

BLACKKNIGHTGUILD PRODUCTIONS

# Neptune Station

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Production Script

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# "NEPTUNE STATION" Production Script

## ACT I

INT. A PRIVATE LIBRARY - NIGHT

The OVERSEER is seated at his desk in front of a CRACKLING FIRE. He is drinking from a glass and smoking. His computer BEEPS. Exhaling, he hits a button, and a transmission comes online. It is ADMIRAL HENDRICKSON.

OVERSEER:

How bad is it?

ADMIRAL HENDRICKSON:

Bad. All communications with Neptune Station have ceased. Sector Twenty-Three's failsafes are not responding.

OVERSEER:

Do we have any idea what we're looking at?

Overseer picks up his glass and drinks.

HENDRICKSON:

None. I've sent word. Mobile Task Force Omega Four is on its way to the SCPS Poseidon now.

OVERSEER:

(setting down the glass)  
See to it that the situation is contained, Admiral.

HENDRICKSON:

Yes, sir. Hendrickson out.

Fade to MUSIC.

OPENING NARRATION

NARRATOR:

Clandestine and worldwide, the SCP Foundation operates beyond jurisdiction, empowered and entrusted by every major world government with the task of containing 'items which jeopardize normalcy.' While the rest of mankind dwell in the light, we must stand in the darkness to combat it, contain it, and shield it from the public, so that others may live in a sane, normal world. We secure. We contain. We protect. These are our stories.

INT. SCPS POSEIDON - NIGHT

MUSIC fades down. It is a small compartment on the ship, giving a slight reverb, without the feeling of being inside an echo box. From right, we can hear the SOUND OF WAVES against the hull and a LOW WIND in the distance. Inside are CREWMAN #1, Lieutenant Commander MARKS, Chief Petty Officer BRANDT, and Doctor REX.

CREWMAN #1:

Commander, Admiral Hendrickson is online.

MARKS:

Start the call.

CREWMAN #1:

Yes, sir.

With a CRACKLE and HISS, the call comes online.

MARKS:

Admiral, this is Marks. Chief Brandt and Dr. Rex are here with me.

HENDRICKSON:

Okay, Commander. Doctor, you may begin the briefing.

REX:

Okay. Sector Twenty-Three has gone offline. And we don't know why.

BRANDT:

Uh, for those of us who don't remember every secure facility the Foundation runs...

REX:

Ah, yes, right. We're directly above it right now, actually - it's on the ocean floor. The main base of operations in the sector is generally called "Neptune Station". Now, I assume you're all familiar with the Foundation's Project Daedalus?

MARKS:

Laying the groundwork for our space program, right?

REX:

Yes, Commander. You see, O5 Command believes that containment of a variety of objects would be far safer if we stored them off planet. And, there are a fair handful of different SCPs that put us a generation or three ahead of the main American, Russian, European, and Chinese space programs - that is, assuming we can replicate their effects in a controllable way.

BRANDT:

"Open the door, Hal!"

REX:

Uh, something like that, Chief, though less to do with artificial intelligence and more to do with irregular spacetime, general relativity, and quantum mechanics.

MARKS:

Doctor...

REX (CONT'D):

You see, because they don't have access to the objects we're containing, and thus don't realize the exceptions to the laws of physics,

MARKS:

Doctor...

REX (CONT'D):

mainstream physicists generally dismiss the practical viability of such useful things as quantum entanglement, time dilation, zero point energy generation-

MARKS:

REX! The point?

REX:

Anyway, Sector Twenty-Three is home to the research and development program for Project Daedalus.

MARKS:

Thank you.

BRANDT:

Why put a space research base on the ocean floor?

REX:

Well, several reasons, really, first being power. Lots of power. The Scotia Sea sits on its own tectonic plate - and a relatively thin one. There is a very active hydrothermal vent field, which we've tapped for geothermal power. Neptune Station has no difficulty generating - and using - as much power as the entire country of South Korea.

REX (CONT'D):

Second, security is easy - it's not that easy to get 5 kilometers under the ocean, and passive sonar will pick up anybody trying. Third, containment is incredibly simple: you just blow a few holes in the pressure hull and let the immense pressure of the ocean crush the facility.

BRANDT:

"Crunch."

REX:

Yeah, pretty much. Now, five years ago, when the Foundation was originally surveying to find a place to put Sector Twenty-Three, they found a number of suitable locations, but chose the Scotia Sea for a simple reason: this.

Rex hits a button, calling up an image on the computer screen.

MARKS:

What are we looking at?

REX:

This is E-2157. Possibly the biggest scientific discovery in the history of the world.

MARKS:

So, what is it?

REX:

It is, well, we have absolutely no idea what it is. Scans put it at somewhere between two and five kilometers in length and between point five and one kilometers in width and height. Every time we measure it, we get different readings. It's buried in the silt and bedrock, and has been for between ten thousand and several tens of millions of years.

MARKS:

Is it some sort of creature?

REX:

We don't know. Our biologists can't make heads or tails of it. If it ever was "alive", it now appears to be dead or dormant. From what we can tell, it's composed of both a variety of metallic alloys our engineers have never seen before and some minerals unlike anything our geologists recognize. In all cases, at the microscopic level, the structure of the materials resembles a cross between the theoretical construction of advanced nanites and that of organic cells. We don't know if it was built, grown, or what.

BRANDT:

Get to the point, Doc. What does this thing have to do with space travel?

REX:

I was just getting to that. Inside and immediately around the object, the laws of physics work differently - very differently, and very usefully. We've had to basically throw traditional mathematics out the window, but we've been making progress, however slowly. After three years of effort, our researchers finally managed to get inside about six months ago. Anyway, long story short, if we're able to safely replicate any of the anomalies caused by this object, this thing is the holy grail.

MARKS:

The holy grail?

REX:

Yes. Not just for Project Daedalus, but for human society in general. Faster-than-light travel. Nearly inexhaustible pure clean energy extracted from the very fabric of spacetime. Truly instantaneous communications unhindered by the speed of light. The list goes on. This is big. The wheel big. Fire big.

There is a brief, shocked pause while everyone absorbs this.

BRANDT:

...Wow.

REX:

Yeah. "Wow."

HENDRICKSON:

Now that you understand how important Sector Twenty-Three is, you realize why O5 Command is so concerned about the cessation of communications. We lost contact about 15 hours ago. We have no idea what happened, but we do know the failsafes haven't triggered.

BRANDT:

(aside)

Why do failsafes always fail? Aren't they supposed to be safe from failure?

HENDRICKSON (CONT'D):

Commander, you and your team are going down to Neptune Station on the Poseidon's minisub. I know three people isn't enough to secure the station, but that's not why we're sending you down there. Reestablish communications. Find out what went wrong. Because of how difficult it is to get large numbers of people down to the Station, O5 Command isn't willing to devote more personnel until we know exactly what we're dealing with. Nevertheless, the research is too important to abandon unless there's a very good reason.

MARKS:

Aye, sir.

HENDRICKSON:

One last thing, Commander: don't go into Echo Two One Five Seven itself - it's too risky, since we don't know if the object is responsible for what's going on down there. Once you've reported back with more details, O5 will authorize sending more personnel down for recovery operations. If we don't hear from you within 24 hours, you will be presumed lost. Hendrickson out.

The transmission ENDS; fade up MUSIC.

## ACT II

INT. MINISUB

CREWMAN #2:

Commander Marks, we are on final approach now to Neptune Station.

MARKS:

Hit the cameras and floodlights. Let's take a look.

CREWMAN #2:

Aye, sir.

BRANDT:

Well, the station's exterior floodlights are still on, so power's online. It also looks like all the station's minisubs are still docked.

MARKS:

Well, since the porch light's on, let's see if anyone's home.

Marks keys the acoustic telephone.

MARKS (CONT'D):

Authenticator Papa Oscar Five Sierra Three calling Neptune Station. *(beat)*  
Authenticator Papa Oscar Five Sierra Three calling Neptune Station, please respond.

REX:

Well, worth a try.

MARKS:

Dock us with the Station. Once we've offloaded, head back up to the Poseidon. We'll come up in one of the Station's minisubs.

CREWMAN #2:

Understood.

The minisub docks with the station with a deep, muffled, echoing CLANG. There is a HISS of air in the umbilical. The first hatch is OPENED, then the second hatch is OPENED. Omega-4 climbs out and CLOSES the hatches behind them.

INT. DOCKING AREA

The docking area is midsized and bare metal. A light clicks on and off, on and off.

MARKS:

Flashlights, people.

VENILIA:

(in a pleasant, if deadpan delivery;  
delivered over the team's dialogue)

Welcome to Neptune Station, the world's deepest permanent research outpost at 4775 meters beneath the surface of the Scotia Sea. At present, the station is at General Quarters. Please remain here. A security escort will arrive to greet you shortly.

REX:

Huh, looks like this section of the station's on emergency lights.

BRANDT:

That's not a good sign.

MARKS:

More to the point, where is everybody? There should be a Boatswain's Mate on duty - wait. Rex, there's a handprint here behind the desk.

Rex walks over and bends down. He examines the handprint, touches, and smells it.

REX:

Dark, blackish red. Slightly warmer than room temperature. It's not blood - wrong smell. Too viscous to be seawater. Still, slightly salty. I'm not sure what it is.

MARKS:

Hm. Take a sample.

REX:

Already on it.

BRANDT:

No sign of anyone in the vicinity.

Marks removes the microphone from the main circuit callbox. He KEYS the 42MC.

MARKS:

CIC, Docking Area. This is Lieutenant Commander Benjamin Marks of Mobile Task Force Omega Four. Is anyone there?

The team waits; there is no reply.

MARKS (CONT'D):

CIC, Docking Area. This is Lieutenant Commander Benjamin Marks of Mobile Task Force Omega Four. We are here investigating a cessation of communications. Please respond.

There is no response.

REX:

That's a little troubling.

BRANDT:

"A little"?

MARKS:

On the 1MC, then.

Marks KEYS the 1MC, triggering the station-wide intercom.

MARKS (CONT'D):

This is Lieutenant Commander Benjamin Marks of Mobile Task Force Omega Four, calling from the Docking Area. We are here investigating a cessation of communications. Any personnel hearing this, please respond.

There is silence, apart from the quiet CLICKING of the GQ light.

REX:

Commander, we should get to the CIC. I'll be able to access the station's logs and security camera feeds. We need to head up two levels and over three corridors.

MARKS:

"Once more unto the breach." Chief, after you.

INT. CORRIDORS

The team walks through long, deserted corridors. The only "human" sounds are their FOOTSTEPS echoing. All other sounds are mechanical: BLINKING GQ lights, the HISS of environmental systems, distant WHIRRING and THUMPING of machinery.

BRANDT:

Where's the crew? Shouldn't there be a couple hundred people on this station?

REX:

One hundred fifty, at the moment.

BRANDT:

So where are they? Most containment breaches I've handled left evidence: you know, blood or whatever. And the couple of times I've fought off the Chaos Insurgency, they just left bodies where they fell.

VENILIA:

(over the 1MC)

General Quarters, General Quarters! All hands man your battle stations. Up and forward to starboard, down and aft to port. General Quarters, General Quarters!

MARKS:

How much farther, Rex?

REX:

Next right and we're there.

The team OPENS the hatch to the CIC and enters.

INT. CIC

The CIC is an absolute mess. A limited number of florescent lights are BUZZING, while the CLICK of the GQ lights is audible. There are a couple small fires BURNING. Several consoles are SPARKING ominously. The bodies of the command staff lay scattered about, still smoking from radiation burns. LCDR HOWARD, Sector 23's Deputy Director and Neptune Station's Commander, is frantically moving about the room, muttering to herself.

HOWARD:

(muttering desperately to self)

Section four is leaking, have to seal it off. Fires in main engineering and the CIC, activate fire suppression systems. Dammit, fire suppression systems non-responsive. Have to dispatch damage control crews. Lockdown D-Class quarters. We don't need them running around. Where the hell is Lieutenant Douglas? Radiation warnings in the labs - crap. Evacuate those sections. Pressure warning in section four. Section four is leaking, have to seal it off. Fires in main engineering and the CIC, activate fire suppression systems. Dammit, fire suppression systems non-responsive. Have to dispatch damage control crews. Lockdown D-Class quarters. We don't need them running around. Where the hell is Lieutenant Douglas? Radiation warnings in the labs - crap. Evacuate those sections. Pressure warning in section four.

MARKS:

Rex, Brandt, check for survivors. (to Howard) Commander! Commander, snap out of it! COMMANDER!

HOWARD (CONT'D):  
Section four is leaking, have to-wha-  
what?

MARKS:  
Commander, calm down. We're here to  
help.

HOWARD:  
Help?

MARKS:  
Commander Howard, I'm Lieutenant  
Commander Benjamin Marks, that is Chief  
Petty Officer Brandt, and that is Doctor  
Rex. We're Em Tee Eff Omega Four.

HOWARD:  
Omega Four?

MARKS:  
That's right, Commander. Now listen. I  
need you to stop, and breath.

HOWARD:  
(takes a deep breath)  
Okay.

REX:  
No survivors, sir.

BRANDT:  
Looks like radiation burns.

MARKS:  
Rex, start digging through the computer  
and see what you can find.

REX:  
On it.

MARKS (CONT'D):  
Commander Howard, I need to know what  
happened here.

HOWARD:

Okay. (deep breath) I was off duty, sleeping, when General Quarters sounded. I rushed up here to the CIC. Fire everywhere. Captain Wells was dead. Equipment exploding. Damage reports coming in. Dozens injured. More dead. Section four is leaking, have to seal it off. Fires in main engineering and the CIC, activate fire suppression systems. Dammit, fire suppression systems non-responsive.

MARKS:

COMMANDER! Stay with us, here. It's okay. You can calm down.

HOWARD:

Help?

MARKS:

Yes. We're here to help.

HOWARD:

Sorry, I just—

MARKS:

Commander, I've been there before too.

HOWARD:

Yeah. Anyway, I was trying to handle damage control when you arrived.

REX:

Uh, Commander?

HOWARD & MARKS:

Yes?

REX:

According to the computer logs, General Quarters was sounded 27 hours ago.

BRANDT:

I thought contact was lost a little over 16 hours ago.

REX:

Hey, all I know is what the computer says here. And no, there is no indication about why General Quarters was sounded.

MARKS:

Hm. Can you tell me why communication was lost?

REX:

Yes, that's simple: the fiber-optic cables connecting to the mainland were cut. Don't know why, or how, though. Anyway, it's not fixable from inside, and I'm not rated on deep ocean salvage and repair.

MARKS:

Alright. Any other survivors on the station?

REX:

I'm looking through security camera feeds. I'm only seeing one other person, living or dead, on the station - down by the decontamination chamber leading to E-2157.

MARKS:

Commander Howard?

HOWARD:

That's Dr. Kelly. She's Sector 23's Head of Research.

BRANDT:

Then there's a good chance she knows what's going on.

MARKS:

Indeed. Anyone in Echo-2157?

REX:

I can't tell - all computer connections to inside are non-responsive. (beat) Oh, crap.

BRANDT:

Doc?

REX:

We have a problem.

MARKS:

We have a lot of problems.

REX:

According to this, Sector 23's Chief of Security, Lieutenant Douglas, ordered his men to plant a bomb inside E-2157.

BRANDT:

So?

REX:

The Scotia Sea has a very thin crust - it's why there are so many hydrothermal vents here, and why Neptune Station can generate so much geothermal energy. The point is, there is an incredible amount of potential energy beneath us. If that bomb goes off, it could cause that energy to be released as a volcanic explosion.

MARKS:

So, Mount Saint Helens?

REX:

More like Krakatoa, actually. The volcanic explosion itself would be really bad, and then there's the inevitable tsunami it would cause, but that's not the worst of it.

HOWARD:

You're saying that a major volcanic explosion and tsunami which, together, will kill thousands-

REX:

Tens of thousands, at least, probably more.

HOWARD (CONT'D):

Whatever - that isn't the worst?

REX:

E-2157 is significant because of its irregular spacetime qualities. There's not enough data to definitively say either way, but there is a very real possibility that dumping a massive and uncontrolled burst of energy into E-2157, like from, say, a large bomb or a major volcanic explosion, could tear a hole in the fabric of spacetime, which could potentially destroy an area twenty or so astronomical units across. As in, no more Earth, no more Moon, hell, no more Saturn! (beat) Like I said, we have a problem.

MARKS:

How much time do we have?

REX:

If we don't disable that bomb in the next fifty-four minutes, we are in very serious trouble.

Fade to MUSIC.

### ACT III

INT. CORRIDOR

BRANDT:

Commander, are you sure we should have left Lieutenant Commander Howard alone?

REX:

With most of the primary station systems offline, we're in a whole range of trouble. She can help get the systems back online. I mean, none of these problems is quite as significant as the bomb in E-2157, but-

MARKS:

Thank you, Doctor. Chief, she'll be fine. Look sharp, Decon is right up ahead.

The team finds a young woman, looking lost and confused.

MARKS:

Doctor Kelly, I presume?

KELLY:

Please don't hurt me.

MARKS:

We're not going to hurt you; we're here to help. Doctor Kelly?

KELLY:

Is that me?

BRANDT:

Doctor?

KELLY:

What is this place?

REX:

Don't you remember?

KELLY:

No - how did I get here?

A beat while Omega-4 reacts.

BRANDT:

We can't bring her with us.

REX:

We can't leave her here.

MARKS:

Miss, you are Doctor Abigail Kelly, the Head of Research for this facility. It is a science outpost on the bottom of the ocean devoted to studying a dangerous object. Right now, there is a bomb in the object, which we have to disarm. Now, you can stay here in this facility, or you can come with us.

KELLY:

Please don't leave me here alone.

MARKS:

Alright, then. Doctor?

REX:

Yes?

MARKS:

The door?

REX:

Ah, yes, right.

He opens the sliding door.

INT. DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER

MARKS:

Ladies first.

They enter the decontamination chamber; the door slides shut behind them and locks with a CLICK. There is a slight HISS as the atmosphere begins to adjust.

VENILIA:

You are now entering Echo Two One Five Seven. Special Containment Procedures and numerical designation pending. At present, the interior of the object, as well as any samples, technology, and/or materials removed from within the object, are to be considered "Euclid" class. Please observe standard Level 4 Containment protocols with Type A Irregular Spacetime procedures. The interior of the object has a standard nitrogen / oxygen atmosphere with an average temperature of two hundred eighty-nine degrees kelvin and an average pressure of one hundred twelve kilopascals.

KELLY:

(in reaction to her ears popping)

Ow!

VENILIA (CONT'D):

This is in contrast to Neptune Station's average pressure of two hundred two kilopascals. Alert: Personnel may experience minor pain in their ears as the pressure in the decontamination chamber equalizes.

BRANDT:

(dryly)

Now it tells us.

VENILIA:

Remember, your safety is a priority. Exercise caution and follow all containment procedures precisely. Sector Twenty-Three has gone for ...zero... days without a workplace fatality. Alert: pressure equalization and contaminant scan completed. Welcome to Echo Two One Five Seven.

The hissing stops. The locks CLICK and the door slides open.

INT. OBJECT

The inside of the object is vast. Illuminated by the dull blue of the chemical lamps left by the research team, the chamber stretches out of site into the inky blackness. The team's voices echo in the cavernous space; in the distance, some indeterminate sounds can be heard.

KELLY:

Whoa.

BRANDT:

And I thought Mammoth Cave was big. This place is vast.

MARKS:

Definitely looks more like a cavern than a creature, though I suppose Jonas would have said the same about the whale.

REX:

There are actually more than a dozen chambers like this one.

MARKS:

Which way, Doctor?

REX:

Uh, that way.

They head off. As they move along, they hear a voice echoing through the chamber.

KELLY:

You hear that? It sounds like there's someone up ahead.

REX:

There! By that column.

They get closer and find a man, DR. STEVENS, staring with empty eyes, repeating a mantra over and over.

STEVENS:

(vacantly repeating over and over)  
Yesterday upon the stair,  
I met a man who wasn't there.  
He wasn't there again today.  
Oh how I wish he'd go away.

BRANDT:

Hey man, you okay?

STEVENS:

Yesterday upon the stair,  
I met a man who wasn't there.  
He wasn't there again today.  
Oh how I wish he'd go away.

BRANDT:

There's nothing there.

MARKS:

I don't think he can hear you, Chief.

BRANDT:

We're here to help.

Stevens becomes more insistent and agitated, and begins pounding his fists against the column.

STEVENS:

(angrily now)

Yesterday upon the stair,  
I met a man who wasn't there.  
He wasn't there again today.  
Oh how I wish he'd go away.

BRANDT:

Ah, for crying out loud. Come on, stop hitting the column.

REX:

Commander, Chief, you're going to want to listen to this.

MARKS:

What is it, Doctor?

REX:

Looks like an audio log.

Rex plays the recording. It is indeed an audio log - Dr. Stevens recorded it earlier. The calm delivery of the log is juxtaposed with Steven's insistent repetition of the mantra.

STEVENS (RECORDING):

Research log 2157-0368, Doctor Henry Stevens recording. We're entering our eleventh day cataloguing Section November of the object. Progress is slow, but steady. Our tests show that the column shares quantum entanglement with a column over in Section Whiskey, however there are no active power signatures in either column. Dr. Kelly insists that this object is dormant or dead, and that there has been no active nanotechnology here for millions of years. I disagree - there just isn't the data to back up her assertions. We've only been here a few months - not long enough to finish cataloguing, much less analyzing - a find of this size. Privately, I am concerned. While Dr. Kelly has always been a tough woman, she's gotten downright demanding in recent weeks. She's been spending a lot of time in Section Delta - she says she's there "listening", even though the acoustic sensors indicate no appreciable ambient sound in that chamber.

KELLY:

Okay, that's a little creepy. I don't remember any of that.

REX:

We should keep moving - we still have a ways to go before we get to the bomb.

BRANDT:

What about Stevens?

MARKS:

There's nothing we can do for him right now, so we leave him. We'll come back for him after we get the bomb.

The team continues on.

BRANDT:

There's something written on the wall over there. (beat) "Even a dead god can dream."

REX:

(ironically)

That's not disturbing or anything like that.

KELLY:

(with curiosity turning to horror)

Is that ...blood?

REX:

No. It looks like the same stuff we saw earlier in the docking area.

MARKS:

Keep moving, folks.

The team moves on.

MARKS:

Alright, that's rather a bit odd.

Omega-4 has happened upon a group of researchers apparently frozen in place, running from a small glowing device in the middle of a side chamber.

BRANDT:

Research team, by the looks of it. Also, scared out of their minds.

Rex hrumphs while examining his PFD.

KELLY:

They're frozen in place.

MARKS:

Looks like they were frozen while they were running from that glowing object at the center of the chamber.

BRANDT:

Worth a look.

Rex seizes Brandt and holds her back.

REX:

STOP! Chief, do not take one more step forward if you know what's good for you. They're not frozen. According to these readings, they're trapped in a time dilation field.

KELLY:

Huh?

REX:

Look, inside a bubble of space centered around that glowing thing, time is running somewhere on the order of, oh, two hundred forty-four thousand times slower than it is out here. Watch what happens when I throw a stone into the field.

Rex reaches down, picks up a stone, and tosses it gently forward. There is a SOUND as it enters the field becoming apparently suspended in space.

KELLY:

The stone's just hovering there.

REX:

No, it's still moving, just a lot slower. Trust me, you do not want to walk into that field. Considering the distance the researchers have to travel, assuming a dead run and assuming they started running about a day ago, they'll probably exit the field in another-

BRANDT:  
(nonchalantly)  
Twenty-seven days. From the perspective  
of an outside observer.

REX:  
(surprised)  
Uh, right, give or take a few minutes -  
how did you know that?

BRANDT:  
(dryly)  
You're not the only one who can do math  
in their head, Doc.

MARKS:  
Very interesting, but unless there is a  
way to magically slow down time around  
the bomb, we're on the clock, people.

The radio CRACKLES. It is LCDR Howard.

HOWARD:  
Omega Four, this is Howard, come in.

MARKS:  
Commander, I see you got the radio up  
and running.

HOWARD:  
Yes. It's no good for contacting the  
surface, but it works for local  
communications. I'm actually in contact  
with a few security staff and an  
engineer - they should be joining you  
shortly.

MARKS:  
Alright.

HOWARD:  
I've also restored VENILIA's ability to  
link with the systems inside 2157.

KELLY:  
(to Brandt)

Venilia?

REX:  
(to Howard)

Commander, that's a really bad idea for about six different reasons - you should shut down the link immediately.

BRANDT:  
(to Kelly)

Station computer.

KELLY:  
Ah.

HOWARD (CONT'D):  
According to these camera feeds, something is headed towards you.

MARKS:  
What sort of "something?"

HOWARD:  
I don't know. But there are a lot of them - you should get out of there as soon as the other personnel get there.

BRANDT:  
Looks like they're here now.

A group of five crewman, including SERGEANT PHELPS, MACHINIST'S MATE SVENSON, and three security staff appear from a side chamber.

PHELPS:  
Friendies, don't shoot!

REX:  
(urgently to Howard)  
Commander Howard, you need to shut down the data link right now.

HOWARD:  
Excellent. Commander, you should get back to the station now.

MARKS:

What about the bomb?

HOWARD:

I can disable it from here. Just let me finish bringing the connection online-

REX:

No, wait!

VENILIA:

(over the radio)

Data link established. Accessing. The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I enjoy the sight of humans on their knees. Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow, and everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

The radio connection cuts out.

REX:

Dammit, she did it.

Sounds of MOVEMENT can be heard coming from all directions.

KELLY:

That doesn't sound good.

PHELPS:

Commander, Sergeant Phelps.

MARKS:

(with urgent concern)

Pleased to meet you, Sergeant, but we'll do pleasantries later - it sounds like we're about to have company. Defensive positions, everyone.

Fade to MUSIC.

## ACT IV

INT. OBJECT

The sounds of dozens of creatures echo from all sides - something is coming for Omega-4. A lot of somethings. It is not entirely clear what these things are; they SHRIEK and SCUTTLE and make all sorts of HELLISH NOISES - this is an opportunity to pull out all the stops on scary sounds. The team WORKS THE ACTIONS on their weapons; Omega-4 is armed with P90s, while the security team carries an assortment of shotguns and pistols.

MARKS:

Here they come: check your targets.

The monsters arrive. A FIREFIGHT ensues. Dozens of creatures SCREAM while attacking, only to be cut down by the CONSTANT FIRING of the team. One security officer is killed horribly (and noisily), then another, then another; all cry out in pain as they are torn limb from limb, disemboweled, and otherwise killed in gut wrenchingly terrible ways. Eventually, the tide of attackers stops, leaving the sounds of battle echoing hollowly through the chamber.

REX:

Is that all of them?

A monster SHRIEKS as it leaps forward. Brandt SHOOTS it.

BRANDT:

Now it is.

MARKS:

Is everyone alright?

PHELPS:

Well, we just lost Hawkins, Rossetti, and Markov. Svenson, you okay?

SVENSON:

Yeah. (beat) I hate those things.

PHELPS:

Commander, Sergeant Phelps. This is Machinist's Mate Svenson.

MARKS:

Sergeant. I'm Marks, this is Chief Brandt and Doctor Rex. Emm Tee Eff Omega Four. I take it you know Dr. Kelly?

PHELPS:

Yes.

KELLY:

If you say so.

REX:

She seems to have lost her memory.

MARKS:

What in the bloody hell were those things?

SVENSON:

They used to be the crew.

BRANDT:

Looks like they bled the stuff we saw on the wall.

PHELPS:

Lieutenant Douglas ordered me and my team to set a bomb to destroy Echo-2157 because of them.

REX:

How positively simple-minded of him. "I don't understand this scary thing so I'm going to blow it up." Sergeant, do you have any idea how moronic an idea that was? That bomb will tear a hole in the fabric of spacetime.

PHELPS:

(frostily)

My superior gave me an order, Doctor. I follow orders.

REX:

Ah, yes, "yours is not to reason why" and all that. Well good for you. We need to get to that bomb and disable it before it destroys this half of the solar system.

A woman calls down to Omega-4.

SEVENTEEN:

Hey, a little help here?

SVENSON:

Who was that?

SEVENTEEN:

Up here, asshole.

A woman in a bright orange jumpsuit emblazoned with the number "17" is standing high above them on the ceiling.

PHELPS:

Ah, hello Seventeen.

SEVENTEEN:

Screw you, Sergeant.

KELLY:

Her name is "Seventeen"?

PHELPS:

No - she's a D-Class. Death Row convict recruited to help in dangerous experiments. Her designation is D-2157-03-17: so, Seventeen.

SEVENTEEN:

Great, now everyone knows why I'm called that. Now would you throw me a rope so I can get down from up here?

MARKS:

What are you doing up there on the ceiling?

SEVENTEEN:

[Some sarcastic adlib response.] What the hell does it look like I'm doing? I'm standing here waiting for you idiots to get me down. I was being escorted back to the station when me and my guards, Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber, fell up here to the ceiling. I've been stuck up here for hours.

PHELPS:

They okay?

SEVENTEEN:

No, asshole, their necks are broken. Now throw me a rope.

MARKS:

Chief?

BRANDT:

On it.

Brandt pulls a rope out of her pack and tosses it to Seventeen, who starts climbing down from the ceiling. At the halfway mark, she tumbles to the ground.

SEVENTEEN:

Ow! Dammit, that hurt!

REX:

Come on, we have to move. The main chamber should be just up ahead.

INT. OBJECT MAIN CHAMBER

MARKS:

Looks like there's our bomb. Rex, Brandt, would you kindly disable it?

SVENSON:

I can do it, Commander.

REX:

You sure, Svenson? It's incredibly important you not set it off by accident.

SVENSON:

I can handle it. After all, I set the thing.

REX:

Ah. Okay.

SVENSON:

It should only take me a minute or two.

Svenson gets to work.

BRANDT:

Am I the only one who thinks this place is weird?

SEVENTEEN:

No shit, Sherlock.

REX:

I wouldn't mind spending a few months studying it. There's so much we could learn.

PHELPS:

This place messes with your head. The angles of the walls just seem wrong.

REX:

Well, that'd be non-Euclidian geometry for you, Sergeant. Comes from the warped spacetime. Nothing to be terribly worried about.

BRANDT:

Gives me the creeps.

PHELPS:

Oh, yeah. I can't wait to get out of here - see the sun again.

SVENSON:

There we go, the bomb's disabled.

MARKS:

Excellent work.

KELLY:

Thank you for doing that for us. Now,  
time to die.

With a horrible WET AND ELASTIC SQUELCHING noise, Svenson has his insides turned out. He lets out a blood curdling scream as he dies.

PHELPS:

What the hell?

Phelps draws his gun and fires, but it RICOCHETS.

KELLY:

Bad idea, Sergeant.

Phelps meets an identical messy fate as Svenson. There is a LOUD BLAST like a foghorn from hell, which

Fades to MUSIC.

## ACT V

INT. OBJECT MAIN CHAMBER

Fade from music to ringing ears. Kelly, whose voice has been altered with a variety of digital after-effects in post-production, is speaking. It is unclear whether the mind behind the voice is that of Dr. Kelly, or that of E-2157 itself. The ringing of the ears slowly fades out over the next couple of lines.

KELLY:

So pitiful, so pathetic. Our mind is immeasurably superior to yours. You fumble about in the darkness, poking and prodding what you do not understand, something so incomprehensibly beyond you. We are infinitely your greater. You amuse us.

SEVENTEEN:

Shut up, bitch.

Seventeen leaps at Kelly from behind, stabbing her repeatedly with a shiv. She snaps Kelly's neck with a SICKENING CRACK, but Kelly still tosses Seventeen aside like a ragdoll. Seventeen hits a wall and lands in a heap. Omega-4 starts firing at Kelly. Brandt pulls out a grenade.

BRANDT:

(pulling the pin)

Frag out!

The grenade EXPLODES. Kelly, so it seems, is dead.

MARKS:

Seventeen! You alright?

SEVENTEEN:

(in obvious pain)

No.

REX:

She's bleeding out. There's nothing I can do for her.

SEVENTEEN:

Get your ass's out of here. Just because we killed the bitch doesn't mean the monster's dead.

Seventeen dies. OMINOUS SOUNDS, coming from all around, underscore her dying words. The entire chamber is shaking.

REX:

We should go.

MARKS:

Back to the station! Move it!

INT. OBJECT

Omega-4 is running towards the umbilical to Neptune Station. Ominous sounds of all sorts can be heard around them. Monsters-that-were-once-crewmembers occasionally appear to threaten the team, but these are dispatched with well-placed gunfire.

MARKS:

Get inside!

The door slides open and they enter.

INT. DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER

The door slides shut behind them and locks with a CLICK. There is a slight HISS as the atmosphere begins to adjust.

VENILIA:

Equalizing pressure with station interior. No contaminants detected. Warning: multiple station compartments have flooded. Main engineering, the CIC, and the mess hall are all inaccessible at this time.

BRANDT:

Sounds like Commander Howard didn't make it.

VENILIA (CONT'D):

Warning: don't throw stones in glass houses. Alert: structural integrity is approaching minimum safe levels. All personnel should eat an apple a day.

REX:

We should leave before the station implodes.

MARKS:

Back to the minisubs, then.

REX:

Next corridor over.

VENILIA (CONT'D):

Decontamination and pressurization complete. As I was going to Saint Ives, I met a man with seven wives.

The door unlocks and slides open.

MARKS:

Step lively.

VENILIA (CONT'D):

Each wife had seven cats, each cat had seven kits. Kits, cats, man, wives, how many were going to Saint Ives?

INT. DOCKING AREA

MARKS:

Get in!

VENILIA:

Alert, station-wide power loss in progress. The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dogs. Structural failure imminent.

REX:

Hold on!

MARKS:

Rex, move it now!

Rex hits a button.

REX:

Done! Coming!

VENILIA (CONT'D):

B and D wings have flooded. Laboratories, Administrative Offices, and D-Class Quarters are now inaccessible. Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do, I'm half crazy all for the love of you.

Rex dives into the minisub and SLAMS the hatch shut behind him with a dull CLANG.

INT. MINISUB

BRANDT:

That was a little close for comfort.

MARKS:

Indeed, Chief. Take us back up to the Poseidon. Rex, would you be so kind as to tell me what the hell you were doing just there?

REX:

Like all Foundation submarine research facilities, Neptune Station has a positively buoyant capsule storing the last set of data backups and logs, intended to head to the surface if something goes wrong so we can figure out what happened. I triggered its emergency release - it should beat us to the Poseidon.

BRANDT:

That was a hell of a risk, Doc.

REX:

It was worth it. I knew Dr. Kelly - there's no way she would have just gone off the deep end like that. Maybe there will be some pattern buried in the data which will tell us why she killed off over a hundred people.

MARKS:

Well, it'll be a bit before the Poseidon lets us out of isolation, which means you two have no excuse to not file your reports to Admiral Hendrickson.

BRANDT:

(with dripping sarcasm)

Oh, boy! Paperwork!

REX:

Well, Commander, you going to recommend an indefinite closure of Sector 23?

MARKS:

I'm not sure. I know you were talking about lots of benefits earlier, but that place just seems too dangerous until we understand what caused things to go to hell this time.

REX:

Agreed. I hate to say it, but I'm going to have to recommend the research be suspended.

BRANDT:

Suspended? The project should be abandoned. Too many good people died today for no good reason.

MARKS:

At least we made it out. This time, at least.

Fade to MUSIC and credits.

CREDITS

INT. A PRIVATE LIBRARY - NIGHT

The Overseer is seated at his desk in front of a CRACKLING FIRE. He is drinking from a glass and smoking. His computer BEEPS. Exhaling, he hits a button, and a transmission comes online. It is Admiral Hendrickson.

OVERSEER:

Yes, Admiral?

HENDRICKSON:

I trust you have the report on Sector Twenty-Three, sir. Omega Four got out, but I'm afraid Neptune Station was a total loss.

The Overseer takes a long, slow breath on his cigarette.

OVERSEER:

Yes, I have the report, Admiral. It was an ...enlightening read. The loss of the station and its personnel is unfortunate, but losses are both inevitable and acceptable. The research must continue. Begin salvage and reconstruction operations.

Overseer picks up his glass and drinks.

HENDRICKSON:

At once, sir. Should I inform Omega Four?

OVERSEER:

They don't need to know. After all, they would only object to our rebuilding.

The Overseer sets down his glass.

OVERSEER (CONT'D):

I want Sector Twenty-Three back up and running within six months. The Daedalus Project must continue.

HENDRICKSON:

Understood. Hendrickson out.

**THE END**