

OFF WORLD

"Pilot"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CYTHERA - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

A mountain of dark rock rises out of a barren desert. At its base, a desolate city is carved into the stone -- CYTHERA -- the only life in a wasteland devoid of flora and fauna.

The ramshackle structures of Cythera are reminiscent of the favelas of Rio de Janeiro; hovels made of stone, garbage, and technology scavenged from a late 21st century mining colony.

All but one.

Built from obsidian bricks, an isolated house stands in the center of town. All the other buildings emanate out from it in concentric circles.

INT. OBSIDIAN MANSION - BEDROOM - MORNING

Bucking in pleasure, ELEANORA FARROW straddles the man beneath her. Scars crisscross her slender back. Her face is lined, but beauty outshines wear. She's a woman who's seen a world of hurt and caused a world more.

Her nails drive deep into her lover's chest, gripping the skin, nearly drawing blood.

She rides him to climax, controlling every movement. Once the shudder of pleasure has ceased, she rolls off, no concern as to whether or not he's finished.

She sits at the edge of the bed, lights a small cheroot cigar, and gazes out the window.

FARROW'S POV - STREET

Everyone is dirty and wearing shabby clothes -- versions of the same standard uniform, modified for personal style and convenience.

People of every race, language, and ethnicity bicker and barter in the streets.

Two CITIZENS fight, one snapping the other's neck and stealing his coat. No one pays any attention.

Another day in paradise.

Her lover's dirty fingers appear at her bare shoulder, twirling through her hair. She swats it away.

LINUS WESTERHOUSE sits up in the bed behind her, pretty as a peach and dumb as a stone.

LINUS

How much more daylight we due for?

FARROW

Couple weeks. Enjoy it while you can. Daylight's bad for business.

CRACK! Linus jumps at the sound, but Farrow continues to smoke, calm.

Outside, THUNDER ripples through the town, followed by rapid flashes of LIGHTNING.

EXT. CYTHERA - STREET

Electricity ricochets off the makeshift metallic roofs as glints of FLAME flash through the dark clouds.

The sky seems to ripple as SEVEN WHITE PODS break through the atmosphere, as though they are sliding through viscous syrup.

BOOM! They each slam hard into a empty plot of land, kicking up dust. The clean, white metal glows in the dirt, each pod aligned like tombstones at Arlington National Cemetery.

A CROWD gathers as the dust clears.

No one approaches the tall, unmarked cylinders.

INT. OBSIDIAN MANSION - BEDROOM

Farrow watches the people on the street. She scowls as work stops and citizens wander toward the landing zone.

LINUS

How many?

Farrow's eyes stay fixed out the window.

FARROW

Shut up.

The bedroom door opens and VANCE PRUITT enters. He's a man who manages to stay fat in a world where food is scarce.

PRUITT  
 Transports is here.

Farrow doesn't turn.

FARROW  
 Go back out and knock.

PRUITT  
 But--

FARROW  
 Linus isn't decent.

Pruitt and Linus share a look of confusion.

LINUS  
 Ain't like he haven't seen a dick  
 before. Or what you're showing off.

FARROW  
 Go. Knock.

Pruitt opens his mouth to speak.

FARROW (CONT'D)  
 Another word slips your teeth, I'll  
 make it so you're permanently  
 licking your own asshole.

Linus shrugs and Pruitt does as he's told.

KNOCK.

Farrow doesn't move.

KNOCK.

FARROW (CONT'D)  
 Yeah.

Pruitt re-enters, trying his best to hide his annoyance.

PRUITT  
 Transports is here.

Farrow stands and starts to dress.

FARROW  
Are here.

PRUITT  
 Yeah, like I said.

She pulls on her boots and pushes past him.

FARROW  
Need to be quicker on your feet,  
Pruitt. I could see that from my  
window.

PRUITT  
I do something to make you mad?

FARROW  
No more than usual. Wasn't planning  
on a busy day is all.

Linus starts to dress. Farrow shoots him a look.

FARROW (CONT'D)  
You stay put. I need to come one  
more time before breakfast.

She leaves with Pruitt in tow.

Linus yanks off his skivvies and sits under the covers, hands  
crossed in his lap, staring at nothing as he waits.

INT. SMITHY - MORNING

HAWKES -- a hulking, toothless man with a limp -- watches the  
throng shuffle toward the landing zone from the window of  
his shop.

ANDREJA, a determined Czech woman with wide eyes and  
buckteeth, picks through Hawkes' scrap weapons inventory.

ANDREJA  
Ferals. Getting worse.

HAWKES  
(not listening)  
Mmm-hmm.

Andreja picks up what looks like a crossbow made of barbed  
wire.

ANDREJA  
How much?

At a table behind her, KIERA, a chipper gadget hound, solders  
a blade to a hilt. She doesn't bother to cover her missing  
eye, but her smile makes people forget the scars.

KIERA  
We need trade more than chits.

ANDREJA  
Nothing to give.

HAWKES  
(without turning around)  
Good luck finding a weapon  
somewhere else.

Andreja opens her mouth to argue, when--

KIERA  
Sure there isn't something you can  
spare?

ANDREJA  
Can scour the pits, but need this.  
For protection.

HAWKES  
(still out the window)  
Get the fuck out and come back when  
you can pay.

Andreja curses in Czech and storms out.

KIERA  
Have a good day.  
(to Hawkes)  
How many?

HAWKES  
Do it matter?

KIERA  
Farrow can only load up six.

Hawkes breaks his gaze out the window to look back at her.

HAWKES  
Think I don't know that?

KIERA  
More than six means extra.

HAWKES  
Can do the math. Don't need you  
sniping at me.

Kiera returns to her soldering job.

KIERA  
Don't want you going for two. You  
get excited, likely to get your  
head blown off. Remember last time?

Hawkes turns back to the window.

HAWKES' POV

Pruitt, Farrow, and OLLIE, another of Farrow's thugs, ride an ATV down Main Street toward the landing zone.

Pruitt and Hawkes share a nod as they pass.

HAWKES  
Yeah, I remember.  
(then)  
Should get to it.

Hawkes puts a leather harness on his back and heads out.

KIERA  
(calling after him)  
We need ionic converters!

EXT. LANDING ZONE - MORNING

The crowd forms a circle around the pods, knowing they can't move without Farrow's permission.

DOC WOOTTEN, a drowsy addict with a perpetual runny nose, is the only one allowed to break protocol.

Running his hand down the smooth surface of the closest pod, he finds an INVISIBLE BUTTON and presses it.

A SCREEN glows to life on the surface of the pod, showing the pod's contents: REACHER, MALCOLM.

Doc checks Reacher's vitals and activates the pod.

FWOOOSSHH. The pod opens in a puff of cold smoke.

Reacher, an ugly man with a tangle of tattoos around his face and neck, shakes off his sleep and steps out onto solid ground.

Doc continues down the line, opening each of the pods.

Shivering and coughing, the ARRIVALS take their first steps in their new home.

DEACON MOSS, a neckless mass of muscle, pukes and tries to steady himself.

Another arrival, an older woman, collapses. Doc checks her pulse and leaves her lifeless body where it dropped.

The crowd parts to let Pruitt back Farrow's ATV onto the landing zone.

Farrow nods to Doc. He points to an UNOPENED POD.

DOC  
One didn't make it.

Pruitt and Ollie grab the unopened pod and throw it on the flatbed.

Farrow steps onto the pod, addressing the newcomers.

FARROW  
Here's how this goes. One: we don't care what you did. Two: just because we're criminals, don't mean we're lawless. You break the rules, you pay the price. Three: Everyone helps out. You don't do your part, you starve. You'll figure the rest out soon enough.

REACHER  
And what're you? Queen bee?

Farrow jumps down, smiling. Tension grows among the crowd. Some smile, ready for a show, others lower their heads and disappear.

Farrow waves over Doc, who is downloading information from the transports onto a TABLET. Farrow snatches the tablet away from him and brings up Reacher's bio.

FARROW  
Reacher, eh? Fourteen counts of rape. Busy guy.

Reacher licks his lips, his eyes eating her alive.

FARROW (CONT'D)  
So... did you do it?

REACHER  
Every one of 'em.

Farrow pulls an AIR PISTOL from the holster at her back and -- SHUNK!

Reacher falls to the ground, a METAL ROD embedded in his forehead. His body lands in front of PETER BARRETT.

Barrett is the last prisoner to emerge from his pod. He remains stoic in the face of violence, neither disgusted nor taking pleasure in it like the others.

Farrow turns back to Pruitt and Ollie.

FARROW

Leave Reacher's pod for Hawkes. I don't want it in my house.

Barrett can't hold his tongue.

BARRETT

Thought you said our crimes didn't matter anymore?

She turns to him, the gun hanging loose at her side.

FARROW

They don't. But his eyes were fucking me without my say so, so I had to do my job.

BARRETT

And what job is that?

FARROW

Waste management.

Farrow walks to the edge of the crowd and climbs aboard the now full flatbed. She turns back to the remaining new arrivals and smiles.

FARROW (CONT'D)

Welcome to Venus.

**OFF WORLD**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. VENUS - SURFACE - ESTABLISHING

CAMERA FLIES OVER the desolate landscape of the dead planet. The light of the sun barely shines through the clouds raining sulfur down onto the sizzling rocks.

We arrive at the Cythera Penal Colony's false sky. The furious storms beat at the human's protective bubble.

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the barrier, settling on:

EXT. LANDING ZONE - SAME

Farrow's loaded ATV pulls away from the crowd.

Once she's gone, it's time for the residents to take advantage of the new prisoners' ignorance and confusion.

Gangs approach the new arrivals, recruiting. Charlatans negotiate for possessions. A group of FERALS surround a SCRAWNY ARRIVAL, bash his head in, and drag off the body.

Barrett is focused on watching where the ATV is headed and doesn't notice MCDUGAL, an elderly man with kind eyes, approaching as though Barrett is a frightened kitten.

MCDUGAL

Help you get your bearings?

BARRETT

Where are they taking the transports? I need--

ZED, an imposing gang leader, his face pierced in dozens of places with various materials, interrupts the conversation, shoving McDougal into the mud.

ZED

You one of them revolutionaries, then?

Barrett looks to one of Zed's thugs, VERNE. He has a makeshift TABLET at his wrist. A wire tangles around his burnt arm and runs to the base of his skull. His tongue flicks to his harelip scar as he smiles.

Barrett stays silent. Zed steps forward, closing the gap between them.

ZED (CONT'D)  
I don't much like being ignored.

BARRETT  
Killed Peacekeepers. Politics  
didn't enter into it.

Zed holds his tough guy look a moment, then breaks into a laugh, wrapping an arm around Barrett's shoulders.

ZED  
I like a man who kills for sport!  
Name's Zed. You're joining me for a  
meal. It'll be welcome after three  
months of the pod's I.V.

Zed lets go. Barrett looks around.

BARRETT'S POV

The other new arrivals have been courted by different factions. Deacon, the puking prisoner, has already joined Zed's ranks.

He knows he won't survive long being a lone wolf.

Barrett nods and Zed beckons him to follow.

ON MCDUGAL

sitting in the mud, shaking his head as he watches them go.

EXT. MAIN STREET - OUTSIDE THE SYNTH CAFE - DAY

Farrow, aching for some breakfast, jumps from the ATV and lets Pruitt and Ollie continue on their way.

RIKA WINTHROP, Madame of AVALON, Cythera's brothel, blocks Farrow's way into the cafe. She's sexy enough to seduce the toughest customer, hard enough to end anyone who gets out of hand.

RIKA  
How many?

FARROW  
Three left standing. Fewer by the  
end of day.

RIKA  
Anything good come in?

FARROW

I'm no fortune teller, Rika. In case you haven't noticed, they just landed.

RIKA

Don't play dumb, Ellie. I know everything shows up on the doc's scans.

FARROW

And why should I give you first shot?

Rika presses into her seductively.

RIKA

Professional courtesy.

Farrow turns her head away from Rika's lips. There are whiffs of a long-ended relationship in the air between them.

FARROW

Can I get some breakfast now?

RIKA

(whispering, her lips tickling Farrow's ear)  
I can give you something sweet to eat.

FARROW

If I remember correctly, your snatch doesn't taste like bacon.

Rika shoves off her. Farrow pushes past, leaving Rika to seethe in the street.

INT. SYNTH CAFE - DAY

Behind the counter, LEONID, a rail-thin cook, whacks at a large BEEPING machine; An Organic Material Food Synthesizer.

FARROW

Still on the fritz, Leo?

Leonid opens a panel and pulls out a PLATE OF MUSH. He puts it in front of Farrow.

LEONID

Flapjacks taste like feet.

FARROW  
That what you're calling this?

LEONID  
Unless a fiber stabilizer came in  
this morning, that's what you get.

Farrow grabs the plate.

FARROW  
If it didn't, I'll build you one.  
(to herself)  
Add it to the fucking list.

She turns from the counter and sits down at an empty table. Digging in the satchel at her waist, she pulls out a small SPICE JAR and shakes its contents onto the plate.

She takes a bite and spits it out in disgust.

NOODLE, a hovering scrounger with a twitch, appears from nowhere.

NOODLE  
Finished?

FARROW  
Be my guest.

Noodle picks up the plate and scarfs down the food.

FARROW (CONT'D)  
You find out anything?

NOODLE  
(mouth full)  
Anybody got info ain't giving it  
up.

Farrow lights a cheroot.

FARROW  
It just takes one.  
(then)  
You eat over me anymore, I'll slit  
your throat.

Noodle nods and walks out, licking the plate. Farrow picks a loose piece of tobacco from her tongue and flicks it to the floor.

She glances out the window as Zed's group of GOONS pass, Barrett and Deacon pulling up the rear.

INT. ZED'S BASE - MAIN HALL - DAY

Zed leads Barrett and Deacon through his base. The lighting and decor suggest an asylum gutted by lunatics.

ZED

Used to be the mining colony living quarters. Even got working showers. Not too many on this rock can say the same.

DEACON

(under his breath, to Barrett)  
Wouldn't know it from the smell.

Barrett has seen nothing to put him in a joking mood. Deacon shrugs off his coldness.

BARRETT

(to Zed)  
Will that woman know where to bring our possessions from the transports?

ZED

Once you're a Zedhead, everyone will know.

INT. ZED'S BASE - DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

Goons stare from their cells as the group passes.

ZED

Made some special adjustments to the place to make it more homey.

They pass by a TROPHY ROOM lined with keepsakes made from human bones.

DEACON

(smiling)  
Cozy.

INT. ZED'S BASE - MESS - CONTINUOUS

The group enters an empty cafeteria and a GOON COOK, wearing a bloody apron, sets down two plates of meat and bread covered in a thick gravy.

ZED

Dig in, boys. Figure your guts are awake by now.

Deacon sits down and goes to town on the food. Barrett doesn't move, eyeing the plate with suspicion.

ZED (CONT'D)

Not hungry?

BARRETT

Suspect of your bread and beef.  
Can't say I saw wheat fields or  
stockyards in town.

ZED

It fills your belly.

He picks up the bread and holds it in Barrett's face.

ZED (CONT'D)

Eat it.

It's not a request. Barrett does as he's told.

ZED (CONT'D)

Better than the Synth Cafe. We make  
everything in house.

BARRETT

(struggling to swallow)  
Not bad.

ZED

Glad you approve.

Deacon lets out a loud belch, his belly full and plate empty. Zed claps him on the back and laughs. Barrett forces a smile.

ZED (CONT'D)

One last stop.

Deacon stands with fervor, following with the rest of the Goons. He's right at home.

Barrett doesn't move, taking in his new companions, contemplating escape.

VERNE (O.S.)

Something bothering you?

Barrett spins, confronted with Verne's salacious smile.

BARRETT  
Just a lot to take in.

VERNE  
Best is yet to come.

Barrett jogs to catch up with the group.

Verne watches him go, picking the meat from Barrett's untouched plate, sucking the gravy from his fingers.

INT. SMITHY - DAY

Kiera holds open the door for Hawkes.

He's carrying Reacher's pod in the harness on his back, huffing from the weight.

KIERA  
The way you're straining it must be good and full.

HAWKES  
There's more thickness to the air than Farrow's letting on.

Hawkes swings the pod onto his workbench, slamming it down.

KIERA  
Or you're old.

HAWKES  
Just open the fucker up would ya. I need some refreshment.

Kiera examines the pod like a package Santa left under the tree. Hawkes pushes out the back of the shop, coughing.

EXT. SMITHY - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Hawkes goes to the water pump and gives the handle a couple of chucks.

ON HAWKES' HANDS

A clear, chunky ooze comes out of the spigot.

HAWKES  
Goddamn piece of fuck!

He wipes the goo on his pants and opens a panel on the water basin. A METER measuring hydrogen and oxygen is blinking.

HAWKES (CONT'D)

(to Kiera)

How long's the well been broke?

KIERA (O.S.)

If you washed more, you'd have noticed days ago.

Hawkes coughs up a thick ball of phlegm.

PRUITT (O.C.)

Here.

Hawkes looks up just in time to catch the SMALL PART Pruitt throws at him.

HAWKES

Farrow won't miss it?

PRUITT

Kiera paid for it yesterday.

HAWKES

With what?

Pruitt smiles and raises an eyebrow.

Hawkes opens the well and pulls out the BURNED PART, replacing it. One stroke of the pump yields fresh, clear water.

He splashes his face and drinks from his hands.

HAWKES (CONT'D)

Didn't know you had dealings in my shop when I ain't around.

PRUITT

Your girl came looking for me.

Hawkes snorts.

HAWKES

Ain't you supposed to be inventorying?

PRUITT

Ollie likes doing it. Puts him in a Zen mood or some shit. I'm not listening half the time he's jabbering.

HAWKES

Farrow's getting sloppy. Didn't even bother to check what I got inside.

PRUITT

Doc had the inventory on those pods before anybody else registered a download. She knows.

HAWKES

Figures.

(then)

What else you got for me?

Pruitt lowers his voice.

PRUITT

She's been inviting Linus in nightly. Not much alone time.

HAWKES

She fall in love?

PRUITT

Far as I can tell he's nothing but a warm dildo.

HAWKES

She'll tire of him soon enough.

PRUITT

Since when did you get so patient?

HAWKES

Since I saw that piece Farrow pulled this morning.

PRUITT

What about it?

Hawkes stares hard into Pruitt's eyes.

HAWKES

I didn't build it.

INT. ZED'S BASE - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Zed leads the men into a large open space, surrounded by whirring machinery. The balcony above is full of Zed's Goons and he's happy to play to the crowd.

ZED

This is your official welcome,  
boys!

The Goons CHEER.

ZED (CONT'D)

Only the best of the best in  
Cythera become Zedheads!  
(then, lower)  
Unfortunately... we only have room  
for one.

From the balcony, TWO BLADES are thrown into the arena,  
sharpened swords fashioned from scrap metal.

Zed steps into a lift and shuts the gate, riding up to the  
balcony.

BARRETT

And if we refuse to fight?

SHARPSHOOTERS at every corner raise CROSSBOWS to their  
shoulders, taking aim at the men below.

ZED

Then blades are the least of your  
troubles.

Deacon's eyes flash to the weapons, then to Barrett, who  
doesn't take his eyes from his foe.

ZED (CONT'D)

Any time, boys.

Deacon SPRINTS for the blade, picking it up in stride.

Barrett is a step behind and charges for his own weapon.

Before Barrett can get to it, Deacon is above him. He GROWLS,  
raising his blade to strike and --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ZED'S BASE - WAREHOUSE - SAME

Barrett rolls as Deacon's blade cuts into the dirt, slicing through the fabric at Barrett's back.

Barrett sweeps Deacon's feet from underneath him. Barrett scrambles, picking up his blade.

Deacon is all rage and no tact. He telegraphs his charges with enough time for Barrett to dodge him.

ZED

Stop dancing around like bloody  
fairies and fight!

Zed nods to Verne, who wraps his wrist around a hanging CHAIN, watching the action carefully.

Deacon is tiring. Meeting Zed's eyes, he tosses the blade into the balcony.

SHUNK! The blade sticks in the ceiling above Verne's head. He flicks his eyes in Zed's direction, wanting an order. Zed holds his gaze on the arena, waiting to see what happens next. A sadistic smile crawls across his lips.

Wary of letting down his guard, Barrett holds the blade at arms length.

Deacon takes a few purposeful steps toward Barrett, out of breath, and presses the tip of Barrett's blade to his chest.

DEACON

(quiet)  
Put it down.

Barrett takes a moment and lowers the blade, tossing it aside.

BARRETT

Glad you've come to your--

WHACK! Deacon's huge fist slams into Barrett's head, spinning him around and to his knees.

The crowd ERUPTS.

Dazed, Barrett puts up little fight as Deacon grabs him at the collar and waist.

Deacon grunts as he throws the smaller man across the arena.

Zed SNAPS his fingers. Giggling, Verne yanks the chain.

KERCHUNK! The sound of metal sliding into place echoes below.

Barrett rolls across the dirt, stopping short of a wall of RAISED SPIKES, a rusty point slicing his cheek.

Eyes wide, he backs up slowly and stands. A finger goes to the blood flowing down his cheek.

Deacon charges for Barrett again. Barrett ducks a few blows, but the ones that connect are brutal.

He staggers, bleeding, one eye swelling shut.

Deacon throws a punch to Barrett's ribs. He drops to the ground and rolls over onto his back.

BARRETT'S POV

Through his swollen eyes, Barrett can see the outlines of Zed's Goons cheering for his death.

The raised boot of Deacon enters his field of vision, about to kick him into the spikes.

With a GROWL, Barrett grabs the kick and uses Deacon's momentum to swing him into the wall.

Deacon is skewered, GURGLING as a rusty blade pierces his throat.

The balcony explodes with NOISE. Some cheering, some booing. Chits and foodstuffs exchange hands in lost bets.

Barrett, barely standing, looks to Deacon, draining of life. The violence in his eyes slides back below the surface as he steadies his breathing.

ZED

I'd have to say, my money was on  
the murderer. Unexpected turn.

(with pomp)

Welcome to the Zedheads!

CHEERS from the balcony. Barrett stares up at him.

BARRETT

Am I free to come and go as I  
please?

Zed hits a button and a set of bay doors open, letting in the sunshine.

ZED

Be back in time for dinner.

Barrett grabs Deacon's meaty arm at the wrist and pulls his body from the spikes.

He uses the last of his strength to hoist Deacon's body onto his shoulder. Spitting blood into the dirt, he disappears into the sunlight.

INT. AVALON BROTHEL - LOBBY - DAY

The lobby of the Avalon is full of criminals and whores in various states of undress; men and women looking for a short moment of happiness in their daily struggle for survival.

Rika enters from the street and bellies up to the bar.

CYRUS, a stuttering, simple bartender, pours her a shot of rotgut without being asked.

She downs it without cringing.

CYRUS

What'ddd she s-s-say?

RIKA

Hasn't looked yet.

CYRUS

That's a b-b-b-bunch of b-b-b-bullsh-sh-it.

RIKA

You come up with something to offer to put us first on the list, you let me know.

CYRUS

D-d-did you t-tell her?

RIKA

You know if I did, she most definitely would've said no.

Cyrus pours another shot.

CYRUS

N-n-never know.

RIKA

Sure I do.

Rika downs the shot and pushes off the bar, heading upstairs.

INT. AVALON - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Heavy curtains cover the bedroom window and Rika's eyes have to adjust as she puts a handkerchief to her mouth. It does nothing to stifle the smell of death and rot.

In the darkness, the emaciated form of GRETCHEN lies atop a tangle of sheets. Nothing more than a skeleton, her youth has been drained by the cancer eating her alive. Her eyes are open, but unfocused.

Rika brushes away the clumps of hair that have fallen out onto the pillows and sits on the edge of the bed.

RIKA  
(trying to smile)  
Transports came today. Ugliest  
group we've had in awhile.

Nothing.

RIKA (CONT'D)  
Ellie might have something for you.

Gretchen coughs violently, a seizing corpse. When the fit subsides, Rika wipes her mouth and brings a glass of water to her lips.

She doesn't drink, only turns her head and closes her eyes.

Rika puts the water down, weary. She picks up Gretchen's frail hand and kisses it.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Barrett's face is swollen, blood crusting on his lips. Deacon has slipped from his shoulder and he drags the body through the dirt by its feet.

He passes by a building with a METAL SIGN on the roof pointed toward the sky. Scrawled in dried blood, the sign reads:  
WELCOME TO CYTHERA. POPULATION: WHO THE FUCK CARES?

Dirty criminals laugh and yell obscenities at each other. No one in the bustling thoroughfare seems to pay him any attention. They're used to the aftermath of a fight.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Noodle, chewing on a piece of frayed plastic, sees Barrett with the body.

Time to fleece the new fish.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Noodle emerges from the shadows and steps in front of Barrett, flashing grimy teeth.

Barrett continues his pace, forcing Noodle to walk backwards.

NOODLE

What you want for his outfit?

BARRETT

Where's the cemetery?

NOODLE

Don't want to go and bury a perfectly good set of boots. I'll get you a few days luxury lodgings for 'em.

No answer.

NOODLE (CONT'D)

How about the comfort of a woman? Thaw out your nethers? Three months frozen, your pecker's gotta be ready to go.

Barrett won't play.

NOODLE (CONT'D)

Disposal pit's all we got. Ain't much for ritual and honor for the dead 'round here.

(then)

I can write you a chit if you prefer.

BARRETT

Nothing on him's for sale.

Noodle steps to the side and stops. Barrett continues his walk.

NOODLE

(calling after him)

Appreciate a shrewd businessman!

(MORE)

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
 You change your mind, come lookin'  
 for Noodle! With an 'N'!  
 (then, quiet)  
 Stingy fuck.

EXT. MCDOUGAL'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

McDougal sits on his porch in a rocking chair made of scrap metal.

Seeing Barrett dragging Deacon's body by the heels brings him to his feet. He steps into the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

McDougal walks with Barrett for a moment not saying anything, observing as he goes. Then:

MCDOUGAL  
 I take it Zed's offer of respite  
 wasn't all he made it seem.

BARRETT  
 Where's the disposal pit?

MCDOUGAL  
 Edge of atmo. But you won't make it  
 there in your state.

BARRETT  
 I'm fine.

MCDOUGAL  
 Infection kills more here than  
 makeshift pistols. And from the way  
 you're favoring your left, I'd  
 wager a cracked rib or two. Hold up  
 a while and let me get you  
 something for those wounds.

Barrett finally looks at him.

BARRETT  
 Being helpful in this place seems  
 to come with a price.

MCDOUGAL  
 True, there is a selfish purpose in  
 my altruism. I only ask if I might  
 take a closer look at the corpse?

BARRETT  
His goods aren't for sale.

MCDUGAL  
Merely want a closer look. You can  
keep his belongings for yourself  
once I'm through.

Barrett looks confused.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)  
(gesturing to his house)  
Please. Come inside. I'll show you.

McDougal takes a step back toward his house and Barrett  
doesn't follow.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)  
You'll get a meal out of it and I  
promise you won't have to fight  
anyone.

Barrett stops. He'll have to trust someone eventually.

INT. MCDUGAL'S PLACE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

It isn't what Barrett expects. Ragged books, art work,  
furniture, and the most intriguing of all -- PLANTS. Dozens  
of plants.

BARRETT  
How?

McDougal smiles. He grabs Deacon under the arms and helps  
Barrett lift him to the table.

He unrolls a tight leather cylinder, pulling out an array of  
makeshift surgical instruments. He affixes a magnifying lens  
to his head and brings a SCALPEL into the light.

Barrett watches, waiting for the old man to slice into the  
corpse.

Instead, the old man settles on Deacon's boots, picking  
through the treads with surgical precision.

MCDUGAL  
(making a discovery)  
Brilliant. Thank God for country  
boys.

CLOSE ON: TWEEZERS

McDougal holds a small SEED up to the light.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)  
Now, let's hope it germinates.

He places the seed into a petri dish and continues to scrape the remaining dirt out into a larger pot of soil.

BARRETT  
(re: the plants)  
All this... from boots?

MCDUGAL  
Well, not all of it. Once you thaw out completely, be sure to bring me your first BM. Should be some tidbits depending on your last meal.

BARRETT  
You want to pick through my shit?

MCDUGAL  
In Cythera, we use every part of the buffalo.  
(gesturing to his feet)  
May I?

Barrett lifts up his feet, groaning from the effort. McDougal doesn't find anything worthwhile.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)  
Shame. City boy, eh?

McDougal pushes away from the table and goes to a small cupboard. He pulls out SMALL JAR with a grainy brown paste in it and slides it over to Barrett.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)  
For your cuts.

BARRETT  
What is it?

MCDUGAL  
Calendula and lavender mostly. My mother called it Boo Boo Salve, but I wouldn't tell that to anyone who asks what's on your face.

Barrett sniffs it and recoils.

BARRETT  
Doesn't smell like lavender.

MCDUGAL

Honey usually holds it together,  
but alas, no bees. I had to make  
due with what was around. It won't  
hurt you.

Barrett applies the salve. McDougal digs back into the  
cabinet, pulling out a RED PEPPER.

BARRETT

This isn't synth?

MCDUGAL

Taste it.

Barrett takes a bite of the pepper like an apple. Juice runs  
down his chin as he smiles.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)

Don't eat the seeds. Hate to have  
to go through more of your leavings  
than I have to.

EXT. OBSIDIAN MANSION - AFTERNOON

Farrow is about to go inside when she hears a WHISTLE from  
behind.

REVERSE on Noodle, chowing down on what appears to be burnt  
rubber on a stick in front of a street vendor.

Farrow wanders over.

EXT. STREET VENDOR - CONTINUOUS

Farrow takes a quick look at the FOOD VENDOR.

FARROW

You're on break.

The Vendor leaves. Noodle slips Farrow a NOTE.

She opens it, then looks to him.

FARROW (CONT'D)

You're sure?

NOODLE

Shocked the hell outta me, too.  
How you want it handled?

FARROW  
This is a delicate matter.

NOODLE  
You have a plan?

Farrow sees Barrett exit McDougal's house with the old man behind him. He pulls a wheelbarrow with Deacon's body in it.

FARROW  
Not yet.

She walks off.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - AFTERNOON

Barrett sweats heavily as he pulls the wheelbarrow. McDougal trails behind. They pass by a small group of CRIMINALS playing dice.

CRIMINAL  
(calling out)  
How much for the boots?

Barrett ignores him.

MCDUGAL  
You should take one of those offers. He'll be stripped as soon as we dump him.

BARRETT  
I don't steal from dead men.

MCDUGAL  
If you wish to survive this place, you're going to have to do much worse than that.

EXT. DISPOSAL PIT - CONTINUOUS

The deep pit on the edge of town is a vast collection of trash and bodies in various states of decomposition. Ferals pick through the refuse. When they see Barrett and McDougal approach, they HISS, ready to attack.

SHUNK! One of the Ferals is pierced through the chest by a sharpened metal rod. The others scatter.

The Feral falls to REVEAL Andreja. She waves to McDougal, then WHISTLES. A group of SCAVENGERS emerge from their hiding places in the wreckage.

BARRETT  
Lots to navigate here, eh?

MCDUGAL  
And just think, it's only your  
first day.

McDougal nods toward Deacon.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)  
Last chance to strip him before  
those buzzards pick at him.

Barrett looks out at the pit, disgusted. Scavengers are stripping corpses, scalping them, and yanking their teeth.

BARRETT  
If I'd have known... I'd have left  
him with Zed.

MCDUGAL  
No, you did right. Those boys  
would've eaten him.

Barrett snorts out a laugh. McDougal's look tells him he isn't joking.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)  
You want to say words over him?

BARRETT  
Nope.  
(looking up)  
No one listening.

Barrett kicks the body into the pit. The Scavengers are on it like piranhas.

Andreja cuts Deacon's feet off at the ankles. She takes the boots, still full, to get her weapon from Hawkes.

INT. OBSIDIAN MANSION - FARROW'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

URASHIMA HIMADA, a short man with perfectly combed hair and impeccable clothes, sits across from Farrow's desk. His posture is so erect the stick runs out his ass into the base of the chair.

URASHIMA  
I am sure you are getting a number  
of requests, Eleanora, so I will  
make this brief.

FARROW

If I remember, brevity isn't your strong suit.

URASHIMA

(taking fake offense)

You wound me.

FARROW

The stink of your hair oil is making me nauseous. What do you need?

URASHIMA

My water tastes like recycled piss.

FARROW

All our water tastes like that. It is what it is.

URASHIMA

If you aide me in repairing my filtration system, I would be willing to install one in your residence.

FARROW

If you can't keep yours running, how would mine fare?

URASHIMA

Unlike me, you would not have to go through an intermediary for replacement parts.

SLAM! Ollie bursts into the office. He's red-faced and sweating.

He opens his mouth to speak then sees Urashima and holds his tongue.

FARROW

Why can't you and Pruitt learn to FUCKING KNOCK!?

OLLIE

Sorry... I can...

Ollie turns to go back to the door, thinks better of it and turns back the room.

Urashima watches the farce with an amused smile.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I need you to... I have to...  
something...

Urashima stands.

URASHIMA

As much as I am enjoying the show  
your man puts on, there is  
obviously a problem below. I will  
leave you to it.

OLLIE

Good to see ya, Mr. Himada.

Ollie leans against the wall trying to look casual as  
Urashima exits.

FARROW

Well?

OLLIE

I was gone for five minutes,  
honest.

INT. THE WORKS - AFTERNOON

Deep in the bowels of Cythera, the mechs churn; creating  
power and atmosphere, cooling the surface, filtering water.  
It's the life-blood of the colony.

Farrow punches a code into a keypad by a large metal door to  
THE VAULT.

A LASER GRID does a body scan. The biometric identifiers are  
the most advanced tech on the planet.

The vault door opens and Farrow steps in, Ollie behind her  
like a whipped dog.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Countless shelves of confiscated personal items are stacked  
to the ceiling. Dozens of transports in different states of  
disrepair litter the floor.

Farrow turns a corner to see Pruitt standing in front of the  
transports from that morning.

FIVE of them.

FARROW  
Find it. Doesn't matter how.

PRUITT  
Boss--

FARROW  
Not gonna get much done standing  
here!

PRUITT  
It's not the dummy.

FARROW  
What?

OLLIE  
Contraband's accounted for.

He hands her a TABLET. She snatches it out of his hand, looks at it and goes to the last transport in line. The one carrying the dead man.

She opens it, reaches out her hand, and slides it through the frozen corpse's forehead -- A HOLOGRAM.

The corpse disappears and the back panel opens. A cornucopia of replacement parts, foodstuffs, and other various items are packed to the gills.

FARROW  
Which one is missing?

CLOSE ON TABLET

MUGSHOT of Peter Barrett. Screen flashes: CONTENTS NOT FOUND.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Farrow's ATV speeds through town. Pruitt holds the wheel steady, forcing citizens to jump out of the way. A few don't jump in time and are squashed by the massive wheels.

They don't stop. They don't speak.

EXT. DISPOSAL PIT - AFTERNOON

Barrett stands at the edge of the barrier, placing a hand on it. The viscous goo wraps itself around the edge of his fingers.

McDougal yanks his hand away.

MCDUGAL

Easy there! Sulfur storms will melt your flesh off. That is, right before the gravity disintegrates your bones.

BARRETT

No one's gone through it?

MCDUGAL

Some have tried. To make contact with other prisoner colonies. Didn't make it far.

BARRETT

How many colonies are there?

MCDUGAL

Wouldn't know. Big planet.

Farrow's ATV skids to a halt behind the two men, kicking up dust.

MCDUGAL (CONT'D)

If you're looking for cigars, Farrow, I haven't harvested the latest batch of tobacco yet.

FARROW

Not here for you, McDougal, you know it.

MCDUGAL  
(to Barrett)  
You're popular today.

PRUITT  
Get the fuck out of here.

McDougal puts his hands up in supplication and nods to Pruitt. He pats his new friend on the shoulder. His look makes Barrett think he'll never see him again.

He shuffles past the ATV, not looking back.

Farrow gets down off the ATV and walks up to Barrett.

FARROW  
Let's take a ride.

Barrett looks at Pruitt's scowl and thinks better than to argue.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They converse as the ATV speeds back through town.

FARROW  
How you like Cythera so far,  
Barrett?

BARRETT  
Only been here a few hours and I've  
already killed a man.

FARROW  
Good to see you're fitting in.

BARRETT  
So... you run this place?

FARROW  
(smiling)  
No one runs this place. I keep the  
atmo up. Keep our shoes from  
melting off our feet. Night and day  
when we need it.

BARRETT  
Lot of power to control light and  
dark.

FARROW

Someone has to. Gets interesting in Cythera during Venus' 117 days of darkness.

BARRETT

Strictly a maintenance worker?

FARROW

This is more of a home to me than Earth ever was. And I'll do anything to maintain what we've got.

EXT. MAIN STREET/OBSIDIAN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The ATV comes to a halt in front of the Obsidian Mansion. Farrow goes in and Barrett follows, Pruitt close on his tail.

Across the road, Verne watches, pressing a small BUTTON at the base of the wires fed into his skull. He takes a picture of Farrow and Barrett. His eyes narrow in fury.

INT. OBSIDIAN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farrow flops down on a worn couch. Barrett doesn't sit. Pruitt leans against the door frame, watching.

FARROW

Anything I can do to make your stay here more enjoyable?

BARRETT

I need to get my personals from you. Saw you ride off with the transports.

FARROW

You'll get your things once we make sure there's nothing that could be a detriment to the colony.

BARRETT

Survival kit, standard gear, a few data sticks. Nothing special.

FARROW

Data sticks?

Pause.

BARRETT

Pictures. Music. Bit of an audiophile.

Farrow notices his hesitance, but glides over it.

FARROW

Music will come in handy. We've got ourselves a small broadcast station. Radio signals are spotty, but a bit of entertainment keeps everyone from killing each other.

BARRETT

Doesn't appear to be doing a very good job.

Farrow laughs.

FARROW

Big revolutionary back on Earth, eh?

BARRETT

If that's how you want to see it.

FARROW

Sentenced for killing five peacekeepers during a riot. Looks pretty cut and dry to me.

BARRETT

Nothing I say will convince you otherwise. Think what you want.

FARROW

Any other hobbies? Petty theft perhaps?

BARRETT

Nope.

Pruitt sinks a fist into Barrett's side with a CRACK! He drops to his hands and knees.

FARROW

Ribs just went from bruised to broken. The next wrong answer removes your teeth.

Barrett is having trouble breathing.

FARROW (CONT'D)

Did you remove your transport from my stores?

BARRETT

Been with... McDougal... he'll tell you.

FARROW

Except for the time you spent with Zed. Maybe you gave him the inside scoop to let you live? Can't see you besting that other fella in a fight.

BARRETT

Why... would he take... my transport?

Farrow picks up his face and puts a knife to the base of his ear, slicing slowly into the bottom of the lobe.

FARROW

You tell me.

BARRETT

I'll help you find it.

FARROW

(sarcastic)

I'm sure you'll be extremely helpful with your advanced knowledge of Cythera.

Farrow slides the knife further up his ear lobe, now a flap of hanging skin.

Barrett grunts, but holds her gaze.

FARROW (CONT'D)

You're not scared like most new fish. Why?

BARRETT

Not much else to lose.

FARROW

(smiling)

Barrett, you have yet to know what true loss is.

Farrow lets him go and wipes her knife on her pants.

Barrett holds his broken ribs, his ear streaming blood onto the carpet.

FARROW (CONT'D)

Doc will patch you. I want your transport and all its contents back by dawn.

Farrow leaves, slamming the door behind her.

INT. CLINIC - DUSK

Rika is in Doc's clinic. From the look on his face, she's been annoying him for some time.

DOC

Got nothing for you.

RIKA

I know you see the manifests. Maybe you have nothing now, but give me some hope here. Half a dozen free pumps at my girls in trade.

Doc sighs.

DOC

Something came in. Can't say it'll make its way to you, but--

WHAM! Pruitt kicks his door open and drops Barrett.

PRUITT

Sew his bones. Farrow's say so.

Rika steps over Barrett and pushes past Pruitt, knowing better than to stick around.

DOC

(frustrated)

No Marrow Gel in this last shipment. I'm running low.

PRUITT

Just keep the fucker breathing, at least 'til morning.

(then, whispering to Barrett)

Good luck, asshole.

Pruitt kicks Barrett inside and walks off.

Doc bends down to help Barrett up, but Barrett waves him off. He stands and shuffles to the examination table, unbuttoning his shirt.

Doc looks at the wrap McDougal put around his midsection.

DOC

Looks like your middle has taken quite a beating today.

Doc unwraps the bandages revealing severe bruising. He preps a PNEUMATIC HYPO-GUN as he speaks.

BARRETT

Haven't made many friends.

DOC

No one here makes friends. Only allies they'll eventually betray.

BARRETT

That's not comforting.

DOC

Of the six landed, there's only two of you left alive. Count your blessings.

BARRETT

Odds usually that bad?

DOC

Nope. Usually worse. Been a pretty quiet day.

He twists a long needle on the end of the gun.

DOC (CONT'D)

This is gonna hurt like a son of a whore. Normally I'd numb you, but I just don't have the means.

Barrett nods he's ready. Doc jams the needle into Barrett's side. Barrett grunts in agony as Doc shoots an OPAQUE GOO into his body.

DOC (CONT'D)

Should take about fifteen minutes to set. Don't get punched in the ribs again for the next twenty-four hours.

BARRETT

Not planning on it.

Doc puts away his materials and wipes his hands.

DOC

Farrow usually doesn't bother with a beating, much less a mending. She must like you.

BARRETT

Someone took my transport.

DOC

(shocked)

That's... uh... from The Vault?

BARRETT

If you say so. She had cause to believe it was me, hence the broken ribs.

DOC

Don't explain the request for repair.

BARRETT

Any idea who might want it?

DOC

Every damn soul On-World. Don't matter what you brought with you.

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Barrett clutches his ribs as he leaves.

Pruitt emerges from the shadows behind the clinic.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Barrett limps down Main Street toward McDougal's place. Verne steps in his path, a jagged blade resting on his shoulder.

VERNE

Zed don't care for how you spurned his hospitality. You missed dinner.

BARRETT

Been doing some sightseeing.

Verne isn't amused.

BARRETT (CONT'D)

How about we head back to your base  
and I'll make amends?

Verne smiles and points the blade at Barrett's chest.

VERNE

Through there.

He directs Barrett into the darkness of a nearby alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

One hand up, the other clutching his ribs, Barrett tries to  
make small talk.

Verne is nervously looking over his shoulder.

BARRETT

I was going to come back. But as  
you can tell, got a little  
sidetracked.

Once they are out of sight of Main Street, Verne grabs  
Barrett's hair, yanking him back.

VERNE

Let's cut the shit. Zed don't know  
where you are and he don't care.

His blade slides under Barrett's chin.

VERNE (CONT'D)

Time for you tell me how you got  
into Farrow's vault.

Off Barrett's look --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Verne spins Barrett around and presses close, his sour breath making Barrett recoil. The blade digs in, drawing blood.

BARRETT

It wasn't me.

VERNE

Been looking for a way in for years. And you breach it first day? Who got you in? McDougal? I want in. And you're gonna show me how.

BARRETT

Is that wire scrambling your fucking brain? You're not listening.

VERNE

If you don't talk, I'll cut it out of the old man.

(smiling)

Shame I'll have to kill you. If you'd been more cooperative I would've brought you into my crew.

BARRETT

I'm already a Zedhead.

VERNE

Not talking about that crew.

Verne applies more pressure to the blade, ready to skewer Barrett's head.

WHACK! Barrett jams the heel of his hand into Verne's jaw, dazing him.

He grabs Verne's wrist and CRACK! The blade falls to the ground as Verne clutches his hand, SHRIEKING.

SNAP! Verne's knee buckles as Barrett kicks it in. From his speed and rage, it's obvious he was holding back in his fight with Deacon.

BARRETT

You know how they used to punish thieves on Earth?

Barrett lifts the blade and brings it down hard.

SHUNK!

Verne WAILS in agony, bloody stumps gushing gore where his hands used to be.

Barrett is about to swing the blade around to remove Verne's head when a HAND catches his wrist.

PRUITT

Hold on a hot fucking second! Don't kill him!

Barrett swings on Pruitt, his ire up.

BARRETT

You part of this crew he's talking about?

PRUITT

Hell no! But we need him alive.

BARRETT

We as in who? Farrow?

PRUITT

This was supposed to go a lot smoother.

BARRETT

Oh yeah? What was I supposed to do?

PRUITT

Not go all batshit ninja on him, that's for sure.

BARRETT

(realizing)

Farrow doesn't give a shit about my transport, does she?

PRUITT

Yeah she does. She just don't give a shit about you.

BARRETT

I like this planet less every minute.

Verne tries to crawl away. Barrett kicks him hard in the guts.

PRUITT

Can you just do what I say and not fuck anything else up?

BARRETT  
Does she know who took it?

PRUITT  
(re: Verne)  
Wasn't this one. That's all I know.

Barrett takes a deep breath, frustrated, but calming down.

BARRETT  
So, what are my options?

PRUITT  
Help me or I kill you.

Barrett raises the blade and points it at Pruitt's crotch.

BARRETT  
No third option?

PRUITT  
(unfazed)  
'Fraid not.

After a beat, Barrett lowers the blade.

Pruitt grabs Verne by the scruff of his coat.

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
(to Verne)  
Let's go see your boss.

INT. ZED'S BASE - MESS - NIGHT

All the Zedheads are laughing, having a good time.

Zed is regaling the boys with a story.

ZED  
-- and that's when the ruddy cunt  
shit himself!

The group around him laughs, but he's getting no love from the back of the room. This upsets him.

ZED (CONT'D)  
You got something out there you  
find more interesting, you fucking  
twats?

ON BARRETT

Dragging Verne's whimpering body through the group by his collar.

Every Zedhead he passes has a death stare in their eyes, but they know to leave Barrett to their boss.

When Barrett reaches Zed's table, he throws Verne down in front of him. Zed doesn't stand.

ZED

Explain.

BARRETT

Your boy here has been stealing from Farrow.

VERNE

(weak)

Lies.

ZED

I like your initiative new fish, but you framed up the wrong man.

BARRETT

Don't have enough knowledge of this place to play him against you. Only what I've seen. Ask him.

ZED

I've got faith in my man.

Zed pulls a gun from his belt and points it at Barrett's heart.

ZED (CONT'D)

You backed the wrong horse, Sonny Jim.

PRUITT

No, he didn't.

The tip of a blade presses into Zed's neck. He turns to see Pruitt smiling at him.

ZED

The minute you kill me, you'll be torn apart.

PRUITT

Sure. But you'll still be dead.

Zed's eyes flick around the room contemplating his next move. His Zedheads are merely waiting for the order to attack.

It doesn't come.

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
Got someplace private we can talk?

INT. ZED'S BASE - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Pruitt leads Zed into the empty warehouse, blade tight at the back of his head.

Barrett drags Verne in.

PRUITT  
Open the doors.

Barrett drops Verne and hits the door controls.

Waiting outside the opening door, Farrow and Ollie step inside.

Farrow glances over at Barrett with a smile.

FARROW  
(to Zed)  
I like what you've done with the place.

ZED  
Couldn't leave it be, could you?  
Had to push your territory.

FARROW  
You and I both know if this was a power grab you'd be at the bottom of the disposal pit by now.

Pruitt lowers the blade.

ZED  
I'm listening.

FARROW  
Did you know this piece of shit has been pilfering? A little at a time?

ZED  
No. I had no part of it.

FARROW

Oh, I know. We're looking for something specific. A transport. Belongs to that one.

She nods to Barrett.

ZED

First I've heard of it.

FARROW

And that doesn't worry you? Thought you had ears everywhere?

Zed's eyes narrow.

ZED

Why the sudden info sharing?

FARROW

You're an enemy I know. Can't say the same for any of those in the next room.

ZED

And why should I trust your word?

FARROW

Because you get to walk away.

ZED

In exchange?

FARROW

I want Barrett.

ZED

Why?

FARROW

That's my business.

ZED

Only one way out of the Zedheads. And it ain't breathing.

BARRETT

It's fine. I'll stay.

FARROW

You don't get a choice.

ZED  
I let him go, I look weak in front  
of my men.

Ollie presses an Air Gun to the base of Zed's skull.

FARROW  
I don't care.

ZED  
I won't forget this.

FARROW  
Don't expect you to. Have fun  
making an example out of Verne.

Farrow and her crew leave. Barrett follows without looking back.

Alone, Zed kicks Verne's bleeding body and SCREAMS in rage.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. SYNTH CAFE - NIGHT

Behind the counter, Ollie and Leonid replace the Fiber Stabilizer in the Food Synth machine. Ollie pulls out a plate of what appears to be turkey and mashed potatoes.

Barrett sits at a table across from Farrow. She digs into the food as soon as Ollie sets it down.

FARROW  
Sure you don't want any?

Barrett doesn't answer.

FARROW (CONT'D)  
Still tastes like feet, but fuck it, I'm starving.

She wipes her mouth.

FARROW (CONT'D)  
(to Ollie)  
Go ahead and deliver to Rika and Himada tonight so I don't have to hear their begging again tomorrow. Save the rest 'til morning.

Ollie nods and exits.

BARRETT  
You used me as bait.

FARROW  
Pruitt was on you the whole time.

BARRETT  
I don't appreciate being a pawn in your giant chess game.

FARROW  
Today you graduated to knight. Anyone with a proclivity to kill Peacekeepers has a spot on my team.

BARRETT  
I respectfully decline.

FARROW  
Of course you do. But the spot's open when you come to your senses.

BARRETT  
I'm not like you.

FARROW  
Sure you are. Otherwise you  
wouldn't be here.  
(then)  
Someone took a big risk breaking  
into my vault. Who wants your  
transport?

BARRETT  
Every damn soul On-World. Doesn't  
matter what I brought with me.

Farrow chuckles.

BARRETT (CONT'D)  
You figure it out, you let me know.

FARROW  
Sure thing.

Barrett stands and leaves.

Noodle steps out of the shadows. Farrow hands him her plate  
without looking at him.

NOODLE  
(eating)  
You've got an interesting way of  
dealing with problems.

FARROW  
Zed killing Verne will get the rest  
of 'em jumpy. Can't cut off the  
head until I know who else they've  
got on their side.

NOODLE  
I mean claiming Barrett. Pissed off  
Zed something fierce.

FARROW  
Had to get something out of the  
deal or Zed wouldn't believe a  
word.

NOODLE  
Still think Barrett took it?

FARROW

He didn't take it. But there's something in it he doesn't want us to have.

NOODLE

What makes you think that?

FARROW

Woman's intuition.

NOODLE

Right. So... who broke into your vault?

FARROW

I don't know. But it's someone who's not long for this world.

INT. SMITHY - NIGHT

Hawkes picks apart Reacher's transport, sparks flying into the darkness.

Above him, Kiera sleeps in a loft hammock.

PRUITT (O.S.)

Was it you?

Hawkes lifts his welding mask and turns to Pruitt standing in the doorway.

HAWKES

Was going to ask you the same.

PRUITT

Guess we don't trust each other as much as we thought.

HAWKES

Not about trust. It's about math. Three people can get into Farrow's vault. It wasn't you...

PRUITT

It wasn't Ollie. He'd cut off his cock and wrap it in a bowed box before betraying her.

HAWKES

She didn't steal the damn transport from herself.

They let this information sit between them a moment.

Could she?

PRUITT

She don't know about us.

HAWKES

You're so damn certain. She knew about Verne.

PRUITT

Verne was a fucking foot soldier. She's using him to flush game.

HAWKES

If there's another player here we don't know about...

PRUITT

There'll be a power vacuum. We'll have a goddamn civil war on our hands.

HAWKES

It's always fucking something.

PRUITT

Let's keep prepping. If things change, I want to end that bitch's life at a moments notice.

Pruitt leaves.

Hawkes lowers his helmet, going back to his work.

ON KIERA

Back turned. Eyes open. She heard everything.

INT. URASHIMA'S PARLOUR - NIGHT

In an ornate dressing gown, Urashima answers his front door.

REVERSE on Ollie handing over a SMALL PART that looks like a water pump.

URASHIMA

Any more deliveries tonight?

OLLIE

Just the one.

URASHIMA

Come on back when you're through.

Urashima takes the pump, pulls him inside, and gives him a deep kiss. Ollie pulls back and smiles.

OLLIE

Always do.

INT. AVALON - NIGHT

Gretchen coughs and moans. She is drenched in sweat and has kicked off her sheets.

Rika injects her with a SYRINGE. As the painkillers run through Gretchen's bloodstream, she settles and falls into a deep sleep.

Rika slumps to the floor, twirling the syringe between her fingers. There is still some LIQUID left in the barrel.

She picks up a NOTE from a small metal box sitting on the floor. It reads:

**Don't use it all at once.**

**- Ellie**

She crumples the note and tosses it to the ground.

A tear streams down her cheek as she rolls up her sleeve, revealing an arm riddled with TRACK MARKS.

INT. ZED'S BASE - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

Zed stands over a small grill, cooking bits of MEAT. He stabs the sizzling meat with a knife and eats it.

ZED

Always better fresh.

Blood drips from Verne's mouth. His limbs are pierced with crossbow bolts, crucifying him to the wall of bones. He's still alive, but barely.

Zed takes the knife and slices off Verne's nose. Verne's SCREAMS mingle with the SIZZLE as Zed tosses it onto the grill.

ZED (CONT'D)

You don't die 'til I get names.

INT. OBSIDIAN MANSION - BEDROOM - LATER

Farrow enters her bedroom, exhausted.

She flops down on the bed, fully clothed, burying her face in her pillow.

CAMERA PANS to REVEAL Linus still sitting in bed where Farrow left him that morning, hands crossed.

LINUS

So--

FARROW

(muffled)

Get out.

Linus does as he's told, pissed.

INT. MCDUGAL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

McDougal sleeps soundly.

CAMERA PANS away from his slumbering body to:

INT. MCDUGAL'S PLACE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Barrett sits down on his cot, dead tired from a long day.

He takes off his shirt, the pain in his ribs rippling through his body. He splashes water on his face from a small basin and wipes his face on his shirt.

Listening to make sure McDougal's snores are steady, he pulls back the sheet on his cot to REVEAL McDougal's surgical kit.

Pulling out the scalpel, he holds the blade to his wrist and slices up the forearm.

A steady stream of blood drips into the clear water in the basin.

Barrett watches the flow of blood for a moment, then digs into the wound with the scalpel, popping something free.

Grabbing the tweezers, he pulls out a METALLIC ORB no larger than an aspirin.

He brings it close to his face and squeezes it.

In the darkness of the room, the orb glows GREEN.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the light and PULLS BACK to:

Another GREEN ORB, larger and brighter, glowing inside...

BARRETT'S TRANSPORT.

CAMERA continues to ZOOM OUT, through the darkness to:

INT./EXT. ABANDONED MINE - VENUSIAN DAY

The transport is at the bottom of a mine shaft.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT FURTHER, through the rock, into the light.

Sulfur rains down into the mouth of the mine --

-- OUTSIDE THE BARRIER.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW