

BOUNTY ACROSS THE COSMOS S1E1:
TO THE COSMOS BEYOND FINAL DRAFT

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANET PROVE - HUNTING GROUNDS - DAY

A horned rabbit-like creature travels the hunting grounds carefully, watching its surroundings as it moves. While meticulously moving through the forest, the animal stops as movement can be heard.

Fleeing for its life, the creature dashes away, only to be startled by a mysterious silhouette. The animal suddenly gets captured by a spiked trap that pins it to the ground.

The animal futilely attempts to break free, remaining in place as blood flows from its wound.

Kitara "Kit" Provence (8), a scared and innocent blue-haired, purple-eyes & star-shaped pupils humanoid alien girl wearing futuristic clothing that looks like she's prepared for winter, is hiding in the woods in bushes.

At Kit's side stood Solace "Sol" Provence (15), her blue-skinned visage framed by tentacle-like hair. Her slender form and rough demeanor contradicted the caring gaze she directed at Kit. She's also a chain smoker.

They wore similar clothing, and a small knapsack hung from Sol's shoulder. As they communicated in a unique alien language, the cadence of their words resonated through the air.

SOLACE PROVENCE

(assured)

Got it.

Sol rushes to the animal. Kit follows close behind, conflicted over their actions. Sol pulls out a fancy-looking curved hunting knife with a heather mauve-colored tilt. She offers it to Kit, who hesitates.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Take it!

Annoyed, Sol forces Kit to grasp the knife and gestures for her to use it on the helpless animal.

Kit's breath caught, her eyes widening at the animal's desperate struggle.

Clenching her fists, nails digging into her palms, she watched the creature fight in vain against the unforgiving trap. Her gaze remained fixed on the futile attempts at freedom, mirroring the creature's helplessness.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Use the blade, Kitara!

TIME CUT:

A brief flashback of Sol (6) in a similar position to Kit.

TIME CUT:

Back to the present, frustration contorts Sol's face. She signals Kit to return the knife. Sol kills the rabbit, dragging it in a sack as they head home. She then lights a cigarette in her anger and takes an elongated inhale and puff.

EXT. PLANET PROVE - HUNTING GROUNDS- FOREST- DAY

Amidst the rustling grass and howling winds, an unspoken silence envelops Sol and Kit, dominating the forest ambiance.

Kit fidgets nervously, her hesitant eyes avoiding Sol's disappointed gaze. The unspoken tension hangs heavy as she grapples with the words to ease Sol's disappointment.

Just as Kit seems to find the strength, Sol beats her to speaking first.

SOLACE PROVENCE
Kitara, you know what we are,
right? And what our family does?

Kit silently nods in agreement.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Then why are you making this so
difficult for the two of us?

Sol's question is met with silence.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Kitara, do you think I want this?
Parading around with tools sharper
than any kid should ever see?

Kit looks away from Sol as she continues.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 If we don't do this, we end up
 dead. We end up-

Sol pauses before continuing.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 Missing, like our brother Brock. Is
 that what you want?

Solace takes a puff from her cigarette before continuing.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 He went snooping where he didn't
 belong, didn't want to play ball,
 and now he's nowhere to be found.

Kit meets her eyes with Sol again as she responds, confused
 and overwhelmed by Sol's words in the same language.

KITARA PROVENCE
 Why are we the ones who have to do
 this? I wouldn't say I like doing
 this, and the smell of blood makes
 me sick.

Sol's frustration returns to an intense calmness, fully
 succumbing to her life.

SOLACE PROVENCE
 Because this was the life we were
 born to be in and written by the
 very stars.

Sol lets Kit down as they arrive at their destination.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANET PROVE- PROVENCE CASTLE WALKWAY- DAY

SOLACE PROVENCE
 (o.s.)
 We're here.

A castle in the distance shows itself. It is surrounded by hi-
 tech airships with unique designs and shaped with oval and
 triangular exteriors with raised, lowered, and extended
 wings. Soldiers run the grounds, training and conversing with
 each other.

Kit runs toward her Uncle Orlah (60s), a kind grey-haired man with an eye patch on his left eye and a bodybuilder's build, wearing armor with a fusion of medieval and futuristic design.

The armor also features the Provence insignia of a supernova in the process of detonation on the chest area. Orlah is accompanied by two humanoid soldiers in a similar get-up. The soldiers look to be in their early 20s, one with brunette hair and the other blonde.

EXT. PLANET PROVE - PROVENCE CASTLE -DAY

The Provence Castle looms large, an imposing fusion of medieval grandeur and futuristic precision. Its presence dominates the landscape, a testament to the family's powerful legacy. Kit greets her Uncle with a hug.

KITARA PROVENCE
(excited)
Uncle Orlah!

Orlah lifts her with glee. Everyone speaks the same language Kit & Sol did earlier.

ORLAH PROVENCE
Hey little lady, how was training?

Sol, disappointed, nods.

SOLACE PROVENCE
(annoyed)
It was an attempt.

Kit is visibly upset.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)
And only an attempt.

Orlah takes note of Kit and Sol's expressions, wearing a worried expression of his own.

ORLAH PROVENCE
I see. That is-

Orlah pauses, choosing his words carefully so as not to hurt Kit.

ORLAH PROVENCE (CONT'D)
(consoling)
At least a step forward.

Orlah senses the tension. Kit plays with soldiers as Sol talks with Orlah.

SOLACE PROVENCE

(upset)

You're not helping.

Orlah's disgruntlement shines through, feeling exasperated by Sol's lack of acknowledgment of his understanding of the situation.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)

"Attempts" are no longer good enough. They were cute at first, but the ti-

Orlah angrily but quietly interrupts Sol, gently touching her shoulder to get her attention so as not to alert Kit.

ORLAH PROVENCE

(angry)

Don't you think I know that, Solace? The girl isn't ready for this, not yet.

Sol crosses her arms, unmoved by Orlah's softness towards Kit. Rage slowly builds as she remembers her training.

SOLACE PROVENCE

Do you think I was ready? Tell me, Orlah, how old was I when I started?

Sol takes a moment to breathe.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)

How old was I when I took my first life?

Orlah's face drops as his anger shifts to sympathy & pity as he sorrowfully listens to Solace's rant.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)

I'm sure the answer is that I was even younger than Kitara, and she's already eight.

Sol pauses before coming up with an idea.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)

You're head of the science division, Orlah. Can't you do stuff to her head to make her more efficient?

Orlah refuses angrily.

ORLAH PROVENCE

(angry)

I'm not going to do
"Science stuff," to my niece.

As Sol gets impatient with Orlah, the brunette soldier interrupts to get Sol's attention.

SOLDIER #1

Miss Solace, your presence is
requested.

Annoyed, Sol gets snappy with the soldier.

SOLACE PROVENCE

(angry)

Not now!

The soldier pauses, giving Sol an alert look that grabs her attention, ensuring her the matter is urgent.

SOLDIER #1

Madame Provence requests your
presence.

Sol and Orlah glance at each other, knowing that Madame's request is unlikely to be friendly. Sol curses under her breath.

SOLACE PROVENCE

Damn it.

INT. PROVENCE CASTLE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

The entrance hall is shrouded in darkness with limited lighting despite lights hanging nearly everywhere.

The hall also features medieval-like decor, such as armor and weaponry spread throughout the surroundings.

Sol enters the darkened entrance hall of the castle, where her adoptive mother and father greet her, Madame N'vati (40s) (ni-vah-tee) and Lord Borghuon (60s) (bor-gu-yon) Provence.

N'vati is a deceptively young-looking red-skinned, black-haired & eyed woman with curved horns protruding from her head. She has sharpened teeth and a serpent-like tongue. N'vati acts motherly but is emotionally and physically manipulative.

N'vati wears a fancy dark red dress with the Provence insignia and matching heels. Her hair is fashioned into a bun with a crown-like brooch.

Borghuon is a muscular, older-looking man with grey hair and blue eyes. Borghuon appears stern on the surface but, unlike N'vati, does somewhat genuinely care for his makeshift family. Borghuon is wearing a fancier version of Orlah's armor fit for a king with the Provence insignia.

Sol's footsteps echo through the peaceful darkness, building an atmosphere of palpable tension. To the corner of the hall, Sol tosses the sack with the bloody rabbit, which N'vati notices.

SOLACE PROVENCE
(sarcastic)
Madame mother, lord father.

N'vati deadpans Sol's sarcasm before shifting to a false sense of motherly love.

N'VATI PROVENCE
(feigning)
Ah, my dearest daughter Solace.

N'vati motions for Sol to lift her head with an intended sense of security.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Rise, rise, no need to bow.

Sol cautiously adheres to N'vati's request.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
I hear we had another-

N'vati air quotes.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
"Accident" during your training
with Kitara?

Sol, not buying the facade, rolls her eyes.

SOLACE PROVENCE
If you call a complete and total
failure-

Sol also air quotes.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)
"An accident," sure.

Impatience slowly washes over N'vati in the cold, dead, quiet hall.

N'VATI PROVENCE

Solace, my dearest daughter. I want to show you something.

N'vati extends a hand to the castle entrance. Sol eyes her with suspicion as N'vati gestures toward the castle entrance. Kit plays with the guards as Orlah watches, smiling.

SOLACE PROVENCE

(sarcastic)

Kitara is playing with some underlings while our Uncle has a creepy look on his face. How riveting.

Her patience fully expired, N'vati deadpans Sol as she points out again.

N'VATI PROVENCE

No, dear, look closer.

N'vati presses a small button, revealing a transparent blue shield blocking the entrance.

SOLACE PROVENCE

What the hell?

N'vati slowly inches closer to Sol as she explains.

N'VATI PROVENCE

Noise-cancelling shields. A product of our scientists' relentless endeavors.

Sol's guard drops, and she glances nervously from N'vati to the situation outside.

SOLACE PROVENCE

Why?

N'vati moves closer with deliberate steps, her expression stoic.

N'VATI PROVENCE

We're assassins for hire, dear. Assassination demands unseen, undetected, and unheard malice.

As N'vati invades Sol's personal space, she signals a soldier to aim a handgun at Kit, who's distracted.

Sol tries to protect Kit but is tripped and effortlessly pinned to the ground by N'vati's boot on her neck, immobilized.

Sol struggles to break free; there's no point as N'vati has the full force of her strength applied. Sol turns to N'vati, pleading as the tough exterior she's known for quickly fades, her face now full of uncertain dismay.

SOLACE PROVENCE
(desperate)
No, please stop!

N'vati kneels to meet Sol at eye level, her face emotionless.

N'VATI PROVENCE
You mentioned your uncle's "creepy" look. Solace, that look is happiness—something you should experience more often.

N'vati increases the pressure on Sol's neck, who lets out a pained sound.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Something you've been taking for granted.

Borghuon intervenes, his voice stern.

BORGHUON PROVENCE
That's enough, N'vati.

N'vati, undeterred, emphasizes their family's control. Sol, fighting back tears, gains limited courage to speak.

SOLACE PROVENCE
(tearful)
I get it. Okay, you hold all the cards. Just leave Kitara out of this.

N'vati chuckles, dismissing Sol's plea.

N'VATI PROVENCE
Oh, my dear daughter. Kitara is as much a part of this as you, your father, and I.

Tears fall from Sol's eyes as she realizes the hopelessness of her position.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 Let me ask you, Solace. Do you know
 why we call ourselves family?

Sol remains silent, defeated.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 Everyone here is "family," but it's
 more. It's a title of honor,
 showing you are the best of the
 best in our humble abode.

N'vati breathes before continuing.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 We plucked you from your worthless
 planet of a home as we took it over
 and made you into a near-perfect
 killer. Your sister, we found by
 chance on our soil.

Borghuon's patience with N'vati begins to wear as he
 stoically grunts under his breath during her long-winded
 rant.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 Yet it feels like you either fail
 to keep your end of the bargain or
 lack the desire to do so.

N'vati points out the Provence insignia to Sol.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 Do you know why our insignia is a
 supernova in the process of
 imploding?

Sol responds stoically as a small puddle forms from her
 tears.

SOLACE PROVENCE
 Because we consume everything?

N'vati playfully chuckles before correcting Sol.

N'VATI PROVENCE
 Funny, it is because our goal as a
 "family" is to insert ourselves
 into nearly every asset available
 to the cosmos.

Pause.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)

Then, when the moment strikes, we command, conquer, and, to quote your vernacular, consume from within. That is what it means to be a Provence—consistently proving and advancing your worth.

N'vati releases her boot from Sol's neck and arm, deadweight to the ground.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)

Never forget, Solace. You and your sister are our puppets, and we are the masters of your strings.

N'vati signals for the soldier to lower and hide his gun. Orlah rushes to Kit's side, giving Sol an assured glance.

N'VATI PROVENCE (CONT'D)

Continue to dance for us, and teach your sister to dance. Do this; I promise you will never worry for as long as you live.

N'vati distances herself from Sol, heading up a staircase. Borghuon follows but stops, giving Sol a pitied glance.

BORGHUON PROVENCE

I'm sorry, Solace.

Borghuon heads upstairs as an emotionally broken and beaten Sol gets to her feet and exits the entrance hall. Orlah greets Sol, collapsing into his arms as he comforts her.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CUT TO:

A brief image of clouds parting in the sky indicates that time has moved.

Super: Five years later

EXT. PLANET PROVE- CASTLE GROUNDS- AIR HANGAR- EVENING

Kit (14), now sporting a strand of purple dye in her hair, sneakily walks around the castle grounds. Kit has become full of rebellious spirit since her youth, completely denying her family dynamic and planning an escape. She's wearing fashionable 2000s-like clothing that clashes with Planet Prove assassins' usual totalitarian wear.

Sneaking into the air hangar, three heavily armored assassins suddenly confront Kit, their imposing figures casting shadows in the dimly lit space.

SOLDIER #3

Miss Kitara? What are you doing in the air hangar? Shouldn't you be with your uncle or sister?

Kit stammers, her mind racing for a plausible excuse.

KITARA PROVENCE

(nervous)

I'm checking out the ships. I mean, I'm going to be flying these one day.

The soldiers pause, curious of Kit's story, but suddenly smile.

SOLDIER #3

Taking a peek into the future, huh? Good for you.

The soldier gives Kit a playful wink.

SOLDIER #3 (CONT'D)

And don't worry, we won't let Madame N'vati know about this little incident.

Kit sighs in relief.

KITARA PROVENCE

Thanks a lot.

The soldiers leave as Kit waits for them to be out of sight. She pulls back her sleeve, revealing a digital wristwatch-like device. Kit presses the touch screen, which reads "remote activate." The computer's AI reacts.

COMPUTER

Ship controls activated.

Multiple ships in the hangar begin activating and booting up, with several taking off into the air and others gliding at ground level. Alarms sound off, alerting several Prove soldiers to check out the chaos.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANET PROVE- FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS- EVENING

Solace awakes and exits her room to investigate, already knowing who's likely responsible. N'vati suddenly interrupts to pry any details.

N'VATI PROVENCE

(angry)

Solace, who's responsible for this?

Solace deadpans before answering.

SOLACE PROVENCE

(sarcastic)

Who do you think is capable of this exactly? Fond of science, skilled with technology, quite hack savvy.

N'vati growls and hisses at Sol in a rage, running off toward the hangar. Sol is unmoved but follows.

SOLACE PROVENCE (CONT'D)

Yep, I love you too, Mom.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANET PROVE- CASTLE GROUNDS- AIR HANGAR- EVENING

As everyone else is preoccupied with the hacked ships, Kit finds an unhacked ship and begins booting it up. The ship is slightly larger than a Dassault Falcon 2000S jet with folding retractable wings and an oval-like shape.

Sol arrives, seemingly to intervene.

SOLACE PROVENCE
Hacking all the ships' launch
controls is pretty intelligent,
even for you.

Kit stares at Sol, her eyes revealing a mix of defiance and resignation.

KITARA PROVENCE
(stoic)
Are you going to stop me? Get it
over with already.

Sol takes a few moments to consider her options before reminding Kit about the harsh reality of her stunt.

SOLACE PROVENCE
(concerned)
You know what they're going to do
no matter what I choose? And
they're probably going to get me to
do it, Kitara.

Fully aware yet uncaring, Kit moves forward with her escape.

KITARA PROVENCE
I guess it's up to you to play
their games, Sol.

Surprised but pleased, Solace bids Kit goodbye with a smile.

SOLACE PROVENCE
Press start, Kitara.

Kit syncs her watch with the ship's controls, and a cascade of code floods the screen before displaying a welcoming message, 'Welcome, Kitara.' Most of the ship's controls are touch and wireless, with few physical ones, such as levers and multiple colorful buttons.

KITARA PROVENCE
Goodbye, Solace.

The ship takes off, leaving Sol watching, momentarily stoic. A slight smirk itches across her face, revealing pride in her sister's defiance.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
(overwhelmed)
It's finally over.

With a sigh of relief, Kit barely glances back at her now distant past, finally feeling as though she controls her life.

EXT. SPACE- EARTH'S SOLAR SYSTEM- MORNING

INT. KIT'S SHIP- SHIP'S CONTROL ROOM

Kit reclines on a worn, leather-like seat in the dimly lit ship's control room, the hum of machinery surrounding her. Kit squirms in the chair, trying to get comfortable, so she scans it for its materials.

COMPUTER

I am scanning, couch for sitting
and laying for comfort made of
various materials including animal
parts such as fur and skin.

Kit's face shifts to horror and disgust.

KITARA PROVENCE

(disgusted)

Gross, ugh.

Kit forces herself to get comfortable again. Suddenly, alarms go off, waking Kit; she heads to the control panel and sees a field of asteroids coming her way. In a panic, Kit attempts to evade the asteroids but is unsuccessful.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(hysterics)

Please don't die, please don't die!

The ship sustains significant damage and enters self-repair mode, locking Kit out of the controls. Unable to navigate, Kit, covered in sweat and fear, braces for impact as the ship bursts into flames, entering Earth's atmosphere.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. CAPRICE CITY FARMLANDS- DAY

Reaching the farmland of a modern-day city, the ship crosses a sign that reads, "Welcome to Caprice City: population (number unreadable off-screen)."

OVER BLACK:

DARYL HATTENS

(v.o.)

Humanity is a monotonous hellscape.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CITY- DAY

We glimpse a broken and beaten city utterly devoid of present development or a life of any kind. Empty of humans, animals, and nature.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPRICE CITY- RESTAURANT- DAY

A modern-day city with streets bustling with speeding vehicles, a torrent of pedestrians navigating through towering skyscrapers, and all forms of industry stretching endlessly into the distance. Horns blaze in the foreground while the sounds of machinery echo in the background.

DARYL HATTENS

(v.o.)

Simulated paradises prolong the inevitable: born, live, die. All while struggling to make sense of everything in between.

A limited amount of nature is seen as a faux showing of trees here and there to feign care for Mother Nature's efforts to keep our planet alive. A gentle breeze stirs, the sun casting a mild glow. The aroma of breakfast mingles with the scent of industry, creating a sensory tapestry in the air.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Outside our lives, we have to worry about our loved ones' lives and people telling us how to live our lives.

Diverse patrons populate the restaurant's outdoor seating, a symphony of tastes and cultures converging in a lively culinary scene. Laughter mingles with the clinking of utensils, creating a vibrant yet superficial ambiance.

Their tables are full of unique and flavorful-looking meals, though lacking in anything new for taste, cups filled to the brim with their choice of morning coffee or tea.

Some are dressed for business, with a newspaper in hand, exhibiting tired expressions and slumped shoulders. Others sport more casual wear, their faces showing weariness or perhaps the anticipation of another monotonous day.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. CAPRICE HIGH- DAY

Super: Sometime later

We see a sign that reads "Caprice High School."

INT. CAPRICE HIGH-DAY

Daryl Hattens, a depressed, cowardly, 16-year-old African-American, looks over a bright, colorful poster that reads "Senior graduation, six months away!" with gloom etched across his face. The audience temporarily sees the world visualized in grey through his eyes.

DARYL HATTENS

(v.o.)

No hope, no change, no escape.
We're trapped in an infinite loop
of monotony.

INT. CAPRICE HIGH- CLASSROOM- DAY

Daryl slumps over his desk, uninterested in his teacher's ramblings about the current lesson. His head is full of questions without answers, and his eyes gleam with an empty stare for miles.

EXT. HATTENS' HOME- DUSK

Daryl's bus arrives outside his home, a two-story house with a Victorian artistic bent with black and white colors. He slowly walks through his walkway and enters his house.

INT. HATTENS' HOME-DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Daryl eats dinner with his parents: Dr. Damon Hattens, an African-American man in his mid-40s with a linebacker build in his work uniform, and Nino Hatahle-Hattens, an athletically built Native American woman of Navajo descent in her mid-30s with brunette hair wearing modern Navajo clothing.

Their home has an array of African and Navajo decor on the walls, and trinkets sit all around. Daryl's parents address him with intrigue and concern.

DR. HATTENS

So um-

Nino gives Damon body language of encouragement.

DR. HATTENS (CONT'D)

(caring)

How was school today, son?

Daryl slowly gazes up at his father with a stoic stare while he plays with his food.

DARYL HATTENS

(sarcastic)

It was a day at school.

Damon and Nino look at each other with concern.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)

Can I be excused, please?

NINO HATTENS

Sure sweetheart.

Daryl heads upstairs to his room with little effort before stopping halfway out of view from his parents. He eavesdrops for a bit on their conversation.

NINO HATTENS (CONT'D)

(concerned)

What are we going to do about this, Damon?

Damon rubs his neck, unsure of how to help their son.

DR. HATTENS

I don't know. Maybe we could introduce him to a therapist? I mean, this has been going on for a while.

Nino gives Damon a disappointed look.

NINO HATTENS

A few years is more than-

Nino air quotes.

NINO HATTENS (CONT'D)
 "A while," Damon. Our son needs
 help. And I feel like we haven't
 made much effort to give it to him.

Damon, unsure of an honest response, shies away from Nino's
 statement.

DR. HATTENS
 Yeah, that kid is a bit of a
 mystery.

Nino gets exasperated by the lack of effort.

NINO HATTENS
 (upset)
 The mystery is we need to
 communicate with our son more.

Damon and Nino's voices fade into the background, becoming
 unintelligible and wholly unheard by the audience. Daryl's
 grey view of the world returns as he walks to bed with little
 energy or effort.

INT. HATTENS' HOME- DARYL'S ROOM- NIGHT

Daryl lies awake, not even struggling to fall asleep.
 Completely turned off emotionally, Daryl gets out of bed and
 heads outside.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. HATTENS' HOME- NIGHT

Daryl grabs his bike and rides down his neighborhood's dark,
 barely-lit street. Finally overwhelmed, Daryl starts talking
 to himself aloud.

DARYL HATTENS
 (upset)
 Help your son, help your son. What
 exactly is there to help? I'm
 fucking depressed. It's not like
 you can put a Band-Aid on it.

As Daryl continues his rant, the distant hum of Kit's ship
 grows louder, resembling a crashing meteorite. Startled,
 Daryl slams on the brakes, tumbling from his bike in shock.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
 (visibly shaken)
 What the fuck!

EXT. CAPRICE FARMLANDS- DAWN

The ship crashes into empty farmlands and sends a shockwave, destroying surrounding trees. The shockwave blew Daryl back several feet; after recovering, Daryl headed towards the crash.

DARYL HATTENS

(to self)

Okay, Hattens, get ready for something extraordinary-or something that might kill you.

EXT. CAPRICE FARMLANDS- CRASH SITE- DAWN

We see Kit's crashed ship. It's sunk into a crater from the impact with heavy exterior damage, dents, dings, and exposed wiring with electric surges every few seconds.

INT. KIT'S SHIP- COCKPIT

The ship enters self-repair mode, granting Kit limited control for operations.

KITARA PROVENCE

(optimistic)

Shit, shit, shit. Ok, Kitara, open your eyes, and it'll all be ok.

Kit slowly awakes from her cockpit, yelling in pain as she stands and panics, grabbing her injured leg. Kit reaches for a nearby small-sized carry bag and pulls out a grey out, which she places on her injured leg, healing it nearly instantly.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

The miracles of medical science.

Kit waits for the medicine to kick, sighing in relief. Getting out of her cockpit chair, Kit slowly heads towards her ship's exit door. She looks outside a nearby window, examining what little she can of her surroundings.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(worried to herself)

Oh, by the Gods, where the hell am I?

An exposed wire releases a surge of electricity near Kit's face, terrifying her.

Kit falls to the ground, frantically crawling toward the exit. She opens the door's digital lock through her palm imprint.

EXT. CAPRICE FARMLANDS- CRASH SITE- DAWN

Kit steps out of her crashed ship, scanning her surroundings. The cold morning wind rustles through her hair. In the distance, she's unaware of the human boy frozen in shock in the background. Kit activates her watch, which materializes a jacket covering her.

KITARA PROVENCE
(to herself)
Why is it so freaking cold?

Kit scans the planet's surface to gain new data on her destination.

COMPUTER
Scanning, Destination found:
Planet: Earth, Lifeforms: bacteria,
plant life, and several living
organisms. The most notable species
are humans, and advancement is low.
Essential Resources: rock, water,
vegetation, and potential food
sources. Threat Level: unknown.

Kit takes in the computer's findings.

KITARA PROVENCE
Unknown, what? It's mostly a bunch
of rock and water. How bad can it
be?

Kit, mesmerized by the surrounding destruction despite being able to kill a man twice her size, exhibits childish glee for a moment.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
(surprised intrigue)
Oh!

Kit's temporary horror at the sight changes to excitement as she spots a herd of farm animals, cows, and horses, mainly in the distance for the first time.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
(to horses)
What the heck are those pretty
things?

There is a slight pause before Kit turns her attention to the cows.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
(to cows)
And those less pretty...kind of
ugly things, ew.

Kit moves forward but stops herself, completely stunned by what she sees a few feet ahead: Daryl Hattens, who's in just as much shock as she is. -the two stare at each other, trying to decipher the thoughts of the other.

Daryl examines Kit's person for a bit.

DARYL HATTENS
(to self)
Ok, you're about to be the luckiest
teenager on Earth and possibly the
dumbest.

Daryl tries to get the attention of the wary Kit.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
(afraid)
Uh--

Daryl points out to Kit's ship, momentarily surprising her before continuing.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
Did you just come out of that
thing?

Not understanding English, Kit continues approaching. Feeling threatened and understanding just as little of Kit's language, Daryl grabs a rock, brandishing it as a projectile weapon.

KITARA PROVENCE
(in alien language)
Yes, I did that's-

Kit notices Daryl's terror and tries to calm him down, but he again threatens her with the rock.

DARYL HATTENS
(stuttering with fear)
S-stay back. I have a weapon!

Kit can't comprehend Daryl's warning and attempts a slow approach.

Once again feeling threatened, Daryl makes good on his promise to weaponize the rock by throwing it at Kit, who winces in pain.

KITARA PROVENCE

(angry)

Ow, what the hell, man?

Kit angrily grabs the rock and tosses it back at Daryl, who also winces and yells in pain.

DARYL HATTENS

(angry)

Ow!

Realizing the communication breakdown, Kit activates her watch and scans Daryl. He reacts with alarm, grabbing the rock again. Kit scans herself, waiting for the computer.

COMPUTER

(in English)

Species: Human detected, Language:
English detected and integrated.

Daryl drops the rock, stunned, hearing the computer. Kit deadpans Daryl's shock before rolling her eyes. She speaks English for the first time, furthering Daryl's shock.

KITARA PROVENCE

Ugh, finally. Now we can-

Daryl quickly interrupts.

DARYL HATTENS

(amazed)

Holy shit, you can speak English
now?!

Kit continues, visibly annoyed.

KITARA PROVENCE

We can properly speak to each other
now.

Daryl points out Kit's watch, intrigued by the few capabilities he's seen it perform.

DARYL HATTENS

You did that with a little watch?

Kit rolls her eyes.

KITARA PROVENCE

It's not a watch, guy.

Kit gives Daryl a closer look at the watch, looking over it to examine it.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

It's a highly advanced portable supercomputer connected to various technologies and networks.

Daryl deadpans Kit, slightly less impressed.

DARYL HATTENS

So, it's a smartwatch.

Kit glares at Daryl exasperated.

KITARA PROVENCE

(annoyed)

Ok, listen. I don't want any problems this is going to bring. So, If you don't mind, I have a ship to fix.

Kit returns to her ship as Daryl follows with a science nerd's glee.

DARYL HATTENS

Hold on, wait a second.

Kit activates her ship, bringing up a holographic schematic of her ship's exterior and interior designs. Daryl catches up to her as she compares the schematic to the ship.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)

Do you need any help? Maybe I could-

Kit's facepalms interrupt Daryl as her annoyance peaks.

KITARA PROVENCE

Look, I have a lot on my plate here. If you want to help, how about we start by you staying out of my way?

Daryl disappointingly accepts Kit's request.

DARYL HATTENS

Ok.

Kit returns her attention to the ship but humors Daryl for a bit.

KITARA PROVENCE
What's your name, by the way, guy?

DARYL HATTENS
Daryl Hattens, and you?

Daryl extends his hand for a shake, which Kit accepts.

KITARA PROVENCE
Kitara Provence.

Daryl appears slightly overwhelmed by Kit's name.

DARYL HATTENS
Jesus, it's a bit of a mouthful.

Kit grunts, frustrated.

KITARA PROVENCE
Just call me Kit for short, ok, and
I'll call you D-man. Because,
again, I have bigger things to
worry about than remembering your
name.

Daryl gets annoyed by Kit's request but begrudgingly accepts.

DARYL HATTENS
Fine.

Daryl sits off to the side Indian style, bored, as Kit grabs
advanced-looking tools to begin the repairs on her ship.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. AMERICAN MILITARY BASE- DAY

We see a military base hidden in the middle of nowhere. It looks highly advanced for a modern base with unique never-before-seen vehicles for combat in air, land, and sea spread throughout its area.

SCIENTIST #1

(o.s)

We picked up the signal again!

INT. MILITARY BASE- MISSION CONTROL ROOM- DAY

A room full of scientists in lab coats actively moving around with colorful, blinking buttons, advanced-looking computers, enormous screens, and lab desks with test tubes for experiments is shown. Alarms blaze in the background with the scent of electricity burning and human panic in the air.

SCIENTIST #2

Keep visuals on the crash site!

General Jags (40s) has blonde hair, a buzz cut, and a militant build. He exudes a cocky, authoritative, angry presence, appearing unprofessional in nearly every way.

GENERAL JAGS

(angrily yelling)

Move it, move it! I want all the latest updates you can provide on the

Jags speaks to the scientists only to be interrupted by Agent Melissa Morrow and Dr. Ivan Volkov.

AGENT MORROW

(o.s)

Jags!

Morrow, a brunette woman in her 20s, radiates confidence without bordering on cockiness. Her infectious and caring demeanor uplifts those of weaker spirits. She possesses a workout body.

Volkov, a blonde Russian in his 30s, combines high intellect and empathy for his fellow living beings.

AGENT MORROW (CONT'D)
(stern)
What the hell is going on here?
What's with all this chaos?

Jags gets annoyed and complies with Morrow while maintaining his dominance.

GENERAL JAGS
(blunt)
This is what I'm talking about,
Agent.

Jags reveals a remote, turning on one of the screens. It shows Kit navigating the asteroid field, entering Earth's orbit, and crashing with Kit exiting. Morrow and Volkov look on in shock.

DR. VOLKOV
My God!

The two share a gasp.

AGENT MORROW
(stunned)
Is that even real!?

Jags turns to Morrow with a grin.

GENERAL JAGS
Oh, it's real, Agent. As real as
you and me.

Jags paces back and forth between Morrow and Volkov as he continues. His face is stern, with his chest puffed out.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
Ya, see what we have here-

Jags looks to Morrow.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
Madame.

Then to Volkov.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
(in an animated tone)
Nerd. It is a genuine classic.

Jags calls for Morrow and Volkov to lean in for suspense, and they reluctantly oblige.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
(yelling)
An alien invasion!

Morrow and Volkov wince from Jags screaming in their ears, then share a look. Volkov tries popping his ears with his pinky.

AGENT MORROW
(annoyed)
Jesus Jags, are you sure about this invasion angle? It's one ship, for God's sake.

Volkov nods in agreement with Morrow, adding to her comment.

DR. VOLKOV
(concerned)
There also appears to be merely one alien present.

Morrow shrugs.

AGENT MORROW
And it's a little girl; alien or not, she doesn't appear to be that much of a threat.

Jags gets angry before composing himself to respond.

GENERAL JAGS
(arrogant)
Looks can be deceiving, Agent. I'd figure someone working for the CIA would know that.

Morrow glares at Jags and scolds him.

AGENT MORROW
(insulted)
Before you question my credentials as an agent, please explain why you see a hostile alien.

Jags pauses and turns his attention away from Morrow and Volkov to the still image of Kit on the screen.

GENERAL JAGS
(serious)
I'm sure you're probably aware, Agent. My granddaddy was an agent, just like you. He was involved in one of the first incidents of third kind close encounters.

Jags inhales and exhales a deep breath before continuing.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
Roswell, face-to-face contact. He nearly gave his life to fight off that invasion and was punished for it! By a government run by cowards!

Morrow deadpans Jags with secondhand embarrassment.

AGENT MORROW
(unimpressed)
Jags? Agent Albert Jags? The guy was a damn coward with an itchy trigger finger.

Jags angrily returns his attention to Morrow with speed.

AGENT MORROW (CONT'D)
He nearly got all those agents and aliens killed in a shoot-out spark because he was a paranoid wuss who couldn't handle otherworlders staring him in the face.

Jags shouts at Morrow with momentary rage.

GENERAL JAGS
My granddaddy was a hero! And I swore to uphold his goal to protect Earth from alien invaders.

Morrow shrugs off Jags' bravado.

AGENT MORROW
And if they're not hostile?

Jags pauses with a smirk.

GENERAL JAGS
(chuckling)
We should be so lucky, Agent.

Morrow whispers to Volkov.

AGENT MORROW
(whispering)
We're dealing with a speciesist maniac.

Volkov nods in agreement.

EXT. CAPRICE FARMLANDS- CRASH SITE- DAY

Kit is tinkering away at her ship as Daryl (still sitting Indian-style) is rocking and humming, building up frustration and annoyance in Kit.

DARYL HATTENS

(curious)

So, how'd you do all that stuff
with the watch?

Kit grunts, with her annoyance peaking.

KITARA PROVENCE

(annoyed)

I already told you how. It's a
supercomputer con-

Daryl waves Kit off, interrupting.

DARYL HATTENS

I get it, but it doesn't make
sense. How does a scan from a watch
grant you the powers of
English...and make a jacket appear?

Kit rolls her eyes and points to her brain.

KITARA PROVENCE

There's a microchip in my brain
that the watch digitizes and sends
the data to for my mind to process
instantly.

Kit pauses for a few beats.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

The jacket thing is just the basic
materialization of digital matter.
Also, I'm wondering why I know a
language that starts with S.

Daryl's eyes widen at Kit's revelation.

DARYL HATTENS

Spanish? Dude, I took that for like
one semester, and I sucked at it.

Kit shrugs.

KITARA PROVENCE

Yeah? Well, now I know all of it.

Pause. Kit nods as she shows off her Spanish.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Criaturas tan primitivas (such
primitive creatures).

At his limit, Daryl again tries to bargain with Kit.

DARYL HATTENS
Come on, Kit, let me help.

Kit rebuffs Daryl more sternly.

KITARA PROVENCE
I appreciate you wanting to help,
but I got it ok. Just watch out for
anyone interfering so I can get out
of here as soon as possible, and
you can deal with the next space
visitor.

Daryl pulls out his smartphone out of a mix of boredom and
anger.

DARYL HATTENS
(frustrated)
Be that way. I guess I'll dick
around on my phone until you leave.

Kit ogles over Daryl's phone as her curiosity peaks.

KITARA PROVENCE
(curious)
What is that box-looking thing?

Daryl unlocks his phone to show Kit its working
functionalities.

DARYL HATTENS
It's a smartphone.

Kit shrugs.

KITARA PROVENCE
A smart what?

Daryl pulls up several random apps, showing them off.

DARYL HATTENS
A smartphone lets me talk to people
in vocal and text form. It can also
help me look up anything in
seconds, load a video, etc.

Kit raises an eyebrow.

KITARA PROVENCE
 (arrogant)
 So, it's a portable supercomputer?

Daryl nearly responds but stops and gives Kit the evil eye, much to her glee.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 (animated joy)
 Yeah! How's that feel, huh? It's not so good on the other side, right?

EXT. AMERICAN MILITARY BASE- DUSK

Soldiers rush out, loading weaponry onto military vehicles as if preparing for a massive war. Jeeps zoom all over the base, and Jags leads the charge, prepping his men for battle. Morrow and Volkov head towards the scene, looking on in disbelief. Jags heads to a stage with a podium where he rallies the troops.

GENERAL JAGS
 (authoritative)

Soldiers! Tonight, you become more than you presently are.

Jags buffs out his chest, pounding on the podium as he continues.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
 You become more significant, more incredible than this military could have ever hoped.

Morrow and Volkov eye each other, horrified by Jags' rising influence as the soldiers cheer.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
 Tonight, you become thwarters of galactic fucking-

Jags throws the podium an impressive distance from the crowd and rips off his shirt in his hype.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
 Conquest! Now, let's get out there, kill some invaders, and become some God damned alien ass-kicker war heroes!

The soldiers roar excitedly, chanting Jags' name, who continues to pump them up with a smile. Morrow's rage gets the best of her, and she attempts to get the crowd's attention.

AGENT MORROW
(shouting)
It's one God damn alien!

Morrow fails, her face dropping, feeling nearly defeated.

AGENT MORROW (CONT'D)
Come on, Ivan. We're stopping this
right now.

Morrow rushes out, with Volkov following closely behind.

DR. VOLKOV
Yes, of course, Agent.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CAPRICE FARMLANDS- CRASH SITE- DUSK

Kit solders on panels with a solder gun to the formerly exposed but now repaired wiring throughout the ship's interior and bang out most of the dents. Daryl is laid out, still bored. He glances at Kit's handy work for a second before returning his attention to his phone. Kit relaxes, cracking her back, proud of herself.

KITARA PROVENCE
(optimistic)
There, finally done. Now, let's see
if we can get it started.

Feeling a bit guilty for excluding Daryl, Kit gains his attention.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Hey, D-man, want to come check out
the ship?

Daryl raises, slightly bewildered by Kit's offer.

DARYL HATTENS
(excited)
Seriously?

Kit nods, assuring.

KITARA PROVENCE
Yeah, why not? The least I can do
is show you what a real-

Kit air quotes.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
"U.F.O" looks like.

Daryl quickly corrects Kit.

DARYL HATTENS
We call them UAPs now: Unidentified
Anomalous Phenomenon.

Kit deadpans, then sighs.

KITARA PROVENCE

(disappointed)

What the hell is it with you people
giving everything fancy names?
Can't things exist?

Daryl shrugs.

DARYL HATTENS

I'm not on the naming committee,
okay?

Kit rolls her eyes, properly inviting Daryl into the ship.

KITARA PROVENCE

Whatever, let's go.

Kit unlocks the door and lets Daryl step in first. Daryl's eyes gleamed as if he were a kid in a candy store, seeing the advanced technology.

DARYL HATTENS

(amazed)

Oh my God! Look at it all: walls
and walls of buttons, ports, and
Lord knows what else.

Daryl's excitement gets the best of him, and he reaches out to a random blinking button but is quickly stopped by Kit.

KITARA PROVENCE

(stern)

No! Do not touch.

Disappointed, Daryl agrees with a nod before returning to his childish excitement. Despite being unable to relate to Daryl, Kit is happy for him.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

So, how does it feel to be the
first human to be in an alien
spaceship?

Short pause.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

As far as you know.

Daryl, not hearing Kit's whispering, replies.

DARYL HATTENS

It's pretty cool. I'm a bit surprised at how much it looks like an airplane.

Kit shrugs.

KITARA PROVENCE

I guess specific shapes are more aerodynamic than others. Let me show you the controls.

Daryl tries to contain himself as he follows Kit.

INT. KIT'S SHIP- COCKPIT- DUSK

We see the same imagery of Kit's cockpit from earlier, only looking like some damage had a makeshift but working repair job.

KITARA PROVENCE

Welcome to the cockpit.

Kit activates her watch, booting up the ship's computer.

COMPUTER

The operating system has started.
Sign-in recognized. Welcome back,
Kitara Provence.

Kit clears her throat.

KITARA PROVENCE

Computer, run engine diagnostic.

The computer brings up imagery of the ship's computer and a screen that reads "scanning for damage" loading bar, from 0% to 100%.

COMPUTER

The diagnostic is complete; minor damage has been detected, and the ship's engine should be fully operational.

Kit and Daryl celebrate while preparing their goodbyes.

KITARA PROVENCE

(joy)
Excellent, I'm about to get out of your way soon.

Daryl nods.

DARYL HATTENS

Yeah, it sucks, but thanks for making my dull life entertaining with a rollercoaster of emotions for a while.

Kit gives Daryl a playful bump.

KITARA PROVENCE

Ditto. I'll start her up and get out of here. Computer, power the engine.

The computer brings up a screen with several control options as it charges the engine.

COMPUTER

Engine starting.

The engine attempts to start. Things look promising until the engine suddenly stops dead. Kit's face alters between disappointment and anger.

KITARA PROVENCE

(exhausted and angry)

What the hell? Fully functional, my ass.

Kit kicks the computer's console, hurting herself. She grabs her hurt leg, hopping around for a bit.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

Oh, damn it.

Daryl tries to appease Kit.

DARYL HATTENS

Relax!

Kit rebuffs Daryl's effort.

KITARA PROVENCE

The hell with that. I need to get out of here.

Kit bangs on the console with her fist in pointless, defiant retaliation.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(angry)

Computer, engine failure. The issue causing it, tell me now!

The computer scans the ship for a second round of errors and completes it.

COMPUTER

Scanning, it would appear that the engine's power has run dry. An external power source is recommended.

Kit, ultimately defeated, falls to her knees, wallowing.

KITARA PROVENCE

(hopeless)

Why, why me? I want to leave this place to start my life finally.

Daryl tries to reconcile Kit before an idea strikes.

DARYL HATTENS

(optimistic)

Kit, I'm-wait external power source? Yo, wait here.

Daryl runs off to grab his bike. Kit slugs her way out of her ship to get eyes on Daryl.

KITARA PROVENCE

(agony)

Where are you going?

Daryl climbs on his bike, pedaling away from the crash site.

DARYL HATTENS

Don't worry, Kit, I'll be back in a few minutes. If this works, you'll be booted up and off-world.

Kit gives Daryl a lazy thumbs-up as he reads off. Trying to regain her composure, Kit checks the ship for any missed damage.

KITARA PROVENCE

I may as well see if I screwed anything else up.

While overlooking the ship, Kit sees what appears to be writing on the tail of the plane covered from dirt gathered in the crash.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(intrigued)

Huh?

Kit clears the dirt spot, and alien writing is shown as unreadable to the audience. Kit reads the writing aloud.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
See you soon, star girl.

Kit exhales, knowing who the message came from.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Damn it, Solace.

Kit glances in the direction Daryl ran off to.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Computer, research something for
me. Subject: Humans, objective:
complete known history.

The computer complies with Kit.

COMPUTER
I am connecting you to local
networks for research queries.
Query complete, downloading data.

Kit looks over the data, her face getting more horrified by the second.

EXT. HATTENS' HOME- DUSK

Daryl arrives outside his home, noting his parents' vehicles are gone. He glances over to the garage.

DARYL HATTENS
(devious)
Perfect.

INT. HATTENS' HOME- GARAGE= DUSK

Daryl fiddled around the garage, tossing about random items until he notes his family's portable generator.

DARYL HATTENS
(hopeful excitement)
Got it! Man, I hope this works.

EXT. HATTENS' HOME- DUSK

Daryl wheels out a small wagon from the garage outside and attaches it to his bike with a rope.

He picks up the generator and carries it with a struggle to the wagon, placing it inside. Nearly falling over, he takes a moment to breathe.

DARYL HATTENS
(unhealthy panting)
I need to work out.

Daryl gets back on his bike and pedals off with some struggling to the farmlands.

EXT. CAPRICE FARMLANDS- CRASH SITE- DUSK

Kit continues reading about human history on her computer, which reads "Chapter 67: The Wars of All Human Time." Daryl pulls up on his bike, breathing heavily from the exhausting ride. Alarmed by his presence, Kit replaces the previous screen, returning it to the engine diagnostic before greeting him.

KITARA PROVENCE
(nervous)
Oh, hey, you're back.

Daryl gets off his bike but quickly falls to his knees, trying to regain his energy.

DARYL HATTENS
(smiling in pain)
Yep, I think I found something to help.

Daryl points out the generator, which Kit glances at.

KITARA PROVENCE
(excitement to
disappointment)
Awe-what the hell is that?

Daryl proudly explains.

DARYL HATTENS
A portable generator.

Kit shrugs.

KITARA PROVENCE
And it does what, exactly?

Daryl begins tinkering with the generator, checking to see if everything is in order.

DARYL HATTENS

It acts as a holding cell for reserve power. You can charge one using gas or electricity. We're in 2024, so this is an electric one.

Pause.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)

You might want to cover your ears.

Kit complies with Daryl's warning.

KITARA PROVENCE

(confused)

Why do I need to

Kit is interrupted by Daryl turning on the noise-polluting device. Kit winces from the noise, begging for an explanation while yelling to speak.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(agony)

Why, why by the Gods is it so loud!?

Daryl shrugs, also yelling.

DARYL HATTENS

That's just kind of how it works, Kit.

Kit effortlessly wheels the generator into the cockpit, impressing Daryl.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)

Kit? Do you work out?

Kit activates the computer for a unique command.

KITARA PROVENCE

Computer activate noise-cancelling for excessive sound reaching the ship's interior.

The computer complies, surprising Daryl as the generator suddenly goes silent. He checks to see if it's still on, which it is. Daryl's excitement peaks, and he yells but is cut off to silence.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

Really? Computer, turn off noise-cancelling for speech.

Daryl gives Kit an ashamed expression but motions for encouragement to speak.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
It's alright, you can talk now.

Daryl looks away for a bit.

DARYL HATTENS
Sorry.

Kit nods, accepting the apology as Daryl pulls a cord from the generator, looking for a way to plug it in.

KITARA PROVENCE
(doubtful)
Come on, D-man, that thing isn't going to work.

Daryl looks over the cockpit's computer console, searching for a potential plug.

DARYL HATTENS
How the hell am I even supposed to plug it in? You would think a highly advanced alien ship would have some crossover with other tech.

Kit raises an eyebrow. Surprised Daryl would consider his tech compatible with hers.

KITARA PROVENCE
Or, your tech may be ancient or outdated and probably won't even do you guys any favors.

Daryl shakes his head at Kit's suggestion and finds what looks like an auxiliary port, plugging the generator into it.

DARYL HATTENS
This looks promising.

Kit, still lacking in fate, downplays Daryl's efforts.

KITARA PROVENCE
I'm telling you that thing is not-

Kit is interrupted by the ship's charging mode activating.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Working.

The computer loads up a charging screen beginning at 1%, ensuring the generator is, in fact, compatible.

COMPUTER

Engine charging successfully started. T-minus three hours until completion.

Daryl does a celebratory dance as Kit looks on in complete shock before being surprised again by Daryl.

DARYL HATTENS

(in Spanish)

No tan primitivo ahora, ¿eh? (Not so primitive now, huh?)

Pause.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)

That's right, I picked it back up eventually.

Kit keeps silent momentarily, respecting Daryl's victory before returning her attention to the engine.

KITARA PROVENCE

So, we have three hours to kill for this thing.

Daryl pauses, coming to realize the situation.

DARYL HATTENS

Oh, yeah.

Awkward silence for a few beats. Daryl looks over at Kit as if he has a request. Kit already understands and says it for him.

KITARA PROVENCE

(annoyed)

You want to talk about everything I know about space for the next three hours, don't you?

Daryl nods.

DARYL HATTENS

Yes, please, yes!

Kit facepalms before accepting her current fate.

KITARA PROVENCE

Alright, what the hell? Ask away, I guess.

Daryl smiles wide as his intrigue peaks.

DARYL HATTENS

I have so many questions. It's like those three hours will fly by!

Kit looks horrified at the thought.

KITARA PROVENCE

Oh god.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CAPRICE FARMLANDS- CRASH SITE- DUSK

Kit and Daryl sit across from each other in chairs outside the ship, waiting for the engine to finish charging. The computer can be seen in the background with the bar at 5% charge.

KITARA PROVENCE

OK, I'll tell you what I know about the greater universe, and you can tell me about...Earth, I guess. Remember, my knowledge is limited as I've rarely been off-world.

Daryl gives Kit a thumbs up.

DARYL HATTENS

I got it.

Kit gets comfortable in the chair, knowing she's in for a torturous three hours.

KITARA PROVENCE

Alright, first question shoot.

Daryl taps on the ship's exterior.

DARYL HATTENS

How does your ship work, like flying-wise?

Kit shrugs.

KITARA PROVENCE

Are you familiar at all with how your aerial vehicles work?

Daryl rubs his neck.

DARYL HATTENS

I mean, kind of?

Kit quickly responds.

KITARA PROVENCE

Well, it's nothing like that.

Daryl deadpans Kit.

DARYL HATTENS
Then why did you even-

Daryl interrupts himself.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
You know what? Never mind,
continue.

Kit pulls up a holographic schematic of the ship, which rotates.

KITARA PROVENCE
At least for mine, it works with a
propulsion system that has anti-
gravity control.

Daryl glares at Kit.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
What?

Daryl clears his throat.

DARYL HATTENS
Nothing, it's just that this had
been rumored for a long time. We've
been doing things with anti-gravity
research.

Kit looks disturbed at Daryl's revelation.

KITARA PROVENCE
And I will put a pin in that
terrifying fun fact for later.

Kit sighs.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
My turn. I don't care about your
limited technology, so tell me
about your family.

Daryl shrugs off the question.

DARYL HATTENS
My dad is a doctor, and my mom is a
veterinarian. That's pretty much a
doctor for animals.

Daryl pauses for a moment before deciding to continue.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
I have a war vet grandpa on my
Dad's side and an Uncle who just
went missing one day, also on my
Dad's side.

Kit interrupts, curious.

KITARA PROVENCE
And your mom's side?

Daryl shrugs.

DARYL HATTENS
I don't know. Not much is known
about my mom's side because of the
tightly-knit Navajo thing.

Short pause.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
After my Mom met my Dad and my
birth, we kind of just lost touch
with that side of the family.

Pause.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
Thinking about it out loud, I
really hope this isn't a racism
thing.

Daryl playfully points out to Kit.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
It's your turn again. Let's talk
about your family.

Kit makes a stop gesture with her hand.

KITARA PROVENCE
Sorry, I can't say too much. Let's
say my folks are the type who move
around a lot, rarely sticking
around, if ever, outside of my
mother and father.

Daryl gives Kit a look of suspicion.

DARYL HATTENS
It's a bit secretive but fair.

Kit and Daryl look bored after some time has passed. The computer sets off a sound notification indicating the charging has been completed.

KITARA PROVENCE
Oh, shit, the engine is charged.

Daryl stretches in his chair as Kit goes to the engine.

DARYL HATTENS
Finally.

INT. KIT'S SHIP- COCKPIT- DUSK

Daryl meets Kit in the cockpit, who readies a countdown of the charge attempt.

KITARA PROVENCE
(hopeful)
This is it, you ready?

Daryl nods confidently.

DARYL HATTENS
Ready.

Kit pulls up the engine start screen, ready to press it.

KITARA PROVENCE
Ok. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1!

Kit presses the button. Daryl braces himself, but the engine successfully starts. The ship levitates a few feet off the ground.

KIT/DARYL
Yeah!

Daryl and Kit celebrate the successful start of the ship. They dance around and finish with a high five.

KITARA PROVENCE
This is a charge for reserved power
to see if my ship could still fly.

Kit pats the ship's console like a pet.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
That said, I should still be able
to get it off-world and be out of
your hair to enter full repair
mode.

Kit pauses before making Daryl an offer he can't refuse.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
 (friendly)
 Do you want to go for a ride?

Daryl is mixed with emotions of shock, intrigue, and excitement with glossy eyes.

DARYL HATTENS
 (excited)
 Really?

Kit nods.

KITARA PROVENCE
 Yeah, why not? I'll give you a ride for a few hours, then send you back home. It's the least I could do after today.

Daryl shakes enthusiasm and hugs Kit.

DARYL HATTENS
 Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Kit pulls Daryl off.

KITARA PROVENCE
 Ok, ok, calm down.

The sound of a car pulling up can be heard. Daryl and Kit react to each other with worry.

DARYL HATTENS
 That's probably not ok.

A voice booms as Kit and Daryl exit the ship.

AGENT MORROW
 (o.s)
 Oh my God, there is a crash!

Kit's eyes bulge, realizing more humans have appeared. Agent Morrow and Dr. Volkov are beside a small car several feet from Kit's ship.

DARYL HATTENS
 (worried)
 Kit, do something.

Kit pulls out a button similar to N'vati's from earlier and releases a much larger version of the noise-canceling shield from before.

KITARA PROVENCE
(hostile)
Stay back!

Daryl pokes his head from the shield.

DARYL HATTENS
(threatening)
We have weapons!

Kit jerks Daryl back into cover.

KITARA PROVENCE
(insulted)
Dude, what are you doing? We don't
have any weapons, and if my ship
does, I'm certainly not finding out
how to get them because I don't
kill people.

Daryl has a slight panic.

DARYL HATTENS
So, then what are we going to do!?

Kit shrugs, unbothered despite the situation.

KITARA PROVENCE
I don't know. I don't even eat
anything alive, let alone kill it.

Daryl pauses.

DARYL HATTENS
So, what, you're a vegetarian?

Kit deadpans, Daryl.

KITARA PROVENCE
I said I don't eat anything alive.
Technically, plants are living
things, and also literally, though
I'm not sure you have any like that
on Earth.

Daryl quickly responds.

DARYL HATTENS
Venus fly trap is my response to
that question; look it up.

Morrow, flanked by Volkov, interrupts Kit and Daryl, urgency
in her tone.

AGENT MORROW
(hurried)
Kids, we have a concise window to
explain, but we must leave.

Daryl and Kit poke out from the shield.

DARYL HATTENS
(cautious)
Stay back!

Morrow gets more aggressive in her approach.

AGENT MORROW
(concern)
I'm Agent Morrow, CIA. This is Dr.
Volkov. There's a madman on the
way. We need to move now.

Kit and Daryl cautiously leave the shield.

KITARA PROVENCE
(wary)
How can we trust you?

Morrow, nonchalant, challenges their safety.

AGENT MORROW
(sarcastic)
Are you caught or dead yet?

Kit and Daryl exchange glances, Kit annoyed.

KITARA PROVENCE
No, and no.

Morrow uses snappy body language with a hand on her hip.

AGENT MORROW
Well, then there ya go.

Pause.

KITARA PROVENCE
(to Daryl)
I kind of like her.

Morrow eyes over at Kit.

AGENT MORROW
Is she dangerous?

Daryl shrugs, deadpan, and retorts.

DARYL HATTENS
(sarcastic)
Am I dead yet?

Morrow gives Daryl an annoyed but assured look.

AGENT MORROW
No.

Daryl side eyes for a second.

DARYL HATTENS
Alright then.

Pause.

AGENT MORROW
What are your names, by the way?

Daryl gestures to himself and Kit.

DARYL HATTENS
I'm Daryl Hattens, and this is Kit.

Kit raises a finger.

KITARA PROVENCE
Yo.

Military vehicles approach. General Jags emerges. Daryl spots the tank.

DARYL HATTENS
(terrified)
Oh shit, they have a tank!

Kit, unimpressed, questions.

KITARA PROVENCE
A what?

Daryl explains animatedly.

DARYL HATTENS
Oversized, powerful military
vehicle!

Morrow rushes off with Volkov.

AGENT MORROW
(to Kit)
Get the ship ready. We'll buy time.

Daryl sighs as Kit attempts to prepare the ship for launch. Jags fires a warning shot from a pistol, scaring Kit and Daryl back to the shield. Jags is handing a megaphone from a soldier and yells into it.

GENERAL JAGS
(commanding)
Not so fast, alien swine.

Kit glances over the situation.

KITARA PROVENCE
What the hell is up with your
species?

Daryl shrugs.

DARYL HATTENS
What do you mean?

Kit continues.

KITARA PROVENCE
Why do you always want to kill
something because you don't
understand it? I looked up your
species' history. Do you have any
idea how many wars you've been in?

Daryl scratches his head.

DARYL HATTENS
I'm sure there's a lot, but-.

Kit interrupts and deadpans Daryl.

KITARA PROVENCE
Most sentient species are at war
maybe one hundred times every ten
thousand years. You guys have had
one hundred in like a thousand.

Kit gets animated in her anger.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
(angry)
Right now! You're in active wars
across your planet right now!

A deflated Daryl responds.

DARYL HATTENS
What do you want me to say, Kit?
Humanity is fucked.

Kit's face drops as she turns her attention back to Jags.

KITARA PROVENCE

(exasperated)

That's reassuring. We're definitely not surviving this.

Daryl's eyes bulge at Kit's prediction. Morrow stops before his army and pleads with Jags as the soldiers aim at her and Volkov.

AGENT MORROW

For the love of God, don't shoot, you idiot.

Morrow pauses before calling out the soldiers.

AGENT MORROW (CONT'D)

(angry)

Put your God damn guns down. I'm a CIA agent, you morons.

The soldiers comply with Jags' order. Jags turns his attention to Morrow.

GENERAL JAGS

(confident)

Agent Morrow, come to aid the human race or help in its impending destruction?

Morrow facepalms.

AGENT MORROW

(pleading)

Damn it, Jags, you're making a mistake.

Jags yells at Morrow with aggressive body language.

GENERAL JAGS

(upset)

Mistake? You call protecting our planet of green, brown, and blue a mistake, Agent? Where's your humanity?

Morrow glares at Jags.

AGENT MORROW

(angry)

It's trying to stop your crazy ass from sparking that invasion you claim to be so afraid of.

Jags waves off Morrow turning his attention to Kit and Daryl, who are poking out of the shield. He turns on the megaphone and begins speaking.

GENERAL JAGS
(to Daryl & Kit)
Listen up, alien, and, uh, Kid.

Morrow groans.

AGENT MORROW
Their names are Daryl Hattens and
Kit.

Kit interrupts as the soldiers retake aim at her and Daryl. Morrow and Volkov facepalm in disbelief.

KITARA PROVENCE
My name is Kitara Provence,
actually.

Pause for a beat. Kit gestures to Daryl.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
Kit is a me and him thing. I'm just
saying.

Kit ducks behind the shield, and Jags rolls his eyes.

GENERAL JAGS
Whatever, listen up.

Pause.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
(mocking tone)
Kitara Provence and Daryl Hattens.
You have about five seconds to come
with us for questioning. If you do
not comply, you will be filled with
so much lead you'll be mistaken as
a batch of poisoning.

Jags chuckles at himself.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
See what I did there? Lead,
poisoning, huh?

Everyone refuses to sell Jags' joke as a soldier coughs in the background. Jags grits his teeth at being ignored.

GENERAL JAGS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Nobody knows comedy anymore.

Morrow snaps her fingers into Jags' personal space to gain his attention.

AGENT MORROW
Hey, look at me. Enough, Jags. I know you're doing this to try and make your fairy tale hero grandfather proud, but this needs to stop.

Daryl steps out of cover to interrupt.

DARYL HATTENS
You might want to listen to her, army dude.

Jags replies with the megaphone.

GENERAL JAGS
Finally, have something to say, potential traitor?

Daryl deadpans Jags.

DARYL HATTENS
I'm not too aware of Kit's species or her home planet, but the little I've met of her, she is not hostile at the very least.

Jags quickly responds

GENERAL JAGS
It's a likely alien trick.

Daryl angrily glares at Jags and gestures to the ship.

DARYL HATTENS
If you saw the amount of advanced tech on this thing, you'd know Kit had multiple opportunities to kill me, and she didn't. And she's way more terrified of us.

Kit pokes out of the shield for a few seconds.

KITARA PROVENCE
(honest)
I am.

(MORE)

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
I thought my family was fucked, but
you guys. I don't even know, man.

Kit hides again as Daryl agrees.

DARYL HATTENS
See?

Morrow again attempts to plead with Jags, who seems to be
coming to his senses.

AGENT MORROW
Do you understand Jags? Your
grandfather was a trigger junkie
wanna-be who got people hurt and
killed.

Kit comes out of hiding from the shield. Morrow gestures to
Kit.

AGENT MORROW (CONT'D)
She's not trying to hurt anyone she
wants to leave. Let her go, and
everything can go back to normal.

The soldiers lower their guns, moved by Morrow's words. Kit
is by Daryl's side, and they smile at each other. Jags
overlooks the situation, weighing his options.

GENERAL JAGS
(angry to Morrow)
My granddaddy was a hero!

Jags grabs a rifle from one of the soldiers and aims at Kit,
firing a shot. Daryl intercepts the bullet, taking it for
Kit.

DARYL HATTENS
(in pain)
Ow.

Daryl falls to the ground with a bullet wound in his chest.
Morrow, Volkov, Kit, and the soldiers look on in shock and
horror.

KITARA PROVENCE
(terrified)
Daryl!

Kit rushes to Daryl's side as the soldiers go after Jags.

DARYL HATTENS
(agony)
Hey, you remembered my name.

Kit reaches out of her bag to pull out a healing pouch.

KITARA PROVENCE

(caring)

Shh, don't speak and don't close
your eyes.

Pause.

DARYL HATTENS

Yeah, that last one might be tough.
I'm already falling asleep.

Kit applies the healing pouch to the wound, pleading with
Daryl.

KITARA PROVENCE

Daryl, no, don't go to sleep!

The soldiers gang up on Jags, subduing him. After watching
the chaos from the soldiers, Morrow turns her attention back
to Daryl and Kit, where the ship used to be. Morrow smiles,
knowing Kit and Daryl got away.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. DR. HATTENS OFFICE- DAY- PAST

Super: 8 years ago.

As a child (8), Daryl converses with his father, Dr. Damon Hattens (mid-30s), who's finishing up with an elderly patient and his wife.

DAMON HATTENS

(caring)

And remember, Mr. Roberts (to the patient), you have to take your pills twice a day, not thrice daily.

MRS. ROBERTS

Thank you, doctor.

The patient exits as Daryl questions his father.

DARYL HATTENS

Dad, are you happy?

Damon, slightly worried, turns his attention to Daryl.

DAMON HATTENS

(confused)

What do you mean, son?

DARYL HATTENS

Dad, you're always here, seeing the same people repeatedly. Doesn't that get boring?

Damon takes a few moments to ponder.

DAMON HATTENS

(assured)

I get it. Sounds a bit boring on the surface, huh?

DAMON HATTENS (CONT'D)

Doesn't it drive you crazy?

Daryl crosses his arms, disappointed.

DAMON HATTENS (CONT'D)

Sometimes, sure. But my ultimate goal is to help people, and this job does that.

DAMON HATTENS (CONT'D)
 So, to answer your original
 question, yes, I'd consider myself
 happy. What about you, son? What
 would make you happy in the future?

Daryl shrugs, looking away for a moment before returning to
 Damon.

DARYL HATTENS
 (upset)
 Not living my life on repeat?

Damon is slightly worried about his son's choice of words.

DAMON HATTENS
 (concerned)
 Well, that's just human life, son.
 Sometimes, survival is repetition.

DARYL HATTENS
 But I don't want that kind of life,
 Dad. Instead, I want to see new
 places and meet new people daily!

Damon kneels, resting his hands on Daryl's shoulders.

DAMON HATTENS
 (sympathetic)
 Sorry, son, that's just how we
 humans were built.

Damon hugs Daryl before exiting the room to give Daryl some
 space.

DARYL HATTENS
 I don't want an everyday human
 life, then.

Daryl reaches to the ceiling, begging for an unseen force to
 help.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
 (angry)
 Someone, please take me away!

EXT. EARTH'S SOLAR SYSTEM- NIGHT

Kit's ship floats through Earth's solar system. It appears to
 be in a power-saving mode with lights dimly lit.

INT. KIT'S SHIP- DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Kit watches over Daryl, lying on a couch in her ship's dining room. Daryl slowly opens his eyes.

DARYL HATTENS
(struggling)
Miranda?

An ecstatic Kit shakes Daryl awake.

KITARA PROVENCE
Oh, thank the Gods. Daryl, you're
alive!

Daryl fully awakes, sees Kit, and smiles.

DARYL HATTENS
(exhausted)
Kit? Ow, what the f-

Daryl looks at the healed wound on his chest in the shape of a scar. As Kit shies away from it, Daryl's eyes slowly widen over the reveal.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
Kit! What the hell happened to me?

Awkward pause.

KITARA PROVENCE
Yeah, you were shot.

Daryl suddenly remembers what happened.

DARYL HATTENS
(shock)
I was shot!?

Kit nods.

KITARA PROVENCE
Yep, you were shot.

Daryl and Kit share a glance at the wound.

DARYL HATTENS
Why am I still alive, Kit!?

Kit shows Daryl the healing pouch.

KITARA PROVENCE
Heal pouch.

Pause.

DARYL HATTENS

What!?

Kit shrugs.

KITARA PROVENCE

It's a healing pouch that's a standard medical tool on my planet...and generally throughout the cosmos. My family invented them.

Daryl eyes over the pouch.

DARYL HATTENS

Does that thing regenerate severed limbs?

Kit nods.

KITARA PROVENCE

No, it's limited to small and medium-sized injuries, cuts, open wounds, etc. I guess the medicine can also heal broken bones.

Daryl deadpans Kit, disappointed.

DARYL HATTENS

(sarcastic)

So, that thing can heal most physical injuries like magic. But, it can't heal severed limbs, also like magic?

Kit sighs, annoyed.

KITARA PROVENCE

Look, Daryl, I'm not trying to argue the limitations of medical science with you right now. You were shot!

Pause.

DARYL HATTENS

(concerned)

So, uh, what happens now?

Kit checks on the distant cockpit.

KITARA PROVENCE

Well, the ship is in repair mode at the moment. It will be a while before we can even do anything travel-wise.

Kit begins to walk off before being stopped by Daryl.

DARYL HATTENS

(curious)

It's probably none of my business, but why did you want to leave your homeworld so bad?

Kit pauses before submitting to confide in Daryl.

KITARA PROVENCE

(confessing)

It was...because of my job, ok.

Kit scratches her head.

DARYL HATTENS

(confused)

Your job? What job could a fourteen-year-old like you have that would cause them to drop everything?

A slight pause before Kit continues.

KITARA PROVENCE

(nervous)

I'm an assassin, Daryl. Or at least, I was an assassin. I can't kill anything, so I left to try and pivot.

Daryl gives Kit a sympathetic frown.

DARYL HATTENS

Pivot to what?

Kit is excited, but only for a few seconds.

KITARA PROVENCE

Bounty hunting. With bounty hunting, you pick whether the target is killed or captured.

Kit stares off into a distant window.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

It's where I was headed before crashing on your planet.

Daryl extends a finger before correcting a less-than-amused Kit.

DARYL HATTENS

Earth.

KITARA PROVENCE

(annoyed)

Right, I got it. It felt like the perfect plan until it wasn't.

Kit turns back to Daryl.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(worried)

So now you know the truth. I was meant to be a killer for hire. Now what?

DARYL HATTENS

(confused)

What do you mean?

Kit sighs before making Daryl an offer.

KITARA PROVENCE

It would be best if you didn't want to be near anyone like me with the skills I have.

Kit points out to Earth in the background of a nearby window.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

The academy where they train and license you to be a bounty hunter is a few light-years away.

Kit tinkers with her watch, rerouting back to Earth.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

If you want, I could drop you back off to Earth before I go.

Daryl gets animated, declining Kit's offer.

DARYL HATTENS

(convinced)

Are you kidding? Kit, I got shot for you, and you did everything possible to keep me alive. I feel safer with you than with my parents right now.

Kit takes in what Daryl just said.

KITARA PROVENCE

(concerned)

Oh, right, what about your parents,
by the way?

Kit points behind her, gesturing to Earth. Daryl looks
unconcerned with her question.

DARYL HATTENS

(unconcerned)

They barely noticed me when I was
around. I'm sure they're okay.

EXT. HATTENS HOME- DUSK

Agent Morrow is consoling Daryl's parents after informing
them of recent events. Jags is in handcuffs being taken but
is attacked by Damon. Nino is crying.

MR. HATTENS

(angry)

You son of a bitch!

The police hold back Damon.

INT. KIT'S SHIP- DINING ROOM

KITARA PROVENCE

Oh, but are you really ok traveling
so far with me, knowing what I can
do?

Kit rubs her left arm, somewhat embarrassed by her skillset.

DARYL HATTENS

Kit, you're trained to kill
everyone who threw themselves at us
today, and you didn't.

Kit momentarily refuses to make eye contact with Daryl. Daryl
attempts to reassure her.

KITARA PROVENCE

(upset)

Yeah, because I'm a coward.

Daryl nods, disagreeing.

DARYL HATTENS

No, because you're just like me.

Daryl rests a hand on Kit's shoulder.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
You hate doing what people expect
of you, too.

Kit smiles.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
And I'm more than happy being out
in the mystery of space with a
stranger who I can trust than being
a regular human any day.

Daryl smiles back.

KITARA PROVENCE
(happy)
Thanks, Daryl.

Awkward pause.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)
If we're going to take this trip,
then we should get some sleep.

Kit heads to the couch to sleep.

DARYL HATTENS
(confused)
You don't want to get an early
start?

Daryl gestures to the control room as Kit climbs onto the
couch.

KITARA PROVENCE
Nope, we can't. I told you, dude,
the ship was going into recovery
mode after takeoff. So we're stuck
here for four of your Earth days.

Daryl reacts to Kit's news with disbelief.

DARYL HATTENS
(surprised)
Wait what!? Well, we don't have to
worry about being shot out of the
sky.

Kit covers up with a nearby blanket.

KITARA PROVENCE
(o.s./sarcastic)
You don't know that!

Daryl shrugs, annoyed.

DARYL HATTENS
Right, yes, secrets and lies of
human beings.

Kit yawns before dozing off to sleep.

KITARA PROVENCE
(playful)
You'll figure it out eventually.
This was a long and dreadful day;
now get some sleep, "D-Man."

Daryl stares out the window for a few moments.

DARYL HATTENS
Yeah, yeah.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
(o.s)
Humanity: full of wonder,
excitement, and dangers as far as
the eye can see. But to me, the
biggest threat to society is
repetition.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DR. HATTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Flashback: Daryl reaches for the ceiling as a child again
before returning.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KIT'S SHIP- DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Present: Daryl touches the window with a faint smile,
realizing he's escaped his human loop, at least for now. His
grey point of view becomes full of color.

DARYL HATTENS
(hopeful/v.o.)
But, sometimes, a miracle happens,
and the monotony loop for a lucky
few is finally broken.

Daryl gets an annoyed Kit's attention one last time.

DARYL HATTENS (CONT'D)
One last thing, Kit.

Kit groans.

KITARA PROVENCE

What?

Daryl gives Kit a look before continuing.

DARYL HATTENS

Is there anything in particular I need to know about with space? Like specific rules before we leave.

Kit sighs.

KITARA PROVENCE

Most of that is up to the Galactic Government. It's what your people think as a single world government only with the entirety of the cosmos.

Pause.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

I'll also have to teach you about prohibited areas of space travel, like Black Space.

Daryl raises an eyebrow.

DARYL HATTENS

Black Space?

Kit yawns as she continues, barely fighting off her sleep.

KITARA PROVENCE

(sleepy)

Yeah, it's covered by planets full of pirates, thieves, killers, and galactic conquerors who own territory.

Kit momentarily wakes.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(stern)

We don't go there, ever! I'll teach you as much as you want to know tomorrow.

Kit returns to her sleep as Daryl heads for the other side of the couch.

KITARA PROVENCE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Now, good night.

Daryl yawns and follows Kit's lead to get sleep.

DARYL HATTENS

(yawning)

Good night, Kit.

INT. QUEEN ABUDALLAH'S SHIP - SAME

Queen Abudallah Gonallah (3,000+?), a tall, green-skinned & white-haired woman hardened by battle and trauma, completes her terrifying appearance with a black combat dress, matching heel boots, and a cape covering her body.

Abudallah sits on her throne, hidden in the shadows, with red eyes piercing through. Anxious and patiently waiting, traveling the cosmos toward her next destination of conquest within the cosmos.

Then, finally, we get a quick glimpse of her enormous mothership, ready for battle.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Queen Abudallah Gonallah flies her armada to PLANET KABUX. It's a planet that is mainly red in appearance. Not from being covered by dirt but instead plastered with war.

EXT. PLANET KABUX - DAY

Abudallah is the lone person to exit her fleet and touch the ground on the planet's surface. Abudallah uses a device similar to Kit's watch while eyeing her surroundings to scan the planet for knowledge, including the most common native tongue.

Abudallah bares witness to an active battle between two alien species: the KAZARS, a small child-like, orange, three-eyed alien species helpless in stature but brave and full of heart, and the VORBAUX, a muscular ape-like species 8-10 feet tall.

Abudallah roars her voice across the battlefield, showcasing a command of respect and dominance.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH

(commanding)

Planet Kabux!

The Kazars and VorbauX cease their violence in awe of Abudallah's presence. Abudallah takes a demanding approach as she inches closer to the two vying alien factions.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)

The being you see before you is one of the many conquerors of the very cosmos we are forced to share as a home.

Walking with a confident swagger, Abudallah continues. The Kazars and VorbauX share a quick stare before returning their attention to her.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)

At present, I possess five percent of the cosmos and counting.

Abudallah raises four fingers.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)

(confident)

By day's end, I will have another four. And your planet is on today's to-do list.

A menacing grin etches across Abudallah's face. The Kazars tremble in fear as the VorbauX looks on in stunned curiosity.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)

Although we are forced to share this cosmos today as one, we are not equal; we are not the same.

Abudallah's grin transforms into an assured snarl.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)

I am here to ensure you ascertain this fact post haste.

The VorbauX pound their chest and beat the ground, preparing themselves for their mighty new opponent. With a roaring voice, Abudallah gives the creatures a single command.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)

(demanding)

Now then, bow to your queen!

Completely insulted and enraged, a VorbauX charges at Abudallah. Abudallah quickly subdues it with her telekinesis, which sends the VorbauX flying into a bundle of trees, impaling it on a branch and killing it.

The other Vorbau attempt to ambush Abudallah as the Kazars take this opportunity to gather their injured and regroup.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
 (unimpressed)
 Oh please.

Just before the Vorbau reaches Abudallah, she unwraps her cape, revealing an elongated odachi blade, returning the grin she wore on her face moments ago.

Abudallah effortlessly cuts several Vorbau into pieces. As one nearly lands a successful attack, it suddenly catches ablaze, burning to death and stunning the other Vorbau as the Kazars watch on helplessly in the distance.

More Vorbau continues to burn from a single gaze being met by Abudallah. Abudallah spots nearby Kazars who failed to regroup with the others, her gaze terrifying them into frightened stone.

KAZAR #1
 (terrified)
 Ple-

The creature's pleas are interrupted by Abudallah, who extends a finger to silence it, returning a mocking smile and revealing her lesser-known pyrokinesis.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH
 (motherly)
 The fire is a bit of a secret,
 dear. Try to remember that, will
 you?

The Kazars mistake Abudallah's mocking motherly tone as accurate, gaining an unfortunate sense of trust for her.

Returning to the battlefield, Abudallah is surprised to see some of the surviving Vorbau have conceded kneeling before her.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
 Well, I must say you brutes have
 stunned me. Though, admittedly, not
 by much.

Abudallah looks over at the other Kazars, giving them a devious wink before returning her eyes to the former battle.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
 Now then, where was I earlier? Oh
 yes, I remember now.

Abudallah again roars as she repeats her previous command.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
(authoritative)
Bow to your queen!

The remaining Vorboux follow their comrades kneeling to Abudallah, with the Kazar shortly following suit.

CUT TO:

INT. ABUDALLAH'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Queen Abudallah sits on her throne, logging recent events.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH
Queen's Log, day three-thousand and
eighteen of the journey. I invaded
a minor planet named Kabux,
belonging to creatures known as
Kazars.

Abudallah taps her fingers on the left armrest of her throne.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
They were small, feeble, and
helpless. They remind me of Topher.
It turns out they were at war with
another native species.

Abudallah ponders her recent conquest.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
These...creatures were known as
Vorboux. They are huge and very
dumb. Quite an annoyance, but I was
more than enough to handle them.

Abudallah looks off into the black emptiness of space outside a large, widened window before continuing.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
We gave aid to the Kazars and
defeated them. The Vorboux, who
chose not to fight, brokered a long
overdue peace with the Kazars.

Abudallah brings up a holographic image of the planet Kabux.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
I initially planned on mining the
planet for its precious resources,
but I've since changed my mind.

EXT. PLANET KABUX - DAY

Flashback:

The Kazars show gratitude and respect to Abudallah for "aiding" them in their war, showering her with gifts such as food and jewelry. Abudallah is surprised but uninterested.

EXT. QUEEN ABUDALLAH'S SHIP - DAY

The hologram changes, showing hundreds of planets Abudallah has complete control of, adding Kabux.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH
 Instead, it will be added to my
 collection of planets for much more
 practical assistance.

Queen Abudallah shuts everything down, and the room goes black.

QUEEN ABUDALLAH (CONT'D)
 (o.s)
 Current progress in total control
 of the Cosmos is nine percent.

Abudallah lets out a quick but terrifying chuckle.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANET PROVE- PROVENCE CASTLE WALKWAY- NIGHT

N'vati angrily overlooks the destruction Kit has caused to the main castle of Planet Prove. Solace arrives at her mother's demand.

SOLACE PROVENCE
 You called for my appearance,
 mother?

N'vati turns to Solace, her rage barely being contained

N'VATI PROVENCE
 (fake calmness)
 Your sister. Bring her to me,
 Solace. If you must bring her as a
 corpse, so be it.

Solace takes in N'vati's order before getting a big grin on her face.

END OF ACT SIX

END OF SHOW

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS