

THE MONTECRISTO FUND

*presents*

# THE EUROPA PROJECT

*Screenplay by Michele Taverna*

 **MonteCristoMEDIA**

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EXT. EUROPA, SPACE, FULL CGI - DAY

At first we cannot recognize these light blue lines quickly striking a white canvas. They just seem elements of design. We are however surprised by the sounds. Lashes? Wind? Breaking glass? The Camera pulls back slowly revealing more bluish lines forming seemingly from nowhere, running up and out towards the edges of the screen. We are now curious and wish the Camera would pull further back, faster. But it does not. Instead it slowly tilts up, changing our angle of view, suddenly revealing the darker blue of an horizon, and beyond - the blackness of space. We are suspended in orbit, looking to Earth' surface. Three hurricanes are clearly visible along and below the equator, the desert now encompasses the southern part of Italy and Spain, the north pole is barely visible, Antarctica is broken into three pieces. The Amazon forest is a third of its current size. The world clearly looks a much different place.

INT. MSNSA CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT.

A row of computers line the main control room. Outside two large windows, a row of three 45 ft. Space Dishes dot the landscape. MARK ROSENBERG, mid 20's, slim and tall with long curly hair, eats a sandwich hungrily. He pushes himself on a HIGH TECH chair to grab a MINERAL WATER sitting on a desk nearby. NATASHA KRAVITCH, a late 20s, very pretty girl with long hair in a ponytail, is unloading the previous nights data, checking the video in fast forward.

A subtitle reads: **MSNA CENTER. NAPA VALLEY. FEBRUARY 3rd, 2052**

Natasha stops, rewinds, plays again.

NATASHA  
Come look at this.

Mark, still on the chair, still chewing, pushes himself next to the set of small monitors, and switches on a Video Distribution Amplifier. Images of an audio chart appear on a large monitor. Mark switches the output to a visual image of *Europa*. The electromagnetic scope sounds a violent beep.

MARK  
Something's happening on Europa, one of Jupiter moons. Call it in, redirect Ch2214A33 to MsGate on Mars, secure line.  
Inscription code: AiNeeKD.

Natasha goes back to her desk and puts her blue tooth back on. Mark keeps looking at the video with interest.

MARK (CONT'D)  
(to the screen)  
Seems God has decided to reshape  
the neighborhood.

NATASHA  
Can it have something to do with  
the crack on the polar cup?

MARK  
(biting into a PowerBar )  
The place stays put a billion years,  
it moves now ...what do you think?  
( Turns to Natasha)  
Switch number 2 and 3 on D/SATCOM1.

Mark turns his attention back to his computer monitor, and touches the icon of a small space probe on the screen. The Probe enlarges full screen. Mark types on the keyboard coordinates that appear next to the probe.

Mark hits return on the keyboard.

EXT. SPACE., FULL CGI - DAY

An 'object' hurls quickly across space and the screen - right to left - towards camera. The object's speed makes its identification difficult. It seems like a satellite dish with extended solar panels. Sounds of a digital data on -line transmission remain with us much longer than the visual of the dish fly by itself.

EXT. DERMOT'S HOME, SANTA MONICA. - MORNING  
The house is "high tech", built with wood, steel, glass. Few elements of elegant furniture float in plenty of space.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - MORNING

The camera pans along walls mostly decorated with late 20th century paintings( *Miro, Klimt, Zancanaro*) but also with some large photographs of recent world events (the new Gatian Space Station, the departure of the first settlers from Seattle, the first Martian landing) and more personal ones (a man, Dermot, wearing a Navy uniform shaking hands with the last US President - an unmistakable, even if old, Bill "The Rock" Mason, a man bearing a strange resemblance to Bill Gates, then Dermot, his friends Alex and Stuart and other engineers next to the first "portable size" Nuclear Fusion Reactor Engine, Dermot receiving an award, Dermot

and Claire's civil marriage ceremony, Claire at her design workstation, Claire's portrait).

CUT TO:

A large online screen is encased in a light cream colored wall with 3D digital images of swimming fishes. It would look like an aquarium but for a menu on the side that indicates various options (Claire/ Dermot/ music/ food / banking/ entertainment / work review/ news and E-mail.) Passing right in front of it, CLAIRE, early 30's, with curly blonde hair, gets ready to leave the house. She gets a black sweater off the couch and walks to the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - MORNING

DERMOT TURNER, 40 years old, tall, well built, with a tense look on his face, is sleeping on a queen size bed partially covered by a transparent thermal-neon lace Blanket.

EXT. EUROPA, SURFACE, FULL CGI - DAY

A crack. Blue water rushes in. One more crack. The planet ice cup is melting, the camera runs along the parting plates, exploring them, moving along its lines closer and faster and faster. Then, suddenly, the camera slows down and dips within cracks. At first we can't recognize what we are looking at, but shortly - as the camera approaches and slows down - it becomes clear: we are looking to the open palm of a hand frozen inside the ice. Suddenly it moves.

INT. BEDROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - MORNING

One strong shiver and Dermot wakes up, confused. He looks around, sits up, looks briefly at his feet while a set of Slippers move under and glue themselves to his feet.

DERMOT

Oh Christ! Hum...

Dermot stands up, puts on a T-shirt, walks to the terrace window, looks out to the seashore.

EXT. BEACH, DERMOT POV - SAME TIME

TWO WOMEN walk by the seaside hand in hand with a YOUNG CHILD. The child, a girl, is in the middle, playing with a Retrievable No Gravity Ball. The ball, suspended ten inches from the ground, follows them (by a yard). The women are both in their mid thirties, with short hair, one blonde, one black, same height, both with blue eyes. The child calls for the ball: 'Ringo!'. The ball follows the girl and they all continue down the platform on the lake. In the

background a beautiful high tech house. We can see Dermot step back into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, DERMOT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dermot stretches and breathes. A noise from the living room attracts his attention.

DERMOT

Claire!?

The Operating System 2024 Bedroom Monitor powers up and shows a live image of CLAIRE in the Living Room.

CLAIRE

Hi baby, you are up! Be right over.

Dermot opens a walk in closet simply by touching it, selects a pair of socks, smells them and drops them on the floor. An electronic click. Dermot turns to the door to see Claire walk into the bedroom.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I was about to leave.

DERMOT

Where to?

CLAIRE

I promised Pam I'd get over to her place today. And I am already way late.

Claire turns to leave. Dermot wants to stop her.

DERMOT

When did you come back last night?

Claire doesn't answer but with a shrug.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

How the ultrasound?

Claire stops and turns.

CLAIRE

All great. They gave me a Digital Stick.  
It's loaded under Roxanne. Say her name,  
it'll come up. Roxanne, Roxanne, Roxanne. Are you getting used to it? I cannot find my Trio. It doesn't respond when I call it. It must be broken. So

even if I find it, I probably couldn't use it. Have you seen it?

DERMOT

I last saw it in the kitchen.

Claire is off to the kitchen. Dermot selects a pair of shoes.

CUT TO:

Camera low angle- a small six wheeled 'RoboMaid' is hiding under the bed 'eyeing' the sox Dermot dropped with a quick blink of its front lights. Dermot steps out of the room.

INT. CORRIDOR, DERMOT'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Dermot runs into Claire in the corridor.

DERMOT

(smiling)

Do you really have to go? Couldn't we spend at least the week-end together. It's Saturday.

CLAIRE

Why don't you come ?

Dermot is not interested. Claire gives him a quick hug, then remembers she forgot her Driving License and walks back into the living room. Dermot follows her unsure why and where he is going himself.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I've got to go, I let my sister down too many times , can't flake on her again. Can I take your car? I didn't fix the headlights on mine yet, and I may be back late. Yes, I know I should have done that. The keys?

( Dermot sees them on a nearby table and hands them over )

Hey?

Dermot waves goodbye - then stretches his neck - still not totally awake. Claire kisses him briefly on the lips. Dermot walks back to the bedroom yawning.

EXT. ENTRANCE, DERMOT'S HOME -MOMENTS LATER.

Claire waltzes to the door, opens it and steps out.

CLAIRE

Hum, rain, darn little drops.

EXT. CLAIRE P-O-V - CONTINUOUS

The sea meets the horizon in a spectacular view. Just above grey, pink and black clouds move fast across the sky.

Claire walks quickly to Dermot's Car, a black GMC Denali.

INT. BATHROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - SAME TIME.

Dermot takes a shower in a transparent cylinder large enough to accommodate two people. He hangs from a bar doing pull-ups. The rod itself slowly rotates, lifting him up, helping him along. The water gushes at him from hundreds of tiny holes in the glass itself. Short bursts of water, like small waves, start at neck level and continue down to his feet then back up. A light steam fills the shower. Dermot faces a small video monitor encased in the glass frame at eye level. With the touch of a finger, it lights up on the Morning News. The ANCHOR is a very attractive Chinese woman.

OVER IMAGES OF A LONG LINE OF CARS HEADING NORTH ALONG A STATE HIGHWAY.

ANCHOR

*Two more hurricanes have been named today , bringing the total to 6 this month. Hurricane KYRA is forming 100 miles north of Venezuela, currently a level 3, moving north east at 10 miles and hour, while Hurricane NADIA , a level 4, is heading towards Southern Florida and is expected to make land fall next Saturday. The State Governor has ordered a full Evacuation.*

BACK TO THE NEWS STUDIO.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

*In other news, 12 million additional Chinese nationals have started their move to Canada as part of the Earth Union Resettlement 2022 Appropriation Act. The new citizens will arrive in the next three years bringing the population of Canada closer to the 280 Million agreed by the Earth Nation Union. An undisclosed number of*

*Indians, Chinese, and Japanese will also relocate to the territory of the former USA within the next 5 years.*

Monitor shows a graphic of Earth's continents with population relocation numbers. The monitor also shows in red a number of ozone unprotected, now uninhabitable areas. At first glance, it seems to amount to nearly 30% of Earth's land surface.

Dermot shows little reaction to the news. The Anchor is now talking in front of images of a Mars Settlement. The settlers are huddled in a large auditorium, listening to speakers.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

*At the 20th Anniversary celebration of "MIAT, a Mars mixed Colony, Mr. Hue Chi Nang reaffirmed EARTH NATIONS UNION commitment to cofunding space exploration with eGatian Bank. Mr. Nang's full comments on the projected colonization of one of Jupiter's Moons, can be accessed on Ch. 144B or by saying YES now.*

Dermot switches back to the shower program and stops the water flow.

INT. BEDROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - CONTINUOUS.

Dermot walks back into the bedroom drying his hair with a disposable towel.

Dermot drops the towel on the floor and sits back on the bed for a moment, breathes, then touches a command on his bedstead. A hidden drawer opens from a wall. Underwear. Dermot stands up to reach to it when a small six-wheeled "RoboMaid" bangs onto his leg and stops confused. Dermot kicks it out of the way and upside down.

DERMOT

(under his breath))

Give me a break.

RoboMaid tries to flip itself over. It takes two tries to accomplish this. It picks up the towel with its small arm and disappears under the bed.

Dermot sits back on the bed stretching his shoulders. He puts on underwear, then a black sweater and jeans. He says: 'reset functions' and the monitor turns into a picture of the painting "Amour and Psyche" by Predan.

EXT. GMC DENALI - SAME TIME

Claire is driving. The road is narrow and lined by trees. Claire inputs commands on the car on board GPS system, then looks for a chocolate bar in her bag. She massages her neck, feeling uncomfortable.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - SAME TIME.

Dermot enters the living room with a glass of Orange Juice as the Plasma screen beeps and powers on automatically. The Picture shows ALEX KOVIESKI, mid 30's, short hair, walking down a number of open work-stations. Dermot goes straight for a coffee table encased remote control and punches in a short code. The plasma flashes ACCEPTED.

DERMOT  
Alex, what's up?!

Alex turns to camera.

ALEX  
Hang on.

Alex enters a neatly organized corner office. On the desk are two large monitors, a phone handset, a framed picture of a young woman on a bicycle.

Suddenly A NEWSBREAK SCROLL appears flashing in white across the screen. It reads: *Two Tornados have touched down in Northern California near the City of Arlington. Authorities have issued a 50 miles wide alert.*

INT. ALEX OFFICE, INEG - CONTINUOUS

Alex leans against his desk- picks up a memory stick, plugs it into the built in keyboard. A page full of data quickly loads and appears on the office wall monitor. Alex once again turns back to face the camera.

ALEX  
Well, it's now official, Dermot.  
You got an offer to go work on  
Mars! Lucky man!

DERMOT  
Yeah, 24 hours a day working  
inside an air tight bubble -  
truly great for someone who's  
got problems breathing like me.

ALEX  
They'll be awfully disappointed

if you pass.

Dermot turns back to look at the horizon. It's now cloudy and, very dark.

DERMOT

Shit, Alex, I bet Claire will not want to drop all she's doing and move again, not now that we are pregnant.

ALEX

It's a great opportunity.

DERMOT

I'll talk to her and Roxanne.

Alex nods.

ALEX

Roxanne, great name. Martha and I would like to have you guys over for dinner, we'll celebrate.

DERMOT

Thanks. I'll pass that on.

Alex signs off. The image changes into that of a 3D Baby swimming in water.

INT. MONITOR, DERMOT'S HOME - CONTINUOUS.

Roxanne must be 24 weeks old. She's fully formed. The image is in color, perfect. She's unmistakably looking around while swimming, gracefully. Dermot can see her smile. A daughter. Claire has already chosen a nursery rhyme for Roxanne to hear while in the womb. Now it plays over the images. It sounds like an aboriginal tune. Clicks, claps. From the Philippines maybe, or Borneo more likely. Who knows, English is the one language now, everything else but French is just sounds.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Dermot briefly sits back on the couch enthralled. Roxanne's images end with a freeze frame and the request if to replay. The menu returns while the icon of a little yellow man grows slightly bigger, smiles and runs across the screen. The camera pushes out of the living room to a view of lightening. Clouds are moving very fast. Dermot is concerned.

DERMOT

NetCom. Call my car.

EXT. GMC DENALI - SAME TIME.

Claire is listening to music, and negotiating a turn in the road. Winds gusts are making the drive difficult.

DERMOT  
Hey baby.

CLAIRE  
Hey.

DERMOT  
The weather is turning.

CLAIRE  
Yes, it is windy and looks a bit ugly.

DERMOT  
Tornados touched down in Arlington.

CLAIRE  
It's 200 miles from here.

DERMOT  
I know. But just the same, turn on the weather tracking GPS. Code is TR 1453 .

CLAIRE  
I know how to do it.

DERMOT  
Sure. Listen, if it gets too late sleep at your sister's, okay?

CLAIRE  
Yeah, don't worry, alright?

DERMOT  
Say hi to Pam.

CLAIRE  
You look handsome while sleeping.

DERMOT  
Next time you wake me up,ok? Bye.

Claire looks to the video screen, types in the GPS Weather Tracking Code , and a map appears on the screen indicating the Car position and the weather en route then looks back onto the road. Bad weather appears much closer than Claire's expected.

EXT. TERRACE, DERMOT'S HOME - SAME TIME.

Dermot feels a sudden gust of breeze and for a brief moment listens to the wind. It's very dark now, but he can still see the light of the sun coming through the clouds. It looks spectacular.

DERMOT  
(under his breath)  
It's God-like perfect !

Dermot breathes, inhaling and exhaling as slowly and forcibly as he can.

EXT. GMC DENALI - DAY.

Claire is concerned. She can see the weather map of the area change quickly towards red-violet. A flash warning appears: SEEK ALTERNATE ROUTE. Claire swerves the road from side to side. Claire now hears a strange noise. Much to her amazement she sees trees on her right hand side bend and snap as if an invisible and gigantic mower is passing through them. Scared Claire looks to the GPS Monitor. Full violet. TORNADO ALERT. STOP AND SEEK SHELTER. Claire brakes, the tires lock and the car slides off side way to a screeching sound. Claire slowly looks up to the rear view mirror.

CLAIRE  
Oh no! God almighty.

A Tornado has touched down behind her car and is moving quickly forward. Claire panics, opens the door of the car, then slams it close and bolts the car forward to try and outrun it.

INT.CAR. CLAIRE'S P-O-V.MOMENTS LATER

Claire is driving as fast as she can. Wind gusts move the car sideway making it very hard to control. Moments later she is out of the forest, cornfields on both sides. Claire can see the Tornado chasing her, cutting a clear path across the field, snapping the wood fence lining the road. Pieces of wood fly across her windshield, some hit the car, Claire can barely see as the Tornado passes by her side. Suddenly, it's clear ! Claire can see a ray of sun pierce through the cloud. Claire breaks, the car slows down. Now she can see three ogres, red and yellows, bounce down the road at incredible speed towards her. There is nothing Claire can do to get out of their way.

CLAIRE  
Honey, I am so sorry.

The car is hit head-on, very hard. Both glass and metal shatter on impact, the car is lifted off the road and flipped backwards and over numerous times.

EXT. TERRACE, DERMOT'S HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

A short beep breaks the silence. Dermot takes a last glimpse at the rain outside and closes the terrace glass door behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - NIGHT

Dermot touches a control button on his wristwatch and an image appears on the wall mounted screen. DR. NORBSON, in his late 40's, stands in front of a desk. Dermot looks surprised.

NORBSON

(speaking quickly)

Mr. Turner, I'm Dr. Norbson of Fraternity Hospital. I have bad news. Your wife was caught in a Tornado path and was hurt. She's alive and in good care, but in critical condition.

DERMOT

(a moment of incredulity)

I'm coming over.

NORBSON

This area got hit pretty hard, most roads are blocked by debris ..

Dermot finds his shoes, but cannot find Claire's car keys.

DERMOT

Shit!!

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The first set of automatic doors opens and closes. Two sets to enter to keep out both cold and heat. Dermot tries not to run, but must. He has to wait between the doors, captured in the empty space. He lifts his hands to bang on the glass doors, but refrains. He looks inside instead, angry. He sees a few people, none with any perceivable sense of urgency. The main hall is colored in shades of green, large plants, seats and monitors. New Age music plays in the background. Everything appears designed to give a sense of peace.

DERMOT

Damn ! Open up!

Dermot bangs on the glass but the door opens at its own pace, seconds later. The NURSE, mid 20s, long black hair in a pony tail, wearing a blue uniform with a built in phone headset, is used to such entrances. She apologizes to Dermot with a shrug of her shoulders.

NURSE

Name?

Dermot stops, confused. He's dazed, shaking.

DERMOT

What?

NURSE

I need a name or a code. Speak.

DERMOT

Claire Turner.

The Nurse types into the reception desk computer. A picture of Claire, her medical data by the side, appears on both the computer monitor and on the wall monitor behind the desk. The Nurse looks at it quickly. Dermot can see it as well. She punches in a location code and the computer shows that Claire is in the Emergency Room being operated on. The computer flashes "Restricted Access".

DERMOT (CONT'D)

Where is she?

NURSE

Being operated on. Access room four is available. Code 349 will give you all information we have, live.

(pointing to one direction)

Down that corridor.

Dermot runs down the corridor.

INT. ACCESS ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dermot paces, he cannot stop and keeps glancing at a large monitor showing the Emergency Room where A TEAM OF DOCTORS work on Claire. Medical data, heart rate, blood pressure, brain scan, are all clearly reported on the side of the screen. Two SUPERVISING SPECIALISTS are participating in the operation via InterMedVideo and discuss with the head surgeon what to do. Their tone is neutral, they deal with this as an everyday event, emotionally uninvolved, scientific, casual. Dermot is appalled, sick to his stomach.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL, POV - NIGHT.

Claire is lying on the operating table, her hair cascading from it. Dermot follows her arm to her long neck, her lips, her face. He cannot see her breathe and panics.

INT. ACCESS ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Finally one of the specialists logs on to Dermot's monitor. Dermot doesn't realize it at first but Dr. Norbson wants to talk to him again. Suddenly the screen goes to an AFTER DARK 12.0 program. SUPERNOVA or GALAXIES. Dermot can sense the meaning of this :- it's over. Dermot is frozen - he doesn't even seem to be breathing.

The access door opens. Dr. Norbson walks in, followed by an ASSISTANT.

NORBSON  
I'm sorry. We did all possible.

The Assistant steps forward and opens the palm of his hand showing two bright red pills. The MONITOR now show a flashing Ad: NEED HELP? CALL 444-Doctors-on-Line. Dermot slaps the Assistant's hand and walks out the room past the Doctor.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING, INEG - DAY

Aerial view of Los Angeles, the camera tilts down to find and follow LA's main (and dry)waterworks. Push in on a one story building with a row of windows INEG. The construction seems to have been encased inside the waterway itself.

INT. LOBBY, INEG - DAY

A sunny glass entrance, plenty of tall plants. Automatic reception, but it says INEG in silver letters on mahogany just in case. An ID card with a chip buzzes you in through a thick glass and iron plated door. Large windows down a long corridor. Carpeted, a pale yellow. Not a good choice. Dermot walks down a familiar path to his office. TWO FEMALE OFFICE WORKERS, with ID tags on white shirts with short sleeves, salute surprised to see him. They stop as Dermot passes by.

INT. DERMOT'S OFFICE, INEG - DAY

A large corner office. A design station, run by a Power 5K iNtro Tower, sits on a thin marble table. Two monitors provide a working surface. A large screen on the wall connects the office to other work-stations. Dermot walks inside and powers up his office via his wristwatch.

DESIGNERS have left personal messages of condolence on Dermot's E-mail, that now appear as cards on the small size video board encased in a side wall. ALEX, long sleeves, walks in, hugs Dermot, kisses him on both cheeks, steps back into the door and stands at the entrance.

ALEX

What are you doing here already ? I told You could take all the time you need.

Dermot nods, moves to his desk and powers up the workstation.

DERMOT

I need to work. Just work. Where are we at? Any progress on the 4S2 fusion tests?

Alex steps further back into the room, walks behind the desk next to Dermot's and touches a computer screen. The wire frame of a Gatian Space Shuttle segment comes up in 3D. Two commands later, a specific segment of the frame zooms out to full screen revealing a highway of conductors.

ALEX

We fixed the flow from A2/01 to here  
(points) axel 77/4.  
(Pointing on the screen)  
We're doing some more math now.

DERMOT

Good, I'll review findings tomorrow.

Dermot plays a game with his laser pen trying to float it over a "holder."

ALEX

(leans back on the window behind him)

Fine. I received the *Europa Project* papers. I put them on your DRIVE E/2 so you can review them. Their effort to double the new engine v/m output stalled. Everybody is very concerned. No engine, no Europa, no Europa, no place for People to go except maybe down-under and that doesn't mean Australia any more. They'd really like you on it as soon as they can have you. I told them about the accident. They said they feel for you.

The pen finds the center of the no-gravity field and floats suspended a inch from the base.

DERMOT  
Why did you tell them? Why does  
that matter!?

ALEX  
Sure, Dermot. I'm sorry. I didn't  
mean to ... She was my friend  
you know! ? I'm leaving this here.

Alex drops a 3GB memory stick on his desk and leaves the room. Dermot sits and turns to look out the window at the trees outside. It's sunny. It's peaceful. The ground is covered with leaves. A squirrel is busy climbing to its nest. Everything seems to be so right around him, yet nothing is.

Dermot turns back to the desk, to the door. Alex is talking to colleagues in the open space filled with cubicles outside his office, but Dermot cannot hear what he is saying. Dermot picks up the memory stick and pockets it, then touches the screen with the palm of his hand, and all sorts of commands are executed at the same time. A lifetime of work, pages and pages of spaceship designs, interspersed with personal mementos and photos, come up to full screen.

INT. BEDROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - MORNING

A gust of wind gently blows a white curtain and the light from outside hits his eyes. Dermot squirms and wakes tightly tucked in his bed. He's surprised to be there. He moves to look around but a scathing pain in his gut doubles him over and makes him fall back on the pillow. He feels as if he woke up from his worse ever hangover. PAM, Claire sister, just 40, blonde hair, very slim, a beautiful face behind her nervous smile, steps into the room.

PAM  
You awake?

DERMOT  
Pam.

PAM  
This place is a mess.

DERMOT  
Yeah, well it suits me just fine.  
What do you want?

PAM

You promised me I could pick  
some of my sister's drawings and  
things. I left you a message  
a week ago ... you could not  
find the time to call me back.

Dermot cautiously stands up, realizes he's naked, leans  
back to touch a control panel on the wall.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Well, can I look around?

DERMOT  
Help yourself.

Pam walks over and picks up the jeans and sweater from a  
chair near the window and hands them over to Dermot

PAM  
I don't get you at all.

Pam leaves the room without giving Dermot a chance to say  
anything. He looks at his clothes.

EXT. TERRACE, DERMOT HOME - MORNING.

The glass door is open. The white cotton curtain flaps.  
It's windy. Dermot and Pam sit at the table on the terrace.  
Pam is eating, picking at blue corn chips, cheese, grapes,  
and drinking a glass of mineral water. Dermot is not  
eating, looking down at his empty plate, then at the  
horizon.

EXT. LAKE, DERMOT POV - MORNING

A MIDDLE AGE COUPLE, dressed alike in khaki and blue, walk  
along the lake shoreline. She wears a hat, he wears a  
scarf. A dog, a mutt, is barking at the small waves washing  
ashore.

EXT. TERRACE, DERMOT HOME - MORNING

Dermot turns to Pam who, feeling watched, looks up.

PAM  
(looking away to the ocean)  
You loved her very much and yet you  
don't  
grieve her. You scare me.

DERMOT  
(as if of stone)  
What ?

Dermot stands up to clear the table, noisily putting glasses, cups, forks and other used items on a tray. Pam glimpses at him, upset. She doesn't want to be seen crying, so she also stands up and moves to the terrace's edge, still looking out at the lake.

PAM  
You act as if nothing happened.

Dermot doesn't respond.

PAM (CONT'D)  
( turns back to him )  
Did you hear me?

DERMOT  
( off her look)  
Come on Pam, leave me the hell  
alone, will you?

Pam turns, leans back and wipes away her tears with the back of her hand.

PAM  
(shaking her head)  
I have a friend who is a very  
good analyst. She's even got one  
of this new business touch phone card.  
(Puts it down on the  
terrace table)  
You should call her.  
(loudly, against the wind)  
Don't try deal with this by yourself,  
it will only make you feel lonelier,  
it will drive you crazy.  
( Pam turns to Dermot, points  
to the card - still on the  
table)  
Promise me you'll get in touch with  
her.

DERMOT  
Get whatever you want and go. I got to  
go  
to work.

Dermot leaves. Pam turns back to the Lake.

PAM  
(talking to herself)  
Damn it, baby sister, we miss you.

INT. MSNSA CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Two MEN in uniform follow Natasha past a row of computers and electronic tracking equipment. They stop by Mark. General STONE, mid 50s, short hair, no nonsense demeanor, is impatient (for the data). The other Officer, General GEORGE SELLAR, African American, late 50's, heavy set, white hair, glasses, seems to be much more at ease.

MARK

I used Dreamscape software to visualize the forms we have detected below the surface of Europa via electromagnetic fields on data received by the Probe.

STONE

(to Natasha)

You mean I had to get my ass over here so this kid could show me pictures ?

MARK

(nervous, giggling loudly)

Well, we could show you a color chart of EUROPA

(types Lo 23400es900 on his keyboard)

reflecting increased activity in the Intermetrix Spectrum. Is that better ?

STONE

Get to the point and don't give me any techno talk.

Mark is taken aback and stops smiling. He stares at Stone, looking for sympathy from Sellar, eyes Natasha with concern.

STONE (CONT'D)

Alright, show me this darn life you guys say is up there.

Mark is "stone" faced. Stone can't stand bright kids. Mark clicks play and a large video monitor zooms in on a crack on the surface of Europa that has water at the bottom of act. In the water, a number of tiny dots of light. The Officers show great interest.

MARK

It's just raw data.

STONE

(to Sellar)  
Why should we be interested in this?

MARK  
(quick response)  
Because there seems to be millions  
and millions of them?

STONE  
Them what?

MARK  
Them tiny things, I don't know,  
particles of ... life?

Mark shrugs. Gen. Sellar likes this kid. Mark pushes a chair towards Stone. Natasha looks for another chair for Sellar. Mark switches the VDA to the main monitor to show a large live picture of EUROPA's icy surface.

INT. MUSIC STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

A small modern store. Two aisles. FIVE CLIENTS, two girls, a woman and a man, all in their mid 20s, pass by Dermot. Dermot listen to an MPEG of New Age Music. NATASHA is also browsing the store. She looks Dermot over, twice. Signs she wants to talk to him and Dermot takes off his headset.

NATASHA  
Dermot? Hi, I'm Natasha Zaarin,  
We met a few times, just very  
briefly ... at your office.  
(She smiles)  
... it was sometime ago.

DERMOT  
(confused)  
I am sorry ...

NATASHA  
( Nervously , but smiling)  
I do research at MsNSA on the  
Europa Project. I understand that  
you are gonna come work on the  
Project under General Stone ...  
amazing guy.

DERMOT  
Who?

NATASHA  
(taking out her EPO)  
Stone.

(Dermot looks intently  
for a moment)  
Do you have an EPO with you?

Dermot nods. Natasha punches a code on her portable phone.

DERMOT  
I put my number in your memory. Please  
call me if you need to talk.

Natasha blushes as Dermot stares at her.

NATASHA  
I'm sorry about your loss.

DERMOT  
Thank you.

Natasha leaves but looks back. Dermot smiles at her, puts his headsets on. He is visibly confused and quite clearly very sad.

CUT TO :

MUSIC AND TIME

LAPSE MONTAGE OF:

EXT. SEA SHORE - AFTERNOON

Dermot, with a beard now, walks aimlessly on the shoreline. Every few yards he turns back and waits to see his footsteps. Dermot likes the symbolism of it. Everything gets washed away.

EXT. SEA SHORE - AFTERNOON

Dermot maintains a precarious balance on the wet rocks as he looks out to the lake. Dermot walks down a long wood platform and sits down on its edge. He rubs his little finger over his wedding ring. The ring is loose. Dermot pushes the ring off and holds it in his fist. He stands up.

EXT. SEA SHORE. - DUSK

Dermot is a frozen statue, a silhouette on the platform. The sky is clear and filled with stars.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN to his eye which reflects the galaxy above. Dermot throws the ring as hard as he can at the stars.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. TERRACE, DERMOT'S HOME - DUSK

Dermot has prepared dinner "by hand" lemon chicken, peas, corn, and radicchio. Yellow, green, orange, red, white. He takes it to the terrace where a table is set for two, but he's not expecting anyone. Dermot is wearing jeans and a white sweater. Dermot plays a Digital Video Music disk via a remote. The music, a late 19th century score, sounds just perfect mixed with the wind. Dermot opens a bottle of wine '*Coppola Regal*' and sits down to eat.

EXT. TERRACE, DERMOT'S HOME - DUSK

Dermot briefly turns his attention to the sea. Wind is picking up, waves are now cresting near shore. Dermot picks up a portable DVD Recorder off the nearest chair, points the camera to himself and clicks "record". Silence. Dermot doesn't know what to say, stops, rewinds and re-starts. The DVD plays:

INSERT ON THE DVD  
SCREEN :

DERMOT

(looks to camera)

Hi Claire, last night I heard your  
steps in the corridor, I stood  
up and went to the living room  
and this time ... this time ...  
I saw you, briefly, yes I saw you -  
it was great . . . but you left  
and ... where you afraid of me ?

Dermot watches himself, then closes his eyes, astonished at his own words. Dermot drops the recorder on the table and searches his pockets. He takes out the BUSINESS TOUCH PHONE CARD that Pam had previously given him. On the card top side, the logo of MsNSA HEALTH SERVICES, in the lower corner a flashing red holographic says dtp .ES (digital print emergency services ). Dermot presses his thumb on it. A small Image appears on the card - the digital voice is clear.

FEMALE VOICE

Hi Dermot, I am glad you called.  
I know about you via your digital print  
and the Inter Medical Network database.  
This business-in touch card has a five  
minute limit. What it the problem?

A pause. Dermot drops the card on the table next to:

EXT. TERRACE, DERMOT'S HOME - DUSK

A GLASS BIRD sits on the table. The candlelight reflects on it. Dermot wants to speak without emotional inflections, but cannot and sobs.

DERMOT  
I don't know what to do.

Silence.

FEMALE VOICE  
Do nothing, let your sorrows come  
and go, and go to come again and  
simply breathe.

EXT. SEA SHORE., DERMOT POV - DUSK

A young girl LORA walks unsteadily along the seashore. She plays drunk, sometimes hops on a leg. She is calling her Retrievable No Gravity Ball, which is floating over the water.

MOTHER (V.O.)  
Lora get back in the house.

EXT. TERRACE, DERMOT'S HOME - DUSK.

Dermot looks at the Young Girl briefly and breathes.

FEMALE VOICE  
You suffered a violent shock and  
now your mind is sick and therefore  
the ideas it presents you with are  
also sick. Don't heed your mind  
nor think of a response for any  
of its inane questions, but come  
see me so we can work together and  
heal it back to sanity. Do nothing  
but breathe.

Dermot empties his glass of wine.

LORA  
(hanging on the terrace)  
Hi Dermot, what are you doing?

Dermot cuts the communication and turns to Lora.

DERMOT  
Nothing.

LORA  
Claire would give me a glass of juice.

DERMOT

Well, she is not here now.

LORA

But I just saw her in the kitchen.

Dermot is stunned and after a brief instant bolts off the chair. Lora is surprised and scared runs away. Dermot takes a long breath, stands up, grabs his DVD Camera.

INT. KITCHEN, DERMOT'S HOME - NIGHT

Dermot walks slowly, looking through the camera as he finds his way to the kitchen, stopping in anticipation in front of its entrance.

INT. KITCHEN, DERMOT'S CAMERA .P.O.V. - NIGHT

The Camera enters slowly into the kitchen. No one is there. Dermot can see the shadow of a PAN reflected on the back door. Dermot is at first disappointed, then angry at himself.

DERMOT

No! Don't go!

INT. OFFICE, INEG.- NIGHT

At first glance everything in the office seems to be broken. Folders and Pictures and disks lie on the floor, the computer keyboard is totally disassembled - all keys spread on the floor. Dermot sits crouched in the near corner staring blankly. He is bleeding from cuts in his hands and feet. He tries piecing back together a light stand. Dermot now walks on all fours to reach the computer's monitor lying on the ground, leaving a trail of blood on the gray office carpet. The Camera follows him as he crawls toward the monitor.

CUT TO

Camera closes in on the monitor: A Pop-up window displays a picture of Claire - on a Sail Boat - in front of a flapping spinnaker. Next to it - on the main window - a Flash Animation of THE EUROPA PROJECT - a 3D spinning model of the planet - a sat dish locator signal, A DIGITAL SEQUENCE of a DOS system washing down the lower side of the monitor.

Dermot crawls closer.

CUT BACK TO:

Camera closes in on Claire's Picture - to end on a close up of a faint, gentle and curious smile - all the while Dermot's ship designs slowly parade one after the other across the flickering screen, nearly dissolved on her face. Finally - TWO SHUTTLE WINGS SEGMENTS end up resting briefly behind Clare's Picture - then power goes off.

Dermot stops, mouth open, crouched on the floor.

ALEX

Dermot?

Alex enters the office space and look on in horror, Dermot smiles back strange.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Dermot! What happened?!

DERMOT

(Looking back at him)  
She left me.

ALEX

Shit, man you are bleeding!

DERMOT

WHY!? Why did she leave me.

ALEX

(holding on to him)  
Dermot, she died.

DERMOT

It's not true! Why are you saying that!

Dermot punches Alex who barely manages to restrain him.

ALEX

Oh, buddy! Snap out of it! You need help!

Dermot pushes Alex back, then loses his footing and hits the wall , letting himself fall back down. Alex grabs the phone.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I need you guys here now!

INT. MARS DIRECT SHUTTLE - NIGHT

The Camera pulls back into the Shuttle to reveal Dermot looking out. It's a magical view. A HOSTESS walks down the middle of the aisle and reaches and picks up a portable

phone floating up in mid air. She punches a 'enhance gravity' code, and returns it to a PASSENGER who smiles and can now put it back on his table. The Hostess continues down the aisle and stops by Dermot, who knocks back his glass of whisky. He is clean shaven again, suggesting a passage of time.

HOSTESS

Can I get you anything else?

DERMOT

(hands over the empty glass)  
How long to the Station?

HOSTESS

Just over two hours, Mr. Turner.

The Hostess picks up the empty glass. FRANK SIMMS, in his 50's, businessman, sits next to Dermot. The Shuttle is FULL and the seats are quite close to one another.

SIMMS

Your first time?  
(leaning over)  
First timers stay glued to the window.  
(offering an energy bar)  
Me, I'd rather talk. Your name?

DERMOT

I'm Dermot Turner.

SIMMS

I am Andrew Simms, I'm with MsMDL,  
we sell Deuterium to Earth  
electricity concerns. What about  
you? What do you do?

Dermot briefly turns his attention back to Space.

DERMOT

I design ship engines so that we  
can run away from the mess we  
created down there burning fuel  
we bought from you. Isn't it peachy?  
We actually give each other  
something to do.

INT. GATIANS SPACE STATION - NIGHT

The Shuttle is docked at the Space Station. Passengers disembark. Dermot follows the pathway signs to " MARS DIRECT " along very small but long corridors. An electronic sign post indicates the Shuttle to Mars departs in 40

minutes from Gate 5. Dermot is met by Chelsea, mid 20's, black short hair, piercing blue eyes, a picture ID of Dermot in her hands.

CHELSEA

Turner?

DERMOT

Yes.

CHELSEA

(looking him over)

My name is Chelsea, I'm with MsMNH human resources legal department.

I am told you have chosen to stay awake during the journey to Mars, so that you can review the updated *Europa Project* documentation while on your way.

(Hands over a memory stick)

Please sign the contract included and hand it in upon arrival on Mars.

DERMOT

Sure, I'll get to that.

CHELSEA

Please, understand that all of your intellectual thought, whether they may in fact be commercially exploitable or not, that is generated, inferred, resulting or otherwise extrapolated from the information and data you are asked to read, will be the sole property of Macro Hard Holdings.

Chelsea works her PORTABLE PAD to recall Dermot's ID picture and personal data.

DERMOT

(sarcastic)

What about the thoughts I already have?

CHELSEA

Upon presentation and review, we will deem yours only those thoughts you have had, published and copyrighted prior to 2036. On that date we bought NSA and all its employees non disclosure agreements, your own included.

We don't own those thoughts but you can not disclose them, or exploit them

in any commercial or personal form.

Dermot is taken aback. He doesn't really want to argue the point, but he's annoyed.

DERMOT

Explain to me why it is illegal to own a body, but not a mind.

CHELSEA

Our Agreement on Intellectual rights is quite clear in that respect. We do not own your thoughts, only a perpetual license to use them. Intellectual slavery on Mars was abrogated in 2034. There is a reference to that in the book. Are you going to sign or would you rather return to Earth ?

DERMOT

(signs with a laser pen)  
Damned if you do damned if you don't.

CHELSEA

(checking on her EPO)  
A choice is mostly the perception of having one, Mr. Turner. Have a good flight.

Chelsea smiles and indicates to Dermot the direction to the Mars Direct Gate.

EXT. MARS DIRECT SHUTTLE - NIGHT.

A military looking space ship travels towards Mars. The camera pushes in to reveal people inside a large passenger lounge.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN, MARS DIRECT SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Dermot leans back against his small cabin wall - undoing his bag. He puts a mini DVD Disk into a machine encased in the wall. On the screen at the other end we see images of Claire filming herself with a portable DVD camera. Claire is running up and down the shoreline, playing with the tide, filming Dermot who, laying on the sand, is totally focused on working on his portable computer. Dermot is acting annoyed, Claire decides to leave him alone. As she goes back to filming herself we can see she is disappointed. The Film ends soon after, the camera pointed

to the sand, a footstep, a small gentle wave. Dermot is looking at the Video. Rewinds, freezes the frame on Claire's sad face. Dermot is upset that he upset her that day.

INT. MARS DIRECT SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Dermot is watching the 'Earth News Network' on a personal plasma screen encased in his chair. Dermot seems tired, drunk or both. Reporters are standing in various locations in south Texas talking about an impending storm clocking wind gusts at over 150 miles an hour. Hurricane CLARA is expected to top Level 5.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM, MARS DIRECT SHUTTLE - NIGHT.

Dermot is doing exercises on a stair master while reviewing data on the *Europa Project* on the screen in front of him. He's drinking juice from a small tube, listening to music on glass-mounted speakers. Dermot changes the data pages projected on a screen in front of him via his wrist watch. One of the Photo shows General Stone, Earth Union joint Europa Project cochairman.

A SHUTTLE HOSTESS, a pretty woman in her 30s waits her turn to get on the stair master. Meantime she does stretching exercises.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN, MARS DIRECT SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Dermot is taking notes on his portable computer. The walls are filled with designs of engines segments, other show what seem to be Dermot's insurance and medical data, his cat scan.

Dermot gets his portable DVD recorder and records himself.

DERMOT

I must always be in control of my  
environment or the environment will  
control me.

Dermot stops. Then re-starts.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

D-D1-24. It's a constant. Always  
check the stress against the R  
RL- 24T. Before - not after.

Dermot stops. Breathes.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

I have to make sure I have enough  
clean T-shirts every 12 days.  
Week 20- One more month to arrival.

Dermot returns to his notes.

INT. ARRIVAL AREA, MARS - NIGHT

The Spaceport is not crowded. A group of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, in full orange space uniforms, queues at Gate 2 to leave on a local flight. TWO YOUNG GUYS and a GIRL, obviously tourists, are calling Earth from a Video Phone Bank. Some FRIENDS and FAMILY are standing by the arrival gate, looking at PASSENGERS off the Shuttle. Dermot is amongst the first to cross from the gate to the main arrival area. He quickly reaches a Traveler Communication Center and slides in his ID card. The Monitor reads:

MONITOR

Welcome to Mars Mr. Turner. Your  
Apartment is Number 22. Complex  
B and can be reached via Mars  
Shuttle Train 2. Your luggage  
will be delivered directly to  
your apartment. Access keys and  
code are enclosed.

Dermot retrieves a small envelope, looks at a E-keys, then to the arrival area for directions to MARS SHUTTLE TRAIN 2. The Entrance is only few yards away. Dermot opens the envelope.

CLOSE UP

A NOTE READS:

*I know where you are, I will get in touch - love, N.*

Dermot doesn't understand the meaning of the Card and is uncertain on what to do with it. A moment later Dermot folds it , puts it in his back pocket and walks down towards the TRAINS and looks outside the large glass windows on his side.

A number of "White Bubbles" containing entire neighborhoods are lit in the night, dotting the landscape.

INT. DERMOT'S APARTMENT, MARS - NIGHT

The Apartment is small. Dermot opens the door, steps in and looks around. A one bedroom, maybe 600 square feet. The walls are white, mostly barren. A black couch, fake

leather, a glass table, a large screen, touch controls much like on earth, a very small RoboMaid. Everything seems brand new. In a basket of fruit are two red apples, one orange, a banana, and six large strawberries. Low lights- and the amazing view of the settlement outside. A love chair is turned towards the window.

Dermot takes a tentative step forward but stops - confused, concerned. He can see the silhouette of a woman sitting on the sofa.

DERMOT  
(under his breath)  
Claire?

Dermot stands in the middle of the apartment, attentive.

KYRA  
(finally turning )  
Welcome Dermot, I am Doctor Spencer.  
I am glad you decided to come.

KYRA SPENCER, short black hair, wearing a white silk shirt and pants, doesn't seem to have a definite age, maybe late 30's, maybe older, maybe younger. She seems to smile ever so softly, all of the time.

DERMOT  
Doctor Spencer, the project manager  
I am to work for?

Kyra stands up.

KYRA  
Please call me Kyra, I hope you  
don't mind I waited for you in your  
apartment.

DERMOT  
No, I don't. I'm glad. I looked  
forward meeting you. I'm just a bit  
overwhelmed by the ... new environment.

Kyra smiles. Dermot smiles back, relieved. " *Much nicer than I thought she would be ..*" He stops, breathes, looks around. Walks forward to Kyra and they shake hands. Dermot looks outside the window.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
It's an amazing place.

The Apartment lights are on a dimmer and getting brighter.

KYRA

The original goal of this settlement was to look for life in space. The founders looked for years ...

( Kyra turns around to face Dermot )

but they couldn't find any form of life on Mars. Like other "human" ideas, it was total nonsense. Finally, the goal of the settlement became to know life within a specific time and time within a specific life, and soon after we realized we had been looking for ourselves at a different time all along.

( Off Dermot's reaction)

The people on Earth thought we had gone insane too and decided to cut funding for our New Age ideas. In response we declared our independence and we became "Gatians"- Gates being the founder and main sponsor of the first colony.

Kyra looks at him. Dermot seems very nervous to her.

DERMOT

(looking back to Kyra)

I have no problem with you people.

KYRA

Do you want to rest?

DERMOT

(turning around)

After a six month flight?

(off Kyra's look)

No, please stay - maybe we could have a drink while you update me on our joint Project.

Kyra moves to the open kitchen just on her right. She touches a small screen and a portal delivers a drink.

KYRA

I'm told you are very good, the best earth has to offer, still, part of my job is to make sure that you are not too unstable to work with us and be part of my team. Are you unstable, Mr. Turner? Are you a team player? Can you run with the ball? Or are you

just running away?

Dermot is puzzled, then outright annoyed.

DERMOT

( upset, wanting to bring her  
to her senses )

Look. You asked me to come,  
truth is you practically begged me.

( moving to the kitchen )

And I didn't come all this  
way to be treated with such...  
amused contempt.

Kyra smiles unconcerned with his irritation. Dermot is  
tired, and makes no effort to hide it.

KYRA

Don't let your ego upset you,  
Dermot. Most people who agree  
to come here have reached only  
one real conclusion in their  
life, and that is that they are  
confused about its meaning.

Dermot holds his ground.

KYRA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Are you insane?

Again, Dermot is taken aback.

KYRA (CONT'D)

I know about your loss, I am  
very sorry.

Kyra is totally detached from her words. Dermot takes a  
moment, moves back to the table, and tries an uncertain  
smile.

DERMOT

Look, there is no reason for you  
to be concerned with my mental  
health. I passed the MsMH test and  
I'm not going to discuss this issue  
any further with you.

Dermot thinks the situation ridiculous.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

The fact is your project is stuck  
and you need my help. I'll do my

thing, that's all I am here for,  
so please, just stay out of my head.

KYRA  
We cannot make any progress if we  
do not become one mind.

DERMOT  
Oh no. There is not one mind,  
there are many individual minds  
that sometimes come together for  
one purpose.

KYRA  
( writes on a portable EPO,  
but the writing appears  
projected on the walls)  
 $M+P / M = E AV/C$ . Given a dry mass,  
a ship of any size, and a certain  
amount of propellant, we cannot  
go any faster than we are going now.

Dermot is looking at Kyra, baffled. Now, she is one of the  
boys. Kyra crosses over to stand by Dermot who sits on the  
couch.

KYRA (CONT'D)  
Can we?

DERMOT  
(sipping his drink)  
No, we cannot. We need either less  
mass, or more energy.

KYRA  
But we are at the limits of our  
coefficients, aren't we?

DERMOT  
Yes, we are, presently.

KYRA  
What if we could reduce the mass  
or the density of the energy?

Kyra stands up and goes to the door. She walks softly.

DERMOT  
Somewhere in between  $AV/C=2$  and  
 $AV/C=3$  the mass will go to infinity.

KYRA  
That's what we work on here, Dermot.

Infinity. There is nothing you know that we don't, but we hope we can learn new things together if we open and share each other's mind in an effort to become one.

DERMOT

Sounds great but it's too metaphysical for me. I am a scientist -I do the math and see if the numbers add up. And these ones don't. If every mind is really just one, why have you chosen me?

KYRA

You have to answer that yourself. Your station is RG/220. Building AV. You can walk there.

(Waving goodbye)

I'll see you tomorrow. Good night Dermot.

Kyra closes the door behind her. Dermot sits back down on the couch. It's cold. Once again he looks around. He feels alone.

INT. BATHROOM. LATER

Dermot rests in the bathtub, stares at the ceiling. Dermot looks at his toes, floating on bubbles, stands up, steps out the bathtub, nears the steamed wall mirror, looks at himself, breathes.

DERMOT

(voice over)

What am I doing here? I can't breathe.

Dermot takes a small step back puzzled at his mirror image, he looks younger than he feels or remembers. He sits down on the floor.

INT. BATHROOM, DERMOT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Dermot is trying to breathe but cannot, hyperventilating.

CLAIRE ( O.S.)

Hey baby !?

Dermot jumps at hearing her voice. Dermot wraps a towel around himself and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DERMOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Claire, younger than we have seen her before, longer hair, jeans, greets him with a smile.

CLAIRE  
Expecting someone else?

DERMOT  
(matter of fact)  
Just you.  
(With a nervous laugh)  
I wondered if you would come along  
to Mars.

CLAIRE  
It's because you keep thinking of me,  
and I can feel it, and it upsets me.  
It's like you want to talk to me  
all of the time, as though anything  
I could say would make a difference  
now.  
(Walking to the kitchen)  
It wouldn't make any difference.  
Just stop thinking of me and I'll go  
away.  
(looks to Dermot)  
Isn't that what you want?

Dermot is dripping.

DERMOT  
No, that's not what I want and you  
know it. I didn't come to Mars to  
get away from you, but to be closer  
to you.

Silence. Claire is not buying it.

CLAIRE  
(off his look)  
Let me tell you something. Men  
measure their strength by how  
much pain they can take. Women,  
by how much they will not  
be moved by compassion.

DERMOT  
So?

CLAIRE  
Don't desire your pain or you  
will never find love again ,  
only pity.

Dermot shivers, Claire finds and hands him over on a black sweater.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(looking out the window)  
I don't believe in your undying  
love. What's making you obsess  
this much over me? Are you angry  
at me? It was an accident. It's  
that simple.

Dermot puts on a sweater, leans against the wall and slides down to the floor.

INT. DERMOT'S STATION, EUROPA MISSION - DAY

Dermot sits at a computer station loading software. Images of variously shaped ships, wire frames, engine support rods and vectors quickly flash by on the screen. Then it's passwords, file architecture, and other commands. Finally, Dermot dials on a video phone with Alex on Earth. An image of Alex appears on the Monitor and says: "Hi, sorry I am not here, please leave me a message". STUART DAVISON, mid 30's, slim, lanky, enters the station and extends his hand in a greeting over the computer screen.

STUART  
(with a friendly smile)  
Hi. Stuart Davison, Senior  
Engineer *Europa Project* and ...  
(Stuart steps around  
the table to hover over  
Dermot and look at the  
monitors)  
.... official hovering bird of  
this department.

Dermot understands and smiles.

DERMOT  
Dermot Turner.

Stuart presents Dermot with a red coffee mug inscribed with: "Europa Sucks" and sits it on the table.

STUART  
Your reputation proceeds you.  
I worked on some of your National  
Space Agency designs done for  
the Central Defense Command.

DERMOT  
You look familiar too.

STUART  
Project C1465/T. You designed the engine, I made sure the bolts held. I worked for NSA then. I mostly reported our findings to Alex.

DERMOT  
(nodding)  
Oh, yes, I remember you now.

STUART  
Good to have you on board.

DERMOT  
I am not sure I am on board. I got off to a real bad start with Dr. Spencer.

STUART  
Don't worry about that.  
(off Dermot's look)  
She's a little intense. She's determined to become an Immortal.

Dermot checks a new set of touch screen controls. They work.

DERMOT  
I heard about that. It is a Gatian religion, isn't it?

STUART  
(helping connect a third main drive)  
Yes. In the last few years these guys have become the highest ranking group of people on Mars. People really look up to them.

The Monitor now shows an Antique book and Dermot, by touching the screen, can turn its pages. He's satisfied the program is working correctly.

DERMOT  
Well, I certainly don't see the advantage of a scientist getting into bed with religion.

STUART  
(Touches a screen)  
(function titled: research)  
I don't know that I agree with that.

Dermot is listening to Stuart but his attention is distracted by the rapidly rising 'day light'. Out of the window- Dermot can see the settlement in day light for the first time. Below the office, a 'Garden of Eden' fills the dome to its side and further out-- outside, Dermot can see the landscape of Mars.

STUART (CONT'D)

If you become an Immortal, well you are immortal and that's no small advantage especially considering Earth is on the clock to fry, Mars isn't a bowl of fun, and the rest of the reachable universe is kind of... empty.

DERMOT

You really believe what you're saying?

STUART

What? Immortality ? I'm a senior engineer from Southern California, dude. We're born in a time/space vacuum, you know?

DERMOT

(leaning back on his chair)  
You don't believe it.

STUART

Well, I don't know. I'm not prepared to explore the idea of immortality. Not today. Ask me tomorrow and I'll probably give you the same answer. Some of it makes sense to me, Kyra is an impressive ....person. She is behind me, isn't she ?

Dermot grins. Kyra steps from behind Stuart and stands next to him, with her usual smile.

KYRA

You've found your station.  
(turns to Stuart)  
Morning Stuart.

Stuart seems shy and nervous.

KYRA (CONT'D)

(Back to Dermot)  
Let me show you the Research Center and set up your ID.

Dermot stands up.

DERMOT  
(to Stuart)  
I appreciate the welcome.

STUART  
Later.

Dermot ponders about Stuart and Kyra, and how Stuart seems nervous around her. Dermot follows Kyra amongst the various stations on their way out. OTHER COLLEAGUES look at him as they pass by.

INT. LIBRARY, EUROPA MISSION - DAY

Dermot and Kyra walk though the Center's library. A number of computers sit on a work island. A round, rotating table with connected chairs, an iNtro Tower in the middle. 3 Monitors per Island are encased in the table glass surface. H/CD Quest DVD, DVM and a cup holder, are all stored in the legs. Headphones, END, blank HAD's, are stored inside the chair armrest. Neat little things. A few people are at work at the terminals, others lean back and read books on Note Pads. The Seattle chain is still in business, still selling coffee.

KYRA  
(turning to Dermot)  
Have you had a good night's sleep?

DERMOT  
Yes.

KYRA  
Good.

Kyra stops by a computer terminal and types in her access code. A digital image of a "Librarian" appears on the screen above.

LIBRARIAN  
Good Morning, Dr. Spencer. How can I help you today?

KYRA  
(to Dermot)  
The work we have to do is hard,  
long and dangerous in many different  
ways.

Kyra shows Dermot where to insert his mag stripe ID. Dermot types in his password.

LIBRARIAN

Hello Mr. Turner, it'll be a pleasure  
working with you

DERMOT

Thank you.

(to Kyra)

I am not afraid of work, but of  
wasting my time.

Dermot types in his own code.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

And I'd rather work alone.

KYRA

(interjecting)

Type RG. 220, your number.

Dermot notices a Dark Glass door open at the far end of the  
library. TWO PEOPLE, both men, mid 40's but with white  
hair, wearing Pale Blue Uniforms, walk out and away.

DERMOT

(pointing to the side doors)

What's in there?

KYRA

Our Chapel

INT. PRIMARY CHAMBER, MARS - DAY

The room is round, with a very large window opening on a  
Martian rocky landscape. A round table sits in the middle,  
oddly without chairs. There are no corners in this room.  
Dermot follows Kyra who slowly walks around the table.

KYRA

Do you understand a partial vision  
is in a name?

(Pointing to a column)

What do you see there?

DERMOT

A column.

KYRA

(pointing)

And there?

DERMOT

Another column.

Kyra signals Dermot to follow her at a faster pace around the table, in a way chasing one another. A merry go round.

KYRA  
(pointing)  
And there?

DERMOT  
A window.

KYRA  
And in between those two columns?

DERMOT  
Nothing.

Kyra, still walking fast around the table, stares at Dermot, directly into his eyes, speaking quickly.

KYRA  
(rapid pace)  
How can you see nothing?

DERMOT  
I can see space.

KYRA  
You can name something and then  
see what you could not see before?

Dermot tries to understand Kyra, but he can only see her eyes, everything else in the background is blurred by the movement.

DERMOT  
Yes.

KYRA  
Forget names, then what?

DERMOT  
All is nothing.

KYRA  
(stopping by the window)  
No. All is everything.

Kyra is glowing against the window. Her pale blue robe is transparent, she's transparent.

KYRA (CONT'D)  
...when you remember what still  
exists before time.

DERMOT  
(repeats to comprehend,  
breaths with difficulty)  
To remember what still exists before  
time (!?).

KYRA  
Yes.

CUT TO:

Camera is Close up on Dermot's eyes.

DERMOT  
What happens when you remember?

KYRA  
Then you know.

DERMOT  
Know what?

KYRA  
Everything.

DERMOT  
I don't understand.

KYRA  
You can only remember it.

Kyra smiles gently, looking into his eyes. Dermot becomes shy, shakes his head. Breathes.

DERMOT  
I've too many thoughts in my head.

KYRA  
They mean nothing.

DERMOT  
It's all my life.

KYRA  
It's only your past.

DERMOT  
It's all I know.

KYRA  
You know everything.

DERMOT

Do I?

KYRA

Forgive yourself, Dermot, and you  
will forget it all. Then you'll know  
what's real once again.

Dermot stumbles and falls back to find a ...couch.

CUT TO:

INT. NEUTRAL OFFICE - DAY

Camera on a high angle - Dermot is sitting on a brown leather couch. Kyra is also sitting on a love chair next to him. This "new" space now looks like an office.

Dermot is very surprised and confused, doesn't know where he is. It seems an Office or a very well organized living room or maybe a doctor office. The Table is no longer round. Kyra is smiling and attentively looking at him.

Dermot stands up, looks around the room. Dermot steps back in confusion.

DERMOT

Whoa ... good trick.

Kyra follows him with her eyes. Dermot looks back to her.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

I don't like these ... mind games.  
Stop it. I said stop!

Kyra smiles and nods. Dermot feels unsteady, angry. Kyra snaps her fingers.

INT. PRIMARY CHAMBER, MARS - DAY

Dermot looks around, angry but reassured by his surroundings. Kyra smiles.

KYRA

Upon your wish you can return to life.

Dermot gives Kyra a puzzled look. Kyra smiles.

INT. KYRA OFFICE, EUROPA MISSION - DAY

Dermot and Kyra walk back into her office. The room is furnished with a large desk, two comfortable chairs, Computer Interactive Pads, 'old books', mementos of Kyra's professional career, a photo of a young boy on a bike, a

'no-gravity' portable phone holder. On one side, a light table with transparent charts on it. Kyra invites Dermot to stand by it and powers it up. A Computer generates a 3D Image of the Solar System next to Jupiter, all floating just above the light table. Dermot is impressed with the display.

KYRA

(pointing to Jupiter's moon)  
Io, Callisto, Europa. Moons of  
Jupiter's,  
names from Greek mythology.

(Walking past Io)  
This is Io, a beautiful woman that  
was unlucky enough to catch the  
attention of Zeus. He was so jealous  
of her, he kept her in chains.

Kyra takes a long look at Dermot, underscoring the point,  
then points her finger to Europa.

KYRA (CONT'D)

And that is Europa, named by an  
astronomer, Marius, in 1610, even  
though Galileo claims to have  
discovered it first.

Dermot takes a closer look at 'Europa' - Jupiter's moon.

DERMOT

Do you think we'll be able to  
live there?

KYRA

Possibly. The surface is an ice  
crust covering a large liquid ocean.  
Water is of the essence for any form  
of life, and there is plenty of it  
there.

Dermot observes Kyra, then moves over next to the display,  
and points to EUROPA. The Camera pushes in on his eyes.

DERMOT

Back to the Ice Age.

KYRA

Some would say forward home.

A last ray of sun- Kyra opens her office terrace windows.

INT. TERRACE, KYRA OFFICE - DUSK

Kyra and Dermot look up to the Mars settlement glass encasing - and drink mineral water. The Sun is setting and the 'Garden' is lit up for the night.

KYRA

The Immortals believe that life started on Europa, billions of years before it took hold on Earth. The Holy Book says that when people die on Earth their souls, purified, trans-migrate to Europa to wait the day when everyone will be reborn.

(turns to Dermot)

I know your pain, and I think you too will find peace there.

Dermot turns to Kyra in anger.

DERMOT

You don't know my pain, you don't know a thing about me.

KYRA

You believe your love is eternal. Why can't you accept that love is life and therefore there is no death.

DERMOT

She died!

Dermot leaves.

INT. DERMOT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dermot sits on the Floor, a view of the Martians settlement lights outside , a remote control in his hands. EARTH NEWS is on. Animated Images of a Hurricane CLARA path intercut with real footage of strong winds, rain, debris.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

*120 people have died and over 2000 are considered missing when Hurricane's Clara wall slammed into San Diego. Apparently most of the dead were new comers to the area.*

CUT TO : a LOCAL REPORTER stand-up :

*The hurricane land fall is not expected for an other two hours. All bridges have been closed and over 2 million people have reached their evacuation points.*

INT. DERMOT APARTMENT - NIGHT

A mini DVD disk is pushed under the front door. Dermot doesn't see this at first, then is undecided on what to do about it. Finally, Dermot stands, up walks slowly towards it, picks it up. Dermot opens the door and steps into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - DERMOT APARTMENT-NIGHT

Dermot sees the shadow of a person disappears at the end of the corridor.

DERMOT

Hey !

No response. Dermot runs down the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Dermot looks down the length of the corridor. No one. Sound of an elevator closing. Dermot thinks he was too late.

INT. DERMOT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dermot returns to his apartment and pops the mini DVD into a wall hard drive. Images appear in the Middle of the room. Dermot scrolls pages with his hands. He soon recognizes his Picture, and his own Medical Records.

ADMISSION : NSHealth Service 20042-0001AD  
STATUS : Stationary

A CAT Scan. Dermot is enthralled to look inside his own Brain

SEROTONIN LEVELS: ACD123-BN

RELEASED ON : 11/12/20042

INT. DERMOT APARTMENT, PORTABLE DVD RECORDER -NIGHT

Camera pulls back to a wide view of the room. We see a flickering blue neon light - we hear the sound of Dermot's voice.

DERMOT (V.O.)

I am under a lot of stress, but  
I am not insane. I must remember  
to reset my mind every day. Repeat  
with me: I matter. I exist as matter.  
A sense exists outside my mind -  
and so does reality. There is no

reality without sense, there  
is no sense without reality.

DERMOT, in the near darkness of his bedroom, sits shivering on the floor. Sitting on the opposite side of the wall is Claire.

CLAIRE  
Everything is gonna be ok, you are not crazy. You know what's real and what's not. Right Dermot ?

Dermot is scared.

DERMOT  
Yes. I go to sleep now and I'll wake up to reality, whichever it is.

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA .DAY

The crossroad is a pile of twisted metal, overturned cars, wood debris. FIVE SOLDIERS in combat gear stand by a HUMMER protecting FOUR POWER COMPANY WORKERS who are trying to untangle power cables. A BLACK LIMOUSINE slowly works its way around the obstructions.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY.

General STONE, General WESTWORD white hair, early 50s, big build and a JUNIOR OFFICER, a woman, mid 30's, short blonde hair, are silently looking at the destruction all around them.

INT. CORRIDOR, DCC - DAY

STONE and WESTWORD are met by an AIDE. They shake hands. The Aide, a young tall man in his 20's, hands over a memory stick and leads the way. They enter another corridor. They walk briskly along the marble floor. People move out of the way.

STONE  
This the latest data from San Diego?

AIDE  
Yes sir, as of 2 hours ago.

STONE  
Why cant' we have it in real time?

AIDE  
I think they lost power. It's a mess out there.

STONE

No shit.

INT. HIGH COMMISSION, DCC - DAY

The room used for court proceedings, is large. Four marble columns hold a high stained glass ceiling that filters out the daylight. Additional light comes from two very old and large chandeliers hanging on metal chains. Five SENIOR OFFICERS, three men and two women, all in their 50s and 60s, sit behind a long metallic table on a marble podium at the far end of the room. GENERAL SELLAR, short, bulky with an open friendly face, is the Officer In Charge and sits at the center. The Aide points Stone and Westwards to the witness chairs set up in between the main table and the three empty rows of leather covered benches. The Aide move on to the main table, and hands Gen. Sellar a set of power sticks. Stone moves his chair around, sets his briefcase on the ground.

STONE

(getting comfortable)

Apologies. Place is going to hell.

Sellar looks to Stone, Westword and his own panel. Everyone seems ready.

Gen. Sellar loads the disks on his EPO.

GEN.SELLAR

Let's get to it. We already went through the latest brief from MsNSA in Oregon. It appears the *Europa Project* is full of surprises.

STONE

Yes. We now have proof of life on the planet, and no idea how dangerous it could be to us, even if we could get there.

GEN.SELLAR

Can we do that?

Stone shakes his head.

STONE

All designs run into paradoxes. We got the best people working on it, but so far we got no breakthrough. We can get to Mars only, further out there is nothing we can colonize till Europa..

GEN.SELLAR  
( leaning back )  
Mars alone is not the answer. The  
Gatians will not accept more than 200  
million people.

Stone is unmoved, turns to Westword, encourages him to  
speak up. Westword is reluctant, looks for support in  
documents.

WESTWORD  
We have studies telling us Mars could  
sustain well over double that.

GEN.SELLAR  
( gravely )  
Any chance your people we'll come up  
with a solution?

STONE  
If we don't start building ships soon,  
it may be too late anyhow.

GEN. SELLAR  
The mission remains to get people on  
"Europa".  
(standing up )  
It's kind of mind boggling to think,  
but had we signed the Kyoto Accord only  
60 years ago, we probably would still  
have some time and not be in this  
panicky mess. Do all you can for all  
our sake , leave no stone unturned.

INT. DERMOT'S STATION, EUROPA MISSION - DAY

Dermot is at work in front of his monitors, but "stuck".  
He plays with a laser pencil. On the screen, a display of  
his work: the basic architecture to encase a nuclear  
engine. Stuart hovers about. He has brought an apple,  
green, perfect, a memento to Newton now sitting on the  
desk. Dermot gets up and leaves.

INT. KYRA'S OFFICE, EUROPA MISSION - .DAY

Kyra is also hard at work at her workstation. Dermot  
knocks. Kyra looks up through the glass and waves him in  
with a gentle smile. Dermot looks for a chair, then decides  
to simply stand in front of her.

DERMOT  
(Dermot breathes)  
I think I shouldn't have come.

This is not going to work. I would like to go back to Earth.

KYRA

I am sorry to hear that, Dermot.

DERMOT

I'm sorry too ... about what happened between us. We got off on the wrong foot, but it was nothing personal, it's just that ... I can't do what I came here to do.

Kyra looks attentively, with a gentle smile, then looks out to Mars and to Earth below, outside her window.

KYRA

Why is it easier for you to believe in God than to believe there is no death?

Dermot tries to take in this statement but doesn't really know how to respond.

KYRA (CONT'D)

The world we think real is nothing but our dream of time.

Dermot is enthralled by Kyra deep blue eyes. Kyra is so beautiful, gentle and unconcerned with his troubles, that Dermot simply relaxes and smiles back.

DERMOT

My world is not a dream but a nightmare.

KYRA

I too lost someone I loved more than life - my son. He was seven.

DERMOT

I am sorry.

KYRA

I don't think of him as dead - I think he is still in me, back in me. I know I will see him again once I leave this body. There is no death.

Dermot leans back on the office wall.

DERMOT

It's true. I cannot think of Claire and Roxanne as dead, I sense - I know - they are not dead. And that's what hurts and drives me insane.

Dermot turns to look to space.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

It is as if I should go find them, but where, where could they be out there in this Universe?

KYRA ( O.S.)

There is only one soul, there is only one love, they are everywhere as long as they are in your heart .

Kyra smiles. Dermot takes her hand briefly.

DERMOT

( looking straight into her eyes)  
Thank you.

KYRA

(with a concerned smile)  
Don't go Dermot. Stay with us, work, let us help you heal.  
(Looking Dermot over)  
Put to good use an ego that simply doesn't know how to accept a loss.

Dermot breathes, thinks, smiles.

DERMOT

I tried Kyra, I really did, but I don't know if I can do what I do anymore. Whatever my talent was, I lost it.  
(Smiling to himself)  
I'm on the run, from Earth, to Mars, and now to Europa, Jupiter's moon.

KYRA

Stop now and start anew.

Silence.

DERMOT

I'll think about that.

KYRA

No. Don't think, just breathe and  
give some silence to your mind.  
Only then will you hear your heart  
and know what's right.

Dermot nods. He understood.

INT. DERMOT'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Music plays. Dermot, in the kitchen, cleans the counter and prepares a plate of food. Cheese, grapes, Belgian endives. Two yellow computer disks sit in a fruit bowl, next to an orange and a few blueberries. Dermot pours a glass of white wine. He looks out to the window, to Earth. It's still blue, deep blue.

CUT TO:

Dermot looks at the single plate he's prepared. He throws it against the wall. Bang!

INT. DERMOT'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Dermot sits on the floor, his hands pressed against one another, his head reclined. In front of him, on the floor neatly arranged are a number of pictures of Claire. Claire on a bicycle, Claire running on the sea shore, Claire in the bedroom dressing, Claire pregnant. And again, more digital photos appear on the living room screen, one every three seconds, automatically: Dermot and Claire with Pam, Dermot and Claire in a shopping center, at a costume party, trekking in the desert.

DERMOT

(on his DVD recorder)

I often dreamt of California,  
and yet I couldn't stand that  
place. Well, now I've done it.  
Work, work, work. .. for what?  
What have you got to show  
for it all ? Got no family, no kids,  
nothing .. work, work, work ...  
didn't you know that life is just  
a passing moment ? And you let it  
pass ...you let it pass. You fucked  
up real bad and now what!?

Dermot cries. Tear drop on the pictures. Dermot would like to smile but cannot. His teardrops distort the pictures. Claire seems out of focus. Dermot smiles at his pain. Dermot's DVD recorder plays back - by itself

DERMOT (CONT'D)

(still on the DVD recorder)  
You are not insane, you are simply  
exhausted, you have to remember to  
go to the bathroom. You must  
think joyous thoughts at least twice  
a day.

(Dermot sings)  
"No more I love you (Eurythmics)"

Dermot bangs his head backwards on the wall.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
(to himself, muttering)  
What am I doing here? I can't  
breathe.

Claire, sitting in front of him against the opposite wall,  
feels the floor with her naked feet - slowly -attentively  
as though she wants to 'place' herself.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
I miss you and ... I can't help you  
being here, and being glad that you are  
here. Don't ask me to forget you, I  
will not.

Claire looks at a Picture of herself amongst some of  
Dermot's electronic notebooks and gadget sitting on the  
floor.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
You know, I knew right away that you  
were the One, but I never got a sense  
you thought the same of me.

Clare looks puzzled.

CLAIRE  
I didn't want to get married - but  
then you asked me and I did not want to  
disappoint you, hurt you or lose you.  
You seemed to really love me ... got  
so serious about it .. and I loved you  
for that. I simply loved you my way.

Claire sits down on the floor. Dermot taps his head against  
the wall.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(turning to him)  
Dermot, don't look back on your life  
when you still have so much to offer.

Dermot keeps banging his head backwards.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(continues singing)  
No more I love you ...

Claire stands up, looks down at Dermot who, crawls toward her.

DERMOT  
You're always on my mind.

CLAIRE  
You always seemed happier living  
in there...  
(taps her head)  
than out in the world , even  
with me.

Dermot is confused, but unafraid. He points to the pictures. Claire drops to her knees, looking and smiling at the pictures.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
We did a lot together, didn't we?

Dermot can see Claire is transparent, just like Kyra was in the primary chamber. Dust particles go through her body. Is this another Gatian mind game? Dermot sits, leans against the wall, picks some more photographs off the floor.

DERMOT  
We had barely started and it all  
ended.

CLAIRE  
You got a new job, a new place,  
you're doing well.

DERMOT  
No, I'm not. I'm going mad.  
(freezing the slide show  
on the screen)  
I can't take this. I'd rather  
be dead.

Claire stands up, walks to the window. She becomes harder to see against the light.

CLAIRE  
There is only life.

Dermot stands up, follows Claire to the window, and slowly reaches forward with his hand to caress her face. He cannot touch her. Claire gently shakes her head. No body. Dermot doesn't understand. He endeavors to follow Claire but feels the glass of the window separating them. He puts his palms on the glass and pushes himself back. Dermot turns. Claire, now on the opposite side of the room, smiles.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Come to bed, rest your mind.

INT. BEDROOM, DERMOT'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Dermot walks in. The room is wide and rectangular. A large bed, lights on long stems. A holographic representation of Claire stands on the far corner away from the windows. ( This is a 'moving picture' of Claire on the beach in Malibu , feet running from the tide ).

Dermot undresses in front of Claire who, nude, sits on the edge of the bed. She focuses on THREE APPLE SEEDS floating in her Sambuca drink. Claire sits the drink on the floor, looks up and crawls to Dermot. They embrace. Dermot can't hold her. (Indeed this Claire is Dermot's 'dream of sex' with her)His arms go right through her body. She laughs softly and stands up. Dermot steps forward and embraces Claire, but again, she has no body. Dermot turns around, Claire is also both in bed and by the door. THREE OF THEM.

DERMOT

I'd give anything to touch you.

The Claire at the door crosses back into the room and wraps her arms around Dermot. This Claire has a body, the other two disappear. They kiss. Dermot caresses Claire, feels her body, smiles with joy.

CLAIRE

All you need is to love and be loved.

INT. BEDROOM, DERMOT'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Claire and Dermot make love. It's passionate, sensual, easy. Dermot is more interested in kissing her, seeing her face and her joy, than in her body. They make love and slowly detach from the bed itself. Neither of them notices it, but we do. Everything in the room that's out of place slowly returns to its place. The books close and put themselves back on the shelves, hard disks move next to the laptop, flowers bloom, Claire's and Dermot's energy is such that objects glow as they fly through the room, to find their own rightful place. Finally Dermot notices it too. A

pencil moves a few inches to stop next to a sheet of paper. Claire smiles and brings Dermot's attention back to her. In spite of that, now she looks out the window.

INT. BEDROOM WINDOW, DERMOT'S APARTMENT - DUSK

VENUS shines brightly in the sky. The glass reflects Claire, in bed, caressing her stomach.

CLAIRE

Dermot, you should have an another baby.

Dermot opens his eyes. Claire is no longer there.

EXT. EUROPA - NIGHT

Past Callisto and Io, the Probe flies once again over Europa. The surface is cracking. An aerial view of that one crack shows a 300 foot drop between the two newly formed plates. As the camera reaches close to the surface, on the lower plate, something magical is happening a small river of water is surfacing and icing quickly, releasing dry steam. The two plates are still slowly parting ways. Even more amazingly, in this barren icy white landscape, the Camera discovers a small blue lake, just forming.

INT. LIBRARY, EUROPA MISSION - DAY

Dermot touches the screen to recall and review the Nuclear Fusion Reaction simulation. The monitor shows a RING built below the hull of a double decker Shuttle. The Shuttle, with two sets of reverse wings, also has a much larger tail than version 2000. Dermot writes on the screen itself and the Computer recalculates.

INT. DERMOT'S STATION, EUROPA MISSION - DAY

Dermot click on the Nuclear Fusion Reaction icon, in red, starts the fusion process. A proton leaves its port to run within the ring and initiates the reaction. The Speed counter: 012345. The acceleration is extraordinary, so is the pressure on the structure. OFF. The ship's counter slows down. Dermot is upset. Something did not work. Stuart takes a bite on the apple, thinking: "Too bad."

INT. MARS SETTLEMENT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

A female singer plays the piano , softly. Light is dim. Maybe 10 people sit at various tables. Stuart leads Dermot towards an available table by the stage.

DERMOT

Your home away from home?

STUART

Not really, but... this is all the entertainment there is up in here.

DERMOT

Thanks for asking me along.

STUART

You are a lone ranger type of guy, right ?

Dermot smiles.

DERMOT

My wife used to say I could not find a topic of conversation that wasn't work with anyone over the age of six.

Stuart laughs and sits down. Stuart and Dermot order their drinks via a screen selection monitor encased in the table itself. Dermot looks around the nightclub.

STUART

(selecting a drink)

Nuclear fusion could take us to Europa's low orbit in 10 hours, couldn't it?

DERMOT

(shrugs- shakes his head)

Nuclear fusion would be like shooting a gun and wanting the bullet to stop two meters later. It will not. We have no way to slow down the ship. No brakes.

Stuart looks around for a waitress - and returns to selecting his drink.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

The ship would likely skip on any number of gravitational fields and end up so incredibly far away from Europa that it would be lost forever.

Stuart looks straight to Dermot.

STUART

What do you think are the odds for the survival of mankind in our universe?

DERMOT

50/50.

Something is not working with the selection screen and Vince is first upset, then gives up.

STUART

( unhappy )

Couldn't we use nuclear fusion to boost us along - nothing more than a brief burst - it would probably cut down travel time to six months.

A waiter crosses over, salutes Stuart as a "regular", and sits drinks on their table. Stuart looks back to Dermot.

STUART (CONT'D)

Couldn't we?

Dermot sips his drink.

DERMOT

Maybe.

INT. STONE'S OFFICE. - DAY

Stone is reviewing Dermot's tail test on his Plasma screen when Natasha knocks and enters the office. A long pause.

STONE

The work seems very good, but I'm told this guy is crazy or something.

Natasha stops for a moment. No response. Stone points to the Images on his plasmic wall.

STONE (CONT'D)

(lighting a cigar)

This sail concept for the new ship. Sails? What is that? It makes no sense - we had sails 5000 years ago - what's new about that!

NATASHA

He says we don't want to run out of gas light years away from any Station.

Stone smiles and shakes his head.

STONE

That's a good point.

Natasha hands over a mini DVD. Stone puts it in. Dermot appears on screen looking at a test on a digital code loop.

DERMOT  
The good news is we have figured  
out the architecture to get to  
Europa and back.

Dermot types a={af2455}run{0001010102001000 } and the DIR returns to Windows XP12, showing a "Planetary Map ' with a ship model flying towards Europa.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
The not so good news is that given how  
fast we can travel it's gonna be a long  
trip. It's about one and a half year  
each way. A three year round trip,  
which, you know, is really not much  
longer than it took Marco Polo to get  
to China and back, and we all know how  
that turned out.

Gen. Stone, impatient, talks to the screen.

STONE  
It's too God damn long.  
( to Natasha )  
What else is he working on?

NATASHA  
I feel uncomfortable spying on him.

STONE  
Come on Natasha, we need this. What do  
you want?

NATASHA  
To get him back home.

Stone thinks a moment, nods and stands up. Natasha takes a step back and leaves the office without a word.

INT. DERMOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

A table is set. A Martian sunset gloriously lights up the living room/ open kitchen. The Camera discovers Dermot cooking dinner. Kyra is sitting on a stool, drinking wine, watching him cook. Dermot hands over a small treat, a Chinese dumpling.

DERMOT  
Be careful, it's hot.  
(Serving the food)

I'll get you some water.

Dermot joins Kyra at the table with a bottle. He sits down.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

We have made some great progress. I think I should go home now.

KYRA

Do you want to?

DERMOT

(turning to Kyra)

It may seem crazy that with millions of lives in jeopardy, with all that's going on around me, it seems crazy I should be truly concerned only with my own life, but I am.

(tired)

I am not doing a good job of it either.

(Nearly whispering.)

I can't get away from my sorrows. How long have I been here? I'm slowly turning into a madman. How can anybody really trust my designs, it's beyond me.

KYRA

You are brilliant.

DERMOT

I am in pain.

KYRA

Emotional pain is the results of a mind's will to make an illusion real.

DERMOT

(showing a photo aggressively)

My life with Claire was no illusion. It was real.

KYRA

But in this moment it's a memory, and a memory is only a picture in your mind.

Dermot is upset. He stands up, grabs his glass, walks to the window. The sunset is amazingly red.

DERMOT

Kyra, the fact is that since I have been on Mars, my hallucinations

have become much more powerful.  
Overwhelming me even. Claire comes  
to visit me, I can touch her now,  
we make love. She is real.

Kyra stands up and crosses over to join Dermot by the  
window. She is very concerned.

KYRA  
(touching his shoulder)  
If you fall in love with your pain  
you'll die. Move past this moment  
in time, now!

DERMOT  
I don't know how to do that.

KYRA  
(touching his hands)  
Think the best of a world that has  
a reason for everything.

DERMOT  
There was no reason for her to die.

After a beat.

KYRA  
Dermot, there is no death but in  
your mind.

Dermot stands silent.

DERMOT  
What the hell are you talking about?  
I don't understand you, Kyra!

KYRA  
Ideas stay at their source, they  
inhabit your mind. When you think of  
pain, you feel pain. And when you  
think of love, you feel love.  
(takes a beat )  
Tell me three things you loved  
about her.

Dermot takes a long breath. He thinks of his love for  
Claire and strangely, for the first time, this thought  
makes him smile. Dermot searches his feelings.

DERMOT  
I loved to see her smiling when  
I woke up every morning. I loved

to feel her breathing in the night.  
I loved the way she knew me and  
she loved me anyway. I knew no matter  
if I won or lost, I was ahead in life  
because I had her.

Dermot sighs.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
I loved her very much ..even if I  
didn't know how to show it. And she  
loved me back!

Now Dermot is not feeling pain, but love. And that is  
comforting, and so he smiles at his own smile. Silence.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
I understand now.  
( a brief shiver )  
I am sorry. I invite you to dinner and  
then I talk only about myself and I  
don't let you eat.

Dermot invites Kyra to sit at the table.

KYRA  
(whispering)  
You often feed my soul.  
( sitting at the table )  
But your time is up.

Dermot serves food. Kyra helps.

INT. MAIN PLAZA, MARS SETTLEMENT - DAY

Dermot walk across the plaza. A water fountain - monument,  
park benches, PEOPLE having lunch on the grass. A YOUNG BOY  
is 'fly-jumping' around on a Hoover Board. Dermot  
recognizes Chelsea. She seems to be following him.

CHELSEA  
(passing by him)  
Follow me. There is more you must  
know.

Dermot, surprised and concerned, follows Chelsea inside the  
complex.

INT. MAIN COMPLEX CORRIDOR. MOMENTS LATER

Dermot looks Chelsea over. She hands over a memory stick in  
a secretive way.

CHELSEA  
Kyra is not to be trusted.

DERMOT  
What?

Chelsea takes a long breath.

CHELSEA  
*The Europa Project* is in danger. I need  
you to encrypt memory sticks of your  
work and drop them every week in that  
box  
( pointing to a drop box  
encased on the wall )  
Should you tell her about this meeting,  
Kyra will be arrested.

Dermot is stone faced.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)  
Remember the mission.

INT. DERMOT'S STATION, EUROPA MISSION - DAY

Dermot intently recalculates the architecture of his new engine. A number of CIRCLES appear on the screen. They split up in binary fashion: 2/ 4/ 8/ 16/ 32/ 64/ 128 / 256/ 512/ 1024/ 2048. It all happens incredibly fast. A chain reaction, next, a mathematical representation of the event.

DERMOT  
(without turning)  
You are getting on my nerves.

Stuart hovers over Dermot's shoulders. He steps back a bit.

STUART  
Well, I do that.

DERMOT  
(now turning to him)  
Did you finish your work?

STUART  
The calculations you gave me? Yes,  
I did. I filed them in 454B.

Dermot looks at his monitors. The reaction delivers 2.8% light speed. The SHIP sails in virtual space. Stuart stares at it.

STUART (CONT'D)

It's moving.

DERMOT

Go find something else to do.

STUART

I don't have anything to do,  
let me watch something real happen.

Stuart looks to Dermot who smiles and relents. They both know this test is of tremendous importance. The Ship speed is now 6% of light speed. It's fast, the Ship structures is tremendously stressed. Dermot types on the keyboard. A long tail deploys out the back of the ship. It then opens up to become a lasso. Electromagnetic force kicks in. The Ship speed decreases.

STUART (CONT'D)

What is that?

DERMOT

An anchor.

STUART

An anchor?

DERMOT

How else do you stop a ship once  
it hits 6% light speed outside  
any gravity field?

STUART

Good point.

DERMOT

I know.

Dermot keeps working on an Interactive pad- writing some  
new formulas:  $T-t_1 (x-y^2)+(t-t_1)=y^2$  .

STUART

An anchor. It's an idea. And  
where did you find... the ocean  
floor so to speak?

DERMOT

Well, in the Universe at large I  
don't know, even though I suppose  
we could hook up to interstellar  
plasma.

(Pointing to the monitor)

In this system, the Sun's gravitation  
pull is strong enough to create drag

anywhere. So we need a magnetic  
sail to capture that drag.  
(touching the screen)  
Like this.

The "lasso" surface is magnetized, becoming a LARGE SAIL.  
The ship slows down quickly. The computer flashes, FAILURE,  
and the ship seems to be on the verge of breaking up. But  
it doesn't.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
We need to calculate the level of  
stress that deceleration creates  
on the ship and adjust the tail  
drag - our "breaks" - so it will  
not crush it.

Dermot quickly writes some digital notes: 400010022200 (x-  
y)+(t2-0001101). The ship slows down to an acceptable  
30,000 miles an hour. The test is obviously a success.

STUART  
(excited)  
Hey, it works!

DERMOT  
Go away, let me work.

STUART  
Let me help.

DERMOT  
I'll transfer the test data to  
your station. Redo the math on  
the drag.

STUART  
(very excited)  
Cool. Dermot, you've done it!  
We are finally getting somewhere!

Stuart leaves Dermot's workstation with a smile on his  
face.

INT. GARDEN OF EDEN - DAY

About TEN PEOPLE, employees, assistants, engineers,  
officers, and Gatian security personal, rest or pass  
through the hall on their way back to work.

Kyra is standing next to an IMMORTAL, about 60 years old, a  
gentle smile, frail body, a great deal of presence, sitting  
on a high tech wheelchair - controlled via brain pulses.

KYRA  
Dermot! Over here!

Dermot, who's crossing the hall, turns, stops and smiles.  
He walks over.

KYRA (CONT'D)  
(to the Immortal)  
This is the man Earth sent us.

Dermot is surprised to hear of himself being referred to as such, but recognizes it is a fact. The Immortal looks up and over to him for a brief yet long moment.

IMMORTAL  
Come with me Dermot.

Dermot studies the Immortal's face for a moment.

DERMOT  
Why?

IMMORTAL  
How can you save the world if you  
carry its weight on your shoulders?

Kyra looks briefly to Dermot, encourages him to go. Dermot follows the Immortal.

INT. IMMORTAL'S SPACE - DAY

Dermot looks around the room. It's round. 180 degrees of glass, 180 degrees of some kind of metal maybe titanium. Dermot walks near steps leading to a sunken empty space. The IMMORTAL drives his wheelchair next to the large window. Dermot is impatient - but curious of his surroundings.

IMMORTAL  
Why?

Dermot is not sure he knows " why what?". He breathes, decides to speak.

DERMOT  
Why can't I get on with my life? I  
just don't want to. Is that plain  
and simple enough for you? I am doing  
the work. Why is what I want to do with  
my life so important to you?

IMMORTAL  
(with a smile)

It is not, not even to you.

The Immortal touches the tips of Dermot's fingers with both hands, a visible blue wave sparks.

DERMOT

(surprised but unconcerned)

Who am I without my memories?

IMMORTAL

(looking into his eyes)

You are God's son, with memories of joy and memories of pain. You have chosen to remember pain because in your mind it confirms you're still alive. But you can choose once again.

Dermot turns to face the Immortal.

DERMOT

Can I?

The Immortal nods and points Dermot to the wall. Dermot to is amazed by this new element properties. It seems to be vertical water. As he touches it with his finger, just like with a pebble hitting water, circles expand from the center.

IMMORTAL

Do you understand that you didn't give life to yourself?

DERMOT

(turning to the Immortal)

I do.

IMMORTAL

Do you want your true life back?

DERMOT

I do.

IMMORTAL

(with piercing eyes)

Do you want to leave your pain behind?

(With the kindest smile

Dermot's ever seen)

Do you want to come home to truth and peace and know heaven?

Dermot is enthralled by this mans eye's. He hears himself say:

DERMOT

Yes.

IMMORTAL

This is God's will and so it is done.

The Immortal walks away from the water window to the door. Dermot looks at him move effortlessly. Dermot shakes himself awake. The IMMORTAL is on the doorstep.

DERMOT

Wait a minute. Hold it.

IMMORTAL

What is it, Dermot?

DERMOT

(confused)

I thought...

(smiling to himself)

I don't know what I thought.

IMMORTAL

You're not the same.

Dermot shakes his head for a moment, he doesn't know what to think or say.

DERMOT

(voice over)

Everything is going to be alright now.

Dermot recognizes his own voice, and shakes. Tears come to his eyes. Dermot is surprised.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

(voice over)

I love you.

Dermot smiles and the smile doesn't want to go away. Dermot takes a very long strong breath.

Dermot keeps smiling. The Immortal has left the room. Dermot turns to the water wall, touches it, washes his face with it, cannot shake a smile. The landscape has now changed to a marvelous deep green forest. Dermot finds himself laughing.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

(aloud- nearly yelling)

I can breathe again.

EXT. GARDEN OF EDEN - DAY

Kyra is walking amongst the 'Garden of Eden' trees. She is resting her mind, breathing and stretching. Kyra isn't surprised to see Dermot walk towards her, excited, smiling. She smiles back and stops to wait for him.

DERMOT

You know?

KYRA

It's a familiar smile.

Dermot paces excitedly and Kyra walks slowly around the garden. It is a beautiful, warm environment. 3 Feet Tall trees' roots. Chinese Lanterns floating lights.

DERMOT

I don't know how he did it, but it happened.

(stops and holds her hand)

I can finally hear myself again.  
I feel alive !

Dermot looks straight into Kyra's hazel eyes. Dermot can see everything very clearly, sharply.

KYRA

Sorrows will come and go and go to come again Dermot, but life - life prevails.

Dermot smiles. Kyra hugs him.

INT. DERMOT OFFICE .- DAY

An intercom blears out general MsNET communication, while Dermot works programs files.

MSNET

*The Gatian Council, in accordance with bylaws CC124, has terminated MsNet TR licensing agreements with Earth Nations Union's South Ocean Region. The decision has been taken after the collapse of talks on transportation fees for the Region nearly 265 millions citizens displaced by recent floods.*

Stuart leaves his work station clutching two memory sticks to join Dermot.

Dermot stops by a computer terminal and types in his access code. The systems folder opens up on command. Dermot

scrolls through hundreds of files. Stuart hovers, nervous. Dermot checks the folder, dumps some files, duplicates others.

DERMOT

(looks up to Stuart)

It all seems to be in good order. Shall we test it?

STUART

Should we duplicate E22 on Gate4, just in case the systems crashes ?

DERMOT

No.

Dermot hits a command and a 3D Model of the ship appears floating over his desk.

STUART

Let's hope to God, it works!

A GROUP OF POLICEMEN wearing white uniforms enters the office area and briefly look around for Dermot. Stuart anticipates the action.

POLICEMAN

Mr. Turner? Please come with us.

STUART

Hey, what's going on?!

DERMOT

Go where with you?

POLICEMAN

Come with us.

DERMOT

Can't you see I am busy ?

Dermot is grabbed by the two policemen. Stuart steps in and gets pushed out of the way. Dermot doesn't know how to react.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

It's alright Stuart, it's got to be a mistake. I will go, there is no need to use force.

The Policemen escort Dermot out of the office. Stuart immediately gets on an Intercom.

INT. HOLDING AREA - DAY

The holding area tank walls are transparent and we can see both Mars' surface and Earth behind. Dermot, sitting on a bench in a restraining jacket, is banging his head against the wall. Kyra walks in.

DERMOT

Why?

Kyra stops to face Dermot.

KYRA

A violation of the MsNSA disclosure agreement. Specifically, you have been charged with sending duplicate files of your work here to unauthorized third parties back on Earth.

DERMOT

I didn't do it.

KYRA

I believe you, but you have been expelled and will have to return to Earth right away.

DERMOT

(standing up )

No, this is not right! I did the work, I got you the ship you need and this is my reward? God, how can you do that!? I am in a straight jacket. What are you doing to me !

KYRA

They told me you tried to hurt yourself. Why?

Dermot looks back and doesn't respond, then looks outside to a ship and two military escort taking off, then turns back to Kyra.

DERMOT

( under his breath)

It's a conspiracy. I never disclosed anything . Help me !

Kyra embraces Dermot. Dermot sits back down, suddenly tired of everything.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

I need your help, please.

KYRA

Breathe.

DERMOT

(whispering)

Kyra, listen. I know this sounds crazy, I know .. but you must believe me ... Claire told me that when she is not with me she goes back to Europa! I have to get to Europa.

Kyra is taken aback by Dermot's "confession".

DERMOT (CONT'D)

I must go there! We must build the ship and get there.

KYRA

Pain will come and go and go to come again, give peace to your mind, just breathe.

Dermot is puzzled by hearing this words again, recited as a mantra, and he is not buying it.

DERMOT

(upset, confused)

I don't understand! You are driving me crazy! With no past, no memories, no bodies, no will, who the hell are we!

Kyra hugs Dermot.

KYRA

We are souls going home, but your home is still Earth.

Kyra hands over TWO RED PILLS. Dermot is uncertain whether to take them or not.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Don't fight Dermot, let your life work itself out and find new paths.

Kyra puts them in Dermot's mouth.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Take these pills..

DERMOT

( swallows the pills)

Are you sending me back to heaven  
or hell?

EXT. MSNSA SPORT CENTER - NIGHT

Light rain. The center is lit by two light towers. Jason, mid 20's, glasses, slightly overweight, gets ready to play ball- softball that is. Natasha is on the receiving end, swings and she hits the ball wide. Mark runs for the ball, Natasha for home. They both end up sliding on the wet field.

A subtitle reads:

**MSNSA SPORT CENTER. NAPA VALLEY. NOVEMBER 10, 2052**

Jason , now sitting on a bench, reviews a set of mathematical equations on a digital board. He recomputes twice, still the result is just as surprising.

JASON  
They match perfectly.

Mark and Natasha walk to the bench.

MARK  
(catching his breath)  
Will you join a life , any life?

NATASHA  
(to Jason, runs past Mark)  
I run a reference twice too and both times all movements on Europa matched events on Earth.  
( Hand the bat over)  
It's your turn.

Jason picks up the bat, readjusts his glasses and starts walking to home base.

JASON  
Well, I said it.

Mark walks to the pitching mount. Natasha searches for a good catching position further out.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(getting ready to bat)  
Europa is cracking open,so earth is gonna do the same. Anybody scared?

MARK  
(getting ready to pitch)

Ready?

Natasha steps to her side, Mark fakes a pitch getting Jason to swing at nothing.

JASON

Bite me.

Mark pitches. Jason swings at the ball and hits it. Fly ball! Mark and Natasha both run for the ball, tumbling into one another and to the ground.

MARK

Ouch!

Mark is holding on to Natasha faking pain.

NATASHA

Get off me!

Mark rolls over, Natasha sits back. They are wet, out of breath, smiling - strangely happy.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

What if Jason is right?

Mark clears mud from his face, then from Natasha's.

MARK

Enjoy everyday to the fullest.

NATASHA

Lame excuse for getting in my panties

Mark stands up, offers a hand to help Natasha up.

MARK

(looks down at her )

Still hung up on that crazy engineer?

NATASHA

(gets up, lets go of his hand)

You don't know what you're talking about.

Mark walk toward the exit of the field.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

(yelling to Mark)

I go see him because he is alone!

MARK

We all are Natasha! And with a fantasy

love in your mind, especially you!

Natasha takes a long breath. Mark leaves. Jason follows.

INT. FOOD MART. LATE AFTERNOON.

A small modern store. Six aisles and a temperature controlled compartment on the far wall. THREE CLIENTS, two women and a man, all in their 40s, pass by Dermot who's reading a wine label, then continues on to buy sushi, salad, and fruit. Dermot selects everything carefully and drops it in a GE " Robo-Cart " who follows a step behind him. A woman in her mid 30s-Julie Nash, tall, long straight hair, looks Dermot over, twice.

JULIE

Dermot?

DERMOT

Who are you ? I don't know you. Please don't talk to me.

July stands still as Dermot moves away toward the exit. Dermot finds his ID card and swipes it in the slot.

MACHINE

( gentle female voice )

Hello Mr. Turner, welcome back.

The Robo-Cart drops the food on a conveyor belt. The food is automatically packaged and bagged. Dermot looks at it all, dazed.

DERMOT

I can't breathe.

MACHINE

I'm sorry, I don't understand, please repeat.

Dermot picks up his bags and walks to the door.

MACHINE (CONT'D)

See you again.

Dermot takes two more steps forward but wobbles and stops. A CLIENT, a man who looks much like an older Dermot, - with a few items on his cart, puts a pack of Chirpy Chips back on the shelf.

CLIENT

( looking at Dermot )

Do you need help?

Dermot looks back, turns, walks away. Food Mart automatic doors close behind him.

INT. BEDROOM. DERMOT HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Dermot sits naked on the floor facing a gray stone mesa, two feet high. On the mesa, leaning out of an opening on the side wall are two orange feathers, a large crystal stone, incense, a diamond earring, and a small Indian stone bear. Dermot bleeds from his palms and looks at them, transfixed. He turns them different ways, slowly, as if engaged in a ritual. We'd expect him to chant, but he doesn't.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER.

Natasha enters the room and looks around. All of the walls are 'filled' with drawings and designs, and formulas. Dermot appears from the corridor.

DERMOT  
( to Natasha )  
Did you bring more data?

Natasha shakes her head to say no and follows Dermot to the couch. Dermot punches codes on a EPO and a Multimedia Presentation starts playing on various plasma monitors and computer screens 'littering' both the walls and floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DERMOT'S HOME - DAY

A Earth Nations Union/ Europa Mission Logo appears, followed by TOP SECRET ENTER: PASSWORD. Dermot opens a little piece of paper, reads the password, types it. The page changes to a scroll menu. Dermot opens EURO SC/2. A 3D IMAGE OF EUROPA pops up on the screen, ZOOMS IN revealing three different but concurrent digital data windows.

Screen one shows: Electromagnetic readings of gravitational fields around Europa. There seems to be a shadow planet pulling the space/time field way off the planet towards Jupiter.

DERMOT  
I reviewed everything, ten times over.

Screen two shows: A spectrum indicating biological life on the planet at 100%. The core of Europa, mostly made of water, is shown to contain billions of infinitely small life forms. The spectrum shows them to be at cellular level.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

They seem to organize themselves  
in different patterns, multiply and  
then detach. But I found no repeats.

Screen three shows: Europa's surfaces and critical mass  
projections. It implies that once the cracks have rounded  
the planet, parts of the surface may detach from the core.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

This activity seems unrelated to  
the cracks.

Dermot returns to the Sea Quest, and types in a set of  
commands. A sensor scans EUROPA's internal sea. The images  
show only water. Dermot fast forwards, but he can only see  
clear, transparent, ice water. Natasha stands and walks in  
front of him, making it impossible for him to continue  
seeing the screen.

NATASHA

Dermot, listen to me. I am not gonna  
come see you anymore.

Dermot finally looks to Natasha.

DERMOT

What? Why are you saying this now?  
We are so close! We will discover  
life on Europa - and it will  
be amazing ...

NATASHA

(with water projected over  
her)

I don't care about that Dermot. I  
thought I could help you forget Claire.  
But you don't want to and I don't know  
what to do. Every time I come to see  
you I leave in pain.

Dermot doesn't react.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

You hear me? You are still looking for  
her in everything you do, in everything  
you hope for, and it's making you  
insane and me too, I can't take this  
anymore.

( Natasha cries. Dermot  
stands by unmoved )

There is nothing on Europa that will save you, Dermot. She is only in your mind!

DERMOT  
That's a lie!

Natasha turns and runs to the door.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
Don't go, Natasha. Please, I need you.

Natasha stops by the door and turns briefly.

NATASHA  
I don't love you, I pity you. I am sorry  
!

Natasha leaves. Dermot doesn't run after her. He is visibly confused, maybe hurt.

INT. DERMOT'S OFFICE, INEG - DAY

Dermot sits in his chair as Alex stands by the door, nervous. The room has been cleaned out and stands empty.

ALEX  
Duplicating your files? What on earth are you talking about, Dermot?

DERMOT  
Why did you do that, Alex ?

ALEX  
Dermot, you are scaring me again.

Dermot stands up suddenly. Alex steps back, staring at Dermot's pointing finger. It points straight at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
What?

DERMOT  
You betrayed me. You are one of them!

Silence.

ALEX  
One of whom? What are you talking about?  
I am your friend and I am telling you ,  
I did not copy any of your work, nobody came into this office since you were

committed to a ... psychiatric facility.

Dermot stares at Alex, then turns back and sits down on a chair.

DERMOT  
I went to work on *The Europa Project*.

Alex takes a moment.

ALEX  
Did you?

Alex moves to the computer, types in his security pass: AkX23T. Dermot stands back, Alex points to the screen.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(pointing on the screen - now showing Dermot ID photo and other data)  
This is a Earth Union Security Report and it says you have spent the last 5 months in a psychiatric facility, that you suffer from paranoid hallucinations and, that you were released from it 10 days ago upon request of your supervising psychiatrist... Kyra Spencer.

Alex stands back and leans back against a side wall as the Picture of Kyra comes up on the Computer Screen. Dermot is now confused.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(concerned - forceful)  
Dermot, plenty of people develop a whole new religious outlook once they experience a loss. Most end up talking about God is One, Immortality, Never Ending World, whatever. But nobody, and I say nobody, has ever talked to his dead wife non stop or professed Jupiter's moon is a repository of souls.

Dermot is surprised.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
It's all on tape.

Alex re-calls and plays a surveillance video on the plasma screen. Dermot can see himself in his Apartment " on Mars "

talking to a 'Claire' that is nowhere to be seen on tape. Fast forward. Dermot is standing around talking, alone. Fast forward, Dermot is sitting down, talking, still alone. Alex shrugs.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Dermot, you have been in no condition to work for a long time, and I have had to ask the Company to rescind your contract weeks ago, this is no longer your office. I am sorry but I must ask you to leave.

Dermot looks out the window, then turns and laughs.

DERMOT

You want me to believe I am crazy so you can claim my work on the *Europa Ship* as yours! But I will not let you! Get out of my way.

Alex stands aside. Dermot storms out.

EXT. BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

Dermot walks on the shore wearing jeans and a large white sweater. Without shoes, he feels the sand under his feet, stepping in and out of the waterline. A DOG walks by alone, oblivious to Dermot.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Dermot sits on a platform amongst dunes. The sun sets. Dermot looks out to the horizon, where a star shines. It's Venus. And it's beautiful. The light fades fast, visibly. Dermot turns to his right. A WOMAN walks down the shoreline. Long crispy hair in the wind, dressed in a long black cotton gown, a wool white sweater. Claire. Dermot is not surprised, he was expecting her.

CLAIRE

(with a shy smile, sniffing)  
It's cold.

Claire walks a few steps to the edge of the platform. It's nearly night. The stars shine. She stops next to him. Dermot looks at her.

DERMOT

(watching her in silhouette)  
I asked Kyra why was I chosen to design the new ship if everyone was

the same to them. She told me I had  
to figure that out for myself. But  
I can't, I can't figure that out.

Claire looks briefly to the horizon, takes a step closer to Dermot and sits by him. She looks as beautiful as ever. She leans on his shoulder.

CLAIRE  
I think they choose you because you  
still  
look up to the stars for your answers.

Claire takes his hands. Dermot realizes he doesn't have his wedding ring anymore. He opens the palm of his hand and rubs his finger to show it doesn't have it. Claire shows him his ring, and hands it back over to him. Dermot is surprised, takes it, puts it back on, looks back to the beach then to Claire.

DERMOT  
I'm not in pain only when I am with  
you.

Venus shines brightly.

INT. DERMOT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - TERRACE. LATER.

Dermot has once again prepared dinner "by hand" - lemon chicken, peas, corn, and arugula. Yellow, green, orange, red, white. He takes it to the terrace where a table is set for two, but he's not waiting for anyone. Dermot is dressed in his Navy Officer Full White Parade Uniform, his hat sitting rights side up on a terrace chair. Dermot sits the plate down, then pulls a TRANSPARENT GUN off his white leather holster and sits it in the center of the table, next to a large candle - blue on the outside, white inside. Dermot plays a DVM disk via a remote. Music sounds just perfect mixed with the rising wind. Dermot opens a bottle of wine.

INT. DERMOT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - TERRACE. CONTINUOUS.

The GUN is transparent. A bullet is clearly visible inside the barrel. The Candle light reflects on it. Dermot picks it up, handles it, put's it back down.

INT. DERMOT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - TERRACE. CONTINUOUS.

Dermot turns his attention to the beach. The tide is coming up strong.

EXT. TERRACE P.O.V. CONTINUOUS

Lora walks unsteadily on the shoreline. She plays drunk, sometimes hops on a leg. She is calling " *Ringo* ", her Voice Remote No Gravity Ball, which is floating over the shoreline.

INT. DERMOT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - TERRACE. CONTINUOUS.

Dermot looks at her briefly then takes the gun to his head without looking at it. He's shaking. He moves the gun into his mouth.

DERMOT  
Forgive me.

Dermot seems to freeze. Silence. A scream.

MOTHER (V.O.)  
No!!No!!

We wait for the blast, but it doesn't come.

EXT. TERRACE P.O.V. CONTINUOUS

Lora has walked knee deep into the sea but the Ball has moved further out to sea. Suddenly a larger waves pushes her back and she falls into the water with a suffocated scream.

INT. DERMOT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - TERRACE. CONTINUOUS.

Shaken, surprised, horrified, Dermot has seen Lora swept away by the undertow. Gun in hand, Dermot jumps four feet off the terrace onto the garden pathway below and runs toward the Gate opening on the beach. He SHOTS the garden door lock and runs on to the beach toward the shoreline.

EXT. BEACH . SAME TIME

Dermot, running, drops the gun, takes off his jacket and shoes. He briefly stops on the shoreline and looks for the girl in the darkness. He can't see her from ashore and wades into the water. He now sees her, barely, being sucked below by one more relentless wave. He dives in just as we can hear her MOTHER, mid 30's, once again screaming out her name while running to the shoreline.

MOTHER  
Lora hang on!

Dermot fights the wave, swims briefly, dives, re-appears and dives again, re-appearing on the surface with the girl in his arms. She's terrified, spitting water, gasping for

air and crying, in fear, holding on to Dermot with all of her remaining strength.

EXT. BEACH. MOMENTS LATER

Dermot walks to the shore with the girl in his arms, her mother already knee deep in the water, running to meet them. Lora is shaken but all right. The mother is under shock, in tears. They all stop, take a breathe, walk ashore, and kneel down on the beach.

MOTHER  
( hugging her daughter )  
I owe you my life.

DERMOT  
I do too.

The young girl shakes from the cold. Dermot stands up and watches Lora's mother embrace her and cry in relief. Dermot takes a long breathe. Now he feels like crying too , but he doesn't. He just stands there.

EXT. MOON AND STARS. NIGHT.

A FULL MOON can be seen in great details against the black empty sky. Suddenly Dermot feels the earth move under him. Both Lora and her mother fall to the ground. The their amazement the shorelines recedes quickly till their eyes can see.

DERMOT  
Jesus Christ! There will be a Tsunami  
... warn everybody to leave, get your  
money and drive east right away!

A siren starts wailing. Lora and her mother get up and run to their house. Dermot runs back into his house

INT. DERMOT'S BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Dermot takes off his wet clothes and changes into jeans and a black T-shirt. He quickly prepares a duffle bag. RoboMaid panics, moving back and forth under the bed. Dermot decides to takes it along.

INT. DERMOT'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Dermot gathers a number of memory sticks, downloads its house hard drive on a Sea Quest, grabs a leather jacket , and a couple of photos of Claire and himself off the wall.

EXT. DERMOT CAR, MOMENTS LATER

Dermot gives a last looks to his house. He knows it will be lost and sighs. He turns to the beach. The sea is so far back it cannot be seen! Dermot drops the bag into the car (a brand new GMC Denali) and drives off.

INT. DERMOT CAR, CONTINUOUS.

Dermot drives off in haste. The wind whips nearby trees, it has started raining. Dermot calls up the GSM Weather system. The Spectrum is so high, it is off the chart. The system signals a full alert . Dermot dials on the Car Phone.

DERMOT

Natasha?

NATASHA

Get out of your house. Leave now !

DERMOT

I know. I am already heading north.  
Where are you?

NATASHA

We are being evacuated to a NS-NSA landing strip north of Palmsdale , then to Nevada. Dermot, our Projections show the tidal wave cresting on the Hollywood Hill!

Dermot is now on the freeway. More and more cars jam the inbound lanes , everyone is heading East.

DERMOT

Jesus, the city will be gone..

NATASHA

Over half of California, Dermot.

DERMOT

Time to the hit?

NATASHA

Six hours.

Dermot sees a Quake Alert on the Car monitor. SITE 2-2344. Larchmont . A cracks appears on the highway. Cars collide with the side and central railings and one an other. A car swerve right in front of Dermot, who barely avoid a collision.

DERMOT

Shit!!

NATASHA

Dermot! What's going on ?

DERMOT

A Quake hit, it read as a 6.4 . Hung on  
I got an incoming..

NATASHA

But..

KYRA

Help....

(whispering)

Help me ... I can't move.

Dermot see the exit for Century City, gets into the emergency lane and exits the Highway heading back against traffic.

DERMOT

Natasha, a friend needs help ! Take care ok? Thanks for everything and ..I know that.. I don't... look, when this is all over I'll find you ...

NATASHA

It's ok. Stay alive.

EXT. LOS ANGELES. AERIAL VIEW. NIGHT

A river of lights leaves the city on Highway 405, 10 and 101.

INT. KYRA'S HOUSE. LATER.

Everything in the house is broken. All pictures and paintings in the corridor and living room lie on the floor. The sound of breaking glass. Dermot walks into the living room and stops in the near corner to survey the space. The Camera follows him as he pushes two supporting beams out of the way to enter a small corridor. Dermot stops, mouth open, crouched on the floor. Silence. Dermot can hear a faint sound. He removes a panel and below finds Kyra, covered in debris, bleeding from various cuts on her arms, hands and face.

KYRA

Dermot..

DERMOT

Anything broken ?

KYRA

I cant' feel my arm.

Dermot explores Kyra's arm, pulls her shoulder back into place. Kyra moans in pain.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Do you know where you are ?

DERMOT

You mean, do I still think we are on Mars instead than LA ? Something happen Kyra, and I snapped back to reality. You did a great job but ... given the situation we are in ...

( a brief laugh)

... don't know if reality is that much of a prize. We must go, the tidal wave will get here.

KYRA

How did you find me ?

Dermot shows her Business on Touch card.

DERMOT

I got 2 minutes left on this one.. Pam gave it me. I didn't remember I called you that night till I found myself in .. the same situation. It's like a door opened and I found a way back..

KYRA

I am thrilled. I thought I'd lost you .. I was at the end of my whit .. you didn't take those pills, right?

Dermot smiles. Kyra smiles back.

DERMOT

You are a very good psychiatrist Kyra.

Dermot helps her to his car.

INT. DERMOT'S CAR. MOMENTS LATER

The neighborhood is devastated. Dermot drives around fallen light posts, fallen trees, debris of all kind. Dermot is on the phone with Pam.

DERMOT

(on speakerphone)

It will hit the shore in about 2 hours.

PAM  
Come to the log cabin. I'll get in touch with MsHS, and let them know Kyra is with you, all right?

KYRA  
Ok, Pam , we'll see you there.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. EARLY MORNING

From the Hollywood Hills the sight is awesome. A long waves hits and covers Santa Monica and continue at an incredible speed toward the Hills.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. MOMENTS LATER

A GROUP OF PEOPLE watch in amazement. They hug and cry.

VOICES  
Oh My God, no!!

Dermot and Kyra look to one an other and get back inside the car. Dermot drives off.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN. MOMENTS LATER

The Hollywood sign is covered by water. Miraculously a few letters stay in place as the wave seems to have lost its strength and recedes back.

INT. OAK SPRING. LOG CABIN , LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Dermot explores his hands, making sense of the lines on his palms. He remains still for a moment, then he starts again, slowly. Dermot, black sweater and jeans, sits on the hardwood floors next to an open sofa-bed. Off balance, he briefly falls sideways, held up by the bed. He stands up. He's cold, shaking.

INT. LOG CABIN. BEDROOM. MORNING

Pam is asleep nearer to the edge of the bed. On the opposite side, PAGE, maybe 15 years old, blonde short hair, peaceful smile, turns around and wakes up.

PAGE  
Mum?! You awake?

Pam is asleep. Page shakes her awake.

EXT. LOG CABIN. TERRACE. MORNING.

Pam shivers as she walks barefoot to the terrace and sits down on a wooden chair. Dermot turns his hands while touching his fingertips, looks at his breath become steam. Kyra appears on the terrace wrapped in a blanket, and sits down next to him, covering him up with it also. She looks out to the woods. It has snowed heavily during the night.

DERMOT  
(leaning on her )  
Nature is truly all powerful...

KYRA  
( with a gentle touch )  
It knows how to makes us humble.

DERMOT  
(after a beat)  
I got to get back to work on a ship..  
(off Kyra's look.)  
The water is receding. The Hills  
stopped the wave but LA is gone... we  
will need to leave this planet and not  
for a fantasy land as I did ...

Page, who - wearing gray socks and a long T- shirt that says "Just go away "- makes her way to the terrace. She takes a breath of fresh air and looks around.

PAGE  
Wow, how beautiful.  
( to Pam )  
Is there any food?

Page doesn't wait for an answer and steps back inside. Dermot barely looks up. Kyra follows Page inside to look for a sweater.

INT. LOG CABIN. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER.

Pots and pans shine from a steel round bar suspended by chains from the ceiling. They've never been removed or used. The kitchen is only an additional piece of decor. A computer encased in a wood frame accepts on-line orders of anything anyone can think of wanting. The food in the house is transported internally from the fridge to the microwave or stove, cooked, and served on plates at the end of the counter Now however, without power, nothing works. Pam serves a plate of corn bread, cheese, rice, eggs and arugula.

PAM  
(to Kyra )  
We can last a long time here.

PAGE  
(stepping down )  
Yeah. Boredom is gonna kill us.  
( Picking and eating a piece  
of cheese, as she hops off  
the table)  
I'll take it to him.

PAM  
Page, sweetie, he needs to be alone.

PAGE  
I know. He's still hurting and lost,  
it's so romantic. You know what I mean,  
I don't know anybody like that.

Pam hands over a plate and Page takes it to the terrace.

EXT. TERRACE. CONTINUOUS.

Page steps on the terrace to hand the plate to Dermot. He's meditating with his eyes closed and doesn't notice her. Page sits the plate on the floor. The fried egg, orange and white, looks totally unreal on a blue plate. Dermot hears the sound of the plate hitting the pavement and opens his eyes. Page is crouched on her knees.

PAGE  
Food.

Dermot looks up.

DERMOT  
Are you chosen?

PAGE  
(sitting down next to him)  
Yes. My group was supposed to leave in  
2052 to populate Mars MsHH21. Maybe now  
they'll want us to go sooner.  
( As an afterthought )  
I'd rather live on Mars than below  
ground on Earth.  
( Pointing to the forest )  
I'll miss the woods.

DERMOT  
We truly mess it all up for you.

PAGE  
Yeah, you did. My favorite professor  
says the human condition is not to know  
what we have till its gone.

Dermot nods and smiles. Page is young, pretty, smart.

PAGE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. Pam says you loved my aunt in the old ways.

(looking straight at him )

Everybody I know thinks it's wrong, but I often wonder what it be like to love one man all of your life.

Dermot shivers, stands and helps Page up. Suddenly a strong jolt, clearly a Earthquake. Kyra and Pan run into the Terrace, the shaking continues for 10 seconds.

PAM

Enough ! Enough, you hear me!

Kyra, exhausted, sits down on the ground, shaking. Finally the temblors stop. The Cabin has sustained no damage. Kyra, Pam, Page and Dermot look to one another. Pam embraces Page, who really doesn't need it. She feels her I-Pod vibrate.

PAGE

I got an I-Pod Transmission!

Page excitedly plays the I-Pod video, but she is the only one that can hear via a remote earpiece.

PAGE (CONT'D)

They say the Earthquake hit in the middle of San Andreas Fault . . . 4 miles down!

PAM

( to Dermot )

It's not over yet, is it ?

INT. DERMOT'S CAR - DAY.

Dermot sits in the driver seat, and looks at a CHOPPER NEWS REPORT showing terrible damage to the highway system. Kyra is standing outside on the opposite side.

NEWS REPORTER

*San Francisco, a city that had barely survived the Tsunami 10 hours before, is now simply rubble . . . .*

Dermot looks at her. Then an incoming call signal, and Dermot switches channel. Gen. Stone appears on the monitor.

STONE

Turner ? I am general Stone.

DERMOT

General.

STONE

I don't care if you are a nut, Natasha showed me your work, it's good and we are desperate. I can see your position on Highland. I am sending a LearJet to get you... the Santa Clarita strip .. get your ass over here, plane will be there in an hour or so.

DERMOT

Natasha gave you my work?

STONE

Natasha, Chelsea, Stuart, Alex..everybody works for me...get it? You are *The Europa Project* and you're coming to Nevada, ok?

Dermot takes this information in.

DERMOT

I'll be there.

STONE

Good guy.

The video phone turns off. Dermot walks back to the Cabin.

INT. LOG CABIN, MOMENTS LATER.

Dermot determinately steps into the house to get his bag.

DERMOT

( to Pam and Page )

I got to go and help , you guys will be safe here, I'll come back in a few days.

Pam and Page are concerned. They hug, and Dermot quickly walks back to the Car.

INT. DERMOT'S CAR - DAY.

Kyra is nervously waiting for him and walks to meet him.

KYRA

I did all I could to help you, not *The Project*, I hope you believe that.

Dermot looks straight at her, embraces her, and the hug turns into a prolonged Kiss.

DERMOT  
Will you wait for me?

KYRA  
Yes.

Kyra and Dermot kiss again.

INT. DERMOT'S CAR. LATER

Dermot drives to Santa Ana , trees on both sides.

EXT. DERMOT'P-O-V .CONTINUOUS

Finally the view opens. Dermot slows down. In the distance, confused amongst low clouds, the Hollywood Hills have now become a mountainous island!

INT. DERMOT'S CAR. LATER

Dermot continues down the road. Shortly he seems to recognize a place ...

INT. DERMOT'P-O-V .CONTINUOUS

... and now we recognize it as well. An open field, corn on both sides. This is where Claire's accident took place! Dermot slows down to a stop.

EXT. OPEN FIELD. NEAR SANTA ANA. MOMENTS LATER

Dermot walks by the side of the road. A Metal Cross. Dermot knows the place. He planted the cross, he chose her picture, he cut the grass, and collected the stones. Her Indian amulet, her Navajo Bear. Claire, with her courageous smile, a long scarf, a favorite book, looks out across the valley. Dermot stops by it, crouches down, cleans the photo frame from rain drops. Dermot is near tears, and sighs, then he stands up.

DERMOT  
Claire!! Where are you, came to me!

Dermot turns around. Nobody is around, nobody. Just an open field, corn bending to the wind.

DERMOT (CONT'D)  
Claire!! I love you !  
( to himself! )  
I still love you!!

Nobody appears. The Camera pans 360 degree across the field.

CLOSE UP:

Dermot looks all around to the field, the trees, the sky. His face showing a rainbow of emotions.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

Claire ! I know you can hear me! I got to be strong ! I got a life though I refuse to live it, and I got a dream that may help us all stay alive !

Dermot opens his arm wide to embrace the world.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

You are the only thing that's mine ! Good bye my love, good bye!

The wind runs through the tip of the trees. Dermot smiles.

EXT. SKY. LATER NIGHT

The Horizon. Sunset. Clouds. It's turning into night.

INT. CORRIDOR, MCCD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Dermot, accompanied by a FEMALE AIDE has just passed a checkpoint and is pinning his ID in the proper place. Gen Stone is walking rapidly with TWO OFFICERS and runs across him.

DERMOT

(saluting formally)  
General.

STONE

(standing back)  
You're here, finally, I can use you.

They shake hands.

STONE (CONT'D)

Three Major Earthquakes in less than 14 hours, never happened before...ever.

The group walks down the corridor.

STONE (CONT'D)

This seems the start of a tectonic swift, which means the earth movement

is not going to stop and let us catch our breath.

DERMOT  
What can I do ?

STONE  
(stops briefly)  
Isn't it clear? We have to leave this planet and you have to build us a ship.

INT. CONTROL CENTER, MCCD - DAY

Inside the control room, computers, 3D holograms. The far wall is crammed with large screens. ENGINEERS are working at various computer terminals, placed in three semicircular rows. On the screen, a Canyon created by a crack. The plate continues moving.

STONE  
Buy property on the Canyon, it will be prime waterfront property in five years.

On a separate screen we can see satellite pictures of the south pole with fast motion projections. A huge iceberg is detaching itself from the South Pole.

STONE (CONT'D)  
(pointing to the screen)  
Six months ago that piece of Ice broke away from Antarctica and started moving northwest. It's the size of Illinois. An other six months and it will have melted. That means 2 more meters of water, or nearly one billion people with nothing left moving inland in a panic.

Dermot is overwhelmed.

STONE (CONT'D)  
(off Dermot's look)  
We have to move from Earth as many people as we can. Some to Mars, some - if you can get us there - to Europa. We run your Models and it all works fine till landing on Europa, then it all shuts down. What are we doing wrong ? Show me, convince me we can build it ...

INT. CONTROL CENTER, STONE'S OFFICE - LATER

Dermot logs on a computer {004-04978DIR4422} and inserts one of his G3Memory sticks. A set of digital data streams out, page after page, at first incredibly fast, then slower.

DERMOT

I didn't work hard enough. I was lost.

Data is now loaded on the mainframe.

STONE

Focus on something more constructive than  
guilt Dermot, we depend on you.

Dermot reviews the test DIRECTORY ( DIR). Gets to Linux244 M3 SYSTEM / SYS / EUROLAND.ddl A set of infinite 000000000's fill the screen. The DIGITAL transmission doesn't hold and all data washes down.

DERMOT

No time/ space continuum, no sparks.

STONE

What the hell does that mean?

DERMOT

The problem with *Europa* is that even though the mass of the planet is very light, protons and electrons can't escape. Therefore, no electricity can be generated on the planet, no engines will work there.

STONE

The planet is a white hole?

DERMOT

Seems that way. We'll have to park ships on Europa's low orbit, and sail down.

( With a shrug )

Power got us in trouble, now we'll end up in a place where we can't use it. Karma.

Stone bangs on his desk.

STONE

Karma?! People will rather die than move to a place where they can't start their car!

Dermot is amazed.

STONE (CONT'D)  
( leaning forward )  
Got to fix this. Any ideas ?

DERMOT  
The ship I designed will take us to Europa. I can make some adjustments so that the sails can open mechanicly even next to a white hole. But only God can change a moon.

STONE  
Ok. One step at the time. We set up a station for you, go to work, build your ship. I go find someone to pay and pray.  
(standing up)  
You don't seem any crazier to me than those other guys in there.

Dermot smiles.

EXT. EARTH UNION SPACE STATION - DAY

A view of the Union's Space Station. Earth can be seen below. The atmosphere is dying. Large areas in Africa and Asia are desert. Few clouds anywhere on the Equator, the ice plates on the poles are gone.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF LAS VEGAS - GRAND CANYON. DAY

The Ocean shore is now marked by the East side of the Grand Canyon. Houses have been built on the Edge.

A subtitle reads: **NEW CALIFORNIA 20 JANUARY 2054**

INT. DERMOT NEW HOUSE. SAME TIME

Kyra, wearing a T-shirt and short pants, sits down at the terrace table to write her "diary" on a laptop. It's very hot and she is sweating. Dermot drinks water. Natasha and Mark have just arrived.

NATASHA  
We got good news.

Dermot shakes Mark's hand and looks quizzical.

MARK  
(to Dermot)  
Europa is forming an atmosphere !

NATASHA

The President is about to give a brief  
on VH-Pod Net,  
( hands over her VH-Pod )  
Here...

Dermot places Natasha's VH-Pod on to a socket for feeding  
onto the large living room screen.

THE PRESIDENT  
( against a battered  
landscape)  
Brothers and sisters,

All look the monitor.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
New data on Earth's atmosphere has  
shown a steep decrease in the  
rate of atmospheric decay. Experts  
believe it is the result of radical  
changes that are taking place in the  
solar system with the formation  
of an atmosphere on Europa -  
Jupiter's moon.

Pam and Page come into the house from the veranda.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
We now know that this moon will allow  
our life to continue evolving in the  
solar system, and one day permit us to  
reach out even to other galaxies, other  
worlds, other dreams.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The top surface of the Dermot's designed ship opens and two  
metal masts telescope up vertically. Magically, two large  
golden sails open and fill with solar wind and the ship  
sails forward.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
Today a first ship sails to our New  
World.

The Camera pulls back from the Ship to reveal Europa, Mars,  
and Earth, all in the same frame lit by the Sun, against a  
background of stars. Both Earth and Europa are blue.

THE END.