

MARSFALL

SEASON THREE
EPISODE ELEVEN

Realignment Part 2

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PROLOGUE: INT. BUS - DAY.

ANDI: Melissa Walker. Lieutenant Colonel, Mars Battalion One. Personal Log: outgoing message to Gerry Walker. Sol 74, winter, first year.

The bus continues driving, the engine humming steadily in the background.

CUE MUSIC.

MELISSA: I dreamt about the Barracks again. It wasn't like our first sol on Mars, though. Running to the door, smoke everywhere, my battalion burning inside their pods, and I can't save a dang one of them. No...

PAUSE.

MELISSA: (CONT'D) This time I wake up inside one of Red Venture's pods. I can't see Faye, but she's omnipresent in my nightmares. Pressing down on me inside the pod, I- I can't shake it. I just wish you could pull me out, Gerry!

Melissa's voice catches. Her grief changes from sadness to anger.

MELISSA: (CONT'D) You pulled me out of that door over all the odds, with no training, and no tactical skills. But that was just a different dream. Why couldn't you do that for me in real life, Gerry? You ran the business, took care of the kids, the house...but then you left me alone. Among the flames.

Melissa takes a shaky breath, and exhales.

MELISSA: (laughs) Oh, Faye. Faye really got under my skin. I know what's happening. I've been down this road before and I always tried to talk to Gerry (shallow breath) but he's gone now. So who am I recording this for?

Melissa takes a breath, and exhales.

MELISSA: I can't lose my grip. I've got twenty-five people to care for. (BEAT) Twenty-five...that's all we have left! I need to get my head on straight again. I won't let anyone else, and certainly not another one of my soldiers, die.

Melissa sits up straight and clears her throat.

MELISSA: (formal) Major Flint. Privates Wiles, Higgins, and Vega. May you find eternal rest. (tight) Because I've been going, and going, and going with no end in sight.

ANDI: End personal log.

FADE OUT.

CUE MUSIC: OVERTURE 3.2

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE (1.1): INT. PORTA HAB - LATER.

Geoff and The Captain strain, holding up a very heavy panel on the back of the embryo cooler. Erin lies underneath it, quickly turning a screw, tightening a fastener on a nitrogen tank.

ERIN: Hold it steady...

CUE MUSIC.

GEOFF: For my back's sake, hurry! This thing is heavy-

THE CAPTAIN: Come on! Walker pulled the whole cooler out of the wall while she was underwater.

GEOFF: I know-!

THE CAPTAIN: Lift with your knees!

GEOFF: I. AM!

Erin turns another screw loose. It falls to the ground.

ERIN: Almost got it...

Erin bolts the latch into place.

ERIN: Set!

Erin shimmies out from underneath the cooler.

ERIN: Okay, you can let go-

Geoff drops the panel and it slips from The Captain's grip. The panel hits the cooler with a BANG!

ERIN: -now.

THE CAPTAIN: Thanks, Donner. Now let's take a look.

Geoff brushes his hands on his pants.

GEOFF: Aside from the structural damage caused by our Colonel's heroic rescue...looks like there's rust all along the bottom.

ERIN: Maybe that's why the system keeps failing. Let me release the coolant again.

A bad clunking and thunking sound comes from inside the cooler.

THE CAPTAIN: That sounds really bad. Not enough pressure?

The cooling fan sputters and fails.

ERIN: No...we're out of liquid nitrogen!

GEOFF: ANDI, can we synthesize some?

ANDI: I...hmm. I'm not sure. We'd have to compress the air from several tanks, but we don't have a filter to extract the nitrogen.

GEOFF: Then let's build one. What kind of raw materials would you need?

ANDI: As we're not around Sequoia, an area I'm familiar with, it's been difficult to ascertain what's useful around here. We can't exactly harvest spare tech if there's no tech to spare.

THE CAPTAIN: The colonel didn't get this cooler here for nothing!

ERIN: We're running out of time. Are you telling us you can't help?

ANDI: Without advice from someone with specific medical knowledge, I could end up doing more harm than good. Probably stating the obvious, but it's complicated engineering an embryo storage system with limited supplies. Chip might be able to help-

GEOFF: As if that deserter is qualified to advise us on medical emergencies.

THE CAPTAIN: Better than the other deserter who tried to murder us.

GEOFF: (sigh) All right. Let's take a moment to think this through. We could chill the whole Porta Hab.

THE CAPTAIN: And freeze to death?

GEOFF: We can wear EVA suits. It'll be uncomfortable, but it'll save lives.

ANDI: We'd need to drop temperatures to negative one-hundred and ninety-six degrees. Celsius. Not even suits will protect you from that cold.

ERIN: Then we need to preserve what we have. The suits could work as insulation. If we cut some up, make a blanket to encase the cooler, it might buy us some time.

THE CAPTAIN: We don't have any suits to waste!

ERIN: We can't keep slapping on duct tape every time it leaks, and without more nitrogen, we're screwed.

THE CAPTAIN: If the storm breaks these walls, all of humanity as we know it could DIE! The Colonel would not approve this plan!

GEOFF: Melissa's not here. Now, Erin's right. And the embryos are a part of humanity. Hopefully the part that'll still be around long after we're gone.

ANDI: Okay. I know what we need for a filter and compressor.

GEOFF: What, now?

ANDI: Yes.

THE CAPTAIN: You just said you didn't know how to build one. What happened to "there's no tech to spare"?

ANDI: I'll send you the specs for the synth,

ANDI displays them on The Captain's tablet with a chime.

ANDI: (CONT'D) but we'll need to take apart some of the Porta Hab's paneling.

The Captain looks through the specs on her tablet.

GEOFF: Now you're telling us to deconstruct part of the Porta Hab? This better work, ANDI.

ANDI: You can't be choosy where you get your information, but you can trust me.

The Captain taps a few more commands into her tablet.

THE CAPTAIN: (sigh) Okay, I see how it'll work. We need to clear out the rest of that rust, then print fasteners with this alloy so they won't shatter in the frigid temperatures. Oh, shoot. Without the bus here, I can't get the springs from the undercarriage.

ANDI: They only left the cave an hour ago.

ERIN: This will take too long!

GEOFF: Then we'll use the suits as insulation for now. ANDI, do you think you could explain it to everyone in a way they'd understand?

ANDI: Of course I could, but I do hate being the bearer of bad news.

GEOFF: Don't worry about that. I can make the announcement, if you can just follow me up.

ANDI: (taken aback by his kindness) I would appreciate that very much, Geoff.

GEOFF: What do you say, Captain?

THE CAPTAIN: Fine, fine. As you will, Acting Commander.

The Captain walks away.

ERIN: (laughs) Did you, uh, make her call you that?

GEOFF: No. But the Captain always addresses people she respects by their proper rank.

ERIN: Hm. Makes sense.

GEOFF: If you'll excuse me, one moment.

Geoff taps a code on his suit's wrist panel. His voice speaks over the PA system.

GEOFF: Attention everyone. This is Acting Commander Thomassen. We've got a crisis mounting over our embryo storage cooler. We're almost out of nitrogen and have failed to stop the leaks. Until ANDI can synthesize additional coolant, we'll need to repurpose several EVA suits for extra insulation. Furthermore, all air tanks need to be collected so we can extract the

nitrogen once the equipment is ready. ANDI will let you know more about what we need to do, but I'm asking you all to please work together so we can avert this crisis. This is a Priority One order. (quick BEAT) Thank you for your commitment to our colony's survival.

Geoff clicks off the PA.

GEOFF: All yours ANDI.

ANDI: I'll let everyone know what to do, Acting Commander.

ERIN: Thanks, Geoff. You know, what you said earlier... If these embryos truly are going to become the people who will "be around" after we're gone, then "around" has got to be back at the colony. Whatever the situation is there, it has to be safer than here. Even if the flood waters haven't receded.

GEOFF: (supportive) I agree. Once Melissa returns from the rescue mission, I'll suggest we return to the colony, for our own safety. She might resist, but she tends to listen to reason. Erin, can I count on your support? People respect your voice.

ERIN: (slightly taken aback) Oh! Um, I...I guess so? If it helps get us home soon.

GEOFF: It will.

FADE OUT.

1.2: INT. BUS - HOURS LATER.

ANDI continues driving the bus back to the Porta Hab, while Jacki, Wei, Ferris, and Mateo all sleep. Melissa sits in the driver's seat looking at her tablet. Chip walks up to her and sits down in the passenger seat.

CUE MUSIC.

MELISSA: Chip. How are you feeling?

CHIP: (awkward laugh) Oh, just, glad to be back...again.

MELISSA: Hmm, yeah. It's good seeing you outside of Faye's digital world.

CHIP: (smiles) Last time we saw each other in the real world, you were locking me up in Sequoia.

MELISSA: Feels like a long time ago.

A moment.

CHIP: (heartfelt) You went through a lot to save us. I-I don't know how /I can ever thank-

MELISSA: (frosty) /It's a good thing ANDI picked up on your signal, even though it seems like those "shadows" heard you, too.

CHIP: (shame/confusion) I'm sorry, but we had to.

MELISSA: I know you didn't have any other options, but I just-but I was still surprised to see them there. I don't like being in a position where I feel out of my element. (quick beat) I may not understand what those things are, but I'm sorry I didn't believe in them sooner.

CHIP: (needed to hear that) Thank you, Melissa.

Another moment.

MELISSA: I'm glad you and Jacki are back with us, but I just wish it could've been a happy reunion for once.

CHIP: I um...I assume ANDI filled you in on most of what we went through over the last several sols?

MELISSA: He has. From what he's told me, it seems our former High Commander has been a bit...reckless.

ANDI: Uh, obsessive, really.

CHIP: She wanted to connect with this energy inside the planet, or control it, but I don't know if she can.

MELISSA: What is it?

CHIP: I don't know, but it's pushing her in scary ways. I-I still can't believe she went back into Red Venture after everything we saw.

MELISSA: You know what it's like to be on a mission, Chip. There's a drive you can't always stop.

CHIP: She's determined-

MELISSA: She's selfish. And I don't know if her mission aligns with the rest of ours.

CHIP: (sighs) Yeah...I can't deny that.

ANDI: Jacki might have made some poor decisions, but abandoning Keila wasn't a selfish choice.

MELISSA: I'm sure it wasn't easy.

CHIP: Not for Jacki at least. She's been torn up about it...but I would've ended it right there.

ANDI: I know.

Melissa bangs her cane on the floor of the bus in frustration.

MELISSA: It still makes my blood boil knowing she betrayed us.

ANDI: Faye had a hold on Doctor Levy as much as she did anyone else.

CHIP: Don't defend her.

ANDI: I'm not.

CHIP: She brought Faye here, and she tried to kill all of us, including you.

ANDI: I know what she did. What she's capable of, I get it. You both hate her.

MELISSA: And you don't?

ANDI: (quick beat) I don't know how I feel. Like I said, Faye manipulated her. People make stupid choices when they feel powerless. She thought she could-

CHIP: I don't really care what she thought she could do. It's the impact of her actions which matters, not what she meant to do.

MELISSA: (to ANDI) You don't really care about Keila, do you?

ANDI: I...I did.

CHIP: (curious) Did you care about Faye? Ever?

ANDI: I don't need to justify how I feel toward anyone. Faye became a part of me, and all of you. The best and worst parts of us. Say what you will, but I believe everyone has the capacity to care for others.

MELISSA: Not them.

ANDI: Faye always had that potential, even if she chose not to do so. I'm not an expert on AI morality, I don't think anyone is, really, but-

CHIP: Bud, you're our sole example of a benevolent AI functioning outside the Basic Need. So, I'd say you're the expert.

ANDI: Well, I don't think anything is unforgivable given enough time. But humans are impatient. You rarely give others enough time or guidance to correct their mistakes. You choose vengeance over true justice, because it's easier.

MELISSA: Both of them put all of us at risk!

ANDI: So have you Colonel. So has Jacki. To be fair, Chip, both of you put the colony at risk. If we had the buggy, things might have been easier when we had to leave Sequoia.

CHIP: I'm /sorry-

MELISSA: /It was a dumb mistake. Like me not stopping Keila and Faye, or listening to Jacki about the floods, or any of you about the shadows. If they got us and destroyed the bus, no one would've survived on this planet.

Melissa turns to Chip.

MELISSA: (to Chip) And you had us risk our only other vehicle, to save your lives.

CHIP: I'm sorry, Melissa.

MELISSA: (moving on) It's fine. Let's not dwell on this any longer.

CHIP: Sure. (attempting to break the tension) But when we're back, you're not gonna lock me up again, right? (small laugh) We're, um...we're good?

MELISSA: (small laugh) Yes, Chip. We're good.

FADE TO COMMERCIAL.

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE (2.1): INT. PORTA HAB - EVENING.

The storm outside the Porta Hab has reached a fevered pitch, but still continues to grow in intensity. The walls creak and groan like an old wooden ship at sea, continuously hinting at an imminent collapse.

CUE MUSIC.

GEOFF: Erin and I have done what we can, but the embryos won't survive without the colony's Med Bay.

MELISSA: There must be a way to improve our situation here.

ANDI: I gave the Captain a list of components she can take from the bus to repair the nitrogen tanks.

JACKI: And dismantle our only form of transportation?

GEOFF: (biting) Planning another trip?

JACKI: (narrows eyes) No.

MELISSA: We can always put the bus back together later, but right now, we need to reinforce the Porta Hab and dig in for the long haul.

GEOFF: Reinforce?!- Colonel, this storm is about to tear right through our walls. This structure is not suitable for "the long haul," no matter how much everyone pitches in. Now. Sequoia provides unparalleled /stability-

MELISSA: (struck a nerve) /I'm not having this discussion again!
ANDI still doesn't have a reliable connection to Sequoia.

JACKI: I'm sure Chip can help him fix it!

ANDI: We're working on it, but this break is like nothing we've seen before. The colony feels like it's lost in a thick fog, like Sequoia is gone, but still there. Surfing along the Sound Tunnel felt different to me. I knew I'd eventually find you through the waves, but there's like, an itch inside Sequoia that I can't scratch, resonating deep inside my being. It feels-

GEOFF: (get to the point) Beautiful prose, ANDI, but I'd love some clarification on what you DO know about Sequoia.

ANDI: (matter of fact) I still have a limited connection to the bots. I can send them messages, issue repair instructions, but their responses are blocked. Without visual or aural receptors, I can't determine if they've successfully drained and resealed the colony.

A moment.

MELISSA: Now that you are privy to all of the information, does that settle it for you, Mister Thomassen?

GEOFF: Not at all. We know how bad it is here, but at least we can assume the bots are doing their jobs and repairing Sequoia.

MELISSA: We could also assume the bots are offline and Sequoia's underwater. I'm not going to risk moving injured colonists on a hunch.

JACKI: Maybe I, or-or someone else, can scout ahead-

MELISSA: NO ONE is going anywhere. We're all staying here.

The wind whips and whistles, the walls of the Porta Hab shuddering as the storm crescendos to near its peak.

GEOFF: (swallowing pride) If that's what you want.

JACKI: (easing tension) Okay. So let's make a plan. ANDI, send me a list of what we can use from the bus to reinforce the Porta Hab.

ANDI: You got it.

JACKI: Melissa, talk to the battalion and get them up to speed on the shadows, just in case they find us.

MELISSA: I- (quick beat) Sure thing.

JACKI: I know you'll keep us safe, Colonel.

BANG! A huge rock smashes into the Porta Hab and streaks across the domed roof and rolls down the eastern side of the structure. The walls creak and fiberglass cracks as a large panel breaks off the outside, exposing everyone to the elements.

Colonists panic.

END MUSIC.

CONTINUE TO:

2.2: INT. PORTA HAB - CONTINUOUS.

The storm rages louder, wind blowing hard and hail pelting the structure. A klaxon blares!

ANDI: One of the eastern panels- it's tearing off!

MELISSA: Tell everyone to get into their EVA suits, now!

ANDI's voice speaks over the PA.

ANDI: Colonists: we have an emergency situation. Please get your EVA suits on immediately.

Melissa, Geoff, Jacki, and the rest of the colonists run to and rustle into their suits.

GEOFF: We need to get everyone away from the walls!

MELISSA: Agreed. Geoff, round up the civilians and I'll get the battalion ready for repairs...or an attack.

Everyone zips up their suits and snaps on their helmets. The storm continues to rage outside the creaking walls.

Another lightning strike, this time louder due to the ripped off panel. The hail seems to be getting larger as the sound deepens in the impacts.

Sounds and voices filter into Geoff's suit, his own voice reverberating inside his helmet.

GEOFF: ANDI! Tell everyone to meet me by Medical.

ANDI: On it.

Jacki runs for the airlock.

JACKI: I'm gonna fix that panel. ANDI, tell Chip to get the sealant-

MELISSA: Hold up!

JACKI: It's too dangerous to wait! Look at that hail- we can't stay exposed like this!

Melissa rushes after Jacki.

GEOFF: Melissa!

MELISSA: Jacki! We just got you back!

GEOFF: Melissa, wait!-

MELISSA: (CONT'D) You don't need to play the hero-

JACKI: I've got this, Melissa!

Jacki runs out the airlock.

GEOFF: Don't waste your time, Colonel. She's gone-

MELISSA: She's one of us! And I'm NOT going to lose anyone else!

Melissa chases Jacki outside.

CROSS FADE TO:

2.3: EXT. PORTA HAB- CONTINUOUS.

Outside, the storm is louder. Grape-sized hail and small rocks ping into Melissa's visor and pelt her suit. Melissa pushes against the heavy winds, trying to reach Jacki who is well ahead of her.

The external sounds and voices filter into her helmet through the comms. Her own voice reverberates inside her helmet.

MELISSA: ANDI! Tell the battalion to get into defensive positions within the Porta Hab! Shadows got the jump on us before, and I won't let it happen again. Continue full perimeter scans and get them on my HUD, now.

ANDI: Of course.

ANDI displays the various details on Melissa's HUD.

ANDI: (CONT'D) Infrared and SONAR are clear. I think we're okay, there's nothing I can see except the storm.

MELISSA: But you didn't see anything before they scorched Ferris, either.

ANDI: No, I didn't. They might be learning how to undermine our technology.

CROSS FADE TO:

2.4: INT. PORTA HAB - CONTINUOUS.

Geoff speaks through his external suit speakers as panicked colonists rush around him.

GEOFF: Please, everyone! Remain calm and try to help each other-
A loud creak as the Porta Hab shifts a bit. People scream.

GEOFF: ANDI, what the hell was that?!

ANDI: A few southwest anchor points came loose!

GEOFF: Unbelievable. Make sure everyone is going to medical and that they stay there. I'll see what I can do about the anchors!

ANDI's voice speaks over the PA, booming over the howling storm. Geoff runs to the loose anchor point.

ANDI: Everyone, your safety is our top priority. High Command is currently securing the Porta Hab. Please move toward the center of the Porta Hab near the medical tent. Those of you who can help others, ping me now and I will guide you to those...

CROSS FADE TO:

2.5: EXT. PORTA HAB. - CONTINUOUS.

Outside again, the storm is louder as Melissa approaches Jacki who is struggling to lift the heavy panel.

MELISSA: Jacki! I told you to stay in the Porta Hab!

JACKI: Colonel, there's no time to argue.

Jacki hoists up the panel higher. Melissa runs up to Jacki and stops.

MELISSA: You disobeyed a direct order!

JACKI: You can yell at me later, but first help me lift this!

Melissa clambers over to Jacki and pushes up on the panel. They both strain as they lift the panel into place.

JACKI: (straining) Higher!

They both strain as they lift the panel and slot it into place.

JACKI: There! (coughs) Oh!-

CROSS FADE TO:

2.6: INT. PORTA HAB - CONTINUOUS.

Geoff drills down a bolt, securing a loose anchor.

ANDI: Good! Southwest anchor-point seven secure.

GEOFF: Any other loose points?

ANDI: Southwest anchor-point sixteen.

Geoff runs quickly to the next point and begins tightening the bolt.

GEOFF: If Melissa expects us to stay here indefinitely, we need to find a stronger way to ground the Porta Hab.

ANDI: I agree, but without additional materials, there's only so much we can do-

GEOFF: I know, I know...

Geoff finishes tightening the screw.

GEOFF: (sighs) Got this one. Any more?

ANDI: Keep checking the edges counterclockwise up to where it joins the southern wall.

Geoff hurries along, pausing to tighten each anchor point as he goes.

GEOFF: IF we stay here, what would you put our odds of long term survival at?

ANDI: There are a lot of variables for me to factor in, in order to get an accurate statistic-

GEOFF: Ballpark it.

Geoff tugs an anchor and it jolts a bit. He drills the bolt, tightening it.

ANDI: (BEAT) Forty-eight percent chance we survive.

GEOFF: And returning to Sequoia?

ANDI: Fifty-two percent chance we make it back in one piece and the colony is secure. But I haven't run every possible scenario, leaving a high margin of error.

GEOFF: Fifty-two is still better than forty-eight.

ANDI: Yes. And since we will have to continue scrambling to keep this place intact, the odds of surviving here are unlikely to improve.

GEOFF: Agreed.

Geoff finishes drilling.

GEOFF: (panting) That's the last anchor. I'm going to check on the colonists.

Geoff rushes off.

CROSS FADE TO:

2.7: EXT. PORTA HAB - CONTINUOUS.

Jacki and Melissa are fitting the panel into place.

JACKI: Chip! You almost ready?!

Chip speaks through the comms. He's pushing a cart, the wheels rattling across the floor.

CHIP: (panting) Almost there!

MELISSA: Chip? ANDI said for everyone to get to safety-

CHIP: I know, but Jacki needed me to help with this!

A cluster of large chunks of hail pelt Jacki and Melissa's suits.

JACKI: AH!

Jacki loses her grip on the panel but Melissa holds it.

MELISSA: I still got it!

Melissa helps Jacki hoist the panel back into place.

JACKI: Here- thanks!

Jacki rubs her arm.

JACKI: Ergh! That'll leave a mark-

The wind lifts the panel, but Melissa slams it down again.

MELISSA: The hinge broke!

JACKI: This panel wasn't installed correctly! Who put this thing together?!

MELISSA: We did it! Everyone that was still here assembled this Porta Hab and did whatever they could to make sure we survived.

Inside Chip pushes the cart up to the wall. He jumps up on it and begins sealing the panel.

CHIP: I'm here! Hold it steady...!

Chip applies the sealant to the panel.

MELISSA: If he gets hurt and we lose our engineer again-

JACKI: He'll be fine! One problem at a time, Melissa.

The panel slots into place as Chip finishes sealing it.

MELISSA: You're issuing a lot of orders, Jacki.

JACKI: (exhausted frustration) I'm doing my job, Colonel. Things are literally falling apart here, and everyone needs to pitch in, so stop critiquing every decision that I MAKE!

CROSS FADE TO:

ACT THREE, SCENE ONE (3.1): INT. PORTA HAB. - CONTINUOUS.

The storm still rages outside, but it is muffled now with the panel repaired.

CUE MUSIC.

GEOFF: Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, me makes twenty-three, plus Melissa and Jacki totals twenty-five. All present and accounted for.

Geoff clicks his comms and they chime.

GEOFF: Colonel Walker. I've secured the anchor points and everyone seems okay for now. Where are you?

MELISSA: Coming in now.

GEOFF: Copy. I'll meet you at the airlock.

Geoff walks over to the airlock.

MELISSA: We fixed the panel as best we could.

JACKI: A temporary fix.

ANDI: The sealant will hold, even with the storm.

JACKI: Let's hope so. That hail is getting larger.

The airlock opens and closes and Melissa and Jacki clomp inside.

MELISSA: Any idea on when the storm will let up, ANDI?

ANDI: Not for several more hours.

JACKI: After seeing the damage to the exterior of the Porta Hab, I really hope we can hold on that long.

GEOFF: Anything more we can do to secure ourselves?

ANDI: Once the storm eases up we can get a better assessment.

JACKI: I've got some ideas.

GEOFF: I welcome your expertise, ANDI.

JACKI: You do know that I'm the one who even thought of fixing the panel, right?

GEOFF: THANK you.

Geoff slaps his hand on the back of Jacki's suit.

GEOFF: (CONT'D) Have a pat on the back for your trouble-

JACKI: Don't touch me-

MELISSA: It was a team effort all around. Please be civil with each other.

GEOFF: You want me to be civil to this deserter?!

Lightning cracks and thunder booms!

GEOFF: Maybe I'd feel more civil if she hadn't left the buggy out at FUCKING /OLYMPUS MONS!

MELISSA: /Geoff!

GEOFF: (exasperated) Look at the mess we're in! I was only in charge of this colony for two sols and I know beyond any doubt that we are hanging by a thread. Our medical supplies, food stores, sanity- all dwindling down to nothing while we wait, and saving these two just added two more mouths to feed. Our colonists- they are nervous, they are scared, and they need hope. (firm) Melissa. As Former Acting High Commander and current Director of Colonial Finances, I implore you, PLEASE: we have to return to Sequoia if we're going to survive.

MELISSA: (gentle but firm) Geoff. I want to get us home too, but it's too risky.

GEOFF: ANDI says it's riskier staying here!

ANDI: Slightly, based on some modeling.

GEOFF: Colonel, I'm only trying to take some of the burden off your shoulders- we can even put it to a vote!-

MELISSA: This decision will not be made by a committee!-

JACKI: Both of you, calm down! ANDI. If we were to leave, when's the soonest we could go?

ANDI: The eye of the storm will pass over us several hours from now.

The roof creaks.

ANDI: (CONT'D) Given its size, we would have more than enough time to make it back to Sequoia.

JACKI: And you're certain we'd make it back safely?

ANDI: I've got a ninety-nine point three, four, seven, eight, nine percent chance of accurately predicting the trajectory of this storm, so yes, if we stay ahead of it we should have just enough time to safely make the journey.

MELISSA: What about the shadows?

JACKI: I know, it's a risk...and I hate to admit it, but I think Geoff is right. If the Porta Hab and everyone here is falling apart we need to go back home.

MELISSA: I still don't think /that we-

JACKI: /Melissa, I'm sorry, but I'm making the call. We're heading back once there's a break in the storm.

A brief, awkward silence.

MELISSA: (uncomfortable) You- (holding back words) Fine. We'll head back. But if I think the shadows or storm pose any kind of threat, each of you will follow my lead.

JACKI: Okay. (quick beat) ANDI. How long until there's a break?

ANDI: A little under seven hours.

JACKI: Then let's start packing. We'll make it through this.

FADE OUT.

EPILOGUE: INT. PORTA HAB, MELISSA'S SECTION - NIGHT.

Geoff walks over to Melissa's partition and pulls the zipper closed behind him. The wind blows steadily outside, making the walls creak. They no longer wear EVA suits.

GEOFF: Colonel. (quick beat) Melissa.

MELISSA: This is highly unusual-

GEOFF: I know. But. We need to have a frank discussion about what happened earlier, regarding command structure.

MELISSA: Come to apologize for your assertiveness?

GEOFF: (laughs) No, no. This isn't about me. After all, you put me in charge while you were gone, Colonel. Now. I do admit I may have pushed things a bit further than you expected, but, did you notice how eagerly Jacki agreed with me?

MELISSA: That was...surprising.

GEOFF: (rehearsed) She wants to regain a hold on her former position of power. You saw how she waltzed in here, expecting to give orders and take back command. She doesn't seem to understand that her time as High Commander, or anything like it, is over. We need to officially strip her of that title.

MELISSA: Rank, Mister Thomassen.

GEOFF: (scoffs) She's not a soldier. She hasn't earned it, like you. A title can be taken away as easily as it's given.

A moment.

MELISSA: Once we're in Sequoia, I will address her actions. I promise you that much.

GEOFF: (smiles) THANK you. That's all I ask.

Geoff walks away and zips the flap closed on Melissa's partition as he heads back into the main section of the Porta Hab.

END EPISODE.