

Not Even God Himself

By

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FADE IN:

INT. WHITE STAR LINE GLOBAL OFFICES - DAY

In a vast open room filled with cubicles, the blend of voices, phones, and keyboards clicking flood the room as workers buzz through their work.

GREGORY ALLEN (30s) strides down the center aisle. His hair is perfect. He walks with his back straight and chest wide open. His every movement seems deliberate.

As he makes his way down the long aisle he looks into random cubicles as he passes them.

Workers sit in front of a translucent monitor that can project images in three dimensional space. They move charts and figures around with one free hand as the other slips across the keyboard.

Their lips and eyes move at breakneck speed, communicating through their ear piece while maintaining the work in front of them.

Gregory makes it to the end of the aisle, and turns back to face the busy workers. He rests one hand on his belt line.

He scans the room in a single broad stroke.

Greg walks over to a nearby table, clears the top of it with one broad sweep of his hand, and grips the sides of the table.

He plants his shoes into the rug and with a straight back he pulls at the desk with full force to drag it across the carpeted floor with ease.

Without a moments hesitation he climbs on top of the table and looks down on his orchestra of cubicles.

GREG

One week until launch.

The action in the room comes to an immediate standstill.

GREG (CONT'D)

We are about to send one-hundred thousand people across the vastest distance of space in the history of mankind, and quite possibly of any civilization in the known universe. What we are about to accomplish isn't a result of the

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GREG (CONT'D)

hard work we have all put in for the past ten years. In one week, it will be a culmination of more than us and our work. In one week, it will be more than the entire 400 year history of the White Star Line Travel and Shipping Company. It will be the entire history of the human race that has brought us to where we are.

Greg steps down from his table under the chorus of applause coming from every cubicle. He tugs at the knot in his tie to loosen it up.

He points a finger at a nearby cubicle, then to the table, then back to the table's original spot in the room.

Out of the cubicle, a young man runs over and pushes the table back.

Greg heads towards a closed door in the corner of the large room. The sign on the door reads 'BENJAMIN HALSEY - CHIEF TECHNICAL OFFICER'.

Greg walks through the door in one fluid step and continues his confident stride as he circles around the desk in the center of the room. The desk faces the blank drywall opposite of the offices.

Sitting at the desk is BENJAMIN HALSEY (40s). He has a wide jaw line. His hands dance around his screen, enlarging graphs with his fore-finger and thumb. Twisting 3-D image knobs and tuners. Constantly tapping the screen bringing up new spreadsheets and closing old ones.

GREG

You look perplexed.

Ben stares at the screen as numbers pile out of the flight simulator demo. Coordinates, speeds, time logs. They begin to fill his view. When it finally stops, the last data set is marked in red, marked 'critical failure: survival rate-0'.

BEN

One week?

GREG

One week and ten years. You have had more than enough time on this.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Bullshit -- This isn't just some artsy redesign of a commercial cruiser.

GREG

You're damn right it's not. This is history we're making here Ben. One-hundred thousand people --

BEN

-- in a giant fucking coffin with a rocket strapped on its back. Don't talk to me like I'm one your goddamn stockholders Greg.

GREG

Stockholders who are expecting a ship with a multi-trillion dollar solar sail apparatus that we promised will fly 11 million light years across space to populate some god forsaken planet.

The data sets start back up, spitting out statistics and course charts that soon fill up the space in front of Greg's face.

At the end of it all, everything blinks in red 'critical failure:survival rate-0'.

BEN

They won't make it past the first GTD satellite, let alone make it all the way to Holmberg II. Time duration technology or not, those sails are going to fall apart.

Greg turns his back to Ben, and makes his way over to a plaque on the wall. His knuckles turn white as he wraps his hands around the frame. He drops all his weight into ripping it straight out of the wall and walks it back over to Ben's desk.

Greg's knuckles rush back with color as he lets go of the frame mid-air. It drops flat against the desk -- loud as an iron door slamming shut -- and Greg marches out without a word.

The cubicles outside don't skip a beat.

Ben looks down at the plaque, the inscription reads, "God Himself Could Not Sink This Ship. April 10, 1912 - April 17, 1912"

EXT. OUTSIDE WHITE STAR LINE GLOBAL OFFICES - DAY

Ben stares at the same writing in colossal cement font above the doorways of the main office building from across the street.

The brick and mortar of the original Liverpool office stands out against the glass and steel additions made to the building.

Ben tilts his head up further and further, his eyes tracing the height of the massive skyscraper until it disappears into the fog about thirty stories up.

EXT. LIVERPOOL - DAY

The landscape of the city is mismatched 19th century brick buildings next to 21st century skyscrapers next to 22nd century carbon fiber domes below 23rd century floating islands.

The islands float above the water, above buildings, anywhere. On a single island could be as much as an entire city block, or as little as a single plot of grass used as a park.

Bullet shaped vehicles hover around the city, organized by the blinking light projections of road paint that is built onto 3 dimensions of axis'.

People walk shoulder to shoulder with one another, overlapping and squished on every sidewalk.

MIESHA TAYLOR (30s) is a small and muscular woman immersed in the crowd. She drops her shoulder and pushes sideways through the crowd. Not a single person takes notice of her as she wedges her way through the small gaps between pedestrians.

Miesha jumps out of the crowd and her head immediately pops up. She pauses, her eyes slowly panning the nearby buildings. She stops at two sliding steel doors, and takes long, quick steps to get there.

Above the door is a three dimensional projected neon sign that reads "Boring Tunnel Company".

Before she stands fully in front of the doors, a blue light reflects off her face. Dull at first, it erupts in three bursts and then the light disappears.

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A.I. SYSTEM  
Miesha Waterbury, floor please.

MIESHA  
Tunnel transit.

A.I. SYSTEM  
Expect delays for all BTC Sled's in  
and out of the Asian Pacific today.

MIESHA  
Not my problem. Thank you, though.

She smiles and waves to the electronic eye above the door. A bright neon yellow smiley face projects in front of the eye.

INT. BTC TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Miesha stands in a line that stretches in both directions into total darkness. The conveyor belt she stands on moves at a slow, but steady pace.

BTC TUNNEL BOARDING PLATFORM

About fifty people fill the platform as the giant egg shaped sled makes its noiseless approach.

A door opens as the fifty or so passengers scuffle inside. A blue light bursts against their face as they step through.

BTC SLED

Miesha sits next to a window in the sled. The lights in the tunnel pass by the sled with small gaps of darkness between them. Miesha closes her eyes.

EXT. UK BORDER CHECKPOINT - DUSK(DREAM SEQUENCE)

Miesha is one in a crowd of thousands -- they move constant in one direction. Even as Miesha wedges her way against the crowd she gets pushed backwards.

Her mouth is gaping open, screaming, but it can't be heard. There is no noise at all. She sees the people's feet stomping through the dirt.

She jumps up and climbs on top of the crowd. Her eyes racing over the people. She sees the soldiers that stand on the edges of the crowd -- rifles in hand, fingers resting on the trigger. She gets dragged back into the crowd.

Tears are rushing down her cheeks. She pushes against people's faces trying to get them to move. She even punches some strangers -- her weightless fist barely leaving a mark.

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The first gunshot echoes, it is still the only noise that can be heard. The crowd slows.

One after another gun shots get louder and louder, until it's a constant rattle of gunpowder exploding. The crowd completely reverses its current.

Miesha moves with the crowd, but each step drags her down a little further, until she's gone.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Miesha opens her eyes, still sitting in the quiet sled as it rushes in and out of darkness in the tunnel.

INT. THE PARLIAMENT PUB - NIGHT

Miesha stands in the doorway for a moment, smiling, searching.

She walks to the bar. Her heeled shoes tap against the hard wood floor with every step.

About five feet before she reaches the bar, Ben -- who is sitting at the bar -- takes a glance out of the corner of his eye at her. He turns to see her fully, his eyes widen, and a smile forms on his face.

MIESHA

Let's get out of here.

BEN

Yeah?

MIESHA

Yeah.

Their smiles linger as they continue staring into each other's eyes.

EXT. DIRT ROAD OUTSIDE CITY - NIGHT

The miles long dirt road seems to lead right to the city in one direction, and out to complete darkness in the other. The lights of the city cover the visible horizon behind Miesha and Ben.

BEN

I can't decide if this is romantic, or like that part in a horror movie when everyone in the theater is yelling, "run, you idiot, run", because you're about to beat me to death with a rock.

(CONTINUED)

MIESHA

What does that mean?

BEN

Nothing -- do you normally take people miles outside the city into complete isolated darkness on a first date?

MIESHA

I thought this was our second date.

BEN

Meeting at a party and spending all night alone on the roof together, laughing under the moonlight, is not technically a date. As romantic as it may be.

MIESHA

Really? Please, I hate first dates. Everyone is so stuffy and fake on first dates.

BEN

Not true, we're on a first date, and neither of us are being stuffy or fake. You're giving off a slight homicidal vibe, but certainly not stuffy.

They laugh, and the distance between them closes as Miesha wraps her arms around Ben's.

MIESHA

I just wanted to show you something.

BEN

See, I've heard serial killers say those exact same words before.

Miesha stumbles as her laughter catches her off guard, she can't seem to stop laughing, and when she does her smile never falters.

MIESHA

So, I'm not the first serial killer you've dated?



EXT. ABANDONED UK BORDER CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

The road leads down a steep hill, and at the bottom is a mile wide complex that is broken and abandoned.

The side of the checkpoint facing the city is a steel wall with only one exit that lets out to the dirt road.

BEN

The old refugee border checkpoint.

Ben stops walking and stares down the hill. He looks over at Miesha. She won't look away from the single door facing the outside.

MIESHA

I came in to this country through that door. I was suppose to come here with my husband and our son, but I was the only one who made it.

A tear rolls down her cheek that shines in the moonlight.

Ben reaches up to wipe it away, but Miesha grabs his hand out of the air and presses it against her lips. Her eyes close as she holds the hand gently to her kiss.

BEN

What happened to them?

MIESHA

The day we came to the checkpoint, there were so many people. We got separated. Then, for some reason, the soldiers started shooting at the crowd.

Miesha sits in the dirt road, wiping her hands across the packed down dirt.

MIESHA (CONT'D)

I found out months later my husband was killed by one of the soldiers at the checkpoint. My son was trampled by the crowd.

Ben sits down with her. He makes sure to keep his eyes on her. His hand sits in her lap. His lips struggle to pry open and say something brilliant.

BEN

This life can be so horrible and ugly sometimes. It just makes you want to run away.

(CONTINUED)

Miesha turns to face Ben, and inch by inch she leans in closer to him.

MIESHA

That was the plan. I wanted to bring you here so you'd understand.

Miesha and Ben's lips touch for the softest, briefest moment.

BEN

You're leaving?

MIESHA

Yeah, on the ship to Holmberg II.

Ben freezes, his neck and jaws seem to ripple as the muscles tighten throughout. His breath waivers as his lips struggle to sit still.

BEN

Why?

MIESHA

It's what my husband and I came here for. We believed there was a chance for a beautiful new life up there.

BEN

How do you know that? It's over 11 million light years of nothing up there. It's like throwing a rock into a lake -- you'll just sink.

Miesha pulls away from Ben. She leans away to get more distance between them.

MIESHA

Please, don't be like this.

BEN

I'm just saying, you trust everything they tell you about that ship? Do you even understand gravitational time duration? Or solar sails?

MIESHA

I didn't think you'd act this way. It was a bad idea to bring you here.

(CONTINUED)

Miesha stands and starts towards the city, her broad steps taking her further and further away from Ben.

He gets up to follow her. He jogs the first few steps to close the distance with her.

BEN

No, -- do not get on that ship.  
Please, do not get on that ship. I  
promise you, there is nothing for  
you up there except cold lonely  
nothingness.

MIESHA

Did you not just hear me? My  
husband and child were killed on  
the other side of that wall so we  
could be on that ship together.  
There's no way in hell I am not  
going to be on that ship when it  
leaves this awful fucking place.

BEN

I know, I'm so sorry --

MIESHA

-- that's enough Ben. Can you  
please just bring me home?

Ben stands there as Miesha turns and walks towards the city. His eyes began to well up, and he bites down on his lip.

He runs a hand through his hair, and paces back and forth. His lips purse as he swings his leg back as far as it will reach and kicks the dirt up in the air.

He pulls at his collar, popping off the top button. He smacks his face once with each hand, then wipes under each eye, and follows after Miesha.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

A) EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS - Ben walks a couple steps behind Miesha, his head hung low. Miesha stares off into the distance opposite of Ben. Behind them is the pitch black darkness of the remnants of the checkpoint.

B) INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS - Ben and Miesha sit so far apart in the seat that they are almost hugging the door. Ben looks over to Miesha.

C) EXT. LIVERPOOL STREETS - CONTINUOUS - Ben reaches out and touches Miesha's elbow, she spins around to face Ben, she puts her hand out, her lips form the word "stop".

(CONTINUED)

D) INT. MIESHA APARTMENT/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - She lies on her side, facing the window as the city lights pour in and gently onto her face.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. LIVERPOOL STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Ben walks past several storefronts before stopping in front of a window with a flyer posted from the inside.

On the flyer is the colossal space ship the White Star Line is launching. It looks like a mix between a submarine and a grand oceanic cruise liner fixed with solar sails on top of it that are so large the bottom border doesn't even fit on the poster.

He places his hand up against the glass, covering the ship. He pushes his forehead against the glass. His eyes close so tight his entire face crinkles up around them.

He slams his free hand against the window -- balled up in a hammer fist. He pushes himself away from the glass.

He looks down the street, the long row of street lights hovering there without any hardware attached, and he starts to march back towards where he left Miesha.

The march becomes a slow jog. A beige colored sedan hovers along side him. Ben begins to run. The sedan keeps pace with him.

Before Ben reaches the next street light, the window to the sedan rolls down. A man with dark sunglasses and a dark hat reaches out of the window.

Ben looks over and in the man's sleeve he can see two small round circles staring at him.

There is the whisper of a silenced gun going off, and the man with the dark sunglasses and hat watches as Ben falls face first into the cement. The man looks back and sees half of Ben's head is missing.

The man's sleeve is torn to shreds and burnt, revealing two metal barrels wrapped around his wrist. He rolls the window up and drives off into the night.

EXT. WHITE STAR LINE LAUNCH PAD - DAY

Miesha walks towards the gigantic space ship that is almost large as the horizon. Shoulder to shoulder with a hundred thousand others, all herded along a runway towards the ship.

She looks beyond the edges of the crowd, and she sees the soldiers holding their rifles at their hips. She tries to slow down, but the force of the crowd pushes her forward at their pace.

A loud voice booms out of the sky.

GREG (O.S.)

Today, we commemorate this brave trip, to the loving memory of my dear friend. The man who this voyage could not have been accomplished without.

In the sky, Ben's face is displayed on three story tall projection screens.

GREG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We learned that late last night, Benjamin Halsey, my lifelong friend and our company's CTO, had been gunned down in the streets in an act of random violence. We carry on in his memory.

Miesha can't take her eyes off the screen with Ben's face on it. She shakes her head no, her hand covering her mouth as her breaths begin to shake her chest.

She tries to lower her shoulder to move through the crowd, but they carry her forward towards the large space ship in the distance.

INT. WHITE STAR LINE INTERCOM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg steps away from the intercom microphone. He looks at the people shuffling in to his ship over a hundred feet below them and he smiles.

He's in a cramped, dark room.

He turns around to a man wearing dark sunglasses and a dark hat.

GREG

You saw the woman down there?

The man nods his head yes.

(CONTINUED)

From inside Greg's sleeve a burst of fire and smoke let out a silenced gunshot. The first shot goes through the man's gut, and the next through his head.

Greg presses another switch on the intercom system.

GREG

Ground team, this is HQ. I'm sending you reference images of a Miesha Taylor. Make sure she is on that ship when it launches. Priority 1 objective.

Greg stares down as a pool of blood heads towards his shoes. Then, he stares at the crowd of people being herded into his ship.

FADE OUT: