

NO CONTACT

Screenplay by CARLY NUGENT and Andrew Marshall

Adapted from the novel:

ROGUE COMMAND

Taken from

THE KALAHARI SERIES:

Written by

AJ MARSHALL

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EPISODE THREE

Of

THREE

INT COCKPIT S2 NIGHT

PRESTON is sitting in the pilot's seat Captain MORTENSEN is seated in the co-pilots seat. They are in the middle of a terrifying space battle, it is PRESTON against the world, eight enemy spacecraft are coming towards him all guns blazing.

Preston must survive. He has an inimitable style of flying where he accompanies every manoeuvre with verbal sound effects, something MORTENSEN finds deeply disturbing, so much so that MORTENSEN is holding on tightly to anything close at hand as PRESTON rolls the craft this way and that, up and down, somewhat clumsily and yet systematically taking out each enemy spacecraft one by one.

PRESTON

Take that... Yikes... Arrrhhh... And that... OH My God where did you come from? Oh no! Ahhhhh!
Look out... hold on... du...ck... That was close... Think you can get the best of me? Think again...
There! Oh! Dear.

(Closes his eyes tight.)

MORTENSEN

Are your eyes closed Man?

(Opens eyes. Remaining two jets as a result of PRESTON'S dodgy flying smack into each other sending smithereens into space.)

PRESTON

(Reaches for sick bag.)

No! Eyes wide open.

(Vomits into sick bag.)

MORTENSEN

(Flicks a switch... lights come on, view through cockpit changes from space to an archetypal desert

island with blue sea, white sandy beaches and palm trees.)

In all my years of examining I
have never in all my life
witnessed such bad flying.

PRESTON

So I failed...?

MORTENSEN

You knocked out eight jets, six
would have been a pass.

PRESTON

Job done!

MORTENSEN

Who the hell trained you?

PRESTON

(Very proud.)

Richard Reece.

MORTENSEN

Say no more...

EXT MI 19 BUILDING DAY

Thames in flood, north and south banks breached,
water levels to above ground floor. River awash
with debris. Grey sky raining. Close on upper
floor of MI 19, Dining room window.

INT MI 19 DINING ROOM DAY

RICHARD, ASHARF, RACHEL AND NAOMI are sitting
around a dining table, one of many in the large
dining room. The room is dank with mould
creeping in around the windows. Everything and
everyone looks tired. RACHEL stands to start

clearing away the foil packages which contained meal supplements, RICHARD gently lays his hand over RACHEL'S stopping her...

RICHARD

Let me and Asharf do that... Then we can go and find Rothschild.

(RACHEL complies, RICHARD and ASHARF clear the table and leave.)

RACHEL

(Broad smile.)

Thank you, Richard.

(Watches him leave, continuing to smile. Then slightly embarrassed as she notices NAOMI observing her.)

I missed him.

NAOMI

He missed you.

RACHEL

You know Naomi, I have been so...
...so jealous of you... ...you and Richard seem to have grown so close...

NAOMI

Conflict both separates and binds people... but it is borne of need not of love... You have nothing to fear from me. He has chosen you.

RACHEL

I'm not sure that helps, now as well as beautiful and wise you are also gracious, whilst I will always be the woman who deceived him.

NAOMI

You must trust him to forgive
you and you must forgive
yourself. We are human, we spin
through space getting a little
better and a little worse..

RACHEL

You are far too exotic to be
human...

(ABBEY HENNESSEY enters the room.)

ABBEY

I'm looking for Richard...?

RACHEL

He's gone to the kitchen.

ABBEY

The kitchen? Richard? This I've
got to see.

MI 19 KITCHEN DAY

RICHARD and ASHARF are arranging dates and figs
on a plate and making cardamom coffee.

RICHARD

Naomi will love this, how did
you get these? They're fresh!

ASHARF

I am so sorry Effendi I cannot
reveal my source and here look,
for your beautiful fiancé...

(ASHARF produces a bar of chocolate.)

RICHARD

If I wasn't so smitten with
Rachel, I'd marry you myself...

(ABBEY enters the room.)

ABBEY

...I hate to break up the party
guys but Peter Rothschild wants
you in his office now Richard,
like five minutes ago.

RICHARD plucks a date from the plate and pops it
in his mouth.

RICHARD

Save me some...

INT PETER ROTHSCHILD'S OFFICE NIGHT

Still chewing RICHARD enters the office PETER
looks up from where he is sitting at his desk,
RICHARD removes the date stone from his mouth and
from the lack of anywhere else to place it puts
it in the saucer of ROTHSCHILD'S coffee cup.
ROTHSCHILD sighs and pushes his half full cup
away.

PETER

Take a seat Richard.

(RICHARD sits.)

ROTHSCHILD

Richard, I want to tell you this
before anyone else does.
Information seems to leak from
this office like water from the
Thames, though thanks to the
Venetian crystal the Thames is
gradually ebbing.
Tom Race has been promoted, he
is now in charge of Andromeda
base on Mars...

RICHARD

(Initially, surprised, then disappointed for himself, then pleased for his mate.)

Well, he's earned it Sir, is
Isshi with him?

ROTHSCHILD

Yes, Isshi has taken over as
support surveyor.

RICHARD

I see but she was engineering..

ROTHSCHILD

Given what occurred with Emily
she never wants to step onto a
ships bridge again. Mars is
lucky to have her.. If it were
not for Tom she would be dead.

RICHARD

Of course. Do we know where
Emily is?

ROTHSCHILD

No, she has deployed her
shield.. Ironic really our own
technology turning against us..
It's like a cancer..

RICHARD

Indeed.. Is this why you wanted
to see me?

ROTHSCHILD

Professor Neive is about to
brief you:- he's gleaned
more Intel from the
Simpson-Carter hologram which
you'll see for yourself. It's
good news Richard, Simpson-
Carter postulated the presence
of crystals on Io, it means we
can mine them.

RICHARD

That's fantastic, Oh! My God,
what a gift, if it's true... When
do I leave?

ROTHSCHILD

You don't. We are sending The
Hera. She is en route.

RICHARD

(Angrily standing up.)

I am chief surveyor, I found
the crystals, I know how to
handle them, I am the best man
for the job.

ROTHSCHILD

Sit down. I said sit down.

(RICHARD reluctantly sits.)

Thank you. The *Hera* took two
new S2's to Mars you may recall
they were without an evacuation
ship. Race and Isshi and a
number of other personnel and
supplies all had to go. This
isn't personal Richard it's
practical, The *Hera* is closest,
she has a good team on board.

RICHARD

Race gets a promotion and I
get... demoted and side lined.

ROTHSCHILD

I swear Richard your hubris
will get you into serious
trouble. You're very lucky to
have a job at all, the Courts
Martial were easy on you given
that you hid the alien log book
and flight manual, which

incidentally are both missing
and you remain prime suspect.

RICHARD

(Somewhat defeated.)

Mud sticks.

ROTHSCHILD

(Relenting)

It certainly does. Go and
finish your dinner, briefing in
twenty minutes and Richard,
this briefing is a courtesy to
acknowledge the debt the world
owes you, Madame Valogia,
Asharf and Rachel. None of you
are any longer on active
service. You are returning to
normal duties. You will be
Squadron Leader of the S2 Moon
fleet. Is that clear?

RICHARD

Yes sir, crystal! By the way I
do not have the log book or
the flight manual.

ROTHSCHILD

I know, Richard, I know. You'll
go back to flying Richard... Be
pleased and dare I say
grateful.

EXT ARIAL VIEW ABOVE MAURITIUS DAY

Birds eye view above dense dark clouds then
opening into a circle of clear sky's above
Mauritius... Island looks beautiful, inviting.
Closing POV reveals a turbulent sea with small
boats filled with migrants being ship wrecked onto
the beaches. POV sweeps across Island and then
close on...

EXT MAURITIUS VILLA DAY

Beautiful Villa, infinity pool, terrace stocked with fig trees and date palms, boughs bending with fruit.

INT MAURITUS VILLA DAY

Classy conference room with large windows looking out onto an infinity pool and beyond to the glittering ocean...

UNCLE is at the head of a large table, the table has a centre piece filled with fresh figs and dates, there are porcelain coffee cups and crystal glasses filled with water.

Seated around the table are EIGHT men, four Chinese and four Western, RHEINFELD is standing with his back to the room looking out at the view, he is leaning heavily on an ornate cane, his right leg has had an above knee amputation, a sophisticated prosthetic now in its place, there is an electronic whirring as he turns around to address the room... He leans towards the table and opens the LOG BOOK and FLIGHT MANUAL:- they immediately become three dimensional and holographic.

RHEINFELD

Uncle, gentleman, our best translators believe that the alien vessel crash landed on Mars whilst transporting the Kalahari crystals, it is their assertion that they were mined elsewhere.

UNCLE

Surely these books can tell us?
Provide the flight paths?

CHINESE GENTLEMAN

Imagine if we controlled the planet which produced these crystals?

GENERAL HUBBUB OF EXCITEMENT EVERYONE TALKING OVER EACHOTHER.

UNCLE

Please Gentleman, quiet, let
Rheinfeld finish.

RHEINFELD

Our translators have exhausted
their knowledge regarding these
beautiful books:- they tell me
that the crystals left Earth,
that is, Atlantis. The Kalahari
crystals were intended to
sustain life on Mars.

GENERAL HUBUB OF EXCITEMENT

RHEINFELD

I'd like to remind you that I
have a reliable source in MI19
and of course we have EMILY and
they do not...

(smiles sardonically, A FEW OTHERS titter, though
tentatively.)

As we speak, The *Hera* is
en route to IO; the larger of
Jupiter's moons. Principally
this is a surveying mission but
I think we can be confident
that they would not conduct
such an operation if they were
not sure they could find
crystals.

UNCLE

You're right Rheinfeld. No one
can afford to waste resources.

RHEINFELD

Exactly so. The *Hera* alone will
be an easy target. It is my
intention to seize Space
Station Spartacus, may I
present...

(Rheinfeld Presses a button, A large screen lights
up showing...)

INT S2 NIGHT

(PETROMALOSOVICH is the only human being sitting amid four HUMANATRON'S) he is staring out of the window gazing down onto..

...EXT SPACE STATION SPARTACUS DAY...

Four S2's, loaded with enemy HUMANATRON'S and one with a PETROMALOSOVICH look-a-like are flying towards the landing bays.

INT MAURITIUS VILLA DAY

RHEINFELD

Petromalosovich...

UNCLE

...A defector?

RHEINFELD

No sir, plastic surgery...

UNCLE

Well done Rheinfeld, if we covertly control space station Spartacus then we will be strategically placed to seize control of all future mining operations.

RHEINFELD

Precisely, but why stop there? If we take the Moon and Mars there will be no one left to stop us.

UNCLE

You've made things very easy for us Rheinfeld. Be assured you will not go unrewarded. And the Vallogia woman?

RHEINFELD

I must catch up with Madame Naomi Vallogia myself. I feel she has kept information even from Richard Reece.

UNCLE

Very well, is Reece a threat?

RHEINFELD

Sadly, termination is required for him but just to satisfy my guilty pleasure or, rather, my vengeance...

(He taps his prosthetic leg with his cane,)

...from what my source tells me he has been demoted, he'll be stationed on the Moon... Naturally he won't get there...

UNCLE

Has Searle survived?

RHEINFELD

He was badly injured, however, I do not know if he survived, The *Enigma* is so far into outer space we cannot contact Emily... I hope he lives, Emily maybe sophisticated software but she'll need a pair of hands, at least until we can load her with Humanatrons.

UNCLE

Are you sure she is not lost to us?

RHEINFELD

Quite sure, she is merely on reconnaissance, it was programmed into her DNA... Her human component is hungry for

power... Hungry to understand her origins... Rest assured she still needs us. Let's assume she has reached adolescence...

EVERYONE LAUGHS.

(Smiles, proudly.)

EXT SPACE DAY

THE *ENIGMA* travelling at speed through space.

INT BRIDGE THE ENIGMA NIGHT.

The BRIDGE is eerily empty and dimly lit. The observation screen shows that she is clearly passing quickly through space, planets, asteroids, stars whiz past...

V/O EMILY

Increasing oxygen levels.
Searle, it is time to wake up.
Wake up now we have work to do.

(On the floor SEARLE stirs from a deep sleep, he is disheveled and grubby, a large stain of dried blood is apparent across the right thigh of his torn trouser leg. A loosened tourniquet, lies close by, he wakes shivering with the cold, in pain and hungry.)

SEARLE

What the hell? Emily?

V/O EMILY

We have traversed the Universe
and still there is no sign of
Hell.

SEARLE

I'm so cold.

V/O EMILY

I reduced the temperature. You have a nasty wound. My stats suggest the bleeding has stopped. Will you check?

(SEARLE sits up looks at his wound, shakes his head.)

SEARLE

My head aches. The bleeding has stopped. What's that smell?

V/O EMILY

The smell is you. Make your way to sick bay. Sort yourself out.

SEARLE

Are we alone?

V/O EMILY

Utterly.

(SEARLE tries to stand but falls back.)

SEARLE

Alone... Good.

INT MI 19 ROTHSCHILD'S OFFICE NIGHT

ABBEY

Spartacus reported some kind of system failure. Now we've lost comms. Probably the usual power break.

ROTHSCHILD

Ok check in with them later are the others assembled?

ABBEY

Everyone is present.

ROTHSCHILD

...and *Hera*?

ABBEY

On schedule...

INT THE HERA BRIDGE NIGHT

COMMANDER JACQUE DUVAL is at the helm, NAVIGATOR ALEX ELSTON is working at the navigation console. Also present at their consoles are SYSTEM'S OFFICER, FLIGHT CONTROL OFFICER, ROSE HARRINGTON; - COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

DUVAL

Will she hold?

ALEX ELSTON

...final vector... stand by... stand by... stabilised and confirmed. Geostationary orbit at sixty-two percent elliospheric.

EVERYONE looks up at the viewing screen...

...EXT SPACE DAY

The awesome spectacle of Jupiter's moon, with over 400 active volcano's refracting light and creating beautiful rings of colour.

INT THE HERA BRIDGE

ROSE HARRINGTON

Is that Io? It's beautiful...

ALEX ELSTON

It's one of Jupiter's' moons' and that beauty is sulphur...

ROSE HARRINGTON

..God you're such a romantic.

ALEX ELSTON

God? Really you want to bring mythology into the science that brought us here?

DUVAL

When you two have finished shall we continue with our work?

ROSE and ALEX are suitably contrite.

Thank you. Now check in with Matheson, the Lander should be ready to go.

INT MI 19 BOARDROOM DAY.

Present and seated around the Table are ROTHSCHILD, RICHARD, NAOMI, ASHARIF, RACHEL, ABBEY, and PROFESSOR NEIVE, who stands up and begins pressing buttons on a console, almost immediately a hologram of SIMPSON-CARTER appears, he is standing in the centre of the table, everyone is a little aghast at this latest technology.

RICHARD

I'm never going to get used to this.

NAOMI

I am not sure it is ethical...
Tell me professor is this a ghost or a projection?

PROF NEIVE

Madame, it would take me a life time to even come to a definitive definition for the

word ghost... Until we can fully explain consciousness we...

ROTHSCHILD

...Please can we save the philosophical debates for another time... Perhaps when we have resolved the energy crisis...

PROF NEIVE

...Apologies... Allow Simpson-Carter to do the talking... Of course it is no longer him, simply information encoded into a fragment of his human form, although what is a human being? What is a self?

ROTHSCHILD

...Please Professor!

PROF NEIVE

(pressing more buttons.)

Of course. If I may just say, it will be a rather abridged version, this technology is in its infancy... I cannot choose what information comes or ask questions. He has no ears to hear with... does this mean he cannot hear? I do not know... He speaks without a mouth, a physical, mouth at least...

(noticing ROTHSCHILD'S impatience.)

So sorry. As with most discoveries, synchronicity brought this peculiarly pertinent information. I like to think of it as Simpson-Carter posthumously bestowing humanity with a future...

SIMPSON - CARTER

(As he speaks he becomes animated and everyone is shocked into listening intently.)

It seems that energy was generated by crystals that worked together in a particular formation; feeding and generating each from another. Further, I believe the energy traversed the Universe, as far flung as Osiris and indeed as near as Atlantis, as to their origin I postulate the moon IO.

(Hologram starts to fade away.)

Will we discover crystals? Alas not in my life time but the next place I'd research is A...

(Hologram disappears.)

ROTHSCHILD

There we have it, the place to look being Io...

PROF NEIVE

Forgive me Sir, we cannot know what he was about to say since to me it sounded like an A... A for Atlantis... Perhaps?

ROTHSCHILD

He... it... stated quite categorically the origin of the crystals is most likely Io.

PROF NEIVE

He also stated they fed off each other, this suggests some kind of symbiosis, that in fact very few crystals were necessary. Remember one crystal is missing.

(RICHARD shifts guiltily in his seat.)

NAOMI

If I may interrupt. It is well documented that single light sources depicted as shafts of light shone down to the earth... most pyramids have shafts aligned to planets for just this purpose. Indeed, it would be worth investigating the Martian pyramids...

ROTHSCHILD

What is it Richard? You seem on the edge of your seat.

RICHARD

No Sir... The best-case scenario would be to properly utilise the crystals we have but we've been singularly inept at that, if the *Hera* discoveries more... so much the better.

NAOMI

(A little put out by the rude interruption stands up ASHARF stands with her.)

We shall be leaving for Paris. I am taking the Venetian ark with me... as soon as I have translated the engravings I will let you know...

ROTHSCHILD

We are indebted to you Madame.

(He looks to RACHEL)

Rachel the Parisian infertility clinic is expecting you, you have two weeks to up-skill, then you will manage the lunar fertility programme. You will

share transport with Madam
Vallogia.

RACHEL

Thank you Sir. Thank you.

ABBEY

A flight awaits you at the City
Orbital air force base. A car
will be waiting at 0800
tomorrow.

(RICHARD is pleased for RACHEL but looks a little
lost and without purpose.)

ROTHSCHILD

Richard take some leave you are
scheduled to return to the Moon
in two days... Stay out of
trouble. Ladies and gentlemen
can we just remember our
manners and thank Prof Neive.

(NAOMI glares at ROTHSCHILD. PROF NEIVE bows his
head.)

EXT MI19 DAY

A black armoured car is parked outside, a
chauffeur is holding the door open whilst ASARIF,
NAOMI and RACHEL take their seats in the back,
RICHARD is hovering about... finally he speaks to
THE DRIVER,

RICHARD

Would you mind if I drive?

THE DRIVER

Sir?

RICHARD

Sorry, it's just been so long since I had the opportunity.

THE DRIVER

Be my guest. Very few cars on the road sir... no fuel. Watch out for under water debris.

(RICHARD gets into the driver's seat. THE DRIVER seats himself in the passenger seat, then ASHARIF runs around and squeezes himself in.)

INT ARMOURED CAR DAY

RICHARD driving, THE DRIVER and ASHARIF squeezed together, separated by a glass partition are RACHEL and NAOMI in the back sitting side by side.

NAOMI

So you are to specialise in infertility?

RACHEL

Actually, I'm to oversee a fertility programme on the Moon and eventually begin one on Mars.

NAOMI

How wonderful.

RACHEL

It's a case of physician heal thyself...

(RACHEL looks distraught but attempts a brave face.)

I no longer ovulate and my body has destroyed any eggs I have. It's endemic on earth, the rains have

denuded the soil, we are
all mal-nourished.

(NAOMI takes RACHEL'S hand.)

NAOMI

It is not for me in this
life time to have
children, but I would be
honoured to be your donor.
I have regular reminders
that in this regard I am
healthy.

RACHEL

(Aghast.)

You do?

(The car hits something hidden in the dirty water
and swerves. Sending the two ladies side ways
along the seat. The glass partition slides down.)

RICHARD

(brusque) Apologies ladies.

(The glass partition slides up.)

NAOMI

Richard is not himself.

RACHEL

I know. He's been odd
since the briefing, I
think he wants to be back
on Mars. We were happy
there.

The limo pulls onto the tarmac of the City Airport
where an S2 is waiting, RICHARD, RACHEL, ASHARF
and MAOMI leave the Limo and climb the steps and
enter the jet.

INT S2 JET DAY

RICHARD, RACHEL ASHARF and NAOMI are settling into
their seats...

RICHARD

If you don't mind I'll fly
up front with the pilot.

RICHARD leaves and enters the cockpit.

INT COCKPIT PRESTON'S S2 DAY

PRESTON is in the pilot's seat RICHARD enters...

RICHARD

Excuse me Captain could I
ride shotgun?

(PRESTON turns both PRESTON and RICHARD are
surprised and very happy to see each other.)

PRESTON

Oh! God with you that
always means a literal
shotgun...

RICHARD

Preston my dear chap am I
pleased to see you...
Congrats' you got your
wings...

PRESTON

I did. I'm joining
Andromeda squadron.

RICHARD

Well, well, well, then
first take us to Paris
Captain.

(RICHARD looks genuinely happy. PRESTON begins
take off.)

It'll be great to have you
as part of Andromeda
Squadron Preston, but the
truth is, I really miss

life on Mars, pre Kalahari
crystals everything was
all so simple...

EXT MARS ELYSIUM PYRAMIDS DAY

PTSV is travelling towards the largest Pyramid
kicking up sand in its wake.

INT PTSV EMNARKATION HATCH DAY

ISSHI is suited and booted and getting ready to
disembark. MARTINE is also getting ready to
disembark. PAUL CARR is checking their suits...

ISSHI

(Looking out of a window.)

My goodness. I knew the
pyramids were immense but
really...? Immense doesn't
come close.

MARTINE

Awesome doesn't cut it
either.

PAUL CARR

Martine stick close to
ISSHI if the sand suddenly
kicks up I want you to be
within touching distance
is that clear? ISSHI this
is your first survey, take
your time to take in the
Pyramids otherwise you'll
be distracted by them. It
looks benign now but
conditions change in an
instant. You both need
your wits about you.

(PAUL turns and leaves them.)

ISSHI

Do you think he says that
to the men?

MARTINE

He's bricking it. You're
his commander's wife... God
I wish I hadn't thought of
that...

ISSHI

Haha... How come all the
comedians landed on Mars...?
Let's go...

(MARTINE presses a button an air lock door opens
they step out onto the sand.)

EXT ELYSIUM PYRAMIDS DAY

ISSHI and MARTINE walk slowly towards the main
pyramid, along a wide boulevard.

ISSHI

If I wasn't seeing
this for myself. I
wouldn't believe it.

MARTINE

Sure does makes you wonder what
else they're not telling
us?

ISSHI

Knowledge is power...

INT PTSV CONTROL COCKPIT DAY

PAUL CARR and LESLEY OAKLEY are staring at the radar screen. A fast-moving blip is moving away from the pyramid.

PAUL

What the hell! I told them to stick together.

LESLEY

Did you know Martine could move that fast?

PAUL

She'll be moving fast when I get a hold of her.

EXT ELYSIUM PYRAMIDS DAY

ISSHI and MARTINE are beginning to climb the steps.

V/O PAUL

(Angry) Why have you separated?

MARTINE

We haven't Sir. I can touch ISSHI's shoulder. I'm doing it now.

INT PTSV CONTROLL COCKPIT DAY

PAUL CARR and LESLEY OAKLEY are busy pushing buttons. Paul points to a dot on the screen...

PAUL

There! See if you can get eyes on that.

An adjacent screen shows a large shape which gradually becomes a HUMANATRON.

What the...?

Abort mission. I say again
abort mission. Return at
once. Get commander Race
on line, send him the
film. I'll meet Martine
and ISSHI.

LESLEY

What the hell is that?

PAUL

I don't know but if the
rumours are true Commander
Race will know. If that
thing changes direction
let me know and scan for a
vehicle it got here
somehow. Load the canon.

EXT EYSIUM PYRAMID DAY

ISSHI AND MARTINE are making their way down the
steps.

ISSHI

What on Mars could have
happened?

MARTINE

That joke is so old. You
trying to join the comedy
club?

ISSHI

Evidently, I'm failing.

MARTINE

Hey! Does that look like
an S2 to you?

(points at an S2 with a Tongsei emblem painted on
its tail wing.)

ISSHI

It is an S2, has Tom
decided to join us?

MARTINE

That would be a first. We
go by land. Save the fuel
for emergency evacs.
Something is wrong.

(using radio)

We have eyes on an S2,
do you read Lesley?

INT PTSV COCKPIT DAY

PAUL

Copy that Martine, Lesley
has eyes on it now. Do not
approach. I say again do
not approach.

INT OPS ROOM OSIRIS BASE

TOM is looking in disbelief at a screen clearly
depicting a Humanatron. ANDY BAILLIE, equally agog
is sitting next to him. TOM speaks to PAUL over
the radio.

TOM

This is Commander Race, is
this some kind of sick
joke Paul?

V/O PAUL

No Sir! Martine and ISSHI
have eyes on a Tongsei S2,
our visitor landed here.

TOM

For the love of God. Is
the Sion canon loaded?

PAUL V/O

It is Sir but the post
Searle protocol means the
girls are unarmed.

TOM

I'm well aware of that. If
you fire it'll kick up
sand and we'll lose sight
of the girls. It probably
has an order to protect
the S2. So, you get between
it and the S2. It won't
fire on you because the S2
will be at risk from
collateral damage.

V/O PAUL

Copy that.

TOM

In the PTSV you're bigger
and have more fire power,
it'll have computed that,
we don't want him catching
sight of the girls they're
a light snack but we don't
want him leaving. ISSHI is
the best qualified to
disable the S2. Get her on
it... I'm on my way. Andy
will gather intel from
earth... ..and Paul... tell
ISSHI...well you know just
tell her...

V/O PAUL

Yes Sir. I know.

INT NASA OPS ROOM DAY

Bank of radar screens all suddenly shut down. Four
CONTROLLERS and SENIOR controller flicking
switches.

SENIOR CONTROLLER

Anything from Spartacus?

CONTROLLER ONE

No Sir but it went off
line two days ago and was
back on within two hours.

SENIOR CONTROLLER

The *Hera*?

CONTROLLER TWO

Nothing Sir.

SENIOR CONTROLLER

Moon Base Andromeda?

CONTROLLER THREE

Dead Sir.

SENIOR CONTROLLER

For the love of God tell
me there is life on Mars!

CONTROLLER FOUR

Negative Sir.

SENIOR CONTROLLER

Initiate emergency
protocol Black Knight.
Patch me through to
USSF. Let's hope it's a drill.

EXT ELYSIUM PYRAMIDS DAY

The PTSV has rolled slowly forward and positioned
itself between THE HUMANATRON and MARTINE and
ISSHI who are circling backwards towards the
Tongsei S2.

MARTINE

This is as good a time as
any... Off you go. I'll call

the minute that Monster
moves.

ISSHI

To think I came here to
get away from Robots...

(ISSHI climbs aboard the S2.)

INT S2 DAY

ISSHI finds the navigation consul. Then speaks on
her headset.

ISSHI

I can override the
navigation system to
direct the S2 to fly to
our port or I can disable
it so it stays put.

V/O PAUL

Smart move... We get a ship.

ISSHI

Only problem is if the
robot manages to get back
on board we'll have him at
the base...

V/O PAUL

This is suddenly above my
pay grade. I'll speak to
Commander Race.

V/O MARTINE

Isshi get out of there...
Now!

EXT ELYSIUM PYRAMIDS DAY

THE HUMANATRON is rampaging towards the S2. He turns and sideswipes MARTINE she is sent flying and lands in a heap on the floor.

INT PTSV DAY

PAUL and LESLEY at the controls.

PAUL

Aim the canon.

LESLEY

I can't hit it without firing on the S2

PAUL

Isshi abandon ship.
Martine do you read?

(Beat of silence)

Commander Race come in...

INT COMMANDER RACE S2

TOM flying from Andromeda base to Elysium Pyramids.

TOM

I hear you Paul.

V/O PAUL

Martine has been knocked unconscious and Isshi is inside the alien S2.

TOM

Copy that do not, I say do not engage with the Humanatron. Get Martine back on board asap. ETA 1min 21secs prepare for mother of all sandstorms. Contact NASA ask them what

the heck a Tongsei survey
ship is doing here.

(TOM increases speed and barrels towards the
pyramids.)

EXT ELYSIUM PYRAMIDS DAY

TOM'S S2 careers to a stop just short of the PTSV
and ALIEN S2 sand billows into the air like the
fallout from a nuclear disaster. TOM is fired up,
armed and determined to save his girl... His helmet
is equipped with heat sensitive vision and it is
through this POV that the action continues...
through a smog of sand.

- 1) TOM leaves his S2.
- 2) TOM locates the ALIEN S2
- 3) TOM walks towards ALIEN
- 4) TOM enters S2

CLOSE heat vision POV...

...INT ALIEN S2 DAY

HUMATRON has Isshi dangling in the air he throws
her away like a rag doll... she lands in a heap but
as TOM enters the hull she is scrabbling to her
feet to fight back. She notices TOM...