--

TOM

Jess, no-- I won't leave y--

He finds a UTILITY KNIFE-- reaching behind him to cut the cords from his pack but--

JESSICA
It's okay, just let go... Let
go...

Jessica peels Tom's FINGERS from her seat and, in an instant:

EXT. RE-ENTRY CAPSULE (SINKING)-- UNDERWATER

Tom is DRAGGED out of the sinking capsule-- toward the surface above-- little SUNLIGHT that is left illuminating Tom as he tries to swim downward but it's no use...

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN-- MOMENTS LATER

Tom SURFACES-- gasping for breath-- parachute floating beside him like bleeding oil...

Off Tom-- all alone, now, in every way...

CUT TO:

EXT. CUBA-- DAY

CAMERA SOARS over the BEACHES of Havana-- past SWIMMERS and sun-scorched BEACH GOERS until...

SUPER: HAVANA, CUBA - FIVE YEARS LATER

EXT. MUSIC FESTIVAL-- DAY

A MAIN STREET choked with locals and tourists. Loud. Bustling. CONCERT-GOERS parade past toward...

A LARGE CONCERT STAGE

where a LOCAL BAND plays Spanish music with authentic flavor and an 8 YEAR-OLD BOY in rags eyes a TRASH CAN across the street.

An AMERICAN TOURIST in short sleeves, cargo shorts and a straw hat, soon approaches.

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes, draws a smoke, lights it and tosses the EMPTY BOX in the trash.

As soon as he walks off, the boy BOLTS up, zigzags around DANCING FANS and dives head first into the garbage.

He fishes out the CIGARETTE PACK and charges down the street.

EXT. OUTDOOR CLUB - DAY

Hundreds of scantily clad PARTY-GOERS dance to Spanish pop-music-- sweat glistening-- through thick clouds of cigarette SMOKE we find:

AN AMERICAN (45) with a days-old beard standing by a bar-- sipping an old-fashioned-- checking his watch...

A soccer game plays on a fuzzy TV-- a group of CUBANS struggling to see around the American's head-- barking in SPANISH: "I can't see a thing!" "Get your head out of the way!" "Move it imbecile!"

American turns his head-- side-eyeing them coldly-- one look shuts them up--

Meet ROBERT BREEN-- the motherfucker you don't mess with. Breen finishes his cocktail when the boy runs up and hands him the cigarette pack-- Breen flipping it over and...

...a MEMORY CARD drops into his palm-- Breen handing the boy a stolen iPhone...

The boy beams.

EXT. MUSIC FESTIVAL - DAY

100 degrees in the shade. VENDORS hawk crafts to sweating PARTIERS passing by-- women sewing necklaces out of jasmine as--

FOUR SUITED MEN arrive-- plowing people aside-- on the hunt-- RUSSIANS-- thick bulges in their jackets...

EXT. OUTDOOR CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Russian #1 storms inside-- scans the bar-- no Breen...

EXT. MUSIC FESTIVAL - MOMENTS LATER

Russian #1 re-joins the team-- shakes his head-- the leader, BRODSKY, looks around-- eyes narrow when he spies a few feet away...

...the boy in rags engrossed in his spanking new iPhone pre-loaded with mind-numbing games-- Brodsky ordering his men to fan out as...

DOWN ANOTHER STREET:

Breen makes his way under intricate tapestries suspended above his head-- one sheet hangs low-- Breen swats it aside.

Russian #1 stares him down-- draws a gun-- Breen slips back under the sheet-- Russian FIRES and--

CHAOS-- panic-- PEOPLE SCATTER-- Breen running into a log jam-- KNOCKING into bodies like a pinball as--

Russian #2 tries to cut Breen off at the end of the street-- bad idea because...

Snake-fast, Breen raises an FN five seven and BLAM!-- as Russian #2 hits the ground, blood spraying from his neck.

Russian #3 sprints up-- hand reaching for his .9mm-- Breen CLOTHESLINES him-- Russian accidentally squeezing the trigger as he falls-- SHOOTING himself in the hip--

Sirens BLARE as POLICE arrive on motorcycles-- people TOPPLE over each other-- racing to escape as--

Breen charges through the marketplace-- Russian #1 still on his ass-- spraying shots and--

Under fire, Breen bombs over tables-- sprints under tapestries-- knocking down WOMEN AND CHILDREN as he barrels through the wood walls of the connecting vendor booths without ever breaking stride until--

A MOTORCYCLE COP thunders up-- Breen LEAPS-- TACKLES him off his bike-- motorcycle skidding wildly-- CRASHING right into the legs of Russian #1-- sending him toppling over as--

Breen shoots the COP in the head and resumes running until...

Brodsky comes out of nowhere and BODY SLAMS Breen through a vendor's kiosk and into a shelf of spices.

Breen palms a handful of freshly ground CINNAMON-- throws it in Brodsky's eyes...

He HOWLS-- blind-- Breen HURLS a punch-- Brodsky deflects. Lands a right-- Breen dazed-- stumbling back-- Brodsky LASHES OUT as--

Breen side-steps and wraps him in a traditional Cuban dress he pulls off another shelf-- BELTS him across the face through the fabric until--

Brodsky is on his back, looking up, teeth missing as Breen levels his gun to finish him off but--

BANG! A bullet kisses Breen's ear-- he looks over-- COPS: firing-- Breen, blood running down his ear and face, takes off.

DOWN ANOTHER STREET:

Police round the corner-- look up and down-- can't find him-- they fan out, but miss...

...a SEWER GRATE as Breen's hand replaces it behind him.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - SAME

Breen makes his way down a tunnel through ankle-deep shit water-- sound of his feet SPLASHING morphs into...

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

...helicopter blades RATCHETING. A chopper CLAMORS over our nation's capital and circles the Pentagon.

SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C. - 19 HOURS LATER

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT CHIEFS OPERATION CENTER - NIGHT

Five stories underground. Tech everywhere. Wall screens display the latest sat-uplink images.

President's crisis management team (including ADMIRAL CHESTER TATUM, COMMANDER MILES BERRYHILL, CIA DIRECTOR PAUL KESSLER, and AIR FORCE CAPTAIN JACOB McAVOY) snap to attention as...

...GENERAL WALTER DREYFUSS enters. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. He GLARES at the group, steel in his eyes as--

DREYFUSS

I have to be at the White House
in an hour...

(sitting)

What do we know?

All but COLONEL ARTHUR PIKE take their seats around a glass table. Pike is no-nonsense. He speaks, you listen. He doesn't speak, you still listen.

COLONEL PIKE

We have it from three independent sources, including British intelligence and our own man inside Star City that the Russians have developed a next-gen space shuttle with military applications...

DREYFUSS

What sort of military applications?

IMAGES on monitors rotate: schematics of the SIBERIAN, sat pics of the testing facility at the Plesetsk Cosmodrome and top secret internal Russian military memos.

COLONEL PIKE

From what we've gathered, the Siberian comes complete with an on-board guidance system, advanced stealth technology, thrust-vectoring maneuverability comparative to the X-31's, AIM-7 SideWinders, Sparrow and ASRAAM missiles and a nuclear payload...

(summarizing)

This isn't a ship you use to explore space, sir. This is a ship you use to weaponize it.

A nervous HUSH: everyone thinking worst case scenario.

In a corner, NATHAN EMBRY leans forward. Retired Marine Corps Major General, former astronaut, and current Administrator of NASA-- his resume is bulletproof.

EMBRY

With a bird like that, they could drop bombs from orbit on any military or civilian target without any warning whatsoever. A warhead could slice right through our early missile defense shield.

(MORE)

EMBRY (cont'd)

Strike anywhere. Kill everything...

(very serious)

This would create a global police state. Charge every step an American citizen takes, every breath they breathe with the tortuous realization that any and every moment might be our last...

(then)

We cannot sit idly by...

DREYFUSS

And what does the CIA have to say about this?

KESSLER

You've seen the same reports I have. Ever since Petrovich seized power, the hardliners have been ruling the roost.

BERRYHILL

We think the recent attacks on the Ukraine and Belarus are just the start of a new campaign to forge another Soviet Union.

Industrial strength tension grips the room as Pike clears his throat--

COLONEL PIKE

Sir, I'd like to remind you of the report you commissioned in June of 2015 which states that warning signs of US vulnerability include a foreign power developing methods and strategies for defeating our military in a high-tech, space-based future war. Unfortunately, this is as much warning as we're likely to get.

DREYFUSS

What do you mean?

COLONEL PIKE

The Siberian is set to launch on the 26th.

TATUM

That's in less than three weeks.

COLONEL PIKE
Eighteen days.

He pushes away from his seat. The room rises.

DREYFUSS
I want options both in and out of
the box. Leave no stone left
unturned...

EXT. NEVADA DESERT-- DAY

F-22 RAPTORS scream across the sky on their way to the
Naval Strike and Air Warfare Center in Fallon, Nevada.

But we're not going with them. Instead we drop down to a
small, desolate AIRPORT a few towns over.

SUPER: AUSTIN, NEVADA

EXT. HANGAR-- LATER

A GOVERNMENT SEDAN drives through an airport tarmac-- NASA
sticker on the windshield-- parking before an open HANGAR
DOOR-- out steps Pike and Embry with an AIDE.

Pike takes one step and Embry places a hand on his
shoulder.

EMBRY
Mind if I take first crack?

Pike eyes the hand on his shoulder until it's off.

PIKE
He's your man. You have three
minutes to play soft ball before I
walk in with my sledgehammer.

He literally starts his wristwatch... 3:00... 2:59... 2:58

PIKE
And Nathan? He doesn't agree to
this, I'm holding you directly
responsible...

INT. HANGAR-- CONTINUOUS

Embry and his Aide enter-- approaching a battered WORLD
WAR II TURBO-PROP PLANE-- a pair of LEGS stick out beneath
it-- grease-streaked and tattered as...

AIDE

Excuse me...

Guy beneath the plane pauses, then reaches into a tool box nearby to retrieve a WRENCH-- goes back to his task as...

AIDE

We're looking for Tom Harper.

GUY BENEATH THE PLANE

He ain't here...

(then)

Leave a message after the beep.

AIDE

If you could just--

GUY BENEATH THE PLANE

Beeeeeeeeeeep.

Aide stumbles over his own words-- Guy LAUGHING, now...

EMBRY

Enough, Tom! You've had your laugh.

(to Aide)

Meet Captain Tom Harper.

Guy rolls out from under the plane-- stands-- Tom now five years removed from the tragedy we witnessed-- a lifetime of sorrow etched in every new wrinkle...

TOM

Nathan, to what do I owe the displeasure?

They lock eyes-- a lotta history between them as...

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - HANGAR-- DAY

LIGHT SLITS through Venetian blinds, encircling Tom like solar prison bars.

Tom sits at his desk across from Embry (also sitting) and the aide (standing and clutching a briefcase).

EMBRY

It's been a long time.

TOM

Not nearly long enough.

EMBRY

Five years. You look good.

TOM

You look surprised.

Embry's eyes take inventory-- NOTE the garbage overflowing with empty whiskey bottles.

EMBRY

Still having those dreams?

TOM

Only when I sleep.

EMBRY

I know what that's like.

TOM

Really? How awful for you. What happens in your nightmares-- The pencils push back?

Embry smirks, slides a NASA folder on the desk between them-- Tom eyeing it with incredulity...

TOM

What's this.

EMBRY

A mission.

TOM

I don't work for you anymore.

EMBRY

Exactly. This isn't for NASA. Officially, this mission doesn't even exist.

TOM

Am I supposed to know what that means?

AIDE

Captain Harper, have you ever signed the National Secrecy Act?

SNAP! SNAP! Aide pops open his briefcase-- withdraws an official red-letter document and a PEN-- hands both to Tom-- waiting as Tom signs the paper and hands it back...

EMBRY

The Russians have developed a top-secret military space shuttle. We're sending in a small crew of astronauts and a Special Ops team to take the ship before liftoff.

Tom just stares at him.

TOM

You're serious?

Embry nods.

TOM

Why steal it? Why not just target the thing with a UAV? Leave nothing but a crater.

EMBRY

And the start of World War III.

TOM

Alright, then sabotage. Send SEALs into the launch site, destroy everything from the orbiter's subsystem CPU to the lining in the parachutes.

AIDE

That only delays the launch, doesn't prevent it.

EMBRY

Mutual assured destruction is the doctrine that's kept the Earth spinning for fifty years. We need to get our hands on this technology to even the playing field.

TOM

I haven't flown in five years. You lose the feel.

EMBRY

We're not asking you to fly it. We already got a left seat.

TOM

Who?

EMBRY
 (ignoring the question)
 Tom, we need a mission specialist.

He shakes his head, sighs heavily.

TOM
 Find someone else.

EMBRY
 Believe me, I wish there was
 someone else.

TOM
 Vickers, Williams, Yamada? Dan
 Leeds not available--

EMBRY
 The Russians didn't steal Dan
 Leeds design-- Or Vickers, or
 Williams, or Yamada's...
 (then)
 The Russians copied your design
 for the Expedition-4.

Embry gives that revelation room to land-- silence until:

TOM
 ...copied how?

EMBRY
 I'm sure they'd call it an
 homage.
 We've obtained blueprints that
 show they've incorporated many of
 the same structural features you
 did on the Intrepid... Which makes
 you the only option.

TOM
 I can't. Go find someone reliable.

Embry meets Tom's eyes-- standing-- motions to his aide to
 follow him out. Before they exit:

EMBRY
 You have 24 hours to get
 reliable.

Tom bristles-- momentarily vulnerable...

EMBRY
 (one last thing)
 It's Matt...
 (MORE)

EMBRY (cont'd)
 (off Tom's confusion)
 Jessica's brother. He's our pilot.

Off that bombshell...

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR-- CONTINUOUS

Pike watches Embry and his Aide emerge without Tom as his wristwatch BEEPS and--

COLONEL PIKE
 I'm noticing we still have no captain...

EMBRY
 He'll come around. He just likes to keep up his tough guy image.

COLONEL PIKE
 Bullshit. My turn.

Pike charges towards the hangar, but Embry calls out--

EMBRY
 You said he's my guy, and you're right! You don't know him, and I'm telling you: You go in there, we lose him. For good.

Pike turns, stares Embry down-- off Pike's aggravated smile:

EMBRY
 My head on the chopping block.

Pike lets out a deep sigh, pushes past him and climbs back into the helicopter. As he does, his voice trails off...

COLONEL PIKE
 Your head on the chopping block.

Embry enters the helicopter, momentarily relieved.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE-- SUNSET

A TWO-STORY FARM HOUSE on 50 acres outside of Austin-- the beginnings of a FENCE started in the distance, some project long abandoned in the wake of trauma.

Tom's F-150 roars down a dirt road, dust kicking until...

INT. TOM'S HOUSE-- SUNSET

Tom enters via a screen door, passes a FOYER with dust outlines on the wall where pictures used to hang.

He passes a COUCH with a dirty pillow and blankets-- his temporary, makeshift bed.

In a fridge, he finds nothing but CONDIMENTS & BEER, pops one open. Been surviving predominantly on a diet of the liquid variety.

He stands at a BACK DOOR overlooking his property, perhaps imagining the life he once thought he'd have here.

After a moment, he moves to a HALL CLOSET and retrieves a stack of TWO DOZEN PHOTOGRAPHS and pushes through a screen door...

EXT. TOM'S PORCH-- CONTINUOUS

where he sits in a ROCKING CHAIR and steels himself, hands still shaking slightly.

He goes through each photo-- all dusty, some shattered:

--Tom & Jessica, happy and drunk at a barbecue.
 --Tom & Embry shaking hands as he's given a medal.
 --Tom, Jessica, and his crew before the Intrepid launch.
 --Tom with Jessica's family at Christmas... MATT present.

He eyes that picture, turns to an adjacent ROCKING CHAIR that is empty yet it rocks with the wind. Speaking to the chair (but mostly himself):

TOM

If you were here, what would you say...

(beat, a sigh)

I think you'd tell me to help Matt, that you don't wanna see your brother by your side for a long time...

(then)

Am I right?

The chair rocks just a bit harder, as if confirming, and the sun finally sets on the horizon.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE-- MORNING

SUNRISE awakens Tom, sleeping on his couch.

UPSTAIRS

Tom passes a MASTER BEDROOM that is preserved like a child's room after tragedy. He moves into his...

BATHROOM

And he begins the process of trimming his hair and beard until his MIRROR STARTS TREMBLING, THEN SHAKING VIOLENTLY as he nicks himself. Tom wipes a smudge of blood from his jaw, focusing on the deep CRIMSON as--

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE-- MORNING

THE SUN BURNS BLOOD RED on the horizon. An Apache passes over the home, landing in a FIELD.

Pike and Embry exit, standing as Pike eyes his wristwatch.

EMBRY

He'll be here.

They wait, doubt registering on Embry's face until...

Tom emerges from the home wearing crisp clothes, clean shaven, and carrying a duffle.

He enters the chopper without saying a word.

Pike and Embry exchange a glance and a NOD.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING-- DAY

OVER RATCHETING BLADES, the men converse via headsets:

PIKE

This is the most confidential conversation you will ever have, Captain Harper.

Takes a moment for Tom to discern the source of the voice.

TOM

And you are?

PIKE

Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Pike,
United States Air Force.

(MORE)

PIKE (cont'd)
 You may be breaching our
 atmosphere and entering
 international space, but make no
 mistake, Captain: you are in my
 command, at all times.

(then, hinting)
 Anything happens up there, you
 will never run away from my reach.

Tom actually grins slightly, then reels it in.

TOM
 Understood. Now, can we get down
 to brass tacks? Exactly what does
 this mission entail?

PIKE (V.O.)
 I'll leave the details for your
 mission commander: Major Breen.
 You'll meet him shortly. Until
 then, here's some homework.

OFF Pike handing Tom a CLASSIFIED DOSSIER...

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

SUPER: New Mexico, Mirage Facility

CHOPPER lands and Tom exits with his recruiters and is
 escorted into base camp as...

EMBRY
 Welcome to Mirage.

TOM
 What's with the name?

PIKE
 Because this place never even
 existed...

Pike brushes past Tom, leading him into...

INT. OPERATIONS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Embry, Pike and Breen (now clean shaven) stand at the head
 of the room, facing the audience which now consists of
 just the trained astronauts on this mission:

COLONEL MATT DAVIS (38) Think Lance Armstrong with a
 serious chip on his shoulder. He'll occasionally sneak an
 icy look at Tom.

Sitting a few seats away, COMMANDER ALEX NORTH (29) Just turned. A real hotshot.

Behind them is Tom, arms crossed. Over his shoulder, notice a BREAK ROOM filled with tatted-up special-ops COMMANDOS.

EMBRY

Average staging time for a mission is nine months but this isn't an average mission. Major Breen is in charge of the clandestine aspect of this particular operation.

Major Breen.

Breen steps forward.

BREEN

The testing facility at the Plesetsk Cosmodrome is secured at all times by Spetsnaz and the FSB. On the day of the launch, we will enter the grounds and incapacitate any security threat. After which we will access the Siberian's launch sequence software and link up with Mission Control in Houston-- they're gonna run the whole show from there. We take the Siberian, we orbit the Earth, and we park it in White Sands, New Mexico under cover of darkness.

ALEX

(hand raised)

Sorry. Incapacitate security threats how?

BREEN

Non-lethal, if possible. If not, so be it...

TOM

(turning to Embry)

What the hell is this-- I thought we were the good guys...

BREEN

Force with force, Captain.

TOM

I didn't sign up for--

BREEN

You don't approve of my methods,
there's the door...

Tom meets eyes with a HARDENED COMMANDO through the break room door.

BREEN

Now, if there's no other
questions. Major...

EMBRY

Thank you. Now, once inside the shuttle, the astronauts will take over. Colonel Davis and Commander North will fly the ship. Mission specialist Harper will advise based on his knowledge of the shuttle's interior design. From what we can gather from the intelligence available, the shuttle has a rotating module which allows for artificial gravity in every area except for the rear airlock on the mid-deck - which is just one example of what distinguishes the Siberian from anything in our fleet. This is as advanced as it gets so I want you all in R&D burning the midnight oil with a fucking welding arc. Any questions?

(no)

Alright. Everyone to the ATC.

Room breaks. Tom looks to where Matt was but only catches his back as he exits the door.

INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Matt is at his locker door, slipping on workout clothes. Taped to the inside of the door are pictures of his wife, Lucy, and son, Tyler.

TOM (O.S.)

Ty's getting big.

Matt's jaw tightens at the sound of Tom's voice.

MATT

(not turning around)
 You know, somewhere in the back
 of my mind, I convinced myself you
 never even existed... That you
 never met my sister... and that
 you never let her die.

TOM

...I'm sorry, Matt. There was
 nothing I could--

He slams the door and turns around.

MATT

Stay the fuck outta my way or
 I'll do exactly what that goddamn
 ocean should've done: make you
 disappear.

He charges past him.

TOM

Matt.

Tom rests his hand on him. Matt KNOCKS it away and SLAMS
 him up against the lockers.

MATT

(a threat)
 When this is over...

He gives him a wilting glare and moves away.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE SIMULATOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Pike peers out the window at Tom in the simulator: a full-
 scale model of the shuttle.

COLONEL PIKE

You sure about him?

NEW ANGLE:

EMBRY

Tom Harper is a fearless test
 pilot, engineer, and the youngest
 member of any astronaut class in
 NASA history.

COLONEL PIKE

(turning around)

Before he washed out. Is it true he tried to off himself after the Intrepid incident?

EMBRY

Have you ever lost men in combat, Colonel?

(he nods)

Imagine having to share a steel tube with their bodies for three days in the cold, dead of space and then when you get home have every investigator, talking head, scientist and skeptic discuss on every TV, newspaper and kitchen table what you did wrong and why they died because of you...

COLONEL PIKE

(no sympathy)

Did they?

EMBRY

Rear thrusters malfunctioned. There was a fire. If Harper & Davis didn't secure the forward hatch, entire shuttle would've been lost.

COLONEL PIKE

Davis. They were engaged. Hell happened upon re-entry?

EMBRY

Fire damage to the chutes prevented any chance for a safe landing.

COLONEL PIKE

Reports show her body was never recovered.

EMBRY

Wreckage drifts at sea.

COLONEL PIKE

So he let her drown-- go down with the ship. Tell me, Doctor: who was the real captain?

EMBRY

Harper was cleared of any--

COLONEL PIKE
He let his entire crew die to save
his own ass.

EMBRY
It's not that simple.

Pike stands, fire in his belly subsiding...

COLONEL PIKE
You better hope not.

EXT. TAIPEI - NIGHT

Establishing. Moonlight dances across the Danshui River.

SUPER: TAIPEI - 8 DAYS UNTIL LAUNCH

INT. THE LANDIS TAIPEI - NIGHT

A posh penthouse suite in the luxurious, five-star hotel where A GORGEOUS MASSEUSE runs her hands all over a man's bare back as he grunts with pleasure.

Door IMPLODES! Hinges SOAR. Wood FLIES. Masseur SCREAMS!

EIGHT ARMED MEN in SKI-MASKS rush inside, flip the man over.

It's THE AMERICAN TOURIST from Cuba.

In a matter of seconds, they've DRAGGED him off the table, bound his hands and feet with duct tape and gagged his mouth.

They zip him inside a duffle bag and CARRY him out.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON - HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON a pair of shoes racing up to a closed door.

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT CHIEFS OPERATION CENTER - DAY

The electronic door buzzes open. An aide rushes inside, out of breath.

AIDE

The Russians just grabbed and bagged one of our assets. They know we know about the Siberian. They're moving up the flight. It's gonna launch in two days!

Dreyfuss grabs a phone.

DREYFUSS

This is General Dreyfuss. Get me Colonel Pike at the Mirage facility.

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

A C-130 HERCULES waits on the tarmac, ready to fly.

SUPER: LAUGHLIN AIR FORCE BASE - 2 DAYS UNTIL LAUNCH

MOMENTS LATER:

C-130 taxis off the runway and shoots off into the sky.

INT. C-130 HERCULES - MAGIC HOUR

Heavy turbulence as we take a scan at the plane's occupants: Matt studying up on his mission book, Alex kissing a CROSS pendant, Tom eyeing the SEVEN COMMANDOS across from them, cleaning their glinting weapons:

VIC WESTERGARD, sharpshooter.

KEITH RAYBURN, chose Army over membership in an L.A. gang.

SCOTT TEMPLE, third generation Marine.

NICKI PRATT, jet-black hair pulled back tight.

HECTOR GOMEZ, tats up and down his log-like arms.

BILL KELSO, off the charts smart and...

CHRIS BECKFORD, the youngest and greenest.

Beckford walks up to Breen, loading his M4A1 Carbine. He stands at attention.

BECKFORD

Major.

If Breen looks up, it's barely a glance. Beckford begins, nervous.

BECKFORD

I just want you to know, while I'm new to the team, I'm fully capable of doing what's asked of me. I know it's an honor just to be here. I wish I could've been under your command in Pyongyang. If I may say so sir, I think the Pentagon's response was completely--

BREEN

(cutting him off)
Lose the ring.

BECKFORD

(confused)
Sir?

BREEN

The wedding ring. Get rid of it. You rub your hand up against something, it's gonna make a sound. You might as well call ahead first.

Embarrassed, Beckford works to slip off his wedding ring.

BREEN

How do you think you're doing so far, Lieutenant?

Beckford looks away, embarrassed.

NEW ANGLE:

Tom, watching this from across the plane, turns to Alex, sitting in a fold down chair next to him.

TOM

What happened in Pyongyang?

Alex leans in closer, whispering:

ALEX

Way I heard it: Breen and his team were doing recon on a North Korean military base. They got caught. Were disavowed. Spent four months in a North Korean prison before Breen orchestrated an escape. Didn't lose a single man in the process. Man's a real hero.

Tom can't deny this. Looks at Breen with newfound respect.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE RUSSIA - NIGHT

The C-130 banks down, flies low.

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT CHIEFS OPERATION CENTER - NIGHT

Dreyfuss and the crisis management team study computer data and maps on the wall monitors.

An ANALYST follows the C-130's flight path on her screen.

ANALYST
General, Special Ops have cleared
Russian airspace.

INT. C-130 HERCULES - NIGHT

The entire team approaches the CARGO BAY of the aircraft, aiding one another in fixing PARACHUTES to their backs.

Breen presses an EARPIECE with a finger, listening:

PILOT (V.O.)
You are clear for jump, Major.
Repeat, jump is a go.

Breen motions to his men.

BREEN
Feel the wind, boys.

One after another, each member of Breen's team leaps into the night sky until it's just the astronauts and Breen left.

MATT
(to Commander North)
You got this. Right behind you.

North dives into darkness, then Matt follows, leaving Breen and Tom alone-- last to jump.

Before Tom leaps, Breen SLAMS him against a wall and briefly turns off his intercom mic:

BREEN
Lemme make this crystal fucking
clear, Harper: I know who you are
and I know what you've done.

(MORE)

BREEN (cont'd)
 You're not a captain. You're a
 burnout...
 You're a fuck-up and a coward. You
 compromise my men and I won't
 hesitate to leave you behind.

With that, Breen is into the wind, leaving Tom behind.

TOM
 (long sigh)
 At least I'm making friends...

WE FOLLOW Tom out the cargo bay and--

EXT. PLESETSK COSMODROME - NIGHT

Former Flight Testing Facility; the compound was
 originally a launch site for intercontinental ballistic
 missiles.

Nothing in the way of bells and whistles, or even paint--
 the military site is all frostbitten concrete and rusted
 steel.

SUPER: PLESETSK COSMODROME - ARKHANGELSK OBLAST, RUSSIA

POV THROUGH A LONG RANGE SCOPE:

Sharpshooters posted on gun towers. Sweeping sentries.
 Barking dogs. Fortified fences.

NEW ANGLE:

Breen surveys the scene. Entire compound screams security.

BREEN
 We have visual on the target.
 Confirm "go" for assault.

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT CHIEFS OPERATION CENTER - SAME

Sat-feeds monitor the testing facility. Dreyfuss gives
 Berryhill an approving nod.

BERRYHILL
 Alpha one, you're confirmed "go"
 for assault, tango, delta, delta,
 zulu.

EXT. PLESETSK COSMODROME - NIGHT

Snow sprinkles, a SENTRY does a sweep, white-knuckles his WASR-3.

IN NIGHT VISION:

a SILENCED SHOT flits through his eye as blood geysers across the snow, body twitching for a few moments. RAYBURN sprints up to a junction box. He freezes the lock with liquid Co2 spray, pops it open and cuts the wires inside.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - SAME

Two GATE GUARDS jump up as all the lights SHUT OFF and the surveillance monitors turn to SNOW.

They quickly grab their guns, duck out of the booth and...

EXT. PLESETSK COSMODROME - CONTINUOUS

...get TAGGED in the chest-- collapse beside their post as--

SPECIAL OPS

EXPLODE out of the surrounding woods, SILENCED-RIFLES in hand and SUB-MACHINE GUNS slung over shoulders. They wear NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, arctic white camo, jump packs, and combat gear. As they flank towards the entrance--

IN NIGHT VISION GREEN:

Breen leads his team into the compound, dispatching guards left and right-- a brutal, efficient killer...

THE ASTRONAUTS

rush up behind the commandos, dodging gunfire, out of their element, but fighting to keep up.

Tom pauses when he catches sight of...

THE SIBERIAN

positioned on the launch pad, bathed in beacon lights.

This is our first real look at the ship so let's take it in cause it's HUGE: like a Skunkworks mashup of a Stealth Bomber, Space Shuttle, and a fucking UFO... Floored:

TOM

Jesus.

MORE GUARDS

appear, taking aim and opening fire. Tom, Matt and Alex take cover.

The commandos fan out, dropping sentries with precision.

WESTERGARD

takes out a sharpshooter-- his body topples off the gun tower and plummets to the ground before getting tangled up in electrical cables.

ATTACK DOGS

race over, barking and flashing fangs. As they LEAP, Temple puts them down.

ON THE LAUNCH TOWER:

AN ELEVATOR DOOR opens wide. Two sentries bomb out, tickling triggers.

PRATT

drops down from a metal plank above their heads and LANDS directly behind them with a loud CLANG!

The guards spin around just in time for her to break both their necks with a single gymnastic maneuver as...

AT A BLAST DOOR BELOW:

Kelso is busy attacking the security access panel. He attaches leads to the wires inside his scanner and starts brute force hacking the security system.

The astronauts rush up, joining the commandos there.

SNIPER SCOPE POV:

Tom in the crosshairs.

A RUSSIAN SHARP SHOOTER

is about to blow his head clean off.

POV FROM ANOTHER SNIPER SCOPE:

The sharpshooter taking aim at Tom.

NEW ANGLE:

Westergard fires two silenced shots from seventy yards away-- sniper keels over, blood pooling from his mouth. He slings his gear over his shoulder and scurries to the--

BLAST DOOR:

As the light switches from red to green. The doors unseal.

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT CHIEFS OPERATION CENTER - SAME

Dreyfuss watches real-time SAT IMAGES of the commandos entering the facility.

ANALYST

Alpha one has breached the
Cosmodrome. Zero casualties
reported.

INT. PLESETSK COSMODROME - NIGHT

A RUSSIAN HEAVY takes two shots to the neck and chest, crashing to the floor as--

NEW ANGLE:

The commandos charge up to a locked door. Tom looks on as Temple takes out a portable tank and hose and starts SPRAYING the door with ACIDIC FOAM.

INT. RUSSIAN CONTROL ROOM - SAME

The metal door DISSOLVES AWAY leaving a gaping hole.

Kelso cuts inside, sits down at a computer terminal and starts typing like a madman.

BREEN

T-minus 30 minutes.

KELSO
(fingers flying)
30 minutes check.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

The launch processing system (LPS) starts to run. Kelso enters a series of codes and initiates the launch sequence software.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

A hub of computer and tracking equipment filled with NASA TECHS (median age: 27), overseen by Embry standing behind them like an orchestra conductor.

SUPER: MISSION CONTROL - N.A.S.A.

EMBRY
Alright controllers, look sharp.
Special Ops are about to bring the
LPS online. I need a go-no-go for
uplink.

Embry turns to his CONTROLLERS, finding:

RACHEL TEEGARDEN at her console. 30. Houston native. Petite stature, but she's an MIT-educated pocket pistol.

She is the CAPSULE COMMUNICATOR (CAPCON): the only person who communicates directly with the space crew.

She turns to the two controllers sitting on either side of her: HOFFMAN (EECOM) and WARSHOWSKY (BOOSTER).

RACHEL
Pucker your assholes, boys.

She begins manically typing CODE and chugging the first can of a four pack of diet Red Bull on her desk.

INT. MISSION CONTROL/RUSSIAN CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Kelso and NASA CyberSec work to interface with each other.

A few keystrokes later and the Siberian's launch sequence program appears on the main monitor in Mission Control in Houston.

TECH
We're up!

INT. RUSSIAN CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Kelso types in some more commands into his console. Text and numbers appear so quickly it's like The Matrix.

The computer asks Kelso if he wants to load another program and he hits RETURN.

An ALARM WAILS as we...

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. RUSSIAN AIR BASE - NIGHT

Two PILOTS race down a dark corridor and onto the tarmac where their MIG 29's are standing by.

MOMENTS LATER:

The MIG's SHOOT OFF into the sky, IGNITING the frame.

INT. COSMONAUT READY ROOM - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights turn on, revealing white and red partial pressure FLIGHT SUITS hanging inside open lockers.

MATT

Be suited up and ready to fly in
ten minutes.

The group scrambles to secure their suits, gloves, boots and helmets.

Gomez hears something on his headset and turns to Breen.

GOMEZ

Russians just scrambled two MIGs.
They'll intercept us in twenty.

BREEN

Pick it up, people! Beckford, the
fuck you doing?

Matt aids Beckford in slipping on his parachute pack.

MATT

Here. You're doing it all wrong...
(leaning in)
Nerves?

Beckford wipes the sweat from his brow, nods.

MATT

Good. This is my seventh mission
and I get nervous every time.
Don't trust a man who doesn't.

Matt zips him up.

MATT

Just relax. You're gonna do fine.

NEW ANGLE:

Tom snaps on his boots, turns to Matt, serious:

TOM

I'm gonna say this once, Matt: I
know we have history and I know
you're not happy that I'm here...

(then)

You blew off some steam, and I
hope it helped because on that
shuttle, I need your head on a
swivel, and I need you to respect
chain of command. Clear?

MATT

Whatever you say... "Captain."

He stomps off. Alex shakes his head, grins:

PRATT

I just hate it when mommy and
daddy fight.

EXT. RUSSIAN SKY - NIGHT

The two MIGS's streak toward the Plesetsk Cosmodrome.

EXT. SHUTTLE CATWALK - NIGHT

The launch tower elevator door slides open. Everyone steps
onto the metal catwalk and hustles towards the Siberian's
orbiter door.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - DAY

Buzzing with activity. Controllers at their stations make
final preparations for launch.

TECH

T-minus six-minutes and counting.

INT. SIBERIAN - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Lights flicker on inside the cockpit, cabin, payload bay, forward airlock, docking port, orbiter and mid-fuselage.

The entire design of the Siberian is sleek and next-generation; massive, cold and mechanical.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - NIGHT

The astronauts and commandos have entered the vertical shuttle and are being strapped in by Tom and Rayburn.

IN THE COCKPIT:

Matt and Alex perform last minute checks for liftoff. The main instrument panel LIGHTS UP like a Christmas tree.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - DAY

Pike watches Embry fire off CHECKLIST PROCEDURES into his headset:

EMBRY
P.P.C, Guidance, Capcon, L.P.S.,
L.R.D,...

TECHS/RACHEL
GO, GO, GO, GO, GO...

LAUNCH CONTROL OFFICER (LC) commences the final countdown.

LC
T-minus 15 seconds.

TECH
Auto ground launch sequencer
commencing.

EXT. SHUTTLE CATWALK - SAME

ORBITER ACCESS ARM retracts-- no longer connecting the access tower and the orbiter side hatch as--

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NASA - SAME

TECH

SRB gimbal profile complete. All three SSME's are at 104-percent thrust. Boost guidance in altitude holding.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Everyone braces for liftoff-- strapped in and ready...

MATT

Close and lock your visors.

PRELAP SFX: CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

EXT. LAUNCH TOWER - SAME

Not the sound of visors snapping shut, but rather GUNFIRE ricocheting off the shuttle's aluminum skin!

The MIG's SCREAM up, pummeling the Siberian with a HAIL OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom whips his head away from the small window and--

TOM

Hit the thrusters!

MATT

We don't have main engine start!

EXT. LAUNCH TOWER - SAME

MIG's ROAR PAST the shuttle, cannons BLAZING.

Hundreds of sparks DEFLECT off the launch tower before the MIG's WHIP around for another pass, lightning-fast.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tensions are rising-- everyone at each other's throats:

RAYBURN

They're coming back around!

GOMEZ

We're sitting ducks, let's fucking
move!

TOM

(to Matt)

Start the thrusters now or we
die!

LC (V.O.)

7, 6...

Matt hits the THRUSTER SWITCH.

LC (V.O.)

Ignition sequence begin. 5, 4...

EXT. SIBERIAN - SAME

FIRE SPARKS shoot out of the shuttle's thrusters as--

INT. MIG COCKPIT - SAME

Pilot switches from guns to missiles and--

MIG PILOT

(in Russian)

MIG One, locking on.

EXT. PLESETSK COSMODROME - SAME

Ground TREMBLES as the Siberian LAUNCHES, lighting up the
sky.

LC (V.O.)

2, 1... and LIFT OFF!

MIGs FIRE their missiles at the shuttle but...

...they pick up the massive heat signatures of THRUSTERS
FIRING as--

Missiles swerve away from the shuttle's body-- diverted
into the firing thrusters-- EXPLODING at the base of the
tower...

INT. MIG COCKPITS - SAME

Pilots SCREAM-- attempt to pull up but a MASSIVE FIREBALL
engulfs their windshield and SWALLOWS their planes as--

EXT. PLESETSK COSMODROME - SAME

MIGs EXPLODE in the shuttle's wake: A HUGE INFERNO of smoke, fire, and charred metal and--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt and Alex flip switches, check gauges.

MATT

Instituting roll maneuver. We have S.R.B. sep, over.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NASA - SAME

Rachel speaks into her headset:

RACHEL

Roger. You are a 'go' for ET separation.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt hits a switch. There's a THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION as...

EXT. SIBERIAN - SAME

...the rocket boosters IGNITE, BLASTING the Siberian into SUPER-SONIC speed.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

The shuttle goes from 0 to Mach 1-- Tom and the commandos gripping their seats in the rear cabin as--

MATT

S.R.B.s jettisoned.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

RACHEL

Roger, Siberian. You are negative return.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Shaking violently in his seat, Tom looks out of the view port as the BLACKNESS of space rises up and fills the window.

MATT

Houston, do we have a go for orbit OPS?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

RACHEL

Roger. You are go for OPS. Solid work up there.

MATT (V.O.)

Much obliged, Houston.

Rachel reaches for her Redbull but stops as every monitor goes BLACK at the exact same moment.

There's instant panic. Techs SCREAMING over each other, scrambling to find out what just happened.

Embry looks up from a computer spreadsheet, thrown. Rachel's head whips around, confused as...

ON THE TECHNICIANS' CONSOLES:

...the Siberian's computerized system monitors GO DEAD.

EMBRY

What just happened?

TECH

We lost everything!

COLONEL PIKE

What do you mean "everything"?

TECH

I mean we're totally dark. Sat-images, orbiter uplink, everything!

EMBRY

What about the shuttle?

TECH #2

I'm locked out. LPS, GPC: I can't access any of it!

Embry, rapidly unraveling--

EMBRY
What the holy hell is going on!

EXT. SPACE

Siberian flies high above the THIN BLUE CRESCENT of the Earth's atmosphere.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Everyone removes their helmets-- watching as they float away before they unbuckle and push off from their seats.

Beckford floats over to the view port and peers out at the shrinking blue dot that is Earth.

EXT. SIBERIAN - SAME

Beckford is visible through the window-- staring out in wonder-- a beautiful, serene moment until...

... HIS HEAD EXPLODES-- BLOOD AND BITS OF BRAIN SMEAR THE WINDOW!

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Beckford's body keels over, revealing Westergard behind him, holding a SILENCED GLOCK 18C.

His corpse FLOATS in mid-air; blood flowing from the hole in his head-- drifting around him in GLOBULES as--

Tom, Matt and Alex SPIN to find they've just been double-crossed-- the only ones who didn't see this coming.

ALEX
Jesus fuck!

With GUNS trained on the astronauts...

RAYBURN
Stay put now.

Matt LUNGES. Temple PISTOL-WHIPS him across the mouth.

TEMPLE
Back off!

TOM
What the fu--

Gomez sticks a gun between his eyes. Tom stops short.

GOMEZ
What is it, Major Tom? Ground
control not picking up?

Tom eyes Gomez as he smirks at his own terrible joke and--

BREEN (O.S.)
Enough!

Breen pushes Beckford's dead body aside. It drifts away.

BREEN
Take a breath. I need everyone
capable.
(to Alex)
Pick him up.

Alex helps a bleeding Matt to his feet as Tom speaks up:

TOM
What the hell is this?

BREEN
I'm modifying our mission plan.
Simplifying it, really. You have
one objective: listen and obey.
You follow that order, you live...
You don't... well...

Breen taps his SILENCER on his hip-- implication clear...

BREEN
Are we on the same page,
gentlemen...?
(silence)
Good. We need to revise our re-
entry sequence. We're moving to an
alternate landing site.

ALEX
We can't just amend our mission--

Breen quickly places his silencer to Alex's temple.

BREEN
Set new coordinates, now.

Alex begrudgingly does so, DELETES their prior target.

BREEN
39.0392° North, 125.7625° East.

TOM
Is that-- That's Pyongyang...

MATT
North Korea? Are you outta your
fucking mind--

BREEN
We land the Siberian there and
you'll all survive.
(pointed, to Tom)
We don't and you three will become
another American space tragedy...

MATT
You think we wouldn't sacrifice
our lives for our country, you
really are out of your mind...

BREEN
I'm sure your sense of patriotism
is strong, Colonel. But what about
your wife, Michelle? What about
your son, Tyler? Your mother,
Eloise?
(then)
Are they patriots? Are they
willing to sacrifice for the
greater good?
(very serious)
Because that is what you're asking
them to do if you don't land this
fucking ship in North Korean
territory by tomorrow morning.

A chill runs down Matt's spine. Breen turns to Alex.

BREEN
Natalie is a pretty one. Prime
cut. Grade-A beef. A real catch.
One of my men will surely have
fun with her. Perhaps I'll even
order him to play husband with
the diamond engagement ring you've
hidden in your couch cushions.
Imagine the anguish when she
realizes you'll never see one
another again...
(MORE)

BREEN (cont'd)

(then)

Unless there's an afterlife, of course. But who wants to bank on that...?

Color drains from Alex's face... Tom's turn.

BREEN

And you. Well...

(beat)

...I'm sure there's a bartender somewhere, in some stinking shithole, who will raise a glass in your honor. "Three cheers for the pilot who was responsible for two national tragedies..." I mean, really...

(to them all)

Cooperation ensures survival, gentlemen. Don't let your loved ones end up like Beckford, here...

Astronauts stare as Beckford's lifeless corpse drift past.

BREEN

Asses in seats, gentlemen. Start re-entry procedures-- now.

Rayburn and Pratt usher Matt and Alex back into the cockpit.

BREEN

What're you waiting for, Colonel?

MATT

I don't answer to you. Tom?

(silence)

Captain...

A moment as Tom realizes Matt is asking for his leadership.

TOM

Do it...

Matt begrudgingly begins his re-entry procedure. To Breen:

TOM

What about NASA-- the Pentagon?

BREEN

What about them?

TOM

You don't think they're gonna do everything in their power to stop you?

Breen grins like a Cheshire cat...

BREEN

I'm sure they will... But first, they'll have to find the power switch...

CUT TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NASA - DAY

Where everyone is racing every which way, in full crisis mode, camera following in a 180° turn.

Embry storms over to DANIEL DRUCKER, an overweight tech with a scruffy beard and Coke-bottle glasses, trying to hack back into his system.

EMBRY

Where we at?

DRUCKER

Same as when you asked me a minute ago.

EMBRY

I want our eyes and ears back!

DRUCKER

I'm working on it. This virus has completely shut me out. Whoever did this is a fucking tech-genius.

EMBRY

And we're NASA! Just fix it!

COLONEL PIKE (O.S.)

Embry!

NEW ANGLE:

Pike waves Embry over to a quiet corner of the control room.

NEW ANGLE:

Rachel watches Embry join him.

WARSHOWSKY
We are so screwed.

Rachel tries to listen in on Pike and Embry, talking urgently.

BACK TO SCENE:

COLONEL PIKE
I just got off with the Pentagon.
They have questions and I'm
running out of answers.

EMBRY
Tell them we're working on it.
"Our best men" and so forth...

COLONEL PIKE
What is the problem?

EMBRY
The second we initiated the launch
sequence software, a virus was
uploaded into our mainframe. It
completely paralyzed us. We've got
our best people trying to override
it but it's gonna take some time
to crack.

COLONEL PIKE
And the op?

Embry's silent.

COLONEL PIKE
How bad is it?

Off Embry, unable or unwilling to respond to that...

CUT TO:

BECKFORD'S BODY

FLOATING in zero gravity-- surrounded by globules of
blood-- a testament to "how bad" it really is up here...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN

Kelso sits at a console, flipping switches.

KELSO
Artificial gravity: initiated.

Shuttle PRESSURIZES-- Beckford's body SMACKS the floor as blood globules splatter the deck.

Tom looks away, sick.

WIDER:

Matt and Alex are back in their seats in the cockpit with Breen while Tom stands in the rear-cabin, surrounded by the rest of the commandos.

BREEN
How much time?

MATT
We'll be over head in fifteen minutes.

Breen nods and heads into the cabin, passing:

TOM
I can't believe you're gonna do it.

BREEN
(not looking back)
Do what?

TOM
I can't believe you're just gonna give the world's most advanced weapon to Kim Jong-un.

BREEN
I'm not in the business of giving, Harper. I'm a salesman.

TOM
This is about money...?

BREEN
You poor, naive little man...
(leaning in)
... everything is about money.

TOM
You are certi-fucking-fiable.

In a flash, Pratt has KICKED Tom's legs out from under him and HAMMERED her boot in his back.

CLICK! A Heckler & Koch UMP is aimed at his spine.

PRATT
You really like talking out of
your ass, don't you?

TOM
Doesn't make me wrong.

Pratt TWISTS her foot. Tom winces.

TOM
This is treason.

PRATT
This is business...

NEW ANGLE:

Matt makes a move to turn around. Westergard levels a gun at Alex's head.

WESTERGARD
Move an inch and his head
disappears.

Matt stops himself.

Breen walks over to Tom. Bends down beside him. Grim.

BREEN
Wasn't it just as treasonous for
the Pentagon to leave us to die
an undeserving death in North
Korea?

TOM
Doesn't seem so undeserving now.

BREEN
What would you know, Harper? You
let five astronauts die so you
could save yourself. Who are you
to judge us? You're a cautionary
tale. You're a goddamn burnout.

Tom fumes.

KELSO (O.S.)
Coming up on the re-entry window.

Breen nods for Pratt to let him go and moves away. Pratt releases Tom. YANKS him to his feet, then just as quickly pushes him onto his ass.

GOMEZ

Major.

Breen looks back.

GOMEZ

Can we do something about this?

He's referring to Beckford's corpse, still spewing blood and brains onto the floor.

BREEN

What do you propose?

GOMEZ

Push him out an airlock.

BREEN

(to Tom)

Show him the way out...

(to Gomez)

If he gives you trouble, he can keep Beckford company on his voyage into the final frontier.

Gomez aims his TEC-9 at Tom.

GOMEZ

You heard the man. Move.

BREEN

Wait.

Gomez and Tom pause.

BREEN

Give me his headset...

(re Matt and Alex)

Theirs too.

Breen takes the astronauts' HEADSETS... breaks them.

BREEN

Communication is overrated.

Breen GRINS as Gomez pulls Tom to his feet, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

We spin around the shuttle, past the hostage situation in the orbiter and...

...PUSH IN through a viewing port to enter...

INT. MID-DECK - SIBERIAN - CONTINUOUS

Where Tom lugs Beckford down the tight-spaced module. Gomez trails him, gun trained.

TOM

So what did you have to go and kill Beckford for anyway?

GOMEZ

Cause he wasn't one of us.

TOM

What about Matt and Alex?

GOMEZ

They're not one of us either.

Tom gets it: as soon as they land, they're dead.

A HATCH separates them from the airlock. Tom lets go of Beckford and spins the wheel on the hatch. It slides open.

INT. AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

An interior OPEN/CLOSE BUTTON and two pressurized doors.

Gomez sticks the gun in his face and...

GOMEZ

Put him in.

Tom punches the first button-- first door sliding open-- lays Beckford's body down-- steps back out as--

GOMEZ

Now send him on his way.

Begrudgingly, Tom hits the close button-- door shuts-- hits another switch-- "AIRLOCK OPEN" light blinks-- BUZZER sounds.

Airlock OPENS and Beckford's corpse is SUCKED OUT INTO SPACE.

Gomez CACKLES.

GOMEZ

Holy shit, that was the coolest
fucking thing I've ever seen!

He looks at Tom, wild-eyed.

GOMEZ

Think I'm gonna hafta see it
again.

He cocks the hammer.

GOMEZ

Your turn.

Ohhhhh fuck.

Keeping his gun trained on Tom, Gomez hits the button for
the door-- it slides open and...

GOMEZ

Get inside. Now!

Tom steps inside: a single door separating him from the
vacuum of space.

GOMEZ

Hey, Harper: don't hold your
breath...

He moves to hit the close button, taking his eyes off Tom
for a moment.

Which is all Tom needs to SLAM his hand against the
CONTROL PANEL, Gomez's DOG TAGS float up in the air--
artificial gravity turned off in this room now.

Gomez reaches for the button to close the airlock, but
he's floating above it now-- can't reach it so...

Tom pulls himself out of the airlock, diving through the
air and he RAMS into Gomez and they go FLYING against a
panel. Gomez raises the gun but Tom grabs his wrist.

The two FLOAT AS THEY STRUGGLE ABOVE the ground, trying to
wrestle for control of the pistol.

WHACK! Gomez NAILS Tom in the jaw with the gun. Tom
stumbles but keeps his grip locked.

In zero gravity, the pair go BOUNCING around, trading punches, BANGING into walls, smashing floating debris into each other's faces.

It's a WAR. A close-quarter death match. Gomez: experienced and lethal. Tom: a caged animal lashing out.

Anywhere else, Tom would be easily killed. But in space, in Zero-G, it's a fair fight.

Gomez tries to hold a BUTTON on his headset to call for backup but--

Tom SMACKS the headset from Gomez's head, Gomez momentarily dazed until he raises his GUN and--

Tom SLAMS Gomez's hand against the wall until he loses the gun which goes SPINNING across the module.

Gomez PUSHES up with his feet against the ground and THRUSTS Tom into the ceiling. He SLAMS up against it. Cracks a rib.

Gomez flies down and goes charging for the gun.

Tom sees him going for it, drops back down to the floor and KICKS OFF against the wall like a swimmer. Goes FLYING across the module.

Gomez grabs the gun and spins. But before he can get a shot off...

...Tom CRASHES into him and HURLS him through the open airlock door!

Dazed, Gomez looks up to see Tom crawling out of the airlock.

He reaches out and GRABS Tom's leg. Tom KICKS him in the face and scrambles to get out of the airlock.

Gomez raises his gun just as Tom rises and HITS the close button, SHUTTING the door on him.

BANG! Gomez gets a shot off but the bullet gets deflected by the closing door.

Gomez stares down Tom through the small airlock window and goes white when he realizes the position he's in.

He goes to FIRE another shot but Tom hits the airlock actuator and Gomez is JETTISONED into space: WHOOOOOOSH!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Gomez flies out of the shuttle and into nothingness.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF: Gomez's eyes don't pop out of his head and his face doesn't freeze to stone.

Rather, Gomez stays alive for a few minutes, flailing around, silently screaming while his skin slowly discolors before ultimately dying.

And that's a lot scarier.

INT. AIRLOCK - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom doubles back, finding GOMEZ'S HEADSET, then flying toward the doors, trying to out race...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

...Matt and Alex in the cockpit, getting ready for re-entry.

Strapped in, Breen and the commandos keep watch in the rear cabin.

MATT

Start de-orbit burn countdown.

Alex flips some switches.

ALEX

Deactivating OMS system.

MATT

Bring up APU units 2 and 3.

INT. UTILITY FLOOR - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom drops down a ladder and goes tearing past various crew work areas, cabins and the galley-- back in artificial G.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

The Earth coming up fast in the window, Matt and Alex continue going through their re-entry checklist.

MATT

Go for shuttle turn maneuver.

ALEX
 Roger. Go for shuttle turn
 maneuver.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

The Siberian starts its DESCENT towards Earth.

INT. SERVICE HATCH - SIBERIAN - SECONDS LATER

Tom bombs inside. Looks around. The labels on all the compartments and panels are written in Russian. Tom can't read a word of it.

TOM
 Great. We couldn't steal a Spanish
 spaceship.

He starts flipping open compartments wildly, looking for something.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

The cockpit and cabin begin to bounce around violently as the shuttle enters our atmosphere.

MATT
 Pitching nose up to 35 degrees.

Matt grips the stick.

ALEX
 We're at entry interface.

INT. SERVICE HATCH - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom continues to toss open compartments, then stops, finding...

...THE TWIN PROPELLANT OUTPUT VALVES. Tom grabs one of the hoses, strains and JERKS it free.

On the nearby computer board, a small red light replaces a green light and a nearby gauge starts to RISE.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

A master alarm SOUNDS. Warning lights start BLINKING everywhere.

ALEX
 We got a breach in the propellant
 output valves. Nitrogen levels are
 spiking fast.

MATT
 Shut it down!

Alex hits a switch on the instrument panel. Nothing.

ALEX
 No response!

MATT
 We have to abort.

BREEN
 Remain on course or you die!

MATT
 If we remain on course, we all
 die!

Westergard snaps off his straps, aims his gun at Matt.

WESTERGARD
 Do it!

EXT. SPACE - SAME

Siberian starts heating up in the Earth's atmosphere,
 coming in 75% faster than they should as...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Turbulence like you wouldn't believe. Matt screams over
 the alarms, voice SHAKING because everything else is.

MATT
 You wanna shoot me, go ahead! I'm
 as good as dead anyway. If the
 nitrogen tanks blow-- And they
 will blow... We'll all become ash
 before we hit the upper
 atmosphere...

Matt lets that settle in-- meets Breen's eyes-- a standoff
 until...

BREEN
 (to Westergard)
 Strap in. Strap in, goddamnit!

Westergard and Breen return to their seats as...

MATT
Switch to manual!

Alex hits a switch-- Matt slamming on the rudder pedals-- pulling back on the stick and--

EXT. SPACE - SAME

Afterburners BLAST as the Siberian PULLS UP-- lava colored tiles skimming off as they heat up to 2,000 degrees.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

An OVEN and Matt is the Thanksgiving turkey-- wiping sweat from his brow-- Alex looks at the altimeter.

ALEX
400.000 feet.

Matt fights with the stick, straining:

MATT
Come on, come on.

He TUGS it back and...

EXT. SPACE - SAME

...the Siberian goes ROARING away from the atmosphere at breakneck speed, wings shuddering.

INT. SERVICE HATCH - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom reaches for something to hold onto but the G-Forces THROW him against the wall before he can grab anything.

He HITS a panel, teeth RATTLING around in his head.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

The Siberian BANKS away from the Earth's orbit and climbs up into the stars before, finally... leveling off.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Calm restored. Matt and Alex breathe collective sighs of relief when...

...Breen's hand LOCKS itself around Matt's throat, squeezing his wind-pipe: a ranger choke hold.

Matt SUFFOCATES.

BREEN

What the hell happened?

MATT

(suffocating)

I-- don't know! The propellant--
output valves ruptured!

He indicates a nearby monitor. A graphic on the Siberian shows the breach. Into his HEADSET:

BREEN

Gomez, come in... Gomez, what is
your six? Repeat: Gomez, come in!
(to Rayburn and Pratt)
Aft service hatch. Go.

They rush out. Breen releases Matt. He grabs his throat, SUCKING in air, re-filling his lungs.

BREEN

You better be able to land
without your right seat. Because
if they come back and tell me
you're lying--

He draws his Browning Hi-Power and presses it between Alex's eyes.

BREEN

-- you're gonna have to.

Matt eyes the gun and Alex's terrified face.

CUT TO:

TOM, bruised and battered, his headset repeating:

BREEN (V.O.)

Gomez, you better be dead or
dying. Answer me. Gomez, COME IN!

INT. SERVICE HATCH - SIBERIAN - SECONDS LATER

Blood drips from an gnarly GASH on Tom's forehead-- he wipes it aside-- heads toward the EXIT HATCH as--

A HAILSTORM OF BULLETS rip through the module.

Tom DIVES for cover as Rayburn and Pratt rush inside and--

Bullets WHIZ by Tom as he scrambles behind a STORAGE UNIT.

The commandos advance-- Tom catching sight of an exposed panel-- reaching across-- PULLING OUT a discharge tube.

Rayburn and Pratt near the storage unit just as--

Tom CRANKS an O2 valve-- pure OXYGEN filtering out of the tube and--

Rayburn gets Tom in his cross-hairs-- raises his gun to take a shot but--

Pratt STOPS-- smells the ozone-- SCREAMS out a warning to her partner but it's too late as--

Rayburn takes a shot-- IGNITING the O2-- A FIREBALL engulfing them as Pratt DIVES for safety-- Rayburn left to SCREAM and flail in extreme AGONY until...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

A fire alarm RINGS OUT-- Kelso checking his monitor...

KELSO

We got a fire-- utility floor.

BREEN

(to Temple)

Goddamnit... Go!

Temple sprints out, armed and ready.

INT. SERVICE HATCH - SIBERIAN - SAME

Ship's emergency coolant system KICKS IN-- pressurized carbon dioxide gas FILLS the room as--

Pratt bends down to check on Rayburn, now a crispy corpse.

Tom, barely visible through the dense fog of coolant gas, looks around for escape options and--

He spots a panel above his head-- jumps up-- PRYING it open but before he can climb inside...

... THWHACK! as Pratt EXPLODES from the fog and SWINGS her machine gun into Tom's gut like a baseball bat.

Tom falls-- SLAMMING into a far wall-- Pratt following-- drops her gun-- fists up-- wants this to be personal as--

Tom stands-- squaring off-- throws a PUNCH-- Pratt BLOCKS-- counters with FIST to his jaw-- Tom DAZED as--

Pratt POUNCES-- Tom DODGING her but Pratt YANKS him back, TWISTS him around and PULLS him into a choke hold.

Tom GASPS, turning blue. Pratt TIGHTENS her grip. About to pass out, Tom DRIVES his head back into Pratt's face, SMASHING her nose.

She drops her grip. Tom SPINS around. Sledges a boot into Pratt's gut. She TRIPS over Rayburn's body.

Tom quickly jumps back up to the open the panel. Pratt SCRAMBLING for her gun.

She turns back around and starts SHOOTING but Tom PULLS himself through the ceiling, bullets just missing their mark and--

INT. WIRING CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

Tom squeezes his way through a MASS OF WIRES in a small chute, crawling on his stomach as--

INT. SERVICE HATCH - SIBERIAN - SAME

Pratt thunders over to the panel, sticks her gun through it and pulls the trigger. SPENT SHELLS dropping like hot hail.

INT. WIRING CHUTE - SAME

Tom scurries faster as bullets PING around his body and--

INT. MID-DECK - SIBERIAN - SECONDS LATER

Tom punches out the wiring PANEL-- scrambling out just as MORE BULLETS shoot past-- turning to spot Temple racing toward him-- Tom heading in the opposite direction as--

UP AHEAD:

Another hatch-- closed-- Temple hot on his tail-- Tom ripping the hatch open-- SLIDING through and SLAMMING the hatch closed just as Temple reaches it...

Temple tries to PRY it open-- no dice-- SLAMS his gun against it-- SCREAMING in frustration as...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom backs away from the LOCKED hatch-- exhausted-- out of breath-- scanning the expansive module: at least 100 feet long.

He spots a TINY CAMERA staring down at him.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FEED

of Tom in the fuselage-- playing on a monitor inside as...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen locks eyes with Tom through the monitor. Kelso watches his own screen.

KELSO

The Siberian's computer is compensating for the nitrogen leak with a reserve supply. We're back to prevalent levels.

ELEVATOR DOORS open and Temple returns with Pratt.

TEMPLE

Sonuvabitch locked himself in the mid-fuselage.

BREEN

I can see that.

Kelso's instantly alarmed-- sighs heavily before:

KELSO

If you wanna control the shuttle, you have two options: one is the orbiter...

BREEN

The other...

KELSO

The mid-fuselage. Harper just assumed control of this ship...

Breen CURSES beneath his breath as...

WESTERGARD

What do you mean?

KELSO

I mean everything's there: the fuel cells, auxiliary power units, RCS, OMS, thermal protection...

PRATT

Get to the point-- Can we land with him in there?

KELSO

If Harper doesn't want us to land, we're not gonna land.

WESTERGARD

How do we get him out?

BREEN

Same way you get rid of any rodent... Lay a few traps...

BREEN'S POV:

Tom in the monitor as he takes a wrench to the camera and SMASHES it-- KILLING the feed-- turning it to SNOW...

EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

Grey storm clouds above, the sky rumbles.

DREYFUSS (V.O.)

POTUS just finished a twenty minute conversation with the Kremlin--

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT CHIEFS OPERATION CENTER - SAME

DREYFUSS

-- in which she assured General Petrovich we had nothing to do with the attack on the Plesetsk Cosmodrome... So tell me: Is there any proof to say otherwise?

This to Pike, visible on one of the monitors.

COLONEL PIKE

We covered our tracks thoroughly.

DREYFUSS

So you're saying our president is not a liar...?

COLONEL PIKE

As far as the Russians know, our president is a regular truth-sayer, an Honest Abe-- never told a lie. Might as well wear a top hat and grow a beard--

DREYFUSS

We get it. Job well-done. So much so we don't even know if the operation was successful or not.

INTERCUT:

INT. MIRAGE - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

In an enclosed room overlooking Mission Control (where everyone is still racing around), Pike talks to the Pentagon with Embry standing beside him.

COLONEL PIKE

I'm afraid so, General.

TATUM

What did the Russians say about the Siberian?

DREYFUSS

Exactly what you'd expect. They refuse to acknowledge its existence.

BERRYHILL

Dr. Embry, how close is NASA to re-connecting with the shuttle?

EMBRY

We still don't have complete control of our mainframes yet. Once we do, we hope to establish contact within--

DREYFUSS

I'll say this just once: If this problem persists, you'll be the first to go.

(long sigh, then)

Now fucking fix it!

Dreyfuss shuts off the monitor before Embry can protest.

EXT. SPACE

Siberian orbits, sunlight skipping off its aluminum frame.

TOM (V.O.)

Mayday, mayday, Houston come back, this is the =Siberian, over. Repeat...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom is at the audio terminal, trying to reach NASA but only gets STATIC.

TOM

Mayday, mayday, Houston come back, this is the Siberian, over...

(more static)

Shit!

Tom tosses his headset in frustration-- blood TRICKLING from his forehead-- seen better days...

JUMP CUT:

Tom digs through drawers until he finds the FIRST AID KIT.

JUMP CUT:

Tom takes some gauze and butterfly bandages, applies some betadine and cleans his wounds-- flinching slightly from the pain and...

JUMP CUT:

Tom casually searches the room-- finds a massive STAINLESS STEEL TUBE strapped down to a GURNEY on the other side of the fuselage and...

Curious, he hits a button and the tube opens up to reveal...

...A NUCLEAR DEVICE!

Tom backs up instantly but calms down when he sees it's DE-ACTIVATED. But still: it's a fucking nuclear bomb.

BREEN (V.O.)
Harper...

Tom jumps slightly as Breen's voice booms from the headset.

BREEN (V.O.)
Harper, speak into the mic.

Tom looks at the headset. Debates whether or not to do so.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen grits his teeth-- reeling in his anger as--

BREEN
Answer me, Harper. You can still make it through this alive.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom flips him the bird, refusing to answer.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN

Breen GRINS despite himself-- likes Tom's attitude but...

BREEN
Fine. Don't talk. Just listen. You may feel you have a strategic advantage on me at the moment-- that you control the fuselage and, therefore, you control the shuttle. Those things are true but you do not control the shuttle. I do.

(MORE)

BREEN (cont'd)
 Because I have something as well:
 two nine-millimeters aimed at the
 stomachs of Colonel Matthew M.
 Davis and Commander Alexander G.
 North...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom listens-- color draining from his face as--

BREEN (V.O.)
 If you do not surrender yourself,
 I will shoot one of these poor
 bastards and you will listen as
 he bleeds out-- as he moans and
 cries-- perhaps for mommy, perhaps
 for you...
 (then)
 Remember: I don't need two pilots.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen GRINS again-- this time with morbid excitement...

BREEN
 Fate is a funny thing, isn't it?
 Here you find yourself, once
 again, floating through space with
 another "Astronaut Davis." Last
 time Jessica, this time Matthew...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom FUMES-- if he weren't locked in here, he'd be lunging
 at Breen for even uttering that name...

BREEN (V.O.)
 That was her name, wasn't it? Your
 fiancé...? Tell me: did she scream
 for you when you left her to
 die...? Did she plead for her
 life? Beg you to save her?

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt scowls at Breen-- a common anger between him and Tom.

BREEN

(to Matt and Alex)

I wonder what it's like to know
you're going to die because of a
coward...

(then)

Perhaps Commander North can
describe it for us...

INTERCUT:

Tom's eyes brim with pain.

BREEN

You have five seconds to
surrender, Harper...

Tom finally answers via Gomez's HEADSET:

TOM

You said it yourself: I have
control of the fuselage so I have
control of the shuttle. You try
re-entry without any propulsion.
See how far you get before you're
the Human Torch. No. We're gonna
do this my way, asshole.

Breen can't help but smile.

BREEN

Your way? I think we all know what
your way means, Tom...

(then)

Blast-off in T-minus five...

Westergard and Pratt cock their weapons.

BREEN

Four...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom's eyes widen, trying to decide what to do. He punches
a wall.

TOM

Bullshit. You're bluffing. They're
your insurance policy.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen laughs-- unmoved...

BREEN

And I'm cashing one out. Three...

Matt and Alex share a glance-- scared shitless...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Trying to reason with him:

TOM

Look, Breen-- think this through.

BREEN (V.O.)

Two...

Tom heads over to the hatch-- grips the handle-- shaking with anguish-- wrestling with one of the most painful calls of his life as--

BREEN (V.O.)

One...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt and Alex stare down the barrels of the guns, eyes closing, embracing for impact as...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom STRUGGLES-- about to swing open the hatch when...

BREEN (V.O.)

Blast-off...

BLAMMMM!

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt's face is frozen is SHOCK-- Was he the one who was shot?

...No. Alex SLUMPS into his arm, dead eyes looking up blankly, blood geysering out of his head.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom slumps to his knees-- cradling his head in his hands.

BREEN (V.O.)
There you go, Tom. We did it how
you wanted: "your way."

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

BREEN
Now we're gonna do it mine.

He shuts off the intercom. Alex's body is still writhing around on the ground so Breen POPS him again. Pratt drags the corpse out of the cabin.

INT. PAYLOAD BAY - SIBERIAN

Tom pulls himself together-- not crying any more.
Determined.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIRAGE - NIGHT

SUPER: T-PLUS 3 HOURS

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - NIGHT

Techs are still working non-stop to get their systems up and running again. Embry charges around, barking:

EMBRY
Every problem has a solution. We
need to find it, people!

NEW ANGLE:

Rachel at her console next to Hoffman, both trying to crack the virus. Hoffman cracks one of Rachel's Red Bull's without asking.

RACHEL
(clears throat)
Besides stealing my energy drinks,
have you tried a Lennox Prism?

HOFFMAN
 (frustrated)
 Like two hundred keystrokes ago.

RACHEL
 What about a Red Orchestra trojan?

HOFFMAN
 (snapping)
 Do I tell you how to do your job?
 I know what I'm doing, Rachel.

RACHEL
 Clearly.

Hoffman ignores her, opting to stay focused on his screen.

Rachel eyes the Red Bull on his work space-- surreptitiously takes the pencil she's been chewing on and TIPS the can over-- toppling it onto Hoffman's lap-- spilling its contents all over his pants as--

HOFFMAN
 Jesus!

RACHEL
 I'm so sorry! Let me help.

She reaches for his crotch-- Hoffman, seething:

HOFFMAN
 Stop it. Just... stay here. And don't touch anything.

He storms away-- Rachel jumping into his seat once he's gone-- starts doing it her way-- smiling with optimism as...

CUT TO:

A VIDEO FEED

of Temple waiting outside the fuselage hatch-- gun trained.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN

Tom watches him on the monitor-- racking his brain for what to do next when...

EVERYTHING SHUTS OFF!

Entire module is PLUNGED into darkness-- Tom fishing around in the dark for a repair kit-- finds it-- pulls out A FLASHLIGHT-- switches it on and...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso has the mid-fuselage's environmental controls up on his screen.

BREEN

Now the temperature controls--
freeze him out...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

FREEZING COLD AIR shoots out of the overhead vents with an audible WHOOSH.

Tom rushes over-- blocking the vents with containment bins.

Finds a roll of DUCT TAPE-- starts SEALING the vents but AIR keeps spilling in as...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen SMILES-- leaning over Kelso and...

BREEN

Drop the oxygen levels.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Oxygen is instantly SUCKED out of the hold-- Tom turning up to the vents-- panicked-- shakily scanning the area with his flashlight-- desperately searching for a way to rectify the situation as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen waits anxiously-- Matt eyeing Kelso's computer display-- watching with worry as the OXYGEN LEVELS DROP in the mid-fuselage and--

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom frantically rummages through an open BIN-- his training and experience on display as his VEINS bulge-- eyes WIDE-- chest PULSING-- until finally...

He finds an OXYGEN TANK and MASK-- scrambling to put it on--cranking the valve but...

...it's EMPTY... nothing's in it...

And now Tom is DESPERATE-- tosses the mask aside-- turning BLUE-- vision FADING-- GASPING-- COLLAPSING to his knees-- flashlight drops from his hands-- spinning like a top on the floor-- its BEAM cutting through the DARK to reveal...

...THE ENGINE IGNITION SYSTEM-- Tom sparking with an idea-- calms himself-- summons all the strength he has left-- CRAWLS toward it-- getting weaker by the second as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso watches the oxygen levels hit bottom.

KELSO

That's it. He's done.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

But he's not. Tom pulls himself up and starts twisting the POWER CELL VALVES.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso notices the shuttle's POWER LEVELS lowering as--

KELSO

We're losing thruster power.

BREEN

How?

KELSO

Sonuvabitch cut the power cells...

(then, realizing)

We have to turn the air back on.

But Breen stands firm-- not budging as--

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom COLLAPSES again and rolls onto his back, taking shallow breaths.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso explodes from his seat and up to Breen.

KELSO

Major, we have to turn the O2
back on! Harper's negotiating. We
take his air, he takes our power.

Breen doesn't flinch.

KELSO

Sir, with no thruster power we'll
be dead in space! You have to--

Breen HURLS Kelso against the wall-- a RAGE in his eyes
we've never seen from him-- a man asserting his own
power...

BREEN

I am in charge, here. Not him.
He's a fucking burnout fly-boy
with nothing to lose...

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom's eyes roll up into his head, losing consciousness fast.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen is still in Kelso's face-- immovable-- Kelso staring
back at him-- core rattled-- Breen eyeing the steeply-
dropping power levels as--

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom is finished-- over-- done-- nothing bringing him back
until WHOOOOOOSH! as the oxygen RETURNS-- Tom's eyes
fluttering open-- drawing in a much-needed breath and--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SECONDS LATER

POWER LEVELS on Kelso's monitor level out-- negotiation successful...

KELSO

We're back to normal levels.

Breen is not appeased.

MATT

He would've called your bluff. And died doing it. Might be a burnout but he's a burnout with balls...

Off Breen, we:

CUT TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - NIGHT

Rachel is still at Hoffman's console-- racing to crack the virus-- GRAPHICS on the screen move a mile-a-minute as her fingers flit across the keyboard until...

Numbers on her monitor begin to UNSCRAMBLE.

ON THE MAIN MONITORS:

Images return as NASA's systems come back online.

TECH

Hey, hey, we're up!

Embry and Pike rush over.

TECH #2

Looks like all systems are back!

EMBRY

Every system?

TECH

We're back online...

EMBRY

How-- What did-- Who did...

Embry turns to Rachel-- she's leaning back-- armed crossed behind her head-- very satisfied with herself...

RACHEL
You're welcome.

COLONEL PIKE
Explain...

RACHEL
I jacked some Usenix codes into a
stick module which popped the
firewall, then dropped in a hydra
and fooled the virus into
reversing itself...
(off their stares)
Think of it like this: Instead of
Pacman eating the ghosts-- The
ghosts just ate themselves...

Embry smiles-- more than impressed...

EMBRY
Fantastic work.

Hoffman enters, crotch still wet-- can't believe his eyes.

EMBRY
Contact the shuttle.
(to Rachel)
You've been promoted.

She slides back into her seat at the Capcon desk and slips
on her headset.

EXT. SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

The Siberian continues its orbit.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Siberian, this is Houston, over.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Hearing Rachel's voice, Tom whips his head over to the
audio terminal.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Siberian, this is Houston, over.

Tom slips on his headset.

TOM
Copy Houston, this is Tom Harper,
I hear you.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

CHEERS ABOUND as they finally make contact.

RACHEL

(talking over the jubilee)
Our apologies for the radio
silence. We just got our systems
back online a moment ago. What's
happening up there?

TOM (V.O.)

Breen and his unit hijacked the
ship. They've killed Beckford and
Alex... so far.

The room reacts-- thunderstruck-- somber faces all around.

RACHEL

Wait-- what? Repeat that, Harper.

INTERCUT:

TOM

They took us hostage. I escaped, I
have control of the mid-fuselage
but they have Matt in the
orbiter. They want him to land
the Siberian in Pyongyang.

Pike whips around to his aide.

COLONEL PIKE

Dreyfuss. Phone. Now!

The aide rushes off.

TOM

Look, I don't know how secure this
feed is so we may need to watch
what we say but there are six of
them left.

The controllers exchange panicked hushes, talking over
each other, getting loud. Rachel lowers her headset and
holds up her hands, YELLING:

RACHEL

Shut up! Everyone, quiet!

The room falls silent. She returns to Tom.

RACHEL

You said you have control of the mid-fuselage?

TOM

Yeah, I don't know how long I can hold them off-- How soon can you send up a rescue shuttle?

EMBRY

Tell him we need time to work up some procedures but to hold tight.

RACHEL

We're gonna get you help as fast as we can, Captain, but in the meantime, we need you to stay safe.

Tom sits back-- smirks slightly-- hard to put his finger on it but something about her voice is just... comforting.

TOM

Sounds like a good plan.

RACHEL

I wouldn't get too excited. This is NASA. We really haven't had a good plan since Velcro.

Despite everything, Tom cracks a smile.

TOM

What's your name?

RACHEL

Rachel. Rachel Teegarden.

TOM

Good to meet you, Rachel.

RACHEL

Good to meet you, Tom.

A sudden BEEPING SOUND fills the room.

RACHEL

What's that noise?

Tom looks around. His mouth DROPS when he sees...

...the nuclear device LIT UP and ALIVE! He inhales, terrified.

The readout starts counting down from two minutes.

TOM
That can't be good...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Tom's panicked voice gets broadcast across the room:

TOM (V.O.)
One of the nuclear bombs just
armed itself...

RACHEL
What?

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

TOM
It's counting down.

RACHEL (V.O.)
How?

TOM
By seconds!

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

RACHEL
I mean, how was it armed?

This to:

COLONEL PIKE
It's a fail safe device. The
Russians must have remote
activated it. I need him to tell
us the serial code on the bomb
right now.

RACHEL
Tom, there should be a serial code
written somewhere on the bomb
casing. I need you to get me those
numbers.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

...1:44... 1:43... 1:42...

Tom drops the headset-- rushing over to the bomb-- no numbers visible on its exterior as--

TOM
What numbers-- What fucking...

But wait! He squints. There! At the base, in teeny-tiny printing: a barely visible SERIAL NUMBER.

He charges back over to the radio.

TOM
Alpha, five, five, echo, three,
echo, nine--

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Rachel and Co. listen intently as--

TOM (V.O.)
-- zulu, four, bravo, seven, two.

RACHEL
Confirm: Alpha, five, five, echo,
three, echo, nine, zulu, four,
bravo, seven, two.

EMBRY
Ask him how much time.

RACHEL
How much time?

TOM (V.O.)
Minute-ten.

Hoffman pulls up DESIGNS & SCHEMATICS of the warhead on the main monitor.

HOFFMAN
It's a SS-X-27 TOPOL M missile.
Similar to the Minuteman III, it
was made by the Arzamas-16
nuclear design bureau in 2005 and
carries a 550 kiloton nuclear
warhead--

RACHEL
Save it for Wikipedia. How does
he disarm it?

Hoffman looks at her-- petrified-- unbelieving...

HOFFMAN

He can't.

Rachel reacts. But this isn't the time to lose it.

RACHEL

What do you mean he can't?

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom stares at the ticking TIMER-- anxious as--

...00:54... 00:53... 00:52...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Rachel whips around to Pike.

RACHEL

The Russians: how would they have been able to remote activate the nuke?

COLONEL PIKE

They'd send up a signal from one of their satellite stations in Northern Russia.

RACHEL

And without the signal?

COLONEL PIKE

It's a paper weight.

Embry realizes where Rachel's going with this.

EMBRY

Hoffman, find us a bird over Russia to block the signal-- move it!

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom leans on the nuke-- head low-- mentally preparing for the worst as--

...00:41... 00:40... 00:39...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Hoffman types frantically into his computer. Looking on:

RACHEL
Come on, come on...

ON HOFFMAN'S COMPUTER SCREEN:

An orbit map shows a SATELLITE SYMBOL over Russia.

EXT. MIRAGE - SAME

A huge RADIO TELESCOPE DISH adjusts itself.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

On the other side of the Earth, the thrusters on an AMERICAN SPY SATELLITE fire and the satellite spins on its axis.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom eyes the nuke-- counting down-- close to blowing...

...00:30... 00:29... 00:28...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Rachel and the rest of the controllers look on breathless as Hoffman punches his keyboard, a man possessed.

Rachel eyes the overhead COUNTDOWN CLOCK: 15 seconds left...

RACHEL
Now Hoffman, now!

HOFFMAN
I need another minute.

RACHEL
He doesn't have a minute.

EMBRY
Do it now!

Hoffman hits ENTER.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

The satellite reaches the outer edge of its target zone:
100 miles above the Earth an EAR-PIERCING ELECTRONIC
SIGNAL CUTS THROUGH through deafening silence of space.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

...00:09... 00:08... 00:07

Nuke SHUTS OFF-- readout goes DEAD-- Tom BLINKS-- exhales
shakily-- holy shit...

RACHEL (V.O.)

Tom? Tom!

TOM

Still here.

He stands over the dead warhead-- wipes sweat from his
brow-- relieved...

TOM

Thanks for the assist.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Everyone exhales at the same time. An operator tries to
start a slow-clap, but--

COLONEL PIKE

Can it, dumbfuck! We're still a
button-push away from
thermonuclear holocaust, and in
case you've all forgotten, your
lives and the lives of everyone
you care about are currently in
the hands of the "Intrepid" Tom
Harper.

Sighs and mumbles of agreement from around the room.
Hoffman, kiss-ass that he is nods at Pike-- until his gaze
meets the hellfire emanating from Rachel's eyes. He coughs
and snaps back towards his computer.

COLONEL PIKE

I want solutions, and I want them
by the next time I blink my
fucking eyes.

He looks around, waiting for answers. Nobody volunteers.

COLONEL PIKE

I'm about to blink people! It's about to fucking happen!

HOFFMAN

Sir, the system spine is block-channel controlled and the authentication codes are digitally rotated. Without remote access to the Siberian's local systems, we're completely locked out.

CUT TO:

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN

Breen stands over Kelso's shoulder, glowering at

A MULTI-DIMENSIONAL GRAPHIC

of the Siberian showing each compartment and module in full detail.

Kelso slowly rotates the graphic on his screen, studying it closely, looking for a way into the fuselage.

Breen feels Matt's eyes burning a hole in him.

BREEN

You have something you wanna say?

Matt just GRINS-- proud of his almost-brother-in-law...

MATT

Close call...

Breen turns toward him-- white-knuckling his pistol as--

BREEN

I'm going to enjoy watching you die. Slow. Brutal. Painful...

MATT

You promise?

Westergard smirks despite himself-- guy has balls...

KELSO

Major...

(Breen turning)

Think I found our way in.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBRY'S OFFICE - MIRAGE

Controlled chaos. Embry paces furiously, shouting into his phone.

EMBRY

No, I want you to literally repeat every syllable I just said to POTUS. Yes, all of it!

Rachel pokes her head into the hallway as Embry slams his phone on the receiver.

RACHEL

Sir?

EMBRY

WHAT?

(sees her, softens)

Teegarden. What do you want?

RACHEL

What if I told you there's a possibility the Siberian's systems can be hijacked? From the ground. Right now.

EMBRY

I would ask you to elaborate.

RACHEL

There may be, hypothetically, a worm cluster that could take advantage of the shuttle's core system rootkit vulnerability.

EMBRY

A zero-day exploit?

RACHEL

Technically two zero-day exploits, bundled with a Kido sequence to breach their inner firewalls. Once inside, it could give us complete access to the ship's controls.

EMBRY

Sounds an awful lot like Stuxnet. The fact that somebody on my staff hypothetically managed to steal a cyber weapon that destructive is very concerning to me.

RACHEL

This could save millions of lives.
 (beat)
 And I didn't steal it. I was one of the coders on that project.
 (coughs)
 Which doesn't officially exist.

Off Embry's astonishment...

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

You know the place. Iconic. Ever-lasting...

SUPER: THE WHITE HOUSE - T-PLUS 5 HOURS

NOVACEK (V.O.)

Madame President, we need to review our attack scenarios.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - SAME

Present: Dreyfuss, White House Chief of Staff RICHARD NOVACEK, National Security Advisor CARLTON ADDISON and PRESIDENT KAREN POWELL.

PRESIDENT POWELL

Attack scenarios?

NOVACEK

Yes, ma'am. The United States can not abide that weapon over our heads any longer.

ADDISON

Or in the possession of the "Supreme Leader."

PRESIDENT POWELL

What about the hostages?

NOVACEK

With all due respect Madame President, they're not hostages.

(MORE)

NOVACEK (cont'd)
They're Air Force personnel.
Heroes to be sure but they're not
civilians. This was a highly-
covert black ops mission...

(then)

They knew the risks when they
signed on the dotted line.

PRESIDENT POWELL
Wasn't it that kind of thinking
that got us into this mess in the
first place?

ADDISON
Ma'am, if you're talking about how
we dealt with Major Breen--

PRESIDENT POWELL
I am.

ADDISON
-- then let us deal with Major
Breen.

PRESIDENT POWELL
By killing two more American
astronauts?

NOVACEK
...Yes.

Powell turns to Dreyfuss.

PRESIDENT POWELL
You're awfully quiet, General.

DREYFUSS
Ma'am?

PRESIDENT POWELL
I'd very much like to hear what
you have to say.

Dreyfuss looks at Novacek and Addison, then back to
Powell.

DREYFUSS
Honestly Madame President... I
don't feel there's anything left
to say.

Powell considers her options and the ramifications of
them, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Double doors swing open. Heads turn as Rachel thunders in, leaps into her chair, and opens her desk.

Embry follows.

EMBRY

Alright everybody, rules are simple! If Teergarden tells you to do something, you do it. Any questions?

Zero questions.

Her coworkers watch, confused, as Rachel removes a plastic fishing tackle case from her desk. It's filled with dozens of thumb-drives, all labeled with names.

RACHEL

(digging through)
Radha, Vishnu, Devi, Ganesh,
Subramanya, Shesha...
(found it!)
SHIVA!

She slams the thumb-drive into a USB port. Fingers start flying. She's pulling up exotic system functions, miles of code, windows zipping across the screen.

HOFFMAN

(watching, low)
Holy fuck...

EXT. SPACE

Siberian rolls past us-- serene, quiet, interrupted by--

RACHEL (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)

Tom, can you hear me?

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom jumps to his feet.

TOM

Loud and clear!

RACHEL (V.O.)

I may be able to gain control of the ship, but I need your help. Right now all you can receive is comms data packets from us. I need cluster permissions opened. I think if I can get you this packet, we could theoretically access all system ops from the ground, but I have to modify some code. Can you navigate the console to the onboard access relays?

Tom hunches over the main control console, scrolls through menus. Turns the volume up on his headphones so he can hear Rachel loud and clear. Tries to open SYSTEM_RAMP. He's prompted with: "ENTER PASSCODE".

TOM

I'm locked out. It's prompting me for a passcode.

RACHEL

I can't brute force crack it from down here, so you're going to need to do it manually...
(off Tom's silence)
I'll walk you through it.

TOM

You can do that?

RACHEL

I'm starting to think you've underestimated me.

TOM

I was just thinking the same thing.

INT. UPPER DECK - SIBERIAN - SAME

Pratt and Temple lug a tank to a SMALL HATCH in the floor.

Pratt takes a motorized drill-- unscrews the hatch-- reaches into a storage compartment underneath-- pulling out contents while Temple sprays the inside with ACIDIC FOAM...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Other operators look on, rapt, as Rachel runs through hundreds of pages of code, modifying lines, single characters, at warp speed. She does this while talking to Tom:

RACHEL
There's a wall of panels above the console, you see them? You're looking for STK-000-100.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN

Tom finds the row of square-foot panels. Finds the properly labeled one and begins unscrewing the four knobs securing it.

It opens with a hiss of cold steam. Exposes rows of what appear to be plate-size logic boards connected by hundreds of wires.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Pop panels 003 and 004.

He slides two plates out. A grid of mini-chips on a giant silicone slab.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Remove plates 1 and 2 from both input panels and switch them. You're going to reverse the other eight plates, then I'll walk you through the rest.

Tom, wearing headphones, and focusing on the task at hand, doesn't notice as the ceiling begins BUBBLING and WARPING behind him. ACID slowly eats through the metal.

RACHEL
Lemme know soon as you're done.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Rachel, still speed-coding, sips her diet Red Bull as Embry notices Pike summoning him to a private room...

EMBRY
Back to work, people!

They turn back to their workstations as...

INT. OFFICE - MIRAGE - CONTINUOUS

Pike closes the door behind Embry, somber but confident:

COLONEL PIKE
The decision's been made to fire
on the Siberian.

That lands particularly heavy for Embry. After a moment:

EMBRY
Above our pay grade, I'm guessing.

COLONEL PIKE
From the very top.

Embry takes a heavy breath, then sighs. Admitting:

EMBRY
Probably the right call.

COLONEL PIKE
In a game of chess, you never pass
up a shot at the king. This may be
our only shot...

Embry nods, suppresses an outburst with an aggravated smile.

EMBRY
Alright then.

Before Embry leaves:

COLONEL PIKE
Confidential, Major.
(nodding to war room)
Strictly.

Embry nods, leaves-- Pike never taking his eyes off him
as--

SMASH TO:

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

THE USS PRINCETON, a Ticonderoga-class guided-missile
cruiser, cuts across choppy gray waters.

SUPER: USS PRINCETON - INDIAN OCEAN

INT. USS PRINCETON - BRIDGE - SAME

A CAPTAIN picks up a RED TELEPHONE. Solemnly listens to his orders.

The somber-faced Captain SLAMS the phone onto its receiver.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MID-DECK - SIBERIAN

Tom SLAMS plates back into the panel.

TOM
... looks like I'm finished.

Behind him, the acid has burned a basket ball-sized hole in the ceiling. As it burns, a tactical SNAKE CAM lowers, peering around-- spotting Tom.

RACHEL
All eight plates reversed too?

TOM
Yup. We're back in business...

CUT TO:

INT. USS PRINCETON - OPS ROOM - SAME

The ship's Commander and his First Lieutenant enter, stony-eyed. All personnel watch as they approach a pair of HANDPRINT SCANNERS.

They set their palms, share a stern nod, and simultaneously press two BUTTONS.

A SCREEN READS: "Authorization Accepted."

EXT. USS PRINCETON

The cruiser bobs slightly in the chop.

All is rather calm, until twin SM-3 missiles launch out of the cruiser, rocketing straight for the stratosphere.

INT. MID-FUSELAGE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom notices one PLATE seems to be jammed.

TOM

Hold that, Rachel-- need to
readjust a plate.

He yanks at the last plate, almost has it until... without
warning...

...THE LIGHTS SHUT OFF AGAIN.

Tom's pitched in BLACKNESS-- thrown by the surprise.

TOM

Rachel? Come in, Rachel. Mirage,
you hearing me?

He snaps off his headset, tosses it aside, quickly
switches on his flashlight-- shining the BEAM across the
room-- notices nothing out of the ordinary-- breathing
loudly as--

A NOISE draws his attention to an area across the room--
moving cautiously-- but when he gets there: NOTHING...

ANOTHER SOUND-- Tom spinning around-- flashlight SHINING
on: nothing but equipment... how strange...

He heads over to the POWER CELLS-- his first line of
defense-- approaching as:

THE LIGHTS RETURN! False alarm. Phewwwwww...

TEMPLE (O.S.)

Honey, I'm hommmmmmmme...

Temple CRASHES onto Tom from above-- Tom RAMMING him
backwards against a wall but the commando won't release
and--

Tom FLIPS him over his back-- Temple FLAT-BACKING the
floor as Tom RUSHES for the hatch but...

...Pratt steps in front of him-- SLAMS her gun into his
gut-- Tom CRUMBLING-- wind knocked out of him-- Pratt
aiming her gun-- grinning...

PRATT

Thought you'd put up more of a
fight... What're you-- A
gentleman? "Never hit a lady" or
some shit...?

(then)

Well, lemme alleviate your guilt:
I'm no lady, Harper...

She LEVELS Harper with the butt of her gun as--

PRATT
But you are a pussy.

CUT TO:

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - MOMENTS LATER

Hands over his head, Tom is escorted back to the orbiter by Temple and Pratt-- both guns trained on his him when...

EXT. SPACE - SAME

...the SM-3 missiles ROCKET out of Earth's atmosphere and toward the Siberian--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - CONTINUOUS

Alarms SCREAM-- missiles detected by radar-- a loud BLIP-BLIP-BLIP-BLIP as the monitors flash an alert and--

KELSO
We got two SM-3 missiles incoming!
T-minus 30 seconds!

BREEN
Arm counter-measures.

Westergard looks to Matt.

WESTERGARD
Time to see what this ship can
really do.

Matt worriedly grips the stick while Kelso activates the shuttle's AI guidance assistance systems as--

EXT. SPACE - SAME

The SM-3's scream towards the Siberian which shows off its bleeding-edge tech as CLUSTER MISSILES spill from her bowels-- ATTACKING the incoming SM-3s and MAGNETICALLY ATTACHING to their skin-- it's impressive as hell...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Temple and Pratt arrive with Harper.

BREEN
(grinning)
Just in time for the party.

CREW waits with bated breath as...

MATT
(to Westergard)
We need to utilize evasive
maneuvers-- counter missiles
failed.

BREEN
Have they...?

ON THEIR CONTROL PANEL

as RADAR IMAGES of the missiles begin to slow down.

TOM
What in the hell?

BREEN
Parasite missiles. Cluster-hack
technology. There have been some
upgrades to your design.

Kelso types into a KEYBOARD on the main console at a clip.

BREEN
(to Kelso)
Do you have them?

KELSO
One second--

BREEN
Do we have control?

KELSO
Just one second--

BREEN
Turn them around!

KELSO
Got it! We have control! Just say
the word...

BREEN
(with a grin)
Return fire.

Tom LEAPS for Breen, barking:

TOM
NO! You know how many lives are
on that ship?

BREEN
Enough.

Tom SPINS around and RUSHES Pratt, GRABS her arm and
TWISTS. Pratt opens FIRE.

Bullets rapid-fire WILDLY as Tom pulls her arm directly
at:

TEMPLE

rushing up-- BULLETS riddle his torso-- force propelling
him backward until Tom turns the GUN on--

THE CONSOLE

as BULLETS tear through its wiring, dismantling any chance
to further utilize it before--

Pratt PULLS her arm free-- gun FLYING out of her grip--
going for it as Tom makes a SPLIT-SECOND decision and runs
for it-- escaping back into the ship as...

CUT TO:

THE USS PRINCETON

as the launchers rotate and another THREE MISSILES fire.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NASA - SAME

Rachel RUSHES up to Embry, begging:

RACHEL
You have to tell them to stop
shooting! Those are our men up
there! Your team!

But Embry is silent. He looks to Pike. Folds.

EMBRY
It's not my call.

Rachel looks at him-- narrows her eyes... quietly:

RACHEL
Coward.

Embry bows his head-- the truth hurts...

INT. USS PRINCETON - OPS ROOM- SAME

Royce barks as his Firing Officer activates more ordinance.

CAPTAIN ROYCE
Two more: FIRE!

EXT. SPACE - SECONDS LATER

Two more MISSILES barrel towards the Siberian as...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso works to connect a portable keyboard to the damaged console. Breen stands over him.

BREEN
How bad did he hurt us?

KELSO
Rabbit punch. I just need a
minute. Maybe less.

BREEN
Make it less.

Breen, steel in his eyes, glares at the MONITOR that shows Tom moving through the ship with purpose-- kinda terrifying gaze that makes you wonder how many people saw that with their last breath...

EXT. SPACE - SECONDS LATER

THOSE SM-3 MISSILES turn away from the Siberian, entering earth's atmosphere again, passing back the new INCOMING MISSILES as...

SEVERAL CLUSTER NODES FROM THE INFECTED MISSILES detach and attack them, magnetically attaching, hacking, and turning them back toward their source...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen looks on, stone-faced as the monitors show the missiles entering the Earth's atmosphere.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - SAME

MISSILES cut through the clouds and SLAM STRAIGHT into the Princeton's hull-- A MASSIVE EXPLOSION as the cruiser splinters in half as--

INT/EXT. USS PRINCETON - VARIOUS - SAME

A KLAXON wails-- fire RAGES inside-- BURNING bodies alive-- Sailors LEAP overboard-- fleeing the destruction and--

INT. USS PRINCETON - BRIDGE- SAME

A huge piece of SHRAPNEL tears into Royce, killing him instantly as--

BELOW WATER:

Dismembered bodies join what's left of the Princeton sinking deep into murky depths. A true American tragedy.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt's eyes are glazed over as Kelso GRINS-- to Breen:

KELSO
You just sunk my Battleship.

Breen GRINS too-- hand on Kelso's shoulder as--

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY FLOOR - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom looks out a window-- dazed-- turns away-- blinking back to reality and--

He notices the HATCH to the FUEL STORAGE UNIT.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt is overcome with emotion-- brimming with hellfire--

MATT

You fucking psychotic imbeciles--
You think this is a game?

KELSO

Isn't everything?

MATT

That was an American ship--
American lives-- American naval
men and women with fucking
families...

(then)

Real people-- Not pieces on a
goddamn board game.

BREEN

That's precisely why the U.S. is
losing its foothold atop the world
hierarchy. Because we are always
at war. Because war is a game...
and it must be treated as such...

(then)

Unfortunately for you, our
military are pawns. And pawns are
expendable...

Westergard **SHOVES** a defeated Matt into the left seat and
sticks a gun in his face.

WESTERGARD

Pawn to C-9...

BREEN

(sighs)

There is no C-9 on a chess board.

Westergard **SHRUGS**-- Matt turning to face the controls.

INT. FUEL STORAGE UNIT - SIBERIAN - SAME

Main gas distribution hub-- Tom moves over to the rear
panel: a switchboard of levers & gauges all labeled in
Russian... into his **HEADSET**:

TOM

Rachel, come in... come in,
Rachel.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - DAY

Tom's voice **CRACKLES** over the speaker.

TOM (V.O.)
Rachel...? Rachel, you there...?

She sits up and hits the talk button.

RACHEL
Yeah Tom, I'm here.

INTERCUT:

INT. FUEL STORAGE UNIT - SIBERIAN

Tom has plugged the HEADSET back into the audio terminal--
keeping watch on the door with the gun as--

TOM
You heard about the cruiser?

She nods-- sighs...

RACHEL
I heard.

TOM
How many on board?

RACHEL
Tom--

A beat, then:

TOM
How many?

RACHEL
350 enlisted.

Tom's heart drops...

RACHEL
It's not your fault.

TOM
I could've brought the shuttle
down when I was in the fuselage. I
could've killed the power--

RACHEL
And yourself. And Matt.

TOM
The lives of few are worth the
lives of many.

A beat as Rachel reflects on that wisdom, until:

RACHEL

You didn't kill those men, Tom.
Breen did.

TOM

The "Lone Shooter" justification.
Guy pulls the trigger, therefore
he's the only culprit...

(then)

There's always more than one
person responsible.

RACHEL

Sure there is. Breen and his
goons--

TOM

And the guys who let them take
control of the Siberian.

RACHEL

Listen to me: you're doing great
up there.

TOM

Lotta people would disagree.

Rachel pauses, not knowing what to say. Then:

RACHEL

You know what you just did?

TOM

Enlighten me.

RACHEL

You forgave yourself.

TOM

I don't follow.

RACHEL

No such thing as a Lone Shooter,
right? Then how could one man be
responsible for the Intrepid...?

A beat. Tom respects what she's trying to do. Nods.

TOM

I have an idea but you're not
gonna like it.

RACHEL

Try me.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - DAY

Rachel and other TECHS wait in silence, edge of their seats, Embry behind-- and Pike watching from his office door.

TOM (V.O.)

(almost to himself)

Lives of few are worth the lives
of many.

RACHEL

I-- I don't follow.

TOM (V.O.)

Think about it while I leak all
the fucking fuel we have...

INT. FUEL STORAGE UNIT - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom starts throwing every FUEL GAUGE SWITCH he sees and...

EXT. SIBERIAN - SAME

LIQUID HYDROGEN begins to SPIGOT OUT of the aft fuel port.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

A loud and sudden BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP comes over
speakers-- Breen storming to Kelso...

BREEN

What now?

Kelso consults his screen.

KELSO

We're bleeding fuel.

Breen's jaw tightens...

KELSO

Harper must've gotten into the
fuel storage unit.

BREEN

Can you close it off?

KELSO

Yes, but we're gonna need more fuel for re-entry if we wanna get the RCS thrusters to fire.

Breen smolders.

WESTERGARD

Too bad there's no gas stations up here...

Breen thinks about that, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - DAY

Rachel turning to Embry:

RACHEL

What does he mean by that?

EMBRY

The lives of few...

RACHEL

Tom, you'll have to elaborate. What do you mean-- Tom? Tom, come in. Harper, do you read me?

INT. FUEL STORAGE UNIT - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom pauses when he looks up to the overhead monitor. HIS POV:

An external camera shot of the Siberian piloting toward...

EXT. SPACE - SAME

...THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION (ISS) orbiting 250 miles above the globe, hulking and grand.

INT. FUEL STORAGE UNIT - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom talks into the headset.

TOM

Rachel? Rachel, come in?

But all he hears is STATIC.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - NASA - SAME

Same on Rachel's end.

RACHEL

Tom? Tom, can you hear me?

INT. FUEL STORAGE UNIT - SIBERIAN - SAME

Rachel's voice is REPLACED by another FEMALE VOICE.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Houston, this is the ISS, over.

Tom's eyes go wide. Especially when a MALE VOICE answers.

KELSO (V.O.)

Roger, station. Go ahead.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

We got a shuttle on direct approach to us. I've never seen anything like it. You know what this is all about?

KELSO (V.O.)

Roger that. Everything's just fine.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Where Kelso is on the radio, talking to the ISS.

KELSO

It's a next-gen prototype. Just taking it for a test run. They'll be on their way shortly...

INT. FUEL STORAGE UNIT - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom tries screaming into the radio but he can't get through.

TOM

Hey! No! Hey!

(back into headset)

Rachel! Do you read me? Goddamnit!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

That's a roger, Houston. We'll make 'em feel right at home.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso GRINS...

KELSO

I'm sure you will. Houston: out.

He disconnects. Breen is like ice.

NEW ANGLE:

Westergard keeps his weapon trained on Matt, who pilots the ship up to the station's airlock.

WESTERGARD

Slow and steady...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - DAY

The room is SPINNING with commotion, Embry barking at TECHS:

EMBRY

Pull up every quote you have on that line-- where does it appear, who said it, what'd they eat for fucking breakfast when they did--

RACHEL

I got it!

ROOM GOES SILENT.

EMBRY

Well fucking say something, Teegarden--

RACHEL

The ISS. The International Space Station! "The lives of few..." Tom is pointing us to the ISS. He leaks the Siberian's fuel to force them to dock at the ISS to re-fuel.

EMBRY

(realizing)

He's splitting the enemy in two...

(MORE)

EMBRY (cont'd)
(to Techs)
Contact the ISS, relay the
situation, make goddamn sure no
one is aboard when the Siberian
docks.

INT. UTILITY FLOOR - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom THUNDERS past us.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - SAME

The Siberian lines up with the ISS docking port.

INT. MID-DECK - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom climbs up-- rushing through the module to the...

INT. AIRLOCK - SIBERIAN - CONTINUOUS

...and scrambles into an ORLAN SPACE SUIT as--

INT. FORWARD MODULES - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso and Breen head toward the docking module-- SLAMMING
magazines into their machine guns-- COCKING triggers as--

INT. AIRLOCK - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom slips on his helmet-- locks it into place-- steps into
a Simplified Aid for EVA Rescue (SAFER): a small,
propulsive backpack used to provide mobility during EVA's
and...

He HITS the airlock button-- throws his machine gun over
his shoulder-- SEAL on the door HISSES-- opening...

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Tom begins his spacewalk-- floating into blackness--
nitrogen gas shooting out of the backpack-- propelling him
toward the International Space Station as he looks down:

AFRICA is right under his feet.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - SERVICE MODULE - SAME

NOTE: EVERYTHING HERE IS IN ZERO-GRAVITY

Specialists KAREN WRIGHT and MARC RICHARDSON stare out the port side window at the Siberian, totally awestruck and unaware of the danger they're in.

WRIGHT

My God, would you look at that.

RICHARDSON

Looks military...

They exchange a confused glance as--

RACHEL (V.O.)

--in Houston. Do you read me?

Repeat: this is the Capsule Communicator in Houston. Come in, ISS. Do you read me?

Richardson hits a button on a control panel, into headset:

RICHARDSON

This is Richardson, we read you.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Thank God. Listen to me very carefully--

RICHARDSON

We just spoke with Houston, we're aware of the shuttle, they're docking now...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt pilots the shuttle closer to the station's docking port.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Jesus, no. No! Listen to me...

INT. DOCKING MODULE - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso and Westergard stand ready & armed like sentries.

RACHEL (V.O.)

You need to get the hell outta there. Do you hear me?

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Tom flies towards the space station-- GRIPS an outside handle-- PULLS himself over to the other side of the station and--

RACHEL (V.O.)
Get out of there NOW. NOW!

NEW ANGLE:

The Siberian carefully DOCKS to the station as--

EXT. SPACE STATION - QUEST MODULE - CONTINUOUS

Tom maneuvers himself to the PRIMARY AIR LOCK for the station-- hits the button for the outer door and--

INT. DOCKING MODULE - SPACE STATION - SAME

A HATCH WHEEL SPINS-- door slides open-- Kelso and Westergard step through-- guns at the ready-- making their way inside the station.

INT. UTILITY HUB - SPACE STATION - SAME

Richardson taps his headset, CRACKLING heard.

RICHARDSON
Houston? Hello, Houston, do you copy?

A PING-PING-PING sound is heard.

Richardson moves through the cabin-- heading toward the docking module-- arrives at a solid-metal hatch and--

Someone is TAPPING on it.

Richardson eyes Wright-- opens the hatch-- expecting his new guests, but...

...it's Tom.

Richardson's eyes go wide-- recognizes him instantly.

RICHARDSON
Harp--

Tom STRIKES him in the throat, cutting him off mid-syllable.

Richardson grabs his throat-- face awash with shock but before he can ask Tom what's happening, Tom SLAMS him against the wall and puts a finger to his lips: shhhhhh!

INT. LOGISTICS MODULE - SPACE STATION - SAME

Westergard and Kelso move-- on the hunt-- eyes roaming.

INT. SERVICE MODULE - SPACE STATION - SAME

Hearing someone approach, Wright spins around.

WRIGHT

What's going on over-- ?

She stops when she sees Tom-- a gun in-hand...

WRIGHT

The hell is this?

TOM

I don't have time to explain. You have to trust me. I need you two to do exactly as I say--

WRIGHT

Why?

TOM

Because you're gonna die if you don't.

Wright eyes Tom's GUN-- assuming he's taking them hostage...

INT. CREW QUARTERS - SAME

Kelso and Westergard search for the crew-- continuing forward-- fingers massaging triggers as--

INT. SERVICE MODULE - SAME

Tom explains the dire situation-- voice quieted:

TOM

They're here for fuel but they're fucking maniacs-- if they see you, they will kill you, you understand?

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)
(then)
Get to the escape pod-- now...

RESEARCH MODULE

Kelso and Westergard pass various forms of plant life-- getting closer to the specialists as--

SERVICE MODULE

Wright and Richardson look at each other-- contemplating-- noticing a monitor that displays: the commandos making their way toward their module, guns outstretched...

UTILITY HUB

Kelso and Westergard breeze past-- eyes peeled-- stepping through a hatch to arrive at...

SERVICE MODULE

But it's EMPTY-- no sign of the astronauts because...

ESCAPE POD

Tom ushers Wright and Richardson inside-- sealing the hatch shut behind them and--

SERVICE MODULE

The commandos hear the pod LAUNCH-- rushing out as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen and Co. watch as the ESCAPE POD launches away from the ISS-- somehow tipped off to their plan...

BREEN (INTO HEADSET)
Did I just see our astronauts
escaping? Tell me that's not what
I just saw...

INT. SERVICE MODULE - ISS - SAME

Westergard and Kelso exchange a dire glance.

KELSO

Copy. Houston must've... broken
through the firewall I put up. Not
sure how...

BREEN (V.O.)

... Harper.

ON CUE: Tom SLAMS a FIRE EXTINGUISHER into Westergard's
skull-- gun dropping from his grasp-- floating as...

Tom snatches it, laying cover-fire for himself as Kelso--

SPRAYS BULLETS, narrowly missing Tom who disappears down a
narrow canal as--

KELSO (INTO HEADSET)

Harper's on-board! Jesus fuck!
How?

BREEN (V.O.)

Good. Stick to the plan: refuel
and get back to the shuttle.
Pronto.

EXT. PENTAGON - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

SUPER: PENTAGON - INTEL CENTER - T-PLUS SEVEN HOURS

INT. INTEL CENTER - PENTAGON - DAY

A GLASS SECURITY DOOR slides open as we track an ANALYST
stepping inside.

Place is a MADHOUSE-- crisis teams focused on flat-panel
screens showing NAVAL SHIPS mobilizing toward North Korea
like we're at the brink of war.

Admiral Tatum stands with Dreyfuss, overseeing the room.

TATUM

Battle group is three hours away
from cruise missile range, sir.

DREYFUSS

Good. Tell the commander to stand
firm at the no-return zone and
remain there until the Siberian
lands in Pyongyang.

TATUM

And when it does?

Dreyfuss turns to him.

DREYFUSS
We hammer them with the fury of a
thousand suns.

CUT TO:

THE NAVY CARRIER STRIKE GROUP

cutting through the Pacific Ocean-- eight ships total--
head battle cruiser, the USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN, has a FLEET
OF F-22 RAPTORS parked on deck.

SUPER: THE PACIFIC

EXT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

Two fighter planes SCREAM off the deck-- blast into the
sky.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCKING MODULE - SPACE STATION - SAME

Westergard, now bruised and bleeding, keeps an eye on a
fuel transfer hose connected to the Siberian-- levels on a
nearby gauge begin to RISE as--

FUEL STORAGE UNIT

Kelso has the other end of the hose attached to the fuel
valves and monitors the fuel transfer on a nearby monitor.

LOGISTICS MODULE

Tom sneaks inside-- keeping quiet-- grips his gun and
steps through a hatch as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Computer board indicates the fuel levels have been
restored.

INT. FUEL STORAGE UNIT - SPACE STATION - SAME

Kelso detaches the hose-- climbs up a ladder-- exiting the module-- stepping out into:

SERVICE MODULE

Just as Tom floats inside from the other cabin-- Kelso immediately thrown by his presence-- caught...

They both go for their guns-- Tom reaching his first-- SPRAYING SHOTS-- Kelso DUCKING into the storage unit-- Tom doubling back as Kelso opens fire, bullets just missing him.

DOCKING MODULE

Hearing the gunfire, Westergard charges out to join Kelso.

UTILITY HUB

Tom is trapped behind a panel-- trading bullets with Kelso-- pinned down behind the hatch.

Bullets WHIZ by-- RICOCHETING off panels as--

Westergard joins Kelso-- unleashing a fury of gunfire in Tom's direction-- out-manned and out-gunned as--

He lays down COVER FIRE-- pushes his feet against the wall and PROPELS HIMSELF into the adjoining module-- amidst a rain of FIRE until...

RESEARCH MODULE

Tom lands inside-- SLAMMING up against the rear wall-- commandos appear in the hatch door-- firing-- Tom returning shots as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen presses his headset:

BREEN
Kelso, Westergard: sit-rep.

INT. UTILITY HUB - SPACE STATION - SAME

Kelso BLASTS an unending stream of BULLETS in Tom's direction-- spent shells floating all around in him-- weightless-- like glinting stars in space as...

Westergard approaches Tom's position, Kelso hearing:

BREEN (V.O.)

What is your six? Repeat: what is your six?

KELSO

Westergard has him pinned in the research module.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen smiles...

BREEN

Perfect. Lock them inside.

Matt gulps...

KELSO (V.O.)

I don't copy.

BREEN

Lock the fucking door and return to the shuttle. Now.

INT. RESEARCH MODULE - SPACE STATION - SAME

Kelso reluctantly SLAMS the hatch closed-- Westergard noticing-- moving to the door...

UTILITY HUB

Westergard SCREAMS through a small WINDOW as Kelso TWISTS the hatch-wheel-- SEALING it shut...

RESEARCH MODULE

Westergard tries the handle-- won't budge-- he's trapped...

Tom still hunkered down behind EQUIPMENT, thinking.

DOCKING MODULE

Kelso races back on board the Siberian-- locking the airlock behind him...

RESEARCH MODULE

Tom floats up to a viewing port and peers out.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

Siberian shuttles away from the ISS-- rolling around to take an offensive position on the station as--

INT. RESEARCH MODULE - SPACE STATION - SAME

Westergard sees this-- knows what's coming...

WESTERGARD
Motherfuckers.

TOM
Still on Team Breen?

Westergard turns to Tom, finger on his trigger, but then takes it off-- knows who the real enemy is, now...

EXT. SPACE - SAME

Siberian circles around-- arming its cluster missile cannons.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Kelso looks to Breen who gives him the order to:

BREEN
Do it.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

CLUSTER MISSILES fire at the ISS!

INT. SPACE STATION - RESEARCH MODULE - SAME

THE CLANK-CLANK-CLANK of missiles attaching to the station's hull can be heard.

Westergard and Tom look above, then to one another.

Tom sparks to action: ripping at the INSULATION of the station walls, wrapping it around his arms and legs and torso as...

WESTERGARD

Fuck are you doing?

TOM

You got about 30 seconds before this place becomes Pompei-- I suggest you do everything you can to insulate yourself from the fire.

Tom finds that FIRE EXTINGUISHER again.

TOM

We got only one shot at survival: get back onto the Siberian.

Westergard begins following suit, wrapping himself in insulation beside Tom-- now on Team Harper.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen has Matt in a loose CHOKE HOLD-- struggling to break free as Kelso activates the missiles and--

EXT. SPACE - SAME

Just as one half of the ISS EXPLODES in a raging INFERNO.

INT. SPACE STATION - RESEARCH MODULE - SAME

A WAVE EXPLOSIONS approach Tom and Westergard, both HOLDING TIGHT to one another.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Everyone watches the MAIN MONITOR as contact with the ISS goes entirely dead, a camera showing a DISTANT EXPLOSION.

A HUSH falls over the room.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

The ISS has become nothing but debris as we FIND A BALL OF INSULATION streaking recklessly for...

THE SIBERIAN

BLASTING AWAY from what's left of the ISS as--

TOM & WESTERGARD

ride the wave of propulsion from the extinguisher until it SPUTTERS-- empty.

The men JOIN ARMS, staying on course as--

BEHIND THEM

DENSE ISS DEBRIS BLASTS PAST, near miss, and TEARS OPEN A HOLE IN THE SIBERIAN'S REAR CARGO HATCH AS IT SLAMS AND PUNCHES THROUGH IT!

They exchange a glance, halfway to the Siberian, still on course until--

A PIECE OF A WALL cuts through the darkness and SLAMS into Westergard-- their grip broken-- flipping away from Tom and--

WESTERGARD

Harper! HARPERRRRR!

But he's as good as dead, now, so Tom focuses on the Siberian-- off course, now, by a few feet-- it's going to be very close and--

EXT. SIBERIAN - SPACE

The hull of the Siberian is fast-approaching and Tom is spinning recklessly and he REACHES for the ship but he's SLIPPING DOWN its side, nothing to grip onto and--

Tom puts everything he has into the last HANDLE just inches away and he reaches for it and--

HE GRABS IT! All his might slowing his momentum to a stop.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

The Siberian orbits the earth. Tom hanging from it like a bug on a windshield.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Commandos are in their seats as--

KELSO
That hit damaged the rear hatch.

BREEN
Does it affect our re-entry?

KELSO
Might make for a bumpier ride but
no, shouldn't affect it.

Matt SIGHS-- fight drained from him as--

KELSO
Coming up on re-entry window.

If Breen had a cigar, he'd light it right now.

ANOTHER ALARM sounds, more LIGHTS FLASHING.

BREEN
What is it, now?

KELSO
Could be a malfunction from the
impact, says the airlock opened at
the rear hatch.

BREEN
More damage from debris?

KELSO
This can't be right. Now it says
it's closed.

Breen shakes his head...

BREEN
I'll check it out. Stay on
approach.

He steps out.

INT. MID-DECK - SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen rushes through the shuttle but when he arrives to...

DOCKING PORT

...the inner airlock door is CLOSED-- the outer door completely GONE-- open to space-- ISS DEBRIS visible in the distance but... no sign of Tom.

Breen steps inside-- searching the interior...

ORBITER

Matt eyes Kelso, piloting the ship for re-entry, his eyes darting around the room, trying to come up with a plan on the fly.

UPPER DECK

Breen climbs a ladder-- gun outstretched-- heads down a passageway-- ALARMS blaring everywhere, STEAM PIPES blasting from damage, LIGHTS DIM as--

Breen spots TOM'S BLOOD smeared on a hatch door...

He yanks the lever open and steps inside...

PAYLOAD BAY

...and peers around the expansive cargo hold-- spots TOM'S SLEEVE sticking out behind the retracted Canadarm-- opens fire-- ripping the arm to shreds.

He rushes over. Looks down.

It's not Tom. Just an EMPTY SPACESUIT.

Breen pauses-- confused-- is he just being paranoid?

Just as Breen lets his guard down: Tom SLAMS into him from behind-- gun slides FREE as--

The two square off. This is it. The main event.

BREEN

So the time comes... I've been
looking forward to killing you,
T--

Tom THROWS the first punch-- getting the jump on him but...

Breen blocks it easily-- expertly countering a SERIES of following blows until...

Breen CATCHES Tom's arm-- SWINGS him around-- SLAMS him into the Canadarm-- YANKS BACK on his arm-- Tom HOWLING-- Breen DRIVING his knee up into Tom's back and--

Tom COLLAPSES to the floor-- spits up a GUSH of blood...

CUT TO:

ORBITER

Matt spots the FIGHT on a monitor-- knows this is it-- has to get the jump on Kelso so--

Matt lunges for Kelso, CHOKING him from behind but--

Kelso slams Matt's head into a monitor and crashes to the floor-- broken shards of glass raining down as...

KELSO

Been looking forward to this.

Kelso raises his GUN in Matt's direction and...

Matt's hand finds A BROKEN SHARD-- SLASHES Kelso's inner thigh-- blood spraying-- Kelso HOWLING-- Matt stabbing him just under his collarbone-- climbing to his feet and--

MATT

(into headset, growls)

Do not go gentle into that good night.

PAYLOAD BAY

Breen HURLS Tom across the room-- SMASHING him against a wall-- TOM beaten and exhausted as he hears Matt's words CRACKLE over the comms unit in his Orlan Suit.

He spits a mouthful of blood onto the floor, grits his teeth, and replies with another line from Jessica's favorite poem:

TOM

(into headset)

Rage. Rage against the dying of the light.

He turns to face Breen with renewed vigor, and his eyes brighten when he notices:

BREEN'S GUN

within arm's reach-- Tom crawling closer-- Breen noticing-- sprinting to bridge the gap but Tom GRIPS it and--

BRRRRRROP-OP-OP! as he SPRAYS BULLETS at Breen but--

Breen DUCKS around a steel ventilation shaft-- dodging rounds as--

ORBITER

Matt's face gets PUMMELED by Kelso's fist-- Matt shifting his head before another BLOW and CRACK! as Kelso's fist splits the screen on A MONITOR-- knuckles CRACKED & BLOODIED-- wailing as--

Matt seizes his opportunity: hits him with a vicious UPPERCUT-- catches Kelso on the button-- SNAPPING his chin and head back and--

PAYLOAD BAY

Tom climbs to his feet-- now in control-- hunting Breen but the experienced commando DOUBLES-BACK around him-- catches Tom off guard with a rear-naked CHOKE-HOLD and--

Tom SWINGS the gun-- trying to pistol-whip him-- clawing at his neck until--

Breen SLAMS Tom against the Canadarm-- forces Tom to drop the gun-- Breen seeing an opportunity but--

Tom KICKS it away with his foot-- gun SKKKKIDING into a corner--

Breen SIGHS-- a cat tired of toying with its mouse-- kneels by Tom and POUNDS his face with his FIST until Tom is leaking blood like rocket fuel...

ORBITER

Matt SPEARS Kelso into the elevator door-- the commando drives an ELBOW into Matt's back-- crumpling him-- Kelso THROWING him over a seat and--

Matt grasps at the GLASS SHARDS on the floor.

Kelso bends down to finish Matt off but, in a lightning flash: Matt STABS a shard through Kelso's chin, blood draining like a faucet...

A look of complete shock washing over Kelso as he collapses, dead...

PAYLOAD BAY

Breen takes one last VICIOUS BLOW to Tom's face and lets the astronaut's head fall LIMP to his side-- completely beaten.

Breen stands-- LAUGHING-- moving for the gun in the middle of the floor as--

BREEN

You astronauts-- you're all the same. Fancy yourselves heroes-- Think it requires courage-- that you have balls because you, what... Ride a rocket into orbit?

Breen makes it to the weapon-- kneels-- gripping it as--

BREEN

That's not fucking courage-- No. It doesn't take balls to strap on a fucking seatbelt and ride a rollercoaster...

(then)

It takes balls to face down a sleeper cell in an Afghani outpost with a sniper spilling shells from a watch tower not even a hundred yards away. That's balls, Harper. But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you... No-- You're a coward. I read your file. Let your whole crew-- including your soon-to-be wife-- let them all perish to save yourself. "Courage." Don't make me fucking laugh...

Breen RAISES his weapon-- cocked & loaded-- finger itching the trigger but--

MATT (O.S.)

You forgot one thing, Major--

BANG! as Breen turns-- no hesitation-- shoots Matt in his GUT before he can even finish...

Matt falls to his knees-- blood already finding his lips...

MATT
(grinning)
...we're smarter than you.

Matt's EYES meet Tom's-- Matt wrapping his ARM tightly around a CARGO STRAP-- Tom thinking-- realizing:

HE'S BESIDE THE PAYLOAD BAY DOOR-SWITCH!

Breen SNAPS the gun back in Tom's direction but there's no time and Tom's SLAMS the switch UP and SWWWWWWWWISH! as oxygen is immediately sucked out of the room and--

EXT. SIBERIAN - SAME

MASSIVE PAYLOAD BAY DOORS shoot open up atop the shuttle-- DEBRIS and LOOSE CARGO sucked into space with amazing velocity and--

INT. PAYLOAD BAY - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom has already secured the Canadarm's cargo harness around his waist. Breen SCRAMBLES to hold onto something-- barely making it to a PIECE OF STRAPPED DOWN CARGO-- his grip loose-- won't hold long but, even so...

Breen LOCKS EYES with Tom-- knows he's been bested-- holds that GLARE until his grip slips and he's WHISKED into space where his body will drift for eternity...

Finally, Tom flips the switch back down and--

EXT. SIBERIAN - SAME

Breen's DYING FLOATING BODY watches as the PAYLOAD DOORS shut.

INT. PAYLOAD BAY - SIBERIAN - SAME

Oxygen FLOODS back in as the doors CLOSE and SEAL-- Tom untying himself from the Canadarm-- racing to Matt's side, who's going into shock and bleeding badly from his gut.

TOM
Jesus... Matt... Are you...

MATT
Hit my stomach...

TOM
You're bleeding... You don't have
a lotta time... C'mon, get up...

Tom takes Matt's hand and helps him to his feet.

TOM
We're going home.

CUT TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - MORNING

Rachel sits at her console, beyond nervous. Tom's voice crackles over the radio.

TOM (V.O.)
Houston, this is Tom Harper, we
have control of the shuttle.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE at the news. Embry and Pike huddle around Rachel.

INTERCUT:

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom is strapped into the left seat. Matt rides next to him, color fading.

TOM
Just me and Matt left... he's
been shot. I'm gonna do an
emergency re-entry. We'll need
medivacs on scene the second we
set down.

RACHEL
Where, Tom?

Tom flips switches-- takes a peek at their orbit path, already in pilot-mode...

TOM
Gonna try and make Madrid.

COLONEL PIKE
No! Tell him he can't--

RACHEL
We'll be ready.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom checks gauges-- punches buttons-- Matt fading, but looking right at him.

MATT
You got this... Captain...

Tom nods. Gives Matt's seatbelt a quick tug.

TOM
Gonna be a bumpy ride.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Pike SCREAMS:

COLONEL PIKE
Tell him he cannot land in
Madrid-- Americans cannot be seen
in the Siberian under any
circumstances--

RACHEL
It's their only chance.

COLONEL PIKE
Negative. Find another landing
site. That's an order!

All eyes look to Embry-- whose side will he choose?

COLONEL PIKE
Nathan...

Embry stands silent, gears in his head redlining.

EMBRY
Call INTA. Tell them to expect an
emergency landing at their
station in Madrid.

RACHEL
Yes, sir.
(mobilizing)
Alright people, we got a damaged
ship coming in with an injured
astronaut on board.

(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)
 I need everyone to check and re-
 check all emergency procedures.
 Let's move it!

Controllers run around, scurrying to prepare for re-entry.
 Embry looks at Pike, no love lost between them.

EMBRY
 Got a problem, Colonel?

Pike storms off with his aide. Rachel smiles at Embry,
 proud.

EXT. SPACE - SAME

Shuttle's in orbit-- flying at 17,000 MPH back to Earth.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

MASTER ALARM SOUNDS-- Tom checking the instrument display
 panel-- his face dropping...

TOM
 Shit...
 (off Matt)
 Warning on main engine two.
 Hydraulic failure. Collision with
 the Soyuz must've caused it...

His eyes dart to the pressure gauges.

TOM
 Auto sequence is crashed.
 Airspeed is too high--

MATT
 We'll never make it.

TOM
 You won't make it if we don't
 try.

Tom gives the stick a pull-- ship SHAKING VIOLENTLY-- Tom
 gnashing on the RUDDER PEDALS-- yanking back on the stick
 with everything, eyes brimming with determination as--

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

EVERYONE in crisis mode-- no time for everything that must
 be done as--

TOM (V.O.)
Houston, we're at entry interface
but we've lost OMS. We're not
gonna make Madrid... looking like
a water landing... over...

Embry turns to the TRAJECTORY ENGINEER tracking the ship.

EMBRY
What's their trajectory?

TRAJECTORY ENGINEER
Middle of the Atlantic...

DEEP, SOBERING BREATHS all around as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Rachel's voice returns:

RACHEL (V.O.)
EMU's dispatching immediately.

TOM
Roger that.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Good luck.

TOM
Over and out...

He switches her off-- tether cut to the world below...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Static on the other end. She lowers her headset, worried.
Behind her, two TECHS debate their chances in whispers.

TECH
That shuttle's been through too
much. There's no way they're
gonna make it.

TECH #2
With no orbital maneuvering
engines, they're gonna be coming
in 500 times faster they should.

TECH

Of course it's Tom fucking Harper
who's gonna give NASA its biggest
disaster since his last one...

Rachel whips around-- LIVID-- grabs the tie off one of
them and YANKS him close...

RACHEL

You two don't shut up, your faces
are gonna be even bigger disasters
than they already are...

She releases him-- tails tucked between their legs as--

EXT. SPACE - SAME

Siberian's RCS thrusters FIRE, turning the orbiter tail
first.

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom grips the stick-- pure concentration on his face as
the shuttle starts BOUNCING-- entering our atmosphere--

EXT. SIBERIAN - SAME

Tiles FLAKE away as the shuttle heats up to 2,000
degrees...

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom tries pushing the nose over into a steep dive--
cockpit rocking wildly as--

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

EVERYONE on the edge of their seats...

TRAJECTORY

Altitude 3,000 miles, over
Florida.

EXT. SIBERIAN - SAME

The skin's over 3000 degrees now-- left wing SHAKING--
rattling as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom wipes sweat from his eyes-- tries to level off but...

TOM
Thrusters are unresponsive-- got
no warning lights!

MATT
(wilting voice)
You're losing her--

TOM
I'll get her back!

Tom fights with the stick, trying to straighten his approach.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

Bursts of static.

RACHEL
Antenna's scorched.

EMBRY
Trajectory?

TRAJECTORY ENGINEER
Way too hot. At this speed, he's
gonna make landfall...

RACHEL
Landfall...? Where?

ON A SCREEN: THE CANARY ISLANDS...

EXT. SIBERIAN (FLYING) - DAY

FAR BELOW: the same image of the Canary Islands as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Matt is struggling-- nearly losing consciousness but...

MATT
350...

TOM
Too fast, too fucking fast.

Tom white-knuckling the steer-shaft as--

EXT. ATMOSPHERE - SAME

The Siberian drops down from the clouds and--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

The spacecraft descends rapidly-- LAND visible ahead as--

EXT. LANZAROTE ISLAND-- DAY

Volcanic BEACHES and white-washed VILLAS below as the Siberian cuts through blue skies above-- narrowly missing a direct center-mass hit as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

STALL ALARM is WAILING-- right wing about to BREAK but--

MATT

320, 290-- it's still too fast,
Tom!

TOM

Deploying parachutes!

Tom pauses just a second-- silently PRAYING until:

EXT. COAST OF LANZAROTE - DAY

TWIN PARACHUTES shoot out the back of the Siberian-- slowing it down but not enough as--

The shuttle SOARS into the North Atlantic Ocean and--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom twists the stick-- turning the shuttle-- attempting to actually LAND on water-- to SKIM the surface but--

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

THE Siberian CRASHES-- ocean water SWALLOWING it whole as--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Tom & Matt slam into the DASHBOARD-- ALARMS going haywire-- cockpit FILLING WITH WATER...

Tom's NIGHTMARE happening all over again but, this time... with Jessica's brother-- another Davis' life in his hands as Matt falls unconscious with no power to save himself and...

TOM
(coming to)
Matt... Matt...?

Tom struggles with his own HARNESS-- freeing himself-- moving to Matt's side-- struggling with his harness-- starting to truly believe that everything he touches goes to shit but--

MATT
Tom...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

EVERYONE silent-- tracking BOATS heading for a LONE BLINKING DOT in the Atlantic as--

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

No sign of the Siberian save for a GEYSER of BUBBLES-- RESCUE BOATS far in the distance and--

INT. ORBITER - SIBERIAN - SAME

Inside the sinking capsule, Tom HAULS Matt from his harness-- out of his seat-- into CHEST-HIGH WATER...

TOM
Got you-- you're gonna make it--

MATT
Tom...

TOM
You're gonna make it, Matt--

MATT
Tom!
(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)

(then)

We're at least twenty yards deep.
I can't make that swim... and I'll
just drag you down with me.

They meet eyes once more-- implication clear but--

TOM

I'm not leaving you, Matt...

MATT

Tom, please...

TOM

I won't fucking leave you behind--
Not you. Your sister... Your
sister forced my hand last time...

(then)

I won't let you do the same.

Tom quickly STRAPS A HARNESS around Matt's waist-- tying
the two together like a sky-diving duo and Tom tears at
his RIP-CORD just like Jessica did five years ago and his
PARACHUTE explodes out into--

INT. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

where AIR propels them toward the surface above-- SUNLIGHT
glinting beneath waves and--

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Tom & Matt BURST through the surface-- bloodied, beaten
and exhausted but still... alive...

RESCUE BOATS arrive-- DIVERS reaching them expertly and--

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MIRAGE - SAME

PINS & NEEDLES-- a crackling over the radio:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Houston, this is rescue team six.
We got 'em. They are safe and
sound... over...

Everyone on their feet-- CHEERING WILDLY-- Rachel and
Embry EMBRACE-- Embry smiles and we--

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSTON METHODIST ST. JOHN HOSPITAL - DAY

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

Tom exits his truck-- five o'clock shadow and black shades-- suit and tie-- pressed and pleated-- approaching the entrance as--

INT. MATT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Matt rests in bed-- stomach bandaged-- arm in a sling-- wearing a hospital gown...

Beside him are his WIFE (30s) & YOUNG SON (5)-- watching a TV as it reports on the "Aircraft Crash nears the Canary Islands" until...

KNOCK-KNOCK! before Tom peeks his head inside...

TOM
Everybody decent...?

MATT
Everyone but you.

Matt motions for him to enter-- after he does:

TOM
Just came by to...

Tom stops-- notices his nephew-- never actually met him in person...

TOM
I can come back later.

WIFE
No, don't go...

She turns to Matt, quietly nudging him...

MATT
Tyler-- Ty...

Matt's son turns from the TV, eyes his uncle...

MATT
I want you to meet someone very special. This is Tom. He's your...
(clears his throat)
He's your uncle.

TY
I have an uncle?

Matt smiles-- tears welling-- choking them down...

MATT
...you do, now.

Tom kneels-- tough to ignore the emotion for him too.

TOM
Hey, little guy. Heard a lot about
you. You ever heard about your
aunt Jessica...?

Ty looks to his mother, then back to Tom-- nods...

MATT
All the time.

TOM
She's my, uh-- She was gonna be
my wife. I think, if she was
here... she'd want me to give you
this.

Tom opens his arms hesitantly-- Ty snuggling into his arms
for a hug-- Tom wiping away a stray tear-- tossing a
nonchalant SALUTE to Matt who returns the favor until...

EXT. HOUSTON METHODIST ST. JOHN HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Tom exits-- eyes a bit puffy beneath his shades-- ready to
move on-- to get back to his life until:

RACHEL (O.S.)
Heard you had some free time on
your hands... Captain...

Tom GRINS-- recognizes the voice-- he turns-- removes his
shades-- smiles...

TOM
Nice to finally meet you, Rachel.

And they walk together-- just talking as friends--
starting from the ground up...

FADE OUT.