

STATION FIVE
(first 14 pages - contest entry)

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Nice houses, green grass, warm sun, cool breeze.

LORNA RAND (25)

A fit, cynical ex-soldier. She's headed home.
Easily carrying a heavy-looking bag over her shoulder.

She looks around at playing children and groomed adults
laughing over pleasant conversation. They don't impress her.

Suddenly, Lorna stops, dropping the bag. THUD.

AN EMPTY PLOT OF LAND

Where her family's home once stood. Pull out to reveal more
of the neighborhood, the entire city, and then... space!

EXT. STATION FIVE

The entire city is in a massive space station.
It's enormous, with artificial ecosystems and whole cities.

EARTH'S ORBIT

Five stations total, connected by a web of orbital bridges.
Earth is polluted and uninhabitable, a sickly brown.

INT. DRONE SHUTTLE

Flying between stations. It's a drone, remotely controlled.
Lorna sits alone in the cabin, tapping fingers impatiently.

A view screen lights up.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ZIMMER (50), a grizzled vet, appears.

LORNA
About time.

Zimmer scowls at the informal greeting.

LORNA
About time, sir.

ZIMMER
Sergeant. Always a pleasure.

LORNA
Ex-sergeant. I'm retired.

ZIMMER

We never truly retire, Lorna.

Lorna glares at Zimmer, unimpressed.

LORNA

My family's missing. My house is missing. Funny thing: nobody that used to live in the neighborhood does anymore.

She adjusts, leaning forward, as if to get in Zimmer's face.

LORNA

Then, coincidentally, you send for me. I'm understandably at a loss.

ZIMMER

Imagine you would be, sergeant.

LORNA

What does that mean, sir?

Zimmer SCOFFS, then hardens his composure.

ZIMMER

You're headed to Station Four, where you'll receive further instructions. Zimmer out.

He ends the transmission right there.

Lorna leans back in her seat and closes her eyes. She hears a subtle HISS. Soft, barely perceptible.

Then it gets louder.

LORNA

Her eyes open and go wide!

LORNA

Damn it!

Through the air ducts, a white, foggy gas seeps in!

She bolts for the door to the cockpit and kicks it open. Screens show the autopilot in control.

Lorna tries to override the controls. No luck. The gas grows thicker; she COUGHS, covering her mouth.

Lorna runs back through the cabin, holding her breath. She opens a maintenance compartment and finds

A SPACE SUIT

She reaches for it, then falls to her knee, woozy!

LORNA'S HAND

Grasps at the suit, then falls.

INT. STATION FOUR SPACEPORT

Busy and bustling, but with significant military presence. Citizens move about freely, but there's an air of tension.

The shuttle arrives; Zimmer and a SQUAD are waiting.

ZIMMER

Rand should be unconscious, but be on guard. She can be --

KABOOM; An EXPLOSION rocks the dock! ALARMS sound and sprinkler systems activate to douse the flames.

Zimmer, singed but alive, GROANS and looks around. Some of his squad are injured, some dead. He tends to the injured.

ZIMMER

... She can be tenacious.

EXT. STATION FOUR

Navigating the outside of the massive structure is

A SPACESUIT-CLAD LORNA

She escaped in time! Her teeth grit, she carefully scales the station, headed slowly towards another dock.

INT. DOCK

A commercial passenger shuttle arrives, Lorna hanging on to the side. The dock hatch closes and the chamber PRESSURIZES.

A crew of DOCKWORKERS performs routine duties and inspection. One finds an empty spacesuit; Lorna's long gone.

SPACEPORT TERMINAL ARRIVALS

Like an airport: baggage carousels, shops, all that.

Lorna emerges from a maintenance corridor and looks around carefully. Satisfied she wasn't spotted, she continues.

However, someone saw.

WHITNEY WHITE (22)

Clumsy newsroom intern, wannabe reporter, and overly curious young woman. She saw Lorna leave the corridor and follows.

Whitney's looking to make a name for herself. And she's gay. So Lorna catches her attention both ways.

WHITNEY
(to herself)
What's your story, pretty lady?

EXT. SPACEPORT PUBLIC ENTRANCE - DAY

Lorna steps "outside" into Station Four's artificial daytime atmosphere, pace brisk and head down.

Whitney tails her from a ways back.

INT. MILITARY SPACECRAFT

Zimmer's squad tends to the wounded in this well-armed craft.

ZIMMER'S QUARTERS

Zimmer himself is pissed, pacing back and forth, speaking to someone on an unseen view screen.

ZIMMER
We should have killed her when we had the chance!

A woman's voice responds: ECLIPSE (34). She's scheming, confident, purposeful, a real "plans within plans" sort.

ECLIPSE (O.S.)
I cannot allow that to happen, brigadier-general.

ZIMMER
You "allowed" my people to die!

Eclipse doesn't answer. Zimmer's still steamed.

ZIMMER
There's a reason those worms from Station One called her The Butcher of Artume's Haven. I won't have her butchering more of my troops!

ECLIPSE (O.S.)
Zimmer, calm yourself --

ZIMMER
I don't want to hear it! Next time,
she's dead, and I don't --

SLASH! Suddenly, Zimmer GARGLES on his own blood!
He falls to the ground. THUD.

AGENT HEIMDALL (32)

Holds a bloody knife. He's a lithe assassin, formidable and
a little unbalanced, almost always sporting an evil smile.

HEIMDALL
Well that was boring. What about
his squad, boss?

ECLIPSE (O.S.)
Letting them live poses too great a
risk. You know what to do. Then,
bring me Lorna Rand, alive.

Heimdall pouts, like a kid denied ice cream.

HEIMDALL
What a let down. If this woman is
everything the old man claimed, I
want to go a few rounds.

ECLIPSE (O.S.)
Never said you couldn't. Just make
sure she lives.

He perks up, producing a grenade and about to go to work.
The transmission ends, and Heimdall starts LAUGHING evilly!

He opens the door to Zimmer's quarters and tosses the
grenade. It EXPLODES, flooding the cabin with smoke.

Heimdall disappears into the cloud, still LAUGHING, that
laughter soon joined by horrific SCREAMS.

EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Lorna's in Station Four's poor area, Whitney tailing.
Lorna ducks into an alley. Whitney follows --

SLAM! Lorna grabs Whitney's collar and holds her to the
wall!

LORNA
Don't like being followed, lady.

WHITNEY
(panic)
Oh god, don't kill me!

LORNA
Start explaining.

WHITNEY
I'm a reporter! I saw you leave the
port, acting all sneaky and junk!
Thought I'd get a story! Honest!

Lorna holds Whitney there for a beat.

LORNA
... And?

WHITNEY
... That's it.

Lorna GROWLS; her expression could kill.

WHITNEY
Okay, okay! I also think you're
hot! Wanted to ask you out!

Lorna calms down and, after a tense beat, CHUCKLES.
Whitney nervously joins in.

WHITNEY
This is good laughter, right? Not
"I'm going to kill you" laughter?

Lorna lets go.

LORNA
Is this how you normally meet
women? Stalking them?

Whitney SIGHS.

WHITNEY
Sometimes. No lesbian bar scene on
Station Four. More than a few
conservative folk, too. You'd think
humanity would have learned by now.

LORNA
Don't put faith in people. It'll
disappoint you in the end.

WHITNEY

Oh wow, that's a downer.

LORNA

It's also true. So, a reporter?

Whitney stands all proud, chest puffed out.

WHITNEY

That's right! Whitney White,
journalist extraordinaire!

Whitney points at her chest.

WHITNEY

This doing anything for you?

LORNA

(sarcasm)

Yeah, I'm all flush.

(serious)

Okay then, Ms. White, you want a
story? I got one, and it could be
big. Maybe. But getting involved
may be bad for your health.

WHITNEY

I'm not afraid of a little danger!

LORNA

Good. Because if at any point you
do anything I disapprove of, I'll
kill you myself.

WHITNEY

... Oh.

LORNA

Yeah. Any place around here we can
sit and talk?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Cozy little place with a few outdoor tables. Lorna and
Whitney sip coffee, Lorna still on edge and looking around.

WHITNEY

Expecting company?

LORNA

Yeah, eventually.

Whitney produces a data pad and stylus, then gives Lorna a
hopeful look.

LORNA

Sergeant Lorna Rand of Station Five
Armed Forces. Deployed to quell the
Station One uprisings. 18 months.

Whitney writes quickly, occasionally tapping buttons.

LORNA

Saw... terrible things. Not
bragging, but I was good, really
good. Ended a lot of lives.

Lorna takes a sip, then puts her cup down and stares at it.

LORNA

Too many.

A quiet beat.

WHITNEY

You okay?

Lorna ignores the question.

LORNA

Got early discharge in recognition
of my service. Went home, and...
gone. The house, family, all of it.

WHITNEY

Gone? Oh no, are they --

LORNA

Don't know. Just missing. Not
presuming them dead just yet.

As the two converse, there's a soft CHATTER coming from
inside the cafe, growing louder over time.

WHITNEY

I'm so sorry.

LORNA

Don't be. I don't deserve sympathy.

Whitney opens her mouth as if to say something, then stops
and goes back to the data pad.

WHITNEY

Go on.

LORNA

Zimmer sends for me, puts me on a
drone shuttle bound for here.

(MORE)

LORNA (cont'd)
Tries to gas me. I escaped; left
him a "present."

Whitney puts two and two together.

WHITNEY
The explosion in the other port?

LORNA
Probably. Never know with the way
this junk heap of a station
neglects its infrastructure.

WHITNEY
You know this is, like, my home?

LORNA
My sympathies. Anyway, that's the
story. Now, I'm here, and not sure
what to do next.

The CHATTER is really loud now, and the two take notice.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Lorna and Whitney enter. Patrons are looking at a
television. There's a news report showing a station on fire.

WHITNEY
What's going on?

The SHOP OWNER looks at Whitney and SHUSHES her, then raises
the television volume.

NEWS REPORT
... Unsure of total damages! Again,
if you're just joining us, Station
Five has been attacked by the armed
terrorist group Utopia!

An EXPLOSION on the TV, as several of the cafe's patrons
GASP and look on in horror.

NEWS REPORT
Another explosion! The attack is
still ongoing!

LORNA
(to Whitney)
I have to go back! My family might
still be there!

WHITNEY

Spooked at first, then confidently nods.

WHITNEY

I think I know a way.

She produces a phone and dials.

WHITNEY

My ex is a trucker, and she's no
doubt already responded to --
(to the phone)
Hey Sam! Don't hang up; I want to
cash in on that favor you owe me.

INT. ORBITAL BRIDGE TERMINAL

Inside one of the orbital bridges connecting stations. The
bridge covers are transparent; space is visible from within.

Among the rounded and smooth futuristic vehicles driving
through are sleek cargo-carrying "trucks." Driving one is

SAMANTHA ISA (28)

A buff, blue-collar worker, proud to a fault.

Whitney sits in the passenger seat, repeatedly trying to
bring herself to say something, but always backing down.

SAM

Out with it, White.

Whitney SIGHS.

WHITNEY

Thanks for this, Sam. Really.

An uncomfortable beat.

SAM

You sleep with her yet?

WHITNEY

No. And I don't think she's...
well, like that.

SAM

So why use up your favor on her?

TRUCK CARGO HOLD

Lorna sits against the wall, finding a little corner among the medical supplies in the hold.

Small, narrow view ports trace the hold's wall, occasionally painting Lorna with streaking light from outside.

WHITNEY (V.O.)

Lorna's neck deep in something big.
It could launch my career, y'know?

SAM (V.O.)

I assume she isn't aware that
you're just an intern.

WHITNEY (V.O.)

I kinda-sorta didn't tell her.

Lorna stands carefully, keeping her balance, and looks out one of the view ports.

In space, traveling towards Station Five, she sees

MILITARY SPACECRAFT

Lorna also sees a small ship headed towards one of the craft.

SAM (V.O.)

(venom)

You "kinda-sorta" don't reveal a
lot of things, you know that?

WHITNEY (V.O.)

Sam, I... I'm sorry, okay? You and
I weren't meant to be.

The vessel suddenly rams the craft in an explosion!
Lorna's eyes widen at the sight.

SAM (V.O.)

Weren't meant to be.

(scoffs)

Difference between us, White: I
actually know why.

Lorna looks through each of the view ports, trying to get a better handle on the situation outside.

SAM (V.O.)

White... I don't like this.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Thought you didn't care.

SAM (V.O.)
Sadly I'm not that easy on myself.

She looks through the back and sees

A HOVER-CYCLE

Weaving between trucks, approaching fast!

SAM (V.O.)
This "Lorna" chick, she's trouble.

THE RIDER

Aims a gun at the truck!

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Sam, you're acting like she's going
to kick out the back door and start
shooting at people.

Lorna KICKS out the back door and aims her own gun!

BLAM; she FIRES, hitting the rider dead center. Another SHOT
at the cycle's engine; it swerves to the side and CRASHES.

Lorna locks eyes with

THE TRUCKER

Driving behind them.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Did you hear something?

LORNA

Murder in her eyes, shaking her head "no."

THE TRUCKER

Swallows hard, nodding, getting the message. Lorna closes
the door, the truck in motion the whole time.

In the cabin, Sam sees the

DOOR AJAR LIGHT

Shut off.

SAM
 (bitter)
 No. Not a damn thing.

STATION FIVE BORDER CHECKPOINT

Sam's truck arrives at the checkpoint.
 OFFICER PHIL (30s) approaches and questions Sam.

PHIL
 Hey, Sam. Cargo?

SAM
 Medical supplies; emergency mandate
 EM5-03. And a nosy reporter.

Sam points at Whitney, who waves like a giant goof.
 Phil LAUGHS and waves back.

SAM
 In a hurry, Phil: people need help.
 Can you fast track?

Phil ponders a moment, then nods.
 He gets closer and keeps his voice low.

PHIL
 Stay safe. There's something big
 going on, Sam, I can feel it. Get
 in and out as fast as possible.

Sam nods in thanks.

SAM
 Appreciated. You stay safe, and say
 hi to the family.

Sam drives on, motioned forward by officers.

In the cargo hold,

LORNA

Emerges from her hiding spot under some supplies.

INT. BORDER OFFICE BREAK ROOM

Phil is alone in the break room, eating lunch.

Another WORKER enters, then closes the door behind him.
 And methodically LOCKS it.

Phil shoots him an odd look. He doesn't know this is

AGENT HEIMDALL

In disguise, his murderous eyes and devious smile framed by the border officer's attire and cap.

HEIMDALL
Working hard?

PHIL
(wary)
Always. What's with the door?

HEIMDALL
Just blatantly disregarding rules,
locking it during work hours.
(sinister)
Sort of like how you let Samantha
Isa's truck escape inspection.

PHIL

Fearfully stands up and backpedals, nearly tripping.

HEIMDALL

Slowly approaches, a wall of impending doom.

HEIMDALL
Unfortunate, Phil, that this simple
misstep means you'll never see your
family again.

Suddenly, like lightning, Heimdall closes the gap and STABS Phil in the gut with a knife!

Phil, stunned, GARGLES and GASPS to no avail.

HEIMDALL
But hey, depending on my mood, they
may just join you soon.

Heimdall pulls out and Phil collapses.

Heimdall uses Phil's napkin to clean the knife, then eats the rest of Phil's lunch.

EXT. STATION FIVE SPACEPORT - DAY

Station Five's normally well-off artificial atmosphere is noticeably more tense; soldiers, sirens, etc.