

# **Imperfect DNA**

by

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OVER BLACK.

SUPER:

Once, in an age long since past, MANKIND ruled the Earth. They were a race that evolved far beyond that of any other native species of that planet...

Innovative, bold, creative; Mankind was a race that ascended beyond the primal nature of every other species.

Now, after millennia, Mankind is extinct.

Ancient texts of intelligent civilizations have long since speculated over the cause of Mankind's destruction.

Some texts have concluded that their death came about after the death of their star. Others have said they simply destroyed themselves in a crossfire.

And some texts, controversial to many, have even tried to put forward another claim - one that suggests that Mankind's very DNA was to blame...

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTER SPACE, ABOVE THE EARTH - THE DAWN OF MANKIND

The Earth comes into full view; a pristine bright blue gem of a planet. The Sun bears down on it from above.

There's an aura of unrest here in the vacuum of space - something ambient and unseen is nagging away at us from far beyond. Something eerie.

Gliding down towards the planet's surface, we slowly begin to approach the atmosphere and shrouding cloud layers below. As we descend, being pulled down by the planet's gravity, the horizon appears before us. The curvature of the Earth appears sharp and crisp.

The exosphere then appears, thin yet dense. As we approach the surface, it thickens - a wash of colour brushes over us. The skies turn from deep black to homely sky blue.

Now falling through the troposphere, a white/grey mash of cloud appears. The surface of the Earth is completely shielded.

Falling further still, the clouds start to open up - We're now approaching 20,000 feet. The uppermost cloud layer forms a misty haze that shrouds over us...

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. EARTH, GRASS PLAINS - DAWN

The clouds fade away and a vast grassy terrain comes into view.

SUPER: THE DISTANT PAST

The landscape appears vast and mountainous: an open grass plain, a neighbouring forest and vast hills. A faint wind is also howling away and patches of cloud are breezing their way across the morning sky.

Behind the grasslands, the land slopes towards the sky; hills form the bulk of the skyline. To the west, a vast forest shrouds much of the planet's wildlife in darkness. Further northbound, the rising sun bares down on the grasslands, painting the sky with a warm orange hue.

And from the north west, approaching from five hundred feet away, is the sound of running and heavy breathing...

A RED DEER then appears on the horizon, frantic and afraid, running from a humanoid figure... A CRO-MAGNON.

The cro-magnon appears to be running and panting with every step it takes, running after the deer with a bow in its hand and a knife at its side.

The deer jumps as the cro-magnon fires an arrow at it. It misses. An unlucky miss if ever there was one; this cro-magnon is a male hunter. He continues to track the deer, firing yet another arrow and missing again.

From a close distance, the deer charges. The cro-magnon then begins to catch up. He readies the bow and nocks the arrow - he wants to make this a quick and painless kill. Gaining more speed, he draws his bow. Then... LOOSE!

The deer is struck in the back and crashes to the ground. It cries out, fighting for life. The cro-magnon shows mercy - He catches up, pulls out a hunting knife and jams it into the deer's heart, toppling even himself to the ground... The deer lies lifeless - It wasn't entirely painless but it was quick.

The cro-magnon rises to his feet and approaches the deer. He appears like that of a typical primitive man, dressed in animal skins and wearing a bone necklace. He kneels down and rips out the knife. Looking ravenous, he runs his hand along the deer's abdomen, feeling for what he thinks is the most nutritious organ. Thud! He sticks the knife into the deer's flesh and begins cutting it open, spilling out its blood and guts onto the ground.

Approaching from the neighbouring forest, the figures of TWO MORE CRO-MAGNON appear from over the male's shoulder. One looks slightly shorter than the male and the other is about half his height. They walk together side by side.

From the north, the wind begins to pick up, blowing its way through the grass fields. The female and child take their time to catch up while the male carefully extracts the deer's organs.

The cro-magnon cuts out what looks like the appendix... He throws it away - Not nearly nutritious enough for himself and his family. He digs a bit deeper, cutting out the liver. He examines it... Much more nutritious. The cro-magnon keeps it by his side.

The male turns to the sound of footsteps only to see his family approach. He stands up, tall and strong. The mate and young primitive arrive by his side.

Arms outstretched, the young human goes in to get a hug from his dad. The mate joins them both in the embrace.

As the sun rises, it begins to cast a very large shadow over the three of them. The light is bright enough to conceal most of their features but not so much that their outlines can't be seen - In fact, they almost stand as near silhouettes; As three conquerors standing tall and mighty within the warmth of the sun, all content in the knowledge that the Earth's resources will keep them safe.

The male then hears something approach them. It sounds like footsteps. Weary, he turns his head. A FIGURE has just appeared before them on the grasslands, beneath the sun's rays. Just like the three of them, it appears as a near silhouette only much much taller.

From behind, the mate and young primitive turn to face this mysterious figure; this giant, who stands seven feet tall. Then, the figure steps forward and pulls out a GUN from aside his waist!

From up close, he steps forward again and his face becomes visible... He's a human from days yet to come! His features are similar to a human from the twenty first century, except for a cybernetic eye in his right socket. His other eye is awash with tears. He aims the gun directly at the male cro-magnon.

The cro-magnon looks bewildered by this figure - what is that in its hand? Is it a gift? He stares directly into its eyes. The man stares back into the primitives'. His finger fidgets on the trigger. He swallows his shame and closes his real eye...

BANG.

BANG. BANG.

The delay heard between shots fired plays out just like that - hesitation followed by an attempt at mercy and self-denial.

The man stands shaking. He keeps his eye tightly shut, afraid to face his actions.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. CITY OF LOS ANGELES, BACK ALLEY - THE DISTANT FUTURE

The man with the cybernetic eye holds out his gun arm before the bodies of three unfortunate victims: a FATHER, a MOTHER and a SON. They lie on a cold concrete floor, drenched in blood.

The man stands in a desolate corner of future Los Angeles - A crime scene perfect for a murder. An empty back alley.

Unlike primitive Earth, this world is something more akin to a dystopia. The skyline is clustered with skyscrapers and the skies above are littered with air traffic. And to set the scene, it's also hammering it down with rain.

SUPER: THE FAR FUTURE

The man lowers his gun. His tears are washed away by the rain. He stands, trembling. He wipes his eyes, nevertheless, and pulls out mobile device from his pocket: a largely transparent, slim and multi-functioning mobile phone from days to come.

He hesitates for a moment before making any kind of call. Walking over to the bodies of the family, he examines from a few feet away the body of the young boy. He daren't get too close. The man can barely hold his eye on his body for longer than a second. He bites the inside of his cheek. Inside, it looks like he's screaming.

He turns away, heading down another back alley just next to this one.

In his absence, a faint light begins to pierce through the rain clouds above the skyscrapers, down over the air traffic and onto the three corpses - It's as if God has reached down from the heavens to claim their souls. Rain splashes onto the boy's face within the cold light - God weeps for him.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, NEARBY ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

From above his head, the man looks up into the sky while leaning against a brick wall. Rain pours down onto his head from nearby rooftops.

He dials a number on his phone. He puts the device to his ear and waits for the RECIPIENT to answer.

RECIPIENT

Yes?

It's a dry and monotone male voice. In this context, it might even be a callous voice.

FUTURE MAN

(nervous)

Hi, it's me... I've err, I've done what you wanted so you can come and get me.

The man speaks in cold mechanical voice that's a blend of human and cyborg.

The recipient goes silent for a moment.

RECIPIENT

What does that mean Jack?

Jack turns his head away slightly, taking his time to answer.

RECIPIENT

Say it, go on... You killed them, didn't you?

Jack struggles to get to grips with what he's done.

RECIPIENT

Didn't you?

FUTURE MAN

Yes.

The man on the phone lets out a slight chuckle.

RECIPIENT

Oh Jack. If I even told you to kill yourself you'd do it, wouldn't you?

Jack wipes his eye.

FUTURE MAN

My family needs the money.

RECIPIENT

(dry, sarcastic)

That's evident Jack... Now listen, I'm sending someone over to you now. Just stay put, then if all is okay with him you can come and see me tomorrow and you'll get your money then. How does that sound?

Jack still needs a moment to process what he's just done.

RECIPIENT

Jack?

FUTURE MAN

Yeah, yeah I heard you. That's fine. That's not a problem.

RECIPIENT

Good... And remember Jack, you've done the right thing.

FUTURE MAN

(unconvinced)

I know.

He holds the phone to his ear for a second or two longer, about to get another word in.

From afar, Jack ends the call. The rain has drenched his clothes through completely and now he stands shivering in

the cold.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The three bodies lay in the rain beneath the sunshine. The father's face is pale and lifeless - he doesn't look a day over forty. The mother's is soaked red from the bullet in her forehead. And the boy - he doesn't look any older than thirteen.

In the sky, light paints the clouds white and yellow streaks cut through the cracks - God has broken through the cloud layer to claim the boy's soul.

FADE TO BLACK

The rain begins to fade away too until only silence and darkness remains.

SUPER: THE PRESENT. 2365AD.

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE, BEYOND THE WORMHOLE - THE PRESENT

A sphere made up of stars and highly compressed nebulae appears in the depths of space. It's absolutely enormous. Surrounded by rings of obscure and warped-looking stars that appear as long thin lines of light, this monster is a WORMHOLE.

Drifting away from its core is a tiny spec of scrap metal; a damaged SPACE SHIP, trailing smoke and flames from its engine. It slowly approaches us.

From this distance, it looks like a silvery bulk of cylinders welded together, with the one exception of windows on its bridge. Each segment of the ship is joined together by much thinner, rectangular structures. As the ship gets closer, it appears the back of the ship has broken off and the rest of the craft has been heavily bombarded.

The bridge approaches and we enter the craft through a cracked observation window...

INT. SPACE CRAFT, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

What appears before us inside is a colossal mess. The damage to this craft is unbelievable; it's a miracle it's still intact at all. Looking passed the damage, it appears the deck is largely made up of advanced computer systems arched behind a handrail that itself arches around an observation window. A walkway runs along the centre of the bridge, separating the

computer systems into two halves, and dividing into two paths that leave a two metre wide walkway arched in front of the observation window.

Sparking wires lay scattered all over the deck and the computer systems are flickering on and off. The engine hums a very unhealthy sound, like a heartbeat that's beating erratically and out of beat. And to set the scene, the ship sounds like it's about to break apart any second.

A MAN appears to be lying face down on the floor, unconscious.

He's got patches of blood soaked into his forehead and burn marks are all over his clothes. His attire doesn't appear all that different than a man's from the twenty first century either, nor does his present day facial features and apparent height. He simply sports a black leather jacket, ripped top & pair of well-worn jeans. His eyes open.

Cables spark as he moves his arm across the floor, starting to breath and then cough. From his expression, it looks like he's in moderate pain. He closes his eyes - here's hoping that this is all just a bad dream.

BANG... The ship jolts. It sounds like it's coming apart! The man opens his eyes again and, this time, starts to force himself up, slowly. He gets himself into a more upright position as the ship starts to vibrate. He clasps his hands over his face.

SURVIVOR  
(under breath)

Shit.

The man notices what looks like a CAMCORDER on the other side of the bridge. Getting himself back onto the floor, he begins to crawl his way over to the device. Sparking wires nearly blind him as he goes.

He picks up the camcorder - small, slim and portable - and leans himself against a control console, exhausted even by this small task. He switches on the device. He breathes a sigh of relief; It still works.

The man backtracks to a VIDEO he made some time ago. He hits PLAY.

PRESENTED AS FOUND FOOTAGE, a recording begins...

Panicked, the man appears alarmed and frantic. He's standing on the bridge of the ship, only without the current damage. The ship is rumbling loudly, as if caught in a massive gravitational field.

SURVIVOR  
This is emergency protocol 117, I'm  
in a state of emergency, bound for  
an immanent collision. I'm  
activating emergency thrusts on  
(MORE)



SURVIVOR (cont'd)  
both engines. I'm caught in the  
grip of a black hole, sustaining  
massive engine damage!

The man flicks a switch with his free hand. The sound of the emergency thrusts can be heard activating and the ship rumbles some more.

From behind, the deck begins to spark and shake uncontrollably.  
The man runs over to the observation window on the side of the bridge. He looks towards the back of the ship. The engines are trying to thrust the ship out of the grip of what appears to be a giant BLACK HOLE!

It appears much larger than the wormhole the present ship just emerged from. Its core is pitch black and the EVENT HORIZON draws ever closer to the rear end of the ship.

The man turns the camcorder towards the front of the craft. DEBRIS flies passed the windows, being sucked into the abyss at incredible speed. ROCKS and DUST from sources unknown nearly smash through the glass leaving behind large cracks.

SURVIVOR  
Shit!!!

All of the sudden, the computer systems spark and malfunction. The ship jolts backwards and the lights go out. The back of the ship explodes and the man turns the camcorder towards the rear engines. The back of the ship has just broken off.

The ship starts to accelerate towards the black hole. The damage the explosion caused is far worse it seems; an ILLUSTRATION of the ship on a console screen shows that the fires are starting to spread towards the bridge!

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The rear compartment breaks off.

The man darts towards an operational control console and presses a switch. The ship shakes and the windows start to break.

Another BANG and the man is thrown backwards onto the floor, thrusting the camcorder away from him beside the console. Outside the front windows, the camcorder observes the ship pass beyond the event horizon. A blindingly bright ring of light passes over the ship. It shrinks in size as the ship is pulled deeper and deeper into darkness.

From behind, it sounds as though all engines have stopped functioning... the ship has become a ghost. Silent, with no thrust. Ahead, the ring of light is now a mere spec. Everything that ever was; the entire universe, in fact, has been reduced to a tiny light at the end of a never ending tunnel.

Then it vanishes completely.

A light falls from the ceiling and smashes into the camcorder. The video cuts out.

END RECORDING.

IN THE PRESENT, the man sits beside the control console, exhausted and heavily dissociated. He stares ahead, confused. He then repositions the camcorder in front of his face, ready to record a follow up video.

The ship creaks again and that unhealthy hum of broken engines is still nagging away - surely the ship can't take much more.

SURVIVOR

So, this probably isn't going to sound anything like me but... I honestly don't know if I'm dead or... if I'm still dreaming. I mean I think... I think I just woke up.

The man looks away. He looks incredibly unsure of himself.

SURVIVOR

One minute I was on my way to the cryo chamber, and then... All of sudden, I'm losing control of the ship and I'm plummeting towards a black hole... As mad as that might sound.

He can't believe what he's saying to the camera. He looks confused but also somewhat amused.

SURVIVOR

I should be dead... The engines were failing. I had no thrust, nothing, nothing to pull me out of that thing... Suppose I'm not the only man to survive the impossible after all...

(contemplates)

Just didn't think it would be me.

He ends the recording, still dumbfounded. He puts the camcorder inside his jacket pocket and starts to push himself up onto his feet. His injuries look far worse in the light coming through the window.

He looks ahead passed the observation window and observes the location the wormhole has taken him... To the fringes of an alien PLANET it seems.

The man stands, stunned. Beyond the window, passed the void of space, a giant celestial body is waiting, appearing as a dark, rocky and mountainous world that bears a striking resemblance to planet Earth. It's roughly the same size and, judging by the frozen seas below its paper thin atmosphere and missing orbiting star, was once also a much hotter world.

The man rushes over to a working computer system located on the centre of the bridge a few metres behind the other consoles. It looks like a MINI STAR TREK LCARS system, fixed

into a central column reaching from the floor all the way to the ceiling. He begins fiddling with some buttons and switches.

He activates a SCANNER that brings up an illustration of the planet he's approaching.

SURVIVOR  
(to himself)  
Right, let's find out where you've  
taken me.

The illustration shows the black hole/apparent wormhole the planet appears to be orbiting, but no other local stars or moons appear to be within the scanner's proximity. The only other celestial body within this solar system is a distant planet, four times the size of this one.

SURVIVOR  
Oh that's not good.

A description of the planet's characteristics then appear beside the illustration, one at a time...

MASS:  $6.12748 \times 10^{26}$  kg

SURFACE GRAVITY: 9.957 m/s<sup>2</sup>

POLAR RADIUS: 6512.6 km

SURFACE TEMPERATURE: -177 degrees celsius

SURVIVOR  
Oh that's really not good.

On the flip side, the planet also appears to have the perfect ratio of oxygen and nitrogen.

ATMOSPHERE: 20.95% Oxygen, 78.09% Nitrogen

The man reacts as if to say, "Oh like that makes a difference".

BANG. From behind, a large section of the ceiling caves in. The man jolts around. Behind the door to the bridge, several explosions then go off.

A harsh BEEPING from one of the control consoles signals that another compartment has detached itself from the back of the ship!

SURVIVOR  
You're fucking kidding me.

He rushes over to the control console at the front of the bridge. In a frenzy, he begins trying to power up the ship's emergency back up systems...

EXT. THE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The ship approaches, badly scarred and beaten. As it moves passed us, LIGHTS appear underneath the craft, revealing themselves from inside and extending outward. It sounds like the ship is trying to come back to life.

From behind the ship, the nearby planet comes into view. The comparison in scale between the two is enormous...

INT. SHIP, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The man stands panicked beside the console.

SURVIVOR

Come on. Come on. Come on.

The ship starts to accelerate, then vibrate. The deck lights up in a frenzy of electricity - Sparks here, sparks over there.

On the console screen, an illustration of the ship appears. Several green dots appear where the emergency systems are located.

SURVIVOR

(under breath)

Yes.

The man runs over to another console nearby, again in a mad rush to get the ship up and running. Another illustration appears, this one pertaining to another of the ship's emergency power systems. It looks like a group of cylinders beside each other, now appearing red, then... As green.

The lights above the bridge, or at least the ones that aren't smashed to pieces, turn back on. In addition, the ship finally stops vibrating and those unhealthy sounds begin to fade away.

The man breathes a sigh of relief. Now the ship is operational enough to hopefully make a safe landing on the planet.

The man leans his hands against the console stand and looks ahead out of the observation window. By the looks of things, the planet is about half an hour away. He closes his eyes and calms his breathing.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. SHIP, AIRLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

PRESENTED AS FOUND FOOTAGE, the man records another video of himself, walking down a corridor...

SURVIVOR

(nervous but maintaining  
composure)

Me again, er right... where do I start? So things went a lot better than expected, obviously, I'm still alive. I survived the black hole, somehow, don't know how. Err... And now I'm about to land on a planet, somewhere, and I have no idea where... Quite an achievement really, isn't it... Honestly, I'm lost. I'm confused. I don't think I'm going to find any answers on the planet when I arrive, but hey, at least it didn't take me twenty five years to get here like you said it would...

The man turns the camera around to face the airlock chamber: a white tunnel-shaped corridor that leads to an airlock ten metres away.

(As he walks, it appears like a first person POV.)

SURVIVOR

Now, I know this isn't the planet you had in mind for me and the rest of the human race but tough luck. Right now I'm out of options...

The man reaches a LOCKER beside the airlock. He opens it up. Inside is a SPACE SUIT.

SURVIVOR

The ship's not in good enough shape to get me to the next system. Nor the only other planet in this system...

He turns the camera back around to face himself.

SURVIVOR

But it doesn't look like I have much of a choice. Apparently the surface of this planet is ideal for life... with one exception... it's cold enough to freeze me to death, no thanks to that black hole...

He averts his eyes away from the lens, looking rather shaky. He turns the camera back towards the space suit. He reaches out and touches the material.

SURVIVOR

But like I said, I don't have a choice.

INT. SHIP, BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

From beside a working control console, the door to the bridge opens and the man rushes onto the deck. He's wearing his space suit, carrying his helmet in hand - the suits

themselves do seem a lot more lightweight than they were in the days of Neil Armstrong.

He reaches the console and puts his helmet down. He looks outside the observation window; the planet is fast approaching.

He activates something on the console screen.

SURVIVOR

Okay. Landing...  
 (looking lost)  
 Could really do with a manual for this.

He activates something else...

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The ship begins its approach, repositioning itself towards the atmosphere at forty five degrees.

INT. SHIP, BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The man's hands are fidgety beside the console.

SURVIVOR

Okay, think, think, think. Err...

He presses a sequence of buttons in particular order, carefully trying not to press the wrong things.

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The ship edges closer to the atmosphere, accelerating towards the planet's northern hemisphere.

Down below, the jagged and mountainous landscape becomes clearer; the clouds appear paper thin. It looks unbelievably barren and devoid of life.

INT. SHIP, BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The man turns to the sound of heavy rumbling from behind the doors to the bridge. The ship groans a thousand times louder than before.

SURVIVOR

Oh that doesn't sound good.

He looks up at the ceiling. The lights shake. The upper sections of the craft sound as though they're caving in. He turns back to the window. Now the cracks are starting to grow larger.

SURVIVOR  
(under breath)  
Come on.

The ship starts to fall through the planet's exosphere.

The man is starting to sweat. He clutches the console beside him.  
His eyes tell us he is more scared than he appears on the surface.

Falling further still, the dark skies and the surface as well, appear to be partially lit by the light emanating from the wormhole; it's large enough and bright enough to at least allow for enough visibility for a lost traveller to roam the surface without aid.  
The man observes vast mountainous terrain below the atmosphere.  
And further below that, CANYONS.

He loosens his grip on the console. His eyes are drawn to the mysterious alien planet below. He looks at it in a manner much more tranquil.

The ship passes below the troposphere. Then, something catches his eye.  
Surrounding the canyons, there seems to be...  
MOVING MACHINES.

The man's mouth opens just a tad. He steps forward, further towards the observation window. The machines walk across the terrain; tripod-like machines that move with a sort of grace and elegance. Could it be...?

CRACK. He looks up to the window right in front of his face. The cracks are spreading; the glass is shattering from the outside.  
He looks up even further; the weight of the uppermost section of the craft is enough to crush the windows.  
He looks over to the control console; the ship is damaged enough to ensure that any protection from such damage is impossible.

No force fields. No protection. No options...

The man darts around and grabs his helmet off the console stand.  
BANG. Part of the ceiling collapses and the windows break! The deck sparks up and broken debris flies out into the open! The man grabs onto the railing just in the nick of time! The ship begins to tilt down towards the surface, now about 15,000 feet below.

The door to the bridge breaks apart and flies out the window, shattering what's left of it. Debris from down the corridor is ripped away from the ship...

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The now rear compartments of the ship break off! A large explosion forces the ship to snap in half!  
The sound is loud enough to alert anything on the surface to

move out of the way immediately!

The front section is now falling vertically. What's left of the back half succumbs to something far worse; the back of the ship harbours the broken emergency engines... BOOM! Those engines have just exploded, taking the back half of the ship with them - And it's just died in a ball of flame large enough to signal an onslaught...

INT. SHIP, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The man holds onto the bridge's handrail for dear life as the ship plummets downwards. He holds his helmet in his other hand. Intense wind howls at him, deafening him to anything else. He tries to pull himself over the railing... It's impossible; the forces of nature are working against him. He looks up and across to a SEALED COMPARTMENT located on the side of the bridge. There's a look of determination in his eyes.

All of the sudden, the door at the end of the exposed corridor rips off, revealing that nothing lies beyond except for the sky above. The door flies into the air, diverting itself far far away from the damaged craft; it appears this is all that's left of the ship.

The man diverts his attention back to the sealed compartment. He looks down at the helmet in his hand, then back up to the compartment - the seal could well be damaged. Everything else is.

He grips the helmet tightly and closes his eyes for a second. Then he lets go of the railing!

WHOOSH. Just as he's thrust upwards by the air resistance, he throws his helmet at the sealed compartment... He observes as the seal breaks open and a PARACHUTE bag reveals itself. He grabs his helmet just as it rises into the air and before it can get above him - and just in the nick of time. The parachute comes next, flying out the seal after a second or two. The remains of the ship fall below him. He clenches his fist just in time; he's just caught the parachute as well - Any later and he'd be a dead man.

With his helmet in one hand and the parachute in the other, he desperately wrestles with the forces of gravity and air resistance. He's falling hard and fast towards the surface, disorientated.

First task, get the helmet on. Now approaching 5000 feet, the man manages to get his right arm through the straps on the parachute bag. He latches onto the helmet with both hands, nearly letting go.

4000 feet! The rocky and mountainous world draws ever closer. He fits the helmet on, finally, and secures it in place. Through the visor, he observes the ship's remains



crash to the surface. The explosion catches his eye, though everything else is a blur.

3000 feet! He latches onto the parachute bag with both hands. His breathing steams up the visor which really doesn't help, and nor does the weight of the bag. Gravity and air resistance are fighting him, hard. The bag is trying to get away.

2000 feet! Panicking, he thrusts the bag's straps over his arm and violently thrusts out his other arm in an effort to fit the bag on his back.

1000 feet!! He just manages to fit on the bag. He tightens it. Then he pulls the cord... The parachute launches out of the bag and, all of the sudden, the man is thrust upwards before drastically slowing his descent.

He calms his breathing and his vision becomes clear. The alien landscape appears sharp and crisp before him. However, now he's drifting directly towards a LARGE CANYON and TALL CLIFF FACE. Panicking, he tries to steer the parachute away. At this close distance, he won't be able to steer away enough and in time. He twists his body into a position less likely to cause lasting damage upon impact. It's inevitable now...

SMACK. He crashes into the cliff face. He gasps in pain. The parachute gets twisted and catches on a large rock. The man starts to topple down the canyon's cliff face and the parachute is ripped away. He smacks his limbs on jagged rocks and boulders as he goes, falling towards the bottom of the canyon. Through his visor, he notices he's tumbling towards a steep vertical drop; a drop of thirty feet down to the bottom of the canyon...

He tries to slow his descent, trying to dig his gloved hands into the dirt. Too late! He falls towards the ground, falling face up. CRACK! After an agonisingly long and unnerving experience, the man is knocked unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. MYSTERIOUS ALIEN PLANET, CANYON - SOME TIME LATER