

ZETA TEAM

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WGAw #1947793

INT. BIG BRIGHT ROOM - NASA - DAY

NASA Headquarters. Deep within the complex.

Bustling techies rush to meet deadlines. Uniformed men grant clearance and monitor the premises.

MATTHEW MASON (30's-40's. All-american / all-human military man turned astronaut) sits patiently outside the main corner office.

Incredibly still, he watches a TV.

CNN - "MANNED MISSION TO MARS AND OTHER EXOPLANETS UNDERWAY
- NEW PERSONNEL TO BE ANNOUNCED"

From a nearby desk -

ASSISTANT
ADMINISTRATOR BOLD's office, please
hold.

The assistant bounces between lines as the phone rings off the hook.

ASSISTANT
Yes Vice President Cheney, the
deadline for applications has
unfortunately passed.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN -

Out comes ADMINISTRATOR BOLD (40+, robust, loud and proud).

Bold walks to his assistant, locks and loads a make-believe shotgun, and points it at her.

Despite juggling the phones, she already knows the joke. She throws up her free hand in a sad attempt to shield herself.

And Bold pretend-shoots.

BOLD
Friendly fire!
(holsters gun)
Secretary! Validate Gentleman
Tingle's parking.

ASTRONAUT TINGLE (40's, gruff asshole) follows behind Bold. He has an air about him as toxic as farts.

We don't know much about him yet, but we will later.

(CONTINUED)

Mason sizes up the potential competition while Bold closes with Tingle.

BOLD

Tingle. This was great. Theta is in your capable hands. May you keep me a very happy guy.

Bold and Tingle exchange a handshake.

While leaving, Tingle and Mason lock eyes. A rivalry in the making.

Bold scans the office to find Mason, his next and final meeting.

BOLD

(To Mason)

Mason! Just the man I was looking for. Get in here.

Mason appropriately gathers himself and enters the office.

INT. ADMINISTRATOR BOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mason takes a quick look around, impressed by the digs. It's NASA's Oval Office, with a scale representation of our Solar System in the heart of the room.

MASON

Administrator Bold, it's a pleasure. Thank you for taking the time to meet with m-

BOLD

(interjecting)

Check this shit out.

Bold flips off the lights.

The room flips to an OBSERVATORY, removing all sense of Earth in an instant. It feels like the room contains space-itself.

Mason awkwardly tries to find the best place to stand.

BOLD

Wow. It never gets old.

(segue)

Do you mind if we conduct the meeting like this? It makes me feel one with SPACE.

(CONTINUED)

MASON
Sure, Administrator.

BOLD
Great.

And like that, Bold enters his star-shrouded spiel while pacing between the planets.

BOLD
Matthew Mason, decorated Air Force pilot, honorably discharged and referred to NASA for excellence in aviation and intellect.

Mason stands stoically.

BOLD
I'm surprised I haven't met you yet. Do you know why you're here?

Mason gets ready to answer.

BOLD
Better yet, why we are ALL here?

MASON
Is that a rhetorical question, sir?

BOLD
No.

MASON
We're here to learn and understand the uni-

BOLD
NO. I don't need NASA's mission statement. I live that. I mean, why the hell are we all here? Why are we only on Earth?

Mason collects himself.

MASON
Lack of funding.

Bold stops in his tracks.

BOLD
True... But not that answer.

Bold rings a buzzer, childishly installed in his office.

MASON
...Technological limi-

Bold buzzes again.

BOLD
NOT ANYMORE BABY! We've had the
warp-drive workin' for a while now.

Mason's eyes widen, "really?"

MASON
Danger?

BOLD
WARMER.

Bold moves closer to the Sun.

MASON
Radiation!

Bold grunts in frustration.

MANN (O.S)
Cosmic cannibalistic leviathans.

BOLD
BINGO.

Bold points behind Mason, who turns to see a figure in the dark.

BOLD (CONT)
Star-sized entities patrolling the
universe, consuming planets whole.
(Beat)
Luckily, we have a God-Killer in
our midst.
(To Mason)
Mason, I'd like you to meet
COMMANDER MANN, leader of Alpha
Team and my eyes and ears on the
inside. Second-in-command only to
me. You'll be learning how to take
out those motherfuckers from the
best.

MANN steps from the shadows. (30's-50's, the epitome of Man.
He's the guy you want taking steps for the whole race.)

Mason takes all of this in very seriously.

(CONTINUED)

BOLD

Mason. We are fucking with you.

Mann slaps him on the back.

MANN

You're a good sport. At least you didn't start by asking about the "efficacy of nukes" like Tingle.

BOLD

Truth is, we just haven't left yet! It's that simple! We haven't needed to go anywhere else! And now, it's time for us to go.

Bold hugs/straddles the EARTH. He spins with it while going through the monologue.

BOLD (CONT)

This guy... This kind planet. It used to be enough. Enough for all of us. But we've repaid its generosity with contagion and pollution.

Bold starts to get sick and dismounts.

BOLD (CONT)

Still wondering how you fit in?

Bold walks over to Mason.

BOLD (CONT)

You've been hand-selected to captain a team that will colonize a planet.

Mason's re-collected demeanor starts to crack in excitement.

MASON

Sir, it is an hono-

BOLD

(interjecting)

Oh no, hear out the whole assignment before thanking me for it.

Bold sits at his desk. Mason searches for the right thing to say.

(CONTINUED)

MASON

If it's a matter of safety or
preparation-

BOLD

It is MOST CERTAINLY a matter of
preparation... which will directly
influence your safety.

Mason contemplates.

MASON

What's the time frame?

BOLD

You set sail in a year.

(beat)

Blast off, whatever.

(off the "not so bad" look)

That's not all.

HUGE TV's above Administrator Bold turn on.

Across an array, "ZETA TEAM" is displayed across the board.
Under "CAPTAIN," is Mason with a full list of credentials.

BOLD

26 separate teams of 5 were
selected for simultaneous manned
missions to 26 ideal planets within
H.A.B.itable zones across our
Universe with the intent to
colonize.

MASON

Different hospitable planets...

GRAPHIC - DESTINATION: KEPLER 443B - 2540 light years away.

To date - the furthest one known to man.

MANN

Don't let the distance intimidate
you. It's just a concept of
nothingness between us.

MASON

Where is Alpha team going?

MANN

Mars.

(CONTINUED)

MASON

But that's only 12.5 light minutes
away...

As Mason begins to feel the shit end of the stick.

BOLD

Each team constructed under close
supervision to ensure qualification
and team unity. Yours is no
exception.

(beat)

But with some leniency.

ON THE MONITORS - FOUR AVERAGE FUCKIN' JOES.

Mason eyes the board. Resume experience: Plumber, Home
Gardener, IT Support, Doctor/Psychiatrist/Wax Artist... This
charade has gone on too long.

MASON

With all due respect, Sir, is this
another joke?

Bold eyes Mann.

Then starts cackling laughing. Mason awkwardly joins in.

BOLD

(extremely intense)

NO IT'S NOT A FUCKING JOKE.

Mason recoils.

BOLD (CONT)

This planet is no longer
sustainable. We will lose it. We've
sewn its fate. We must adapt now,
or say hello to the end.

Mann steps in.

MANN

Each team is equally important.
Yours perhaps most of all. Kepler
443b, although the furthest known
Exoplanet, is also the most like
Earth. It may be our best chance.

MANN (CONT)

The Zeta Project was originally
conceived to address a problem. We
asked, "If Doomsday were tomorrow,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANN (CONT) (cont'd)
where would our standard citizens,
NOT astronauts, have the best
chance to survive?"

BOLD
We realized, "Shit! All these
planets have problems!" And even
then, most of the "hospitable" ones
have worse conditions than Detroit.
So, rather than yearn for Chicago,
we'd embrace our inner 8-mile.

Bold starts humming Eminem's 8 Mile riff.

Mason starts to see where this is going.

BOLD
You, Matthew Mason, were our
highest scoring candidate, and our
best chance to help us figure this
out.

Beat.

MASON
You're telling me that I'm
responsible for getting myself, as
well as four other civilians ready
for the deepest interstellar travel
imaginable, in just one year.

BOLD
Yes.

MASON
And what if we fail?

BOLD
You die. But don't worry, we will
all follow shortly after.

Beat.

MASON
Sounds like the military all over
again. Let's go through the team.

BOLD
Great.

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC - DAY

We track down a street of new, beautiful but ultimately cookie cutter homes. Most have teams of workers on-top or hustling about.

BOLD (V.O)

For your Citizen Architect /
Operations Manager, we have DEREK
DANIELS.

(Segue)

A self taught plumber with over 500
reviews on YELP with a 5 star
average.

MASON (V.O)

Impressive.

Nothing that really catches your eye...

BOLD (V.O)

He also constructed his own
under-ground shelter, perfectly in
line with NASA's standards... The
ones we plan to construct on Mars.

MASON (V.O)

... You're shitting me.

BOLD (V.O)

Go see it for yourself.

Until we land on DEREK DANIELS (30's-40's. Tall, wiry, odd)
atop of what looks to be a BOMB-SHELTER, hammering nails.

We 180 flip and see Mason ON LOCATION watching Derek from
afar.

MASON

Derek the Plumber.

We flip back to spectate and behold Derek's glory.

Derek hammers in another nail. Like a glorious God, he wipes
his forehead of hard-earned sweat.

EXT. DEREK'S SILO - DAY

We cut back to Derek, post-heroic pose. He spots Mason in
the distance and waves.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK
Howdy neighbor!

Still a bit wary, Mason acknowledges and approaches.

MASON
Mr. Daniels, I'm sorry if I'm
catching you at a bad moment..

DEREK
Oh please, there are no bad moments
with me! Call me Derek.

Derek extends for a handshake, it is met and held too long.

MASON
My name is Matthew, but my official
title is Captain Mason.

Derek's ears perk up.

DEREK
Oh, a Captain. Like an Army
Captain? Were you on a boat in the
Army?

MASON
Air Force, sir. But sent here by
NASA to meet with you.

The handshake stops... but it is still held. Derek looks
like he's seen a ghost.

DEREK
N-N-NASA?

MASON
I'm here to talk to you about an
opportunity. May we speak inside?

Beat - Derek computes.

DEREK
YES.

INT. DEREK'S KICKASS BUNKER - DAY

Mason and Derek walk in and down steps from the door
outside.

DEREK
I have to apologize, I didn't think
I'd be receiving company.

(CONTINUED)

MASON

It is no problem Si-

Mason stops dead in his tracks.

This isn't a war bunker... This is the dopest fucking pad you've ever seen.

This feels like a mansion precisely planned in a small, but spacious, set up.

If the apocalypse happens, this is where you want to be. Specifically, a place you can enjoy it.

Mason's professional exterior starts to crumble.

MASON

Oh my...

DEREK

(oh no)

You hate it. I'm sorry. It's not very practical. I tried to make it a working prototype for MARS but I got carried away on the design.

Mason directs everything at Derek.

MASON

Derek. This is incredible. I'm here to inform you that you've been selected by NASA to help colonize a distant exoplanet. Specifically, on my team. ZETA Team.

Derek's jaw is on the floor.

MASON

Before you make a decision, think of the gravity of what is being ask-

DEREK

(bursting)

LET'S GO TO SPACE!

Derek shakes Mason's hand again, all while dancing and screaming. Mason sneaks a smile.

Maybe this isn't so bad?

INT. ADMINISTRATOR BOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to it. One down, four to go.

MASON

I have to say, I judged a book by its cover on that one. How did you find that guy?

BOLD

When you offer to send people to space, you typically get an eclectic applicant pool.

Mason motions to the board - Next up, SUSAN PLANT (50's, warm and motherly, despite not having children).

BOLD

As for your Mark Watney, you get SUSAN PLANT!!!

MASON

Fitting name.

BOLD

Fitting company as well!

SusanPlants.com flashes on the screen.

BOLD (CONT)

What a clever lady! Number one online retailer for botany. She even has her own cross-bred strain of kiwi-bananas. Kabananas. They're delicious.

Beat.

BOLD

How do you think I vetted her?

EXT. NORTHEASTERN WILDERNESS / BACKROADS - DAY

Mason drives to the edge of civilization in the Northeast US. The highway ends to a clearing ahead.

The trees bend to make a TUNNEL at the end of the highway.

BOLD (V.O)

Truth is, she is a tree-person.

Mason's GPS shows that he's "off-road".

(CONTINUED)

BOLD (V.O)

I tried to get one of our satellites to get us some images of the greenhouse she built, but all we saw were damn trees!

Mason turns his GPS off, and drives down the tunnel.

This tunnel is a portal to fantasy.

The clearing opens to an absolutely beautiful, naturalistic home in the middle of the forest. An environmentalist's delight.

6 foot sunflower stalks, a blue apple tree, cute giant rabbits and species yet discovered all can be found in plain sight as Mason drives through the "portal".

Mason's eyes go wide with wonder as - SUSAN IS LITERALLY RIDING A UNICORN AT THE SIDE OF THE CAR.

Susan waves happily at Mason.

EXT. SUSAN PLANT'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Mason pulls the car into Susan's driveway. She beat him there, already dismounted and petting her UNICORN.

She beckons Mason closer. He cautiously does.

MASON

Hi. Is that a Unicorn?

SUSAN

Hello there, and kind of! The horn is just a genetic variation my husband and I developed through breeding!

Mason pets the unicorn. It neighs happily. What the hell?

MASON

Miss Plant, my name is Captain Mason. It is wonderful to meet you.

They shake hands. She is entirely unphased by his title.

SUSAN

MISSES Plant. But it is very nice to meet you Captain... Uh...

(CONTINUED)

MASON

Mason. Matthew Mason, formerly of
the Air Force, but now under NASA.

Beat. Still unphased.

SUSAN

Matthew. What a lovely coincidence.
My husband's name.

Mason is caught off guard by that.

SUSAN

I have a couple more things I need
to take care of in the greenhouse,
would you mind accompanying me
while we chat?

MASON

It would be my pleasure.

EXT. SUSAN'S BACKYARD - DAY

Susan nonchalantly leads Mason to the backyard.

Mason is exposed to why Susan was chosen.

A monolith GREENHOUSE is in the back yard. Condensation
billows from the bottom. For some reason, it's intimidating
as hell.

Although perspiration cloud the windows, it looks as lively
as the Amazon on the inside.

SUSAN

My husband and I built this. Our
lives' work. We have a full
ecosystem in there. I'm proud to
say it has been stable and easily
maintained for twenty years. And
hopefully, long after I'm gone.

Mason can't believe his eyes.

SUSAN

Please, come inside.

INT. SUSAN'S GREENHOUSE - DAY

Mason is whisked into another world. Like, if Willy Wonka decided his life was to garden.

Susan gathers a couple of outlandish plants and hands them to Mason, whose jaw remains on the ground.

SUSAN

Matthew, if you wouldn't mind holding onto these. They're for dinner, which you are more than welcome to stick around for.

MASON

Susan... How is this possible?

SUSAN

My husband and I started small by experimenting and breeding hybrid produce... And what started as a delicious hobby became an obsession. And soon after started paying the bills! Thankfully, since my husband can no longer work.

(segue)

Your Administrator happens to be my best customer.

MASON

(of course he is)

Ah. Well, you deserve every penny earned.

(segue)

About your husband, is Mr. Plant home?

SUSAN

Oh, my manners, he's just inside the house! Follow me.

INT. SUSAN PLANT'S HOUSE - FOYER / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bilbo Baggins could live here. It's just so peaceful and quaint. A simpler world.

Any HGTV designer would pine over this setup. It feels decisively decorated but natural - as if the environment grew a house from scratch.

In the main room, a rooted tree runs from the ground through the ceiling, as if the house was built around it. Like an Elf's cabin.

(CONTINUED)

Susan leads ahead, entirely comfortable in her own home despite the dream-like feel. She comes to a stop next to a window, with a nice SMALL PLANT nearby.

SUSAN
Matthew, I'd like you to meet my
husband. Matthew.

Mason looks around, unsure of who to greet.

MASON
Uhh.. Is Mr. Plant upstairs?

Beat.

SUSAN
No, Matthew, he is right here.

Susan rubs the side of the SMALL POT, with the SMALL PLANT gestating inside.

Mason can't believe it.

SUSAN
Oh, I know I must seem mad, I
apologize...
(Slumps)
My Matthew passed a couple months
ago. On his last day, he had me
promise to sow his ashes into a new
tree. So he could continue to grow
older with me... And perhaps, I
will next to him one day.

Susan picks up MATTHEW (MR.) PLANT.

SUSAN
It's just been lonely without him.
It helps me think he's here with
me.

Mason adjusts. He slowly approaches, and bends to MR. PLANT.

MASON
Hello Mr. Plant, it is wonderful to
meet you.

Mason hand-shakes a small pedal of the plant.

MASON
(to Mr. Plant)
You have quite the home, and a
lovely wife.

Susan is beaming.

SUSAN
Thank you Matthew.

MASON
Susan, How would you feel about
doing all of this in space?

Susan tears up.

SUSAN
Can I bring Matthew with me?

INT. ADMINISTRATOR BOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

And, we are back in Bold's office.

He stares at a picture of Susan, Matthew, and Mr. Plant.

BOLD
Congrats, you've successfully
convinced me to enlist a damn plant
as Zeta's 6th member.

MASON
I wish I had a little more warning
before walking into that.

BOLD
Well, her husband WAS listed as
deceased... And technically I guess
he was... I suppose.
(Moving on)
Whatever, it shouldn't be a problem
logistically. NEXT!

On the large screens, we see BEN BONER (20's-30's, neckbeard
type, but still has swagger) ZETA TEAM's resident IT Man.

His profile/application picture is terrible. Purposefully.

BOLD
This damn guy.

MASON
Backstory?

INT. BEN'S WAR ROOM - DAY? (NO DAYLIGHT ENTERS)

The camera zooms around BEN as he flies from keyboard to keyboard, monitor to monitor, ripping through code.

He is eating a hot-pocket while doing all this shit.

BOLD (V.O)
I didn't even pick this fuckin'
guy.

MASON (V.O)
What?!

We get a look at what he's workin' on. He's rigging his NASA application.

BOLD (V.O)
He hacked our systems and accepted himself. I moved to void his application, but he's generated overwhelming support within the NSA.

The application populates the screen, and in real time commentary, we see BEN input...

BOLD (V.O)
I thought it was a joke at first.
BEN BONER. B O N E R. That can't be
a real last name, right? Wrong. It
is. His IQ is off the charts. A
self-taught computer genius.

Ben masterfully accepts his own application.

BOLD (V.O)
He also deleted every other fucking
IT Specialist application.

Ben sits back, exposing that he is living in his parent's basement.

BEN'S MOM
BEN, DINNER IS READY!

BEN
COMIN' MA!

INT. BEN'S FAMILY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ben rushes upstairs to find his MOM (40-60, Jolly and oblivious) seated at the dinner table with Mason.

BEN'S MOM

Hi honey, your friend Mason stopped by for dinner.

Ben is frozen, Mason gets up to greet him.

MASON

Ben! It's good to see you.

Mason reaches out for the handshake, it is hesitantly met.

BEN

It's Boner. Not Ben.

BEN'S MOM

Nooo, come on! I haven't heard your real name in ages! Pleaseee Ben!

BEN

NO! IT'S BONER.

Mason looks to Ben's Mom for approval. She's unfortunately nodding.

BEN'S MOM

And I'm Mrs. Boner... I've been meaning to change my name for years.

Beat.

MASON

Well... BONER over here has been selected by NASA to accompany me to on a mission to begin a new colony in space!

(eyeing down Ben)

Coincidentally, he was the only applicant in the Tech Field. Our guys were REALLY impressed by your resume.

BEN

(it worked?)

Oh shit. I'm going home?

(CONTINUED)

MASON

...Home?

BEN

I'm not from this planet. I used this damn mission to get me home.

MASON

(not really a question)

...You're from SPACE?

Ben's Mom nods in agreement.

BEN'S MOM

Glib-Bob didn't mention from where specifically.

BEN

BONER GO HOME!

As he flips out -

INT. ADMINISTRATOR BOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

We're back at NASA.

BOLD

God damnit, he goes by BONER?

MASON

I can't call him that, Administrator.

BOLD

I can't promise anything, Mason.

Next up, ZETA's DOCTOR / PSYCHIATRIST, MILAN RAMOS (30's, the total package in a reality-TV way. Obviously stunning, obviously genius).

BOLD

I don't mean to tempt you. I trust she will not be a problem?

Mason can look past the attractiveness.

MASON

If she's the best. That's all that matters to me.

BOLD

She graduated Med school with a SEXTuple PHD at the age of 17.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOLD (cont'd)

She's the leading consultant for Yale, Harvard, and Columbia Medical with a perfect referral rate, and has even conducted extremely sourced studies in cooperation with NASA.

(to Mann)

Mann over here can personally vouch for her excellence.

MANN

She's incredible.

MASON

So what's the catch?

INT. WAITING ROOM - MILAN'S GYNECOLOGY / PSYCHIATRY / WAX BAR - DAY

Mason enters another waiting room. This one, pink and furry.

BOLD (V.O)

We've set an appointment with her for you.

It's mostly other women in the waiting room. Any other Male looks like they are headed for slaughter.

AUDIBLE WAX PEEL RIPS / GROANS / SCREAMS CAN BE HEARD FROM THE ADJACENT ROOMS.

Mason walks up to the RECEPTIONIST.

MASON

Good afternoon, I'm here for an appointment with Milan Ramos?

The Receptionist is on her shit, but looks entirely unenthused.

RECEPTIONIST

Mason? The 3:15 Wax?

MASON

(concern)

3:15 Wax..? I was told a "Psych Eval."

RECEPTIONIST

Yes Sir, that's what we call all of our services. Please take a seat, a nurse will be with you shortly.

(CONTINUED)

Mason nods shyly, and takes a seat.

A NURSE enters the waiting room.

NURSE 1

Steven?

STEVEN (30's) starts pleading with his wife.

STEVEN

Please Honey, this is unnecessary.
I can change.

WIFE

Steven, we need this.

Steven kisses his wife like it's the last time he will ever see her, and walks to the Nurse like every step is his last.

Mason and every other guy in the room watches in horror.

NURSE 2

MASON?

The remaining men panic as they scan the room to find the next victim.

Behind a NEWSPAPER, Mason hides from his shame.

NURSE

CAPTAIN MASON?

The newspaper doesn't hide his uniform. Outed.

MASON

That's me.

INT. MILAN'S HALLWAY CORRIDORS - DAY

A single and very pink hallway. The Nurse leads Mason down to the room at the end of the tunnel with a THE SHINING vibe...

NURSE

How are you? Can I get you some
Water?

The word "water" blends with the "Waaa"-like wax ripping screams behind passing closed doors.

Mason cringes. The Nurse leads Mason whimsically into a bright open room.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

I love when a uniformed man is comfortable enough to embrace his inner femininity.

More cries from just beyond the walls.

The Nurse grabs a PINK GOWN and hands it to Mason.

Looking like a scared child, he accepts.

NURSE

Slip this on and get comfy in those stirrups, Dr. Ramos will be with you soon.

Before he can protest, the door shuts leaving him holding the PINK GOWN staring at the STIRRUPS.

There are no normal chairs in this office.

Mason sighs.

INT. MILAN'S OFFICE - LATER

He's in the pink gown, spread eagle in the stirrups.

The door opens.

And DR. MILAN RAMOS, looking like the next big TV Doctor, strides in confidently.

MILAN

Mr. Mason, very nice to meet you.

Mason stumbles, trying to stand to meet her.

MILAN

Please, stay seated. I want you to remain comfortable for our consultation.

MASON

Uh.. I think I'd be more comfortable in a normal chair?

MILAN

I've found greater success with patients in these stirrups. They tend to be more open to me.

Mason shifts uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

MASON
Doctor Ramo-

MILAN
Milan.

MASON
Milan, I've been sent here to
discuss a potential opportunity
with you.

MILAN
You have wonderful warm energy, but
I sense a rift. Have you been
through any stressful situations
lately?

Mason's calm exterior starts to crack.

MASON
I would rather this be a
conversation than an evaluation.

MILAN
You seem tense.

MASON
As I said, this chair isn't the
most comfortable.

MILAN
Do you feel vulnerable?

MASON
Kinda, yeah.

MILAN
Is it my presence-?

MASON
(enough)
Frankly, I am a little concerned
that NASA sent me to a Gynecologist
for a "psych eval" when I only have
a year to assemble a team to travel
through space and colonize Mars.

Beat.

MILAN
This team. Do you feel they are
unqualified?

Mason drums his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

MASON

In a classic sense? Absolutely. I still can't believe that this is financed through the government. But...

MILAN

But?

MASON

Despite their quirks, each one is special. Unorthodox, but each brings something to the table.

Milan stays silent.

MASON

I mean, if we need to start gearing up the general population, this is a pretty decent place to start. It's just... I have a plumber who lives in a bunker, a gardener whose husband is a plant, an IT guy trying to FIND his home planet... And now I'm here to get "our doctor", a-

MILAN

A gynecologist.

The evaluation is over.

MASON

I don't mean that as a slight, I'm aware of your extensive background.

MILAN

Matthew, I'm not offended. This is not exactly what I went to school for. More of a passion.

Mason loosens up.

MASON

Gyne-Psychology with a minor in Waxing?

That causes a good laugh. Mason is finally at ease, despite the ridiculous circumstance.

MILAN

I... Don't have a specialization anymore. I studied Medicine and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILAN (cont'd)

Physics across the board and have accumulated degrees in most fields, earned or honorary. I apologize if that's not specifically ideal. I can assure you I am proficient in Astronomy as well. I actually ran the NASA study of physiology and psychological effects of artificial gravity on Humans.

As Mason digests all of the info, Commander Mann's past line echos in his head. "She's incredible".

Mason starts to believe that maybe she is.

MASON

What made you step away?

Milan thinks on that.

MILAN

I got tired of hypotheticals and theoreticals. So much talk about space colonies, but there was no action! All of that brainpower, and not even to achieve it. Just to speculate. What's the point?

She chuckles despite herself.

MILAN

One particularly bad day, I decided to pamper myself. During a Brazilian wax, I broke down. It pulled all of the repressed emotion out of me. Cathartic in a way I have never experienced. So, I decided to pool my abilities, and give people a place to go in need of respite to hopefully find themselves, like I did.

Beat.

MASON

Well, I have some good news and bad news.

MILAN

You don't need a Brazilian wax.

(CONTINUED)

MASON

That's the bad news. Good news is, NASA isn't planning anymore. We're moving forward. Will you help me colonize a planet?

Milan smiles genuinely.

MILAN

I was ready the minute I saw an application.

This resonates with Mason.

MASON

Then get me out of these stirrups.

BOLD (PRELAP)

I'm glad you have renewed faith in our cause.

MASON (PRELAP)

Its purpose has always been there. I just needed to believe in it.

INT. ADMINISTRATOR BOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

The team is set. Mason is being briefed.

MASON

What's next?

MANN

The H.A.B.

A HOLOGRAM of the H.A.B. pops up with its blueprint.

BOLD

Coined from my idea - the Huge-Ass Biosphere!

The stupid acronym gets its own full hologram.

MANN

Seated in the Nevada Desert, we have created perfectly enclosed environments that will simulate life on each team's exoplanet.

INT. HELICOPTER FLYING OVER NEVADA DESERT - DAY

Mason sits peacefully, looking somber out the window.

In the distance, we see a GIANT WHITE DOME. THE H.A.B.

Twice as big as any football stadium and completely enclosed. There are many additional smaller "Pod" enclosures linked to the main dome via air-locks. The modular dome of the future.

BOLD (V.O)

That's where you will prepare your team. We will be gradually adjusting the environment and throwing obstacles your way.

EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING PAD - OUTSIDE THE H.A.B. - DAY

The helicopter floats down to land in the midst of a large ground operation.

Mason steps out and surveys the area. Frantic activity. Government workers everywhere.

Mason sees his TEAM in the short distance.

-Derek shows Ben some of his tools that probably won't make it in.

-Susan introduces Milan to Mr. Plant.

Mason looks on with an optimistic smile. He walks up enthusiastically.

MASON

Zeta Team!

ZETA TEAM does their best to snap to attention like in the military. It's pretty damn sloppy, but the thought counts.

MASON

At ease! I'm glad you've all had a chance to get aquainte-

GOVERNMENT WORKER

MAKE WAY FOR THETA TEAM!

A crowd of government workers part ways.

Through the crowd, walks THETA TEAM. A group of PERFECT INDIVIDUALS making an ideal team. Lead by our favorite, ASTRONAUT TINGLE.

(CONTINUED)

BOLD (V.O)
You will not be alone.

Tingle brisks past Mason - total TOP GUN moment.

TINGLE
Stay out of Theta's way.

As Theta team moves forward -

SLO-MO - Mason continues sizing up his competition as they walk to the H.A.B. entrance.

BOLD (V.O)
All teams, ALPHA through ZETA will be locked in the H.A.B. for a calendar year. Although each group will be a separate sealed entity, but, you will all work under the common goal of survival. You are more than encouraged to collaborate, so long as your individual goals are met.

MANN (V.O)
You have my word that Alpha team will be there for you. We are all in this together.

Mason's awe wears off, and he's left standing awkwardly with his rag-tag ZETA team.

BEN
They look better than us.

SUSAN
Do they each have a role like we do?

MILAN
They seem prepared.

DEREK
They didn't bring any tools...

Mason remains in thought.

BOLD (O.S)
My glorious ZETA TEAM!

Administrator Bold struts over, assistant in tow.

Mason snaps out of his daydream and meets him with a handshake.

Bold eyes over his assembled squad.

BOLD

(to ZETA)

Ah, the most fantastic and capable candidates that our fine country could produce. I'm Administrator Bold of NASA, it is an absolute pleasure to finally meet you all.

One of Derek's tools falls off his belt.

Ben won't stop picking his nose.

Susan is cradling Mr. Plant.

Milan's hair is billowing in the wind like a diva.

BOLD

You were all individually selected as the founding members of a new initiative to usher in a new age of mainstream space colonization!

BEN

(whispering to ZETA)

They better not take the land from my people.

BOLD

What was that?

BEN

Nothing. I'm just really excited!

Bold glares Ben down a moment.

BOLD

I'm glad Mr. Boner has enough excitement for all of us.

The pun lands at Boner's expense.

In the distance, Derek's hypersensitive eye catches something.

VFX - DEREK VISION - Enhance - A TINY breach in one of the airlocks!

VFX - DEREK VISION - Enhance - An ensuing pressure leak!

(CONTINUED)

DEREK
(eyeing the leak)
That's not normal.

BOLD
Not if it lasts over four hours!

More laughter.

DEREK
No. Not Ben's penis!
(points to the airlock)
That airlock right there.

SUSAN
Vegetation Bay 312?

Derek inspects closer to find a tiny but consistent leak.

DEREK
Yeah, that's a leak.

SUSAN
The produce! That pod is
specifically configured for 21%
oxygen. The whole pod will die if
that fluctuates.

MILAN
Even worse, if that pod blows, it
could take the whole H.A.B. with
it.

BOLD
What?!
(into a radio)
Check all pod air-lock connections,
NOW.

DEREK
Hold on, I think I can fix this.

Zeta team starts to react individually.

Derek pulls out an old fashion arc welder from his tool
belt, and begins welding.

BEN runs to a nearby REPORTER and steals their Macbook.

BEN
I need to use this.

MASON

Boner, that's not connected-

Within seconds, he's controlling the Air-lock.

MASON

Oh.

BEN

Oxygen levels - 20.7%

SUSAN

NOT AS BAD AS I THOUGHT! But we need to get more in there immediately.

MILAN

What is the atmospheric pressure of the main H.A.B.?

BEN

100%.

MILAN

Perfect, we can dip a little below that. Reroute oxygen from the H.A.B..

BEN

Rerouting.

Derek finishes up welding. His enhanced eye appeased.

DEREK

Looks good!

SUSAN

Levels?

BEN

Oxygen Level - 21% and stable. main H.A.B. atmospheric pressure teetering at 99%.

(Fixed)

There, back to 100%.

Mason can only smile as he realizes his team has just conducted a skilled symphony without instruction.

MASON

Are we good?

(CONTINUED)

DEREK
Good here.

SUSAN
Our little friends will be fine.

MILAN
Main H.A.B. is stable!

BEN
Can I bring the Macbook?

Off to the side, Bold takes in the sight of his ZETA TEAM like a proud Dad, a single tear down his cheek.

BOLD
God damnit, I'm just so proud! This was such a good idea!
(shaking everyone's hands)
Zeta Team, you very well might have just saved us all already. Now, get in there and do it again.
(points to his heart)
And don't forget, I'm always in there with you. From out here.

Bold can't hold in his emotion anymore and walks away sobbing.

A GOVERNMENT WORKER comes out of nowhere.

GOVERNMENT WORKER
ZETA TEAM, H.A.B. entry in five minutes!

The team tightens with resolve, they now know they are ready.

Mason searches for the right thing to say.

MASON
Derek, Susan, Ben,
(correcting)
Agh.. Boner,
(moving on)
Milan... I have to admit, when I first joined this team, I didn't believe in any of you. I thought I had pissed off my supervisors and was given a suicide mission... I was wrong.

(Segue)
I judged you all unfairly. If anything, you all are the most important members of ANY team. You are REAL PEOPLE. Not some high

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MASON (cont'd)
scoring test-subject. I used to
want that before but.. Hell, I'd
much rather spend time with you
guys than those jerks anyway.

Hoots and hollers from ZETA team, it's working.

GOVERNMENT WORKER
ZETA Team, follow me!

Mason eyes his team.

MASON
What do you say, ZETA?

ZETA TEAM
(together)
YEAH!

In badass SLO-MO, we watch ZETA TEAM, a perfect group of
misfits stroll through nameless government lackeys to make
their way to the giant H.A.B..

They may not look the part, but they sure can walk it.

EXT. H.A.B. ENTRANCE - DAY

ZETA TEAM stands together in front of the H.A.B..

ALARMS start sounding, the process has begun.

On top of the ENTRANCE, a big digital banner reads - "ZETA
TEAM - NOW ENTERING".

The H.A.B. opens up a HANGER BAY that functions as the MAIN
AIR-LOCK. Bad-ass Fog/Smoke free-flows out.

ZETA TEAM is ushered towards the AIR-LOCK.

Standing inside, ZETA TEAM finally looks like they belong.

EXT. H.A.B. ENTRANCE - WAITING AREA - DAY

A more composed Administrator Bold watches from a temporary
fixture.

Bold overlooks with hope while his assistant fields emails
and calls.

BOLD
Can you believe it?

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

Yes. Whether it will work, that's
up for debate.

Bold steels his gaze.

BOLD

It will.

Bold quickly moves and rips a LOUDSPEAKER from a WORKER's
hands.

BOLD

(addressing everyone)

Friends! Colleagues! Patriots! I'm
not normally one for speeches, but
I must SPEAK!

THE WHOLE AREA GOES SILENT... EXCEPT THE ALARMS.

Bold tries starting, but quickly gets annoyed.

BOLD

CUT OFF THOSE DAMN ALARMS.

They die pathetically.

BOLD

ZETA TEAM is our future. They are
risking everything for it. They are
the FIRST CIVILIANS SCHEDULED TO
COLONIZE AN EXOPLANET. Let that
sink in for a second.

(Segue)

They are the first, and will not be
the last. They will pave the way
for a new generation of Star
Citizens. We all owe them our
gratitude, and a round of applause.

Bold puts the loudspeaker down and begins to clap.

A couple claps follow... Then more... Then everyone in
attendance.

BOLD

Godspeed, ZETA TEAM!

The assistant even nods her head, "Not a bad speech".

INT. H.A.B. HANGER - LOOKING OUT - DAY

Mason and his Zeta Team look out from inside the HANGER, taking in all of the applause.

MASON

You guys ready for this?

We go around the horn -

DEREK

I think I need to plumb out my pants.

SUSAN

Mr. Plant seems to be nervous, but we're okay.

BEN

Whatever it takes, man.

MILAN

About damn time.

Beat.

MASON

We're gonna colonize the shit out of this universe.

The hanger slowly closes, until we -

FADE TO BLACK.