

NON-COMPLIANCE

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INT. SPACE STATION - CREW QUARTERS - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

A blue tinted room with game tables, an old-fashion jukebox, a buffet of pastries laid over a translucent table.

DAVIS, 17, presses a gray panel labeled "Asshole Button".

An Intercom BUZZES in.

DAVIS
(intercom)
Hey, losers. Get your lazy asses
up. Touchdown in 45. Not days. Not
hours. Minutes.

The crew members appear from their bunks. ROSA, 17, stumbles out with an obvious hangover. CLINT, 16, steps behind her, with his hand over his face.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
You two bunking together?

Rosa looks at Davis, then at Clint. She gives a sly smile and punches Clint in the side, playfully.

ROSA
Lover boy over here fell asleep
fixing my ventilation shaft.

Davis approaches, looks Clint up and down. Clint looks bashful and holds his side.

DAVIS
Fixing the ventilation, is that
what the kids call it, nowadays.

Davis puts Clint in a headlock. Clint wrestles his way into a deeper hold.

CLINT
Davis cut it out.

Davis keeps the lock tight. Two more crew members emerge from the opposite end of the living quarters, JANUS, 18, and MALIK, 17.

Malik rushes over to Clint, ribbing him with a few light jabs. Janus stands next to Rosa. Both girls laugh.

INT. SPACE STATION - COMMAND DECK - NIGHT

The crew's seated around a table with a holographic projection in the middle of a large industrial table.

A circular robot with its top half missing sits atop the table, wires out.

Clint presses keys on a holographic keyboard and the image changes to a compound on Jupiter. Rosa uses a pointer to highlight different portions of the compound.

ROSA

Here is where we will plop down at
once the shuttle enters Jupiter's
atmosphere.

Rosa's hand extends to an airdrop. Clint enhances the hologram to a heliport surrounded by a dome. Davis places his hand over his chin.

MALIK

Sounds great. How do you expect we
fuck this up?

The group shares a laugh. Clint does not. Clint grapples with the keyboard and pushes the projection over to Davis.

CLINT

We won't.

MALIK

Sending a bunch of kids to do a
man's job. I got stuck here for
smuggling spores. Now I'm
harvesting rocks off Jupiter for
the military.

Clint scowls. He stands up from the table and fiddles with the droid.

DAVIS

Why is the droid still not
functioning?

Clint hits a few input buttons on the droid. The droid's gears move and its eyes blink red, then green, but quickly deactivates.

CLINT

This model is old news. We need a
newer model, maybe even a lifestyle
android.

Chatter erupts between the crew.

DAVIS

Can you do that?

CLINT
Of course I can.

Clint stares into the droid's lifeless eyes and smiles.

INT. SPACE STATION - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Industrial equipment lays along steel wall, blinking red and green lights guide the haul to steel doors. An aluminum silicate glass window shows outer space.

Davis sits at the helm of the control center surrounded by futuristic computer monitors.

EXT. SPACE STATION - SPACE

Outer space. A lone ship travels to a nearing orange planet.

INT. SPACE STATION - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Davis stretches and slams a red button on the console. A hissing noise is heard from the console. A compartment opens up a video chat screen.

The man inputs a passcode and presto.

A woman dressed in military garb shows on the video chat, COLONEL HERON, 40s. Davis enlarges the video chat screen.

DAVIS
Colonel Heron, nice to see you?

Heron moves away from her monitor, slaps the sides of her computer.

HERON
This damn thing doesn't work.
Hello? Davis? Are you there?

Davis imitates pushing buttons. Heron watches him, laughs, and slams her fist down on her button.

HERON (CONT'D)
Davis, how are you?

DAVIS
We're fine. The droid is disabled,
but we are on course.

HERON
The droid is disabled?

DAVIS

Yes, for a couple days wasn't much of a help before he was disabled, either.

Davis looks out at the shuttle screen, seeing the orange ball getting ever closer.

HERON

People make errors. Droids experience malfunctions. We are trusting you to know the difference.

Heron gives Davis a stern look. He adjusts his stance to attention.

DAVIS

Yes, Mom, I know the difference, but we aren't exactly the A team here.

Heron nods her head.

HERON

Open the care package in the lab and have Clint assemble one of the newer models.

Davis salutes.

HERON (CONT'D)

Make me proud, Davis.

Heron signs off. Davis closes the video chat and falls into his chair.

DAVIS

Love you too, mom.

INT. SPACE STATION - LAB - LATER

A spacious, windowless lab with beds against the walls and a few computer monitors, droid pieces lay on the floor and Clint is operating on their droid.

Davis and Rosa wheel out a few office chairs for Malik and Janus. Rosa pushes Davis and grips his hand as he walks by her to Clint. Davis smiles.

Janus and Malik take their seats while Rosa inspects the room.

JANUS

We still might need Log's data.
Clint, you're in charge of
programming. Malik helps him.

Malik makes his fingers into a gun and imitates blowing his
brains out.

CLINT

I'll try rebooting it to a
different mode.

Davis scratches his head.

DAVIS

Alright, genius. Get this hunk of
junk up and running.

Clint scowls, then nods his head, gets back to work.

INT. SPACE STATION - LOADING BAY - NIGHT

A spacious room, full of space suits, crates, harvesting
equipment, and back hatch to lower heavy machinery. Davis and
Janus put on each other's space suits.

Davis fastens Janus' helmet while he brushes down her
shoulder pads. Davis pushes a little too hard, dropping the
helmet to the floor. Janus looks at him, concerned.

JANUS

Do you need to talk?

Davis shakes his head, picks up the helmet, and attaches it
onto Janus' suit.

A RUMBLING noise emerges from behind them. Davis turns.

Clint stands next to ELI, a hulking droid with steamrollers
for legs.

Janus smiles, looking up and down at the new droid.

CLINT

I call him Eli.

Davis rolls his eyes.

JANUS

(robotic voice)
Nice to meet you, Eli. I'm
designated as Janus.

Davis and Janus share a laugh. Clint doesn't.

ELI
Mission objective, harvest minerals
for Galactic Academy.

DAVIS
No shit.

Eli draws back and his wheels roll beside Davis, almost knocking him down.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
The Fucks its problem.

Clint forms prayer hands.

CLINT
He's newly alive. We are supposed
to have a droid on this mission.
Colonel Heron's orders.

Davis pushes past Eli and knocks Clint over. Eli instantly shoves Davis to the ground hard, smashing his helmet.

JANUS
Davis! Clint, turn that monstrosity
off!

Clint reaches in his pocket and pulls out a remote. He presses buttons, but Eli continues charging forward to Davis. Davis crawls to the other end of the hatch.

Eli rumbles forward.

Janus runs behind the droid, hops on its back, claws at the 8 foot robot's circuitry and yanks out its wires, disabling it.

Davis passes out.

INT. SPACE STATION - LIVING QUARTERS - DAVIS ROOM - NIGHT

A cot in a metallic pod. A thin mattress dressed with thin sheets and a stiff pillow. Davis sits on the side of the pod and rubs his head.

A KNOCK on the door.

Davis rises, straightens himself out, and opens the door.

It's Rosa, wearing only a t-shirt, with a bottle of wine in her hand.

DAVIS
Imagine that?

Rosa slides in past Davis, his eyes following her as she plops on the bed and gulps the bottle. Davis grins ear to ear. He joins her, snatches the bottle and swigs from it.

Rosa lies back on Davis' cot, looking up to the outer window, seeing the endless void of space.

ROSA
You think Clint can get that thing working.

DAVIS
I hope so. Be nice to have someone competent in giving orders.

Davis lies back on the bed with her.

ROSA
I disabled Log.

DAVIS
Why?

ROSA
I thought, why not give us a chance to be the ones in charge.

Davis shrugs. He wraps his arms around her.

DAVIS
Mom said they are going to replace us. I hope she is right. I would rather have them risking their asses than us.

Rosa rolls over to meet Davis' eyes. She kisses him.

ROSA
And a nice ass at that.

Davis cradles Rosa in his arms.

DAVIS
Bet a robot can't feel this.

A CRASH rattles the compound, the bed shakes. The bottle SMASHES.

Davis and Rosa jump out of the bed and run for the door.

INT. SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Davis and Rosa run down the corridors, swiftly followed by Janus.

JANUS
What is going on?

The three in mid-sprint head towards a double door where sparks are shooting from.

ROSA
Where the hell is Malik?

JANUS
With Clint.

The three rush through two double doors.

INT. SPACE STATION - LAB - NIGHT

The lab is in disarray. Malik is cradling his stomach on the floor. Clint is standing over him with a life-size android. ANDROID, 17, synthetic android, hand grips Malik.

Rosa and Davis scream in terror. Janus looks detached. Davis attacks Android but is brushed aside. Davis falls to the ground.

ROSA
What the hell is that thing?

Clint raises his arms as if he were a presenter.

CLINT
I give you are new crew member.

Davis crawls away, waves his arms, ushering the girls to back away.

DAVIS
Clint, did you do this?

CLINT
It's fine. He is just waking up.

Android's red digital eyes focus on Davis and then back to Malik.

ANDROID
You would've failed this mission.

Malik holds his hands out, revealing a gash in his sternum. Rosa shrieks in terror. Davis' eyes widen. Clint folds his arms and nods in approval.

Android grips Malik's head and squeezes, crushing his skull.

Janus attempts to bolt for the door but notices Rosa frozen in place.

ROSA

Clint, turn him off. You need to stop this.

Android rises to his feet. His sensors flash on his chest. He eyes Clint, then Rosa. Android pauses, then raises its hand towards Clint.

ANDROID

Cadets unable to perform functions.
Unable to assist mission.

Android clenches Clint's throat. Clint attempts to pull it off, but is overwhelmed.

Davis jumps to his feet and grabs Rosa. The two run for the door.

CLINT

Release me. Please.

Android squeezes Clint's throat, a remote drops from his pocket. Davis releases Rosa's hand.

DAVIS

Janus, take Rosa and get to the main deck.

Janus pulls Rosa out the door. Davis jumps on the Android, wrestles it in a hold, and unlatches its neck. Android flings Davis around wildly. Android's hand still firm around Clint.

Clint gasps for air but can't escape. Davis mimics Janus' earlier actions and rips the wires from the Android, stopping it but not before Clint's neck cracks.

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - MAIN DECK - LATER

Rosa and Davis are seated in chairs at the monitor. Janus walks over to the command deck behind Rosa and Davis.

JANUS

Successful termination.

Rosa and Davis exhale. Davis adjusts a few switches and Heron appears on the screen. Davis looks at Rosa.

ROSA
What are you doing?

DAVIS
I'm finding out what the hell was
that back there.

Heron salutes Davis from the screen. He doesn't.

HERON
What happened with the droid? Why
aren't you at your post on Jupiter?
Vitals are down for two --

Davis slams his fist down hard on the controls.

DAVIS
Malik and Clint are dead. The
droids experienced an error.

Heron's face looks shocked.

HERON
You still need droids for the
mission?

DAVIS
Not anymore. The people onboard
will handle this.

Heron places her hand on her chin.

HERON
Something has gone wrong. Set
course for home. Are all droids
disabled? Wait, Jan --

The screen cuts out. The last image is Heron's face drenched in terror. Davis wildly slams at the monitor.

Davis turns around to see Janus, whose eyes are blinking red. The ship's computer jams and a hologram of Jupiter appears. Davis and Rosa tremble in horror.

JANUS
I will take it from here.

EXT. SPACE SHUTTLE - SPACE

The ship prepares to land on the surface of Jupiter.