



STATION SIDE

"Pilot"

Written by
Peter Binswanger

Gotham Group
1041 N Formosa Ave
Formosa West Building, Suite 200
West Hollywood, CA, 90046
424.288.5414

TEASER / ACT ONE

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Overlooking the rooftops of downtown Hollywood sits the decrepit HOLLYWOODLAND SIGN. Fireworks POP in the sky above.

SUPER: Los Angeles. December 31, 1949.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

More POPs as flash bulbs illuminate a throng of reporters. A '47 FORD POLICE SPECIAL pulls up to the curb and out steps homicide detective **GORDON DECKER** (mid 40's). He wades through the reporters and past a police barricade to greet the CORONER already on the scene.

CORONER

Why can't anyone get murdered on a weekday?

DECKER

Cheer up. I brought you a bottle.

Decker pulls a CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE out of his jacket and pops the cork.

DECKER (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Happy New Year.

He tosses the bottle to the coroner, who takes a swig. The two men walk towards a CORPSE draped in white cloth.

DECKER (CONT'D)

What am I looking at?

CORONER

We've got a single vic. Society girl. She's cut open at the waist and completely drained of blood. Judging by the body temperature, I'd say she's been dead less than 12 hours.

DECKER

Any chance it's a copycat?

CORONER

Unlikely, the cuts are too similar.

Decker kneels, pulling back the cloth to inspect the body.

DECKER

The Black Dahlia killer strikes again. We've gotta pinch this guy before these newspaper clowns catch wind of it and bring the circus back to town.

Decker notices a crinkled envelope clenched tightly in her fist.

CORONER

That was placed post-mortem. She's got a pretty good grip on it. We'll have to wait until after the autopsy to get it loose without any damage to the body...

But Decker just CRUNCHES the girl's fist open. He opens the envelope and scans the document.

CORONER (CONT'D)

... Or you could just break her hand.

DECKER

(reading)

My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings: Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair.

Decker carefully brushes aside the girls hair. An "X" has been cut into her neck.

DECKER (CONT'D)

He's got a way with words doesn't he?

CORONER

It's Shelly.

DECKER

Huh?

CORONER

The note. Percy Shelly?
(off Decker, no clue)
... It's a gothic poem.

DECKER

You read gothic poems?

CORONER

I'm a coroner.

Decker turns the letter over to reveal an address and company watermark depicting the two faces of the greek god JANUS.

DECKER

Well that makes things easier. It's like the guy wants to be caught.

CORONER

A killer begging to be punished? According to forensic psychologists it's fairly common. I believe Freud calls it "unconscious guilt."

DECKER

I call it wishful thinking. If this guy wants to be caught he should turn himself in. Save me the trouble.

Decker pockets the letter and heads back to the squad car.

DECKER (CONT'D)

I'm keeping the letter. Oh, and by the way, this didn't happen.

CORONER

What? Impeding a federal murder investigation? Removing evidence? Desecrating a corpse?

DECKER

All of it. Especially the corpse part. You'll give people the wrong idea.

Decker fights his way back to the squad-car. The reporters are all over him.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Decker pulls up to a dimly lit warehouse. A time worn logo above the door matches the watermark from the letter that he pulled off of the corpse.

Below the logo, a sign reads JANUS.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The door kicks open and Decker steps inside. It's a trove of strange scientific equipment. Electricity crackles from Tesla coils, while large machines emit a low hum.

DECKER

Hello? LAPD! Anyone home?

Decker walks towards a makeshift operating table. Resting in a metal tray he finds an INTRICATE SCALPEL, dripping blood.

A SKULL engraved on the grip appears decidedly NON-HUMAN.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Yikes.

Decker flips the safety off his Colt M1911 and follows a trail of blood from the tray to a large GLASS TUBE. It's pumping a GLOWING LIQUID into an adjacent MEAT FREEZER. He wipes the frost off a small window and peers inside...

A disfigured HUMAN FACE stares back at him.

Decker startles backwards, bumping into the operating table. He turns, stopping test tubes from rolling away, but notices the empty try. There's an outline in the blood...

THE SCALPEL IS MISSING!

Without warning, Decker is suddenly TACKLED to the ground by a SHADOWY FIGURE! His gun skitters across the floor as the scalpel plunges down towards his face.

Decker grabs his attacker's wrist with both hands. Still the scalpel inches closer. He's being overpowered. The blade hovers only a few inches above his open eyeball.

Taking a risk, Decker lets go with his right hand, instead using it to reach for his gun.

He wiggles his fingertips, just barely able to touch the barrel. Regaining control he PISTOL-WHIPS his attacker and...

Reeling, the attacker overturns a table, showering Decker with medical equipment, and takes off through the building. But Decker just shakes off the bits of broken glass and darts after the figure, full sprint.

DECKER (CONT'D)

POLICE! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

They burst through a metal door and out to...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The figure leaps a fence with ease.

DECKER

Bouncy son-of-a-bitch.

Decker struggles to vault himself over. He's losing ground.

Almost out of sight, the figure turns a corner. Decker charges around the bend at full speed and...

CRACK!

Something metal catches Decker in the ribs and he crumples to the asphalt. Decker looks up at the looming silhouette, but his vision is blurred. As he loses consciousness we...

FADE OUT.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Nature sounds.

Decker's eyes open. He's lying NAKED in the grass, his colt sitting next to him. He grabs the gun and groggily stumbles to his feet.

He checks the clip. Still loaded.

Decker looks around, grasping for a landmark, but he's surrounded on all sides by massive ever-green trees.

DECKER
Red woods? In LA?

He hears laughter in the distance.

Through the foliage Decker spots a mother and daughter enjoying a picnic. He's too relieved to notice their OUTLANDISH CLOTHING.

Covering himself as best he can, Decker approaches.

DECKER (CONT'D)
Excuse me, ma'am. I'm a police officer. Could you please tell me where I can find a phone?

The mother stares blankly at the naked man standing in front of her. They see the gun. Her daughter screams and the two take off running. Decker grabs their blanket and wraps it around his waist.

DECKER (CONT'D)
Hey, wait a sec! You forgot your blanket!

He starts after them, but quickly gives in.

Behind him, Decker hears a strange whirring sound. A small ROBOT GARDENER emerges from behind a tree.

It ignores Decker, rolling on to the next tree, systematically trimming each branch as it goes.

DECKER (CONT'D)

What in God's name...

Decker follows the robot up a short hill, struggling to comprehend what he's seeing. As he reaches the summit, a FLYING CAR zips overhead. He barely notices, in awe of the seemingly impossible horizon...

All around Decker the world curls upward as if he were on the inside of a MASSIVE CYLINDER. Its surface area alternates between NEVER ENDING METROPOLIS and giant windows that look out onto STARS.

Decker's blanket drops to his ankles as he realizes that he's in OUTER-SPACE!

But a WOOP snaps him back to reality as the flying car returns to view, lights flashing. Featured prominently across the vehicle's side is the word "POLICE."

POLICE OFFICER

(over loudspeaker)

Place your hands over your head!

You're under arrest!

INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN - DAY

It's what you'd expect from a police station, but in a 1950's *
retro-futuristic kind of way. It's also pretty deserted.

A smattering of CONFETTI and CHEAP DECORATIONS has yet to be
cleaned up from the office party the night before. A ROBOT
sits expressionless at its desk, while another officer *
entertains himself by tossing trash at it. It doesn't react.

A BANNER reads: "2450! HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Suddenly, Decker is forcibly escorted into the station
wearing a bright prison jumpsuit. The few officers on hand
gawk at the commotion.

DECKER

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME. I'M

TELLING YOU, I'M A COP!

INT. POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Decker is shoved inside. He cups his hands around his eyes
and presses against the one-way-mirror, trying to look in.
But he can't see anything.

DECKER
Hey, just hear me out!
(no response)
... bastards.

As Decker pulls away from his reflection, he notices an "X" SCARRED on the side of his neck. It looks old, and yet he's never seen it before.

DECKER (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Off Decker, realizing that he's been BRANDED with the killer's mark...

INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN - DAY

Back in the bullpen, Detective **ROGER SIMMS** (mid thirties, big glasses) sits at his desk opposite **HELEN MIYAMOTO**, an eccentric woman wearing a Carter-Wei uniform.

Simms is clearly distracted by Decker's muffled yelling in the interrogation room.

MIYAMOTO
Excuse me?

Simms's attention returns to the work at hand. He types on a holographic keyboard.

SIMMS
Sorry. Helen Miyamoto, is that correct?

MIYAMOTO
Yes. I work for the Pharmaceutical division at Carter-Wei. I need to report a stolen freight container.

SIMMS
Can you describe the contents of the container? If it was pirates, they'll probably sell the cargo piecemeal.

MIYAMOTO
... like what was inside it?
(off Simms)
Um, I don't know specifically...
probably pharmaceuticals?

Simms stops typing.

SIMMS

You don't have a manifest or anything?

MIYAMOTO

Oh. They might at the warehouse. They handle all the freight information. I just design the computers.

SIMMS

So why'd the company send you?

MIYAMOTO

They didn't. I'm not sure that they've even realized it's missing.

SIMMS

I see... you didn't tell anyone.

MIYAMOTO

Um, no. I thought it was best to come straight to the police.

Across the room, chief of police **REBECCA MURPHY**, 30's, steps out of her office. The bullpen scrambles to look busy.

MURPHY

Simms! A word.

SIMMS

(to Miyamoto)

Could you excuse me for a second?

INT. POLICE HQ - HALLWAY - DAY

Simms catches up to Murphy. They walk alongside each other.

SIMMS

Chief, I'm actually in the middle of something...

MURPHY

The robot can handle it. I don't have enough detectives to start wasting them on shipping errors.

SIMMS

Enough detectives? But we don't have enough crimes. That container could be full of drugs.

MURPHY

C'mon. Look at that girl. If
anythings full of drugs, it's her
brain. Besides, you're an Earthling
right?

SIMMS

I prefer the term resident
terrestrial.

MURPHY

Right, "terrestrial." Well I've got
the perfect case for you.

INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN - DAY

Simms sits across from Decker, who's now in handcuffs. Simms
scans the police report on his computer.

SIMMS

You were arrested for...
(reading)
... Carrying an unlicensed antique
pistol, *while completely naked?*
(eye roll)
Well I guess that's one way to ring
in the New Year.

DECKER

And you're supposed to be what?
Some sort of space dick?

SIMMS

Please, you're the one flashing
people, I'm just reading the
report.

DECKER

I mean you're a detective?

SIMMS

Unfortunately. Can I get your name
and date of birth?

DECKER

How about first you tell me who's
the 10th president of the United
States.

SIMMS

... why?

DECKER

I'm getting the feeling that I'm
not in Kansas anymore. Prove to me
this is real.

Simms begrudgingly types something on his computer.

SIMMS

John Tyler.

DECKER

How'd you know that?

SIMMS

I looked it up. Now it's your turn.
I need a name and birthday.

DECKER

Gordon Decker. August 28th, 1905.

Simms starts typing again. Decker's file pops up on his desk.
We can clearly see his badge and driver's license.

SIMMS

You were a police officer? Why were
you frozen?

DECKER

Frozen? You tell me.

SIMMS

You don't know?

DECKER

See that's what I can't figure.
This has to be all in my head, but
I'm not this creative. I've never
even heard of John Tyler. Why
couldn't I just wake up on a beach
somewhere with Rita Hayworth?

SIMMS

What's the last thing you remember?

DECKER

Last night, around midnight, I get
dry-gulched and the next thing I
know I'm in outer-space.

SIMMS

Well what year was that?

DECKER

Last night? 1949. Or 1950. I wasn't exactly checking my watch.

Simms points to the 2450 banner hanging above them.

SIMMS

1950 was 500 years ago.

DECKER

That's not possible.

Simms raises the blinds covering his window to reveal EARTH. It's covered in SMOG CLOUDS and slowly orbiting TRASH. It looks almost uninhabitable.

SIMMS

Apparently it is. You must have been in cyro-stasis a long time.

DECKER

Cryo-what?

SIMMS

It means someone froze you.

Decker's clearly struggling to process this and Simms feels bad. He removes Decker's handcuffs.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

... Don't worry, these days it's actually a pretty common problem. People wake up in the "future" all of the time. Although come to think of it, I'm not sure I've ever heard of anyone from as far back as the 20th century. You may have set a record or something.

DECKER

So this is real. I'm stuck on a flying saucer?

SIMMS

Technically it's a colony station, but yes. You're not leaving until I get everything sorted.

DECKER

And I assume you're not going to give me my gun back?

SIMMS

It's being donated to a museum. I just need you to sign here.

A digital contract fizzles onto the desk in front of Decker.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

The Williams Act provides post-freeze cryogenics with a variety of mental health services, temporary housing, and a small credit stipend.

DECKER

But no jail time?

SIMMS

Mr. Decker, this isn't 20th century Earth. We try to help people, not punish them. You'll find it's far more effective.

Decker awkwardly signs with his finger, and a holographic readout on his sleeve notifies him of his new credit balance.

DECKER

And what's this?

SIMMS

Money. But it's not a lot, so I suggest you spend it frugally. Only the absolute essentials.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Decker downs a PINT OF BEER in one long gulp and signals the BARTENDER for another round. Like the police station, the club is similarly anachronistic -- like something off the cover of a 1950's science fiction pulp.

Decker and the bartender have to yell to hear each other over the music.

BARTENDER

I'm cutting you off.

DECKER

But I'm not even sauced yet. What kinda clip-joint is this?

BARTENDER

A respectable one.

Decker refuses to let the bartender win. He motions towards the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN sitting next to him.

DECKER

Well, can I buy her a drink?

Begrudgingly, the bartender pours the woman a drink. She chuckles, then speaks with a hard to place accent.

WOMAN

You're not from around here, no?

DECKER

No. I'm still figuring it all out.

WOMAN

Me too. I'm from Europa.

DECKER

Ah. Of course. I shoulda known. I got to see a lot of Europe during the war. The good and the bad.

WOMAN

You fought in the war?

DECKER

Well... A war. I was a pilot. 221st squadron. The Fighting Falcons.

WOMAN

You must be very brave.

DECKER

Just an old fly-boy. I'm nothing compared to a pretty dish like yourself. I know I wasn't planning on leaving Earth at your age.

The woman's confused. She pulls away a bit.

WOMAN

Earth?

DECKER

I can't tell you how nice it is to meet an Earth lady.

WOMAN

A what?

Decker leans in, yelling to be heard over the music.

DECKER

I SAID IT'S NICE TO MEET SOMEONE
FROM EARTH!

At the word EARTH, everyone within earshot turns and stares. Mortified, the woman empties her drink into Decker's face.

WOMAN

How dare you!

DECKER

Huh? What'd I say?

WOMAN

Earthling? I said I'm European.

Decker just stares blankly, totally confused.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

That's Jupiter. Ass.

The woman storms off as Decker swivels back to the bar, but the bartender's seen enough.

BARTENDER

Hey, beat it. You're done.

DECKER

Cut me a break, mac. I'm having a bad day. Is there a cigarette machine around here?

BARTENDER

A what?

DECKER

Luckies? Smokes? CIG-A-RETTES?

The bartender looks like he's been accused of selling heroin.

BARTENDER

YOU SON OF A -

The bartender reaches over the bar and takes a swing at Decker.

Decker ducks. He grabs the bartender by the collar and SLAMS him into the counter-top before sending him reeling backwards into the wall. BOOZE splashes everywhere.

Taking advantage of the situation, Decker downs another shot of whisky before being tackled. The fight escalates...

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

The bar is WRECKED. Broken glass and overturned tables everywhere. A few police officers filter through the room as Murphy takes a report from the Bartender.

Back in handcuffs, Decker holds a glass of ice to his forehead. He looks dazed.

DECKER
What year is it?

POLICE OFFICER
2450.

DECKER
Ugh, I was afraid of that.

Simms approaches.

SIMMS
What happened?

DECKER
Some broad didn't take kindly to being called an Earth lady.

SIMMS
What's a broad? Actually, don't answer that. It's definitely offensive.

Murphy steps away from the bartender to talk to Simms.

MURPHY
Good, you're already friends.
Simms, I want you watching this earthling 24/7. I don't know where he came from and I don't trust him.

SIMMS
Chief, it's a holiday. I'm not even supposed to be workin-

But Simms is interrupted by a beep from Murphy's jacket. She waves a hand to shut him up.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
This is dispatch for Murphy. Please advise on an encoded channel.

MURPHY
This is Murphy, go ahead.

Murphy steps away to take the call.

Simms is not happy. He sits next to Decker. There's a beat as the two sit in silence.

DECKER

The Chief is a woman? How does that work? Does her husband --

SIMMS

-- Look, do yourself a favor and just stop talking. It's like every other word that comes out of your mouth is problematic. You're just feeding a stereotype that makes the rest of us terrestrials look bad.

DECKER

Forgive the broken record, but I have no idea what you're talking about.

SIMMS

Well for starters, stop telling people you're from Earth.

DECKER

What's so terrible about Earth?

SIMMS

You saw it. The planet's a disaster. A symbol of everything that's wrong with humanity. Our greatest regret.

DECKER

But there's gotta be some good stuff down there too, right?

SIMMS

Not really.

Simms points to a NEWS BROADCAST being transmitted from what's left of New York. War. Disease. Global Warming. It's not exactly the post-apocalypse, but it's pretty close.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Central built this colony station as a haven from all of the greed and suffering. Things are simpler here. Everyone fills a role and nobody fights or goes hungry.

DECKER

Sounds like a bunch of soviet propaganda if you ask me...

(realizing)

...Wait, the commies haven't taken over have they?!

SIMMS

What? No. This has nothing to do with ideology.

DECKER

(suspicious)

Exactly what a red would say.

SIMMS

Look, I know this is hard for your primitive brain to comprehend but you're pretty much the biggest problem that we've got. No poverty. No crime.

DECKER

Buddy, I've been a cop for twenty years. If there's one thing I know, it's human nature. If you're not finding any crime, you're just not looking hard enough.

SIMMS

And that's exactly the kind of 20th-century mindset that --

MURPHY

-- Simms!

Murphy comes storming back.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Looks like your container case had legs after all. It just turned up down in shipping with a body in it.

Decker shoots Simms a look -- I told you so.

SIMMS

I'm sorry?

MURPHY

You heard me. The robot thinks it's a homicide.

SIMMS

You're serious? Here?

MURPHY

Just get down there and take over.

Murphy starts to step away, but Simms stops her.

SIMMS

What do you want me to do with him?
I'd say he's a suspect, but after
the bar fight, he's got one hell of
an alibi.

MURPHY

Bring him with you. See if anything
jogs his memory. We need to find
out how he got station-side.

(off Simms look)

Some basket case shows up the same
day somebody gets murdered? It's
too much of a coincidence.

INT. CENTRAL SHIPPING - SERVICE ENTRY - DAY

Simms leads Decker towards a freight elevator where he opens
a panel on the wall and produces two glass FISHBOWL looking
SPACE HELMETS.

Simms tries to hand a helmet to Decker, but Decker is still
in handcuffs. Sims reluctantly uncuffs him.

DECKER

Thanks. What's this for?

SIMMS

Breathing. And remember, you're
just here as an observer. Don't
touch anything.

Simms puts on his helmet. It rings into a rail system
embedded in his clothing with a hiss.

DECKER

What do you mean BREATHING?

The ELEVATOR DOOR slides open. The expressionless robot from
police headquarters, **L-ROY**, is waiting for them inside.

L-ROY is the longest tenured officer on the force, having
served since the station's inception. It's been equally long
since his last service check. He occasionally regresses into
a [*HARSH COMPUTER VOICE*].

L-ROY

Hello detective Roger Simms and
detective [*IDENTITY NOT ON FILE*].

Simms pulls Decker into...

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Simms tucks his feet underneath a safety rail on the floor, but Decker is too busy trying to ring his helmet to notice.

SIMMS
Container 3492A.

There's a ding. The elevator shoots into motion.

SIMMS (CONT'D)
What do you know so far?

L-ROY
The container was found at [THIRTEEN THIRTY TWO] this afternoon during routine inspection. A power coupling had been disconnected, disabling artificial gravity as well as its uplink to the station. Point in fact, the container was never missing. The computers were just unable to locate it.

Decker finally locks his helmet into place.

L-ROY (CONT'D)
The victim is male. Extensive lacerations on the face and abdomen.

The elevator lurches to a sudden stop, and Decker hurtles upward. Simms catches him by his belt, preventing him from crashing into the ceiling...

The elevator is now COMPLETELY DEVOID OF GRAVITY.

Decker's becoming increasingly uneasy. His helmet is secure on his shoulders but he holds onto it anyway.

L-ROY (CONT'D)
Initial analysis indicates the probability of accidental death at [3.2326 PERCENT].

The doors slide open to reveal...

INT. CONTAINER 3492A - CONTINUOUS

Everything is UPSIDE DOWN.

Work lights and wooden crates float inverted near the ceiling as if it were the floor. Between them, a man's NAKED BODY floats weightless. DROPLETS OF BLOOD are suspended everywhere.

A few other officers are already on the scene. A cadet is working to the side on a holographic computer panel.

Simms takes in his surroundings.

SIMMS

Wow. This thing looks ancient.

Simms reorients himself relative to the room as Decker watches, starting to look seasick from the zero-g.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Stay here. You shouldn't see this.

DECKER

I think I'm going to throw up.

SIMMS

There is no up in space.

DECKER

There's about to be...

Simms grabs a handle on the wall and propels himself towards the body.

SIMMS

(RE: the blood)

Well, we've got plenty of DNA to work with.

L-ROY

Affirmative, Roger Simms. However, there is no match found on any of the police records.

SIMMS

Why is nobody ever on file? Where did the container come from? He's probably here illegally.

L-ROY

[*QUERY ACKNOWLEDGED. SEARCHING.*]

Simms shakes his head and grabs the manifest from the wall.

SIMMS

Looks like 3492A originated on the Galilean Moons and passed through Mars and Earth on its way to the Station. Just cross-reference with those databases.

L-ROY
[QUERY CANCELED. NEW QUERY
ACKNOWLEDGED. SEARCHING.]

Back towards the entrance, Decker is still trying to reorient himself to the rest of the room when -- A siren blares.

Suddenly the lights flicker on, and with the exception of L-ROY (who's able to stay magnetized to the ceiling), everything CRASHES to the floor.

Oxygen BLASTS in through vents, blowing the smashed boxes around the container, spilling their contents everywhere.

There's a beat before people gingerly get to their feet.

CADET
Sorry.

Decker watches everyone unscrew their helmets before hesitantly removing his own, relieved to have gravity back. He looks at the victim for the first time.

DECKER
It can't be...

An X has been carved into the corpse's neck!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. CONTAINER 3492A - DAY

Despite the chaos, the crime scene looks eerily similar to the 1949 Dahlia Murder. Simms crouches to scan bits of debris with a holographic computer embedded in his sleeve. L-ROY approaches him from behind.

L-ROY

There is a [92.3432 PERCENT] chance that the item you are scanning is not relevant.

SIMMS

Bag it anyway. The place is a mess. Who knows what'll turn up. Did you get a match on the body yet?

L-ROY

Negative. The terrestrial authorities are still processing the genetic fingerprint.

SIMMS

How long will that take?

L-ROY

There is currently a considerable waiting period as a result of excessive police traffic on both Earth and Mars.

SIMMS

At least they'll know what they're doing.

DECKER

Time is a luxury you don't have.

Simms cringes as Decker picks up the DEBRIS with his bare hands. He turns it over and roughly discards it.

SIMMS

Hey, don't touch anything! That's got DNA on it.

DECKER

Does DNA stand for evidence? Because that's not evidence.

SIMMS

Maybe in the twentieth century, not in the twenty-fifth. I know you think you're a police officer, but you're not. Not anymore. Just let me do my job, okay?

Exasperated, Simms turns to L-Roy.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Can you run a C-14 to determine a date of birth?

L-ROY begins his scan, but Decker's unimpressed.

DECKER

He's 23. Maybe 24.

L-ROY

Affirmative. I can estimate the victims age was [TWENTY-THREE] years, [SIX] months, [THIRTY-SEVEN] Earth days old at the time of death. There is a [FIVE PERCENT] margin of error.

SIMMS

Lucky guess.

DECKER

See these? Shallow cuts along the forearms.

SIMMS

Defensive wounds.

DECKER

No. Way too uniform. These are incisions. Somebody was trying to perform surgery on this guy. Trust me, I've seen it before.

SIMMS

I can only imagine...

Decker spots a container leaking a familiar GLOWING LIQUID.

GORODN

This stuff too.

Decker dips a finger in the liquid. Sniffs. Tastes.

DECKER

Tastes like pure sugar.

L-ROY

Your analysis is accurate. It is a modified version of sucrose produced by Carter-Wei Pharmaceuticals. It is commonly used as a cryoprotectant.

DECKER

There's that Cryo-word again.

SIMMS

It's a liquid cut with a special type of melatonin. It slows the aging process of organic tissue when frozen.

DECKER

As in people?

SIMMS

Sure.

DECKER

Live people?

SIMMS

Yeah. And?

DECKER

Well, what's it doing here?

SIMMS

I don't know. Most likely it was the container's original cargo.

DECKER

Or somebody was planning on chilling the body...

SIMMS

It's possible.

DECKER

So that's what we need to find out. I say we go talk to Mr. Carter. Or Mr. Wei... Or whoever's in charge of all of this stuff.

SIMMS

What do you mean *WE*? There is no we here. I'm a police officer and you're an archeology exhibit.

DECKER

Thing is, you're gonna need me.

Decker adjusts his collar so that Simms can see the X scar on his neck.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Look familiar?

SIMMS

What?! Where'd you get that?

DECKER

1949. Apparently I've been chasing your killer for the last five hundred years. Newspapers called the case the Black Dahlia. He froze me, he killed this guy, and he'll kill again if we don't catch him first.

SIMMS

Why freeze you, but kill him? I don't get it. What's his motive?

Decker impatiently pushes past Simms towards the elevator.

DECKER

No idea. But like I said, you're gonna need me.

But Decker can't figure out how the elevator works. Simms places his hand on a nearby panel and the doors slide open.

SIMMS

(eye roll)
... likewise.

Simms enters.

L-ROY

Excuse me, detective Roger Simms.

SIMMS

Yeah?

Simms holds the door.

L-ROY

Before you depart, I have received the report from my planetary counterparts. The victim's name is Franklin Batty of Riverside Iowa, Earth.

(MORE)

L-ROY (CONT'D)

He is an employee of the Carter-Wei pharmaceutical division on Earth. Station records show that he applied for an immigration visa [THREE] times in the past year. He was declined each time.

SIMMS

Any known associates station-side?

L-ROY

[ONE]. Helen Miyamoto.

SIMMS

The lady that reported the container missing in the first place?

L-ROY

Affirmative. She was a sponsor on Franklin Batty's immigration applications. They have maintained continued contact over the past [THREE] years. Their last communication was terminated [FORTY-FIVE] hours ago.

SIMMS

And the numbers?

L-ROY

Social network data indicates a [THIRTY TWO] percent chance that Helen Miyamoto is the murderer.

DECKER

It's not her.

SIMMS

(ignoring Decker)

I need an address on Miyamoto. I'll head there now.

L-ROY

Acknowledged.

DECKER

Some maniac's tearing people open like Christmas presents and you're taking your cues from the robot?

SIMMS

Just get in the elevator.

EXT. ROSEWOOD ESTATES - NIGHT

The enormous residential complex spans an entire city block. Once desirable real-estate, its tarnished art deco esthetic has grown somewhat sinister.

Simms and Decker head inside.

INT. ROSEWOOD ESTATES - NIGHT

They make their way down the hallway. Something is leaking from the ceiling.

DECKER

Ritzy.

SIMMS

At least there's gravity.

DECKER

I'm telling you, this is a waste of time.

SIMMS

Miyamoto's the only person who knew the victim, and more importantly, she knew where to find the body. If she was involved, she probably felt guilty.

DECKER

C'mon. We're talking about the person who froze me, remember? You really think I got beat up by a lady?
(on second thought)
... Although, I guess it has happened before.

At the end of the hallway, Miyamoto's door's been left ajar.

SIMMS

Look, just stay here, watch the exit, and don't do anything stupid.

As Simms enters, hold on Decker, bored...

INT. ROSEWOOD ESTATES - MIYAMOTO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Simms surveys the place. It's cluttered with all sorts of weird TCHOTCHKES and other various COLLECTIBLES.

SIMMS

Helen Miyamoto? Station police.

No response. Simms makes his way into the living-room.

On a coffee table he finds a wedding ring and a holographic tablet computer. Simms activates the tablet to reveal Franklin Batty's Kennedy Pharmaceuticals employee head-shot. He's smiling.

As Simms puts the picture down, he notices a significantly larger image projected on the living room wall -- BATTY'S CORPSE.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Resume.

The image flickers for a second before becoming television. A news REPORTER stands across from a well dressed BUSINESSWOMAN. This is **SHELBY STERLING** (40's).

REPORTER

-- is Leslie Vasquez with KC12's ongoing coverage of what many are starting to describe as the first documented murder outside of the planetary biosphere in over five years. I'm standing live with Shelby Sterling, the victim's employer, and head of Carter-Wei's pharmaceutical division.

(to Sterling)

Mrs. Sterling, could you please comment on --

STERLING

-- Unfortunately you know as much as we do. However, we remain committed to our employees and we're working around the clock with central to determine if foul play was involved. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm meeting with Mr. Carter regarding the matter in just a minute. Thank you.

Sterling ducks into a car. CLICK -- The sound of a HANDGUN being cocked behind Simms.

MIYAMOTO

Don't move.

Off Miyamoto, as she presses the duel barrels of a large futuristic pistol against the back of Simm's head...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. ROSEWOOD ESTATES - MIYAMOTO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Simms raises his hands, but Miyamoto keeps the pistol pressed against the back of his head.

SIMMS

Helen, I'm a police officer. We met when you reported the container missing, remember? I just want to ask some questions.

MIYAMOTO

I said don't move, man!

SIMMS

Okay. Okay.

Miyamoto can't help but look towards the TV as the news cycles through images of Batty's life.

MIYAMOTO

I promised him that I'd be able to get him station-side... but central wouldn't allow it. They told me he was a "health risk."

SIMMS

Because he was terrestrial?

MIYAMOTO

Yes.

Simms eyes the wedding ring on the table.

SIMMS

You were engaged?

MIYAMOTO

More like engaged to be engaged. We were waiting to be together so we could make it official.

SIMMS

So you tried to smuggle him here on the freight container and something went wrong?

MIYAMOTO

No. I trusted the government to help him and nothing happened.

SIMMS

Believe me, I'm a terrestrial too.
I know exactly what that's like. It
happened to my parents.

Miyamoto's grip wavers. Simms is getting through to her.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

I couldn't help them, but maybe I
can help you?

MIYAMOTO

It's too late for that. I'm not
making the same mistake twice.

SIMMS

You really think this is what
Franklin would have wanted? Why
don't you lower the gun and we can
start over. I'll forget this ever
happened.

But as Miyamoto weighs her options, REVEAL...

DECKER

Better do what he says.

Decker has snuck into the room and is holding a SEXY LEG LAMP
at the ready, primed to launch it at Miyamoto's head should
she make any sudden movements.

SIMMS

Gordon, put down the leg!

DECKER

Put down the leg?! She's got a gun
to your head.

SIMMS

I've got the situation under
control.

DECKER

I can tell.

MIYAMOTO

SHUT UP!

DECKER

NO LADY, YOU DROP THE GUN!

Scared, Miyamoto SPINS on Decker and he immediately HURLS the
lamp. She ducks and FIRES, emptying two rounds in Decker's
general direction.

The lamp EXPLODES against the wall, covering Miyamoto's escape as she bolts into the next room, locking the door behind her.

SIMMS

What the hell was that?! You're gonna get somebody killed!

DECKER

You can thank me later. I'm going after her.

Decker CRACKS the door off of it's hinges.

But the room's already empty.

Decker runs to the OPEN WINDOW. Miyamoto's halfway down a FIRE ESCAPE. He hops out and chases after her.

EXT. ROSEWOOD ESTATES - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Miyamoto races down two flights of stairs before reaching a dead end. She breaks through a window and back into the apartment complex. Decker follows.

INT. ROSEWOOD ESTATES - DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Decker finds himself in another dark apartment. It's a similar layout to Miyamoto's, but far more filthy.

Three STONERS sit around a coffee table that is covered in cigarettes, half-empty beer bottles, and an oversized bong. The place reeks of weed.

DECKER

Reefers.

Decker takes a few steps into the room. The biggest of the stoners stands up. He looks ready to fight.

STONER

Hey cop, this is private property.
You can't just come --

Decker PUNCHES him square in the face.

DECKER

I'm looking for the lady that just came through your window. Seen her?

The other two stoners immediately point to the closet.

But as Decker approaches, Miyamoto blindly BLASTS at him through the closet door, showering the room in splinters.

Miyamoto takes off into the hall. Decker hesitates, eyeing the packs of cigarettes.

DECKER (CONT'D)
... These are evidence now.

He pockets both packs and races after her.

EXT. ROSEWOOD ESTATES - STREET - NIGHT

Miyamoto is already half-way across the street.

Decker weaves through traffic after her, but nearly gets hit. A hover-car glides to a stop just inches from his knees.

DECKER
Hey! Watch where you're flying that bucket!

Out of the corner of his eye Decker spots an approaching transit vehicle -- like a flying San Fransisco trolly.

Decker hops on the trolly as it passes, and rides it towards Miyamoto. He's gaining ground. Miyamoto is in reach.

Decker grabs for her shirt but comes up short.

He tries again, but Miyamoto is now further away. The whole street is further away! THE TROLLY IS LIFTING INTO THE AIR!

DECKER (CONT'D)
Damn!

Trying to get back to the street, Decker leaps for a nearby tree. He catches a branch but it SNAPS! He falls hitting branches on his way down, before imprinting himself on the hood of someone's brand new hover-car.

There's a beat before the hover-drive fails, and the car drops an additional foot to the concrete.

Miyamoto's gone.

INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN - NIGHT

It's late. The last of the officers filter out of the building. L-ROY sits lifeless at his desk, his eyes dark.

Across the way, Decker struggles to browse through a holographic reproduction of the container as Simms fills out a police report.

SIMMS

Explain to me again why you had to break the guy's nose on the second floor?

DECKER

He attacked me first.

SIMMS

After you broke into his apartment?

(off Decker's shrug)

Look, I'm sure things were different in the dark ages, but in 2450 that's illegal.

DECKER

I was pursuing a dangerous suspect.

SIMMS

Except, and I cannot stress this enough, you're still not a police officer. The only reason she ran at all is because you provoked her.

DECKER

Okay. I get it. I'm not a police officer... How about consulting detective?

SIMMS

I'm glad you find this amusing.

DECKER

Amusing? Everyone I've ever known is dead. Catching the guy who froze me is all I have left.

Simms watches as Decker helplessly fumbles with the holographic technology.

SIMMS

What are you even looking for?

DECKER

Not sure yet, but I'll know it when I see it.

SIMMS

You're wasting your time. Miyamoto's gotta be hiding somewhere on the lower ring.

DECKER

She's not the killer.

SIMMS

What makes you so sure? Even if this is the same person that you were chasing in 1949, we don't know how long she's been unfrozen. For all we know, she's been living here for years.

DECKER

Miyamoto was carrying a gun. We're looking for someone with a blade.

SIMMS

Maybe she adjusted to the times. You should try it.

DECKER

Sure... how do I make this bigger?

Decker tries to zoom the 3D image, but he still can't figure it out. He accidentally zooms out of the container entirely.

SIMMS

Give me that.

Simms starts to zoom back in, but Decker stops him.

DECKER

Wait!

Decker points to the JANUS logo from 1949. It's painted on the outside of the container.

DECKER (CONT'D)

That logo. What is it?

SIMMS

L-Roy?

L-ROY's eyes light up.

DECKER

Christ. That thing can just turn on by itself?

L-ROY

The logo in question is Janus. Greek god of gates, doorways, endings, time, and namesake of Saturn's sixth moon.

SIMMS

That mean anything to you?

DECKER

It was on the warehouse the day I got frozen. That would explain how the killer brought me here.

SIMMS

You think it was all three of you on the container?

DECKER

It's an evolving theory.

SIMMS

L-Roy, can you give us some history on the logo?

L-ROY

Records indicate that the logo in question was first registered to the Janus corporation in [1905]. Janus became the largest chemical manufacturer during the cryonic revolution of the late 21st century, but was later broken up in [2154] as a result of new anti-trust laws. The company no longer exists as a whole.

SIMMS

So what's a Janus logo doing on a Carter-Wei container?

L-ROY

As of [FIVE] days ago Carter-Wei pharmaceuticals is the largest owner of assets formerly held by the Janus corporation.

SIMMS

Maybe Batty uncovered something about the acquisition that got him killed?

DECKER

I doubt it. The company's probably involved, but the Dahlia killer's the one who murdered the guy.

SIMMS

And you think there's a connection between the two? What would a company like Carter-Wei need a serial killer for?

DECKER

I don't know, but I think it's
about time we found out.

Simms yawns. Checks his watch.

SIMMS

Really? Because I think it's about
time for bed.

INT. SIMM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Simms unlocks the door and leads Decker into his one bedroom apartment. It's homier than you might expect. He grabs a pillow and blanket out of a wall panel and tosses them to Decker.

SIMMS

The couch is all yours.

DECKER

You sure about putting me up like
this?

SIMMS

Like the chief said, 24/7.

Decker inspects a framed picture of Simms playfully holding hands with another man in front of a waterfall.

DECKER

Brother?

SIMMS

Husband.

DECKER

Oh. I didn't realize that you were,
um... *married*.

SIMMS

I am. Anson's at his family's lake
house for New Years until Tuesday.

DECKER

And you're stuck here with me?

SIMMS

Trust me, as aggravating as you are
you're still not as bad as my mother-
in-law. I mean, I love the woman, but
she's very opinionated. Honestly you
two would probably get along.

DECKER
You're lucky.

SIMMS
I am...

Simms pauses, realizing that family might be a sore subject for Decker.

SIMMS (CONT'D)
... Did you have family?

DECKER
No. My folks and I never really saw things eye to eye. Not like it matters now.

SIMMS
For what it's worth, I know how bad it feels...
(off Decker's look)
... To lose everyone you love. I left Earth when I was twelve. My parents risked everything to get me station-side even though it meant leaving them behind. I thought becoming a detective, maybe I could find them again. But I'm still looking. And it helps to talk about it.

DECKER
I'm not the talking type. I just wanna find the guy that put me here. Make sure he never hurts anyone ever again.

Off Decker, the events of the last 48 hours finally catching up to him...

INT. CARTER-WEI BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is a massive sterile expanse that radiates luminous whiteness. The only blemishes -- two burly looking SECURITY GUARDS and a solitary RECEPTIONIST. She looks bored.

SIMMS
Wait here.

As Simms walks towards the receptionist, HOLD on Decker standing out of view of the general reception area. He fidgets for a moment before removing the pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

Across the room, Simms approaches the receptionist and flashes his badge.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Hi. My name's Detective Simms.
Central Police.

RECEPTIONIST

How can I help you officer?

SIMMS

I'm investigating a case involving
one of your employees, Helen
Miyamoto?

RECEPTIONIST

Of course. I'll notify Mrs.
Sterling. She handles all of the on
site operations.

SIMMS

Thanks. Do you mind if I look
around in the meantime?

Simms tries to step past the receptionist, but the SECURITY
GUARD gets in his way. He looms over Simms. Intimidating.

SECURITY

You got a warrant?

SIMMS

No.

SECURITY

Than I'm not authorized to open
that door.

The receptionist smiles, apologetic.

RECEPTIONIST

So sorry. I'm sure Mrs. Sterling
will approve whatever it is you
need when she gets here. Can I
offer you a drink in the meantime?

A glass of CUCUMBER WATER lifts out of the desk.

SIMMS

Sure. Thanks.

But as Simms sips his drink, he starts to smell something...

RECEPTIONIST

Do you smell smoke?

SIMMS

Yeah...

A loud FIRE ALARM sounds.

RECEPTIONIST

Is there a fire? Should we
evacuate?

But the security guards look around, not wanting to leave their posts. A seamless patch of wall slides open and employees begin to trickle out.

Suddenly The SPRINKLER SYSTEM activates, showering everyone with water. Inciting panic. People rush to get away from the downpour. Simms heads for the exit, but Decker stops him, a soggy cigarette dangling off his lip.

SIMMS

What did you do?!

DECKER

(Re: the open door)
Apparently I found you a way in?

Decker tosses the cigarette aside and pulls Simms further into the building.

SIMMS

You know those things give you
cancer, right?

INT. CARTER-WEI BUILDING - CRYONICS PLANT - DAY

A door BUSTS open, allowing Simms and Decker to step into a massive HANGER.

SIMMS

Did you even check to see if that
door was locked?

Decker ignores him, taking in the hanger. It's filled with rows upon rows of FREIGHT CONTAINERS and OCCUPIED CRYOGENIC FREEZER TUBES. These are centuries more advanced than the primitive freezers that Decker saw in 1949.

DECKER

Looks like we found where they've
been freezing people.

SIMMS

And? What'd you expect? Among other
things Carter-Wei is an enormous
cryonics operation.

DECKER

But there's so many of them.

SIMMS

That's why they've got such a nice lobby. These people pay to be frozen.

Decker peers into one of the freezers -- the person inside seems to have been frozen in extreme agony.

DECKER

Well, this guy doesn't look too excited.

SIMMS

I know how he feels. This is a dead end. We should get out of here before someone shows up.

But as Simms talks, a gust of wind sweeps through the area.

DECKER

Too late.

Simms shoves Decker behind a large container as a service gate rolls open, REVEALING a recently docked CARGO FREIGHTER. The two security guards from earlier wheel a pair of freezer tubes down the loading ramp.

SECURITY

Did you figure out what set off the alarms?

OTHER SECURITY

Not yet, but I don't want to take any chances. Get these freezers out of here in case the boss has to bring those cops through. I'll take care of the rest.

They unload the freezers only a few feet from where Decker and Simms are hiding and split up. One guard heads back to the freighter to unload the rest, while the other heads in the opposite direction to grab SOMETHING ELSE.

Decker and Simms wait till they're gone, than carefully sneak forward to inspect the freezer.

But as they get close, the person inside unexpectedly TURNS AROUND and makes direct eye contact with Simms!

HE ISN'T FROZEN!

SIMMS

Holy hell?!

MAN IN TUBE

You. You're a police officer? Don't
let them take me.

The man bangs on the inside of the tube -- partially muffled by the glass. But before Simms can help, Decker pulls him back behind the container just in time to prevent Simms from being spotted by the returning security guard.

MAN IN TUBE (CONT'D)

Wait, please! help me! HELP ME!

Ignoring the man in the tube, the security guard approaches and adjusts a knob at the tube's base. The man slowly loses consciousness.

DECKER

That's gotta be illegal right?

SIMMS

Human trafficking? Are you kidding?
Terrestrials pay good money for cheap
labor and healthy organs but there
shouldn't be a market for it here.

DECKER

So what's it got to do with the
Dahlia killings?

SIMMS

We can figure that out later. Right
now, we need to help these people!

DECKER

Hold up, this could be our only
chance to figure out what's going
on. You blow our cover too soon, we
may never get the full story.

SIMMS

I don't care. Whatever this is, I'm
not gonna let them take those people.

DECKER

And what about *HER*?

Decker points to REVEAL the returning security guard HOLDING
MIYAMOTO CAPTIVE!

SIMMS

Miyamoto?!

Simms draws his gun and breaks from cover.

SIMMS (CONT'D)
Freeze! CENTRAL POLICE!

The guards take off, but Simms can't bring himself to pull the trigger.

They drag Miyamoto onto the freighter and LIFT OFF!

Off Decker and Simms, shielding themselves from the engine wash as the ship blasts into OUTER-SPACE...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DRIVING RANGE - DAY**

Shelby Sterling polishes her swing. Each hack launches a golf-ball hurtling endlessly into outer-space. A holographic readout provides distance estimates for multiple planets.

Simms and Decker approach.

SIMMS

Shelby Sterling? My name is
Detective Roger S--

STERLING

-- Simms. I know. I'm sorry I
missed you yesterday. How can I be
of assistance?

SIMMS

We've got a pair of witnesses
willing to testify that your
employees forcefully induced them
into an unlawful cryostasis.

STERLING

So I've heard. It's a truly
terrible situation.

SIMMS

But I'm guessing you wouldn't know
anything about it?

STERLING

As I'm sure you're aware,
cryogenics aren't considered
legally alive until you unfreeze
them. Transporting the freezers to
the station is perfectly legal.

DECKER

Then maybe we should start waking
up the rest of 'em? See if they
know something you don't?

STERLING

I had nothing to do with how those
refugees may have been treated on
Earth.

SIMMS

Are you willing to bet ten to
fifteen years planet-side on that?

Sterling pauses for a beat before taking another swing.

SIMMS (CONT'D)
Where is Helen Miyamoto?

STERLING
If I had to guess? Off station.
Henrik Carter's yacht.

DECKER
Who?

SIMMS
He's the Carter in Carter-Wei.

DECKER
Rich and powerful?

SIMMS
Very.

STERLING
Ms. Miyamoto is out for revenge.
She's convinced that the company is
responsible for Franklin Batty's
death.

SIMMS
Are you?

STERLING
No. We're in the business of
helping people. Not killing them.

SIMMS
Then why'd your boss's people
kidnap her instead of turning her
in?

STERLING
If I knew that, we wouldn't be
talking.

DECKER
So much for not killing people.

STERLING
I'm telling you, the only person
interested in murder in this
equation is Miyamoto.

DECKER
So your boss is just treating the
lady to a relaxing cruise?

Simms eyes Earth in the distance, realizing...

SIMMS

No. They're gonna strand her on Earth.

INT. POLICE HQ - MURPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Murphy glares at Simms standing across her desk. Decker hangs by the door.

MURPHY

Out of the question! If he's off station, he's out of our jurisdiction. Our hands are tied. Henrik Carter isn't the sort of person this department can afford to piss off.

SIMMS

But if he dumps Miyamoto planet-side, we'll never find her.

MURPHY

We are talking about the woman that tried to kill you, right? Even if we did rescue her, that's attempted murder. Miyamoto's probably going planet-side anyway. Carter will just be saving us the trip.

DECKER

And what about Franklin Batty? If you let this slide his case goes cold.

MURPHY

I'm not letting it slide. I'm upholding the law. Carter can't stay in international waters forever. We'll wait him out. Question him when he gets back.

DECKER

I don't have that kind of patience.

Decker storms out of the room.

SIMMS

Look, Chief, I can't believe I'm saying this, but I think Gordon's right. Batty's killer is still out there and we don't know what they're capable of.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Gordon? Who's Gordon? Simms, I told
you to jog the guy's memory, not
deputize him.

SIMMS
But --

MURPHY
-- We're done here. Now go stop
"Gordon" before he does something
that makes me more upset than I
already am.

Annoyed, Simms hurries out to catch up with Decker.

INT. POLICE HQ - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Decker makes his way out of the station. Simms talks as they
walk.

SIMMS
Hold up.

DECKER
Fat chance. I'm not a cop,
remember? I don't have to abide by
your communist manifesto.

SIMMS
You have literally no idea what
communism is, do you?

DECKER
I know that I don't like it.

Simms grabs a HELMET off a nearby desk and tosses it to
Decker.

DECKER (CONT'D)
What's this for?

SIMMS
Breathing. C'mon.

SMASH TO:

INT. POLICE SHUTTLE - AIRLOCK - OUTER-SPACE

Decker stands on the precipice of the air-lock. Helmet in
hand, he's now dressed in a bright yellow space suit.

Simms checks the suit to make sure it's secure.

DECKER
You're sure this will work?

SIMMS
You heard the chief. All you need to do is get Carter back into police jurisdiction and I can do the rest.

DECKER
How close is that?

SIMMS
Technically... inside the station. But don't worry. I'll be in your ear the entire time.

Dubious of his chances, Decker pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his space suit.

SIMMS (CONT'D)
Seriously?

DECKER
You're about to launch me into space and you're worried about cancer?

SIMMS
No, but there's a lot of oxygen in that suit and --

Too late. Decker flicks the lighter and a FIREBALL singes his eyebrows. Minimally concerned, he takes a long drag and tosses the cigarette.

DECKER
Still worth it.

Simms just rolls his eyes.

SIMMS
You might as well take this too. Just in case.

Simms anxiously hands Decker his colt. Decker instinctively checks the clip. It's loaded.

DECKER
You think it still works?

SIMMS
I'd rather not find out.

Decker nods. He screws on his helmet and zips the gun into his suit.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Ready?

DECKER

No. Why are you helping me with this?

SIMMS

Honestly? I have no idea. I think I feel bad for Miyamoto. Now get out of here before I change my mind.

Simms hits the OPEN BUTTON and the airlock door in-between them slowly slides closed.

DECKER

Right. Just breathe normal...
Completely normal...

Suddenly, the outer doors SHOOT OPEN and Decker is BLASTED into outer-space.

DECKER (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHH!

REVEAL Carter's yacht framed within the open airlock.

EXT. OUTER-SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Everything is TOTALLY SILENT.

Decker braces for impact and SLAMS into the yacht's hull.

HE RICOCHETS... drifting into SPACE.

Scrambling, Decker frantically grabs an ANTENNA at the last possible moment. He reels himself in.

There's a SERVICE PANEL at the base of the antenna. Decker rips off the hatch and sends it spinning into the void. He mashes a BUTTON.

The yacht's air-lock doors depressurize and slowly grind open, allowing him to climb inside.

INT. YACHT - AIR LOCK - CONTINUOUS

Gravity returns as oxygen BLASTS into the room. Decker removes his helmet and gasps for air. He talks to Simms via a communicator embedded in his suit.

DECKER
Well, I'm never doing that ever
again.

INT. POLICE SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - INTERCUT

Simms hops into the pilot's chair. He can see Carter's yacht
through the shuttle's canopy.

SIMMS
That was the easy part.

DECKER
Easy?!

SIMMS
They probably know you're there.
Try to make your way to the bridge
before Carter's security detail
shows up.

DECKER
I'm pretty sure they're occupied.

SIMMS
What are you talking about?

BACK ON THE YACHT: The cabin is trashed!

Decker stands over the two security guards from earlier.
They're sprawled out on the floor, unconscious, and
handcuffed to each other.

Decker checks the men for weapons. Sure enough, one of their
guns is missing.

DECKER
Looks like Miyamoto rescued
herself. She's got a weapon.

SIMMS
She's gonna kill Henrick Carter.

DECKER
Not if I can get to him first...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. YACHT - CORRIDOR - OUTER SPACE**

Decker hides as a group of guards hurry by. He waits for them to pass and continues down the hallway in the opposite direction.

DECKER
Where am I?

INT. POLICE SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - INTERCUT

Simms pulls up the yacht's blueprints on his ship's computer.

SIMMS
I think you're close. Carter's quarters should be on the starboard side.

DECKER
Yeah, but I've got a problem.

SIMMS
More guards?

DECKER
... I still don't understand how the doors work.

ON THE YACHT: Decker's pressed against the wall, prepared to breach the room.

SIMMS
Just touch the panel on the side.

Decker touches the panel and the door slides open. Gun in hand, he turns the corner into...

INT. YACHT - CARTER'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A lavish cabin. Nothing out of the ordinary.

DECKER
Empty.

SIMMS
He's probably on the bridge. Any sign of Miyamoto? Hopefully we're not too --

But Decker can hear hurried footsteps coming down the hall.

DECKER
(whisper)
-- Shut up! Somebody's coming.

As Decker scrambles to find a hiding spot...

INT. YACHT - CORRIDOR - INTERCUT

HENRICK CARTER (mid 60's) is being escorted back to his cabin by an ARMED GUARD.

CARTER
What do you mean the programmer
broke free? How does that happen?

GUARD
We think she may have been planning
this all along. But we've got her
trapped on deck two. She's got
nowhere to run.

CARTER
Make sure she's unharmed. I don't
need any more blood on my hands.

GUARD
Yes sir.

As they STEP INTO THE CABIN where Decker is hiding...

A CHAIR has been placed directly underneath an open AIR DUCT.
The VENT COVER is still swaying.

The two men share a look.

CARTER
I thought you said you had her
trapped?

The guard cautiously climbs the chair to inspect the duct. He
grabs the edge of the vent and peers inside...

... IT'S EMPTY.

THWAP!

Decker SPRINGS out of nowhere and kicks the chair out from
under the guard. The guard's head SLAMS on the edge of the
desk. He's knocked cold.

Decker turns the gun on Carter.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Who are you?

DECKER
Police. Sorta. It's a long story.

Decker gestures to the door.

DECKER (CONT'D)
You first.

Together they move out of the cabin and into the hallway.

DECKER (CONT'D)
Simms, I've got Carter. Which way
to the bridge?

SIMMS
The stairs should be just up ahead.

But instead of a stairwell Decker accidentally steps into...

INT. YACHT - ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

MULTIPLE ARMED GUARDS sit around a locker room feeding ammunition into futuristic blaster rifles. As Decker makes awkward eye contact...

INT. YACHT - CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

Decker races back down the hallway in the opposite direction, dragging Carter behind him. The armed guards sprint after them, close behind!

DECKER
WRONG WAY!

SIMMS
There's only one hallway! How did
you go the wrong way?

DECKER
I went the way you told me to go!

SIMMS
Well go the other way!

Decker races up a flight of stairs. A large blast door looms ahead. He reaches it at full sprint and throws Carter into...

INT. YACHT - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Decker frantically presses buttons, but he can't get the door to close. The guards are bearing down on him.

DECKER
Goddamn space doors.

He takes aim and BLASTS the panel just in time. The door slams shut.

DECKER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Alright, I made it. How do I fly
this thing?

But Carter BLIND-SIDES Decker with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER to the back of the head. As Decker's colt skitters away...

ON THE POLICE SHUTTLE: Simms scans through the ship's manual, studying the flight controls.

SIMMS
First you need to find the retro-
thrusters...
(no response)
... Gordon? You there?

ON THE YACHT: Decker and Carter are mid-fight. Decker takes another blow and trips into a panel of switches.

SIMMS (CONT'D)
Why are you deploying landing gear?

DECKER
Kinda busy...

Carter manages to grab the gun and level it at Decker.

CARTER
That's quite enough. Who are you
and what are you doing here?

DECKER
That's what I'm trying to find out.
My name's Gordon Decker. I'm from
the year 1949.

CARTER
So you're the second one?

DECKER
What are you talking about? Tell me
what you know about Franklin
Batty's killer.

But before Carter can answer...

BANG!

A bullet RIPS through Carter's shoulder.

MIYAMOTO
He is the killer!

MIYAMOTO's been waiting for him! Carter spins and RETURNS FIRE! All hell breaks loose!

DECKER
Son-of-a-bitch.

Decker ducks as bullets RICOCHET past him in to the cockpit.

ON THE POLICE SHUTTLE: Simms watches as the yacht begins to spin violently. He can hear the chaos through the communicator.

SIMMS
Was that an explosion? Gordon?! I told you not to shoot anybody! What the hell's going on in there?

ON THE YACHT: Decker climbs into the cockpit while Carter and Miyamoto keep each other busy in the background.

DECKER
Don't worry about it. Now how do I fly this thing?!

SIMMS
You're a pilot, right? The yoke should work pretty much the same as your old fighter planes.

DECKER
Okay. Just like the Ardennes.

Decker pulls back on the yoke and watches as the station slowly spins into view. As he pushes the throttle forward...

ACROSS THE WAY: A shower of SPARKS sprays as a TORCH begins to melt through the blast door. The guards are forcing their way in!

ON THE POLICE SHUTTLE: Simms watches as the yacht's engines FLASH to life. The yacht creeps forward.

SIMMS
That's it. Now gently increase throttle.

The engine wash triples in size. The yacht BLASTS off!

SIMMS (CONT'D)
I said GENTLY!!

Simms flips a couple of switches to start up his own engines, and races after it.

ON THE YACHT: Decker kills the engines, but the station is still rapidly approaching.

DECKER

Simms, why am I not slowing down?

SIMMS

There's no friction in space.
Motion is persistent.

DECKER

So where are the flaps?

SIMMS

There are no flaps!

DECKER

You said this was like an airplane!

SIMMS

I was trying to be encouraging. Hit
the retro-thrusters!

But the retro-thruster controls have been SHOT! And the guards are almost through the blast door!

DECKER

I think they're busted. Miyamoto
just blasted them. Screw it. I'm
taking us in anyway.

SIMMS

Negative. You're going too fast!

The station is now very close, filling the whole canopy.
Decker's on a collision course.

DECKER

Too late to turn back now.

The blast door finally bursts open. The guards flood into the room and tackle Miyamoto. Decker looks back at them, anxious...

DECKER (CONT'D)

Any of you guys know how to fly
this thing?

But it's too late to change course. The guards are powerless to do anything. Decker fights with the controls to no avail. The ship is coming in WAY TOO FAST!

DECKER (CONT'D)

Hold on!

They brace for impact...

But at the last possible second, the yacht lurches backwards as the POLICE SHUTTLE RAMS INTO IT, using thrusters to slow both ships momentum.

SIMMS

Got you!

Both ships scream into the HANGER, spraying sparks and jagged chunks of metal as they scrape against the station floor...

INT. CARTER-WEI BUILDING - CRYONICS PLANT - HANGER - INTERCUT

The same loading dock where earlier Decker and Simms saw the MAN IN THE TUBE. POLICE OFFICERS mill about still investigating the scene.

Then, a metallic whine, getting louder. Everyone looks around, slightly confused, and...

BOOM!

A wall EXPLODES as Carter's massive yacht comes screeching to a halt inside the room.

INSIDE THE YACHT: Off Decker, banged up but breathing a sigh of relief. Simm's voice chirps over the communicator...

SIMMS

You okay?

DECKER

Yeah... but I think Carter's gonna need a new yacht.

INT. CARTER-WEI BUILDING - CRYONICS PLANT - HANGER - LATER

Firefighters spray the crashed spaceships with firehoses as Paramedics treat the wounded.

Simms and Decker watch from a distance as Murphy discusses something with Carter. Miyamoto is taken away in handcuffs.

MURPHY

Good news. Mr. Carter's willing to let you both go. He wants to keep this quiet.

DECKER

What do you mean letting US go?
He's the one kidnapping people!

MURPHY

Miyamoto was self defense.

SIMMS

And the terrestrial refugees?

MURPHY

That's still under investigation,
but I doubt we'll be able to
involve Carter directly. I told you
not to go after him. Consider
yourselves lucky that I'm not
sending you both back to Earth
myself.

DECKER

So that's it? You're just letting
him walk?!

MURPHY

For now. I need you two focused on
Batty's murder.

SIMMS

BOTH of us?

MURPHY

I spoke with central. Your buddy
Gordon can stay on as a consultant as
long as he doesn't blow anything else
up. Clear?

DECKER

Crystal.

MURPHY

Good. The whole station is counting
on you. Find the killer. Whatever
it takes.

EXT. CARTER-WEI BUILDING - DAY

Decker and Simms glare at Carter as he ducks into the back of a
futuristic looking LIMO.

DECKER

Carter knows *SOMETHING* about the
Dahlia killer. He basically said as
much on the ship. I just don't know
what.

SIMMS

He also knows that we're onto him.
He'll cover his tracks.

DECKER

Yeah, but what if he can't?

SIMMS

I'm listening.

DECKER

The traffic's coming from Earth,
right? I figure if the place is as
bad as you say it is than Carter's
people won't be able to clean up so
easy. Especially if Miyamoto can
tell us where to look.

SIMMS

You're serious? We just managed to
avoid being sent to Earth, and now
you're suggesting we go there
voluntarily?

DECKER

There's no place like home, right?
(off Simm's look)
... The Wizard of Oz?

SIMMS

Who?

DECKER

The kids movie?

SIMMS

You watch kids movies?

DECKER

Are you kidding? I love kids
movies.

But as Decker and Simms EXIT, they brush by a FIGURE walking
in the opposite direction... approaching CARTER'S LIMO.

In the figure's hand is the INTRICATE SCALPEL. By the time
Carter's security guard notices, it's too late. The figure
PLUNGES the scalpel into the guard's heart. He's dead before
he hits the ground.

The figure casually climbs into the car. Off Carter's muffled
screams...

END OF PILOT