

SKYBORN

Pilot Episode
"The Shroud of Kastafron"

By
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TEASER

DARKNESS. A FOREBODING DRONE. A vertical shaft of light:

WIDER TO REVEAL

The shaft is the divide between doors, OPENING to show A CYLON COMMANDER. Yes. The gold robot from the 1978 series.

The Cylon Commander CLEARS FRAME to reveal two CHILD-SIZED COLONIAL WARRIORS in dress blues and capes... stepping out the front door of:

INT./EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME IN LONDON, ONTARIO - DAY

As the three move toward a minivan on the driveway:

CYLON (FILTERED)
Comic-con awaits, warriors!

The older of the two, WILLIAM (12) TUGS on the Cylon's cape.

WILLIAM
Dad - dad - can we - Dad!

The Cylon turns to face his son as he REMOVES THE HELMET to REVEAL sci-fi geek and cosplay-dad PHIL WINBUSH (40s, black).

PHIL
What's the matter, Will? Come on,
buddy, the con is on, right?

William looks away, not wanting to speak, but eventually:

WILLIAM
Dad... I kinda... don't want to do
this anymore.

PHIL
Huh?

WILLIAM
(struggling, determined)
I don't want to dress up like this
anymore, it's not... my jam.

PHIL
Not your jam? We made this costume
together - William - you love this!

WILLIAM
I don't dad, you do. I... just...
don't think this stuff is...

PHIL

Don't think it's what?

William hunts for the right words - he only wants to hurt his father less than he wants to go to another comic-con.

WILLIAM

Uh... realistic?

(off Phil's confusion)

The good guys always win in your movies, dad! It's fakey and dumb.

(tearing off his cape)

Look at the real world! This stuff's just... silly.

That was like a shiv in Phil's throat. Before he can speak, MICHELLE (40s, suburban mom), steps out, wielding her phone:

MICHELLE

Wait! Phil! I need a picture!

(pecks Phil on the lips)

Come on, helmet on!

Awkward. Phil puts his helmet on. Phil and his youngest strike a pose. William - petulant - doesn't:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Okay, everybody say "Dilithium"!

PHIL AND HIS YOUNGEST

DILITHIUM!

As Michelle SNAPS, an OTHERWORLDY ROAR SHAKES THE AIR as:

A COLORFUL SHAFT OF SPECTRAL LIGHT ENGULFS PHIL

A luminous column of multi-colored brilliance that rivals the Nordic Bifrost - the bridge to Valhalla, or Asgard for Marvel fans - in magic and spectacle.

The light LEVITATES Phil, ACCELERATING as it takes him into the clouds. And as Phil VANISHES into the upper atmosphere:

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. BEAN THINKING COFFEE CART - SOUTH BANK, LONDON - DAY

On the riverside walk, with a touristy view of the Thames.

SASHA FURY (mid to late teens, leather vest, haircut with shaved sides, Doc martens) hands a cup to a CLIENT, but her eyes rest nervously on the next person in line - a smug, BOWTIE-WEARING man in his 50s.

BOWTIE

Extra large cold mocha. No foam.
Two pumps vanilla. Three sugars.
Whipped cream. Salted caramel.
Walnut sprinkles.

Sasha blends, mixes, and musters her courage... but for what?

SASHA

So... you're Ian Moore? The
columnist? For the Nightly Mirror?
(off his smug nod)
You were on *Head 2 Head* last week.
You said you wished England could
go back to how homosexuals were
treated in the fifties. You said
that. Out loud. On TV.

BOWTIE

Hey. I just want a coffee.

Sasha's voice grows louder, as she BACKS HIM AWAY,
BRANDISHING HIS COFFEE CUP like a weapon:

SASHA

And I want to live my life without
being judged, but it's very hard
with men like you spewing hate on
television! You want a coffee? I
want to kick your fascist -

Bowtie pulls out a can of pepper spray and FIRES! As he then
RUNS AWAY, Sasha falls to her knees and SCREAMS...

AND SHE IS ENGULFED BY THE LIGHT AND SOUND AND LEVITATED!

Her body FLIES into wild the blue yonder!

SMASH CUT TO

INT. A TWO-LANE BLACKTOP SOMEWHERE IN NORTHERN TEXAS - DAY

Flat. Dusty. Empty. Endless. Smoke and aerosolized oil STREAM
from a 1987 Buick Regal as it GROANS to a stop.

The driver side door OPENS to REVEAL TRAVIS EARLY (35) - HARD
SHINER over his left eye, bloodstain on his denim shirt.

Shaking his head and putting on his cowboy hat, Travis takes
a large Gatorade bottle full of yellow liquid from the well
by his seat and POURS IT out onto the blacktop.

He looks at the car - he doesn't have to open the hood to
know it's a goner - then takes his flip phone from the seat:

NO SERVICE - BATTERY LOW

Travis looks to the searing sun, reaches in again...

AND PULLS OUT A POLAROID OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

He looks at her for a moment. He loves her.

TRAVIS

Don't you give up on me, Wendy.

He slips the picture into his back pocket, SLAMS the car door SHUT and walks down the endless and solitary road...

THE LIGHT TAKES HIM UP!**SMASH CUT TO****INT. SHINSEGAE DEPARTMENT STORE, SEOUL KOREA - NIGHT**

Luxury goods. MI-NA HWA (32, dressed like a rich wife, former model pretty, a little Pomeranian in one hand) stands surrounded by high-end bags: Chanel, Hermes, Cesare Paciotti.

A SERVER brings a porcelain cup of espresso on a silver tray.

Two PRIVATE SHOPPERS step forward with a colorful Louis Vuitton bag. All dialogue is in *SUBTITLED KOREAN*.

PRIVATE SHOPPER

This Louis Vuitton was designed in collaboration with the Japanese post-modernist Kentaro Nagayama, only five hundred were made -

Mi-Na looks to a REALLY WELL-DRESSED MAN (50s) on a comfortable chair a few feet away, also sipping coffee while looking at his phone through red-tinted sunglasses.

The man looks up, SHAKES HIS HEAD. Mi-Na turns back and holds up her little Pomeranian:

MI-NA

It's not big enough for Bomi!

The first shopper steps aside. The second steps up, holding another bag, which Mi-Na takes as he speaks:

PRIVATE SHOPPER #2

This is going to make everyone forget the Birkin. Only twenty were produced at Rousseau's workshop... and it's big enough for Bomi!

Mi-Na puts Bomi in the bag, smiling, then looks to the man, who glances up from his phone and nods.

Bomi YAPS with delight, but before Mi-Na can say anything...

THE LIGHT CRASHES THROUGH THE STORE ROOF AND GETS HER!

And as she RISES, the stunned shopper reaching for the bag:

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. A TOURISTY BEACH - TULUM, MEXICO - DAY

SEBASTIAN GUERRERO (mid to late teens, shirtless) stands by a rusting motorcycle with baskets on either side of the saddle, each teeming with coconuts.

Sebastian holds two coconuts with one hand, deftly CUTTING the tops with the machete in the other:

SEBASTIAN
Ochenta, por favor.

Sebastian hands the coconuts to JONATHAN AND MARTHA - pale blobs in zinc oxide and Crocs - Jonathan takes out a bill:

JONATHAN
All I got is twenty American.

Sebastian brightens, reaches for the bill:

SEBASTIAN
Muchas gracias.

JONATHAN
Easy, *muchacho*, that's more than you make in a month!

MARTHA
Jonathan, don't be a monster.
Vacation's a time for charity.

Sebastian gives him a WTF look but before anyone can retort:

THE SPECTRAL LIGHT ENGULFS AND LIFTS SEBASTIAN AWAY!

SMASH CUT TO

INT. LOW-RENT MOTEL MEETING ROOM - TAMPA, FLORIDA - DAY

A sign reads "**SLICECO: A SECOND INCOME YOU CAN EARN FROM HOME!**" DOROTHY SQUAB (48, black, in a cheap Hillary Clinton pantsuit) stands by on a dais, showing a set of knives.

DOROTHY

After you pay your \$1,200 deposit -
which I'll be taking in cash -
you'll receive your starter kit:
sample knives, hand-made block, and
a sales manual, giving you all you
need to make bank selling Sliceco!

A SAD SACK in the audience SPEAKS UP:

SAD SACK

Seems like a lot of money.

DOROTHY

These knives are hand crafted in
Beijing. They run \$2,000 retail.
Your kids will fight over these
when you die! Can I get a SLICECO?

SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE

SLICECO!

DOROTHY

LOUDER! CAN I GET A SLICECO?!

The hollabacks start in earnest. SLICECO! SLICECO!

Soon she has everyone CHEERING... until:

THE DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL A DISGRUNTLED CUSTOMER AND TWO COPS

DISGRUNTLED

That's her! That woman! She stole
my savings! She said I could make a
fortune selling land!

COP #1

Dorothy Squab? AKA Oda Mae Brown?
AKA Lilly Dillon? I have warrants
for your arrest.

(ignoring Disgruntled)

For fraud in Baton Rouge, forgery
in Provo, Grand Larceny in Dayton -

Dorothy RUNS for the EMERGENCY EXIT, throws it open and steps
out... but before the door closes:

THE SPECTRAL LIGHT TAKES HER!

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. BANK BUILDING - DTLA, CALIFORNIA - DAY

ALARMS. GUNFIRE. Four ROBBERS in hockey masks - carrying BAGS OF CASH - RUSH AROUND A CORNER when:

SCREEEEEEEECH! AN LAPD CAR BLOCKS THEIR ESCAPE!

Robbery Homicide Lieutenant MARCUS MANN (55, dark suit, dark glasses, Kevlar) steps out of the car and draws his gun:

MANN

Freeze!

Most of the Gang does as they are told... but the LEAD ROBBER drops his duffle, pulls out a gun and turns to face Mann:

THE TWO MEN LOCK EYES IN SLO-MO

Mann lifts his sidearm and BANG! Lead Robber goes down!

Mann takes off his sunglasses in SLO-MO, but then:

THE SOUND! THE SPECTRAL LIGHT!

And it LIFTS him UP... RISING... RISING... RISING...

Mann RELEASES his grip on his pistol - and as it FALLS all the way back to Earth...

MANN CAREENS THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE INTO SPACE!

MANN (CONT'D)

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

AND SEES A MASSIVE SPACESHIP FIRING THE SPECTRAL LIGHT

A sleek and beautiful spacefaring fish covered in scales of coppery armor that move as the ship undulates through space.

ENGULFED, MANN ZOOMS UP FROM THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE!

The column of light TRANSPORTING him into a hatch on the ship's belly.

AND THE FISH-SHAPED SHIP TURNS AND FLIES AWAY FROM EARTH

HARD TO BLACK

TITLE OVER BLACK: SKYBORN

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. FISH-SHAPED SPACEHIP - SPACE**

The ship BEAUTY PASSES across the frame as it keeps moving AWAY from Earth.

INT. FISH-SHAPED SPACESHIP - INTAKE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Mann AWAKENS in a large, round room - the heart of an iron flower: curved, soft walls folding into one another - he looks around, stunned and bleary.

The place is empty.

MANN

What the hell? What the hell?
 (CLAPPING his hands)
 What (CLAP) the (CLAP) Hell? (CLAP)
 (grabs his knees)
 Damn it, Mann! Pull it together!

A WOMAN'S SCREAM cuts him off. Mann SPINS to see:

SEBASTIAN - MACHETE IN HAND

STANDING OVER A SCREAMING, PEPPER-SPRAYED SASHA!

Mann has no idea where they came from, but he is a lawman and that instinct takes over:

MANN (CONT'D)

Hey! Get away from her!

Sebastian looks at Mann... then himself: a shirtless Mexican holding a machete near a screaming white girl...

Oh shit.

SEBASTIAN

¡Lo siento!

Mann REACHES FOR HIS SIDEARM - his holster is empty - so he grabs his Gold Shield and wields it like a talisman:

MANN

Policia. Comprende? LAPD!

SEBASTIAN

¡No es lo que parece!

Sebastian RUNS. Sasha lies there SCREAMING. As Mann CHASES:

REVEAL MI-NA - WAKING UP NEXT TO A STILL UNCONSCIOUS TRAVIS

Yes. Our abductees are gradually and mysteriously and expressionistically appearing in this room. Go with it.

Anyway, Mi-Na - still clutching her bag - hears the ruckus - Sasha screaming, Mann and Sebastian shouting - and sees Mann TACKLING Sebastian!

SHE THEN TURNS BACK TO TRAVIS AS HE COMES TO

MI-NA

Fight!

TRAVIS

Ow! Little lower on the volume please?

But A ROBOTIC VOICE interrupts them:

PHIL (FILTERED)

Where am I?

TRAVIS AND MINA'S EYES WIDEN

At the sight of a GOLD-PLATED, MIRROR-SHEEN HUMANOID ROBOT COMING TOWARD THEM: a creepy red light moving left-to-right and right-to-left where its eyes should be.

You and I know it's Phil in a Cylon costume. Travis doesn't:

TRAVIS

Holy crap! YAAAAAARGH!

Travis pushes Mi-Na behind him and - like a true brawler - LAUNCHES himself into Phil!

They both CRASH right next to:

THE CONFLAGRATION BETWEEN MANN AND SEBASTIAN

Now there's two fights going on, each unaware of the other:

MANN

Let the machete go!

SEBASTIAN

iDejame quieto, pendejo!

TRAVIS

Where are we, you android from hell!?

MANN

Drop it! Drop it!

MI-NA

Somebody kill the robot man!

SEBASTIAN
¡Suelto mi machete!

Then as Sebastian's Machete SKITTERS to the floor:

AN EAR-SPLITTING TRILL STOPS EVERYONE

They all turn to see:

SASHA, BLOWING ON A WHISTLE ON A CHAIN

SASHA
 Don't make me blow this rape
 whistle again!

Everyone stops - panting - and turns to look at her.

MANN
 I was trying to help you!

SEBASTIAN
¡La estaba tratando de ayudar!

SASHA
 He wasn't doing anything to me!

MANN
 You were screaming.

Travis turns to Mann, trying to conceal his own fear:

TRAVIS
 Maybe that's 'because she just woke
 up somewhere she don't recognize,
 with no memory how she got here,
 and is worried we're going to die!

MI-NA
 He's right! We're going to die!

Sasha looks at Travis and Mi-Na. Unsure these are the allies she wants, she decides to lie her ass off:

SASHA
 Actually, I was screaming because
 I... was at a climate change
 protest. I was giving a speech, and
 the cops got all rioty and I got
 tear gassed and -
 (to Mi-Na, deflecting)
 That is a very cute dog!

MI-NA
 Thank you! He's from a breeder in -

MANN

All right, all right! Enough!
 (to Sebastian, earnest)
Lo siento.

TRAVIS

Anyone wanna discuss the robot in
 the room?

Phil REMOVES HIS HELMET and shakes himself loose:

PHIL

I am not a robot! This is cosplay!
 (off the looks)
 When people dress up like sci-fi
 characters for fun?

MI-NA

I know cosplay - I'm Asian!
 (then)
 Why am I here with you people?
 (indicating Travis)
 Why is he cosplaying a cowboy?

PHIL

I. Don't think he's doing cosplay.

MANN

Anyone here know how we got here?
 Where we are? How to get out?

Everyone looks around, confused - no one remembers either:

PHIL

It's a biomorphic structure... kind
 of like the interior of Vejur in
Star Trek the Motion Picture -

MANN

Really. A Trekkie-nerd.

PHIL

It's "Trekker."

MANN

Enough, doctor Spock -

PHIL (CONT'D)

(getting annoyed)

Mister.

MANN (CONT'D)

We need to know what we're up
 against. Let's recon the place and -

SASHA

Who died and left you in charge?

MANN

Excuse me?

SASHA

What? You didn't hear over the smell of bacon?

PHIL

(to Sasha)

I see what you're trying to do there but -

MANN

What is your problem? Look around - we've been abducted - kidnapped.

SASHA

I know what "abducted" means.

MANN

Good. Wanna do something about it?

SASHA

Would you listen if I did, or keep bossing us around like a white man with a badge?

A CLATTER gets all their attention:

AN IRIS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM - OPENING

SASHA (CONT'D)

Wanna recon that?

Shaking his head, Mann grabs the machete before heading for the open iris. Phil looks at the others:

PHIL

Guess we're doing recon. With a machete. Great. Shall we?

The rest exchange apprehensive glances, then follow Mann, leaving Sebastian and Sasha alone for a moment:

SEBASTIAN

¡Que pinche gringos!
What a bunch of dumb Americans.

SASHA

No me lo jures que te lo creo.
Tell me about it.

SEBASTIAN
¿Hablas Español?
You speak Spanish?

SASHA
Estoy llena de sorpresas.
I'm full of surprises.

She goes behind the others. Sebastian looks at her, smitten.

SEBASTIAN
*Yo tambien. Estoy lleno de - super
 lleno - tengo muchas sorpresas.
 ¿Como te llamas?*
**Me too. I am - super full - I have
 many surprises. What's your name?**

He stands there alone for a moment. Awkward..

INT. FISH-SHAPED SHIP - OBSERVATION CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Mann LEADS with the machete. Phil, Sasha, Sebastian and Mi-Na FOLLOW into this colorful and dramatically-lit room, dominated by a massive iris on a stories high wall.

Sasha trails, then Sebastian - in time to hear FOOTSTEPS.

MANN
 I might need some backup!

PHIL
 (too close for that shout)
 We're right here.

A HUMANOID FORM STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS

A BIOMECHANICAL ROBOT IN A VERY PLEASANT SHADE OF BLUE. Its hands and feet are cartoonishly large. An adorable set of lambent eyes peers from the dome that makes up its head.

This is ZERO WAN. It speaks in a very soothing voice:

ZERO WAN
 Greetings. Welcome to *Chiru*.

What the hell is a *Chiru*?

PHIL
*Chiru. Chiru? Okay. Is that like
 Galactica? Or Enterprise? Or Moya?*

Mann motions for Phil to shut up and puts on his most commanding tone:

MANN
We demand you release us.

PHIL
Wait. Wait. Who's "we"?

MANN
(to Phil)
I'm handling this.

SASHA
OK, Boomer.

PHIL
(still on Mann)
Look, I get it, you're a take-charge kind of guy - but the robot's talking nice, how about we be nice right back?

MANN
He's talking nice, we don't know that he is nice.
(to Sasha)
Also. Gen-X.

ZERO WAN
And I am a biomechanoid cybrid.

TRAVIS
What's that mean?

PHIL
(knows the score)
Robot.

MANN
(close to boiling)
Fine. Cybrid. You need to let us go. Now.

ZERO WAN
We will not be doing that.

MI-NA
What? Why not?

ZERO WAN
We need you to stay with us.

MANN
Wrong answer pal!

Mann RUSHES Zero-Wan, BRANDISHING the machete. Never losing his pleasant demeanor - and with an amiable economy of movement - Zero Wan DODGES Mann's attack.

Mann STUMBLES. He recovers quickly and tries to SLICE. With an unconcerned spring, Zero Wan EVADES once more. Mann TRIPS again, the machete FLIES from his hand.

Mann spins up and KICKS. Zero Wan DUCKS. Mann PUNCHES. Zero Wan AVOIDS. mann ELBOWS. Zero Wan SIDESTEPS. Mann BACKHANDS. Zero Wan PARRIES.

PHIL, SASHA, TRAVIS, AND MI-NA

Watch this increasingly pointless fight just as Mann throws a haymaker, misses, and LANDS ON HIS BUTT.

SASHA

Hey! 5-0! You're embarrassing us in front of the cybrid!

Mann turns to see her and the others: NODDING in agreement. Mann turns away in grudging surrender. Phil steps up, time to take another tack:

PHIL

Look, Zero Wan - you seem like a nice... cybrid. We just want to know who brought us here and why. So, are you in charge?

ZERO WAN

I am in charge of welcoming you, and making you feel comfortable. Would you like a Fresca?

Everyone exchanges WTF looks, Mi-Na whispers:

MI-NA

What's "Fresca"?

PHIL

Grapefruit soda. I can't drink it. I'm on statins.

MANN

That's your idea of making us feel welcome? Grapefruit soda?

ZERO WAN

It is diet soda.
(off his glare)
We studied your culture and selected items we thought you -

PHIL

And we're grateful for that.
(favoring Mann)
It's really nice of you. But we didn't agree to come here and we kinda have to know... what... and, you know, why... ?

ZERO WAN

Oh. Yes. I am here to welcome you
aboard the intergalactic cruiser
Chiru - from the planet Ada-Shim.

Okay. Now they all have an answer. It lands. Hard.

TRAVIS

We've been abducted by aliens. That
actually happens.

(under his breath)

I owe Earl an apology.

PHIL

Wait a minute - wait a minute.
Intergalactic travel's impossible.
Speed of light's a hard limit.
Unless it's taken you decades to
get here and this is a generation
ship with an artificially
intelligent biomechanical cybrid
running operations while the real
colonists await in hyper sleep to -

SEBASTIAN

*Por el amor de Dios, dile a este
güey que deje de hablar tonterias y
pregunte que quieren de nosotros!*
**For the love of God, tell this dude
to stop talking crazy and ask them
what they want from us!**

PHIL

What'd he say?

SASHA

(trying to be nice)

He... kind of said "shut up, nerd"?

MANN

I agree.

As Phil shoots Mann a sour look, Mi-Na looks to Zero-Wan:

MI-NA

I don't care who you are. You're
from space and you have...
science... why can't we go home?

ZERO WAN

We are out of range.

Zero Wan turns to the massive iris and it OPENS:

OUR GROUP SEES EARTH, RECEDING IN THE DISTANCE

It is staggering - and just as it reaches peak staggerosity:

THE MOON ENTERS FRAME ABOVE THE RECEDING EARTH!

This is how far we have already gone - holy crap!

This is an emotional moment that floors everyone - these aren't *Star Trek* crew-members. These are just... people.

Who've never experienced anything like this.

Phil, Mi-na, and Sasha watch the incredible sight with wide eyes and awe-struck expressions.

Mann puts on his sunglasses - and it looks like it's in slo-mo even though it isn't.

SASHA

Bloody hell.

SEBASTIAN

Dios mio.

PHIL

Man. They should have sent a poet.

Travis looks at Phil:

TRAVIS

*Indigo skies yield to the inky
gloom of space. The stars smile
down on my horse. The moon whispers
its silver light upon my face.*

Phil looks at Travis in surprise... But before he can speak, Mi-Na falls to her knees...

AND BARFS IN HER BAG

Bomi LEAPS away just in time to miss it.

Awkward pause. Mi-Na looks at them:

MI-NA

Sorry.

HARD TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. SPACE - DIRECT FROM PREVIOUS**

The moon LOOMS overhead. *Chiru* flies underneath its curvature- the Earth still visible in the distance - coming CLOSER and CLOSER...

UNTIL THE OPEN IRIS ENTERS FRAME

The abductees stand dead center, Mi-Na trying to stand:

INT. CHIRU - OBSERVATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Mi-Na looks up, deeply embarrassed, then at her bag. Travis steps up, offers her a hand, trying to be reassuring:

TRAVIS

It's OK, ma'am. I barfed in my hat more than once and look at it.

Mi-Na looks at his hand like "eugh!" and gets up on her own.

MI-NA

Bomi! Bomi!

Bomi YAPS back from a corner. As Mi-Na goes to get him:

PHIL

Okay then. So, we'd like to talk to... someone. Where's the crew?

ZERO WAN

This vessel is fully automated. I am the only crew-member.

MANN

No captain?

ZERO WAN

Oh yes. In fact, I was about to take you to my master. Then you started trying to hit me. Follow me.

INT. CHIRU - ANTECHAMBER TO BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

An iris-shaped conflagration of metal petals OPENS as Zero Wan leads the group into:

INT. CHIRU - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

An oval chamber dominated by a CENTRAL DISPLAY reminiscent of a waterfall made of metal and living liquid.

A view of the STILL-RECEDING EARTH AND MOON, surrounded by glyphs dominates the display - and across from the display?

A ROUND METALLIC DAIS ON WHICH SITS DOROTHY!

In conversation with an ALIEN REMINISCENT OF A FLOATING ORANGE PUFFER FISH ABOUT A METER IN DIAMETER - SWADDLED IN ROBES OF SAFFRON AND PURPLE - its massive eyes trained intently on Dorothy who is clearly telling a joke!

DOROTHY

So the goat looks at the bartender
and says "how much for the tool?"

Dorothy LAUGHS. The alien lets out what appears to be CHUCKLE, then sees the group: reacting exactly how you might when seeing a woman in a pantsuit chatting up a giant fish.

FISH-LIKE ALIEN

Hello, Sasha, and Marcus, and
Travis, and Mi-Na, and Sebastian -
and Bomi -

Bomi YAPS as if understading the greeting. The Fish-Like alien CHUCKLES, as if understaning the YAP, then:

FISH-LIKE ALIEN (CONT'D)

Too true, yes, and welcome Philip.

PHIL

It's just "Phil"...

FISH-LIKE ALIEN

So be it, "Phil." I am Master Akla
Grand Puaba of the Asho-Kochi Monks
of Ada-Shim. My pronouns are "they"
and "them."

MI-NA

What's a "Grand Puaba?"

PHIL

I'm guessing that means the fish is
in charge.

MASTER AKLA

"In charge" is a concept that
assumes the possibility of control.

(MORE)

MASTER AKLA (CONT'D)

I am here, and you are here, that is all that is. As such, it is my honor to welcome you. You have met Zero Wan - his pronoun is "it."

(indicating Dorothy)

And the holy woman seems to have found her way to me before you.

PHIL

Holy woman? Is she with you?

DOROTHY

No, no... I'm with you.

(to Phil, re his suit)

Brother dressed for the occasion, nice.

(then, to all)

Reverend Dorothy Squab, of the Free Holistic Alliance of the Baptist Confederate Union of Affiliated Congregations. I got picked up by that light thing-a-magig too... and I can see how you all are kind of stunned, and frustrated, and angry, but, trust me, Master Akla and I have been spilling the tea.

Phil looks down at his Cylon armor. Mann steps up:

MANN

Did your "tea spilling" include talk of letting us go?

DOROTHY

Our discussion's been about the religious nature of our mission -

MI-NA

I don't know any of these people. How can we be on a mission?

DOROTHY

It's more of a spiritual quest.

TRAVIS

Lady, I may not be square with my maker, but I'm pretty sure he ain't a goldfish in a caftan.

PHIL

I have an idea: why don't we have someone who is not from Earth break this down for us?

She looks at the others. They - if some grudgingly - agree:

MASTER AKLA

Right. Rather than use so crude a tool as words, we have chosen to explain in a visual medium you will not only find clear, but also familiar and pleasing.

Master Akla WAVES A FLIPPER... the lights DIM... the image of Earth in the Liquid Display VANISHES...

A GREEN LIGHT BATHES THE FACES OF OUR HUMANS

And whatever they see is awesome and confusing:

SEBASTIAN

Esto no puede ser.

PHIL

No way.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL

The GREEN AND WHITE LOGO CARD you are used to seeing in front of every movie trailer ever.

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF A GALAXY

Colorful. Teeming with life.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In a galaxy on the brink. One being - one Savior - kept the balance between war and peace, light and shadow, hope and despair.

EXT. THE PLAINS OF A VERDANT WORLD - DAY

Multiple moons, weird clouds, floating mountains. A furry, creature in robes sits cross-legged atop a biomorphic SPIRE.

A dozen ASHO-KOCHI MONKS approaches, carrying offerings:

ASHO-KOCHI MONK #1
Her meditation weakens our enemies.

ASHO-KOCHI MONK #2
(like a chant)
Her thoughts spread peace and joy.

Then an OMINOUS RUMBLE - the monks LOOK UP to see:

A FLEET OF ANGULAR WARSHIPS ENTERING THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE!

All bearing a distinctively corporate logo on their hulls.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But after a thousand years of peace
the armies of darkness have snuffed
the light of hope.

INT. WARSHIP BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A group of TALL, UNIFORMED LIZARDS with small heads man
consoles as their DIRECTOR lords from a platform above. These
are the EMPLOYEES and EXECUTIVES OF THE MEGACOSM.

MEGACOSM DIRECTOR

The Savior dies today! FIRE!

RESUME ON THE SPIRE AS ALL THE WARSHIPS OPEN FIRE

And the spire and surroundings EXPLODE in a rain of fire!

IN A MONTAGE SET TO VERY, VERY MELODRAMATIC ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

- The FLEET OF WARSHIPS SPREADS OUT into the stars.

MEGACOSM DIRECTOR (V.O.)

At last! The galaxy is within our
grasp!

- a SQUAD OF WARSHIPS LOOMS OVER A GREEN AND PLEASANT VILLAGE
full of mushroom-shaped buildings as a small family of CUTE
LITTLE PIG-LIKE CREATURES look up, unaware of the danger!

MEGACOSM DIRECTOR (FILTERED, P.A.)

Citizens. We are the Megacosc. Your
way of life is at an end, you will
now serve us.

- MEGACOSM SOLDIERS prowl the FLAMING RUINS OF THE VILLAGE:

MEGACOSM DIRECTOR (FILTERED, P.A.) (CONT'D)

Your homes will become factories,
your places of rest and worship
will become shopping malls.

- the VERDANT VILLAGE - recognizable by the wrecked mushroom
buildings - now a hideous FILTH-SPEWING FACTORY.

MEGACOSM DIRECTOR (FILTERED, P.A.) (CONT'D)

You will build for us, and you will
buy from us. We are the Megacosc.

SMASH CUT TO

A COLORFUL GALAXY - DARKENING AS WORLDS FALL TO THE MEGACOSM

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Now, as a galaxy falls to darkness:

DISSOLVE TO**THE CLASSIC "PALE BLUE DOT SHOT OF EARTH"**

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The reincarnation of the Savior
must be found.**A FAST-PACED MONTAGE**

Phil, on the front yard, TURNING to look dramatically at the camera... then **Sasha**, FROM HER COFFEE CART... **Dorothy**, in a CONFERENCE ROOM... **Mann**, outside his COP CAR... **Sebastian**, from a BEACH... **Travis**, from an WESTERN LANDSCAPE... and **Mi-Na** and **Bomi (in the bag)** from the DEPARTMENT STORE:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And seven ordinary people must
travel the stars and be tested
beyond their limits.**ANGLE ON THE GROUP, WATCHING**

SASHA

How'd they get film of us?

PHIL

No talking during the movie.

RESUME ON SCREEN

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But only one of them will be the
Savior. Only one of them can be:**SMASH TO BLACK****TITLE OVER BLACK: SKYBORN**

And it's even in the SAME FONT AS OUR MAIN TITLE TREATMENT.

RESUME ON THE GROUPAnd off their absolutely fuckstruck expressions:**HARD TO BLACK****END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE**INT. CHIRU - BRIDGE - DIRECT PICK UP FROM ACT BREAK**

The stunned humans turn to look at Master Akla, who smiles, pleased with his handling of that complicated expo-dump.

SEBASTIAN

Uno de nosotros es el salvador de su galaxia?

One of us is the savior of your galaxy?

MASTER AKLA

Yes.

PHIL

You understood him?

MASTER AKLA

I understand everyone. And yes indeed. One of you is the rebirth of the Skyborn. The perfect being whose thoughts spread a message of nonviolent resistance that kept the tyranny of the Megacosm at bay for -

MANN

Nonviolent resistance? You think that's me? Do you have any idea the ass I kick? How much skull I crack?

DOROTHY

As a holy woman, I had the same question. I mean, why bring the rest of you along?

TRAVIS

Much as I resent the reverend's dismissive tone, I do reckon I am what regular, decent folks refer to as "a reprobate" so you feel free to beam me back down at your leisure.

MASTER AKLA

Each and every one of you was discerned through the most rigorous meditations of the Order - but Only the Living Sea of Galondo can determine the one true Savior.

(MORE)

MASTER AKLA (CONT'D)

You must all wade together into its shimmering water and the soul of the sea will reveal the Skyborn.

PHIL

And where's this place?

MASTER AKLA

Our home world of Ada-Shim, in the Shroud of Kastafron, the galaxy to which we will jump.

Everyone looks at everyone else - a jump? To another galaxy?

PHIL

Jump. Like tyllium FTL? Starburst? Slipstream? Antimatter warp drive?

ZERO WAN

There is a being at the core of our vessel. A pan-dimensional creature known as Ryklos. As long as we convince it our journey is righteous, it will convey us faster than imaginable.

(a beneficent look)

Our journey there and back to your Earth will take forty eight hours.

MASTER AKLA

We will not know for certain unless we test all the candidates.

MANN

So you're taking us to another galaxy whether we like it or not?

MASTER AKLA

The greater good demands it.

(off the dubious looks)

This trip will be a short moment of your lives, for the rest of us, it is our lives. Please be open to this possibility.

(a beneficent smile)

Now I must convince Ryklos of the righteousness of our voyage.

Master Akla's dais SINKS - Mann RUSHES toward it - but an iris CLOSES OVER AKLA!

MANN

Hey! Hey! Come back!

(then)

(MORE)

MANN (CONT'D)

So that's it? We're prisoners?
 (off the silence)
 Any of you think this stinks as
 hard as I do?

The humans all look at one another, most of them really
 disliking that possibility... except for Sasha:

SASHA

No wait... wait.... I know we're
 all freaking out but. We need to do
 this. We could save a galaxy. Stop
 a genocide. Be a beacon of peace.
 (favoring Mann)
 This isn't a kidnapping - or an
abduction - this is an opportunity!
 A chance for one of us to be
 greater than we could have ever
 been in our lives.

TRAVIS

I can see one of us likes giving
 speeches. You gonna talk the lizard
 empire out of killing us?

SASHA

Oh for fuck's sake - they looked
 more like Wal-Mart with guns.

SEBASTIAN

*Yo tengo una abuela que depende de
 mi. Un negocio que yo he
 construido. Yo se que no soy el
 salvador.*

SASHA

He says he's not the savior - he
 has a grandmother who relies on
 him, and a business that he built.
 (a chuckle)
 Apparently with his shirt off.

ZERO WAN

We do have clothing and food
 prepared for you in our storerooms.

DOROTHY

Listen. People. I don't want to be
 mercenary, but whoever turns out to
 be Skyborn is going to be sitting
 pretty for life.

MI-NA

I'm already set up for life.

DOROTHY

Oh come on, you saw the movie - the
Skyborn has servants -

MI-NA

I have servants.

DOROTHY

A palace -

MI-NA (CONT'D)

(nope)
I have a penthouse.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Nice clothes -

MI-NA (CONT'D)

(looks at herself)
I'm wearing Escada!

Phil puts on his best "voice of reason" tone:

PHIL

I'm not any happier about this than
the rest of you, but I don't see us
being able to do anything other
than going for the ride and keeping
our heads down.

TRAVIS

Nah. I'm with 5-0, and the Chinese
lady. I don't much appreciate being
kidnapped. I got stuff to get back
to and I sure as shit ain't wading
in some pond if it means I won't.

MANN

We don't even know this Akla
character's telling the truth.

SASHA

I don't understand you people! You
should want to be Skyborn! Don't
you want to help others? Don't you
want to save the universe?
(they aren't feeling it)
Where's your sense of adventure?

PHIL

At my home with my wife and kids.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. CHIRU - RYKLOS CHAMBER - MONTAGE OVER MUSIC

The place resembles a pantheon of seashells and ice cream. An
iris OPENS for Master Akla - who FLOATS into the chamber:

A giant, shimmering blob not unlike a misshapen soap bubble floats at the center - is that Ryklos?

A BEAM OF LIGHT from within the bubble ENGULFS Master Akla.

A BOOMING VOICE... RYKLOS:

RYKLOS
Master Akla. Speak of your journey.

INT. CHIRU - CORRIDOR - MONTAGE OVER MUSIC

Phil shuffles down, STRIPPING off his Cylon armor.

INT. CHIRU - BRIDGE - MONTAGE OVER MUSIC

Sasha, Dorothy, Sebastian, Mann, Travis, and Mi-Na all perch on various places, not talking to one another...

INT. CHIRU - RYKLOS CHAMBER - MONTAGE OVER MUSIC

The soap bubble-like matter overhead TURNS DARK and the darkness - not unlike LIVING BLACK LIGHT - overtakes the bubble, then TENTACLES OUT into the rest of the chamber.

INT. CHIRU - OBSERVATION CHAMBER - MONTAGE OVER MUSIC

Phil stands before the open iris to stare at the Earth and the Moon. Zero Wan TRAILS IN BEHIND HIM.

EXT. CHIRU - SPACE - MONTAGE OVER MUSIC

The dark tendrils squirm between *Chiru's* scales, enveloping the ship in a SPHERE OF DARKNESS.

Chiru then ERUPTS from the sphere and ZOOMS off in a display of light and magic describable only as "industrial."

INT. CHIRU - OBSERVATION ROOM - END MONTAGE

THROUGH THE IRIS: the Earth, then the Solar System, and the Milky Way RECEDE AT LUDICROUS SPEED.

ZERO WAN
Why are you sad, Phil?

PHIL
Been taking my kids to sci-fi conventions since my oldest was born. William's his name. Less than a year old, he was backpack Yoda. I was Luke.

(a smile)

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Today he told me sci-fi isn't "his jam".

ZERO WAN

Is there more than one sort of jam?

PHIL

I didn't ask. I was too busy being upset that he doesn't believe in space heroes... and being a space hero's all I ever dreamed about... now I just want to get back to my kid.

AN OBJECT RESOLVES IN THE IRIS - THE SHROUD OF KASTAFRON

We are used to seeing space as black and white and lifeless, The Shroud is all jewel-tones and life.

ZERO WAN

Behold. The Shroud of Kastafron.

PHIL

Great. Let's get this over with.

ZERO WAN

Have you considered that you could become a space hero, and then return to your son?

Phil looks at Zero Wan, who has pretty much just stated Phil's heart's desire:

PHIL

The thought crossed my mind.

ZERO WAN

Master Akla believes you to be a natural leader.

PHIL

He's wrong. I'm just an I.T. guy from Ontario.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. CHIRU - SPACE

The ship BEAUTY PASSES as it enters the COLORFUL GASEOUS SWIRLS of the Shroud of Kastafron.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. CHIRU - CLOAK ROOM

Sebastian stands in front of a large rack of clothes. He reaches for a vestment and **THROWS IT ON** with a **FLOURISH**. Look up "Space Cloak" on Wikipedia, you'd find a photo of this.

Sebastian finds a mirror and strikes a pose. Then another. He then draws his machete, and as holds it aloft dramatically:

SASHA'S VOICE

*No creo que el escogido va ha hacer
mucho pelea de machete.*

**I'm not sure the chosen one's gonna
be doing a lot of machete fighting.**

Sebastian sees Sasha, turning the corner to see him, and lowers the machete, sheepish, mustering a little English:

SEBASTIAN

It's cold.

SASHA

(offers her hand)

Lo se. Me llamo Sasha.

I know. My name's Sasha.

(indicates her shirt)

Apesto a gas lacrimogeno.

I stink like tear gas.

Sebastian takes her hand with a flourish worthy of his cloak as the Iris behind them **OPENS** to **REVEAL** Travis:

SEBASTIAN

I am Sebastian.

TRAVIS

And I am Travis. Much obliged.

(entering, looking)

So... this where they keep the clothes? I stink like I got rode hard and put away wet.

Sebastian lets her hand go, unhappy to see him here.

SASHA

I thought you weren't participating.

TRAVIS

Don't mean I'm turning down free Space Clothes.

SASHA

So you're not just incurious,
you're also a freeloader.

TRAVIS

I don't see you cussing out the
Mexie and he doesn't want to
cooperate either.

SEBASTIAN

*Yo me voy a meter en el
oceano - es que se que no
sere yo!*

SASHA

(translating)
He's wading in - he just
doesn't think he's going to
be it, so...

TRAVIS

Well, I ain't taking any chances
with what I got back home.

SASHA

Meth, trailer parks, and toxic
masculinity?

TRAVIS

You just named three of my favorite
things.

SASHA

An entire galaxy needs your help -
what could you possibly have that's
bigger than that?

TRAVIS

Now Sasha. Are you really telling
me that a nice young adult like you
can't possibly understand how other
people might just want to live life
on their own terms, being whoever
they are on the inside, without
being told what to do - or judged?
(off her silence)
Nice Doc Martens, kid. Way to lean
into the brand.

Travis moves to another rack. Sebastian steps to Sasha:

SEBASTIAN

*No te preocupes - el se va a meter
en ese oceano si lo tenemos que
tirar nosotros.*

**Don't worry, he's getting in that
sea if we have to throw him in.**

Sasha looks at Sebastian, and smiles. It's like the sun shining on him...

TIME CUT TO

EXT. CHIRU - SPACE

Diving further into the Shroud of Kastafron...

INT. CHIRU - GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

An iris OPENS to REVEAL Phil.

REVERSE TO REVEAL Mann, and Dorothy at a table - in deep discussion. Dorothy chugs a Fresca - one of many open cans and bags on the table - Mann holds a very large Fritos bag.

Mi-Na dabs forlornly at her vomit-ruined purse as Bomi lies on his belly across the table before her, feasting on a bag of Fritos.

PHIL

Zero Wan said there was food.

Dorothy points to the walls, stacked floor to ceiling with flats of Fritos and Fresca.

DOROTHY

It's like the world's worst Costco in here.

MANN

Phil. Good. Okay, I need your help.

PHIL

(with the bag of Fritos?)
I'd... rather open my own Fritos.

MANN

(no, not that)
I've been thinking about something you said, about the aliens not "being evil."

DOROTHY

Damnit, Mann! How come you gotta mess it up for the rest of us with being all rebellious and all? Can't you just do like the fish says?

MANN

No. I can't. Because I don't trust the fish. I have no reason to think the fish is being honest.

MI-NA

I agree with the police man.

MANN

I'm a Detective -

MI-NA (CONT'D)

(ignoring him)

I don't like the look of that fish. Too gaudy. Doesn't dress like a monk at all.

DOROTHY

You're all fish experts now?
Hebrews, 11:1? "Faith is confidence
in what we hope for and assurance
about what we do not see."

MANN

Let me read you a little passage
from the book of Lieutenant Marcus
Mann, LAPD Robbery Homicide, okay?

(to Phil)

Phil. Right? You're a "tracker."

PHIL

(really? still?)

It's "Trekker."

MANN

How many sci-fi movies have you
watched? Triple digits? I'm
guessing triple digits.

PHIL

Wow. You really are a
detective.

MANN (CONT'D)

(ignoring that)

How often does this shit work
out for the people? The
humans ever come out on top?
Like that Fresh Prince thing
where aliens blow up every
city on Earth?

PHIL (CONT'D)

Independence Day?

MANN (CONT'D)

(not even waiting)

Yeah, right. How about the
one with "it's a cookbook,
it's a cookbook!"

PHIL (CONT'D)

That was a *Twilight Zone*, "To Serve
Man."

MANN

Those saucer men came to Earth to
turn us into dinner, amirite?

(before Phil can -)

(MORE)

MANN (CONT'D)

And what about the one with the
cocks exploding from people's
chests?

PHIL

Alien?

MANN

Right. *Alien*. Lot of people
survive that movie, Phil?

PHIL (CONT'D)

(pondering)
I mean. Sigourney Weaver came
back for the sequels -

MANN (CONT'D)

Smell what I'm cooking? For all we
know, we're going in a zoo, or
getting roasted, or tested to see
how hard we fight when they land
their armies - but you wanna take
the fish's word for it. I say we
find weapons, go to the fish and
let him know we aren't playthings.

(BANG! Fist on the table!)

I say we take control and show
these aliens that we are human
beings, damnit, and we're not abou -

BOOM! THE WALL BEHIND MANN EXPLODES AND HE IS SUCKED AWAY!

Dorothy and Mi-Na grab on to the table. The vacuum's PULL
makes their legs RISE.

Mi-Na reaches for Bomi and gets a hold of his fur as...

ALL THE AIR AND FRITOS AND FRESCA BLOWS OUT TO SPACE

Phil GRABS a bulkhead, but as he slips... SLIPS...

BOMI FLIES FROM MI-NA'S HAND!

And HITS Phil on the face!

Grabbing a hold of the dog, Phil LETS GO of the bulkhead!

The two of them fly straight for the hole in the ship

A RAINBOW-GLOWING FORCE FIELD RESOLVES OVER THE HOLE

Phil SMACKS against it!

ZERO WAN'S VOICE ON THE P.A.

Emergency plasma field engaged.

Phil BOUNCES DOWN TO THE FLOOR! The others more-or-less come
to a soft landing as air and gravity are restored.

Panting. Incredulity. Exchanged glances. PTSD.

Phil hands Bomi back to Mi-Na, then:

THE IRIS OPENS - TRAVIS, SASHA, AND SEBASTIAN ENTER:

TRAVIS

We being shot at? Holy shit!

The totality of Mann's death lands as the six SLOWLY GATHER AROUND THE HOLE IN THE BULKHEAD and LOOK OUT to see...

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Mann - CAREENING through the void in a nimbus of Frito bags and Fresca cans - his skin FLASH FROZEN in the extreme cold!

RESUME ON THE SIX - LOOKING BACK AT ONE ANOTHER

Scared out of their minds... Sasha especially, her face flush as her breath quickens into hyperventilation...

SASHA

He's dead... he's really dead...
I've never seen...

Phil puts his hand on Sasha's shoulder.

PHIL

I've never seen anyone die either.
(then)
Can't say I want to again. Let's
go.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. CHIRU - BRIDGE - MERE MOMENTS FROM THE ACT BREAK**

The iris OPENS. Phil, Dorothy, Mi-Na (Bomi in her arms for the rest of the story), Sebastian, Sasha and Travis RUSH IN.

Master Akla floats over its dais, and Zero Wan steers the ship through a CONTROL YOKE with its own water display.

PHIL

Master Akla!

MASTER AKLA

Oh hello Phil, and Dorothy,
and -

PHIL (CONT'D)

(getting to it)
Why are parts of the ship
exploding?

MASTER AKLA (CONT'D)

Because we are under attack.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(no shit, Sherlock)
Yeah! We noticed!

MASTER AKLA (CONT'D)

It is hard to ignore the high
energy plasma bolts hitting us.

SEBASTIAN

*Quien nos estan atacando? Los
lagartijos aquellos?*

Who's doing it? Those lizards?

Master Akla waves a flipper at Zero Wan, piloting the ship:

MASTER AKLA

Indeed. We have been found by the
Megacosc. If Zero Wan cannot evade
them, they will kill us all.

Sasha's head SPINS - she's done her best to present as a
street-fightin' barista activist badass, but lest we forget,
she's also an eighteen year old college student.

SASHA

We're all going to die?

MASTER AKLA

I take solace in the truth that
death is never the end of being.

SASHA

We just watched a man die, and
you're telling us that we're next?

DOROTHY

Damn, Sasha, let's all gather ourselves together here and show a little faith!

Sasha's voice rises as TEARS FALL FROM HER EYES.

SASHA

Do you think copman's problem was faith? Because I think his problem was getting sucked out into space!

DOROTHY

We're here for a reason, a divinely inspired reason, and we need to start acting like we know it!

Another BOOM/RUMBLE/SHAKE! Everyone SCRAMBLES for a handhold!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

As the HIGH ENERGY PLASMA BOLT EXPLODES on *Chiru's* hull!

A HUMONGOUS, VERTICALLY-ORIENTED SHIP BEARS DOWN

A Megacosm battle cruiser! Dwarfing the fish-shaped craft!

RESUME ON *CHIRU'S* BRIDGE

ZERO WAN

Our attackers are sending a signal. Do we want to talk to them?

MASTER AKLA

I don't see why. They already have made their intent clear.

PHIL

Are you kidding? Buy us time!

MASTER AKLA (CONT'D)

(calmly)
Oh. Okay.

Master Akla waves a flipper. The water display LIGHTS UP:

WITH A NASTY-LOOKING LIZARD IN A BUSINESS/MILITARY SUIT

The face of our enemy. KOBA. Executive VP of the Megacosm!

Bomi BARKS at the sight of him - as Mi-Na calms him:

KOBA

I am Koba, Executive Vice President of the Megacosm aboard the *Game Changer*. Surrender or be destroyed.

DOROTHY
His ship's called "*Game Changer*?"

MASTER AKLA
Surrender is not the Asho-Kochi way. We will finish our mission or die trying.

PHIL
Hey! Hey! Easy there, boss!

INT. MEGACOSM CRUISER - BRIDGE - SPACE - INTERCUT

As Koba sees Phil ENTER THE PICTURE on his main view screen:

KOBA
A human? Master Akla. Seeking a Savior among these chattering animals?

<p>PHIL Look, about destroying us -</p>	<p>KOBA (CONT'D) (a dismissive gesture) I no longer plan to destroy you.</p>
---	--

PHIL (CONT'D)
All right. See? Progress.

KOBA
I will cripple your engines, board your ship, and terminate every one of you!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Game Changer FIRES. Its plasma bolts EXPLODE into bursts of FLAK even when they miss *Chiru*, BATTERING the little ship.

INT. GAME CHANGER - CONTINUOUS

Koba watches the chase on his main display as his GUNNERS, sitting on elevated mobile chairs, FIRE AWAY.

KOBA
Target engines. I want them alive.

INT. CHIRU - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Zero Wan WRENCHES the yoke. FLAK BURSTS shake the ship! The Humans grab on to anything they can!

SEBASTIAN
Que hacemos ahora?
What's our next move?

MASTER AKLA

We are taking evasive action. It's just that their plasma bolts fragment into lethal showers of energy before they dissipate.

PHIL

But we can get away right?

Zero Wan looks back, his voice pleasant even as his body WRENCHES the control yoke with white-knuckle intensity:

ZERO WAN

Not really. I'm a cybrid with limited tactical creativity. They are analyzing my evasive patterns and will have us in moments.

INT. MEGACOSM BATTLE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Koba leans into an EMPLOYEE, who avidly works a console:

KOBA

How long until you've analyzed their evasive pattern?

MEGACOSM EMPLOYEE

We will have them in moments.

IN SPACE

Chiru WEAVES WILDLY. Another plasma bolt FLAKS OUT near them!

RESUME ON CHIRU'S BRIDGE

As the SHOCKWAVE rattles everyone to the seat of their soul.

PHIL

Okay... we can't outmaneuver them but... we can outrun them, right?

MASTER AKLA

Absolutely not. Their drives are much more powerful than ours.

TRAVIS

Well, dang.

PHIL

Okay. What about Ryklos? Can it get us out of this?

MASTER AKLA

If you can convince it that your journey is righteous.

PHIL

(looks around)
Anyone?

MI-NA

I worked as a runway model well into my late 20's! I can be very convincing! Come on, Bomi!

TRAVIS

And if she gets sucked out into space, I got a thing or two I can tell that Ryklos!

Travis and Mi-Na EXIT. Zero Wan looks up, then, diffidently:

ZERO WAN

Incoming.

BOOM! FLAK BURST! RATTLE!

MASTER AKLA

Chiru can't take much more of this.

SEBASTIAN

Ustedes no tienen armas?
Don't you have any weapons?

MASTER AKLA

Asho-Kochi monks have an inviolate stricture against killing.

SEBASTIAN

Su regla inviolable apesta!
Your inviolate stricture sucks!

MASTER AKLA

It is unfortunate, that the likeliest outcome of this engagement is our death.

DOROTHY

Unfortunate? Un-god-damn-fortunate?
Are you on space reefer? One of us is your goddamn Savior and you're talking about us biting it like you're calling your bookie!

MASTER AKLA

The universe is a bloom of infinite outcomes. If this is not the one where we succeed, there is another where we do. All we can do is to initiate moral action and success will happen somewhere in existence.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Game Changer's plasma bolts EXPLODE closer to *Chiru's* hull!

ON CHIRU'S BRIDGE - BOOM! FLAK BURST! RATTLE!

PHIL

I don't wanna live in the bloom of infinite outcomes where we die!

INT. CHIRU - RYKLOS CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

An Iris opens to admit Travis and Mi-Na - who barely stop to notice how weird this place is and turn to the shimmering misshapen soap bubble blob:

<p>MI-NA Ryklos? Uh... Mister Ryklos?</p>	<p>TRAVIS (wandering) Yo! Ryklos! Ryklos? We got a righteous trip we gotta palaver about with you!</p>
---	--

Nothing... until a DEEP NOTE fills the chamber and a long, thick TENDRIL snakes to the floor. It OPENS and a HUMAN, shrouded in shadow, steps toward them.

MI-NA (CONT'D)
Oh my god... it's him!

INT. CHIRU - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! The Bridge REELS from another FLAK BURST!

ZERO WAN
Emergency plasma field at zero.

Phil looks to Master Akla. Have all those TV shows he has spent his life watching taught him nothing? Time to step up:

PHIL
Do you have a tactical display, or DRADIS, or anything we can use to fight back or to get away?

MASTER AKLA
Yes - the control is on that spar -

A pole RISES from the floor on top of which rests a crescent-shaped device, which Phil picks up intuitively:

PHIL

This looks lust like an old Sega Genesis controller! Great - can you show me how to -

MASTER AKLA

Phil. I've done all I can. I am forbidden from partaking in any form of violent confrontation.

DOROTHY

Oh come on!

MASTER AKLA

But if you were to use what I have given you to take control and execute your own strategy, then I will have broken no commands.

DOROTHY

We know Jack shit about controlling this ship!

Sebastian looks at Zero Wan's control yoke:

SEBASTIAN

Eso se parece a mi motora.
That looks like my motorcycle.

Sebastian mimes driving a motorcycle. Phil's questions give way to a steely resolve:

PHIL

You know how to evade enemy fire?

Sebastian nods, nudges Zero Wan aside and GRABS THE YOKE.

Phil turns to Master Akla, takes a deep breath, and:

PHIL (CONT'D)

Master Akla. I am not letting these people die out here in space. I'm taking control of this ship.

And off Phil... finally taking up the mantle of all the space heroes he has spent his life adoring...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. SPACE - MERE MOMENTS FROM THE ACT BREAK**

Chiru continues to SWERVE as *Game Changer's* fusillade lights up the darkness everywhere around the ship!

INT. GAME CHANGER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

MEGACOSM EMPLOYEE

Sir! We have cracked their evasive algorithm and their emergency plasma fields have failed.

KOBA

(a thin smile)

We have them.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Game Changer discharges its biggest CLUSTER STRIKE yet!

BUT *CHIRU* ARCS STRAIGHT UP INTO A CLIMB

Then flies upside-down OVER *Game Changer* in a loop-de-loop that soon has *Chiru* flying in the opposite direction.

The plasma bolts EXPLODE where *Chiru* once was!

RESUME ON *GAME CHANGER'S* BRIDGE

KOBA

What?

MEGACOSM EMPLOYEE

(pounding keys)

Their evasive pattern has become erratic.

KOBA (CONT'D)

Bring us about.

EXT. *CHIRU* - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Master Akla and Zero Wan have retired to the dais.

THE WATER DISPLAY BLAZES WITH A TACTICAL DISPLAY

Showing *Game Changer*, COMING ABOUT. Phil uses the Sega Genesis remote to navigate the tactical display.

PHIL

That was awesome, Sebastian, keep... uh... evading, OK?

DOROTHY
Find something?

Phil uses the controller to EXPAND an area in the display:

PHIL
That cloud? What is it?

ZERO WAN
Debris from an asteroid collision.
It consists of meteoroids about the
size of what you call "a potato."
We cannot hide there.

Zero-Wan's words turn into the biggest A-HA! of Phil's life:

PHIL
Of course not. It'd be like diving
into a swimming pool filled with
shrapnel... wait... wait... Oh my
god - yes! Yes - Sasha?

Dorothy indicates Sasha - crouched in a corner - trembling:

DOROTHY
Sasha's gone bye-bye, you got a job
for me?

PHIL
I got jobs for everyone - Zero Wan -
can you show Dorothy how to operate
your transporter beam?

ZERO WAN
What's a "transporter beam?"

PHIL
The tractor beam!

ZERO WAN (CONT'D)
(still oblivious)
What's a -

DOROTHY
The rainbow light show thing you
used to bring us here!

ZERO WAN
Oh, the prismatic bridge
generator!

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
(already!)
Yes, that!

ZERO WAN (CONT'D)
It is controlled with this device.

Zero Wan indicates a console that looks a little bit like n
alien's version of the keyboard of a Hammond B3 church organ.

DOROTHY

This looks a little like the keyboard of a Hammond B3 church organ.

ZERO WAN

Then its operation should be intuitive to you.

Phil looks up to see Dorothy, sitting on a church organ-like bench behind the console - shooting him a thumbs up.

PHIL

Okay... okay... Sebastian - can you take us around the cloud?

SEBASTIAN

Si vamos a vivir, si!
If it means living, yes.

Phil heads to Sasha and squats to match her tear-stained eyeline - this is a dad with a scared kid - and it works.

PHIL

We need your help. We need you to pull it together. I know you're scared. I'm scared too, we all are... but we need you, Sasha. The Skyborn needs you - a badass activist who stands up to tear gas, and cops, and capitalists and talks truth to power - you do that for me? You do that for us?

Slowly returning, Sasha nods... and as Phil helps her up:

SASHA

What do you need me to do?

PHIL

Delivering a highly-distracting and defiant monologue... and hope they never saw *Galaxy Quest*.

(then)

Sebastian FULL SPEED AHEAD!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Chiru PICKS UP SPEED - turning toward the DEBRIS CLOUD!

INT. GAME CHANGER - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

An increasingly annoyed Koba watches his own tactical display, which shows *Chiru* SPEEDING TO THE CLOUD.

KOBA
What are they doing?

MEGACOSM DIRECTOR
Their pattern is unpredictable.

GAME CHANGER'S DISPLAY LIGHTS UP WITH AN IMAGE OF SASHA

And with each word, her voice and purpose only grow STRONGER:

SASHA
Hello, losers.

KOBA
Are you surrendering?

SASHA
Not today, dickwad. Today is the day the Skyborn Six stand before you scumbucket capitalist iguanas and declare themselves the new resistance.

MEGACOSM EMPLOYEE
They are circling the cloud.

SASHA (CONT'D)
(on a roll)
Today we shout that we will fight to the last soul before giving in to you.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha's words carry over the cut as *Chiru* ZIPS AROUND THE CLOUD and straight at *Game Changer*!

SASHA (O.S.)
This universe doesn't belong to you, it belongs to the people, and we will free it from your tyranny!

RESUME ON KOBA

KOBA
Little girl, what are you doing?

SASHA
Showing you that we won't back down, even in the face of complete annihilation we will not -

KOBA
You have no weapons.

SASHA
 We're human beings, bitch, we can
 make anything into a weapon!

INT. CHIRU - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Phil nods to Sasha, then turns to Sebastian and Dorothy:

PHIL
 Sebastian, Dorothy, now!

Sebastian WHITE KNUCKLES THE YOKE as Dorothy PUNCHES BUTTONS!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Chiru does another vertical climb... and as it does:

THE PRISMATIC BRIDGE GENERATOR ON CHIRU'S BELLY FIRES!

Capturing the ENTIRE DEBRIS CLOUD and FLINGING IT straight
 into *Game Changer!*

RESUME ON KOBBA

GLARING in shock at the CLOUD OF SHRAPNEL coming for him:

KOBBA
 EVASIVE! NOW! NOW!

RESUME ON SPACE AS MICROMETEORIDS ENGULF GAME CHANGER!

Thousands of EXPLOSIONS blossom across *Game Changer's* hull as
Chiru SOARS above it - breaking free!

RESUME ON GAME CHANGER'S BRIDGE

METEORIDS PUNCH HOLES IN EVERYTHING! The Employees RUN, but
 there's nowhere to go! METEORIDS EVERYWHERE!

KOBBA GRABS ONE OF THE FEW LIVING EMPLOYEES

And uses him as a SHIELD... and as the executive is RIDDLED
 with meteoroids, Koba makes his way to a SMALL HATCH into:

INT. GAME CHANGER - ESCAPE POD - CONTINUOUS

Koba drops his "lizard shield," SCAMPERS in, and YANKS a
 lever! As the hatch SLAMS SHUT.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Game Changer's lights and engines SPATTER. Large pieces of
 the ship's hull SHEAR OFF by the force of impact!

Koba's escape pod ZOOMS! away from the vehicular carnage.

RESUME ON THE BRIDGE OF CHIRU

As Phil, Sasha, Sebastian and Dorothy watch the destruction of their enemy's ship on the tactical display:

DOROTHY
Praise be!

PHIL
(fist in the air)
NERD JUSTICE, BITCHES!

Phil looks at Master Akla and Zero Wan. Akla NODS sagely.
Zero Wan throws Phil a thumbs up. Dorothy smiles:

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Well played, spaceman. What now?

They share a smile. Phil steps to Sebastian, Dorothy follows:

PHIL
We have a spiritual quest to finish.

SEBASTIAN
Si mi capitan!
Aye aye, my captain!

PHIL
Zero Wan. Take the wheel.
(as Zero Wan obeys)
Let's go find out what happened to Travis and Mi-Na.

Phil leads Sebastian, Sasha, and Dorothy out the Iris as Zero Wan gets back behind the yoke. As the iris SHUTS behind Phil and the rest, Zero Wan looks to Master Akla:

ZERO WAN
The church organ was a nice touch.

Master Akla looks to Zero Wan, his lips stretching into a beneficent smile:

MASTER AKLA
I may be a monk, but I'm not an idiot.

And off the two, pleased with their work...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX**INT. CHIRU - RYKLOS CHAMBER**

The entrance iris OPENS to allow Phil, Sasha, Sebastian, and Dorothy. They stand there, staring at this weird place:

PHIL
This is Ryklos?

DOROTHY
The day we've had, you could tell
me that's a Royale with cheese and
I'd believe you.

Sasha looks over to see Travis, sitting against a wall, hat on the floor, face buried in his hands. She steps over:

SASHA
Travis? What's the matter?

Travis looks up. He has tears in his eyes.

TRAVIS
What's the matter is we're screwed,
that's what's the matter.

SASHA
No. It's okay. We won. We got away.

TRAVIS
Girl, we're so far beyond screwed
that the light from "screwed" is
gonna take years to reach us.

Sebastian looks ahead to see Mi-Na:

TALKING TO AN OLD MEXICAN WOMAN IN A TATTY HOUSE DRESS

SEBASTIAN
*Por que esta hablando con mi
abuela?*
**Why is she talking to my
grandmother?**

ANGLE ON SASHA AS EVERYONE TURNS TO SEE MI-NA

Standing under the misshapen soap bubble, talking to...

A TEENAGER IN BUTCH REGALIA

SASHA

That's not your grandmother, that's
my girlfriend.

Phil looks ahead to see that - **in his perception** - Mi-Na is
talking to:

HIS SON WILLIAM

PHIL

William? What's my son doing here?

TRAVIS

That's not your son... that's
Ryklos. He talks to you in the form
of folks from your past.

DOROTHY TURNS HER BACK ON RYKLOS IMMEDIATELY

DOROTHY

Oh no. No way. I'm never talking
to that thing. Not with my past.

TRAVIS LOOKS AHEAD

From his point of view, Mi-Na is talking to the woman in his
picture... WENDY. He buries his hands again:

TRAVIS

Doesn't matter what it looks like -
what matters is what he said while
you were fighting the evil empire.

ANGLE ON MI-NA

REVEALING the person with her as her the WELL-DRESSED MAN
FROM THE DEPARTMENT STORE. Still in his expensive suit and
sunglasses, still holding his phone.

ANGLE ON MI-NA AND RYKLOS

Mi-Na's clutches Bomi as she stares at this apparition with
an expression of fear and anxiety - whatever got to Travis
has gotten to her.

WELL-DRESSED MAN/RYKLOS

(indicating the others)

Are you friends with them?

MI-NA

*I don't know a single one. You're
the only friend I have.*

Well-Dressed/Ryklos puts a gentle hand on her belly.

WELL-DRESSED MAN/RYKLOS

So get to know them well. A young woman in your delicate condition will need all the help she can get.

(then, to Bomi)

Sorry, little friend. You're about to get downgraded.

Bomi YAPS in protest. Mi-Na quickly moves the man's hand away from her belly... and in her shock there's a moment to process this truth - one of our Six is pregnant, and that's about to become a dire thing.

MI-NA

I'm... not telling people yet.

WELL-DRESSED MAN/RYKLOS

It doesn't matter who you are telling. If you are to survive, you must make family of these people.

MI-NA

What about us?

WELL-DRESSED MAN/RYKLOS

As long as you're up here... in space... what us is there?

(ignoring her hurt look)

At least this way my wife isn't going to find out about you.

Well-Dressed her gives her a smile indicating that he thought that was a good and funny line.

Mi-Na shakes her head and turns away - heartbroken - it landing on her just how much she really is going to need these five strangers.

As Mi-Na turns, RACK FOCUS to the others as Travis looks up:

TRAVIS

Mi-Na. Tell Ryklos to show them what he showed us.

Sasha steps up. The others follow, except for Travis and Dorothy: he stays seated and puts his head back in his hands, she keeps her back to Ryklos.

SASHA'S GIRLFRIEND/RYKLOS

Hello, Skyborn Seven.

SASHA
We're... down to six.

SASHA'S GIRLFRIEND/RYKLOS
Death is never the end of being.

DOROTHY
One of you aliens busts that shit
out on me one more time and I'm
gonna put on my ass kicking shoes.

AS PHIL SPEAKS, RYKLOS APPEARS AS HIS SON:

WILLIAM/RYKLOS
I am Ryklos, and you will not like
what I have to say.

DOROTHY
Really? And I thought my day had
peaked.

PHIL
We sent Mi-Na and Travis to
convince you to jump... only you
didn't jump... so... ?

WILLIAM/RYKLOS
Our
polyditetrahexamonopentatrioctalon
was damaged in battle. Had we
jumped, your minds would have
descended into psychosis as your
bodies turned to jelly and the ship
disintegrated.

PHIL
Okay... so that would have
sucked... but it's a big galaxy and
our... uh... impulse engines are
still working and someone's bound
to have a
Polyditetrahexamonotripentaoctalon,
right?

SASHA
I mean, Phil's right, we're all
smart motivated people. We can fix
this thing and go home.

Sick of all this banter, Travis SNAPS:

TRAVIS
Don't you get it? We can't go home.
Not ever!

WILLIAM/RYKLOS
A vision has manifested within my
being. Would you like to see it?

PHIL
Like?

William/Ryklos GESTURES to the floating misshapen soap bubble
blob:

AND FOUR TENTACLES SNAKE OUT

Each of them REACHING OUT and GENTLY touching the foreheads
of Phil, Sasha, Sebastian, and the back of Dorothy's head:

SHOCK CUT TO

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME IN LONDON ONTARIO - NIGHT

It's Phil's home!

AND PHIL NOW STANDS ON THE YARD!

The black sky over the house GLOWS with flames and smoke as
the soundscape resolves into SIRENS, SHOTS, HELICOPTERS,

PHIL SEES MEGACOSM SHIPS HOVERING OVERHEAD

Firing PLASMA BOLTS AT THE BURNING CITY IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE BURSTS OPEN

MEGACOSM EMPLOYEES drag PHIL'S SHACKLED FAMILY out!

Michelle - tears of rage in her face - steps in front of the
Employees like a lioness protecting her brood.

PHIL
No! No!

But Phil doesn't - no, cannot - move and Michelle is no match
for the Employees, who PULL her and the kids out, roughly, to
the street in front of the house and:

TOWARD A MEGACOSM SLAVE TRUCK

Where more MEGACOSM EMPLOYEES drag PHIL'S SHACKLED, WEEPING,
AND SCREAMING NEIGHBORS into the truck.

PHIL WATCHES WITH TEARS OF PURE RAGE IN HIS EYES.

SHOCK CUT TO

RYKLOS' CHAMBER

The tentacles RETRACT from Phil, Sasha, Dorothy, and Sebastian's foreheads.

Sasha FALLS TO HER KNEES. Sebastian stands there, paralyzed.

Dorothy still keeps her eyes away from Ryklos - even if it means shielding her eyes with her hand as she talks to the others:

PHIL (CONT'D)

What was that?

WILLIAM/RYKLOS

Your future.

PHIL

(indicates the others)

What did they see?

WILLIAM/RYKLOS

A different version of the same...
their homes razed. Their friends
and families enslaved. Your Earth -
then your galaxy - become a factory
for the Megacosm.

Phil looks over at the others, whose NODS AND DIRE GLANCES confirm what Ryklos has just said.

Travis still sits on the floor:

LOOKING AT THE PICTURE - TALKING TO HIMSELF

TRAVIS

Sorry, Wendy. I tried. Really did.

BUT PHIL ISN'T HAVING IT

PHIL

No. This can't be it. Master Akla
said it - the universe is a bloom
of infinite outcomes. Every action
causes a new reality, billions of
them... infinity - right? Right?
(off Ryklos's nod)
So they can't all end like this.

MI-NA TURNS FROM THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

To look at the rest of the gang:

MI-NA

It won't, because one of us is the
Skyborn.

SASHA

And the rest of us?

Phil looks to Ryklos - whom he sees as his son - and his face
hardens with the resolve of a man ready to take down a galaxy
to protect his family:

PHIL

The rest of us are gonna fight
those lizards until their entire
empire's on fire...
(completely resolved)
...or die trying.

Dorothy steps up to Phil and puts a hand on his back. He
looks at her - she nods.

Mi-Na joins them... then Sebastian and Sasha...

AND FINALLY TRAVIS

Who POCKETS THE PICTURE, puts on his hat, and steps up.

AND OFF THE SKYBORN SIX NOW UNITED BY A COMMON GOAL

... saving the world:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF PILOT