

GRAVITY

A Space Suspense in 3D

written by

Alfonso Cuarón & Jonás Cuarón

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BLACK

TITLES FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE:

AT 600 KM ABOVE PLANET EARTH THE TEMPERATURE FLUCTUATES BETWEEN +258 AND -148 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.

THERE IS NOTHING TO CARRY SOUND. NO AIR PRESSURE. NO OXYGEN.

LIFE IN SPACE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

TITLES FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE:

GRAVITY

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

A section of the Earth as CAMERA TRACKS. The *EXPLORER* space shuttle becomes visible. The fuselage roof of the shuttle is open, creating an exterior hangar where the *Hubble* telescope is docked.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Um, please verify that the P-one ATA removal on replacement cap part one and two are complete.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

DMA M-one, M-two, M-three and M-four are complete.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Okay. Copy that, *Explorer*. Dr. Stone, Houston. Medical is concerned about your ECG readings.

RYAN (V.O.)

(over radio)

I'm fine, Houston.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Well, Medical doesn't agree, Doc.
Are you feeling nauseous?

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Not any more than usual, Houston.
Diagnostics are green. Link to
communications card ready for data
reception. If this works, when we
touch down tomorrow, I'm buying
all you guys a round of drinks.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
That's a date, Doctor. Just
remember, Houston's partial to
margaritas.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Booting comms card now. Please
confirm link.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
That's a negative, we're not
seeing any data.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Standby, Houston, I'm gonna reboot
the comms card.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Standing by.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MATT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Houston, I have a bad feeling
about this mission.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Please expand.

MATT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Okay, let me tell you a story. It
was ninety-six.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

I'd been up here for forty-two days. Every time I passed over Texas, I looked down knowing that Mrs. Kowalski was looking up, thinking of me. Six weeks I'm blowing kisses at that woman. Then we land at Edwards and I find out that she's run off with this lawyer. So, I packed my car, and I headed to --

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio;
interrupting)

Tijuana. You've told this story, Kowalski. As Houston recalls, she, uh, took off in your seventy-four GTO. Engineering requests fuel status on the jetpack prototype.

MATT KOWALSKI, a veteran astronaut commander on his last space mission, spacewalks behind the shuttle. He wears a propulsion backpack.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Five hours off the reservation and I show thirty percent drain. Give my compliments to Engineering. Except for a slight malfunction in the nulling of the roll axis, this jetpack is one prime piece of thrust.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Engineering says thank you.

CAMERA TILTS UP WITH Matt.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Tell 'em I still prefer my sixty-seven Corvette, though. Speaking of which, did I ever tell you --

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

We know the Corvette story, Matt.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Even Engineering?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Especially Engineering.

Matt starts to play a country western song over the radio speakers. He moves, circling around the space shuttle.

Over radio, Hank Williams, Jr. sings "Angels Are Hard To Find."

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
We're going to miss you, Matt.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Comms card reboot in progress.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DR. SHARIFF DASARI becomes visible, tethered to the shuttle, as he makes repairs to it.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Thank you, Doctor.
(to Shariff)
Shariff, what's your status?

SHARIFF (V.O.)
(over radio)
Nearly there. Replacing battery
module A-one and C.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Uh, could you be a little more
specific? Indeterminate estimates
make Houston anxious.

SHARIFF (V.O.)
(over radio)
Oh, no, no, Houston. Don't be
anxious. Anxiety's not good for
the heart. System is ready to
reactivate.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Hubble telescope engaged. Upgrade
fully functional.

Matt approaches Shariff from b.g.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear people in Mission Control chatter and cheer, V.O.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

That applause you hear is for you,
Shariff. Congratulations. Kick
back, take the rest of the day
off.

Shariff starts dancing.

SHARIFF (V.O.)

(over radio)

Whoo-hoo-hoo!

(chuckles; singing in
Hindi)

*Mera juta hai jaapaani, my patloon
inglistaani saar pe laal topi rusi --*

(low)

-- phir bhi dil hai hindustani.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Matt, do you have a visual on just
what Mission Specialist Shariff is
doing up there?

Matt moves around Shariff.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)

He appears to be doing some form
of the Macarena.

(off Shariff's laugh)

But that would be just a best-
guess scenario on my part.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN and DOLLIES IN ON DR. RYAN STONE, a
medical engineer on her first mission. She is on a crane-
like robotic arm attached to the shuttle. She is focused
on a communication card panel on the *Hubble*.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Dr. Stone, Houston. Medical now
have you with a temperature drop
to thirty-five-point-nine and a
heart-rate rise to seventy. How
are you feeling?

RYAN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Houston, I'm fine. It's just
keeping your lunch down in zero-G
is harder than it looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Uh, Dr. Stone, Medical is asking
if you want to return to *Explorer*.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Negative. We've been here a week,
Houston. Let's just finish this.
(clears throat)
Card is up.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Uh, no, that's a negative. I'm
afraid we're getting nothing on
this end, Doctor.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Try again.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
No, still nothing.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Houston, can you please turn that
music off.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Kowalski.

MATT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Not a problem.

Matt turns the music off.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Thank you, Kowalski. Now,
Houston?

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
That's a negative.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Could Houston be misinterpreting
the data?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Well, we're not receiving any
data. Engineering is recommending
a vis-check for component damage.

Ryan takes a card out and examines it.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Let me see what's going on. What
have we got?
(to Mission Control)
Visual examination doesn't reveal
any damaged components. The
problem must be originating from
the comms panel.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Yeah, that seems to be the case.
Engineering admits that you warned
us that this could happen. That's
as close to an apology as you're
going to get from them. We should
have listened to you, Doc.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Get working.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Well, looks like we're going to
have to improvise.

Matt moves INTO FRAME.

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
I'm on it.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
How long do you think it'll take
you?

RYAN (V.O.)
(over radio)
One hour.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Outstanding.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Installing your system in the *Hubble* is the purpose of this mission and so we appreciate your patience, Doctor. Kowalski, we-we know you don't care about things like this, but, uh, for your information, this delay is not gonna be long enough for you to break Anatoly Solovyev's spacewalking record. It seems like you're gonna be left, uh --

CAMERA TILTS DOWN and TRACKS WITH Matt as he moves past Shariff.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Seventy-five minutes shy? Never crossed my mind.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Matt... it's been a privilege.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Right back at you, Houston.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Enjoy your last walk.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)

Am I a go to assist Dr. Stone in removing the panel?

RYAN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Assistance appreciated.

CAMERA PANS AROUND WITH Matt as he joins Ryan at the crane-like robotic arm.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Permission granted.

MATT

Thank you, Houston.

(to Ryan)

Mind if I join the fun?

RYAN

Certainly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

How you feeling?

RYAN

(pants, chuckling)
Like a Chihuahua that's being
tumble-dried.

MATT

(chuckles softly)
Well, it's been a rough week. If
it makes you feel any better, I
coughed up everything but my
kidneys on my first ride.

RYAN

Shit.

Ryan drops a bolt, which floats as Matt reaches out to grab it. Matt moves to Ryan and gives the bolt to her. They work together on removing the panel.

RYAN

Sorry. I'm used to a basement lab
in a hospital where things fall to
the floor.
(chuckles softly)
Thank you.

MATT

Well, you're the genius up here.
I only drive the bus.

RYAN

Yeah, well, call me a genius if I
can get this board initialized in
the next hour.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)
Explorer, this is Houston.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)
Go ahead, Houston.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)
Uh, NORAD reports a Russian
satellite has incurred a missile
strike.

Matt continues to breathe heavily into the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

The impact has created a cloud of debris orbiting at twenty thousand miles per hour. Current debris orbit does not overlap with your trajectory. We'll keep you posted on any developments.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Copy that, Houston.

RYAN

Should we -- Should we be worried?

MATT

No, let's let the boys down there worry for us.

RYAN

Explorer, engage arm and pivot to cargo bay.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Stand by for arm maneuver.

The robotic arm begins to move very slowly, pulling Ryan and Matt along.

MATT

So, doc, now that you work for NASA, how do you like us?

SHARIFF

Kind of like winning the lottery, huh?

Shariff chuckles.

RYAN

(inhaling sharply)

I was just happy that they didn't cut the funding to my research.

MATT

How long was your training?

RYAN

Oh, six months.

SHARIFF

Including holidays?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Mm-hm.

Ryan moves. Matt unclips a cable.

MATT

So, what is this scanning system?

SHARIFF

Oh, nothing Matt. It's just a new set of eyes to scan the edge of the universe.

Matt holds the cable.

RYAN

It's designed for hospital use, but this one's a prototype.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Stand by for locking.

Matt and Ryan begin to remove another panel.

MATT

Listen, they don't bankroll prototypes. Even for your pretty blue eyes.

RYAN

Well, my eyes are brown.

MATT

Right now, your eyes are bloodshot.

She chuckles.

SHARIFF

Kowalski! Is this great, or what? Woo-hoo-hoo!

Matt and Ryan turn to see Shariff jump and float away from the shuttle. His safety tether tenses and snaps him back. Matt glances upward.

MATT

And to think he went to Harvard. You gotta admit one thing: Can't beat the view.

(beat)

So, what do you like about being up here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

The silence. I could get used to it.

MATT

Terrific.

RYAN

Houston, from first inspection, comms panel appears to be dead. Am I a go to cut link to auxiliary?

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

You're the expert, doctor. It's your call.

MATT

Houston, I have a bad feeling about this mission.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Please elaborate.

MATT

It's the same feeling I had about Mardi Gras in 1987.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

That is affirmative. Surprisingly, Control hasn't heard the Mardi Gras story. Please proceed.

Matt and Ryan work the panel.

MATT

Well, it's day one, and I'm bumping my way down Bourbon Street looking for a sister of a friend of mine. Streets are full of people. I'm thinking there's no way I'm gonna find this girl.

RYAN

Proceeding to override.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Then all of the sudden, I look up,
and there she is, and I'm about to
yell out, and I see she's holding
hands with some short, hairy guy
in board shorts and a
Margaritaville shirt. And then I
realize that this guy is not a
guy. That my girl is holding
hands with a --

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

ISS, this is Houston.

RUSSIAN SPACE STATION CAPTAIN

(V.O.)

(over radio)

Houston.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Explorer, this is Houston.*EXPLORER* CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Go ahead, Houston.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

Mission abort. Repeat. Mission
abort. Initiate emergency
disconnect from *Hubble*. Begin
reentry procedure. *ISS*, initiate
emergency evacuation.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Copy all, Houston, and in work.

(to Matt)

Matt, immediate return to
Explorer. Repeat, immediate
return to *Explorer*.

MATT

Copy. *Explorer*, prep airlock.*EXPLORER* CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Airlock engaged, ready to receive.

MATT

Houston, elaborate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Debris from the missile strike has caused a chain reaction, hitting other satellites and creating new debris. Traveling faster than a high-speed bullet up towards your altitude. All copy.

MATT

Copy all.

(to Ryan)

Put a bow on it, Dr. Stone.

RYAN

I can't. The board is still initializing.

MATT

I'm not gonna ask you again.

RYAN

One second.

MATT

Not one second. Now. Shut it down. That's an order.

Ryan finishes working.

RYAN

Okay, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm done. I'm done.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Kowalski, initiate emergency disconnect from the *Hubble*.

Ryan and Matt close the panel.

MATT

All right, Shariff, let's do this.

Matt and Shariff move to the base of the *Hubble*.

SHARIFF

Roger, Matt.

MATT

Houston, update.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Well, we have a full-on chain reaction. It's been confirmed that it's the unintentional side effect of the Russians striking one of their own satellites.

SHARIFF

They shot down their own satellite?

Matt pulls down a lever. Then moves upward.

MATT

Right of disposal. Most likely a spy sat gone bad. Now it's shrapnel.

(to *Explorer* Captain)

Explorer, ready to disengage HST.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Locks releasing in three... two... one.

The locks holding the *Hubble* in place release. Matt pushes it up.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Explorer, new data coming through.

MATT

What's the blowback, Houston?

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

It's not good. Most of our systems are gone. Debris chain reaction is out of control and rapidly expanding.

Ryan is on the robotic arm.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Multiple satellites are down, and they keep on falling.

Matt flies to the right.

MATT

Define 'multiple satellites.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Most of them are gone.
Telecommunication systems are
dead. Expect a communication
blackout at any moment.

RYAN

Kowalski, visual of debris at nine
o'clock.

Fragments of debris fly past.

MATT

Half of North America just lost
their Facebook.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

(over radio)

Explorer, repeat, expect a
communication blackout at any
moment.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Copy that, Houston.

A large piece of debris from a BSE satellite flies past
Shariff.

MATT

Explorer, this is Kowalski,
confirming visual contact with
debris. Debris is from a BSE sat.

The debris flies.

SHARIFF

Heads up!

MATT

To repeat, I have --

RYAN

Dr. Stone requesting faster
transport.

MATT

WE have to go. We have to go, go,
go!

Matt flies left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
(over radio)
Kennedy reports meteorological
conditions no-go for re-entry.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)
(over radio)
Houston, *Explorer*. Copy.

RYAN
Explorer, Dr. Stone requesting
faster transport to bay area.
Explorer, do you copy?

MATT
Explorer, permission to retrieve
Dr. Stone.

Matt flies towards Ryan.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)
(over radio)
You're a go, Kowalski.
(to Mission Control)
Houston, this is *Explorer*, copy.

MATT
All right.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)
(over radio)
We've lost Houston. We've lost
Houston.

Matt tries to help Ryan detach herself.

MATT
Unstrap. Look, we need to get the
hell out of here.

RYAN
All right.

SHARIFF
Need some help there, Matt?

MATT
No, don't wait for us.

A piece of debris smashes into Shariff, killing him.

RYAN
It's stuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Man down! Man down!

Flying debris punctures holes in the shuttle, which starts to veer out of control.

EXPLORER CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over radio)

Houston, this is *Explorer*, copy.

Houston, this is *Explorer*, copy.

Kowalski, repor--

Ryan, still attached to the robotic arm, spins around with the shuttle.

MATT

Explorer's been hit!

(to *Explorer* Captain)

Explorer, do you read? *Explorer*,

over! *Explorer*!

The robotic arm breaks off from the shuttle with Ryan still attached to it. She continues to spin around.

MATT

Astronaut is off structure! Dr.

Stone is off structure!

(to Ryan)

Dr. Stone, detach! You must

detach! If you don't detach, that

arm's gonna carry you too far!

RYAN

(crying out)

No! No! I can--

MATT

Listen to my voice! You need to

focus!

RYAN

I can't! I can't!

MATT

I'm losing visual of you. In a

few seconds, I won't be able to

track you. You need to detach! I

can't see you anymore! Do it now!

RYAN

Okay, I'm trying! I'm trying!

I'm trying!

Ryan detaches herself and flies off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
Houston, I've lost visual of Dr.
Stone. Houston, I've lost visual
of Dr. Stone.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - 600 KM ABOVE EARTH - DAY

Ryan spins out of control as she careens.

MATT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Dr. Stone, do you copy? Repeat,
do you copy?

She flies PAST CAMERA and continues in the b.g.

RYAN
Yes, yes, yes. I copy! I'm
detached!

MATT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Give me your position.

RYAN
I don't know! I don't know! I'm
spinning! I can't -- I can't -- !

MATT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Report your position.

RYAN
GPS is down. I ca-- It's down, I
can't --

She spins and flips.

MATT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Give me a visual.

RYAN
I told you, nothing. I see
nothing!

MATT (V.O.)
(over radio)
Do you have a visual of *Explorer*?

RYAN
No. No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Do you have a visual of ISS?

RYAN
 No.

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 You need to focus. Anything, use
 the sun and the Earth, give me
 coordinates.

RYAN
 It's so fast. I can't breathe! I
 can't breathe!

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Give me coordinates! Dr. Stone,
 do you copy? Repeat, do you copy?
 Give me your position! Report
 your position. Give me a visual!
 Do you have a visual of *Explorer*?
 Do you have a visual of ISS? I
 need you to focus. Anything. Use
 the sun and the Earth, give me
 coordinates. Give me coordinates.

She continues spinning.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HELMET - DAY

Ryan glances about as she tries to calm down. The
Explorer shuttle, a glowing light, is far off in the
 distance.

RYAN
 Kowalski? Kowalski, do you copy?
 Kowals-- I have-have a vis--
 Kowalski, I have a visual. I have-
 have a visual of *Explorer*. With
 north at -- twelve o'clock and the
 shuttle is at the center of the
 dial. I can see -- I can see the
 Chinese station. No -- No, it's
 the International Space Station.
 ISS is at -- ISS is at seven
 o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA RACKS FOCUS ON the inside of the helmet, which illuminates gauges and meters of the vital statistics of Ryan's space suit, which read:

CWL TEMP 15C WARN RADIATION LOW OXYGEN 10% LIFE SUPPORT
BATTERY 42%

RYAN

Lieutenant Kowalski, do you copy?

CAMERA PULLS BACK OUT of her helmet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE - 600 KM ABOVE EARTH - DAY

Ryan continues to flip and spin around.

RYAN

Explorer, do you -- do you copy?
Houston, do you copy? Houston,
this is Mission Specialist Ryan
Stone. I am off structure and I
am drifting. Do you copy?
Anyone...? Anybody...? Do you
copy? Please copy. Please.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)
Dr. Stone, do you copy?

RYAN

Yeah, Lieutenant Kowalski, yes.
Yes, Lieutenant Kowalski, I'm
here, I'm here!

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)
Repeat, do you copy?

Ryan shines her flashlight, using it like a beacon.

RYAN

Yes, yes, I copy, I'm here! I'm
here.

MATT (V.O.)

(over radio)
Flash your light.

RYAN

My light -- my light?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Flash it so I can see you.

RYAN
 Uh, okay. Uh... I... Okay, okay.
 Here, here! I'm here!

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Ah, there you are. Hang on tight.
 Report your status.

RYAN
 I'm fine, I'm fine. I'm all
 right.

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Your status. Give me your
 readings.

Ryan looks at the gauge on her wrist, which indicates her
 suit status.

RYAN
 I... Uh, three -- three -- three
 point six PSI.

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Your O2, give me your O2.

RYAN
 Uh, oxygen is going down. It's
 going down fast. It's going down
 fast. Nine -- No, eight-eight
 percent. Eight three point nine
 percent.

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Okay, you're breathing too fast.
 You're burning oxygen, and we
 don't want to do that. We want to
 relax. Copy?

RYAN
 Okay, so -- Okay, sorry. Yes,
 copy, copy.

MATT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 All right. Nearly there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Please hurry.

Matt approaches from far off in the b.g. He speeds toward her.

MATT

You can holster that torch, Dr. Stone.

RYAN

Sorry. Sorry.

Matt collides with her and grabs onto her. Ryan reacts, panicked. They tumble together, facing each other.

MATT

Gotcha. All right, now I'm gonna tether you to me.

RYAN

Uh-huh.

MATT

I know, you never realized how devastatingly good-looking I am. But I need you to stop staring and help me with the tether.

RYAN

Mm-hmm.

MATT

Okay?

RYAN

Okay, okay. Uh, I got it.

Matt attaches the tether to Ryan's suit. They continue tumbling together.

MATT

All right, here we go. All right. Now, to clear you from the jets...

RYAN

Uh-huh.

MATT

I'm gonna give you a little push.

RYAN

No, no, no, no. No, no, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Not a push.

RYAN

No, no.

MATT

A nudge.

RYAN

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no! Damn it, no!

Matt pushes Ryan away from him. As she drifts again, she panics. Matt turns and uses the thrusters to accelerate.

MATT

See? Where you go, I go. Better.
Let's get outta here.

Matt pulls Ryan behind him via the tether.

RYAN

Goddamn it.

MATT

I know what you mean.

RYAN

Damn it.

They move towards the *Explorer* in the distance.

MATT

You're burning oxygen. We're
going back to the shuttle. How's
that for a plan? Copy?

RYAN

Fuck!

MATT

Right. Copy that. Houston, in
the blind. This is Kowalski. Dr.
Stone and I are gonna make our way
back to base. Can you get the
Explorer to prepare the airlock
for arrival? Copy? Houston, this
is...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - 650 KM ABOVE EARTH - DAY

Matt flies, pulling Ryan behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

... Kowalski. How do you copy?
Houston, in the blind. This is
Kowalski.

RYAN

They can't hear us.

MATT

We don't know that. That's why we
keep talking. If somebody is
listening, they might just save
your life. Set your watch for
ninety minutes.

RYAN

Why ninety?

MATT

Well, Houston clocked that...

Ryan sets her watch.

MATT

... debris at fifty thousand miles
an hour. If you factor in our
current orbit, then I figure we
got about ninety minutes before we
get our asses kicked again.

Text on the wrist display next to the watch reads:

SUIT PRESS 35PSI 01:30 00 OXYGEN ALERT 6%

BATTERY 18% SPC02 4.1 min

She reaches and grabs hold of the tether.

RYAN

O2 down to six percent.

MATT

Okay. Pretty scary shit being
untethered up here, isn't it?

RYAN

Yeah, pretty scary shit.

MATT

Well, you did all right.

Matt thrusts forward again, pulling her in a jerking
motion.

INT. HELMET - RYAN'S POV THROUGH THE HELMET TO MATT - DAY

RYAN

Well, you weren't so bad yourself.

MATT

Houston, in the blind. This is Kowalski. Our current location is approximately... nine hundred meters out from the *Explorer*. Dr. Stone and I would like to retrieve the body of Mission Specialist Shariff and return it to the shuttle. Am I a go to retrieve? Roger that.

Matt flies back and forth as he tries to correct their course, searching for Shariff. The tether jerks Ryan back and forth.

RYAN

Where is he? Where is he?

Matt ignites the thrusters and speeds in b.g. toward the panel Shariff is attached to. Matt grabs onto the panel, stopping his trajectory. Ryan flies past him toward Shariff's corpse.

RYAN

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - 650 KM ABOVE EARTH - DAY

Ryan flies f.g. and crashes into Shariff's corpse, causing it to careen out of control, pulling the panel with it. Matt, still holding onto the panel, disconnects Shariff's tether from it and attaches it to himself.

MATT

Grab him! Grab him!

RYAN

I'm trying, I'm trying!

Matt lets go of the panel, which exits, as Shariff's corpse and Ryan pull him with them.

MATT

You're pullin' me away.

RYAN

Got h-- I got him!

Ryan grabs hold of Shariff's corpse and holds on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Clutch him like he's your
Valentine.

RYAN

I got -- I got him. Okay. I got
him.

MATT

I can't engage my thrust with you
two yo-yoin' around.

Ryan looks down at the face of the corpse and reacts.

Shariff's corpse. The helmet is destroyed and there is a
hole through his face, caused by the debris. Ryan is
horrified.

Near Shariff's corpse there is a photo floating, attached
to a small tether. The photo depicts Shariff with his
wife and son.

MATT

Jesus Christ.

Matt leads Ryan and Shariff's corpse toward the wreckage
of the *Explorer*, which has suffered devastating damage.

MATT

Here's hopin' you have a hell of
an insurance policy, Houston. The
damages to *Explorer* are
catastrophic. Will commence
search for survivors.

RYAN

O2 down to five percent.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - *EXPLORER* - DAY

Matt, Ryan, and Shariff's corpse are flying toward
Explorer at a high velocity.

MATT

All right, here we go. Careful of
the edges!

They slam into the shuttle and scatter. Ryan flies and
is pulled by the tether to Matt, who grabs onto the
broken cockpit window frame.

Matt pulls Ryan toward him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Here. Here!

CAMERA PUSHES PAST THEM THROUGH the window frame, INTO the cockpit, which is in disarray. Several objects are floating about. The beam of Matt's flashlight shines onto a floating toy.

Ryan moves to enter, but suddenly bumps into the corpse of one of the astronauts. Matt peers in through a hole on the other side of the cockpit.

MATT

Houston, in the blind. To confirm. Mission Specialist Dr. Stone and Mission Commander Matthew Kowalski are the sole survivors of the STS-one-five-seven.

Ryan joins Matt, now tethered to the shuttle. Shariff's corpse floats in the b.g.

RYAN

I apologize for not complying. I should've stopped working as soon as you instructed me to.

MATT

We were gonna get hit no matter what. There was nothing you could do to change that. Hey.

RYAN

Yes?

MATT

All right, we have to make our way to the Space Station. Over there.

Matt points to the space station way off in the distance.

MATT

It's a bit of a hike, but we need to use their escape pod, the Soyuz, to get back to Earth. Agreed? Dr. Stone, agreed?

Matt and Ryan facing each other.

RYAN

Agreed.

MATT

All right. After you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt pushes Ryan, and she spins away. Matt pushes off the shuttle and thrusts, pulling Ryan with him.

RYAN

Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God.

MATT

Houston, in the blind. This is Kowalski.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Shariff's corpse, now tethered to the shuttle.

MATT

Dr. Stone and I have determined to proceed to ISS and use one of their Soyuz for re-entry. ISS, if you hear us... we could sure use a rescue mission.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - 550 KM ABOVE EARTH - DAY

Matt floats, pulling Ryan behind him. The sun crests over the edge of the Earth.

Hank Williams, Jr. sings "Angels Are Hard To Find" under the following scenes.

RYAN

O2 down to two percent.

MATT

We're getting there. Beautiful, don't you think?

RYAN

What?

MATT

The sunrise.

Matt slowly floats, pulling Ryan behind him.

MATT

That's what I'm gonna miss the most. So where's home, Dr. Stone? Ryan, where's home?

RYAN

Home?

MATT

Mm-hm. Down there. Mother Earth. Where do you pitch you tent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Lake Zurich.

MATT

Where the hell is that?

RYAN

Illinois.

Matt floats, pulling Ryan behind him.

MATT

Illinois. Central Time Zone.

(sighs)

That would make it roughly...
eight PM. What are the good
people of Lake Zurich doing at
eight o'clock?

RYAN

I don't know. I'm not gonna make
it. I'm slowing you down.

MATT

What would you be doing? Come on,
Ryan. It's eight o'clock. You've
just left the hospital after an
eighteen-hour shift. Driving
home.

RYAN

The radio. I listen to the radio.

MATT

There we go. Let me guess. NPR?
Classical? Top forty?

RYAN

Anything. I don't care, as long
as they don't talk. I just drive.

MATT

And where are you driving to?

RYAN

I just drive.

MATT

What do you miss down there? Is
there a Mr. Stone?

RYAN

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Nobody special?

Ryan slowly floats. The reflection of the Earth appears on her helmet.

MATT

Somebody down there looking up, thinking about you? Ryan?

RYAN

I had a daughter.

Matt glances at the mirror affixed to his wrist. The mirror on his wrist depicts the reflection of Ryan.

RYAN

She was four. She was at school playing tag. Slipped, hit her head, and that was it. Stupidest thing. I was driving when I got the call, so... ever since then, that's what I do. I wake up, I go to work, and I just drive.

Matt floats in the b.g. toward the far-off space station. Ryan is pulled with him.

RYAN

O2 down to one percent.

MATT

Well, I've got good news and bad news. The good news is, we're about five minutes from the ISS and I know where the Russians stash their vodka. And that is good, because I'm runnin' on fumes here. The bad news is, I'm gonna be about ten minutes short of breakin' Anatoly's record, and I --

An alarm sounds, indicating Ryan's oxygen level is low. Matt looks at his wrist mirror.

RYAN

Uh...

MATT

What?

RYAN

Uh... I'm redlining. My O2 tank pressure is low.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Your tank is out of oxygen but you still have it in your suit.

RYAN

Got it.

INT. HELMET - RYAN'S POV OF MATT AND THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - DAY

MATT

So you have to sip, not gulp.

She looks down to her arms as she checks her oxygen monitor. The monitor reads: oxygen low.

MATT

Wine, not beer.

She glances up to Matt.

MATT

Sip, Ryan.

(to Mission Control)

Houston, in the blind, we have a visual of the ISS. The station must have been evacuated because the first Soyuz is...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

Matt and Ryan float in the f.g., as Ryan exits.

MATT

... missing. The second Soyuz exhibits surface damage, and its chute has been deployed. Any use as an escape pod for re-entry is impossible.

Matt floats toward the space station, pulling Ryan with him.

RYAN

Shouldn't we be turning? We're drifting again.

MATT

Not yet. I wasn't kidding about those fumes. This can has one or two good thrusts left... if we're lucky. Steady. Aim. Fire!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt triggers his thruster, hurtling them at a high speed.

INT. HELMET - RYAN'S POV - DAY

Past Matt to the space station. Ryan's arms enter f.g. and grab hold of the tether.

RYAN

Brake! Brake! You have to brake!

MATT

I can't, the can's empty.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - SPACE STATION - DAY

MATT

We're gonna hit hard! Grab a hold of anything you can!

INT. HELMET - RYAN'S POV TO THE SPACE STATION - DAY

She flies toward the space station.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - SPACE STATION - DAY

Matt flies and smashes into it. Ryan is pulled behind him.

RYAN

It's -- what do I do? What do I do?!

She flies into f.g. as CAMERA TILTS UP and FLIPS AROUND to TRACK WITH her as grabs hold of a railing.

MATT

Ryan!

Matt flies past, pulling Ryan with him. Ryan bumps into a solar panel and their tether snaps. Ryan falls.

RYAN

The tether broke, I'm detached!
I'm detached!

MATT

Grab a hold! Grab anything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan falls. She becomes entangled in some of the Soyuz's parachute rigging. The rigging pulls her up. She reaches out her hand.

MATT

Ryan! Give me five!

RYAN

I've got you.

INT. HELMET - RYAN'S POV - MATT - DAY

He flies toward her, unsuccessfully grabs for her hand.

RYAN

I've got you. Right here, right here. Okay, get it.

Ryan grabs hold of the tether attached to him.

MATT

Shit! Shit.

RYAN

No. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - SPACE STATION - DAY

Ryan is pulled by the tether.

RYAN

Got ya.

Matt holds firmly onto the tether as he is yanked. Ryan holds firmly onto the tether. Ryan's left leg is entangled in the parachute rigging.

RYAN

Got ya. You just... hold on and I'm gonna start pulling you in. I'm gonna star--

MATT

Hey, Doc.

RYAN

Just hold on. Hang on. I am gonna pull you in. I'm gonna pull you in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Ryan, listen. You have to let me go.

RYAN

No.

MATT

The ropes are too loose. I'm pulling you with me.

RYAN

No.

Matt takes hold of the tether clip.

RYAN

No, no, no.

MATT

You have to let me go, or we both die.

RYAN

I'm not letting you go!

Ryan is pulled and Matt yanks her back.

RYAN

We're fine!

MATT

No. Ryan, let go.

RYAN

No. No. You're not going anywhere. You're not going anywhere.

Matt starts to unclip the tether.

MATT

It's not up to you.

RYAN

No, no, no, no, no... no... Please don't do this.

Matt unclips the tether.

RYAN

Please, please, please, please don't do this. Please don't do this. No, no, no. Please don't, Matt. Please don't do this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt lets go of the tether and floats off.

MATT

You're gonna make it, Ryan.

RYAN

No!

Ryan floats toward the space station. Matt floats away.

RYAN

I had you. I had you! I had you.

Ryan smacks into a part of the space station and flips over. She grabs hold of a metal railing. We see Matt far away now in the b.g. Ryan's CO2 alarm goes off, indicating that she's out of oxygen.

MATT

Ryan, do you hear me? Do you copy?

RYAN

My CO2 alarm went off. My CO2 alarm went off.

MATT

Look, you need to board the station. Do you see the airlock?

Ryan turns, holding tightly onto the metal railing.

MATT

Hey, Ryan, you copy? Look for the airlock. It's above you, next to the Zarya module. You see it?

RYAN

Yes. Yes, I see it. I see it.

MATT

All right, good. That's where you want to go. Now you're getting lightheaded, right?

RYAN

Yeah. Yes.

MATT

That's because you're breathing CO2. You're losing consciousness. You need to board the station.

RYAN

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holding on tight to the space station's railing, Ryan turns her body upside down and moves toward the station.

MATT

That second Soyuz is too damaged for re-entry, but it's perfectly fine for a little Sunday drive.

Ryan climbs upward.

RYAN

Sunday drive?

MATT

Look to the west. You see that dot in the distance?

CAMERA PANS TO a tiny dot in the distance, which is the Chinese station.

MATT

That's a Chinese station.

RYAN

Yes.

MATT

You're gonna take the Soyuz, and you're gonna cruise over there. Chinese lifeboat is a Shenzhou.

RYAN

I've never flown a Shenzhou.

CAMERA DOLLIES AROUND Ryan.

MATT

It doesn't matter. Its re-entry protocol is identical to the Soyuz.

RYAN

Okay.

MATT

You never flown the Soyuz either?

RYAN

Only a simulator.

MATT

Well, then you know.

RYAN

But I crashed it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

It's a simulator, that's what it's designed for.

RYAN

Every time. I crashed it every time.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH Ryan to reveal Matt, a tiny speck in b.g.

MATT

You point the damn thing at Earth. It's not rocket science. And by this time tomorrow, you're gonna be back in Lake Zurich with a hell of a story to tell. You copy? Ryan, you copy?

RYAN

I'm gonna take the Soyuz and come get you.

MATT

No, you're not.

RYAN

I'm coming to get you.

MATT

No, I've got too much of a head start on you.

RYAN

(wavering)

I'm coming to get you.

MATT

I'm afraid that ship...

(chuckling)

Already sailed. Ryan, you're gonna have to learn to let go.

RYAN

But I --

MATT

I want to hear you say you're gonna make it. Come on, Ryan, say it.

RYAN

I'm gonna make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

All right. Keep going. What kind of name is Ryan for a girl?

RYAN

Dad wanted a boy.

MATT

Are you close to the airlock?

RYAN

Not yet.

MATT

Keep going. So now that we have some distance between us... you're attracted to me, right?

RYAN

What?

MATT

Well, people say I have beautiful blue eyes.

RYAN

You have beautiful -- You have beautiful blue eyes.

MATT

I have brown eyes. Hey, you want to know the good news?

RYAN

What?

MATT

I'm gonna break Anatoly's record, and I think mine's gonna stand for a long, long time.

RYAN

Oh, no. I'm coming to get you.

Matt, a tiny speck in b.g.

MATT

Oh, my God.

RYAN

What? What?

MATT

Wow. Hey, Ryan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Yeah?

MATT

You should see the sun on the
Ganges.

(exhales sharply)
It's amazing.

CAMERA PANS TO Ryan. She moves her arm. Hank Williams
Jr.'s "Angels Are Hard To Find" continues.

INT. HELMET - RYAN'S POV - DAY

Matt is a tiny speck. With great effort, Ryan climbs to
the airlock and opens its handle.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - SPACE STATION - DAY

Ryan opens the airlock door and is blown by the air
pressure as she tightly grips the door handle. She
manages to climb inside the airlock.

INT. SPACE STATION - AIRLOCK MODULE - DAY

Ryan closes the airlock door. She turns the handle of a
valve. The oxygen levels of the module re-pressurizes.

As oxygen fills the cabin, Ryan takes off her helmet and
breathes deeply.

She removes her suit.

INT. SPACE STATION - DAY

Ryan enters and glances about.

An electrical panel with exposed wiring emits sparks and
flames.

Ryan enters the communications room.

RYAN

Where are you? Where are you?
Comms. Comms. There you are.

She stops and turns toward the radio panel, placing a
radio headset on her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

(into radio)

Okay. Matt, this is Ryan, copy.
 Matt, this is Ryan, copy. Matt, I
 made it, I'm here, I'm on the
 station. Do you copy? Come on,
 Matt, talk to me. Tell me where
 you are, give me your position.
 Where are you? Give me a visual.
 Just tell me what you see. Oh,
 come on. You've been yammering
 since we left Cape Canaveral, and
 now you decide to shut up? Talk
 to me. Just say something, say
 anything! I don't care! Hey,
 tell me about, uh, Mardi Gras.
 Tell me about the hairy guy. Huh?
 Tell me what happened. What
 happened to the, uh, hairy guy?

Ryan's reflection is on the window as she gazes through
 it.

RYAN

(into radio)

Please talk to me.

(whispering)

Please.

(to mission control)

Houston, in the blind... this is
 Mission Specialist Ryan Stone
 reporting from the ISS. All
 communications with Mission
 Commander Matthew Kowalski have
 been lost. Radio transmission
 absent. Visuals nonexistent. To
 confirm, I, Ryan Stone, am the
 sole survivor of STS-one-five-
 seven.

An alarm sounds, prompting her to float and examine a
 laptop affixed to the wall.

RYAN

What now?

On the laptop monitor, which displays a message and a
 graph of the station, which indicates which sections are
 on fire. The alert reads: "FIRE."

On the map, the labels of which read: "Kibo Lab, jcm,
 Overhead, Port, UC Lab, Node 2, Deck."

Ryan approaches a ball of fire. She grabs a fire
 extinguisher off the wall and uses it on the fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The spray from the fire extinguisher blasts her against the wall, momentarily knocking her unconscious, then she regains consciousness.

The fire is quickly expanding. Ryan takes the fire extinguisher again, plants her feet and stabilizes herself. She sprays the fire extinguisher.

The fireball rapidly expands, knocking Ryan into a new passageway. The fireball expands throughout the station behind her. She dives down, through a hatch. She struggles to open the hatch to the second Soyuz. The fireball is expanding into the compartment.

Ryan climbs down into the second Soyuz, still carrying the fire extinguisher and locks the hatch above her.

She climbs further down into another section of the Soyuz. She closes the second hatch above her.

The Soyuz shakes, due to the station outside exploding and crumbling.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Ryan slides down through a hatch into the command center of the Soyuz.

RYAN

Okay. Okay. Where is it, where is it? Where is the power? Here you are. Okay, great, just like training. Um... Uh, undocking, undocking.

She reaches for a nearby instruction manual, which is marked in red. She straps herself into the seat and examines it.

RYAN

(clearing throat)
Undocking. Red. Okay. Okay, where is it? Where is it? Come on. Okay. Okay. Okay, I remember this, I remember this.

She reaches up and presses several buttons on the control console. The monitor now displays a countdown which reads: "00:04.30."

The Soyuz is jolted and shakes terribly.

Ryan flips through the pages of the instructions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Oh, you don't have four minutes.
We're going manual. Come on.
Okay. Okay. Active-Activate,
undock.

(Russian)

Rezerveyi rassik.

She reaches up toward another control panel and presses a button.

EXT. STATION (OUTER SPACE) - DAY

The Soyuz is released from the station and floats away from it. The Earth is far off in the b.g.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

The periscope displaying the station from outside. As it floats away, the parachute, which has been deployed, is tangled around a section of the station.

Ryan breathes heavily. She is seated and watches the periscope in front of her. She checks her watch for the amount of time until the debris will hit again. It reads "00:07:25."

RYAN

Seven minutes to get out of here.

Ryan pulls out the joysticks to activate the manual control steering.

RYAN

(whispering)
All right, okay.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The station thrusts away, the parachute still caught. It pulls taut and stops the Soyuz with a jolt.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Ryan is shaken about as the station is jolted. She glances about, confused.

RYAN

What? What-what? What-what?

EXT. STATION (OUTER SPACE) - DAY

The parachute tenses and pulls the Soyuz toward the station at a high speed.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Ryan, upside down, gazes at the periscope. She sees that the Soyuz is on a trajectory to crash into the station.

RYAN

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no!

She uses the manual controls to activate the thrusters.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The thrusters emit a quick blast changing the Soyuz's direction slightly. The parachute ropes become taut.

The Soyuz flies away from the station, but the parachute snaps the Soyuz back toward it.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Ryan glances about.

EXT. STATION (OUTER SPACE)

The Soyuz flies over the station. The parachute catches again. The ropes pull taut.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Ryan is shaken about as the Soyuz is jolted to a stop. She takes control of the manual steering.

EXT. STATION (OUTER SPACE)

The Soyuz is pulled back toward the station.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Ryan looks through the periscope.

RYAN

Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!

EXT. STATION (OUTER SPACE)

The thruster jets are manually activated, stopping its approach and gently pushing it away at a steady rate.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Through the periscope, we see Soyuz is slowly floating away from the station.

RYAN

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on. Come on.

(whispering)

Come on, come on, come on, come on.

Ryan uses the manual steering to steady the Soyuz.

RYAN

(whispering)

That's right, that's right. Come on, come on, come on.

(low)

That's right, that's right, that's right, that's right, that's right. Ahhh. Come on.

EXT. STATION (OUTER SPACE) - DAY

The Soyuz flies away from the station at a slower velocity than before. The parachute pulls taut, and the Soyuz jolts to a stop, but the soft thrusters keep it from being pulled back toward it.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Through the periscope, we see that Soyuz has steadied, but is still tethered to the station via the parachute, which is entangled in one of the station's solar panels.

RYAN

(whispers)

F--

(breathes heavily)

Great.

Ryan glances about.

EXT. STATION (OUTER SPACE) - DAY

The Soyuz hovers near the station. Ryan, wearing a space suit, steps out of the hatch, tethered to the inside of the Soyuz cabin. Her watch timer goes off, indicating that the debris should be coming back. She glances about, but does not see any debris.

RYAN

Clear skies with a chance of
satellite debris.

She climbs down the side of the Soyuz to where the parachute ropes are bolted to the vessel. She attaches herself to an open panel and glances about.

RYAN

(whispering)
Okay, we detach this, and we go
home. Piece of cake.

Satisfied that no debris is coming, she produces a tool and starts to detach the parachute ropes. She doesn't see the debris coming toward her.

RYAN

Okay.
(low; indistinct)
Okay, what do we have? Okay, all
right.

Ryan drops one of her tools, which starts to float away. She turns to grab it and sees the debris hurtling toward her as it starts to tear through the satellites.

RYAN

Shit.

As she quickly tries to detach the parachute ropes, she flips upside-down and tries to ignore the debris cutting through the station behind her.

RYAN

Okay. Okay, come on. Come on,
come on. All right. Okay, okay,
okay. Okay.

She removes one of the ropes as a section of the station explodes behind her. The remaining part of the station flies under the Soyuz.

She holds onto the Soyuz as the station spins out of control, pulling the Soyuz with it. She struggles to hold on as the Soyuz flies through new debris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She removes the final rope and holds tight to the Soyuz, which flies away from the station. The wing of the Soyuz plows through a satellite.

The Soyuz floats, seemingly out of harm's way. Ryan climbs toward the Soyuz hatch. She glances back at the crumbling station before exiting.

RYAN

I hate space.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

A control panel displays several alerts and alarms. Ryan's helmet floats.

Ryan closes the hatch after having just come through it. She straps into the command seat and switches off the alarms.

RYAN

(to the control
panel)

Shut up.

(beat)

Okay.

She looks at her watch. She resets her watch timer to 01:30. She starts the timer.

Ryan reacts to the temperature which is now below freezing. She places an instruction manual in her lap and uses the steering joysticks to reposition the Soyuz.

RYAN

All right. That's good.

Ryan looks through the periscope, displaying the western horizon.

RYAN

Okay. Let's stabilize you.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The Soyuz floats and steadies into a stabilized position.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

The periscope displays the far-off Chinese station on the western horizon. The Soyuz stabilizes in a position to head directly toward it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Okay. Let's go visit the Chinese station.

(to Mission Control)

Houston, in the blind, *Tiangong* is approximately one hundred kilometers to the west, and I am off its course by about thirteen degrees. I will correct trajectory.

She clears her throat.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

The Soyuz floats.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

The periscope displays the Chinese station in the distance.

RYAN

(whispering)

Okay. Okay.

LOW ANGLE - RYAN

reaches up and flips some switches.

RYAN

Okay.

(to Mission Control)

I will engage S-Ka-Dae in five... four... three...

Ryan presses the thruster ignition button on the control panel.

RYAN

Two... one.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The Soyuz continues to float.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Ryan reacts, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

What's happening, what's
happening? Come on, come on.

Ryan reaches up toward the control panel again.

LOW ANGLE - RYAN

presses the thruster ignition button again.

RYAN

One.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The Soyuz continues to float.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

Ryan repeatedly presses the ignition button, but nothing happens. She starts to panic.

RYAN

Come on, come on, come on.

She taps on the fuel gauge, frozen in place due to the temperature. The needle is tapped loose and drops down to zero, indicating that there is no fuel.

RYAN

You gotta be kidding me. You
gotta be kidding me!

Ryan angrily hits and kicks the control panel.

RYAN

No! Don't you fu--

EXT. SOYUZ (OUTER SPACE)

Ryan calms down. The Chinese station is far off in the
b.g.

RYAN (V.O.)

Houston, in the blind. Houston,
in the blind, this is Dr. Ryan
Stone. I'm calling from the Soyuz
TMA-one-four-M. I'm currently out
of fuel and adrift, do you copy?
Houston. This is Dr. Ryan Stone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Do you copy? Houston. This is
Ryan Stone. Do you copy?

The sun sets behind the edge of the Earth.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

The edge of the window, which starts to gather frost and
freeze over.

RYAN (O.S.)
(into radio; wavering
voice, sniffs)
Houston, this is Missish --
Mission Specialist Ryan Stone, do
you copy?

ANINGAAQ (V.O.)
(over radio)
(Indistinct)

THE TOP OF A CONTROL PANEL

A card depicting a Russian religious character is affixed
to it.

RYAN (O.S.)
(into radio)
Houston, Houston, please confirm
identity.

ANINGAAQ (V.O.)
(over radio)
(Indistinct)

RYAN (O.S.)
(into radio)
Houston, you're coming in over an
A.M. frequency. Copy.

RYAN'S HELMET AND A FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Both floating in the air.

RYAN (O.S.)
(into radio)
Do you copy?
(pants)
Is this the Chinese station? Is
this Tiangong? Copy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANINGAAQ (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 (Inuit)

RYAN (O.S.)
 (into radio)
 Mayday, can you copy?

RYAN

leaning toward the control panel, reacting as a transmission finally comes through the radio.

RYAN
 (into radio)
 Mayday, mayday, mayday.

ANINGAAQ (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 (Inuit)

RYAN
 (into radio; panting)
 Ma-- Yes, yes. Mayday, mayday.
 Mayday, mayday. An--
 (whispering)
 Anin-- Aningaaq, is that -- ? Is
 that your -- ? Is that your name?
 Aningaaq is your -- is your name?
 Is that your name?

ANINGAAQ (V.O.)
 (over radio; in
 Tagalog)
 Mayday!

RYAN
 (into radio)
 No, no, no. No, my name is not
 'Mayday.' I'm Stone. Dr. Ryan
 Stone, I need help. I am --

She reacts as she hears dogs over the radio.

RYAN
 Wh-- Those are dogs. They're
 calling from Earth. They're
 calling from Earth.

Ryan sits back in her seat and moves her fingers, trying to keep them warm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

(into radio)

Aningaaq, make your dogs bark again for me, would you please? Your dogs. Dogs, you know. Woof, woof. Dogs.

Aningaaq makes barking sounds, howls. Ryan makes howling sounds along with him.

RYAN

(into radio)

Woof, woof. Whoo, whoo!

Ryan starts crying.

RYAN

(into radio; crying)

Oh, I'm gonna die, Aningaaq. I know, we're all gonna die. Everybody knows that. But I'm gonna die today. Funny, that. You know, to know...

Aningaaq starts to sing.

RYAN

(into radio, crying)

But the thing is, it's that I'm still scared. I'm really scared. Nobody will mourn for me, no one will pray for my soul. Will you mourn for me? Will you say a prayer for me? Or is it too late?

A tear falls from her eye, freezes, and floats. CAMERA RACK FOCUSES ON IT.

RYAN

(into radio)

I mean, I'd say one for myself, but I've never prayed in my life, so... Nobody ever taught me how. Nobody ever taught me how.

CAMERA RACK FOCUSES BACK ON Ryan as she hears a baby over the radio. She reacts and cries, as she hears Aningaaq singing.

RYAN

(into radio)

A baby. There's a baby with you, huh? Is that a lullaby you're singing?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

That's so sweet. I used to sing
to my baby. I hope I see her
soon.

She leans over and presses a button on the control panel. CAMERA PANS WITH her as she reaches up and switches off the lights. She turns some dials, decreasing the oxygen in the cabin's atmosphere, preparing to kill herself.

The monitor, displaying the atmosphere levels and vital statistics of the cabin. The oxygen meter drops rapidly as an alert sounds. Text under the meter reads: "O2."

Ryan, now sitting back in the seat. She closes her eyes.

RYAN

(into radio)

That's nice, Aningaaq. Keep
singing, just like that.

(exhales sharply)

Sing me to sleep, and I'll sleep.
Keep singing. And sing, and sing.

The beam of a flashlight shines on her through the O.S. porthole. She sees Matt, peering through the porthole. He starts to open the hatch. Ryan, covering her face and reacting.

RYAN

No, no, no, don't!

Matt opens the hatch, sucking out all the air and sound. He crawls in and closes the hatch behind him. Ryan, cowering behind her hands, but still alive. Matt sitting next to her. He leans over and turns a dial to re-pressurize the cabin. He takes off his helmet as air and sound are returned.

MATT

(grunts)

Check your watch. Thirteen hours
and eleven minutes. Call Anatoly
and tell him he's been bumped.

Ryan reacts.

MATT

It's a little gloomy in here,
isn't it?

Matt switches the lights back on.

RYAN

How did you -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Trust me, it's a hell of a story.

RYAN

But how did -- ?

Hank Williams, Jr. sings "Angels Are Hard To Find" over radio.

MATT

(grunts)

That's better. I found a little extra -- a little extra battery power. It helps that I didn't have you around to distract me. I have to say, I'm glad to see ya. I didn't think you were gonna make it.

(pants)

Did you find the vodka?

RYAN

(panting)

You -- You never told me where -- where it was, so...

MATT

Oh, well...

Matt reaches under his seat and produces a small bottle of vodka. Matt sips from the bottle.

MATT

To Anatoly.

(in Russian)

Na zdorovje.

(sips; grunts)

Huh? No?

RYAN

No.

MATT

All right. Let's get out of here. The Chinese station's about a hundred miles. Just a little Sunday drive.

RYAN

We can't.

MATT

Sure we can.

Matt presses several buttons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

There's no fuel, I tried everything.

MATT

Well, there's always something we can do.

RYAN

I tried everything.

MATT

Did you try the soft landing jets?

RYAN

They're for landing. So...

MATT

Well, landing is launching. It's the same thing. Didn't you learn about that in training?

RYAN

I never got to land the simulator. I told you that.

MATT

But you know about it.

RYAN

And I crashed it...
(emphasizing)
... every time. But this --

MATT

Listen, do you want to go back, or do you want to stay here?

CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES AROUND IN FRONT of them as Matt switches off the lights.

MATT

I get it, it's nice up here. You can just shut down all the systems, turn out all the lights... and just close your eyes and tune out everybody. There's nobody up here that can hurt you. It's safe. I mean, what's the point of going on? What's the point of living? Your kid died. Doesn't get any rougher than that. But still, it's a matter of what you do now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (CONT'D)

If you decide to go, then you gotta just get on with it. Sit back, enjoy the ride. You gotta plant both your feet on the ground and start livin' life.

RYAN

How did you get here?

MATT

I'm telling you, it's a hell of a story. Hey, Ryan?

RYAN

What?

MATT

It's time to go home.

PULL BACK to reveal that Matt is not there. Ryan was imagining him. An alert sounds. She leans and turns the dials to repressurize the cabin. The oxygen meter starts to rise. The meter reads "O2."

Ryan presses a button, turning off the alert. She breathes deeply, then leans and switches the lights back on, then presses more buttons on the control panel. She reaches for a landing instructions manual, which is marked green.

RYAN

Landing...

(inhales sharply)

Landing -- Landing is launching.

(whispers to herself)

I said... Oh. Okay, landing, landing. Landing is green.

Ryan flips through the pages and stops on a graph.

RYAN

Okay. Okay, landing. All right. Okay. Soft landing jets trigger automatically at three meters before landing, so...

Ryan rotates her wrist, trying to stay warm.

RYAN

(as if to Matt)

Oh, you're a clever son of a bitch, Matt.

(to herself)

I need to -- I need to get rid of the B.O...

HIGH ANGLE - RYAN

flips through the instructions.

RYAN
 ... and the engine module.
 (sniffs)
 Right. Okay.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ryan peruses the instructions and reaches to the control panel.

RYAN
 Okay.

Ryan flips open the cover to a button.

HIGH ANGLE - RYAN

holding her hand to the button.

RYAN
 Okay. Tri-module separation.

Ryan presses the button.

RYAN
 Go.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The three modules of the Soyuz -- the control cabin, the airlock, and the engines -- separate. The control cabin floats with Ryan inside as the other sections exit either side.

INT. SOYUZ - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

Ryan flips through the instruction manual.

RYAN
 Okay.
 (to Mission Control)
 Houston, here's the tricky part.
 Soyuz has to think we are three
 meters off the Earth.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ryan stops on a graphic in the instructions, displaying what to do next.

RYAN
All right. Okay.
(as if to Matt)
Hey, Matt?

Ryan reaches toward the control panel.

RYAN
(as if to Matt)
Since I had to listen to endless
hours of your storytelling this
week, I need for you to do me a
favor.

Ryan presses another button.

HIGH ANGLE - RYAN

continues pressing buttons according to what the instructions tell her.

RYAN
(as if to Matt)
You are gonna see a little girl
with brown hair, very messy, lots
of knots. She doesn't like to
brush it. That's okay. Her name
is Sarah. Can you please tell her
that Mama found her red shoe? She
was so worried about that shoe,
Matt. But it was just right under
the bed.

Ryan presses more buttons. The monitor changes to display new graphics in Russian.

RYAN
(as if to Matt)
Give her a...

HIGH ANGLE - RYAN

continues pressing buttons whilst perusing the instructions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN
 (as if to Matt)
 ... big hug and a big kiss for me,
 and tell her that Mama misses her.
 You tell her that she is my...
 (voice wavers)
 ... angel. And she makes me so
 proud. So, so proud.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ryan presses several buttons. She manually sets the current altitude at 3 meters. A counter on the monitor changes to read: "000 003.0"

RYAN
 (as if to Matt)
 And you...

HIGH ANGLE - RYAN

continues to press buttons.

RYAN
 (as if to Matt)
 ... tell her that I'm not
 quitting. You tell her that I
 love her, Matt. You tell her that
 I love her...
 (voice wavers)
 ... so much.

Ryan looks up.

RYAN
 (as if to Matt)
 Can you do that for me? Roger
 that.
 (to herself)
 Here we go.

Ryan looks back at the control panel in front of her. She presses a button.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The soft landing jets ignite at the back of the Soyuz control cabin, hurtling it toward the Chinese station in the distance.

INT. SOYUZ - LOW ANGLE - DAY

Ryan reaches up and grabs her space helmet and pulls it down.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ryan puts on her space helmet and unbuckles the seat belt. She leans to gaze through the porthole.

EXT. SOYUZ (OUTER SPACE) - DAY

The Soyuz cabin hurtles toward the Chinese station. Ryan gazes through the porthole.

INT. SOYUZ - DAY

The Chinese station can be seen through the porthole, and it appears to be dropping toward the Earth.

RYAN

You're losing altitude, *Tiangong*.
You keep dropping and you're gonna
kiss the atmosphere. But not
without me, because you're my last
ride.

Ryan disarms the emergency exit latch for the hatch.

RYAN

Okay.

Ryan moves back and reaches up to grab the fire extinguisher floating above her.

RYAN

Wait.

She cradles it to her and moves back toward the hatch.

The Soyuz is quickly approaching the Chinese station.

RYAN

Five... four... three...

Ryan holds the exit latch.

RYAN

No more just driving. Let's go
home.

Ryan pulls the latch.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The hatch bursts open, and Ryan is hurtled out of the Soyuz.

HIGH ANGLE - THE CHINESE STATION AND THE SOYUZ

Ryan hurtles forward and twirls about with the Chinese station below her. She struggles to locate its position as she spins, using the fire extinguisher to stabilize her position.

RYAN

Steady. Okay, come on, come on.
Come on. Steady, steady. Come
on. Come on. Where are you?
Where are you?

Ryan flips back to see the Chinese station below her.

RYAN

Forty-five, ninety, one-eighty.
One-eighty.

Ryan uses the spray of the fire extinguisher to act as a thrust back toward the station.

RYAN

Come on. Okay, okay. Okay. All
right.

She thrusts down toward a satellite wing. She can't grab hold of anything and floats, hovering over the station. She tries to use the fire extinguisher to move back down, but it is empty. She tosses it away and continues floating, just above the station.

RYAN

(crying out)
Damn it.

Ryan reaches out and grabs the end of the station. She hangs on.

RYAN

Down, down, down. Down, down,
down, down, down. Down.

Ryan struggles to climb up the length of the station. She finally reaches the hatch.

RYAN

Come to Mama. Come to Ma--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She cries out.

As she holds on to the rail surrounding the hatch, the next debris strike starts. Debris hurtles past her as she opens the hatch and crawls down inside. The station hurtles toward the Earth through the shower of debris.

INT. CHINESE STATION - AIRLOCK - RYAN'S POV THROUGH HELMET - DAY

to the control panel as Ryan removes the helmet.

Chinese space station voice continues over speaker in Mandarin over following dialogue.

She turns and struggles to open an airlock, moving through the compartment.

RYAN

Okay. Shit! Okay. Come on.
Shenzhou, come on. Shenzhou.
Shenzhou. Fuck! Okay, this way.
Shenzhou. Where are you? Come
on, where are you? What's this?

She glances down at a hatch.

EXT. CHINESE SPACE STATION - DAY

The space station traveling toward Earth as the station starts to break apart.

INT. CHINESE SPACE STATION - DAY

Ryan, floating, tossing her helmet. Ryan closes the airlock hatch behind her. And floats down a compartment, into the control cabin.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

Ryan, upside down, closing the hatch and locking it. She sits in a seat and buckles her seat belt.

RYAN

I --

She glances at the cabin window.

EXT. CHINESE SPACE STATION - DAY

The space station traveling and continuing to break apart.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

RYAN
In the Soyuz, the power button
is... here.

Ryan is using the control panel.

RYAN
Ah. Okay, uh, undocking,
undocking. Um --
(sucks air through
teeth)
Uh, eeni, meeni -- Okay, that
doesn't sound good. Miny... moe.

Female Chinese Shenzhou voice over speakers in Mandarin.

RYAN
Ah.
(in Spanish)
No hablo chino.
(sucks air through
teeth)
Miny... moe.

Ryan presses buttons on the control panel.

The panel reads: "00:00:52.0"

RYAN
Okay. Okay, good.

EXT. CHINESE SPACE STATION - DAY

The space station traveling through space.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

The control panel reads: "00:00:44.0"

RYAN
(into radio)
Houston. Houston, in the blind.
This is Mission Specialist Ryan
Stone reporting from the Shenzhou.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm about to undock from
Tiangong... And I have a bad
feeling about this mission.

(chuckles)

Reminds me of a story, Houston --

Ryan cries out. CAMERA PANS TO the cabin window, then
back to Ryan.

RYAN

Never-Never mind the story,
Houston. Never mind the story.
It's getting hot in here. Okay.
All right. Okay. All right, the
way I see it, there's only two
possible outcomes. Either I make
it down there in one piece and I
have one hell of a story to tell,
or I burn up in the next ten
minutes. Either way, whichever
way... no harm, no foul! Because
either way... it'll be one hell of
a ride. I'm ready.

Ryan reaches out and grabs her helmet, putting it on.

EXT. CHINESE SPACE STATION - DAY

The space station, burning up and breaking apart as the
Shenzhou control cabin splits off from the rest of the
station and hurtles off.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

Ryan, as the cabin spins.

EXT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

The cabin hurtling toward Earth.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

The smoking control panel.

Ryan reaches for the control panel and presses a button.

EXT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

The cabin splits off from the rest of the vessel and continues on. The burning cabin traveling among burning debris. It falls toward Earth, entering the atmosphere.

The burning debris plummeting into Earth's atmosphere.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

The control panel sparking.

EXT. EARTH'S OUTER ATMOSPHERE - DAY

And cabin and burning debris, leaving a smoking trail as they travel.

The cabin is breaking apart.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

The cabin window as daylight flashes through it.

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

The pod, plummeting, falls through the clouds as a parachute emerges from the pod, slowing the pod's trajectory.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Shenzhou, in the blind, this is
Houston. Indicate FM frequency.

The control panel is burning.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Our radars detect you on a reentry
trajectory. If you copy, please
confirm identity.

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

The pod falling through the clouds.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The pod, falling and drops into a lake.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

Ryan removes her helmet as smoke fills the cabin.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

This is Houston.

Other radio voices.

RADIO WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

It's freezing, it's boring as
hell.

RADIO (V.O.)

-- is: No money down!

Ryan unstraps herself and rises, staggering to the hatch door. She unlocks the hatch.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

Please confirm iden--

Other radio voices.

MALE RADIO DJ (V.O.)

-- messages, we'll be right --

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

This is Houston, please confirm
identity.

MALE WEATHERMAN (V.O.)

Skies over the Midwest are
completely clear --

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

We've deployed a rescue mission to
retrieve you. Rescue mission is
on the way.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The door to the pod shoots off.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

Ryan stands at the hatch as water pours inside the cabin, forcing her against the cabin wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Shenzhou, in the blind, this is
Houston. We've deployed a rescue
mission to retrieve you. Our
radars --

The cabin fills with water.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The pod sinking below the surface of the lake.

INT. SHENZHOU CONTROL CABIN - DAY

Ryan struggling to stay above the water as it continues
to rise.

EXT. LAKE - UNDERWATER - DAY

The pod, sinking down.

INT. CABIN - UNDERWATER - DAY

Ryan, dropping below the surface of the water. She swims
into a cloud of air bubbles.

EXT. LAKE - UNDERWATER - DAY

Ryan swimming. Her spacesuit weighs her down and she
struggles to remove it.

A frog swims past.

Ryan removes her spacesuit and swims up.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Ryan surfaces. She floats on her back.

The CAMERA TILTS UP TO the sky. Burning debris from the
space station soars through. TILT BACK DOWN TO Ryan
swimming.

She crawls onto the shore and lies down, exhausted.

RYAN
(chuckles)
Thank you. No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She struggles to her feet. She unsteadily walks off.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK

END CREDITS.

THE END

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SCRIPT PROCESSING DEPARTMENT
(818) 954-4632