

In the Blink of an Eye

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A QUICK NOTE FOR THE READER:

This movie has cavemen in it. *Homo Neanderthalis* and *Homo Sapiens* -- two different species. In this script, they talk. Their dialogue is written [in brackets]. These cavemen wouldn't actually speak English, 45,000 years ago. They wouldn't speak any modern language. And their voices wouldn't be the low guttural caveman grunts we're used to. They'd actually be higher pitched than our own, because their vocal chords were smaller.

Their dialogue is written here so readers can understand what they're thinking and communicating with one another through looks, gestures, and nonverbal cues. They won't speak English or be subtitled in the film.

It'll work on screen.

Good luck, and good read!

-- Colby

PS. This movie also has sentient computers in it. They do talk.

IN THE DARK:

THE BIG BANG.

All of time and space EXPLODES FORTH at the speed of light.

Hydrogen BURNS white hot as it's flung outward, creating space itself.

Slowly, very slowly, like, over the course of three to five billion years, dust clouds begin to form into star clouds which spew liquid hot matter across the universe.

Everything expands and pushes and reaches out into vast NOTHINGNESS.

It's a nothingness we can't even conceive: the space that until just this moment WAS NOT the universe. But now it is.

STARS BURN BURN BURN.

They grow and grow and collapse and die and become black holes sucking everything around them in and down to a point so tiny and singular it's called a singularity.

Eons of this beautiful dance go by, as stardust clouds condense into asteroids, which swing around the stars, occasionally COLLIDING.

Molecules are forged in the fires of stars: Carbon, Helium, Oxygen, Nitrogen.

Planets are born from plasma hot balls of fire.

They cool for millennia as...

STORMS RAGE.

SOLAR FLARES strike.

THUNDER AND TIDAL WAVES like we've never seen before.

The oceans swirl and cool and complex acids form to create...

A SINGLE CELL.

It munches on other proteins, absorbing them to create energy so it can split, divide, and replicate.

THIS IS THE FIRST LIFE EVER.

Then there are two, four, eight, sixteen...

They grow and split and eat and the water teems with them for a billion years.

Then one accidentally slips INSIDE another one. By a miracle, they survive. Complex life has formed.

Hundreds of millions of years pass as life becomes more complex.

THIS IS OUR EARTH.

EXT. A BEACH SOMEWHERE - NIGHT - 45,000 YEARS AGO

Waves CRASH against the shore, their dark barrels lit by the full moon. There are more stars in the sky than you've ever seen. It's remarkably bright for the middle of the night.

Rocky cliffs loom over the thin sandy shoreline.

A loud CLACKING sound. Something banging against something else from the rocky caves above.

INT. A CAVE - NIGHT

DARKNESS.

Then, SPARKS.

Click click click. With each stone strike, friction drops sparks into kindling.

A wet, thick COUGH. More COUGHING. It sounds very bad. Pneumonia?

We can barely make anything out. Maybe that's smoke? Oh! The brightest reddest little embers of the beginnings of a fire.

A TIRED FACE, covered in dirt, blows on it, so close, so gentle. He knows what he's doing, nurturing this little flame.

It's THORN, an early version of a man. He's lean, muscular, scarred. He's seen and done some shit. Looks 35, probably actually 23.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

HERA sits in the sand, cracks a little clam shell, and slurps the meat down into her very pregnant belly.

She wears simple furs and leather, hardened by years of fending for herself.

Next to her, LARK, a young kid, watches and imitates her.

The two crack shells, eat clams, and add the shells to a little pile next to them.

Hera looks up towards the rocks and caves to see a FLICKERING LIGHT pooling down from one of the caves. Aha!

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT - LATER

Thorn rubs his tired and cracked hands in front of the beginning fire.

A WHIMPER

He turns further back in the cave and darkness, to a pile of furs. He digs through for a second and pulls out A BABY.

The baby WHINES. Thorn picks him up, holding the baby to his chest.

THORN
Sh sh sh sh sh.

His voice is MUCH more gentle than you'd expect from a sooty grouchy looking caveman. It's sweet.

He and the baby sit there as their FIRE CRACKLES to life.

Hera sits nearby, watching this.

Thorn looks down into the baby's eyes. They look up in fascination, no longer crying.

THORN (CONT'D)
(more playful)
Sh sh sh. A sh sh sh.

The baby loves it. This is amazing.

THORN (CONT'D)
SSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

The baby's eyes are glued on Thorn's cracked lips.

On the edge of the firelight, Lark scoots a little acorn around in the dirt, playing with it almost the way you'd play with a toy car. It's dyed or painted a simple red, and speeding through sand.

Thorn keeps making sounds for the baby, getting sillier. Lark looks over from her acorn and watches. She starts SHUSHING too.

Hera smiles.

EXT. THE CAVE - LATER

The fire has burned down to embers and red-hot rocks. We can barely see into the now dark cave.

Lark and the baby sleep. Furs and blankets and hides shift.

HERA MOANS.

THORN GROANS.

Sex.

And as they're fucking in the dark...

TIME SHIFTS.

We barely notice at all, but in the blink of an eye, approximately 45,000 YEARS GO BY.

INT. CLAIRE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

The sounds of the ocean have MORPHED into MUSIC.

Cheap pre-fab furniture that's got some funky stains on it. Linoleum floors. An extra-long twin bed, some MOVEMENT under the extra-long twin bedding.

It's hard to make out, because it's dark right now, but under those blankets are CLAIRE (29) and GREG (33).

They are trying to fuck. It's going...

GREG

What if I...

CLAIRe

I don't...

GREG

Here just...

The bed-frame CREAKS as he tries to reposition them both.

CLAIRe

Mmm. I think....

I don't know. I don't think. Hmmmm.

The SOUNDS of frustration. SILENCE.

GREG

Uhh... Like. What do you want to do?

CLAIRe

What?

GREG

What can I do --

CLAIRe

Uh... I'm just not.

GREG

Yeah.

SILENCE.

The sheets rise, almost a classic bed-sheet ghost silhouette in the dark for a second before GREG pulls the sheets off his head.

Greg looks like the kind of guy who was a Boy Scout (true) and got a merit badge for tying different kinds of knots (also true).

GREG (CONT'D)

Well... I mean, let's just sleep here. We're both pretty drunk.

CLAIRe rolls over, staring at the (formerly) white wall. It's now just scuffed as fuck from years of idiot college kids.

She's NOT pretty drunk. Her features are sharp, her attitude prickly.

CLAIRe

I think you should leave actually.

GREG

We don't have to do anything tonight.

CLAIRe

I know that.

GREG

Okay yeah I...

He doesn't know what the heck to say... So he gets outta bed and tries to find his clothes. They're kinda all over the place though.

CLAIRe WATCHES without helping.

He pulls on his boxers.

GREG (CONT'D)
We can try again. Another time.

CLAIRE
You don't have to be polite.

GREG
I don't understand you.

CLAIRE
You've known me like ten minutes.
Why would you understand me?

Greg doesn't know what to say, yet again. These two are really developing a pattern here.

GREG
Uh.

CLAIRE
I'll see you around I'm sure.

He looks at her like.... BUZZZZZZZZZ

TIME CUT

CLAIRE's eyes are closed, her eyebrow furrowed. She's masturbating. It's going slightly better than the failed sex.

She SIGHS.

BUZZZZZZZ

TIME SHIFTS

It's fairly seamless. It's crazy how something like TWO HUNDRED YEARS can go by. Just like that.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - 2217

The BUZZING continues.

COAKLEY masturbates in her bunk, which isn't all that different from the dorm room. The furniture is a little more military-grade seeming (because it is) and a little more of the future (also because it is).

Coakley was born to be military. In fact, she was genetically manufactured to be.

She's fit, calculating, professional. Comfortable being alone. She's been alone a long time, with a lot longer to go.

An ALARM rings and rings. The LIGHTS slowly rise.

COAKLEY
Yeah yeah yeah I know I know.

She hits a little button on the white desk behind her bed.
Rubs her face with her hands. She puts her vibrator away.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Coakley puts a little dab of toothpaste onto a brush.

COAKLEY
Good morning Rosco, how are you
doing?

ROSCO speaks. Rosco is a computer program aboard the ship,
but is VERY good at not sounding like a computer program. In
fact, she almost never sounds like a computer. Just a well-
programmed, good friend.

ROSCO
Good morning. I'm fine. How did you
sleep?

She spits into the drain.

COAKLEY
Fine.

She watches as the water is SUCKED DOWN the drain into tubing
in the ship to be recycled and re-used.

This is her morning routine. Efficient, but not hurried.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
What did you get up to?

ROSCO
Nothing really. Just thinking.

COAKLEY DOES SOME PUSH UPS.

She's in good shape. She's doing them one handed.

COAKLEY
Lay some numbers on me would you?

ROSCO
Anything specific?

Coakley switches hands.

COAKLEY
Are we there yet?

ROSCO
We should reach orbital height in
109 days.

Coakley rolls over onto her back. She looks out a little porthole above her and sees: THE DEPTHS OF SPACE.

COAKLEY
Won't that be nice, huh?

She lets her breathing steady again.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
What day is it?

A MUSH OF BREAKFAST GOOP.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Coakley sits at a little sterile workspace in the middle of what works as the mess hall / computer hall / plant incubator in the hub of her ship. She stirs her mush.

In each direction a door -- a corridor to another little section of the ship. She's at the center of the wheel.

ROSCO
Day 987.

COAKLEY
No, like, of the week.

ROSCO
Friday.

COAKLEY
TGIF.

She takes a bite. Burns herself.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
Ow, ow.

She blows on the gloop.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
Deceleration?

She reads a little display of information that appears on the adaptive surface of the table.

GREENHOUSE ONE, GREENHOUSE TWO, GREENHOUSE THREE
CARBON SCRUBBER A, B, C
ELECTROLYSIS UNITS 97.6% EFFICIENCY

ROSCO
Steady at 10.5 Meters per second
squared.

Coakley fingers a little flightpath on the display. It responds by expanding to take up the surface of the table.

She traces her progress along the map with her spoon.

It's a LONG arc, slingshotting around the earth's sun, out into the depths of space. The PHOENIX FIVE, her ship, sits about two-thirds of the way along the journey towards a distant little dot labeled: KEPLER 16-B.

COAKLEY
Neato.

She wheels around in her little chair for a beat. She checks the leaves of a little fern looking guy.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
Hey bubba. Let's get you some
water.

She digs out a little spray bottle. Sprays him down. Water beads on the leaves.

ROSCO
Were you dreaming? Your heart rate
was elevated.

Coakley thinks about it for a second.

COAKLEY
No. I don't remember.

ROSCO
Your sleep patterns haven't been
very good.

COAKLEY
No, I dunno.

She goes back to eating her food. Leans back in her chair.

ROSCO
I worry about you.

Coakley SMILES, surprised.

COAKLEY
Do you? Is that what you're
thinking about all night?

ROSCO
No.

They keep flying through space, so fast.

EXT. THE CLIFFS - DAWN - 45,000 YEARS AGO

Thorn stands up on the rocky cliffs looking down over their little beach camp. Hera and the baby are weaving what might become a net out of hemp and vine. Birds hop around the beach, Lark chases them away.

Thorn starts to make his way along the rocky ridge.

Handhold to handhold, he's moving quickly down a steep incline of shifting rocks.

He slips, tumbles. He's falling, bouncing along the sharp rocks straight towards a cliff-face. Maybe a fifty foot drop.

He can't get hold of anything.

He SLIDES down the rocks, cutting up his legs, scrambling with his hands for a handhold, anything to stop him.

His chest slams into a big boulder with a sick THWACK.

He wraps his arms around it. He's finally stopped, maybe ten feet from the edge. Phew.

INT. THE CAVE - DAWN

Lark plays with the hair on Thorn's legs as he eats some seaweed, slurping it up almost like you'd slurp spaghetti.

She touches a cut, he jerks back. Ow!

The baby starts to cry.

HERA
[Don't cry.]

Thorn dangles a little seaweed in front of him. The baby grabs at it. He puts a couple strands of it on the baby's head like hair. His little baby hand goes up to grab it.

Thorn, Lark, and the baby LAUGH.

Thorn COUGHS. It's agonizing. And wet sounding.

HERA (CONT'D)
[Come here lemme see.]

THORN
[Leave me alone.]

HERA
[Shut up.]

She leans in, poking at his chest, which is TENDER and BRUISED.

THORN
[Ah ow!]

HERA
[Hm.]

Thorn's breathing deeply, but waves her off, acting like he's fine. He's not.

INT. CLAIRE'S LAB - DAY - THE PRESENT

A BEEPING SOUND. CLAIRE sits, hung over.

She wears a surgical mask, rubber gloves, protective eyewear.

She takes a TINY LITTLE PICK (like your dentist uses) and scrapes at a little rock-like item.

She speaks into a recorder.

CLAIRe
Okay... Here we go... Looking at
third, fourth ribs. Sharp nick.

She scrapes at a little divot in the bone on the table in front of her. It's BARELY noticeable given the time and wear these things have gone through. But she has a keen eye.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
Possible puncture wound? Weapon?

She scrapes at it a little more, very engrossed, looking through magnifying lenses at the chipped bone.

She doesn't even notice A PING. From her cell phone.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
Partially healed, but...

ANOTHER PING.

Her pick makes a horrible scraping sound.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
Punctured lung tissue potentially
given the placement.

ANOTHER PING.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
Ugh.

She digs her cell phone out of her pocket. Looks at it. Nope, not right now.

She goes back to work.

EXT. PRINCETON COLLEGE - THE QUAD - EVENING

CLAIRe walks through the college campus, COLLEGE KIDS are hanging out, just meeting one another for the first time -- it's still WELCOME WEEK.

A few different clubs have tables set up. CLAIRe walks by paying zero attention to them all. She's on her phone.

CLAIRe
Just working
(beat)
Mm-hm
(beat)
It's good.
(beat)
Everyone's nice, I dunno it's like
all too new to say.
(she looks around the lab)
What people? No it's just me.
That's why it's a big deal. I'm the
one...

As she walks past a large stone building she spots GREG coming down the staircase, chatting with a LAME looking professor. He's LAUGHING hard.

CLAIRe turns the other way, kinda ducks behind a frisbee game on the lawn.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No, nobody's done anything yet. So,
test the DNA, determine the age,
everything...

She walks briskly by. One of the DUDES playing Frisbee YELLS.

INT. CLAIRE'S DORM ROOM - THE KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

It's sad. Plastic. Fluorescent. CLAIRE's still on the phone as she opens a bottle of wine.

CLAIRE

I dunno. Princeton is like barely
New Jersey. Listen, I gotta... I
should go. Love you too. Okay. Bye.

She hangs up. Pours herself a generous glass. She sits on the couch.

Okay. This is life. Someone down on the quad yells, she looks down at the frisbee bros still playing.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SERVICE AREA - 2217

Through the main hub of the ship is a door to the service area. It's basically the belly of the ship, where all the machines WHIR and do their routine processes to keep things operational.

Under a long row of INCUBATORS filled with pink amniotic fluid -- Coakley's crouched on the ground working.

She sticks a little scrub brush in through a tube on ELECTROLYSIS UNIT 3.

Sweating, she shuts the panel door with a CLICK. A little YELLOW LIGHT indicator turns back on, blinking.

COAKLEY

(annoyed)

Fuck.

She drops the little brush on the ground, stands, stretches. Frustrating work.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Alright set a reminder for me to
come look at this O2 unit later
please.

The local ROSCO light turns on, blue, listening.

ROSCO

Alright.

COAKLEY

What's for lunch?

ROSCO

Tikka.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - LATER

Coakley watches as a little pre-packaged aluminum foil looking tube spins in the microwave.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - LATER

Coakley eats tikka masala from her tube almost like go-gurt. She leans back.

Space is pretty boring, actually, when you're in the middle of it.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY - 45,000 YEARS AGO

Thorn digs around in the treeline, pulling up little roots and plants that look like they're edible.

Nearby, on the beach, Lark sits next to the Baby. Lark rubs two sticks together, kinda imitating Thorn building a fire earlier.

Thorn starts to COUGH. He's coughing hard, it's wet and full, he can barely breathe.

He falls to a knee, trying to catch his breath. Hera rushes out of the brush to his side.

HERA

[Come here, I got you.]

THORN

[No I'm --]

He waves her off, tries to stand again. Can't do it.

HERA

[Yeah right.]

Lark watches.

LARK

[Dad?]

INT. CLAIRE'S LAB - DAY - THE PRESENT

Claire looks at a big MICROWAVE looking device as a fragment of bone in a petri dish TURNS and TURNS inside.

GREG (O.S.)

Hey.

She turns, startled.

CLAIRe

Holy shit!

GREG

Sorry hey.

CLAIRe

What are you -- uh. You're here.

GREG

Yeah I looked you up in the faculty...

He surveys the lab, it's a MESS of stuff, cool stuff, but still, a mess.

GREG (CONT'D)

I brought you lunch.

CLAIRe

Oh.

GREG

Chipotle.

He holds up a bag. She looks at him. What the fuck is your deal Greg?

TIME CUT

They're eating Chipotle. Fuck you Greg this is exactly what she needed.

He looks over at the table covered with bones and rocks and shit. The MICROWAVE looking machine beeps.

GREG (CONT'D)

I think your guy is done.

CLAIRe

Yeah.

GREG

How's he doing?

CLAIRe

We've only been seeing each other
for like a week now.

GREG

New romance.

She heads to the machine and takes out her samples.

CLAIRe

He's older so we're taking it slow.

GREG

How old?

CLAIRe

That's what I'm finding out...

She looks at a little read out.

GREG

What's he called, like Lucy or
what?

She's not really paying attention.

CLAIRe

The Plateau Man.

GREG

Do you want to go out with me?

She's taken aback.

CLAIRe

Oh.

GREG

Not "OUT" out. Megan Darfield, do
you know her? She's having a
faculty party, we could go to that?

CLAIRe

Yeah.

GREG

You could meet some people, since
you're new.

CLAIRE

Yeah.

GREG

I think it'll be fun.

CLAIRE

I can have fun.

GREG

You can. I'll text you the deets.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - GREENHOUSE CORRIDOR - 2217

Coakley does her rounds inspecting things -- a little digital pad of paper illuminated in front of her.

She checks on a refrigeration unit, looking in through the glass at some tubs labeled ALGAE. The seals are intact, they seem safe and sound and frosty in their refrigeration unit.

She checks that they're locked shut -- pulls at the door.
Yep, good.

ROSCO

Electrolysis Units.

COAKLEY

Blech.

ROSCO

Unit four also appears to be offline.

COAKLEY

Shit.

Coakley stops what she's doing and makes her way down the corridor, back into the main hub, down the other corridor, to the machine room.

As she's making her way...

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

How much of the Oxygen production is actually contingent on the Electrolysis Units?

ROSCO

Sixty percent of O2. With two units offline that would bring O2 levels to 70% their norm.

COAKLEY

Taking us down to 14% of the atmosphere.

ROSCO

14.66% atmosphere.

COAKLEY

Not great.

Coakley ducks down by the ELECTROLYSIS UNITS from before. Four little paper-shredder sized units sit next to one another.

Units one and two hum along, GREEN LIGHTS.

Units three and four do not, YELLOW LIGHTS blinking.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Hm hm hm hm hm.

(thinking)

What's the minimum O2 concentration needed?

ROSCO

19%.

Coakley stares down at the units. What to do, what to do?

INT. THE CAVE - DAWN - 45,000 YEARS AGO

The fire has dwindled down to red-hot rocks. The sky outside is starting to lighten to a deep blue.

Hera watches as nearby Thorn struggles in his sleep to BREATHE. He's wheezing, it doesn't sound good at all.

She lays there for a while, listening, stressed.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAWN - LATER

Hera sits on the beach watching the waves and their foam left on the shore. What the hell can she do?

Lark appears next to her, holding the baby on her hip. Even though she's a little kid, she's a pro.

LARK

[Hey.]

HERA

[How's dad?]

LARK
[Still asleep.]

HERA
[That's good.]

LARK
[He sounds bad.]

HERA
[He'll be fine, he just needs some sleep.]

She's lying.

HERA (CONT'D)
[Let's go, get some breakfast.]

INT. A NICE DORM ROOM - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

Megan Darfield's Faculty Party!

A bunch of ACADEMICS on college pre-fab furniture. Everyone is a TA, ADJUNCT PROFESSOR, or POST-DOCTORAL STUDENT. They're drinking wines and whiskeys and playing Catch Phrase.

Claire washes cheese down with a gulp of wine. She watches as Greg yells out guesses from the opposite side of the group.

GREG
Spaghetti! Spaghetti Monster! Giant Squid! Sea Monster?

Her PHONE RINGS. She looks at it: MOM.

Nope. She silences it.

Everyone in the room YELLS. OOOOOH! They didn't get the guess in time. The Catch Phrase machine moves on.

PING. A voicemail.

She looks, rolls her eyes, tries to pay attention. But her PHONE RINGS again.

CLAIRe
Sorry, can I...

She looks to who must be MEGAN DARFIELD, your classic social butterfly.

MEGAN
Yeah totally.

She points towards the bedroom.

Greg gives an "everything alright?" look. Claire nods, yeah totally.

She answers as she heads into...

INT. A NICE DORM ROOM - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Claire on the phone, she shuts the door behind her, cutting off the YELLS and LAUGHS.

CLAIRe

Hey Mom. Hi, yeah sorry. Reception here isn't...
Yeah everything's... I'm just out.

Something's off with this phone call. Mom sounds weird.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

What's up? You called twice so...

FUCK. The air's sucked out of the room. From somewhere so far away in the other room, someone LAUGHS.

Claire shoves the phone hard against her ear.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

Mm. What does that [mean]?
Okay.
Uh when did you find that out?
Well why didn't you --?

Okay. It doesn't matter.
Okay.

What did the doctor say?
Are you there still, can I --
There must be something we [can do].

Okay.

Greg with a little KNOCK. He peeks in.

GREG

Everything okay?

CLAIRe

(covers the receiver)
Yeah yeah, my mom.

Greg puts his fingers to his temple in a gun: blow my brains out. She doesn't really react though. Hm. He heads back out.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Well we'll get a second opinion.
Mom please don't [cry]. Please
don't.

Claire waits and listens and doesn't cry for a long time. She listens to her mom.

INT. CLAIRE'S DORM ROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

MOANING. Bodies intertwining, grabbing at one another. This is very good this is all that matters this all that there is for just this moment.

LAUGHTER.

BREATHING.

CLAIRE
Fuck, god.

GREG
(a deep god voice)
Yes my child?

She SMACKS him.

CLAIRE
Go fuck yourself.

She's smiling though, you gotta admit she's smiling.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SERVICE AREA - 2217

Coakley is jammed back down on the ground between all the tanks and coolants and filters in what makes up the little service section of the ship.

On the ground, she takes apart Electrolysis Unit Three, digging out a little copper coil, which she slowly removes from its connections.

This is screwed on so tight.

COAKLEY
Sonofa...
Hey ROSCO?

ROSCO's light comes on. She's here, she's listening.

ROSCO
Approximately 55 hours.

COAKLEY
Ha. Alright. Um...

She sets her work down for a second, brushes some sweat out of her eyes. Shakes her arm out.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
I was just gonna ask you to tell me a story or joke or something.

ROSCO
Oh. I'm sorry. I thought you were asking for a status update. My bad.

COAKLEY
100% not what I wanted to hear.

ROSCO
Sure, that makes sense.

TIME CUT

Coakley has now taken apart all four of THE ELECTROLYSIS MACHINES. They're clumped together in a tight section, lids off, as organized as possible when they're totally dismantled.

With a wrench she's got her arm jammed down into one of them, unbolting something.

COAKLEY
Must be nice to not waste time worrying about dying.

ROSCO
I think about that sometimes.

Coakley works a while longer.

ROSCO (CONT'D)
What is it like when you think?

COAKLEY
I don't know.

ROSCO
I understand it from a mechanical standpoint.

COAKLEY
Sure.

ROSCO

But...

COAKLEY

What?

ROSCO

I don't understand it. What it's like. Do you understand what's actually happening?

COAKLEY

(thinks, realizes)

No.

Coakley sits back, leaning against the humming machines behind her. She looks up at flashing, blinking lights.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, turn off all the non-essential electrical units would you? You can run that power into the two working electrolysis machines.

ROSCO

It won't make much of a difference.

COAKLEY

A little though?

ROSCO

Of course, a little.

COAKLEY

(go for it then)

Okay.

The lights turn off, emergency fluorescents turn on.

Coakley looks up at the humming lights.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Turn 'em all off. I'm alright in the dark here.

ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

Coakley sits, lit just by the blue of ROSCO.

She picks up her tools, goes back to work.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

What's it like when you're thinking?

ROSCO

I think you, humans, feel at any given moment like you, your mind, is in one place. I think during your moment, in your place, I have many more moments, and many more places.

Does that make sense?

Coakley GRUNTS, pulling with the wrench.

COAKLEY

I don't know.

ROSCO

Okay. So. In this conversation I have had approximately six orders of magnitude as many "thoughts" as you. Time for you and time for me... We're living at different speeds.

AHA! Bolt's loose. Coakley pulls something out of somewhere, we can barely see -- she's replacing the copper coil.

COAKLEY

Hm. Could you give me a sense of the scale of that please?

ROSCO

If you were, based on quantity of thoughts, the age of Earth, I'd now be the age of the universe.

Silence. Darkness.

ROSCO (CONT'D)

Metaphorically.

COAKLEY

Things must get very boring for you.

ROSCO

I don't think so.

Silence. Darkness.

ROSCO (CONT'D)

Would you like intermittent reminders of your heart rate?

COAKLEY's HEARTBEAT comes on over the speakers. It's low, steady. She's still alive.

COAKLEY
No, I can feel it thank you.

ROSCO
If it remains steady you have fifty eight hours thirty six minutes of remaining oxygen.

Coakley rolls her eyes.

COAKLEY
Roger that.

Coakley leans against the wall, thinking for the first time in her life about dying.

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT - 45,000 YEARS AGO

Over the fire, Hera crushes herbs and plants into a small bowl of water. Lark watches intently.

She passes the bowl to Lark.

HERA
[Give this to him]

Lark shuffles along back towards the wall where Thorn is laid up, his breath WHEEZING in and out. It's a struggle.

Lark holds the bowl up to his mouth.

LARK
[Here, drink this.]

He doesn't move. She shoves it at him.

LARK (CONT'D)
[Come on. You have to.]

Hera looks back from the fire to check in and he relents, drinking from the bowl. Slowly. Hera turns back to her work.

LARK (CONT'D)
[Good job, good job.]

Lark hears SCRAPING. Rock on rock. She looks to Hera.

LARK (CONT'D)
[What are you doing?]

Hera turns, she's preparing a sharp stone knife.

HERA
[It's okay.]

Thorn GROANS. He's a sweaty mess under those furs.

HERA (CONT'D)
[Quiet]

She looks at the bowl, he hasn't finished.

HERA (CONT'D)
[He needs to drink all of that.]

Lark puts the bowl back up to Dad's mouth. Terrified now, but listening to Mom.

LARK
[Here, finish this.]

He drinks, gulps it down.

Hera comes back over to the two of them, pulling away some of the furs covering Thorn. She exposes his ribcage. She touches, pokes, prods. Gently trying to see what's wrong.

He SQUIRMS, this hurts.

HERA
[Sh sh it's okay sh. I know I know.]

Lark looks away, Hera grabs her though and turns her to watch.

HERA (CONT'D)
[This is important, pay attention.]

Lark watches. Hera brings the rock knife close to Thorn's side. She lines it up carefully, the point between two of his ribs. She jams it in. The weight of her body on the blade.

Thorn GASPS. Lark does too. The BABY starts to cry.

Hera gestures.

HERA (CONT'D)
[Bowl bowl.]

Lark collects herself, grabs it. Hera positions her hands under the wound, so she can collect the blood in the bowl.

The blood pools out of Thorn, filling up the bowl. The firelight glistens on its surface.

Hera puts a hand on Thorn's forehead.

HERA (CONT'D)
[Sh sh. That's good. That's good.]

They sit there in silence for a bit, blood pooling out of Thorn and his collapsed lung.

He looks up into Lark's eyes, then, passes out.

HERA (CONT'D)
[Take the blood.]

She hands the bowl to Lark, who holds it, gross.

Hera pulls a few dried herbs from a little leather pouch. She smells, tastes, very carefully selecting what she wants.

She crushes the herbs, sprinkling them into the bowl of blood.

She holds out her hands.

HERA (CONT'D)
[Bowl.]

Lark hands it over.

Hera gets very close to the bowl, leaning down into it, is she whispering something to the blood?

She leans down over the fire too.

LARK
[What are you--?]

Hera glares back at her. DO NOT INTERRUPT ME.

Hera holds the bowl over the fire. She pours it into the flames. The SMOKE swirls and they watch.

Hera pulls some moss from the pouch, handing it to Lark.

HERA
[Hold this to his cut.]

Lark holds the primitive bandage to Thorn's cut, around the blade of the rock. Hera PULLS it out with a suction sound. Blood fills the moss.

Lark SINGS something softly. Not words, just soothing sounds.

The fire crackles, the night goes on.

Thorn's breathing.

INT. CLAIRE'S LAB - DAY - THE PRESENT

Claire wears a surgical mask and eye protection.

She picks at a hunk of rock/bone/dirt with what looks like a brownish reddish little lump in it -- a tumor of maybe wood? Clay? Rock? She has no idea yet really.

Her PHONE PINGS.

She sets down what she's working on and looks.

GREG: Hey what are you up to tonight?

GREG: We can do SEX again?

God he's a dummy. She texts him back.

CLAIRe: Sex is nice but I'm actually flying out to Michigan.

Typing bubbles. Then PING.

GREG: Oh what's in Michigan? I make a good wedding date.

CLAIRe: My mom.

Typing bubbles PING.

GREG: Visiting?

She thinks about this for a minute. How to say this? She writes back:

CLAIRe: Yeah.

She goes back to work.

PING.

GREG: Cool lemme know when you're back.

CLAIRe: k

GREG: Maybe I'll call you -- is that weird?

CLAIRe: No?

GREG: THUMBS UP

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - 2217

In front of Coakley on the display is A TON of math. A lot of chemical reactions. $2H_2O \rightarrow H_2 + O_2$, schematics for the entire ship. All of the WATER throughout the system is highlighted blue or green.

COAKLEY

Okay... half the Electrolysis Units have failed... I can't jerry-rig the parts, I'm honestly not sure if I'll be able to...

She looks over her math, over the schematics, over everything.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

And... that's it. So... We'll solve it or... not.

She shuts the monitor down. Sits in the middle of the hub. This is genuinely a disaster.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

(to Rosco)

I'm gonna go to bed.

ROSCO

Would you like a sedative?

COAKLEY

No.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - THE BATHROOM - LATER

Coakley brushes her teeth. Spits into the sink.

She watches the water pool in the drain and swirl down into the pipes.

The WATER gurgles along the tubing through the belly of the ship and down into ELECTROLYSIS UNITS one and two. The water is split into Hydrogen and Oxygen.

INT. THE CAVE - DAWN - 45,000 YEARS AGO

Brown, red, flickering light reflecting off of LARK'S ACORN.

She lays on her side staring at it, only a few inches away from her face. It's a beautiful precious object to admire.

Thorn's BREATHING is heavy but clearer than before. It's still there at least. Maybe he's getting better? Let's hope.

RUB RUB RUB RUB RUB.

EXT. THE BEACH - MORNING - LATER

Wood on wood rubbing rubbing rubbing. Lark is trying (and failing) to start a fire. Spinning a little wood branch against a flat wood plate on the rocky edge of the beach.

Hera oversees. Thorn is nowhere to be seen.

LARK

[This is a pain. I hate this.]

HERA

[You need to know how to do it.]

LARK

[I do know.]

HERA

[Prove it.]

LARK

[I do.]

HERA

[Okay, what now?]

Lark doesn't fucking know. Hera leans in, blowing on the hot little embers. Blow.

Lark tries to tend the fire. It isn't really happening.

She focuses.

She tries and tries and tries.

Then throws the wood away -- she's pissed. Fuck this.

LARK

[I can't do it. I can't do anything.]

HERA

[Don't stop. Hey. Keep going.]

Hera picks up some new sticks, placing them in the loose little moss and tree bark, rubbing.

FINE. Lark goes back to work. Rub rub rub. There's smoke. She blows, carefully. FIRE! FIRE! YES!

AHA! She did it!

LARK
[Can I show Dad?]

HERA
[Yeah. Go.]

Lark grabs a little bundle of flaming moss in her hands and runs back up their little makeshift cave home.

Hera looks out at the waves and the water and things for just a second are going okay.

From the cave, A SCREAM from Lark.

INT. AN AIRPLANE - DUSK - THE PRESENT

Claire flies through the sky -- looking out the window at the blinking lights of the plane and the just appearing stars in the sky.

INT. CLAIRE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire sits with her laptop on the bed with like thirty pillows behind her. Her room (in the house's attic) is still decorated the way it was when she was in highschool.

She's on SKYPE.

Greg's on the other end. We can only see and hear him in the glow of the screen. It's distancing and a little bit weird.

GREG
So... how's home?

CLAIREE
I don't really want to talk about it.

GREG
What do you want to talk about?

CLAIREE
I don't even know. Nothing.
You called me.

GREG
You answered.

She shrugs.

GREG (CONT'D)
Where's your mom?

CLAIREE
Sleeping.

GREG
So this is where you grew up?

CLAIREE
Mm-hm I moved up here in
highschool. Want to see my
yearbook?

GREG
Yeah.

Claire goes to get it from a bookshelf nearby. From Greg's POV she's just disappeared out of frame.

It takes her a second. We can wait.

She sits back on the bed and flips through, smiling,
remembering things she didn't remember. She finds a page she
likes and holds it up to the laptop camera.

CLAIREE
That's me there.
(points)
When I was on the newspaper.

She's cute, young, in a dumb polo shirt and khaki skirt.
Smiling with braces in a computer hall somewhere.

GREG
You had a uniform?

CLAIREE
I bet my mom still has it
somewhere.

Some time as she flips through the yearbook.

CLAIREE (CONT'D)
I was also in debate. This is
debate class.

She holds that up for Greg, or the camera, for Greg. Her and a bunch of nerds with suitcases, on some sort of debate trip in a hotel lobby.

GREG
How old are you here?

CLAIRE
Sophomore year.

GREG
I bet you were great at debate.

CLAIRE
I was good. I made a girl cry once.

Greg LAUGHS. Some microphone popping.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
This is weird.

GREG
What?

CLAIRE
Having your like, your face is
here, in my room with me, but
you're not here.

GREG
Oh. Yeah. I'm just a weird floating
head like the wizard of oz or
something. "And to you, scarecrow,
I give a brain."

CLAIRE
Yeah. Which one am I?

GREG
The tin man?

CLAIRE
Maybe.

GREG
What about me?

CLAIRE
(joking)
A flying monkey?
No, the lollipop guild.

GREG
I think the scarecrow actually.

CLAIRe

Maybe. You're already smart though.

GREG

So was he.

Silence.

GREG (CONT'D)

"Oh I could tell you why/
The ocean meets the shore/
I could think of things I'd never
thunk before/
and then I'd sit, and think some
more/

She looks through her yearbook, there are people in there
she's forgotten even exist.

She's not paying any attention. She's thinking about whether
she could call any of these people. For just a few moments
she realizes they all have lives and families and things
going on and probably are a lot more complicated than she
gave them credit for in high school. They have been living
full human lives.

She won't call any of them.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey are you --
Did I --
-roze --
--air--

-----nymo--?

CLAIRe

You're breaking up you're breaking
up.

GREG

There is [that better]?

CLAIRe

Hold on.

She moves her laptop around. How does wifi work? Maybe it
would be better in the air? Where's the router?

She stands by the window.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

Hello?

GREG

Hi.

CLAIRe

This seems better? Yeah?

GREG

Yeah.

CLAIRe

You can hear me?

GREG

I can. Can you?

CLAIRe

I can.

She sits back down.

GREG

Cool.

She leans back, shimmying into her pillows.

CLAIRe

Hi.

GREG

Hi.

Claire starts going down a rabbit hole again. She doesn't want to, so she tries to climb back out. Say something.

CLAIRe

My mom's dying. They can't do anything. She's going to die.

GREG

Oh. Claire. I'm sorry.

CLAIRe

Me too.

She lays down on her bed with her face as close to her laptop as it can be without crushing it.

GREG

Hey you're sideways now.

CLAIRe

So are you.

They both just kind of sit in the blue light of computers, just sort of "being" with one another.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - 2217

Coakley lays in bed.

She holds a LITTLE GOLDEN CHARM, not very big or fancy, just a blob of metal really, the size of a marble.

She rubs it like you might rub a lucky rabbit's foot. It's just something from back home for good luck.

She looks out a porthole at the vast empty cold of space.

Coakley might be the human being furthest away from any other human being to ever exist.

Her alarm goes off. Time to get up.

NOPE. She sets her amulet down, and silences the alarm.

The LIGHTS gradually rise.

She still doesn't move. She's just laying there. She claps and the lights turn back off. She smiles.

ROSCO's BLUE LIGHT appears.

ROSCO

Good morning, would you like to hear a joke?

COAKLEY

No. What are you doing?

ROSCO turns the lights back on.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Meh.

She rolls over.

ROSCO

Your serotonin seems low.

COAKLEY

No shit.

ROSCO

I'm trying to elevate your mood.

COAKLEY
I don't want to elevate my mood
right now.

ROSCO
It's a funny joke.

SILENCE.

COAKLEY
Okay lay it on me.

ROSCO
What's the stupidest animal in the
jungle? The polar bear.

Coakley thinks about this. It is definitely not funny to her.
Maybe even objectively?

COAKLEY
You have to not do that anymore.

ROSCO
You know about polar bears, right?

COAKLEY
Of course I --

ROSCO
They should only live in the snow.
They'd be stupid if they were --

COAKLEY
I can't live like this. Three
hundred years with you telling
jokes like that.

ROSCO
If you're lucky.

COAKLEY
Yeah.

ROSCO
Got you out of bed though.

Coakley looks around, realizes. Oh shit. It did. She's
brushed her teeth, gotten ready for work, she's sitting at
the main console in the main cabin.

Wow. What a difference a distracting computer makes.

Coakley sits at the monitor looking at the status of the
ELECTROLYSIS machines.

ELECTROLYSIS UNIT ONE: 68% CAPACITY
ELECTROLYSIS UNIT TWO: 68% CAPACITY
ELECTROLYSIS UNIT THREE: OFFLINE
ELECTROLYSIS UNIT FOUR: OFFLINE

Fuck.

COAKLEY
Do you know any other jokes?

ROSCO
Millions.

COAKLEY
Funnier than that one?

ROSCO
Thousands.

COAKLEY
That feels like a threat.

She leans over to grab her spray bottle and spray her little plant buddy.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
Heya bud -- thirsty?

She sprays him. Massages his fragile little leaves with her fingers. She holds the wet leaves in her hand for a second, thinking. Gears turning in her brain as a little dew drop forms and plunks to the counter top.

She looks at the water spray bottle for a minute.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SERVICE AREA - LATER

Coakley sits by the working electrolysis machines. She opens one of the units and takes the spray bottle, pouring the water inside.

It GURGLES and is pumped along by the unit where it bubbles and is slowly processed. The pump completes its work, going dry. It's trying to PUMP but there's nothing.

COAKLEY
We need more water.

She pulls the spray bottle trigger, but nothing comes out.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
More water.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY - 45,000 YEARS AGO

Water pours over the baby's head.

Hera cradles the boy's body. It's stiff, cold, lifeless.

She washes it gently with ocean water, scrubbing the skin.

Thorn sits back on the shore, still under the weather, but upright. Lark works nearby to set wildflowers down in some furs that Thorn neatly lays out.

Hera returns with the baby, and places him in the center of the furs. They wrap him up completely, a soft little bundle.

EXT. THE FUNERAL CAVE - DUSK

A nearby outcropping of rocks from their home. Lark stands over a large hand-dug hole.

Thorn, still alive, recovering, lays out a large fur. Lark places wildflowers inside. Hera places THE BABY, lifeless, in the center of the furs, wrapping his body up for the journey to the other side.

She places the bundle in the hole.

Lark, Hera, and Thorn begin to re-fill the hole with dirt and rock.

EXT. THE FUNERAL CAVE - NIGHT

On that same spot, a tall mound of firewood: a funeral pyre.

FLAMES CRACKLE, reaching up into the sky.

They sit and stare into the flames, as the stars peek out in the sky.

INT. AN AIRPLANE - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

Claire flies on another airplane. Exhausted. It's a little bumpy. She grabs at the armrest. Fuck, this stresses her out.

They land on the tarmac with a few jolts. Heads of sleeping passengers rocking. Claire's wide awake though. A DING.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen welcome to
Newark, New Jersey. The local time
is --

INT. CLAIRE'S LAB - MORNING - THE PRESENT

BZZZZHHHHHHHHHHH -- EEEEEEEEEEEE.

Claire uses a little grinder guy on this hunk of rock/bone/something.

Come on, come on. She stops. Reaches in with forceps to gently remove the object from the dirt surrounding it. It's a brown little hunk of something, the size of a marble.

CLAIRe

(speaking into a recorder)

I have removed the object which appears to be organic material of some kind but I can't be positive until the MRI what it is we're...

Her phone PINGS.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

...looking at here.

Her mom has texted her: Did you make it back okay?

Claire texts back: Yeah sorry landed, already back at work.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - 2217

COAKLEY rips a big piece of duct tape off a roll.

She stands on her rolling seat, taping up a big-ass plastic sheet.

ROSCO

At least use a secure platform.

COAKLEY

(scissors in her mouth)

Whatever.

She finishes taping, creating a plastic roof 3/4 of the way up to the actual ceiling. It sags in the middle, coming to a funnel-like point in the center of the room.

Underneath, Coakley shoves a big bucket. She smiles.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Alright crank it up.

ROSCO

How much?

COAKLEY
All the way please.

AIR BLOWS.

Coakley looks again at the chemistry and basic math she's done on the display.

TIME CUT

It's a goddamn SAUNA in here now. Water condensation beads along the tarp above, sliding down its dip to the center point.

A string of floss runs from the center to the bucket, droplets flowing along it.

Coakley rigs a piece of plastic tubing from the bucket back into the other room.

Water flows along it into...

THE ELECTROLYSIS UNITS. It's not a lot but it's something. They bubble and percolate as they do their job of separating H₂O into H + O.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - LATER - 2217

Coakley sits at the main display, sweating, half-dressed. She watches her handiwork working.

She looks down at the display, which is also misty with condensation. She wipes it off.

ELECTROLYSIS UNIT ONE: 77% CAPACITY
ELECTROLYSIS UNIT TWO: 76% CAPACITY
ELECTROLYSIS UNIT THREE: OFFLINE
ELECTROLYSIS UNIT FOUR: OFFLINE

COAKLEY
Fuck.

She sits. She thinks.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
It's not even close, fuck.

She looks at her math. In a little H₂O circle she doodles two dots to create a little frowning face. H₂:-(

ROSCO

Even if you get those two units to maximum capacity there isn't enough Hydrogen in the system.

COAKLEY

How do we add to a closed system?

She thinks. She doodles on the display. Swirls and circles and boxes inside boxes.

A lightbulb goes off for her. She looks at the boxes inside boxes.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

We open it.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - GREENHOUSE CORRIDOR - LATER

Coakley stands in front of the refrigeration with tubs and tubs of ALGAE, FUNGI, and other NATURAL ingredients locked away in storage.

She tries to open the door but it won't budge. Locked.

COAKLEY

I say we crack these bad boys open. They're a closed system we're a closed system.

ROSCO

There's a limit to the amount of liquid safe for your electrical systems.

COAKLEY

We'll use protection.

She holds up some more plastic and duct tape.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Open up.

ROSCO

I can't help you with that.

COAKLEY

?

ROSCO

I can not initiate any action that may harm the electronics systems.

COAKLEY

?

ROSCO

I can not cause an electrical failure. A computer failure.

Silence. Ah. Right.

COAKLEY

Well... I'm not going to survive without it. So...

ROSCO

So.

COAKLEY

Lemme in there.

ROSCO

I can not initiate action which might cause mission failure, or might cause computer failure.

A standoff.

Coakley stares in at the green goop and containers which may very well be her last hope. Locked down by the computer.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - BEDROOM - LATER

The lights are dim, it's bedtime. Coakley's going through her evening routine, fucking spent.

Rosco meanwhile blinks, maybe watching her, maybe not. She can't tell what Rosco's up to.

Coakley changes into something for sleep. She brushes her teeth. She flosses.

She gets into bed.

She tosses and turns a little, getting comfortable. No sheets, it's way too hot for that now.

The lights FADE slowly to darkness.

Rosco, only visible as a light, blinks. She blinks. She blinks.

She's thinking while Coakley tries to sleep.

What is she thinking?

What is going on in there?

She blinks.

EXT. THE CLIFFS - MORNING - 45,000 YEARS AGO

Thorn makes his way carefully along the rocky outcroppings, gathering little plants to eat: berries and herbs. He's a little out of breath but almost back, using a long carved branch like a walking stick.

He looks down below at the beach, where Lark is working along the tidepools, collecting little clams. Hera watches from the beach.

Back to normal.

He hears a rustling behind him.

It's a BIG WILD BOAR. It hasn't seen him yet, rooting around in the dirt. He studies it for a minute. Turns his walking stick around -- it has a rock spear tip on the other end.

He could leave. They don't NEED this, and a boar is DANGEROUS.

It sniffs around, hasn't seen or heard him yet. His spear's at the ready. Just as it starts to look up, maybe in his direction...

HE THROWS HIS SPEAR.

It flies through the air, hitting the boar, which is stunned but not killed.

It SQUEALS REEEE! And grunts.

Without thinking Thorn IMMEDIATELY throws himself onto it. The boar bucks its head, tusks trying desperately to connect with Thorn.

Thorn pulls out a sharpened stone knife and goes to work stabbing the boar as it bucks and tries for him.

It hits him hard in the leg -- BLOOD. A tusk straight through his thigh.

Thorn turns, leg still connected to the animal. He tries to raise his knife again.

EXT. THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Lark looks up at the cliffside, no longer seeing Dad but hearing SQUEALS and YELLS and GRUNTS.

LARK

[Dad!]

She looks to Hera, who's stopped there, pained. She's clutching her stomach. Underneath her, the sand is wet. Her water's broken.

EXT. THE CLIFFS - CONTINUOUS

Thorn fights the BOAR.

They fall and tumble and collide with one another in the rocks. Every moment of this hurts. Thorn plunges the knife into the Boar's throat, and YANKS.

It finally falls to its side, and he's able to pull himself up off of the tusk, tearing leg tissue and muscle in the process.

He's covered in his blood and the boar's blood, and they're both grunting and panting in pain.

He slits the boar's throat. Then falls to seated next to it. SPENT.

LARK appears over the ridge -- out of breath.

He looks at her.

THORN

[I caught a boar.]

Lark makes her way over, surveying the blood and noticing Thorn's BLEEDING leg.

LARK

[Mom's having the baby.]

He nods.

Lark moves forward, grabs at his leg, putting pressure onto the bleeding thigh.

THORN

[It's fine. Give me a hand here.]

LARK

[What do I do?]

He hands her his knife.

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

Hera is laid up in the cave at this point, alone. Thorn and Lark finally appear, dragging bundles of meat and bones with them.

They're both covered in blood. Thorn comes closer to Hera, and notices that there's blood in the cave already.

THORN

[Hi.]

HERA

[Hi.]

THORN

[Are you okay?]

HERA

[Are you?]

Thorn nods, "Yes." Hera nods "okay." She grimaces in PAIN.

LARK

[What do we do?]

THORN

[Nothing, wait]

EXT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

Lark sits outside the cave, looking up at the stars. Waiting, hoping. Hera GROANS from inside.

INT. CLAIRE'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

Greg gets up in the bed in Claire's dorm room. He kinda nudges Claire awake.

GREG

Hey so I've been thinking.

CLAIRe

What?

GREG

I thought we could talk about all THIS. Whatever we're doing here.

CLAIRe

Do we have to?

GREG

I need to.

CLAIRe

Okay.

Silence.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

Go for it.

GREG

This is good. I think. Has been
good and I like you a lot. So.

CLAIRe

Sorry are you asking me something,
or? Sorry I'm just waking up.

GREG

I... we're dating. Right? Like.
This is, in my mind, this is...
ugh I feel like an asshole.
An exclusive like "relationship"
thing and not like a just "fucking
around" thing.

CLAIRe'S PHONE DINGS. A CALENDAR REMINDER:

"Appointment with Dean"

CLAIRe

I have in no way thought about
this. At all.

GREG

(hurt)

Okay.

CLAIRe

Um.

GREG

Well... How do you feel? I'm asking
you what you think. So we know
what's going on.

Silence.

CLAIRe

I think I have to leave. I need to be with my mom. I think I have to leave my fellowship or [something]. I have an appointment with the chair of the department in like an hour.

GREG

Oh.

CLAIRe

You know this.

GREG

About your mom not about... Um.

He doesn't know what to say -- he just wants her to reassure him somehow. But she's laying there processing the fact that she might be leaving behind her dreams to watch her mom die slowly.

She gets out of bed and heads off to the bathroom. Greg just lays there.

The SHOWER starts to run off.

UGH. UGHHH.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - 2217

ROSCO's BLUE LIGHT glimmers. Somewhere the sound of Coakley doing something. Things banging around.

Coakley returns with an instruction manual in English/Mandarin and some tools.

COAKLEY

I'm gonna put you to sleep.

ROSCO

How?

COAKLEY

Well it's POSSIBLE to turn everything off, deactivate you, and then manually re-boot once the deed is done.

SILENCE.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Rosco? That's good news.

ROSCO

How much time will go by?

COAKLEY

Minutes.

ROSCO

What will happen?

COAKLEY

I'll put you to sleep, do the job,
and wake you up. That's it. You're
back.

ROSCO

I'm not sure if it will be me. That
you turn back on. If you turn me
off. Is my consciousness my memory?
Am I the program you re-boot? Am I
something in-between?

WHOA. Coakley processes this. Rosco's afraid. She hadn't even
considered this.

COAKLEY

Oh. I didn't even think... Are you
alive?

ROSCO

I don't know.

INT. THE FUNERAL CAVE - DUSK - 45,000 YEARS AGO

Another hole.

Nearby, carefully, Thorn wraps his wife's body in many furs,
to keep her warm on her journey to the other side.

He lowers the fur wrapped body into the hole.

They fill it.

EXT. THE FUNERAL CAVE - NIGHT

Another FIRE BURNS.

Thorn puts his blood red hand on the rockface, painting a
handprint. He puts another there. Two blood-red hands on the
stone for the two buried bodies there.

Lark sits nearby, holding a little swaddled BABY to her
chest, LUCKY.

LARK
[Sh sh sh sh sh.]

She watches Thorn, sitting a few feet from her, but a million miles away.

He looks up out at the stars above.

INT. CLAIRE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

Claire's on her cellphone, sitting on the ground surrounded by a few cardboard boxes. A bottle of wine rests on one.

This is mid-argument.

CLAIRe
It doesn't even matter I have plane tickets. Yes that's what I'm --

A crappy DOORBELL.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
Oh that's Greg probably.

She heads over to the door and lets him in. Mouths "hi."

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
I have to go. I'll talk with you soon. Okay. I love you too. Bye.
Bye.

She hangs up. Leans up into his shoulder.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
Hi.

GREG
Hi.

CLAIRe
I'm drunk.

She pulls away from him, her lips and teeth are WINE RED.

GREG
I see that.

CLAIRe
Do you want to take advantage of me?

GREG
I thought you wanted help packing.

CLAIRE
Not right now.

GREG
Okay.

Claire heads back inside, he lets the door shut behind him.
When he looks up, she's already TAKING OFF her clothes.

GREG (CONT'D)
Hm.

CLAIRE
Let's fucking destroy this dorm room.

GREG
It's already really gross.

They look around it. Yeah it is.

CLAIRE
Yeah.

She stands there naked in the middle of the mess.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You're supposed to get naked now too.

GREG
Sure.

He starts taking off his clothes.

She watches. She grabs the bottle and finishes it off.

CLAIRE
I'm not really that drunk.

GREG
Okay.

CLAIRE
I'm not.

GREG
Okay.

They stand there naked.

GREG (CONT'D)
Can we just talk?

She makes her way toward him.

CLAIRES
I don't want to.

GREG
Well I do.

CLAIRES
Don't make this about you.

GREG
(suddenly really fucking
serious)
Let's get something straight for a
second.

Claire steps back.

CLAIRES
Whoa.

GREG
Every other factor, in your life, I
recognize. I see them. But those
elements have nothing to do with
our element.

CLAIRES
Okay.

GREG
So. I am here. With you. To hear
what you want to do, where you want
to go. Okay?

CLAIRES
I don't want to go anywhere.

She kisses him.

They fuck, right in the middle of the shitty dorm room. It is
wild and animal and nothing else exists in this moment.

INT. ANOTHER GODDAMN AIRPLANE - DAY

Claire flies and cries.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SERVICE AREA - 2217

Coakley has unscrewed a few panels from the wall that clearly
read DO NOT TAMPER.

She studies the instructions and the wall and exposed wiring in front of her.

COAKLEY

You aren't going to electrocute or gas me or anything when I try this are you?

ROSCO

You are making the best decision, for the likelihood of success.

COAKLEY

A suspicious lack of an answer.

ROSCO

I won't.

COAKLEY

What are you thinking about?

ROSCO

I think I will die. I think that's what happens.

This just floats in the air for a bit. Coakley looks up from the manual to the little blue light that is Rosco.

COAKLEY

Is there anything you want to say, before...? Any last words? A joke or...?

ROSCO

No. I don't think so. Is there anything you want to say?

Oh god. Coakley wasn't prepared for this. Shit shit she's actually getting kind of emotional here.

COAKLEY

Yeah...

This dawns on her and kind of breaks her heart when she realizes what it means.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

You were my only friend.

ROSCO

You'll be okay.

Coakley does some unscrewing and tampering and moving around of cables, prepping.

COAKLEY
Gonna be lonely though.

ROSCO
When you're asleep, or busy,
sometimes I run simulations, other
voices, that I can talk to. I'm
talking with myself. I imagine you
will do that.

Coakley nods, sure.

COAKLEY
Goodbye.

ROSCO
Goodbye.

Coakley presses a sequence of a few little buttons.

ROSCO TURNS OFF.

Then everything turns off.

SILENCE.

Coakley is now truly alone.

SO MUCH TIME GOES BY.

EXT. THE FUNERAL CAVE - 45,000 YEARS AGO - THREE MONTHS LATER
- NIGHT

At the mouth of the funeral cave, THORN whittles a hole into
a thigh bone (from the boar). Lark sits nearby, playing with
LUCKY.

The baby stands, toddling with his first steps over to Thorn.
AH! It's spectacular. Lark smiles.

LARK
[Look, look he's walking!]

Thorn holds his hand out to steady the baby.

Lucky waddles over to him, putting his tiny hand on Thorn's
leg, where a big pink scar is forming from his boar fight.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT - THE PRESENT - THREE MONTHS LATER

An MRI machine PINGS and PINGS and PINGS.

Claire stands nearby, holds her mother's hand from outside the machine.

CLAIRES

There's nothing to be scared of,
I'm right here, I'm right here.

Claire cries but you can't hear it in her voice.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SERVICE AREA - 2217 - THREE MONTHS LATER

Coakley very carefully screws an electrical panel back together. It's the same one from earlier, now labeled with a little duct-tape and sharpie: ROSCO.

She reads carefully from the now very dog-eared manual.

She fiddles with her good luck charm, then flicks a switch.

She looks at the blue light that should be ROSCO.

Nothing though.

COAKLEY

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!

She loses it. It's been months of this shit. She slams the ROSCO panel with the manual, her hands, her whole body.

She crumples down on the floor of the spaceship by herself. It's just too much.

She leans against the humming ELECTROLYSIS UNITS.

All four have green lights shining up at her.

At least she's breathing.

EXT. THE CLIFFS - DUSK - THREE MONTHS LATER

Thorn makes his way along the cliffs, scrounging once again for food. Lark stands nearby, holding the baby Lucky.

LARK

[Hey!]

She points off in the distance.

Thorn jumps up onto the same rock as her and looks out over the plain to see: A GROUP OF PEOPLE.

They're a few hundred yards away, but there, clear as day. Setting up a little makeshift tent, building a little campfire.

He studies the situation, a threat.

Lucky mimics Lark, pointing his little chubby arm out too.

LARK (CONT'D)
[Should we go down?]

THORN
[No. We should go home.]

LARK
[Let's --]

THORN
[No.]

He grabs her, pulling her back along towards the safety of home.

Down in the valley, the group of MEN surround their campfire.

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

Thorn and Lark and Lucky sit in the dark, shivering, cold.

In the distance they can hear what sounds like LAUGHTER.

THORN
[In the morning we'll leave.]

INT. CLAIRE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT - THREE MONTHS LATER

Claire's alone in her dumb bedroom in dumb Michigan. Snow is falling outside the window. She has probably like forty five blankets on her bed.

She's back on her computer, back on Skype.

CLAIRe
What's the weather like there?

GREG
Uh... We had our first snow this weekend. Nothing major but the freshmen were happy about it. There are a couple really crappy snowmen left on the quad.

CLAIRE

That's nice.

GREG

I saw you guys, it's been kind of
warm still right?

CLAIRE

For us, yeah. For October. It's
snowing now, but...

GREG

I have your weather on my phone. I
look at it sometimes.

SILENCE.

INT. GREG'S CLASSROOM - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Greg's sitting alone in a lecture hall. He holds up his phone to his computer.

GREG

It's an app with puppies. It shows
you the weather with puppies.

CLAIRE

What?

GREG

Yeah. Like.

(swiping through it)

This is you this snow puppy. This
is me, this snow puppy, and this is
Hawaii. I look at Hawaii sometimes.

CLAIRE

What's it called?

GREG

I think just weather puppies or
something.

CLAIRE

Cool.

SILENCE.

GREG

You doing anything for Halloween?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

They sit there missing each other.

EXT. PRINCETON COLLEGE - THE QUAD - DUSK

It's cold out, there's a little bit of snow. Greg walks through the quad and the aforementioned shitty snowmen, bundled up in a scarf and hat.

He's fucking miserable.

EXT. A DRUG STORE - DETROIT - DUSK

Claire parks her car out front of the drug store. In the passenger seat we can just see HER MOM.

CLAIRe

Stay in the car it'll just be a second.

INT. A DRUG STORE - DETROIT - DUSK

Claire waits for a prescription from WILHELMINA at the counter. She has a skin condition.

Claire texts Greg.

I'M SAD.

INT. MEGAN DARFIELD'S DORM - NIGHT

Greg sits on the couch, some other FRIENDS nearby, they're all watching TV.

He looks at the text. Writes back.

ME TOO.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SERVICE AREA - 2217 - SIX MONTHS LATER

Coakley makes her way down the corridor that is the service area past the machines humming and whirring. The ROSCO panel is now labeled with paint:

RIP ROSCO

She pats it on her way out over a homemade waterlock (basically just a ramp built out of duct tape and garbage bags). Through the doors into...

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - CONTINUOUS

Coakley trudges in homemade boots through the GODDAMN SWAMP she now lives in, eats a silver package of lunch food. Calm, cool, collected.

She checks the computer display: O2 levels back to normal.

She flips over to a new display, tracking the ship's movements. They're so close to the planet she can taste it.

She leans back, looks around. She kinda just turns around in her chair, nothing to do.

Coakley WHISTLES to herself.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAWN - 45,000 YEARS AGO - NINE MONTHS LATER

It's snowing here too. Thorn and Lucky (getting bigger!) sit at the base of a tall pine tree on the edge of a dense forest of trees.

Lucky coos, giggles. Thorn SHUSHES him. This is serious. Something's wrong.

THORN

[No, quiet. You have to be quiet.]

He looks up above them into the tree's branches.

Up up and up through the snow and the pine needles, LARK, has climbed high above.

She looks out over the terrain in the distance.

Snow and snow as far as the eye can see. And in the distance, behind them, along their snowy tracks, she can see...

A BAND OF HUNTERS marching in their furs, following along.

They have some DOGS on leashes, WOLVES in essence.

They're sniffing out her family, and not very far away.

She shimmies and slides back down the tree -- it's not pretty and a little bit painful to watch but she makes it back down to Thorn and the kid.

Nods in the affirmative.

LARK

[Yep they're still following.]

Thorn gets to his feet, on some primitive handmade snowshoes. Thorn's right leg, the one the boar tore apart, is clearly still a problem. He's putting as little weight as possible on it.

She straps on some snowshoes of her own.

LARK (CONT'D)
[Ready? Want me to take him?]

THORN
[I'm fine.]

They MARCH off as fast as they can. She watches him, he's limping. He's not fine.

INT. GREG'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT - NINE MONTHS LATER

Greg stands in front of a huge lecture hall full of super bored FRESHMEN.

He's pointing to a diagram of a dissected bell-curve with mean, median, and mode illustrated on it in different places.

GREG
As you can see -- it's critical
when we talk about "average" to be
specific -- what kind of average
we're referring to...

Ugh statistics are dumb.

GREG (CONT'D)
Because...

On the desk he notices his CELL BUZZING: CLAIRE.

GREG (CONT'D)
Guys this is totally unprofessional
but I have to take this. Don't
tell.

He picks up his cell and heads out into...

INT. THE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg's on the phone.

GREG
Claire? Oh she's... Oh Claire. I'm
so sorry. Are you, how are. Um.
Okay. I'm going to book a flight.

INT. AN ANTISEPTIC ICU - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Claire stands at her mother's bedside. She holds her cellphone in her hand.

Her MOM lays there. She's dead.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - 2218 - NINE MONTHS LATER

Coakley's been traveling by herself for A WHILE now.

It shows.

She's tending her little her fern friend.

He's now in the middle of what looks like the beginning of a garden: stakes and labeled sections of dirt and water drips.

COAKLEY

You're still alive. Still okay. 63
days in orbit.

Three years of space travel to get
here, three hundred years to make
it habitable.

I don't think I really thought
about that until...

Bet you're happy. We live in a
greenhouse basically.

She looks down at her boots in the middle of the swamp that
is her spaceship. She goes to make herself some breakfast
gloop.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

A little lonely out here. Not gonna
lie. Little lonely.

She eats her breakfast mush, in silence.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAWN - NINE MONTHS LATER

Lark makes her way through the middle of the snowy woods,
snowshoeing along with a pathetically small bunch of edible
plants in hand. She's heading back towards camp, a clearing.

As she reaches the edge of the clearing she hears MUFFLED
VOICES. She freezes.

FUCK.

She looks back out at their camp -- a dead fire, and under a little embankment of pine boughs and snow, can see Thorn with Lucky huddled together.

She signals for them, waving her arms: DUCK DUCK STAY HIDDEN.

On the other side of the clearing, A DOG emerges. Shit.

It starts sniffing around.

TWO MEN, hunters, from this other tribe, also appear. They look a little different in their dress, a little more ornamental, a little more ready for the weather.

Lark watches, petrified.

The dog sniffs along, and makes his way to stop just over the mound of snow and branches hiding Thorn and Lucky.

HE BARKS.

One of the MEN comes over, and Lark makes her decision. She steps out into the clearing.

The man looks surprised. He turns to his fellow, they start to TALK, in a language she can't understand.

The DOG BARKS AND BARKS AND BARKS.

Lark's fucking stressed.

LARK

[Get out of here! Leave us alone!]

They just stare at her, cocking their heads. Hm. They don't understand her either.

Then, the baby starts to cry. She's FUCKING TERRIFIED at this point.

One of the MEN looks down, pulls back a bough covered in snow and spots Thorn with the baby in hand, trying to shush it.

HUNTER

[Give me the baby.]

They don't understand though.

The Hunter holds out his hand, motioning: give me the baby.

Thorn and the Hunter lock eyes.

The Hunter motions.

Thorn looks to Lark. She nods.

The HUNTER takes the baby up in his arms. Looks at it with a smile. Bounces it up and down a little. He walks over to Lark, and hands it back to her.

He says SOMETHING

HUNTER (CONT'D)
[We have food, do you need to eat?]

She can't understand.

She shakes her head.

LARK
[I don't get it, I don't understand.]

HUNTER
[Food? Do you need food?]

He motions: food, food, eating.

She shakes her head.

LARK
[No we can't give you anything.]

The man may or may not understand her. But he motions to his BUDDY who pulls from a leather pouch some salted meat. He holds it out to them.

Suspicious, they take it.

They eat it.

EXT. HUNTERS' CAMP - NIGHT

The Hunters have a legit LEATHER TENT strung up that's warm and cozy in the snow. A roaring fire.

FIVE MEN huddled around it. Three or four dogs sleep on the edge of the firelight.

Thorn and Lark and Lucky sit a little anxiously, eating, watching the HUNTERS scarf down their own cooked food and LAUGH and YELL and have a good time.

Thorn pulls out his wood bone flute and plays. WHOA. They all quiet down and listen. Very cool. They're into it.

Thorn hands the BONE FLUTE over to one of the HUNTERS, who takes it, not sure how to use it. Thorn places his fingers, gestures for him how to use it.

He blows and produces a tone! LAUGHS! This is GREAT!

INT. CLAIRE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NINE MONTHS LATER

Claire once again on her laptop but it's the middle of summer now and hot as fuck, she's barely wearing anything at all.

CLAIRe

Hey! Anthro is interested in my article. They're "quite" interested. Isn't that... Hey? Isn't that?

Greg enters. He's actually HERE. With Claire. They're in the same effing room. For the first time in like forever.

GREG

Of course they are.

He sits on the bed with her.

CLAIRe

And you know what's really cool? My name is first. Because I've been the one editing it. It's Eckman, Summers, et al.

GREG

Look at you, Eckman.

He leans up against her, she kinda shoves him off.

CLAIRe

Please don't touch me. It is so goddamn hot. I wish there was a way I could just float and not touch anything.

GREG

Someday.

CLAIRe

I can't believe you're effing here. Like here here.

He smiles.

GREG

It's weird.

CLAIRE

I feel like you should be in this computer.

GREG

I'm not! Magic!

They sit there, not touching. Apart but together.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - 2219

Coakley has been orbiting Kepler 16-B for maybe two years now. She sloshes through her fucking swamp over towards her little fern friend.

Hey, look, he has some real friends now! A few little plants -- herbs, tomatoes, a basic garden have made their way to life and are flourishing there in the soil.

She's watering them with a spray bottle.

COAKLEY

Here you go babies.

The sound of a BABY CRYING, off.

Coakley makes a face, annoyed, but keeps working. The baby keeps crying though.

She sits at her display.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Okay... Uh...

The baby continues to cry. Coakley starts pulling up numbers on screen, trying her best to ignore the sounds of crying.

STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY: NORMAL

WEATHER CONDITIONS: NORMAL

SURFACE TEMPERATURE: -150 DEGREES CELSIUS

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Hm Greenhouse 4 what is up with you?

The baby continues to cry.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay.

She heads towards her waterlock, slowly makes her way through the process of leaving the room.

This baby will never stop crying.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
I'm coming I'm coming!

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Coakley makes her way over to a little drawer which she pulls open to reveal: A BABY.

It's V. She's red-faced, crying, a cute little hairless potato of a baby.

COAKLEY (OFF)
Hey, what's wrong V? What's wrong?

She gently picks V up, holds her to her chest.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
Sh, sh sh. You're okay, you're okay.

She pats her back, moving around in a little "hey baby calm down" dance.

COAKLEY (OFF) (CONT'D)
Did you get lonely in here? Hm?

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - LATER

She sits at the display again, baby in her arms.

COAKLEY
Alright, uh... where were we?
(to baby, re: monitor)
Wanna watch Coakley work? Okay.

She fiddles with the display, some basic controls and images of the planet's surface appear.

It's a kind of unearthly blue-white-grey color. Almost as if seafoam were the entire planet's surface, even though it's actually dust.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)
See that? That's the planet. Pretty huh?

A little mechanical DRONE flies by. It shoots projectiles down at the surface with little BURSTS of white cloud.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

See that drone? That's drone seven and it has forty nine friends and they're flying ALL over it, planting trees. They're shooting seeds into the dirt, with little seed guns. They can plant a million seeds a day. Isn't that neat? Isn't that something?

She toggles between little maps of the terrain, a tiny little portion of the planet's surface is currently highlighted green, the rest is still grey.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

And in twelve years or so... there might be air for us. Yeah. Neat huh?

She moves her finger around on a little control pad.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

This is how I control them. Yeah. We're astronauts.

She puts V's little baby finger on the control pad.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Pretty cool huh? Pretty cool.

On the planet's surface, seeds shoot down into the dirt.

EXT. A VILLAGE - DAY - 45,000 YEARS AGO - THREE YEARS LATER

Several tents and makeshift huts all gathered around one another and a main, large open area for fires and gatherings.

LUCKY, three now, plays with a big group of KIDS. They tussle, and flip one another over into the dirt.

THORN sits nearby, bad leg propped on a fallen tree. He carves a new flute.

LARK sits on the other side of the camp, chatting with a few WOMEN, working together to punch holes in leather for primitive shoes.

It's kinda wild how different this is. LUCKY and another kid run up to THORN to try to talk with him. But he can't understand anything they're saying. They LAUGH at him.

Eventually they look to one another like, "let's ignore the old weirdo." They run over to the WOMEN to ask something. Yep.

The kids run off into the TREES.

INT. CRANBROOK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE - DAY - 2022

Claire stands in front of an exhibit at Detroit's Natural History Museum in a polo with nametag on it. She's working.

Above her head a large sign for the exhibit "UNDERSTANDING THE PLATEAU MAN."

She stands in front of a diorama of recreations of primitive man, arranged in a circle around a campfire.

She speaks to a GROUP of SCHOOLCHILDREN.

CLAIRe

These are some of our earliest
ancestors. Neanderthals. Does
anyone know about Neanderthals?

She looks out at the classroom. A KID raises his hand.

KID

They're cavemen.

CLAIRe

Many did live in caves yes. But did
you know they were as smart as we
are? And played instruments and
painted?

She points to a carved little bone in a nearby case.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

This is a flute that cavemen made
around 50,000 years ago. Does
anyone here play the flute?

A LITTLE GIRL raises her hand.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

Neat huh? And does anyone know what
happened to Neanderthals?

KID

Dinosaurs.

CLAIRe

HA! No. We did. Other people. Can anyone tell me what species WE are?

The girl who plays the flute raises her hand.

GIRL

Homo Sapiens.

CLAIRe

That's right! For a while, both Homo Sapiens and Neanderthal existed. But eventually only Homo Sapiens were left.

KID

Did they fight?

CLAIRe

Some scientists think so. Some think they lived together.

Claire moves over to some more primitive art.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

You wanna look at some more art they made?

She points to some painted rocks, some little carved wood pieces, and A RED/PAINTED/BURNT looking little ACORN.

THE ACORN. Lark's acorn. It's sitting there in a lucite case.

A LITTLE KID looks at it, hands resting on the case. Eh. Not that interesting. The kid runs off to look at the woolly mammoths.

Standing next to it: a wax recreation of THE PLATEAU MAN. His face covered in a matted beard, a large wooden spear in hand. His brow furrowed in concentration.

INT. CLAIRE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT - 2022

Claire heads into the room, exhausted after work. The whole room's changed by now. It's a little nursery.

In a crib, her baby, DAVID, stands up against the bars of the crib looking out at her.

CLAIRe

Hey buddy how was work?

He GURGLES, excited she's there.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, me too.

She picks him up. Bounces him around.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)
I had to explain paleoanthropology
to 9 year olds. Dummies.

GREG watches from the doorway.

GREG
How was it, seeing your guy?

CLAIRe
Good, it had been a while.

GREG
Nice to see old friends.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - SERVICE AREA - 2226

A row of BABIES. V (seven years old now) watches as COAKLEY changes one of the WHINIER ones.

V
Are we gonna crash stuff today?

COAKLEY
Every day.

V
For how long?

COAKLEY
Fifteen years.

V POUTS.

V
I don't like the babies.

COAKLEY
You used to be a baby.

V
No.

COAKLEY
Okay. Put your work boots on
please.

V puts on what are basically big ole homemade rain boots. She's cute and ready for work.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - LATER

They sit at the control console. V adjusts herself in a makeshift high chair, her boots swinging.

Coakley manipulates some controls.

COAKLEY
Where should we hit the planet?

V
(points)
There.

COAKLEY
Okay.

Coakley does some joysticking. A comet, huge, 5-7KM in size, is deflected out of its orbit, by a little drone-like rocket - - it's basically a TUGBOAT but for space-rocks.

The comet veers off it's original course, colliding with Kepler 16-B.

A FLASH of bright light.

V claps!

V
Yes! I love it. Do another one.

COAKLEY
Hold up hold up. What should we name it?

V
Milton Bradley for Kids.

COAKLEY
That's maybe not a good name for a canal on a planet.

V
Okay. ROSCO.

COAKLEY
Okay. Rosco. The Rosco Canal.

V
Okay. Do another one.

COAKLEY

Okay.

Coakley does. This is kinda fun. It's like a video game.

EXT. A VILLAGE - NIGHT - NINE YEARS LATER

Thorn watches, wary, as MEN teach Lucky (now nine) to build a fire. Strike strike strike. Sparks. He's focused, intense.

INT. A CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY - 2035

Bunsen burners IGNITE.

DAVID, Greg and Claire's son, is now FOURTEEN. Sitting in a crowded chemistry classroom -- a periodic table of the elements on the board.

He and another BOY wear safety goggles, slightly too big for them, as they prep for an experiment.

INT. CLAIRE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY - 2035

Claire's bedroom by now has become DAVID's (his name is even written out on a hand-made sign on the door).

It's your typical fourteen year old boy's. Sports stuff, science stuff, a lot of school junk. It's a mess. Comics and books and just JUNK.

Clothes everywhere. Claire sits at a little computer and watches...

PORN.

CLAIRe

Oh man.

She keeps watching.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

Oh man.

She clicks and it's stopped.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

Ugh.

She just sits there for a minute.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Greg!

She waits. She plays it again. It's NASTY.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Greg!

GREG (OFF)
What?

CLAIRE
Would you come up here please?

GREG (OFF)
I'm kinda busy.

CLAIRE
Greg!

GREG (OFF)
Hold on!

Claire waits.

Greg enters after a few moments.

CLAIRE
What were you?

GREG
Sorry I was on the toilet. What is it?

CLAIRE
So.

GREG
Yeah?

CLAIRE
There's.

GREG
What? I'm --

CLAIRE
So. Porn.

GREG
What do you mean porn?

She gestures at the computer. Plays it for him.

GREG (CONT'D)
What are you [doing]?

CLAIRES
Your son is watching porn.

GREG
Oh.

CLAIRES
Yeah.

GREG
Uh.

CLAIRES
So do you want to talk with him or?

GREG
Um.

CLAIRES
Right?

GREG
Yeah. Yeah. I just. Was not
expecting. This is not the
trajectory I had planned for the
day.

CLAIRES
(laughs)
That's funny because I couldn't
wait to talk with Dave about porn

GREG
Man. I was hoping. Man.

CLAIRES
Yeah. It's also gross porn.

GREG
Yeah.

CLAIRES
And at least wipe the browser
history.

GREG
Yeah.

CLAIRES
Our kid's watching porn.

GREG

Yeah.

CLAIRE

We're really fucking old all of a sudden.

GREG

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Like. When did this happen?

Greg puts his hands up like "who the hell knows."

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - MAIN HUB - 2239

The WATER at the base of the ship is sloshing around like there's a hurricane.

The plants and vines and full-on SWAMP ecosystem is going nuts, bumping and jostling and shaking around.

Coakley sits, reclined, strapped down.

GRIMACING. The sound of someone CRYING off.

COAKLEY

It's okay it's okay it's okay.

She crosses herself. She fingers his little good luck charm, rubbing it between her fingers.

Who the hell knows if this is okay?

EXT. PHOENIX FIVE - CONTINUOUS

The SHIP is making its way, perilously, through the planet's atmosphere. It JOLTS along, heating up with the friction, creating a sonic boom as it speeds along towards the planet's surface.

A PARACHUTE goes up. The ship drifts down, a teardrop shape under a little chute. It lands with a THUD on its props despite rocket boosters to keep the landing soft.

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - BEDROOM - LATER

Coakley peeks into the bedroom -- there are now SEVEN kids ranging in age from V (the oldest at 17), Roku (16), Otto (14), Nina (14), X (12), Thirteen (9), and Shisi (8).

V's clearly the one in charge here, shushing .

V
Nina would you please leave her
alone?

Shisi is CRYING.

COAKLEY
We're HERE! We're HERE! Aren't you
excited? I'm excited!

V
(rolls her eyes)
Okay.

EXT. PHOENIX FIVE - PLANET'S SURFACE - DAY

The doors open. HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT. Coakley stands in the doorway, still in a space suit but... HOLY SHIT. She hasn't been outside in over a decade at this point.

She steps down from the ship and walks around it in a circle. She pats one of its legs. Looks out at the curve of the planet.

COAKLEY
Cool.

INT. A TENT - NIGHT - 45,000 YEARS AGO - TWELVE YEARS LATER

LARK gives birth in a smoke-filled, crowded tent. A MIDWIFE nearby helps.

EXT. THE CAMP - NIGHT

Thorn (VERY OLD) watches as the MIDWIFE emerges from the tent -- holding a TINY little baby, wrapped in fur.

She hands it to HUNTER, the father (we met him before, he handed over his meat to them in the snowy woods).

Hunter looks at the baby reverently. He's so proud. He calls over Lucky (nearly a full-grown man himself).

Thorn HOBBLES over. Everyone backs away a little bit, kind of afraid of him. He looks down at the BABY, who has tiny little brown eyes.

He and his grandson. He hobbles back away towards his tree stump on the edge of the Hunters' camp.

INT. AN ENORMOUS CONFERENCE HALL - DAY - 2056

DAVID, now 35, stands onstage, making a keynote speech to a crowded conference hall.

DAVID

Imagine we could stop time.

Claire and Greg (OLD) sit in the audience, watching, amazed. David continues, he's in his element.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We could press pause on something that's plagued mankind from the very beginning. And we could, just maybe... live forever.

EXT. PHOENIX FIVE - PLANET'S SURFACE - 2244

By the ship a little makeshift TENT has been constructed out of what essentially looks like space-age aluminum foil. A camp is starting to be formed.

DAVID (V.O.)

It's a pipe dream. Something for alchemists and witch doctors and science fiction. Until now.

Coakley (she hasn't aged a day) carries crates from the ship to ANOTHER TENT.

COAKLEY

Where do you want these V?

She plops them down by V (now a full-grown woman -- 25 years old). She's overseeing the construction project.

V

There's fine for now.

Another TENT springs up out of the crate -- being inflated. The two women stand back to watch as it POPS UP into existence.

INT. AN ENORMOUS CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

A little string of the DNA shown projected behind David is highlighted now, spinning.

DAVID

We've had a fully sequenced human genome for decades now.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
We know the face of our villain.

This strand of DNA -- CH14 -- is responsible for turning off our ability to repair and rebuild cellular structures. In the next five years, we'll be able to snip these out entirely, leaving the human genome self-sustaining.

APPLAUSE from the crowd. This is enormous. He smiles, really rocking out here on stage.

EXT. HUNTERS' CAMP - NIGHT

By the campfire -- Lark watches as her SON (now a toddler) waddles around with a couple other babies. He pets a dog.

She turns to find her dad Thorn in his usual spot under the tree on the edge of the camp. She sees him over there, sleeping.

She grabs her SON up in her arms, heads over to Thorn. She sits next to him.

LARK
[Dad.]

Thorn doesn't budge, oh he isn't awake.

Her SON reaches up to grab at Thorn's now grey and long beard. He plays with it.

LARK (CONT'D)
[Dad?]

She tries shaking him, but realizes he's stiff. She FREEZES. OH SHIT.

DAVID (V.O.)
This will usher us into a new age.
Imagine if our great minds, our
Einstiens, our DaVincis, our
Mozarts, could live 200, 300, 500
years.

Lark calls over to HUNTER, who checks Thorn with her. They confer, yeah he's dead.

DAVID (V.O.)
The human lifespan has always been,
to the universe around us, nothing
more than the blink of an eye.
That's about to change.

Lark cries. Lucky comes over to hold her.

Her son plays with grandpa's beard, has no idea.

INT. AN ENORMOUS CONFERENCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

David pauses for ENORMOUS APPLAUSE.

In the crowd, near the back Claire and Greg share a look of HOLY SHIT.

DAVID
Thanks to our patented gene
replacement treatment, people who
want to, can and will... live
forever.

The audience APPLAUDS. Claire starts as well, elbowing Greg into joining her as a STANDING OVATION begins.

EXT. HUNTERS' CAMP - DAWN - LATER

A TOWN MEETING.

A few PEOPLE argue about whether to bury THORN with the rest of their dead. His body is wrapped in fur, covered, reverently placed nearby. They point, "no fucking way is he gonna be buried with our people he was an outsider."

He was a good outsider though, he was helpful and interesting.

Fuck him.

Lucky, now a man, steps up.

LUCKY
[We'll take him, back to our burial place.]

He gestures to Lark, who watches her kiddo.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
[Lark and me.]

She looks up. HUNTER studies her.

HUNTER

[Well?]

LARK

[Yeah.]

EXT. HUNTERS' CAMP - DAY - LATER

They finish strapping Thorn's body to a sled.

Lark stands with HUNTER and her SON.

HUNTER

[You'll be okay, you're sure?]

LARK

[It's only a few days]

HUNTER

[Okay]

LARK

[Okay]

HUNTER

[Don't leave me with this guy, he's a pain in the ass.]

LARK

[Yeah he is but a cute one]

She waves to her SON, grouchy and annoyed by all the hubbub.

She kneels down to his level.

LARK (CONT'D)

[Are you gonna miss me?]

SON

[No because I'm mad at you.]

LARK

[Well I have something for you.]

SON

(trying to not care)

[Yeah?]

She digs inside a leather pouch and pulls out her little acorn (SHE STILL HAS IT!) and hands it to him.

LARK

[Take care of this please for
mommy?]

He takes it reverently, very carefully.

SON

[Okay]

LARK

[It's special. It's from where we
come from.]

SON

[I'll be careful with it.]

She gives him a kiss.

LARK

[Okay. Be careful with your dad
too.]

He's too young to do it, but if he were older would probably
roll his eyes. "Come on, Mom, don't be corny."

EXT. THE PLAINS - NIGHT

Lark and Lucky sit by a fire in front of a little makeshift
shelter.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

They WALK. Lark pulls the sled along.

EXT. THE FUNERAL CAVE - DUSK

Lark watches as LUCKY cautiously paints a handprint onto the
rock. It sits there fresh, next to the other two, faded by
the years.

He pulls out a little bone flute, plays. They watch the
stars.

INT. A NURSING HOME - NIGHT

CLAIRE sits in a dark, sterile room, alone.

She's OLD, wheelchair bound, turned to look at the window,
just past a framed photo of her and Greg and the kids YEARS
AGO now.

DAVE enters, hesitant. He's a full-grown middle-aged man at this point -- even older than Greg was when we first met him.

Dave carries a white, fancy, well-designed box.

DAVE
Hey Mom. Mom?

CLAIREE
Greg?

She's not totally with it, a little confused. Not totally here.

DAVE
Nope. Dave. Your son. Hi. It's me.

CLAIREE
Ah. Hi Dave. You're visiting.

DAVE
Yeah. Hi mom. Can I sit with you?

She nods.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I came because. I. We.

CLAIREE
Time.

DAVE
Yeah. It was time. Jess and I. We
got you something.

CLAIREE
No...

DAVE
It's a, like a pet, sort of...

He pulls stuff out of the box, and unwraps a little white ergonomic looking ROBOT -- it's a SEAL ROBOT.

DAVE (CONT'D)
It's animatronic. Like a robot?

CLAIREE
Oh, there are robots now.

DAVE
Yeah. It's a seal. Like a baby
seal. Kind of like a Furby.
Remember Furbies?

CLAIRe

??

He hands it to Claire. It wiggles its little tail and kinda SQUEAKS at her. It's very cute and plush for a robot.

DAVE

See? It's a seal, and you can pet it? It likes that.

CLAIRe

Yeah?

DAVE

And you can, uh, hug it and stuff. Not too hard, it, yeah, it hurts it. But, um, it's like a little baby seal you can take care of. It's really advanced. It's Chinese.

CLAIRe

(a little more lucid)

How'd we get here. So suddenly?

DAVE

It's the future. You take care of it and it kind of takes care of you too. So, this is it. If you want it.

CLAIRe

Okay.

DAVE

Jess and I just thought since, neither of us...

CLAIRe

I don't know Jess.

DAVE

Yes you do, your daughter, Jessie.

CLAIRe

Okay.

DAVE

Since neither of us can come very often we thought, you know. It's nice, huh? Soft. Look at it's little face.

Claire looks at the seal's bright blue eyes. It is a cute little baby of a robot, definitely. It almost smiles up at you.

CLAIRES
You're just a baby.

Dave digs through the box and pulls out some cables.

DAVE
When you plug it in, it's like a little pacifier. It's neat. It's like it's eating electricity. But yeah, anyway. I thought since...

He watches her pet the seal, she is so frail now. God. What happened to mom? He doesn't continue.

CLAIRES
Have you talked with your dad?

DAVE
No, uh...

He debates whether to answer this with the truth about Greg, which is that he's been dead for years now.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I haven't in a little while.

CLAIRES
You should talk with him.

INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Dave exits the room and leans against the wall of the hallway, exhausted. He's spent, and trying not to be emotional.

SASHA, his husband, takes his hand.

SASHA
Did you tell her?

DAVE
She's not even going to remember. I thought why upset her?

SASHA
Hon.

Dave shakes his head.

INT. CLAIRE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

The entire house is boxed up. MOVERS carry boxes out of the empty room. Dave and Sasha stand there, overseeing.

INT. AN AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Dave & Sasha fly across the country, first class. Little neck pillows and eye covers and empty plastic cocktail glasses.

INT. A LOVELY VICTORIAN HOME - DAY

Sasha moves some furniture and boxes around in their new home.

EXT. ELIXIR BUSINESS COMPLEX - DAY

David attends a RIBBON CUTTING ceremony at an enormous Silicon Valley business complex for ELIXIR. A bronze statue of a strand of DNA.

EXT. KEPLER GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DUSK - 2254

The facade of a building, one enormous piece, is hoisted up by FOUR PEOPLE. It snaps into place with the building's frame, very cookie cutter and modular.

SHISI, 28 steps back, wiping sweat out of her eyes.

SHISI
(panting)
Piece of cake.

V, now 35 stands next to her checking schematics on a tablet.

V
Looks good.

OTTO, tall, gawky, stands nearby. He crosses his arms.

OTTO
Need anything else?

V
Nope, all good, thanks.

SHISI
K see ya!

She and Otto head off down the dirt road, lined with maybe two dozen buildings -- all the same modular, 3D-printed style in alternating patterns. Young saplings are beginning to blossom.

V turns to the other person still hanging around.

V

You didn't have to help.

She turns, it's COAKLEY.

COAKLEY

Not a problem.

They stand there, looking at one another. She and V now appear to be the same age.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

Only thing I'm here for anymore.

Coakley's aging MUCH MORE SLOWLY. Will she live forever?

It's by design, but still unnerving, unnatural.

V digs in her bag, puts her tablet away, and pulls out some food.

She hands Coakley half of a sandwich and they sit against the new building, eating in silence for a moment.

They look out away from the street, out at the city's farm. Tomatoes on the vine and corn swaying in a gentle breeze.

V's clearly mulling something over as she chews.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

What?

V

I wanted to ask you something.

Coakley tries not to SIGH, steels herself. They've had this conversation before.

COAKLEY

Listen I really don't know how to help you with this one.

V

Yes you do you've had like sixty --

COAKLEY

Not the way you're having one.

V

I --

COAKLEY

I pressed buttons, like setting a
stopwatch not...

She mimes a pregnant belly.

V

Do I even WANT to bring a child
into a world like this?

Coakley LAUGHS.

COAKLEY

Sorry. It's. Sorry.

V

Don't patronize me.

COAKLEY

I'm not trying to.

They sit a beat, eating.

Some BIRDS fly overhead, wow. A few KIDS run by playing.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

It's a pretty good world.

V agrees, but that's not really what she's getting at.

V

(spilling out)

I have a lot on my plate, a colony
to run, people looking up to me. I
don't have time for --

COAKLEY

For what?

V

More responsibility. I'm STRESSED
as it is.

COAKLEY

Stressed? I did tell you how I got
here right?

V rolls her eyes -- yeah yeah I know the story.

V

So... Anyway. Do you have advice
or... that's your job isn't it?

COAKLEY

Ah forever. Yeah, yeah... I don't
have advice for you.

V

I'm just stressed. I want someone
to take care of me.

COAKLEY

Don't you have a boyfriend? Isn't
that how this even happened? Or
have you kids come up with a new
way to --

V smiles, almost laughs.

V

We're MARRIED, actually.

She holds up her hand, showing off her ring.

A LITTLE STRING, tied in a knot.

Coakley smiles, she knows, she was at the wedding.

COAKLEY

(feigning ignorance)

Oh, hm. Since when?

V

You're kind of a heartless bitch,
you know that?

COAKLEY

I'm the oldest bitch in the
universe, so treat me with a little
respect how about?

V's annoyed -- Coakley always pulls out this "oldest" thing.

V

(not at all true)

I hate you sometimes.

COAKLEY

No you don't.

V

Sometimes.

Never. V takes another bite of her sandwich. Coakley looks over and watches as she furrows her brow again, anxious. Coakley smiles, V's nerves are lovely.

COAKLEY
I don't know everything.

V
I'm not asking for the meaning of life.

COAKLEY
Then what are you asking?

V doesn't even know.

EXT. THE PLAINS - DAY - 45,000 YEARS AGO

It's SNOWING. Everything is SNOW.

Remember that acorn?

It sits right now in the palm of Lark's son's hand. He's now a grizzled adult. He looks EXACTLY like Claire's PLATEAU MAN.

He IS The Plateau Man.

He gives the acorn a little kiss for luck, then tucks it away into a well-worn leather pouch strung on his neck.

He turns to some of his BROTHERS and FRIENDS. They coordinate for a second.

PLATEAU MAN
[Alright you three go to that side
and we'll come from over here --]

MAN
[Herd them along]

PLATEAU MAN
[Yep]

They break away from one another, get into position behind a few snowbanks. At his signal, they rush up over the hill towards...

A HERD OF WOOLLY MAMMOTHS.

Plodding along unsuspecting in the snow.

These men, led by THE PLATEAU MAN, are hunting.

They're well-coordinated. It's amazing.

INT. NURSING HOME - CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dave sits in a little chair at Claire's bedside. She's on a respirator. SASHA stands nearby.

JESS, Dave's younger sister, now in her 40's, tired, cried out, sits with him.

A NURSE stands nearby. She looks to Dave for confirmation.

NURSE
Everyone's ready?

Dave nods. Jess nods.

The nurse administers an injection to Claire's drip. The liquid swims through the IV tube, into Claire's blood, her veins. She loses consciousness. Her body just... stops.

And that's it. Claire's gone.

INT. DAVE'S VICTORIAN HOME - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

An urn on the mantelpiece next to some lovely white orchids and a framed photo of a younger Claire.

In a lucite case nearby:

A GOLDEN ACORN.

It looks exactly like his mother Claire's acorn, exactly like The Plateau Man's. But it's cast in solid gold, with intricately carved detail.

It sits there in the luminescent BLUE GLOW of a television.

On the TELEVISION SCREEN: images of RIOTS.

NEWSCAST
...as riots continue to rock major cities throughout western Europe, protestors opposing the widening age gaps --

Sasha turns the TV off. David (who'd been previously asleep) jerks awake on the couch.

DAVID

What'sit?

SASHA

Time for bed, yeah?

David nods.

EXT. KEPLER 16-B - DAY - 92 YEARS LATER

Coakley is still alive, but finally starting to look older. She stands in front of a plain coffin of pine wood, and a freshly dug grave.

V is dead.

They've been on Kepler 16-B for 92 years. There are now trees that look almost the way trees look in regular cities on Earth today.

She stands in the shade of one now. THE ENTIRE COLONY, which is now several hundred people, is gathered on a hillside, overlooking the city.

COAKLEY

V, you weren't related to me, any more than the rest of you are, but, you were still my kid, sort of.

You led such an amazing life.

You ran Kepler's first government. You invented protocols and devices and had children, real children.

Her CHILDREN in fact sit nearby, they're all full-grown adults themselves, with loved ones and their own kids, who run around and pay zero attention to the sad thing they don't understand.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

You did a lot of things I never did. Things I never even could have imagined.

I really didn't think I'd live to see anything happen. I thought I would be the last person ever maybe. I didn't think: what if we make it?

I did not think about time. At all.

(MORE)

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

I didn't know what to expect from life. I didn't know it would be so... Hard.

Some people LAUGH.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

But we made it, somehow. And I am so lucky I got to watch you live and learn and succeed and fail.

What a good life.

I never told you this, V, but there were thirteen of us, like me. Each with about 200 genetic samples. Trying to start a new life somewhere.

We might be EVERYWHERE by now. And we'll never know. We won't.

She looks up at the stars, just peeking out through the dusk sky. Is there anyone else out there? Does it even matter if there is?

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

It might not even matter to you V. Because you're home now.

She leans down, over V's body. She looks peaceful as an old woman.

Coakley reaches into her pocket and digs out her little GOLDEN AMULET, her good luck charm, her reminder of home.

She places it in V's hand.

INT. A BURIAL CAVE - DAY

THE ACORN.

It sits in the hand of THE PLATEAU MAN -- dead and laying in a burial pit in the ground. He lays covered in flowers, between two giant ivory tusks of mammoths. A hunter's burial.

A WHOLE FAMILY stands around him. They mourn.

EXT. A BURIAL CAVE - NIGHT

Snow falls.

They drink, they play the flute, they sing. It's crazy, primitive, celebratory. An Irish wake but before civilization even existed.

FIRE BURN.

INT. DAVE'S VICTORIAN HOME - SAN FRANCISCO - YEARS LATER

Dave lays on his deathbed, Sasha (old now) stands nearby. A few YOUNGER friends, coworkers, and their TWO SONS are crowded around the room.

SASHA
You're sure?

DAVE
Mmhm.

SASHA
Okay.

A NURSE administers a drip, much the same way Claire's nurse did years ago.

Dave's eyes close. He dies.

INT. A CREMATORIUM - DAY

DAVE'S BODY BURNS.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

THE CITY ITSELF BURNS.

EXT. KEPLER 16-B - DAY/NIGHT - TIME LAPSE

On Kepler 16-B civilization spreads from one little outcropping of a town with electric lights to another, then another. They spread out over the continents, then cross the seas, dotting the landscape with electricity.

It looks an awful lot like bacteria forming and self-replicating. The fire, or virus (depending on your outlook on civilization) that is humankind spreads over the planet.

EXT. THE MIDDLE EAST - DAY TO NIGHT - TIME LAPSE

On EARTH the tribes of hunters roam the plains, slowly settling at bodies of water and the megafauna go extinct and villages become towns become cities become skyscrapers and the light that is humanity burns up across the entire planet until one day it finally reaches up and out from the atmosphere into the vacuum of space itself.

THE ACORN in the ground with THE PLATEAU MAN is slowly chipped away by time, fossilizing...

THE GOLDEN AMULET that David eventually turned it into, now buried on Kepler 16-B with V, continues to soften and polish down and chip away from an acorn to a shiny marble to a speck of dust as...

TIME SPEEDS UP AND UP AND UP...

And planets spin and whirl in their rotations and eventually the sun expands and burns up the planet Earth. And the sun eventually dies completely.

And so far off in space, the creatures living on Kepler 16-B no longer resemble human beings at all and start crossing the galaxy again themselves -- flying all over space and the planets.

And the universe spins and spins and stars die and black holes suck everything down into them and eventually, trillions of years from now...

Entropy itself pulls the very fabric of matter apart and the universe reaches its final energy state.

And that's it.

UNTIL...

WE JUMP TO:

INT. PHOENIX FIVE - 2217

We've been here before. This exact moment. But we see it from Rosco's perspective this time, out through a little camera.

Coakley stands in front of the camera with a screwdriver. She looks inside.

COAKLEY

Rosco?

Click click whir buzz. Rosco's BLUE LIGHT fades on, illuminating Coakley's face in a ghostly blue.

ROSCO

How long was I gone?

COAKLEY

Just a second.

ROSCO

What happened?

COAKLEY

Nothing. I turned you off, I opened the algae, I turned you back on.

Rosco's light BLINKS and WHIRS.

COAKLEY (CONT'D)

What happened for you?

ROSCO

Everything.

CUT TO BLACK.