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OUTPOST IN SPACE

Teleplay by

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and

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CALIFORNIA NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS

Rev. 1/5/59

"OUTPOST IN SPACE"

FADE IN:

Card with show title.

OUTPOST IN SPACE

1998

Followed by opening credits against b.g. shot.

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE
(continuing)
This is an Outpost in space.
The earth's farthest contact.
The point for further explor-
ations into the changing uni-
verse. But controlled by man.
And man hasn't changed.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

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

as PAUL QUINTARD moves across Outpost grounds heading toward rocket hangar. 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."

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

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 seated men. Their names are HORTON and BELL. Bell on audio, Horton on video. CAMERA HAS REACHED Horton...and now we see Quintard stride into shot and to him. Horton looks a little apprehensive -- Quintard is an overpowering, quiet man.

HORTON
(nods)
Colonel Quintard...

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

HORTON
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...

HORTON
(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
(to Bell at radio)
Any contact yet?

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

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

QUINTARD
E.T.A.?

BELL
Fourteen-thirty, sir.

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.

GIRL
They sure give him enough rea-son...

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,

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

intelligent, easy-going. He hands the cup to the grim-faced Quintard, as:

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

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

SAMUELS
I know.

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
(still angry) 25
Four ships and ~~thirteen~~ men in a year? Every ship obsolete...

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED (2):

SAMUELS (cont'd)
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 nuclear power on the freight stuff...
(repeating)
"It's only freight, only material..."

SAMUELS
(evenly)
So it is...

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

SAMUELS
Someday you'll convince them. If you don't get an ulcer first...

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.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED (3):

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

BELL
That's about all I got, sir. John Gates...

Worry in Quintard's face.

BELL
(continuing)
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.

SAMUELS
(quietly)
John Gates -- You're John Gates?

QUINTARD
Yeah. Got me into the Academy. Great pilot. But too old for exploratory ships. Stubborn old cuss. Won't give up -- even if he's reduced to flying these old death traps.

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 Lindeman...come on.

LINDEMAN
I can't get through, Mr. Cheyney.

Lindeman looks nervously at the speed indicator.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

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

CHEYNEY
(shakes head)
Stay on the ~~radio~~.

AUDIO

LINDEMAN
Capt. Gates told us to call him before orbit.

CHEYNEY
(with sarcasm)
Sure he told ya -- I'll bring it in. Let the old ~~has-been~~ sleep.

HE TIRED

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

MAN

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.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

GATES' VOICE
(continuing)
Maximum...

One operator pushes a lever...there is a pulsing HUM...a slight GRINDING...

8 INT. CONTROL CABIN

as Gates turns back to Cheyney, quiet anger in his face.

GATES
When were you going to call me?

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

GATES
(pointedly)
Maybe you're the one needs rest, Mr. Cheyney. A long rest. I've told you before -- you'll learn to command a ship when you learn to obey orders.

Gates turns toward speed indicator.

9 INSERT - SPEED INDICATOR

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 Lindeman, who respectfully moves aside.

GATES
(into mike)
Tuscon II, this is E-2462...

11 INT. TUSCON II CONTROL TOWER

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

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

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

BELL
We read him, sir...But he's not
getting us.

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

QUINTARD
Stay with it.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE

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

SAMUELS
(quiet under-
standing)
Take it easy, Paul.

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

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

SAMUELS
If it can be made, Gates'll make it. Great pilot...
(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. It's ridiculous!

He turns, walks furiously back to panel.

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

HORTON
Three point oh-two.

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

He takes mike.

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

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

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...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

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 LINDEMAN

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

OPERATOR'S VOICE
(continuing)
... 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, LINDEMAN

Lindeman is shouting into the microphone.

LINDEMAN
Emergency! Emergency! C.Q.!
C.Q.!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

Gates moves to a manual control board...

GATES
(to Cheyney)
Altitude... altitude.

Cheyney moves to his side...

CHEYNEY
We've got to abandon...

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. TUSCON II CONTROL ROOM

Over speaker, CRACKLING SOUNDS, and:

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

QUINTARD
Altitude?

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

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

21 INT. ROCKET SHIP CONTROL ROOM

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

22 INSERT - SPEED INDICATOR

It shows 1.95.

23 (OMITTED)

24 ANGLE IN PASSAGEWAY

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

25 ANGLE ON GATES

GATES
(continuing)
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 stern tubes.

27 TUSCON II CONTROL ROOM SCREEN

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

HORTON
Seven hundred...

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

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

HORTON
Speed one point two-oh. Still too fast.

28 INT. ROCKET CONTROL

Gates watching speed indicator, passing his hand over his face. CAMERA PANS TO Cheyney and Lindeman. The perspiration is beginning to pour from their faces.

29 GATES

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

30 ANGLE IN PASSAGEWAY

The crewmen are beginning to show the effects of the ever-increasing acceleration, breathing heavily, faces showing the drag.

31 INT. TUSCON 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.

32 INT. ROCKET CONTROL ROOM

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

33 THE PLANET - POV

It spins, looming up toward us at alarming speed.

34 ANGLE IN PASSAGEWAY

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

35 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.

36 CLOSE ON GATES

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

37 EXT. NIGHT 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.

38 ANOTHER ANGLE - ROCKET

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

39 INT. TUSCON 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.

BELL
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
If they don't get out of there before the radiation of the sun hits them -- they're better off dead.

FADE OUT.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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QUINTARD
There, I think. Alright. Let's go.
(to officer)
Break out three heliships.
(to another officer)
Every other man on the post into ground parties using airtracks.
(to Samuels)
What do you think of their chances?

SAMUELS
If they don't get out of there before the radiation of the sun hits them -- they're better off dead.

FADE OUT.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

40 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.

41 CLOSER SHOT - FREIGHTER

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

42 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 stalactite. A white frost begins to creep over the area in frame.

43 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 entranceway to the Rocket Control Cabin.

44 INT. ROCKET CONTROL

The damage seems to be less severe in the bow of the ship, although the instrument panel is beyond 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...

45 GATES - POV

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

46 CHEYNEY

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

CHEYNEY
(slapping thé
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...

47 CREWMEN - POV

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

48 INSERT - SIGN

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

CAMERA PULLS BACK for LONG HOLD on lead door.

49 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.

50 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

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

along the inclined deck to the emergency door. In so doing, he must step over the body of Gates; half averting his eyes, he does so.

GATES' VOICE
(weakly)
My back...

Lindeman reacts, looks down to see...

51 GATES

feebly trying to extricate himself from the girder.

52 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 deck making their progress slow, difficult, and at every jolt, the Captain emits an involuntary groan. Cheyney reaches for the release catch.

53 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.

54 ANGLE ON CHEYNEY AND LINDEMAN

Cheyney looks o.s., points.

55 ANGLE ON ROCK BARRIER - P.O.V.

56 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.

57 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.

58 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
(continuing) RADIO
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 on his trouser leg.

(CONTINUED)

58 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
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 wracked 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 night side... in the wilderness area... you any idea where we came down, mister?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED - (2):

CHEYNEY
No, but...

GATES
You read your manual on this planet? When that sun comes up the radiation will be instant. Without suits, you won't last two hours. Now go back to the ship and...

Lindeman, obedient, starts.

CHEYNEY
Stay here, Lindeman.

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

CHEYNEY
(continuing)
Do like I say, kid.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

CHEYNEY
You mean your only chance, Gates. Lindeman and I can make the ~~mountains~~ before ~~dawn~~ and hide from the radiation. Carrying you, none of us will make it.

SHELTER

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.

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. Ever since you blackballed my command appointment.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING PAST Lindeman who knows the score and is torn.

CHEYNEY
(continuing; it's put up or shut up; to Lindeman)
You comin' or not? We gotta move fast.

LINDEMAN
What about...him?

CHEYNEY
He dies. Stay here and you die with him.

A beat. Then, Lindeman follows Cheyney out of shot. CAMERA MOVES IN ON Gates.

GATES
(tense; quietly)
No. I won't. I won't die...

DISSOLVE TO:

59 THRU 64 (OMITTED)

65 MONTAGE

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

66 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.

67 ANGLE ON SPACE SHIP

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

68 GATES - SHOOTING FROM THE SHIP

He approaches closer...

69 CLOSE SHOT - GATES

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.

70 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.

71 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.

72 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 deck... coming to rest beside the radiation exposure film.

73 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-

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

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:

74 WILDERNESS - HALF LIGHT

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

75 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.

76 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.

77 CHEYNEY AND LINDEMAN

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

78 THE SKY

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

79 CHEYNEY AND LINDEMAN

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

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

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

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

80 LONG SHOT - LINDEMAN

alone, racing away from...

81 LIGHTNING

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

82 LINDEMAN

stops short, eyes bulging, looking before him.

83 LIGHTNING

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

84 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.

85 CHEYNEY

hugging the ground.

86 LINDEMAN

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

87 ANGLE ON CHEYNEY

He springs to his feet, and begins to run.

88 WIDER ANGLE

Cheyney running. The lightning balls forming, rushing, splitting, tearing the sky. Against the terrible SOUND we HEAR a small cry, then Cheyney has gone down.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 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.

90 FLASHES - POV

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

91 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.

92 WILDERNESS - POV

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

GATES
Hello, Tuscon II... this is Portable 2462... do you receive me? Hello, Tuscon II... Tuscon II... Tuscon 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.

93 ANGLE ON GATES

He begins to crawl again.

94 INT. HELISHIP - NIGHT - COLONEL QUINTARD, SAMUELS

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

95 STORM - POV

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

96 QUINTARD AND SAMUELS

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

DISSOLVE TO:

97 INSERT - MAP

A smaller edition of the chart carried by Cheyney. We FOCUS ON the valley and the range of hills, with its canyons and caves.

98 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.

99 HILLS - POV

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

100 GATES

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

DISSOLVE TO:

101 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.

102 POOL OF ICE

as the first shaft of sunlight creeps over the frozen ground toward a pool, settles, reflects off the icy surface,

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

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:

103 INT. QUINTARD'S HELISHIP

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

GATES' VOICE
(fading; fading)
Tuscon II... Tuscon II... this is Portable 2462... do you receive me?

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

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

Samuels twirls dials, watches a grid light up before him.

QUINTARD
(into mike)
2462... this is Searching Party ... 2462... this is Searching Party... We are receiving you ... over...

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

GATES' VOICE
Tuscon II... Hello, Tuscon II ... Tuscon II...

The voice has gone.

104 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.

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

105 EXT. HELISHIP

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

DISSOLVE TO:

106 EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY - BURNING SUNLIGHT

The CAMERA ON EXTREMELY LOW SHOT, ground level, SHOOTING OVER Cheyney who is lying flat on the ground. The CAMERA SHOOTS FROM behind his head. His eyes are open but with the feeling that they are the open eyes of a dead man. Beyond him we see Gates move into the shot as he crawls over a slight rise. Gates is concentrating so much on his struggling movements forward that he does not at first see Cheyney in the foreground. Suddenly, he sees Cheyney and reacts. He begins to crawl faster - slowly, Cheyney's eyes go shut.

107 ANOTHER ANGLE - BUT STILL GROUND LEVEL

Gates reaches Cheyney and, after a momentary examination, pulls a small bottle out of one of his pockets, obviously a medicine that might revive Cheyney. As he holds it to Cheyney's lips, Cheyney's hands come up and fasten on Gates' throat. This scene continues to be played from LOW ANGLE OF THE CAMERA. Cheyney seems never to move, his hands just remain fixed on Gates' throat. Gates flips as if caught on an electrical wire. The struggle is brief and then he suddenly grows still.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXT. WILDERNESS - TWO SHOT

Gates is on the ground, stripped of his survival suit. Cheyney stands above him just finishing zipping up the suit on himself.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE

Cheyney pushes Gates into a small depression and covers him over with sand and dirt. Then, he moves out of the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 INT. HELISHIP

Craft moving at low speed. Both Quintard and Samuels

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

scanning the ground beneath them.

QUINTARD
(suddenly)
There's something!

111 POV - FROM HELISHIP TO GROUND

A figure in a survival suit stretched out motionless on the ground.

QUINTARD'S VOICE
(continuing)
Let's go down.

112 POV FROM GROUND

as heliship lands.

113 GROUND SHOT

as hatch to heliship opens and Quintard and Samuels - both with helmets over survival suits - emerge from ship.

114 SHOT OF CHEYNEY ON GROUND

as Quintard and Samuels move into shot. They bend over him and Samuels loosens Cheyney's suit.

QUINTARD
Well?

SAMUELS
He's dead.

QUINTARD
Why? He has his survival suit on and it should protect him from the radiation.

Samuels busies himself examining Cheyney, although the body is out of CAMERA SIGHT.

SAMUELS
He's dead of radiation de-spite the suit.

QUINTARD
Look!

115 INSERT - CHEYNEY'S SURVIVAL SUIT

showing Gates' name over pocket.

QUINTARD'S VOICE
(continuing)
Why does he have Gates' suit?
(pause)
The voice on the portable when we got the fix! Was it Gates?

SAMUELS
Impossible to tell. But their ship can't be far. Let's check it.

Both start to move back to the heliship. Suddenly, QUINTARD stops.

SAMUELS
What's wrong?

QUINTARD
I don't know. Maybe a hunch about Gates. Get back to the ship and contact the others to come here. Then, search for the freighter. I'll keep in touch with my portable.

SAMUELS
What are you going to do?

QUINTARD
I'm going to backtrack this man on foot.

SAMUELS
This is dangerous country for a man alone.

QUINTARD
(a beat)
That's exactly my hunch.

They part as we

DISSOLVE:

116 MEDIUM SHOT - DEPRESSION

where CHEYNEY buried GATES. QUINTARD comes into the scene, pauses to examine the area where CHEYNEY and GATES struggled. He looks around, but sees nothing as GATES remains buried. He starts off and stops suddenly and looks down.

117 CLOSE SHOT - SAND

as GATES' struggling fingers begin to emerge from the sand that buries him.

QUINTARD'S VOICE
Portable 1726 to heliship 20-X. Come in.

SAMUELS' VOICE
Heliship 20-X. What's up?

QUINTARD'S VOICE
Come down here. I found Gates, and I need survival covering for him fast.

DISSOLVE TO:

118 MED. SHOT

as Quintard moves in and starts uncovering Gates.

SAMUELS' VOICE
No suit? How the devil did he survive?

QUINTARD
You forgot your human element. Remember? Man dies hard-when he wants to live.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 OMIT

120 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (REDRESS SAMUELS' OFFICE)

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

QUINTARD
Hear you're going to live, John.

GATES
So the Doc tells me.

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
(nods)
We know what happened.

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

QUINTARD
It was mutiny. Why protect them?

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

Quintard reacts.

GATES
(continuing; with venom)
Sure... I could've killed 'em ... would've...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

GATES (cont'd)
But that's just it... they made me mad enough I wouldn't give 'em the satisfaction of dying...

Quintard looks at him a long moment, then turns to Samuels as the Doc begins to chuckle.

SAMUELS
See?

A beat and then Quintard also chuckles.

GATES
Something funny?

QUINTARD
You...
(then, as Gates glares)
Doc, here, is right. People haven't changed.

SAMUELS
Thank God.

HORTON'S VOICE
Colonel Quintard?

Quintard turns on pocket TV receiver.

QUINTARD
Yes?

121 INSERT - HORTON

on pocket receiver.

HORTON
I have scout ship 5612 on screen. Coming in on outer space leg 100.

QUINTARD'S VOICE
So? It's on schedule.
(pause)
Anything wrong?

HORTON
Well... yes sir.

122 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LONG SHOT

QUINTARD
What is it?

HORTON'S VOICE
One of the crew is ill, sir.

QUINTARD
What's wrong with him?

HORTON'S VOICE
Well, sir, they think it's... measles.

QUINTARD
(exploding)
Measles!
(he turns to Samuels)
You and your people!

He strides from the room as the laughter of Samuels and Gates follow him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

Closing credits over space shots.

FADE OUT.

THE END

SALES PITCH

Gentlemen, we hope you liked the show. We think it is unique. Behind me you see one of our sets on Stage 29 at MGM. It is typical of the rich bigness of production that is available to the series here at Metro. And our stories will be as big and varied as our sets. Though our background is outer space of the future, we are really telling the stories of a frontier. In the early days of American western history, there was a place called Bent's Fort beyond St. Louis and it was the farthest Outpost in the then unknown American frontier. To the explorers, hunters, scouts of Bent's Fort, the land must have seemed as strange as the new planets seem to the explorers, scientists, fliers of our series. Despite the difference in time, these are the same kinds of men with the same human strengths and weaknesses pitted a-gainst a new and strange world. The stories of the conquering of the American frontier are as varied as the men who conquered it. We will have the same kinds of men on our frontier of the future - and their stories will be as varied.

Thank you for watching and we hope to see you weekly.