

Will Storm  
by  
Anthony Clark Vines

Pages 91-103

FADE IN:

Words typed onto the screen, each line FADING TO the next.

SUPER (OVER BLACK): "1 SEPTEMBER, 1939: WORLD WAR TWO BEGINS."

SUPER (OVER BLACK): "11 APRIL 1943: AMERICAN FORCES RESCUE A GROUP OF JEWISH SCIENTISTS FROM A FORCED LABOR SCIENCE LAB. AMONG THOSE RESCUED, DR. GÜNTHER SPIEGELMAN."

SUPER (OVER BLACK): "20 JULY 1944: SPIEGELMAN, NOW WORKING IN THE U.S., DISCOVERS SARANIUM AND DEVELOPS THE INDIVIDUAL ROCKET PACK."

SUPER (OVER BLACK): "29 NOVEMBER 1944: THE ROCKETRY CORPS, ELITE SOLDIERS TRAINED IN THE USE OF INDIVIDUAL FLIGHT PACKS, FORMS. COLLECTIVELY, THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE EAGLES."

SUPER (OVER BLACK): "30 APRIL 1945: THE EAGLES RAID A NAZI BUNKER IN BERLIN. CAPT. JACKSON STORM KILLS ADOLPH HITLER, PUTTING AN END TO SIX YEARS OF HORROR."

SUPER (OVER BLACK): "OR SO IT WAS BELIEVED."

FADE TO:

INSERT IMAGE

A NEWS REEL (CONTINUOUS)

A sepia colored "Movie-Tone" news reel logo rolls across the screen. The logo fades.

FADE TO:

SUPER (Over black): "HISTORY: THEN & NOW".

STIRRING, BRASSY MUSIC plays throughout.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER (Over black): "1965"

FADE IN:

EXT. ATMOSPHERE - NIGHT (VARIOUS)

Grainy, sepia-colored images play across the screen. Black ships bomb cities. The ships have sharp curved wings and a tail fin with an insignia.

The insignia: a red triangle. Within lies a red swastika clutched at the center by a fist.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It's been almost seventeen years  
since the dark day the New World  
Order reared its monstrous head.  
Who could forget what they did to  
cities such as...

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. EXT. PARIS, FR. - NIGHT

SUPER: "PARIS, FRANCE."

The Eiffel Tower lays broken in half. Twisted metal stretches into the air. Flames rise in the distance. People point and cry.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Paris...

2. EXT. BEIJING, CHINA - DAY

SUPER: "BEIJING, CHINA."

The Emperor's Palace ablaze and out of control. Firemen battle the blaze to no avail.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Beijing...

3. EXT. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA - TWILIGHT

SUPER: "SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA."

The National Assembly lays crumpled to the ground. The city, devastated.

4. Images of devastated cities continue.

5. Wounded lie in a makeshift hospital.
6. Soldier's helping. People in distress.

END SERIES

BEGIN ANIMATION SEQUENCE

SUPER: 'AFTER MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS OF PEACE, THEY TOOK THE WORLD BY SURPRISE'.

An animated world map shows arrows that emerge from all over the globe and fly out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After World War II, everyone thought that war was a thing of the past. But hidden in underground bases around the world, a new menace lay in wait, only to emerge unexpected.

The arrows land with 'blasts' all over the world.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Led by a mysterious figure known only as the Leader, the New World Order embraces Nazi idealism, extremist terrorism, and aspirations of global domination.

INSERT IMAGE (WITHIN ANIMATION)

Images move in one after the other.

A red triangle centered on black zooms in.

A second image, a red swastika, flies in and lands within the triangle.

A third, final image FADES IN beneath the swastika. A stylized black gloved fist comes to grasp the emblem at the center.

It all leaves a single unified insignia.

END ANIMATION/END ANIMATION INSERT

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER (OVER BLACK): "?"

A question mark zooms in and disappears.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
A new form of extremist world  
terrorism began. But the legitimate  
nations of the world fought back.

SUPER (OVER BLACK): "NATIONS WORLDWIDE BAND TOGETHER TO FIGHT  
A COMMON FOE."

FADE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Images fade one into another.

1. EXT. UN BLDG. - DAY

Lined in a row, various nations flags flap in the wind.

2. INT. UN BLDG./NEGOTIATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Well dressed individuals of varying nationalities sit at a  
long table, animatedly talking and gesturing.

3. INT. UN BLDG./NEGOTIATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Individuals sign documents and shake hands yet again.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
It has not been easy to contain  
this new menace.

4. EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - DAY

Image of the modern war memorial.

NARRATOR  
It came at great cost and with  
great sacrifice.

5. EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

SUPER: "CERTAIN VICTORY!"

American, Chinese, and British soldiers hold NWO soldiers at gunpoint. The enemy wear camouflage uniforms with the NWO insignia arm bands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But the fight goes on with brave  
men like these.

6. EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Soldiers of varying nations congratulate each other.

7. EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

NWO soldiers, hands bound, load onto trucks.

8. EXT. LANDING PAD - DAY (HIGH NOON)

A space craft - long, sleek and silver, with three red fins - sits horizontally on three landing skids on a rounded launch area.

The forward hull displays the word 'PHOENIX'. The third, rear, upright fin displays a logo with an atom with the glob as its nucleus. The name 'Global Aerodynamics' (Hereafter GA) arches around the whole of the emblem.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And these.

Three men stand before it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Commander Robert Lucky.

Commander Robert LUCKY (30s), tall, athletic, and handsome. He wears a aviators leather jacket with two gold cluster pins on the lapel. On most days, he could pass for an Greek god. He gives a prince's smile to the camera.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Leader of an elite team who battle  
this new menace. And here is Master  
Sargent Jacques Valle, chief  
mechanic and navigator.

Jacques VALLE (Late 40s), heavy set, average looks, inviting smile. He wears a grey one piece mechanics suit and a beret. He appears as cross between Hercule Pierrot and Lou Costello.

Valle LAUGHS jovially and waves the camera off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And Lt. Jeremy Archer.

Lt. JEREMY Archer (20s) average height, athletic, boyishly handsome. Dresses in an aviator's jacket with a silver bar on each shoulder, he defines teen heart throb, impish kid, and dutiful sidekick. He smiles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Co-pilot, navigator, second gunner,  
and son of legendary war hero  
Thomas Archer.

Tom ARCHER (50s), fit, balding, Van Dyke beard, average height and looks. Dressed in a black aviators jacket, wearing an eye patch with a scar showing just above and below, the words daunting, stern, and imposing epitomize him.

Standing next to his son, arms crossed, he frowns at the camera before shaking Jeremy's hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
One of the original elite 'Eagles'  
of the Rocketry Corps that helped  
put an end to Hitler. Now he's back  
to send his son into action.

The crew salute an American flag flying among others, including French and 'Western Allied Regions' with a global image. The crew enter the craft via a belly ramp.

Archer stands to the side and salutes the crew.

SUPER: 'Global Aerodynamics Phoenix'.

NARRATOR  
Today, these men are off to test  
the mettle of this new craft, the  
latest weapon in the effort against  
the NWO. The details of the mission  
and craft are top secret, but we  
salute their brave spirit and wish  
them nothing but success. Up, up,  
and away, boys!

Lucky and Jeremy Archer give the 'thumbs up' from the cockpit. The Phoenix lifts into the air and burst out toward the sky. In time, it becomes a distant speck.

The newsreel flutters and goes black.

END INSERT/END SERIES

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATMOSPHERE - DAY

The Phoenix ROARS through the air. The atmosphere around the ship changes from blue to dark blue to black as they enter outer space. The ship comes to a slow halt, a silhouette against the warm glow of Earth.

INT. THE PHOENIX - DAY (LATER)

Lucky and Jeremy sit in two seats in the forward section, steering columns and controls in front of them. To the rear facing a wall with monitors and devices sits Valle. Above and to his rear stands a gunnery seat. All men check controls.

JEREMY

Anyone got any Beeman's?

Lucky reaches into his pocket and produces a piece of gum.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Thanks. I'll pay you back later.

Jeremy stows it in his pocket.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

How fast did Sara say we'd be traveling?

LUCKY

She didn't exactly. Just that what took us three days to accomplish before we'll be able to do under an hour.

Jeremy's eyes widen. Valle interrupts from the rear.

VALLE

So you're saying fast?

LUCKY

I'm saying fast.

Lucky grabs a microphone.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Command. This is Phoenix. We are in position.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Copy. You are good to go.

LUCKY  
Dr. Spiegelman?

A voice, with a thick German accent sounds back.

SPIEGELMAN (V.O.)  
Yes?

LUCKY  
Tell Sara I won't be late. She hates that.

SPIEGELMAN (V.O.)  
Of course. On your mark, fire boosters at tee minus 5 seconds.

LUCKY  
Roger that. On my command. Go in five, four--

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The Phoenix moves away from the Earth, toward the moon.

LUCKY (V.O.)  
--Three, two, one. Ignition.

A flash bursts from the rear engines and the ship turns into a blur as it speeds past the moon. Once past, it disappears in a burst of light and enters into a 'ripple' in space.

Seconds pass and the ship reappears headed back toward the moon. Missing half a side fin, with scorch marks along the dented and creased exterior, and smoke whipping out into space, the now damaged craft follows an erratic course.

Two large round black objects follow the Phoenix, emitting bursts of light that strike the wounded ship.

INT. THE PHOENIX - DAY

Lucky works the controls with noted focus and desperation. Valle lies on his back, binding wires that dangle from beneath the copilot controls. Electrical sparks burst out as he does so. Jeremy blast away from the gunnery seat.

All three men appear older, have unkempt beard growth and disheveled hair. They are thinner and their clothes torn and tattered. Exhaustion hangs about them.

VALLE  
Are we back?

LUCKY  
Not sure. Radio?

VALLE  
No.

LUCKY  
Damn it!

Jeremy yells from between bursts of gunfire.

Jeremy  
Think they're still looking for us?

VALLE  
After all this time? I would think  
that unlikely.

Lucky jerks the controls. The Phoenix rocks hard, throwing Valle to one side. He struggles back to his position and continues to attempt repairs.

VALLE (CONT'D)  
I am sure Dr. Spiegelman will have  
many theories about all this,  
assuming--

LUCKY  
Yeah, Sara too.

PING sounds emit from outside the ship sing a haunting tune. Lucky jerks the controls to one side in an attempt to avoid the enemy as Jeremy continues to fire away.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

Gunfire hits one of the two round objects, causing it to explode. The outburst ripple rocks the Phoenix.

INT. THE PHOENIX - DAY

The explosion jostles the crew.

JEREMY  
Bring it on, you bastards!

The interior of the ship shakes and SQUEALS. Lucky draws his face in. Several electrical explosions occur.

The control panel bursts into flames as the Phoenix rocks. Lucky looks to Valle. The Frenchman rises with an expressionless gaze.

VALLE

Too much damage.

Lucky's eyes widen. The Frenchman extends his hand. Lucky takes it. They shake. The interior SQUEALS one last time.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The Phoenix explodes. Debris strikes the remaining round object. It explodes. The remains from both craft fall toward Earth. Hitting the atmosphere, it bursts, sending star trails in different directions.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

SUPER: "Eleven months later."

Between bright flashes of lightning, LOW RUMBLING THUNDER, and amid boiling dark rain clouds rolling in the distance, a sleek, silver 1950s style coupe speeds through traffic.

INT. CAR - DUSK

The driver: William 'WILL' Storm (35). Tall. Roguish handsome. Well built. He wears a button down white shirt and black tie, both covered by a brown leather aviator's jacket, with chap pants and boots. He exudes over-confident pilot.

The side window down, he holds a folded newspaper in one hand and steers with the other. He reads, upon occasion looking up to dodge other vehicles and let go of an expletive or two.

Reckless about covers it.

The paper title reads, "HOW 'LUCKY' ARE WE!", with a picture of Lucky and crew in front of the Phoenix waving. Will tosses the paper to one side. It flies apart from the wind and a piece lands on his face, blocking his view.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

The car weaves before straightening. It passes a police car. The lights flicker on and a siren BLARES as it trails after.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Will grabs the paper from his face. He straightens the path of his vehicle and looks to the rearview mirror to see the police car in pursuit. He looks down at his watch.

WILL

Lucky.

Will slows his vehicle down.

INT. GA UNDERGROUND FACILITY/LAUNCH BAY - DUSK

In a large, cavernous, concrete walled bay, workers moved about, tending a long, sleek, golden ship. With red fins, two forward and four to the rear, it rests horizontal on platform skids. The forward hull reads Phoenix II (Hereafter P2).

On the back wall of the bay, a painted logo with the words "Global Aerodynamics" (Hereafter, GA) looms large.

INT. P2 - DUSK

Archer welds on an iron beam. A soothing voice calls out on his wrist radio. He stops, pulls up his goggles and answers.

SARA (V.O.)

How's she coming?

ARCHER

Along.

SARA (V.O.)

Anyone ever tell you that you talk too much?

ARCHER

You. So who are we recruiting?

A long pause comes before the response.

SARA (V.O.)

Storm.

Archer looks up, frowns and frowns hard.

ARCHER

Is that going to be a problem?

SARA (V.O.)

I. No. We need someone good. And he's good. I know he is.

(MORE)

SARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You trained him. Besides, this is business, not personal.

(Beat)

Anyway. He's late.

ARCHER

Some things never change.

Another pause.

SARA (V.O.)

Listen. As much as I hate it...

(Beat)

We need to start thinking about a replacement for Jeremy too.

Another brief, but seemingly more awkward pause.

ARCHER

Yeah. Him too.

Archer switches off his radio as a WORKER (30s), female, in mechanics suit, walks up and hands him a note. She gives the 'five' sign and points to as a scowl crawls onto his face.

EXT. CITY/PARKING LOT - DUSK

Will exits his parked car and heads across the street. He walks to the front of a large building. He takes out a note, reads it, and looks up at the building. Etched on the stone edifice on either side of the entrance, 'PUBLIC LIBRARY'.

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

Will approaches the information desk. He speaks to a WOMAN (30s), pretty but mousish. She points.

He heads toward a table where a young woman sits. Dr. SARA Archer (31), thin, dark haired and refined beautiful. Dressed in conservative black, she exudes all business.

SARA

Will Storm.

Sara gestures to a chair. Will takes a seat across from her as he scans the room. He makes an effort not to look at her.

WILL

Sara.

SARA

You're late.

WILL  
I was reading something. I thought  
I was meeting Dr. Spiegelman.

SARA  
He'll be along shortly.

Sara stares at Will.

SARA (CONT'D)  
You're always late. If you show at  
all.

Will continues to avoid eye contact.

WILL  
Chicago was a long time ago.

SARA  
Seven years.

WILL  
Seven years. Huh. Time flies.

SARA  
You could have at least said  
goodbye.

WILL  
I was never good at that. Besides,  
it worked out in the end. You found  
someone else. You got Lucky.

Sara draws in her face, shifting uncomfortably in her seat.

WILL (CONT'D)  
How is Mr. Lucky, anyway?

SARA  
Robert's dead.

Will spins on Sara's words with a puzzled and confused look.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Eleven months back. The Phoenix  
flight suffered unexpected  
complications. It never made it  
back.

WILL  
Today's paper--

SARA

A cover. The truth hasn't been released. Official war department request. Keeping up morale and all that. Seems things aren't as rosy as they would like them to be.

Sara unexpectedly tears up. Will reaches out, but she pulls back. To much distance lies between them.

SARA (CONT'D)

No. I'm fine.

Will studies her for a second.

WILL

Jeremy?

Sara shakes her head. Will bristles. An older man walks up.

Dr. Günther Spiegelman (early 70s), thin, bespectacled, and frumpish. He wears genius and wisdom like the worn old business attire he dons. (Spiegelman speaks with a thick German accent).

Will stands and shakes his hand.

SPIEGELMAN

Good to see you, William. I see you and Sara are getting reacquainted.

WILL

Yeah. Good to see you too Doctor. She's was just telling me about...

Will wrestles with appropriate words. Spiegelman catches on.

SPIEGELMAN

Yes. Tragic. Very tragic indeed.

Spiegelman looks to Sara with unfathomable remorse and guilt. She returns a weak smile.

SPIEGELMAN (CONT'D)

I trust you're ready then?

WILL

Ready for what?

SARA

We didn't get that far.

SPIEGELMAN

Ah. Come then. I will explain.

Spiegelman guides Will toward the door as Sara follows.

EXT. GA UNDERGROUND FACILITY/FARMHOUSE - DUSK

Archer, looking cranky, scans the area through his one good eye as three military vehicles barrel down the unpaved road past an endless horizon of pasture. The cars kick up a storm of dust that hangs in the air.

The vehicles stop in a precision arc in front of a two-story farmhouse with matching barn and stockade. A barely visible bay entrance shows to the rear. Three figures exit.

General Buford GRADY (65), fit and grizzled, wears a US Air Force camouflage field combat uniform and a cap bearing four stars. He drips with arrogance and bravado.

Two SOLDIERS (20s) in US military camouflage exit with Grady.

Grady heads toward the bay but stops dead in his tracks when he sees Archer.

ARCHER

Grady. Just peachy.

INT. GA UNDERGROUND FACILITY/LAUNCH BAY - NIGHT

In a cavernous, concrete walled bay, WORKERS move about, tending a long, sleek, golden ship with red fins, two forward and four to the rear. It rests horizontal on platform skids.

The forward hull reads Phoenix II (Hereafter, P2).

On the back wall of the bay, a painted logo with the words "Global Aerodynamics" (Hereafter, GA) looms large.

Spiegelman, Sara and Will enter the bay. Archer stands before the ship with blue prints in hand. All approach Archer.

SARA

Dad. Something wrong?

Archer looks to Spiegelman.

ARCHER

A visitor's waiting inside.

SPIEGELMAN

Ah, yes. If you will excuse me.

Spiegelman exits. Archer and Will exchange an uneasy handshake.

WILL  
Been a while.

Archer does not respond.

SARA  
Any problems?

ARCHER  
Minor. Nothing I can't handle.

SARA  
Will it delay us? If we have to, we  
can reschedule.

Spiegelman, Grady, and the two soldiers enter.

GRADY  
Unacceptable.

Grady delivers Will a withering look. Will returns the same.

WILL  
What the hell is he doing  
here? I thought this was a  
private operation?

GRADY (CONT'D)  
This is now a classified  
operation. I want him out of  
here.

Grady turns to Will.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
There's a war on, Spiegelman. Bad  
enough I have to deal with him.

Grady jerks his head toward Archer. Archer throws a 'go to  
Hell' glare the General's way. Grady moves past it.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
Now you bring in this...

The General gestures wildly up and down Will, as if wiping  
away years of grime from an aged artifact.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
I need men who can finish a mission  
and bring this ship back in one  
piece.

Grady turns back to Spiegelman.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
I'll make some calls, have a  
competent, trustworthy crew brought  
in.

WILL  
I'm more than capable--

GRADY  
I didn't say capable, Storm. I said  
competent...

He shoots Archer a final eye scan.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
... And trustworthy.

Will clenches his fists and steps toward Grady. Grady readies himself. The soldiers step forward with hands over holstered sidearms.

Archer steps between the two parties. He turns to Will as Grady backs off and waves off his soldiers.

ARCHER  
Let it go. He's not worth it.

WILL  
Might be.

SPIEGELMAN  
General. Classified or otherwise,  
this is still MY ship. William is  
my pilot. Tom is my navigator.

Grady stiffens and adjusts his hat. He eyes Archer Will with vehemence.

GRADY  
Just wonderful. So who's the third?  
You?

SPIEGELMAN  
That would be Sara.

Grady shakes his head 'no'. Will frowns and crosses his arms. Archer shoots Sara a harsh look. Sara looks away.

WILL  
Uh-uh.

GRADY  
You got to be kidding me?

SPIEGELMAN  
She's the best for the job.

WILL

No. Too risky. I'm flying. Archer's got navigation.

Will looks at Grady's soldiers.

WILL (CONT'D)

One of them can handle the rest.

SPIEGELMAN

William. Be reasonable. I cannot teach them all they need to know in what time we have. And I'm far too old to be playing younger men's games.

Will pauses as Grady turns and walks toward the exit, habitually readjusting his cap.

GRADY

Christ almighty. A half-ass. A jack ass. And a damn woman. No wonder this war is going sideways.

Will spins onto Archer, disbelief and anger in his voice.

WILL

You're good with this? Even after what happened to Jeremy?

Archer rolls his shoulders back and readjust his stance. Irritation overtakes him. He glances again to Sara, who drops her head. Regaining his composure, he turns back to Will.

ARCHER

Not for me to say.  
(Beat)  
Don't have a say in a lot of things apparently.

Archer turns and walks away keeping pace with his anger. Will turns to Sara. She shrugs as she and Spiegelman both exit, leaving Will alone to stew.

INT. A DARK ROOM - NIGHT

FIGURE TWO enters. Shadows hide his appearance. He gives a formal salute of an outstretched arm with a clenched fist to a seated FIGURE ONE, also in shadow. (In German, subtitled.)

FIGURE TWO

Sir. We've received word. They are preparing to launch the new craft. Orders?

FIGURE ONE

Ready two ships. Let them proceed uninterrupted. Follow after. I want to see this ship's capabilities.

FIGURE TWO

Yes sir.

Figure One salutes again and exits.

INT. GA UNDERGROUND FACILITY/LAUNCH BAY - MORNING

Archer stands before the P2. Will joins him. An uncomfortable air hangs between them.

WILL

Got any Beeman's?

Archer produces a stick of gum, which Will takes and stows in his breast pocket.

WILL (CONT'D)

Thanks. I'll pay you back later.

(Beat)

You really good with Sara doing this?

ARCHER

No. But when could I ever stop her from doing something? She says she has to for Jeremy and Robert.

(Beat)

She helped design it so she feels responsible. Now she wants to make sure we get back alive.

Will shifts his weight uncomfortably.

WILL

I'm sorry about Jeremy. He was a good friend. I should have been here for him.

Archer's face tightens a bit. He turns to take Will in.

ARCHER

He idolized you, you know? Became a pilot because he wanted to be like you.

(Beat)

Robert was trying to be you for Sara. Never felt like he measured up in her eyes. Look where it got them both. Now Sara want's to take care of you... again.

He shrugs bewildered.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Everyone seems to want to be you or take care of you. Hell of a responsibility.

WILL

Do you blame me?

Archer turns to face Will. An intense, serious expression overtakes him as he locks uncomfortable eyes with the pilot.

ARCHER

Some.

Another silence falls between them.

INT. GA UNDERGROUND FACILITY/COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Inside a large room with computers and monitors, Spiegelman stands. An OPERATOR in a lab coat sits before monitors. Grady paces before a bay window overlooking the launch pad. In the background, individuals in lab coats scurry about.

OPERATOR

Phoenix II, stand by for launch.

SPIEGELMAN

William. Are you ready?

WILL (V.O.)

Ready, doctor.

SPIEGELMAN

Very good. On your mark. Achieve orbit, then fire the engines at tee minus ten seconds.

WILL (V.O.)

Understood. Launch in five, four...

INT. GA UNDERGROUND FACILITY/LAUNCH BAY - MORNING

The P2 sits on the launch pad as Will counts down.

WILL (V.O.)  
Three, two, one, ignition.

The P2 rises, heading through the launch bay entrance and into the sky.

EXT. ATMOSPHERE - MORNING

The P2 heads into the stratosphere. The surrounding atmosphere changes from blue to cobalt blue to inky black.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - MORNING

The P2 reaches space and slows before stopping.

INT. P2 - MORNING

Will and Archer hold down the forward seats of the cramped cabin.

Sara sits to the spacious rear in a third seat, facing a wall of monitors.

WILL  
Okay. Synchronize time at 7:27 AM.

All three tweak their wrist watches.

WILL (CONT'D)  
On my mark.

SARA  
Cross your fingers.

ARCHER  
That's comforting.

Sara half smiles and shakes her head.

SARA  
Relax, dad. It's just a lap around the moon.

Archer gives a nervous thumbs up, causing Sara to CHUCKLE.

WILL  
Three, two, one, and go!

Will pushes a shifter forward hard.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - MORNING

Nearing the moon, the P2 accelerates.

Once past the moon, a burst of light erupts from the engines and a 'ripple' in space appears in front of the P2 as it moves along. It holds briefly before fading away.

Three black 'U' shaped craft with the N.W.O insignia on the wing tip come into view at a point just beyond where the 'ripple' shows itself.

The three craft slowly turn and stop.

INT. P2 - MORNING

The crew jerks back with the acceleration.

Will  
What just happened?

SARA  
Not sure. But it wasn't supposed to.

Will pulls back on a forward shift to slow the ship.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - MORNING

The P2 slows and comes to a stop. No light, no stars, and no moon show. Just an infinity of blackness.

INT. P2 - MORNING

Will, Archer, and Sara stare out the windows discomfited.

WILL  
Where's the moon?

SARA  
Where's anything?

Sara checks the ship's sensors.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Nothing's registering right. It's like everything is gone. No moon, no stars

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

(Beat)  
No Earth.

Sara's eyes grow wide.

SARA (CONT'D)

Some kind of void. I'm not sure  
where we are, but we are definitely  
not where we should be. I need to  
log this.

Sara picks a note pad and pen. She frowns and taps her watch.

SARA (CONT'D)

What time do you have? My watch  
stopped.

WILL

Mine too. Weird.

Will checks the ship's clock. It reads the same. He taps it.

WILL (CONT'D)

Ship's too.

Sara compares to the time on her watch to that of Will's.  
They match.

SARA

Odd. Dad?

Archer looks at his watch. It reads the same.

WILL

Some kind of magnetic field?

Sara looks to her monitors and shakes her head.

SARA

Not registering any.

Sara taps on various monitors. She checks the windows. Her  
brow furrows as uncertainty settles on her face.

SARA (CONT'D)

Not registering anything to be  
honest. This is something  
altogether different.

Her words trail off as everyone resettles into their  
positions. Will looks down at the controls as does Archer.

ARCHER  
Just a lap around the moon she  
said.

SARA  
Shut up, Dad.

WILL  
Engines are hot. Way hot.

SARA  
Running coolant.

Sara furiously flips switches. A loud HISSING sounds, like steam escaping a kettle.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Give them just a moment. Check your  
other equipment.

ARCHER  
Navigation's working... in theory.  
Just got nothing to latch onto.

Will draws his brow down in concentration. He looks at Sara who wears uncertainty on her otherwise beautiful face.

WILL  
All right, genius, you're up.  
Explain this.

SARA  
I can't. Whatever 'this' is wasn't  
suppose to happen.

WILL  
Great. The genius has no idea.

Will turns and stares at Archer, who only shrugs. He then turns his attention outward into the vast, empty blackness.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Well, I don't like it. It wasn't in  
the brochure and not part of the  
plan. So let's just keep it simple.  
We reverse course and follow the  
way we came. Engines should be cool  
enough. Can you plot us back the  
same way?

Archer shakes his head.

ARCHER

I got nothing to latch onto. There isn't a spot out there.

WILL

So?

Sara intercedes.

SARA

Without a fixed point, we can't spin the ship and know where we came from. We could fly off in any number of directions. Maybe even slam into the moon.

WILL

Yeah. Let's try and avoid that. Okay, well, that's all I got. I'm open to suggestions.

A contemplative silence falls on the group. Suddenly, Will SNAPS his fingers.

WILL (CONT'D)

Got it. We use a bomb. Set the timer. Shoot it straight out. It should travel in a straight line out there right?

Will looks to Sara. She agrees, but struggles to catch on.

WILL (CONT'D)

When it detonates, we latch onto the center and use it as a fixed point. We spin the ship using the rotational thrusters. When the blast comes into the rear camera view, we go in the opposite direction.

A broad smile races across Sara's face.

SARA

Look at you fly-boy, getting all genius on us.

(Beat)

Sounds like a plan.

Sara rises and pats her father on the should as she heads back to her seat.

SARA (CONT'D)

See. Told you.

Will smiles at the compliment but catches Archer's unappreciative gaze. He CLEARS HIS THROAT and refocuses on the task at hand.