"OUTPOST IN SPACE"

FADE IN over opening b.g. titles and music.

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE
The time -- 1998!
The place -- Space!
The people -- The same

Card with show title.

OUTPOST IN SPACE

Followed by opening credits against zoom b.g. shot.

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE
This is an Outpost in space.
The earth's farthest contact.
The point for further explora-
tions into the changing universe.
But controlled by man. And man
hasn't changed.

1 EXT. THE OUTPOST - DAY - ESTAB. SHOT - LONG PAN - (SPECIAL)

as PAUL QUINTARD moves across Outpost grounds heading toward rocket hanger. It is a very long shot, so as to point up fully the unfamiliar buildings, the rocket-pad with its attendant launching platform, the all-over difference in design of everything we see. FULLY ESTABLISH, then:

2 CLOSER MOVING SHOT - WITH QUINTARD

as he approaches entrance to the control center. He is middle 30's, big, rugged but intelligent-looking. He also looks grim, quietly angry... his walk is purposeful... he looks like a man whose authority has been thwarted.

3 ANOTHER ANGLE - QUINTARD

as he reaches entrance. Prominent is a sign which proclaims: "TUSCON II." On the next line, indented for a prominent arrow pointing downward: "OPERATIONS CONTROL, SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL 3. Also clearly proclaimed is: DO NOT ENTER ON FLASHING LIGHT.

Almost as though to illustrate the point, the light starts flashing. Quintard ignores it, enters purposefully:

4 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CONTROL AREA - DAY - MOVING SHOT ALONG THE AREA

Every possible inch of wall space is taken up with highly complex instruments both electronic and manual. At the far end of the domed interior... a large screen, which although lit, is at the moment showing nothing more than streamers of light... oscillating... fading... brightening again. In a corner, near to the screen sits the base intercom operator. She is dressed simply in a one piece uniform, hair trimmed short... attractive. The wireless switchboard before her is compact... a series of buttons... toggle switches and two monitor screens. Directly in front of the master wall screen is another desk... slightly raised. Here we see a seated man. His name is BELL. CAMERA has reached Bell... and now we see Quintard stride into SHOT and to him. Bell looks a little apprehensive -- Quintard is an overpowering, quiet man.

BELL
(nods)
Colonel Quintard...

QUINTARD
(still moving in, flat)
What about it -- got her pegged yet...?

BELL
Yes sir -- no doubt any more -- her speed nails it down...

His eyes go to screen, Quintard's following, as CAMERA ANGLES to include screen...

BELL
(continuing)
...earth-freighter -- old nuclear-powered type...

Quintard stares at it, shakes his head in definite disgust. His temper increases but he sits on it, as:

QUINTARD
Any radio contact yet?

BELL
(shakes head)
Storm's too noisy, sir...

QUINTARD
E.T.A.?

BELL
Fourteen-thirty, sir.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

QUINTARD
(beat, shakes head, to self)
They'll never learn -- never...

BELL
(thinking it was to him)
Sir?

QUINTARD
(shakes head)
Keep me posted...

He's about to start away:

BELL
Yessir...
(then, remembering)
Sir -- Doctor Samuels was by -- requested you join him...

QUINTARD
(beat, nods)
Get me there, then...

He strides away... Bell and the girl watching after him. Bell raises his eyes heavenward, makes a "boy-is-he-mad" face, as:

BELL
He's ready to chew nails...

Girl nods in agreement; Bell looks back at screen, shakes head.

BELL
(continuing)
They sure give him enough reason...

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. DOCTOR SAMUELS QUARTERS - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE ON ENTRANCE

as Quintard enters. CAMERA MOVES with him to where DOCTOR SAMUELS is pouring a cup of coffee. Samuels is fifty-ish, intelligent, easy-going. He hands the cup to the grim-faced Quintard, as:

SAMUELS
(easily)
Here -- give you somethin' to scream on...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

QUINTARD
(taking cup)
I've got reason...

SAMUELS
The ship coming up?

QUINTARD
(nods)
Old tub... nuclear-powered...
(helpless anger)
What's the matter with 'em down there??!

He moves toward chair, drops into it. Prominent in SHOT now is a screen, a vision contact to Control. It is blank at the moment. Samuels moves into shot, carrying his own cup:

SAMUELS
(easily)
They're people for one thing... They don't change like our machines.

QUINTARD
(grumpily)
Let's not get on philosophy, huh...

SAMUELS
(insists)
...people. So -- you never skip the human element --

QUINTARD
(wearily)
Doc...

SAMUELS
Figure it. They're free with money, free with brains. They're smart enough to work out a Space outpost, get you to run it. Then -- they fall right back to being people... penny-wise, pound foolish. It costs to convert to Deep Space Power... so...

QUINTARD
(bite, picks up)
...so keep using nucelar power on the freight stuff...
(repeating)
"it's only freight, only material..."

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

SAMUELS
(evenly)
So it is...

QUINTARD
(flat)
There are men on those ships...

Samuels smiles -- knew what Quintard would say:

SAMUELS
(smiles)
Thought you were no philospher...

Quintard glares -- but doesn't have time to answer. On screen appears the face of Bell:

BELL
Excuse me, Colonel...

QUINTARD
(to Bell)
What've you got, Bell...

BELL
Had contact with the freighter, sir.

QUINTARD
Had...?

BELL
Lost it almost immediately... storm is worse -- can't seem to pick 'em up again...

Quintard looks worried:

QUINTARD
Who's commanding...? You find out?

BELL
That's about all I got, sir. John Gates...
(worry in Quintard's face)
I -- think you'd better get over here, sir...

QUINTARD
On the way...

Bell's picture disappears, Quintard shakes head. He and Doc exchange an uneasy look:

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

SAMUELS
(quietly)
It'll be all right, Paul...

QUINTARD
With a pilot like Gates, it might.
But...

He shakes head, moves toward door. Doc hesitates, then follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. CONTROL CABIN FREIGHTER - WIDE ANGLE

Cramped, its equipment old... a feeling of battered usefulness, long outmoded. Standing at the controls is BILL CHEYNEY... a dark, bitter man... the freighter's first officer, serving under a man for whom he has little or no respect... always living in hope of assuming command for himself. At the moment his face is worried... he glances nervously toward Lindeman. We hear only static over the radio and an occasional garbled sound which could be the voice of Horton.

CHEYNEY
Come on... come on.

LINDEMAN
I can't get through.

Lindeman looks nervously at the speed indicator.

LINDEMAN
(continuing)
Three zero zero. We're exceeding orbit speed. Maybe I better call the Old Man.

CHEYNEY
(shakes head)
Stay on the radio.

LINDEMAN
He told us to call him before orbit.

CHEYNEY
(with sarcasm)
Sure he told ya -- I'll bring it in.

LINDEMAN
Orbit speed's two-oh, Mr. Cheyney.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

CHEYNEY
I know what the orbit speed is.

Cheyney is suddenly pushed aside as CAPTAIN JOHN GATES enters SCENE. Gates, heavy set, fiftyish, a space pilot of the old days, hard blue eyes, perpetually squinting from too many fixes on too many brilliant suns. At this moment his face is ugly with anger. He takes in the dials at a glance.

GATES
(to Cheyney)
What're you trying to do, mister.

CHEYNEY
Preparing to land ship, Captain.

Gates once again pushes Cheyney out of his way. He leans toward a microphone and snaps a switch.

GATES
Fire rear tubes... fire rear tubes. Maximum... maximum...

7 INT. POWER CONTROL

A narrow passageway. Two men at control levers.

GATES' VOICE
Maximum...

One operator pushes a lever... there is a pulsing hum... a slight grinding...

8 INT. CONTROL CABIN

as Gates turns back to Cheney, quiet anger in his face:

GATES
When were you going to call me?

CHENEY
(shrugs, quiet insolence)
Thought you could use the rest... sir --

GATES
(beat)
That right?
(pointedly)
Maybe you're the one needs rest, Mr. Cheney. A long rest.

Gates turns toward speed indicator:

9 SPEED INDICATOR - INSERT

It is calibrated in miles per second... and at the moment stands at 2.80... the needle quivers, and creeps down to 2.75.

10 GATES

The Captain moves to the radio panel... takes over the microphone from Lindman, who respectfully moves aside.

GATES
(into mike)
Tucson II, this is #-2462...

11 INT. TUCSON II CONTROL TOWER

Quintard, Samuels and Bell and Horton Helker watching the rocket's approach on the screen. Gates' voice comes through the speaker. Horton removes his earphones. Although there is considerable interference, they can make out the words.

GATES' VOICE
Tuscon II... this is E-2462...
Do you read me?

Quintard moves to mike.

QUINTARD
(into mike)
E-2462... this is Tucson II...
Come in.

GATES' VOICE
Repeating. Tucson II... This is E-2462. If you read me, please acknowledge. Three by four... fading...

BELL
No use, sir... He's not getting us.

Worry in Quintard's face as he glances at another of the many indicators.

QUINTARD
It'll get rougher. Look at that storm velocity.

Quintard puts mike down, Horton picks it up as:

QUINTARD
(continuing; to Horton)
Stay with it.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Quintard moves worried back toward Samuels. Under following we HEAR Horton's attempts to contact ship and Gates' attempts to contact control.

SAMUELS
(quiet understanding)
Take it easy, Paul.

QUINTARD
You tell me how. He's gotta get into orbit soon, and this way we can't help him.

SAMUELS
If it can be made, Gates'll make it. They don't come any smarter...
(pointedly)
...your own words.

Quintard stares for a long moment. Then, bitterly:

QUINTARD
That's the whole point.
(indicating)
Man like Gates in a hulk like that. Its ridiculous!

He turns, walks furiously back to panel.

QUINTARD
(continuing)
What's his speed, talker?

HORTON
Three point oh- two.

QUINTARD
(mutters)
Too fast... too fast. He'll burn.

He takes mike.

QUINTARD
(continuing;
calmly)
Tuscon II to #-2462. Do you read me? Do you read me?
(no answer, then:)

QUINTARD
Reduce speed... fire maximum retard... you're going to miss orbit...

13 INT. ROCKET CONTROL CABIN

There is static, then Quintard's voice suddenly booms through:

QUINTARD'S VOICE
...going to miss orbit... fire maximum retard.

LINDEMAN
(excited)
We've got 'em!

GATES
(into mike)
Tuscon II give me a fix... give me a fix.

QUINTARD'S VOICE
E-2462... You are on approach leg...

Lindeman immediately begins to adjust dials accordingly.

QUINTARD'S VOICE
(continuing)
One thirty nine degrees... twelve minutes...
(the voice begins to fade again)
fourteen... sec...

Worried look among men at the voice going out again. Gates shakes head, looks at speed indicator dial.

14 INSERT SPEED INDICATOR DIAL

It reads 2.25.

15 CHEYNEY AND GATES

Cheyney shakes head worried.

CHEYNEY
Two twenty five... not retarding like she should...

Gates glances at the indicator... turns to intercom mike...

GATES
What's the matter back there... power? Give me maximum. You hear?

16 INT. POWER CONTROL

The operator looks at his speed indicator... turns his head to a wall mike.

OPERATOR
I'm giving her all we've got, Captain...

GATES' VOICE
Check that number three tube... see it's firing in sequence...

OPERATOR
Yes, sir.

He moves to another group of switches... his companion in b.g. watches... tense... The operator throws a switch, then throws it back again. There is a flash, then a curl of smoke. The operator tears back to the mike. His companion runs to his side, presses a button. An alarm bell begins to SOUND.

OPERATOR
(continuing)
Three tube's blowing...

17 ANGLE ON GATES CHEYNEY AND LINDMAN

The Operator's voice grates through the speaker, high, frightened.

OPERATOR
...three tube's blowing...

The bell clangs discordant.

GATES
(into mike)
Power room... get out, get out... seal off the unit...

18 INT. POWER CONTROL

The smoke, thick, greasy is pouring out of the switch. The two men make a wild dash for the heavy lead door, open it and run out. It clangs shut behind them, and we hear pneumatic locks fall into place.

CAMERA MOVES IN FOR CLOSE SHOT dial marked..."RADIATION"... we see the indicator moving up... a cloud of smoke partially obliterates it.

19 GATES, CHEYNEY, LINDMAN

Lindman is shouting into the microphone.

LINDMAN
Emergency! Emergency! C.Q.! C.Q.!

Gates moves to a manual control board...

GATES
(to Cheyney)
Altitude... altitude.

Cheyney moves to his side...

CHEYNEY
We've got to abandon...

GATES
We've got a better chance bringing her down... Give me altitude, mister.

CHEYNEY
You're out of your mind... if we don't we'll burn... or she'll explode.

Gates presses a series of buttons. We hear ELECTRONIC ANSWERS.

GATES
She's still operating. You get out now. Gravity'll smash you down! We'll stay with her. Give me the altitude.

20 INT. TUCSON II CONTROL ROOM

Over speaker, CRACKLING SOUNDS, and:

GATES' VOICE (off)
Fire retard on five...

QUINTARD
Altitude?

BELL
(a quick check)
Thousand... in orbit... still over though... 2.05... they'll be in escape leg if they can't slow her.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

QUINTARD
(into mike)
2462 are you receiving? Are you receiving?

21 INT. ROCKET SHIP CONTROL ROOM

Gates at the microphone, eyes on indicators. Lindeman and Cheyney in b.g.

22 SPEED INDICATOR - INSERT

It shows 1.95.

23 ANGLE ON GATES

GATES
(into mike)
Tuscon II... Do you read me? I'm coming in, Tuscon II...

24 ANGLE IN PASSAGEWAY

The crewmen at crash stations... strapping themselves to safety belts.

25 ANGLE ON GATES

GATES
Stand by.

26 EXT. ROCKET

Against the double sun of Rameus she is descending toward the planet tail first... a great sheet of flame emanating from the stern tubes.

27 TUCSON II CONTROL ROOM SCREEN

We see in diminished scale the freighter's approach. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

BELL
Seven hundred...

QUINTARD
He'll come down on the dark side... if he makes it...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PANS ACROSS their faces as they watch the screen... the falling ship.

BELL
They'll fy in there... they'll fry when they hit the atmosphere.

HORTON
Speed one point two-oh.

28 INT. ROCKET CONTROL

Gates watching speed indicator, passing his hand over his face. CAMERA PANS to Cheyney and Lindeman. A heat gauge on the panel behind them. The perspiration is beginning to pour from the faces.

29 HEAT GUAGE - INSERT

Reading 100 degrees F. it creeps slowly upward.

30 GATES

Wet faced, he wipes the sweat from his eyes, looks down the speed indicator. It has dropped to .95.

31 ANGLE IN PASSAGEWAY

The crewmen are beginning to show the effects of the ever increasing heat, breathing heavily, tugging at their clothing.

32 INSERT - HEAT INDICATOR

It now reads 110 F.

33 INT. TUCSON II CONTROL ROOM

The screen... the men watching it... helpless.

SAMUELS
Too fast, too fast... they can't.

He suddenly turns away from the screen, not wanting to watch.

34 INT. ROCKET CONTROL ROOM

Gates, gulping for air, still at the controls, eyes fixed on his vision screen... watching the approach of the planet.

35 THE PLANET - POV

It spins, looming up toward us at alarming speed.

36 INSERT HEAT INDICATOR

It reads 140 F.

37 ANGLE IN PASSAGEWAY

Three of the crewmen hang unconscious from the safety belts... the other straining... heads twisting, clawing at their throats.

38 INT. CONTROL ROOM (ROCKET)

Lindeman collapses on the deck. Cheyney begins to stagger. Suddenly, the glaring double-sunlight reflected from the vision screen has gone... the rocket has entered the dark side of the planet.

39 ANGLE ON WALL CHART IN ROCKET

It begins to smoulder.

40 CLOSE ON GATES

His face is swollen, eyes bulging, mouth hanging wide.

41 EXT. DARK SIDE PLANET - SHOOTING UP

A great cone of flame descends toward us, illuminating the shadow and shape of craggy ground. We hear the tremendous ROAR of the approaching ship. Its speed is diminished now, but still too fast for a safe landing.

42 ROCKET - ANOTHER ANGLE

Listing, it falls to the ground, a grinding crash.

43 INT. TUCSON II CONTROL ROOM

The screen is black. Quintard and Samuels stare at it for a moment, then the Colonel turns to Bell.

QUINTARD
Try to get them... Keep trying.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

HORTON
Yes, sir.

Quintard moves to a huge wall map, touches a button and it immediately lights. He presses another button, the map moves, from left to right, a new section appearing. It stops. CAMERA MOVES IN FOR CLOSER SHOT OF MAP. Quintard and Samuels MOVE INTO SHOT. Quintard points a finger, indicating an area marked..."WILDERNESS AREA".

QUINTARD
There, I think.

SAMUELS
Then they're better off dead.

FADE OUT.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

44 EXT. SPACE FREIGHTER - NIGHT

Twisted metal, odd reflections from a pale reddish moon rising over the hump of a northern ridge. In b.g. we see lofty crags, jagged, silhouetted against the dark purpled sky. The star clusters resemble nothing known to the galaxy of which earth is a part. As the moon rises... (visibly) it is followed by a larger disc whose outline follows a degree or two eastward, and begins to loom over the horizon.

45 FREIGHTER - CLOSER SHOT

To all appearances, a dead hulk. CAMERA MOVES IN for CLOSE SHOT of a gash in the hull.

46 CLOSE ON HULL

Within the broken hull, we see a metal cylinder. Water is seeping out, and as it does so, we see it drip down the side of the hull, slow, and begin to freeze forming a stalactitie. A white frost begins to creep over the area in FRAME.

47 INT. SHIP - PASSAGEWAY

Hanging in grotesque positions, bodies broken by the impact, the crew members. We remain only to assure ourselves that there is no life here. CAMERA MOVES THROUGH tangle of cable and gear, forward past the warped seal of an air lock, now reaching the entrance way to the Rocket Control Cabin.

48 INT. ROCKET CONTROL

The damage seems to be less severe in the bow of the ship, although the instrument panel is beyind repair. CAMERA PANS LINGERING IN A CLOSE SHOT of the Temperature. We see the indicator lowering... forty degrees...thirty-eight...thirty-five... CAMERA RESUMES ITS PROBING. Doubled in a corner we see Ted Lindeman... Eyes closed... his shallow breathing, warm, condenses as it emerges into the cooling air. CAMERA FINDS Cheyney, groggily shaking his head, rising unsteadily to his feet. He wipes at a deep cut on his forehead, gets his bearings... looks about... and sees...

49 GATES - POV

The captain's body is half hidden beneath a girder.

50 CHEYNEY

He sees Lindeman, makes his way along the sloping desk to the young crewman's side, kneels beside him.

CHEYNEY
(slapping the A.B.'s face)
Lindy ... Lindy ... wake up... wake up, kid.

Cheyney works over Lindeman for a moment, then quickly gets to his feet, and moves aft toward the passageway. He stops at the entrance to the narrow passageway, looks down it toward...

51 CREWMEN - POV

Suspended from their safety belts... and beyond the lead lined door leading to Power Control and the sign on the door reading...

52 SIGN - INSERT

"ON ENTERING AND LEAVING. CHECK YOUR RADIATION EXPOSURE FILM"

CAMERA PULLS BACK for long HOLD on lead door.

53 CHEYNEY

Fumbles in his breast pocket, withdraws a small card...3X3 it is milky white. Cheyney is visibly relieved. Now he turns, and goes back into the Rocket Control Cabin.

54 ANGLE ON LINDEMAN

He is sitting up, aimlessly rubbing at his elbow. Cheyney ENTERS SHOT, bends over Lindeman, puts an arm under him.

CHEYNEY
Can you get up?

Lindeman nods, gets to his feet, looks o.s., sees Gates.

LINDEMAN
What about the others?

CHEYNEY
Finished... Snap it up, Lindy.

Cheyney moves o.s. CAMERA FOLLOWS Lindeman as he stumbles along the inclined deck to the emergency pack locker. In so doing, he must step over the body of Gates, half averting his eyes, he does so.

55 ANGLE AT LOCKER

Lindeman slides open the panel, unclips two packs.

56 ANGLE ON CHEYNEY

He procures two atomic rifles (in shape not too different from an earlier model highpowered cartridge rifle) Several clips of annumition.

57 LINDEMAN

Moving away from the locker, he hears...

GATES' VOICE
(weakly)
My back...

Lindeman reacts, looks down to see...

58 GATES

feebly trying to extricate himself from the girder.

59 LINDEMAN

LINDEMAN
Mr. Cheyney...

He moves to the side of Gates. Cheyney ENTERS SCENE, looks down at Gates. He is clearly, quite coldly undecided. It is Lindeman who spurs him to action. The A.B. bends down, grasps the girder and begins to lift. Cheyney helps him. After a moment, they succeed in lifting it aside.

CHEYNEY
Take his feet, Lindy...

The first officer steps over the rubble, lifts Gates under the arms. Lindeman takes the Captain's feet.

GATES
(in agony)
No, don't... don't...

CHEYNEY
(brutally)
You want us to leave you here?

Carrying the injured man, Cheyney and Lindeman work their way toward the emergency exit... the cant of the desk making their progress slow, difficult, and at every jolt, the Captain emits an involuntary groan. Cheyney reaches for the release catch.

60 EXT. SPACE SHIP - NIGHT

The door slides open. The three men emerge, move several yards away from the broken ship. Lindeman trips, nearly falls, and in doing so looses his hold on Gates' feet. The Captain rolls to the ground.

61 ANGLE ON CHEYNEY AND LINDEMAN

Cheyney looks o.s., points.

62 ANGLE ON ROCK BARRIER P.O.V.

63 CHEYNEY AND LINDEMAN

CHEYNEY
Come on. That'll give us some protection. Pick him up.

Lindeman and Cheyney once more take up their burden. Move slowly over the uneven ground toward the barrier.

64 ANGLE AT BARRIER

The trio ENTER SHOT, reach the protective wall. Gates is lowered to the ground. An odd glow emanates from the sky in b.g. We see an aurora borealis effect, beautiful, yet somehow terrible in its vastness, accentuating the bleak loneliness of this place.

65 CHEYNEY AND GATES

GATES
Anybody else?

Cheyney shakes his head. Gates attempts to prop himself up on his elbows. After a struggle, he manages. Cheyney unconsciously is swinging his arms in an effort to warm himself. Lindeman MOVES INTO SHOT. He too feels the increasing chill. Blows into his hands.

GATES
Have you tried radio contact with the outpost?

Cheyney frowns.

CHEYNEY
(to Lindeman)
Break out the portable, Lindeman...

Lindeman starts to unpack the transmitter from the emergency pack.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

GATES
We're going to need insulation clothes... pneumatic tent. Get 'em, Cheyney.

CHEYNEY
Not out of that ship, Captain... she's too hot by now...

GATES
What was the radiation reading when we left it?

CHEYNEY
I don't know, but it didn't matter... after a crackup like that...

GATES
Let me see your film.

CHEYNEY
I checked it before... it's...

GATES
Let me see it.

Cheyney takes the radiation exposure film out of his pocket. holds it out to Gates.

GATES
(continuing)
Clear. It's worth the chance.

CHEYNEY
Not for me, it isn't...

Gates is warcked in a spasm of pain, falls back.

LINDEMAN
Mr. Cheyney's right, sir. I don't mind being cold, better than radiation sick.

GATES
You know this country, either of you?

The two men look down at Gates, momentarily unsure.

GATES
(continuing)
We're on the dark side... in the wilderness area... You any idea where we came down, mister?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED (2):

CHEYNEY
No, but...

GATES
You read your manual on this planet? It can go thirty below at dark. And 140 above with the suns... Got any idea how far we are from the Outpost?

Lindeman is torn between Gates' words, and Cheyney's seeming realistic appraisal of the known facts... namely the danger of approaching the space ship. He has the transmitter ready for operation. Gates motions to it.

GATES
Try on ten centimenters... use the automatic key... better chance of getting a signal through.

Lindeman sets a vernier dial... snaps a toggle switch. A dim light begins to fluctuate indicating the code signals being transmitted. CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK. We see Cheyney pounding his hands against his crossed arms, Gates lying motionless. Lindeman pouring over the compact little transmitter.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. TUCSON II CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bell seated at the radio panel, tuning both video and audio dials. We hear a constant aimless whining interspersed with the crackle of static. Nothing more. The screen remains dark with an occasional flash of light.

67 ANGLE AT CHART - DAY

Quintard, Doctor Samuels and the other officers. Quintard, with the aid of an automatic compass, is pinpointing sections in the Wilderness Area. Now he steps back from the magnified and lighted wall charts, his face somber.

QUINTARD
If we're lucky, they're somewhere in there... a thousand square miles...

SAMUELS
If the cold doesn't do it, the heat will... or a meteorite fall... or Lord knows what else?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

QUINTARD
(sharply)
What do you suggest? Forget about them?

SAMUELS
(quietly)
You know better than that.

QUINTARD
I want every man on the post in the assembly hall in fifteen minutes.
(to Bell)
How many helishipS operative?

BELL
Nine, sir... two laid up for parts...

QUINTARD
All right. Ground parties will use airtracts. Get going.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 EXT. WILDERNESS AREA- CHEYNEY, LINDEMAN

huddled together. In b.g. a few feet away lies Gates, either sleeping or unconscious. Both Cheyney and Lindeman are suffering from the cold. The cold stark light from the double moons illuminates the scene.

LINDEMAN
Maybe the Captain's right... maybe we should have tried for the survival equipment.

CHEYNEY
You ever see what radiation sickness is like?

Lindeman simply stares at him. Cheyney glances over his shoulder at Gates who moans softly. Turns back to Lindeman. Cheyney takes a folded map from his pocket, spreads it open, takes out a dial the size of a wristwatch. A bright cone of light illuminates the chart.

CHEYNEY
Near as I can figure...
(tapping chart)
We're somewhere in here. All right.
(his finger moves along the chart)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

CHEYNEY (cont'd)
twenty-five... maybe thirty miles south... that's an emergency shelter... see? The triangle...

Lindeman cranes his head to see better...

CHEYNEY
Outpost's another hundred miles or so further south. If we can make the shelter... there'll be food, clothing...

LINDEMAN
Wouldn't it be quicker going over the hills?

CHEYNEY
Shorter... not quicker... look... canyons... caves... easy to get lost... no, kid... we stick to the valley.

69 GATES

Eyes open, he lies quietly, listening.

LINDEMAN'S VOICE
What about him?

There is a movement, we hear Cheyney and Lindeman moving closer. Gates' eyes follow their approach.

70 GATES, CHEYNEY AND LINDEMAN

LINDEMAN
(trying to smile)
How do you feel, captain?

Gates doesn't acknowledge the question. Stares at Cheyney.

GATES
Go back to the ship and...

CHEYNEY
Pack the radio, Lindeman.

Lindeman hesitates, turns from Cheyney to Gates, weakening, afraid, conscious of Cheyney's strength.

CHEYNEY
Do like I say, kid.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

Lindeman suddenly turns away and moves o.s.

CHEYNEY
(to Gates, flat)
There's a few hypno-pills...
you want to take one now?

GATES
We'll never make it without
equipment.

Cheyney shrugs, noncommital.

GATES
Go back to the ship, mister...
get the suite...

Cheyney shakes his head.

GATES
You can watch the film...
there's a two minute leeway
even if it turns black.

CHENEY
(unimpressed)
Yeah... sure.

Gates stares a moment. Knows he's being refused. He raises himself on one elbow, turns to Lindeman.

GATES
Lindeman... with supplies...
survival suits we can hold out.
They'll be looking for us...
they'll find us... It's our
only chance.

CHEYNEY
You mean <u>your</u> only chance, Gates.
What'll you do? Sit and tell us
stories of the good old days
when you were a space pioneer
while the kid dies of radiation
poison?

GATES
Lindeman... this is an order...
I'm ordering you to get that
equipment. You hear what I'm
saying?

Lindeman stares down at Gates, the habit of obeying authority strong in him. He looks pleadingly to Cheyney.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED (2):

CHEYNEY
As first officer, I'm within my rights to countermand the orders of a superior who is no longer in control of the situation... through sickness physical or mental. That's the way it reads, Gates.

GATES
Did you memorize the rest of the articles, mister? Abandoning shipmates? Mutiny?

CHEYNEY
You're relieved of your command, Gates. You're witness to it, Lindeman.

GATES
(staring with hate)
Been waiting a long time for this, haven't you, Cheyney?

CHEYNEY
(quietly, spits the words)
A long time... Captain.

Cheyney throws a small pack down beside Gates, turns, moves to retrieve his rifle and gear.

71 ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING PAST Lindeman who knows the score and is torn.

CHEYNEY
(its put up or shut up)
You comin' or not?

A long beat, then Lindeman follows him out of the shot, avoiding Gates' look. CAMERA MOVES IN on Gates, HOLD, then:

DISSOLVE TO:

72 MONTAGE

The searching helishipS, highly maneuverable craft capable of supersonic speed or hovering. They are magnetic field driven. Flying at height over the Wilderness Areas... a half light of false dawn. SEVERAL ANGLES.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

Colonel Quintard piloting a heliship, Bell and Samuels with him, searching the ground beneath him.

Wilderness Area from Quintard's P.O.V. Giant outcroppings, craters...

An Airtract, piloted by an officer.

In the Tucson II Control Tower, other men are maintaining communications between the searchers and the Outpost.

DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. WILDERNESS AREA - ANGLE ON GATES

Painfully, slowly, he is crawling out from the protective rock barrier. Teeth clenched, hands scraped raw on the frozen ground. He stops, head lowered, then continues on.

74 ANGLE ON SPACE SHIP

Gates crawls past CAMERA and inches his way into the clearing toward the ship.

75 GATES - SHOOTING FROM THE SHIP

He approaches closer...

76 GATES - CLOSE SHOT

His breathing dry, hoarse, he stops for a moment, reaches into his pocket for the radiation exposure film, grips it in his teeth, then moves on toward the ship.

77 INT. SPACE SHIP

SHOOTING THROUGH the still open emergency escape door.

At floor level, we see Gates' fingers of one hand clutch at the metal plating, loose their grip, then retain it. Now Gates' head ENTERS SHOT, followed by his other hand... the radiation exposure film still between his teeth. For a moment, he hangs there on the lip of the entrance, then with superhuman effort, pulls his body up to the ship deck, rolls inside and down the slanting deck to land against the opposite wall. CAMERA PANS to deck for CLOSE SHOT of radiation exposure film which has dropped from his teeth. It seems to be a little darker.

78 ANGLE THROUGH PASSAGEWAY DOOR

At the end of the passage the lead door to the Power Control. In f.g. the bodies of the crewmen.

79 GATES

He half slides, worms his way toward a large locker. Finding a handhold on an instrument desk, he drags himself half erect, reaches for the locker-catch-release. It slides open. Gates pulls out what appears to be an insulated space suit, other objects fall to the deck beside him, one of which (a small oval picture frame) rolls along the desk... coming to rest beside the radiation exposure film.

80 INSERT - PICTURE FRAME AND FILM

The picture bears the likeness of a middle-aged pleasant looking woman. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER to film, which has become noticeably darker (In re rad. ex. film... the radio-activity might manifest itself by a gradual shading of the film, beginning at one end, until it is half white, half black, then quarter white, three quarters black... etc.)

DISSOLVE TO:

81 WILDERNESS - HALF LIGHT

The valley is frozen in the light of the two moons.

82 ANGLE ON RISE

Two figures appear... pause at the rise, then move down the gentle slope toward CAMERA. Cheyney and Lindeman. Abruptly Lindeman stops, looks o.s. to his left. Cheyney halts, calls to Lindeman.

CHEYNEY
Come on kid...

Lindeman points o.s.

83 HILLS - POV

Their dark outline hazy on the horizon. Then a sheet of light... behind the hills bringing them into sharp focus for a second.

84 CHEYNEY AND LINDEMAN

By contrast, the pale glow from the two moons seems lessened after the flash.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

LINDEMAN
Maybe it's a flare... searching party?

Cheyney shakes his head, sniffs the air, eyes wary.

CHEYNEY
It's getting warmer.

LINDEMAN
Yeah...

CHEYNEY
(uncertain)
Better keep going...

They move off again...

85 THE SKY

Without warning, a ball of lightening flashes across the sky, approaches, then splits the darkness surrounding into jagged forks... dissipates. It is accompanied by a hiss... a thunderous cracking.

86 CHEYNEY AND LINDEMAN

Awe stricken... then awareness of their predicament brings the fear. In b.g. we see another lightening ball form... grow in intensity.

CHEYNEY
(shouting over the sound)
Get down... down...

Lindeman is momentarily frozen... eyes horrified... watching the terrible bolt... then he starts to run... blindly.

87 LINDEMAN - LONG SHOT

Alone, racing away from...

88 LIGHTENING

The ball explodes, the forks, splitting into a hundred parts, reaching to the valley, the ground.

89 LINDEMAN

stops short, eyes bulging, looking before him.

90 LIGHTENING

Another ball forming, this time from the other side of the valley.

91 WIDE ANGLE

The valley. From both sides now, we see the electrical storm forming, building, the great balls of light coming together, shattering into spears.

92 CHEYNEY

hugging the ground.

93 LINDEMAN

petrified, then turns to run, stumbles and falls as a blaze of lightening transfixes him in it's shaft. The bolt hits, now there is darkness, until the next flash and we see a huddled smouldering form on the ground.

94 ANGLE ON CHEYNEY

He springs to his feet, and begins to run.

95 WIDER ANGLE

Cheyney running. The lightening balls forming, rushing, splitting, tearing the sky. Against the terrible SOUND we hear a small CRY, then Cheyney has gone.

CUT TO:

96 GATES - NIGHT

Clad in an insulating suit, helmet, a pack dragging from his shoulder as he pulls himself along the ground, away from the wrecked space ship which we see dimly outlined in b.g. Gates' progress halts as he sees the flashes of light in the sky.

97 FLASHES - POV

Beyond the range of hills which lie from Gates' vantage point about a mile distant...

98 GATES

Slowly, painfully, he pulls himself to a half-sitting position, gloved hand moves to a small knob on the lower left side of his helmet. We see his lips move.

99 WINDERNESS - POV

From within Gates' helmet, surveying the scene before him, frozen, still.

GATES
Hello Tucson II... this is Gates Portable 2462... do you receive me? Hello Tucson II... Tucson II... Tucson II... this is portable 2462. Do you receive me.

A pause, we hear, as does Gates, a swishing, interspersed with the crackling static of the electrical storm.

100 ANGLE ON GATES

He begins to crawl again.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 INT. HELISHIP - NIGHT - COLONEL QUINTARD, SAMUELS AND BELL

They see the electrical storm which is taking place far in the distance.

102 STORM - POV

From the heliship, the balls of fire-light... the jagged lightening piercing the ground.

103 QUINTARD AND OBSERVER

Quintard jerks his thumb to the right. Bell steers the ship to move away from the storm.

DISSOLVE TO:

104 INSERT - MAP

A smaller edition of the chart carried by Cheyney. We focus on the valley and the range of hills, with it's canyons and caves.

105 GATES

Face drawn, with frozen fingers he tries to fold the map, replace it in a pocket of his suit, put on his gloves. He looks o.s.

106 HILLS - POV

They lie in vague distance. The intervening ground of the valley barren, and except for an occasional hump or depression, relatively flat.

107 GATES

Teeth clenched against pain, he begins the journey toward the hill range. CAMERA watches him move off in that direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 A MOUND - HALF LIGHT

About eight feet high, it lies somewhere in the valley between Gates and the hills. From a miniature cut in the hillock we see a stream of ice, glittering, solid, and below, a pool of ice. The sky beyond is getting lighter. Gates enters SHOT. His suit torn, movement slow, agonized. As he reaches the pool, he appears to collapse, helmeted head falling to the ground. Only for a moment, then he raises up.

109 GATES - CLOSE

His tongue runs over his dried lips as he sees the pool of ice. CAMERA PANS as he moves closer to it. Gates drops the pack from his shoulder, pulls it before him, reaches in for a small pick, withdraws it, begins to hack weakly at the ice pond. Slivers of ice fly up. Gates lays down the pick, unbuckles his helmet, removes it and his gloves, now he reaches out to gather in the ice chips. Suddenly stops, considers, takes a miniature geiger counter from the pouch in the leg of his suit, holds it over the surface of the ice.

110 INSERT - COUNTER

We see the needle fluctuate wildly, hear the warning staccato CLICKS.

111 GATES

Pulls himself away from the deadly pool, dragging his pack and helmet.

112 THE HILLS

A little closer now from Gates' POV but still distant. The rays of sunlight lighting the sky, then the sun itself appearing over the hill-outline.

113 POOL OF ICE

As the first shaft of sunlight creeps over the frozen ground toward the pool, settles, reflects off the icy surface, and then we see the ice beginning to melt. CAMERA PANS UP to the frozen stream. It begins to drip, faster, melting into a trickle. The sun shaft beams hotter, whiter, a mist of steam begins to rise from the pool.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 INT. QUINTARD'S HELISHIP

Quintard at the controls. Bell and Samuels. Quintard searches the terrain below him. Bell tuning the receiver, stiffens as through the speaker, he HEARS...

GATES' VOICE
(fading... fading)
Tucson II... Tucson II... this is Gates... do you receive me?

Bell turns to Quintard. The Colonel has already heard...

QUINTARD
Get a beam on him... quick...

Bell twirts dials, watches a grid light up before him.

BELL
(into mike)
Gates... this is Searching Party...
Gates... this is Searching Party...
We are receiving you... over...

There is a pause. Both men watch the grid... anxiously.

GATES' VOICE
Tucson II... Hello Tucson II...
Tucson II...

The voice has gone.

115 INSERT - GRID SCREEN

Two crossed lines hovering over a squared pattern... they waver, and as Gates' voice dies away... dissolve into the b.g. of light.

BELL
Didn't come in strong enough to be sure... only a guess...
(pointing to chart)
Somewhere in there.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

Bell points his finger onto a chart of the Wilderness area which is set between the two men.

QUINTARD
Put out a call... all units converge on the area... tell 'em to tune ten centimeters for Gates' carrier... He might come in again.

Bell glances over at Quintard.

BELL
Going to be pretty hot in a while, Colonel...

QUINTARD
Lot hotter for Gates down there...

116 EXT. HELISHIP

It ship skims over a broad plane heading for a low hill range. The suns gleam hotly over the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 THE WILDERNESS - DAY

Burning sunlight. A hundred yards in b.g. shadows cast by the jutting cliffs of the hill range. We see pock marks of caves.

118 ANGLE ON GATES

He lies that hundred yards short of the shadowed safety of cliffs. Sun beating down on him. Now he stirs, raises his head.

119 CLIFF - POV

It wavers before his eyes.

120 GATES

Semi-conscious, automatically, he drags himself forward, then reaches the lip of a depression, rolls over and into it, the loose soil pouring over him. He sobs, beaten, knowing that he can never reach his goal. An arm raised to ward off the sun...

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

GATES
(muttering)
Tucson II... Tucson... II...

With a supreme effort... almost in anger he claws at the depression slope... The dirt slides down under his fingers. With a flash of clarity he knows what he must do. With all his strength, he starts loosening the dirt, pulling it down into the pit, begins to burrow into it, covering himself.

CUT TO:

121 INT. HELISHIP

The craft moving at low speed. Both Quintard and Bell scanning the ground around them, over the speaker, they hear, muffled...

GATES' VOICE
Hot... too hot... too hot...
too hot...

Bell's eyes are on a screen, watching lines of the radio fix.

BELL
(over Gates' voice)
Hundred yards... hundred... left...
2 points...

Quintard looks down from the observation window.

122 GROUND - POV

Two or three depressions, the cliffs close in b.g. No sign of life.

123 QUINTARD AND LANG

BELL
We're on him now, sir...

QUINTARD
Can't be...

124 INSERT GRID

The crossed lines waver, fade out.

125 QUINTARD AND BELL

BELL
Gone now...

QUINTARD
I'm going down.

SAMUELS
Too hot... you'll burn out there...

QUINTARD
Insulation'll give me at least two minutes, maybe more... stand by...

Quintard takes off uniform cap, starts to buckle down his helmet.

SAMUELS
Paul... still an awful chance...
(a beat; then)
I know what you think of Gates, but there's a limit... a man can only give so much...

Quintard regards him evenly.

QUINTARD
Gates never thought so -
(then, at Samuels' look)
You know why he's really flying hulks? He had a choice once -- 'way back. Top job in the fleet. He stepped aside because another man needed it more... Never got another break after that.
(beat)
... That's a lot of man.

Quintard moves to heliship airlock, still carrying cap. He remembers it, drops it on floor to side. He opens airlock, exits.

126 EXT. HELISHIP

as Quintard starts down, the terribly bright sunlight hitting him. We ANGLE so that we see the cap fall to ground?

127 POV - THE WILDERNESS

Devoid of growth, burning sunlight, nothing.

128 BACK TO QUINTARD - CLOSE

Through his helmet we see beads of perspiration forming on his face. CAMERA PULLS BACK and ANGLES DOWN at the fallen cap. The tremendous heat has already started to char it. Quintard starts away.

129 INT. HELISHIP - SAMUELS

He watches through the observation window, anxious. The only sound now, a faint WHIRRING of the air conditioner.

130 QUINTARD - POV

Samuels watches the Colonel start his search, moving away from the ship.

131 QUINTARD

walking slowly, searching the ground.

132 CLOSE SHOT

Quintard obviously feeling the penetrating heat... a desperation in his expression.

133 INT. SHOP - BELL AND SAMUELS

Samuels glances at a temperature gauge, shakes his head.

WIPE TO:

134 CLOSE MOVING SHOT

with Quintard as he approaches area of loose soil. His movements tell us the heat is having its effect.

135 DEPRESSION IN GROUND

The loose soil. Quintard appears at the top of the rise, looks about him.

136 AREA - POV

Out of focus as a combination of faintness and sweat momentarily blinds Quintard, then it clears. Quintard sees...

137 DEPRESSION - POV

Quintard sees the hastily dug pit into which Gates has buried himself.

138 QUINTARD

The realization of what he sees crosses his face. Quickly he moves forward, and begins to scoop at the dirt, DISCLOSING Gates, his body barely covered with protective soil. Quintard rolls him over. We see Gates' lips moving, eyes closed. Quintard, nearing the end of his own strength, begins to drag him. As we

DISSOLVE TO:

139 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (REDRESS SAMUELS' OFFICE)

White, sterile -- uncommon design. Quintard comes through door, moves to Gates, who is in bed.

QUINTARD
Hear you're going to live, John.

GATES
So I'm told.

QUINTARD
Need anything?

GATES
A new ship. Space powered --
I hope.

QUINTARD
I imagine they'll have one for you when you get back. Anything else?

GATES
Little information...
(hesitates)
I talk much on the way back?

QUINTARD
(half-smile; nods)
We know what happened.

GATES
(beat)
Any way of it <u>not</u> going into the record?

QUINTARD
You haven't changed. Still protecting people, eh?

GATES
(shakes his head)
You're over-rating me...
(then, at Quintard's look)
Look at it this way -- those two saved my life...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

Quintard reacts.

GATES
(continuing - with venom)
Sure... I could killed 'em... would've... But that's just it... they made me mad enough I wouldn't give 'em the satisfaction of dying...

Quintard regards him steadily -- not buying.

QUINTARD
Not good enough, John. It was still mutiny.

It's now Gates who regards Quintard. A long look, then he looks down.

GATES
(exhales, then, softly)
Yes...
(a beat)
If it was just Cheyney, I'd help you write it... but Lindeman -- he didn't want it that way.

QUINTARD
So?

GATES
So you look at a mutiny in the books years later and everybody comes out bad.

Quintard looks at him a long moment, then breaks into a little chuckle.

GATES
(continuing)
Something funny?

QUINTARD
You...
(then, as Gates glares)
Doc Samuels is right. People haven't changed -- thank God.

140 CLOSE SHOT - GATES

He knows Quintard is right, but yields only to the extent of a shrug.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

END CREDITS OVER SPACE SHOTS.

THE END