

MAROONED

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FADE IN:

EXT. DARK SIDE OF GANYMEDE - NEAR JUPITER

A space shuttle rests on icy, rugged surface.

Down the open ramp walks spacesuited MEL CARR, thirties. He steps onto the terrain, testing it. His footsteps CRUNCH the ice particles.

MEL

We're okay. Found a firm spot.
Ought to hold you, Simon.

The portly spacesuit figure of SIMON MASTERS, in power wheelchair, forties, WHIRS down the ramp.

SIMON

I don't like it.

He wheels the chair around to face the ship. EVAN GREY, fifties, in oxygen mask, looks out at him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Fuck the engineers! This shuttle
can carry our weight!

EVAN

We're over by three hundred kilos
if we expect to meet the tanker.

SIMON

Bullshit!

EVAN

We'll be back when we refuel. Mel.

Simon swings around. Evan and Mel exchange understanding nods.

SIMON

It's bullshit, Mel! Tell him!

MEL

He gives the orders.

EVAN

You've got everything for two
Jovian weeks.

Simon's chair WHIRS down to Mel, CRUNCHING the surface with his wheels.

Evan pushes a large cargo box down the ramp to them.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Let's synchronize co-ordinates.

Mel and Evan remove PDAs and punch them.

MEL
Okay. Got it.

Evan pushes a button to raise the ramp.

EVAN
Just sit tight. Won't be long.

Simon jerks his chair forward.

SIMON
Hey! Wait a minute! My meds! You forgot my meds!

The ramp comes down. Evan disappears behind the door, then reappears, tossing a gym bag to Simon. It FLOPS into his lap.

EVAN
There. Satisfied, druggie?

Mel pulls the cargo box a distance away, CRUNCH. Simon stares at Evan as the ramp goes up.

SIMON
Asshole.

His chair WHIRS around and heads for Mel. The chair MASHES the surface.

The shuttle blasts off, rocketing into the Jovian system.

SIMON (CONT'D)
All this tech and nobody can figure for slimy cocksuckers who steal fuel.

MEL
That's the big universe, fella.

Simon gestures, defiant.

SIMON
Here's to you, you goddam-fucking-planet-speculating sons a bitches! I hope your fuel nozzles freeze over! And micrometeorites chew your ass!

MEL
Hey. Will you save the oxygen until
later? Hold the light.

Simon SHINES a LIGHT at him. Mel shivers.

MEL (CONT'D)
It's a hundred and fifty below out
here.

LATER

A large, cylinder-like tent GLOWS on the icy landscape.

INT. TENT

A rack holds a helmet and the top of a spacesuit. Mel wears the suit minus the helmet. Simon has no top and helmet, sitting in his chair, and pops pills from a bottle.

Mel FEEDS SHELLS into a shotgun.

MEL
What's that do for you?

SIMON
About the same as the shotgun.

MEL
Yeah. You're loaded alright.

SIMON
Think you're going to need it?

He sets the shotgun into the cargo box and removes a Glock.

MEL
It's not just effective against ice
snakes.

The Glock EJECTS shells in SLOW MOTION and he pulls the magazine out, checking it.

MEL (CONT'D)
The recoil could put you in a sub
orbit with this low gravity.

He tosses a shell to Simon. It FLOATS to him.

Mel stuffs the Glock into a leg pocket and ZIPS.

Simon picks up a laptop, browses, clicks. He turns the laptop around to show the screen to Mel.

LAPTOP DISPLAY

Exposed flesh of a TATTOOED LADY jump off the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

SIMON

That's what waiting for me back on
Station Five.

MEL

Hmmph. Kind of exotic. Never knew
you went for those kinds.

SIMON

Heh. There's a lot you don't know
about me, man. Before I got
wounded, I was known for having a
string from one end of the system
to the other. If you ever want a
fucking good time -

MEL

Hey. I'm married, alright? Let's
stick to business.

SIMON

That's the trouble with you, Mel.
Too much goody two-shoes.

MEL

I just happen to believe that a law
man should have a higher standard,
that's all.

SIMON

Aw. Gimme a break, Eliot Ness.

WHIR-BUZZ, WHIR-BUZZ. BLA-DEEP. BLA-DEEP-DEEP.

Mel cocks an ear.

Simon freezes.

RURR-RURR-RURR. BOOP-BI-DI-BIP-BLOOP-BOP.

SIMON (CONT'D)

That's no ice snake.

Mel TURNS OFF THE LIGHT. They wait.

WHIR-BUZZ. RURR-RURR-RURR-RURR. BLA-DEEP-BIP-BLOOP-DOP.

He puts on his helmet, goes to the door, and UNZIPS it.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Hey. Where're you going?

Simon retrieves his gear, grumbling.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Fuck.

EXT. SURFACE OF GANYMEDE

A few yards from the tent, Mel crouches among ICE STALAGMITES, observing.

A trail of broken ice crystals leads from behind the tent into the distance.

At the end of the trail, TWO ROBOTS, camera heads mounted on top of light-animated computer bodies supported by wheels and tracks, ROLL along the surface.

Faint BA-DEEPS and BOP-DI-BLA-DEEPS resound between them.

Simon arrives, ROLLING over broken ice.

SIMON
Now what?

MEL
You zip the tent closed?

SIMON
Got it covered. Shit. We're not alone.

MEL
Why didn't they approach us? Let us know they're here?

SIMON
Even bots are indifferent?

MEL
Maybe.

SIMON
Come on. Let's contact the station and let them know there's somebody - or something else - here.

MEL
Yeah. You do that. I'm gonna follow them.

He stands and moves forward on the trail.

SIMON

But you don't know how far - wait a fucking minute. This ain't Griffith Park!

Mel looks back.

MEL

Chill, big man. What's more important? This? Or a message?

Simon watches Mel STEP farther away.

Turning the chair, he ROLLS forward, then stops. He rotates, then WHIRS toward Mel.

MOMENTS LATER

The Robots advance toward a CRATER CAVE and enter.

The Two Astronauts observe from a safe distance.

SIMON

Well? Seen enough?

Mel ponders.

MEL

I wonder if Grey knew about this.

SIMON

Throwing us to the bot wolves. That's a new low. Even for him.

MEL

Let's suppose he didn't.

SIMON

Okay. And?

MEL

Ever recall any lost explorers? Rogue researchers? Anything or anybody who might have stopped here?

SIMON

Not off hand. I'm just a deputy. Not a space historian.

MEL

Could be a secret installation. I'm going in.

Mel's footsteps CRUSH the ice as he moves forward.

SIMON

Fuck. Hey, Mr. Intrepid! We're just here temporarily! Christ almighty.

Simon follows.

INT. MAIN LAB - GANYMEDE CAVERN - LATER

Mel holds his badge wallet up to DR. NEBULA, sixties, short, mousse-slickened dangling hair strands, wearing lab coat and rubber gloves.

DR. NEBULA

Indeed you are a space deputy, sir. My compliments. I haven't seen a space deputy in - oh - five or six Jovian years.

Simon sits behind the pair, observing bots on either side of him.

MEL

Some reason we should?

The short man turns to his assembly line for bots. He tinkers.

DR. NEBULA

You mean they've dropped me off the maps?

Mel studies him.

Dr. Nebula casts glances from the assembly line to Mel.

DR. NEBULA (CONT'D)

I can't understand it. I was commissioned by the Institute of Planetary Science -

MEL

Planetary science? Did you say Institute of Planetary Science?

DR. NEBULA

What's the matter? Atmosphere tampering with your hearing?

The doctor leers at him, pointing to Mel's ears.

MEL

The Institute of Planetary Science
was combined with other agencies
into the Space Science Foundation.
Long ago.

DR. NEBULA

Hmph. Bastards. They left me out of
the loop. Again.

He tinkers with a bot computer torso.

MEL

You mean to tell me that you've
been here all this time -- on your
own -- and nobody ever told you?
Where is your communication gear?

DR. NEBULA

Don't you worry about that. When I
make my final report, they'll all
see what they've missed.

The doctor pontificates.

DR. NEBULA (CONT'D)

They will marvel. They will stand
in awe. That I, Doctor Constantine
Nebula, alone on Ganymede, have
mastered the complete
bioengineering of robotics and
human DNA!

MEL

Come again?

DR. NEBULA

Seize them!

Bots from around the room reach for Simon and Mel.

Simon struggles against them.

SIMON

Holy fuck! Shit! Do something, Mel!
Fast!

Mel throws off one bot and reaches for his leg pocket holding
the Glock. Unzipping the pocket, he pulls out the gun and
FIRES at the bots holding him.

The bullets CRASH into the bots, EXPLODING circuits and motherboards around the room in the light gravity.

Dr. Nebula finds refuge behind the assembly line and watches.

More BLASTS from the Glock EXPLODE the bots holding Simon. Mel rushes to Simon.

MEL

Head for the camp! I'll cover you!

Simon WHIRS his chair around and ROLLS out. Mel backs out of the lab waving the Glock.

More bots assemble nearby. Mel SHOOTs at them, but they dodge behind a corner.

DR. NEBULA

After them! They must not escape!

Mel runs out of the lab.

INT. CRATER CAVERN - PASSAGEWAY

Pitch black, Mel stumbles into Simon in his chair.

SIMON

I can't see a fucking thing! Where the fuck do we go?

MEL

Just keep going! There's a torch up here somewhere.

They move on until Mel finds the unlit torch and a sparkler to light it. He FIRES the Glock to light the sparkler, then lights the torch. He SHINES the torch to light the way. They continue on.

Bot BA-DEEPS and BLEEPS come nearer from another passageway. Hesitating, the Two Astronauts take another route away from the noise.

EXT. SURFACE OF GANYMEDE - LATER

Mel and Simon emerge from the crater cavern. More BA-DEEPS and BLEEPS resonate behind them. They hurry down the trail, MASHING ice.

Simon loses Mel in the darkness.

SIMON
Hey! Where the fuck are you?

MEL
Over here! Come on! Hurry! I'm
running low on ammo!

The chair ROLLS on, catching up.

MOMENTS LATER

Mel spots the cylinder tent and gestures to Simon.

MEL (CONT'D)
Here it is!

He advances and Simon ROLLS behind.

ON THE HORIZON

Bots encircle their tent and move closer.

INT. TENT

Going to the cargo box, Mel removes the shotgun and hands it to Simon.

MEL
Your chair ought to keep you
grounded.

Simon checks the magazine. CLICK.

SIMON
Holy shit. Shouldn't we report in?
Maybe they're on their way.

MEL
Good idea.

Mel feeds the Glock more ammo, then pulls out a cell phone.

MEL (CONT'D)
Ganymede to Station Five. Ganymede
to Station Five. Shuttle Ten.
Anybody. Over.

EXT. TENT

Bots creep within yards of the GLOW and halt, preparing ELECTRIC CHARGES from ANTENNAE protruding from their computer bodies.

MEL (O.S.)
Come in, Shuttle Ten! Over!

They ZAP the tent.

INT. TENT

ELECTRIC ZAPS flow through the walls, SHOCKING Mel and Simon.

SIMON
Jeeeesus fucking christ!

MEL
Ooof!

The ZAPS stop. Mel rushes for the tent door and Simon follows.

EXT. TENT

The ice CRUNCHES beneath. They choose their targets and FIRE.

Mel BLASTS apart several, resembling a shooting gallery.

One bot VAPORIZES from one blast of Simon's shotgun, while his chair does a wheely. When he comes to rest, he chooses another bot for a target. KA-BOOM. Another one VAPORIZES. Another wheely.

EXT. GANYMEDE ATOMOSPHERE

Shuttle Ten descends toward the camp.

EXT. TENT

Mel KILLS another bot and watches the shuttle land yards away.

MEL
Simon! They're here! Let's go!

He backs away from the battle toward the shuttle, BLASTING bots to SMITHEREENS as he goes.

Simon becomes surrounded. He chooses one bot. KA-BLOWIE.

SIMON
Go ahead! Get reinforcements! I'll hold them off!

KA-BLAM! Another bot DISINTEGRATES.

Mel rushes to the shuttle.

AT THE SHUTTLE

Evan stands at the top of the ramp.

EVAN
Got some trouble?

MEL
Hostile bots! Simon's being
ambushed!

EVAN
Oh god.

MEL
Why? Can't you help?

EVAN
Not enough time. Hurry. Get in.

Mel walks up the ramp.

MEL
But we can't just leave him here!

The ramp goes up.

AT THE TENT

Simon BLASTS another bot. He watches the shuttle rise. He
turns back to the oncoming wave of bots.

SIMON
Alright you cocksuckers! Here!

KA-BOOM.

FADE OUT.

THE END