

EXT. LUNA'S DAMN ROCK - CONTINUOUS

The silence of space as Luna guides herself down.

Below the equipment is a large series of the same black crystals, revealed to be beneath the ice the whole time.

LUNA

It's everywhere.

She reaches the mining gear and disengages the couplings.

The spider-like drones return to their box by themselves, folding up as Luna switches them off one by one.

Scale is evident as Luna guides the huge mining gear and tubing back into the ship, dwarfed by the asteroid, with the pulsar and even larger nebulae playing across the background of everything.

INT. SHIP - EQUIPMENT BAY

The bay doors close behind Luna, the mining equipment all inside and secure.

Luna pops open her helmet with a HISS.

The mining equipment has clusters of black crystals, like geometric fungus growing over seams and cracks.

LUNA

Kell! Seal off the bay until we--

The mining machinery COMES TO LIFE, the pump kicks into action, tubing flails, a writhing snake in low gravity.

Luna jumps back, barely evading it as it SLAMS around.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Kell!

The movements of the tube are random, sporadic.

Suddenly, Kell is standing next to her.

KELL

The machinery is malfunctioning.

LUNA

I can see that! Turn it off!

A second pump kicks to life and another tube flails, swiping through Kell's hologram.

Luna is barely able to duck it.

KELL
It will not respond.

LUNA
Fine.

Picking up a wrench, Luna weaves between the flailing tubes.

One of them SLAMS her in the chest, pushes her back, but she redoubles her efforts and makes it to the machine.

Using the wrench, she uncouples the power cord.

Both pumps and tubes fall to the ground, lifeless again.

Up close, the dark crystals appear along every seam and gap in the machine. Particularly dense around the power cord.

Luna smashes the crystals with her wrench.

They SHATTER, disintegrating into nothing.

But, as she watches, crystals form on the wrench itself.

Luna drops it to the ground like a live snake, careful not to touch any of the infected areas now.

LUNA (CONT'D)
You registering this?

Luna makes her way from the bay, up a set of stairs.

KELL
There is a larger problem.

Kell stands at the top of the stairs.

A screen materializes in the air, the filtration tank.

KELL (CONT'D)
The impurities are gone from the holding tanks.

LUNA
You were able to filter them all out?

KELL
No. One moment they were there, the next, they were not.

Luna walks through the hologram and into a decontamination corridor.

LUNA
So, what does that mean?

She hits a large, red button on the wall and a pale mist sprays, the light pulses ultraviolet.

KELL
Uncertain.

INT. SHIP - HALLWAY

Luna moves quickly, almost running.

Kell walks with her, his hologram flickering in and out.

KELL
But the crystals are not, after
all, inert.

Luna stops, sees something in the corner of an access panel. More black crystals forming in the panel's edges.

Pulling out a tool from her belt, Luna works the panel off the wall, shines a flashlight inside.

Inside, around the wires and electrical systems, the black crystals are thick. As Luna watches, they mass together, growing out toward her hand.

She moves the flashlight back and forth over the dark space.

The crystals MOVE in sync with the light.

LUNA
No shit.

A door adjacent to the infected panel opens, then closes.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Kell?

The door shudders, opening and closing rapidly.

Luna turns, running for the control room.

INT. SHIP - CONTROL ROOM

Luna stands with Kell, who flickers in and out as he speaks. Displays show various parts of the ship, the cryo bay seems secure, all the passengers are asleep.

The fuel reserves show 100%.

The filter tube sits nearby with the crystal structure still inert inside. It is attached to a large apparatus on the table, some sort of sensor array.

Luna passes her flashlight across the tube and the crystals form in such a way to reach out toward the light itself.

KELL

They appear to be----at----tomic machines.

Luna looks at the filter tube, the black crystals inside reflect her own image back to her, making it seem as though she's staring herself down.

LUNA

Are they dangerous?

KELL

Unknown. But, they are con-- concentrating in the parts of the ship with highly active levels of electromagnetic radiation, my data and oper--perational center, and the ship's engine itself.

She looks to the screen, where a 3D map of the ship shows the areas infected with the highest concentrations of crystals.

LUNA

The cryo bay is clear?

KELL

Yes, the cryo bay has extremely low energy output, and the in-- infection appears to be siphoning off excess radiation.

LUNA

Like some kind of parasite?

KELL

That analogy is appr--ppropriate.

Luna examines the map, then looks back to the cryo bay, none of the crystals have formed in these areas.

Rhode's image is still on the screen.

LUNA

Okay, so what do we do?

KELL

I am running simulations.

Kell flickers out for a long moment while Luna watches the status screens. She flicks between several views of the ship, examining the growing menace.

As she scans through, she gets to one screen that has a blinking yellow light in a corner.

The blinking yellow warning reads: *PROXIMITY ALERT*.

It is the view of the asteroid, still close to the ship itself in perfectly synced orbit movement.

At first glance, the rock appears normal, at the same distance as before. Then, the whole thing spins into the light of the red sun and the change is obvious.

The crystals on the asteroid have GROWN exponentially, all congregating at the point closest to the ship, like they are reaching for the ship itself.

LUNA

Kell!

Kell reappears next to her.

KELL

I have not completed the necessary
simulat---

The proximity warning center begins to blink red and an ALARM sounds, the whole room flashing bright with the warning.

Luna pulls up the image of the rotating asteroid on a larger screen, projecting it out in 3D.

LUNA

Fire engines away from the rock!
Emergency procedures override!

KELL

Confirmed. Emergency procedures
engaged. Warning. Ignoring all
safety protocol.

Kell flickers, and engines RUMBLE somewhere inside the bowels of the ship, gravity flips, the items in the room all automatically realigning---except for Luna.

She is thrown into the control deck, crashing into it HARD as the room shifts.

Scrambling, Luna is barely able to reach the chair, gravity shifting around her as she is thrown this way and that.

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Outside the ship, light POURS from the engine, forcing the ship away from the asteroid as the crystals grow, reaching closer and closer.

But, they aren't going fast enough and the thrust angle is all wrong.

The crystals are going to catch them.

INT. SHIP - CONTROL ROOM

Luna is barely in the chair, clinging to one of the straps as she secures herself with the other one.

KELL

The ship was not built for rapid acceleration, this thrust will be insufficient to avoid contact.

LUNA

Will the disrupter shield stop it?

KELL

No, the shield is strictly for radiation and high velocity impacts.

Thinking hard, Luna surveys the screens in front of her, looking for something, any way out. Rhode is there on screen, asleep, unaware of the crisis.

Next to her is the screen for the filtration tanks.

LUNA

Do something!

Kell's image flickers, processing.

KELL

It is possible that if we rotate the ship and jettison the mining waste, the direct mass expulsion would give us an additional two point four gees of differential force, but it is quite dang---

LUNA

Do it now! Fucking authorized, Kell!

Kell flickers again, and the gravity again begins to shift in a different direction as the ship rotates.

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Attitude adjustors engage outside the ship as the whole donut turns, bringing part of the ship closer and closer to the asteroid where the giant crystals have grown out.

Both are bathed in the light of the red star, the nebulae massive and beautiful behind it all. Indifferent.

Just as it appears the crystals will reach the ship---

INT. SHIP - CONTROL ROOM

Luna clicks in the final buckles of her straps.

LUNA

Now, Kell!

One of the screens turns from green, to yellow, to white. Counting down.

The whole room flashes white.