

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

OUR DREAM

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OVER BLACK

"Let's Go" performed by the Red Army Choir plays quietly, muffled.

SUPER: THE COLD WAR HAS BEEN RAGING SINCE THE END OF WORLD WAR TWO. THE APOLLO 11 LUNAR MISSION CRASHED ON LANDING. THE USSR WAS NEVER DISSOLVED. THE SPACE RACE CONTINUED. BOTH SIDES ESTABLISHED PERMANENT LUNAR, AND LATER MARTIAN COLONIES. MARS WAS DIVIDED INTO TWO REGIONS, AND A PROXY COLD WAR BEGAN. THE YEAR IS 2147. THIS IS OUR DREAM.

EXT. MARS - DAY

Through the cold of space we see the red planet - though not as we know it today. It is covered in a web of dome-like structures, with a sheer line of empty space dividing the planet in two - the DMZ.

On one side, the structures are suitably space age, and the other is a mass of industry - brutal and practical in its design. Convoys of ships fly to and from each side, their design matching their respective destinations.

A passing transport ship - a large advertisement for "FREE NATION BEER - TASTE THE FREEDOM!" is flashing in neon.

PASS TO:

Another transport, clunky in it's design, with propaganda posters reading "To Space!" in Cyrillic physically pasted to the side of the hull.

Following the ship down to the SOVIET SECTOR.

Factories are belching fumes into the thin atmosphere.

Up close, there are some intricate buildings and space age designs, but they are few and far between.

EXT. SOVIET SECTOR - DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELLENCE - AUDITORIUM - DAY

The music gets louder, the source closer.

Inside the largest dome, a monolithic building of Soviet space age design towers over the rest of the shabbier colony buildings.

Shuttles and military ships, transports and cruisers, dart through the skies.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELLENCE -
AUDITORIUM - DAY

An orchestra is performing on a lavish stage in what looks like an opera hall - classical Soviet design in it's fullest. It is full to the brim of PARTY MEMBERS and their FAMILIES, all dressed in green military uniforms, most brandishing medals and service patches. A haze of smoke fills the room.

The music reaches a crescendo.

Applause rips through the Auditorium.

A stern man of distinguished age takes the stage - PREMIER CHERNOV - around sixty, his sharp features sagging with age. He is covered in medals and military adornments, meticulously arranged and placed so that all are visible.

He stands behind a podium in the centre, gesturing for silence with his hand.

CHERNOV

Comrades of the party! Today is a
glorious day. A day filled with pride
and glory!

More applause.

CHERNOV (cont'd)

This day marks the fiftieth
anniversary of our colonial republic!

Yet more applause, frenzied.

CLOSE ON:

STANISLAV PETROV in the front row, mid fifties, but with an intense presence which has not diminished over the years. His closely cropped hair is speckled with gray. He is dressed immaculately for the occasion, but does not share the rapturous applause of the audience. He watches on, rigid in his seat.

His BIONIC EYE lazily drops in and out of focus. He taps his temple with his palm to re-adjust it.

Chernov waits for silence once more, with a practiced patience.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
Fifty years ago to the day, the
People's Republic of Mars was
founded. And what a glorious republic
it is! The pinnacle of science!

Whooping and cheering.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
(shouting over
applause)
But! We cannot forget those who laid
the foundations! Built the very walls
around us today!

CUT TO:

A SWEATY WORKER shoveling black material into a generator.
Men and women run around behind him carrying goods.

CHERNOV (V.O.)

The brave men and women who toil each
day to keep our home running!

CUT TO: AGRI-WORKERS maintaining artificial gardens.

CHERNOV (V.O.)

The very same comrades who keep us
all well fed!

CUT TO:

A protest about lack of consumer goods. People shouting,
banners demanding better air recycling units etc. Protesters
jostle with heavily armed police, but there is no
disproportionate force from either side.

CHERNOV (V.O.) (cont'd)

Our comrades, who do all this without
a complaint!

CUT TO:

A miners strike. Banners demanding extra wages because of
dangerous conditions. Protesters jostling, arrests being
made.

CHERNOV (V.O.) (cont'd)

The true heroes of the Republic! The
pride of the Motherland!

CUT TO:

Back in the auditorium.

Stanislav rolls his eyes, looks at the floor.

CHERNOV
Never forget their sacrifice, and
never let them forget how integral
they are to our inevitable victory!

Chernov soaks in the view of the audience, grins.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
(gesturing around)
To think, in just 50 years, all of
this has been built! We are
fulfilling the eternal revolution!
Long live Mars! Long live the
Republic!

AUDIENCE (TOGETHER)
LONG LIVE MARS! LONG LIVE THE
REPUBLIC!

Everyone is shouting except Stanislav. The audience continues to parrot the phrase.

FADE INTO:

EXT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELLENCE -
THE RED STEPS - DAY

Stanislav walks out of the large, ornate double doors, decorated with images of armed struggle, pauses at the top of the stairs.

People flow out around him. He surveys his surroundings - party members, bureaucrats and military officers all getting into private shuttles. He frowns at the sight.

A large, pampered hand claps him on the shoulder.

CHERNOV
Stanislav! There you are! What did
you think of the speech? I spent all
night on it--

Stanislav takes a deep breath.

STANISLAV
It was... what I expected.

Chernov's forehead wrinkles.

The facade falters.

CHERNOV

This again?

Chernov can't hide his disdain.

STANISLAV

Yes, this again.

Lights a cigarette.

CHERNOV

(disgruntled)

Don't play games with me, Petrov.

Stanislav sighs, turns to Chernov.

STANISLAV

You want me to tell you what I think?

CHERNOV

I would love to hear it, one more time.

STANISLAV

The people sitting in that room, they are not the ones that need convincing of our 'great achievements'. We need to be convincing them.

He points at a chauffeur getting an earful by a party member.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

People are losing sight of the revolution. They don't care about 'winning' anymore. Or the Internationale, or class struggle. They just want to be comfortable--

CHERNOV

Come now, Petrov you used to be--

STANISLAV

Have you seen what people have been protesting about? They want washing machines, not to continue the eternal revolution.

Chernov looks at him thoughtfully.

CHERNOV

We try Stanislav. But, our resources are spread thin, especially now shipments from the Motherland are few and far between. We are still a colony, remember, dependent on Mother Russia.

STANISLAV

That's not--

CHERNOV

You knew then what you know now. We simply do not have enough to go around, we have to budget cautiously. Another seven year plan and--

STANISLAV

People don't need help in seven years. They need it now.

CHERNOV

Since when have you become such an idealist? Besides, what do you know of the wants of the masses?

STANISLAV

A damn sight more than you. I listen to them, I--

CHERNOV

--Used to drag them off for disobeying our rule.

Right in Stanislav's heart.

STANISLAV

(solemn)

That... was a different time--

CHERNOV

Oh so you're a different man now? Is that it?

STANISLAV

(steely)

Yes. I am.

CHERNOV

I see.

Stanislav takes a drag.

Blows smoke at Chernov.

Chernov clears his throat, straightens up.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
(Wafting away smoke)
Truth be told I didn't stop you to
debate party doctrine. I've got
something to discuss with you. Meet
me in my office this evening.

STANISLAV
This evening?

Chernov is back in control. He likes it.

CHERNOV
That a problem?

STANISLAV
No... I suppose not.

CHERNOV
Good. See you at Eight O'clock, MLT.

With that Chernov gives a sly smile, a curt nod, and
departs.

Stanislav takes another drag, deeper this time.

Two ARMED MEN walk up to him. Stanislav is unphased, doesn't
look at them.

GUARD #1
Sir.

They salute.

GUARD #1 (cont'd)
Ready to go home?

STANISLAV
Yes, but not with you.

The guards look at each other.

GUARD #2
Sorry, Sir. That's non-negotiable.
Got orders.

STANISLAV
Look, you have families right?

They nod slowly.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Right. So take the night off, spend
it with them.

GUARD #1
Sir, we can't do that we--

STANISLAV
(pointing behind them)
Hey, I think that old lady needs
help.

They both swing around. Nothing but bustling bodies.

They look back and he's gone - disappeared into the crowds.

They glance at each other again.

The look on their faces suggests this isn't the first time
he's done this.

EXT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - LENIN BOULEVARD - LATER

The street is shabby, but livable - prefab houses,
occasionally dotted with re-purposed shipping containers.
It's clearly populated with average working people.

Stanislav is weaving his way down the road, in uniform
hasn't gone unnoticed. Some WORKERS give him weary looks,
some looks of admiration. He looks around with a pained
expression.

An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN spots him as he passes, and straightens
his crooked back into a salute.

Stanislav begrudgingly salutes back.

STANISLAV
(softly)
At ease, comrade.

The old man holds the salute.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Thank you for all your service, sir.

Stanislav reels. The old man lowers his hand.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (cont'd)
I was just a child when we moved to
Mars, now look at this place! We can
do anything under the guidance of the
Party!

STANISLAV
Don't forget who did all the actual
building, comrade.

The man snorts.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Don't sell yourself short, sir, I
know what the Party does for us, and
I'll never forget!

STANISLAV
Now whose selling themselves short?
This Republic is built on the backs
of you and yours.

He takes the mans shaking hand.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
I mean it, sincerely, when I thank you
for your service.

The old man beams at him.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Yes-sir, and I won't forget it!

He salutes again and hobbles down the road.

Stanislav rubs his temples.

Lights another cigarette.

STANISLAV
(under his breath)
I swear... People talking like
that...

He looks up, a mosaic on a wall to his left. It shows people
in party uniforms greeting kneeling workers. Underneath the
caption reads 'YOUR TIRELESS CIVIL SERVANTS!'

He snorts, continues down the road.

CAMERA PANS LEFT, INTO:

EXT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Alley is sandwiched between two rows of prefab houses. It's grimy, full of refuse. Washing lines hang between buildings over it.

A dull thud. Then another.

A groan of pain.

The thudding continues.

The camera travels deeper into the alley. The light dims. The thudding gets louder.

ALINA, late twenties, high cheekbones, a buzz-cut and scars on her cheek. She's dressed in a well worn Military Police uniform. She towers over a WHIMPERING MAN, kicks him in the ribs - the source of the thudding.

ALINA

Tell me! You must know something!

WHIMPERING MAN

I swear! I've got nothing!

She grabs him by the collar of his scruffy shirt, slams him against a dirty wall, holds him there. Leans in close to his face.

ALINA

Don't. Play. Dumb. You were running a message for the Party.

She holds up a datadisk, looks like a floppy disk, but thicker, designed to be robust.

ALINA (cont'd)

They don't hand these datadisks to any fucking tramp on the street.

She's nose to nose with him. He flinches with every breath she takes.

ALINA (cont'd)

You must know what's on it.

WHIMPERING MAN

All I know... Is that it needed to get to General Stukov, at, at the barracks--

ALINA

Where?

WHIMPERING MAN

Next to the DMZ, Watchtower Parenti.

She releases him, stands up. He curls up, nursing his ribs.

ALINA

You tell anyone about this, you'll
get worse than a few broken ribs, you
hear me?

He nods rapidly.

WHIMPERING MAN

Yes, yes! Of course.

Alina pockets the datadisk, turns, walks away. The man takes deep breaths, head lolling against the wall.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - STANISLAV'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN -
EVENING

His apartment is comfortable but surprisingly modest. Stanislav is sitting with his wife NADYA at the dinner table. She is middle aged, but with the energy and eyes of younger person.

Stanislav has his head in his hands.

STANISLAV

...It's my fault! What we did back in
the day... the people we made--

NADYA

Stop! You're doing it again.

Stanislav leans back in his chair. It creaks.

STANISLAV

They don't deserve to be lied to,
Nadya. Oh, and don't get me started
on the Party speech... They think we
have their best interests at heart.
Maybe some do but...

Her face softens.

Nadya circles the table, puts her arms around him.

NADYA
(into his ear)
What has brought this on?

STANISLAV
It's... Chernov.

Nadya snaps to attention, stands up.

NADYA
(Protective)
What does he want with you?

STANISLAV
He asked me to drop by his office...
tonight.

NADYA
(Sitting back down)
What? What for?

STANISLAV
I-I don't know yet. It's probably not
good.

He sighs.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
The speech today, it was just wrong.
Preaching to the choir is an
understatement. I just can't stand
it.

Nadya leans over the table, holds his face in her palm,
looks him in the eyes.

NADYA
Even when you were... active, you did
things your own way. You were never
the ruthless--

STANISLAV
My 'own way' isn't enough. I
should've been better. I need to be
better.

NADYA
Since when was this all on your
shoulders?

STANISLAV
I--

NADYA

Look, maybe this meeting with Chernov, whatever he wants, maybe you can make a difference there?

STANISLAV

He doesn't listen to me. He thinks I've gone soft. He's right.

NADYA

That's not what I'm saying. Whatever happens, do it your way.

Stanislav takes in her words.

He smiles for what feels like the first time in years.

STANISLAV

My way. Okay. Thank you sweetheart.

She gets up to do the dishes, a satisfied look on her face.

He stares into space.

Sadness finds it's way into his eyes again.

One more cigarette.

EXT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELLENCE - EVENING

A shuttle pulls up outside. Out steps Stanislav, grimacing.

He strides up the Red Steps and spots a no smoking sign next to the doors.

STANISLAV

That... Wasn't there yesterday...

He quickly pulls out a cigarette, lights it and walks in.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELLENCE - CONTINUOUS

The foyer is opulent, walls covered with embossed scenes from the October Revolution, Stalingrad, Yuri Gagarin's space mission and other victories.

It is very quiet, almost empty.

Stanislav halts and takes it all in, suspicion in his eyes.

He walks straight past the young female RECEPTIONIST, who tries to stop him with a gesture.

RECEPTIONIST
Excuse me Sir! No smoking in the
foyer!

STANISLAV
(without stopping)
Thank you for the reminder.

She tries to argue but no words come out.

Stanislav continues to the elevator.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELL... -
ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

There is a PORTLY BALD MAN stood next to him.

He looks over and smiles to himself, almost chuckles but suppresses it.

Stanislav notices.

STANISLAV
(flatly)
Help you?

The man says nothing.

The elevator dings.

ELEVATOR ANNOUNCER
Fourth Floor.

The man exits without a word.

The door closes. Stanislav is alone. Checks his watch.

He's fifteen minutes late. A look of worry creeps onto his face, but then he remembers who he is.

STANISLAV
Fifteen minutes late... Fuck it.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELLENCE -
10TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator comes to a halt. The doors open, out steps Stanislav.

CHERNOV

Can I at least offer you a drink,
comrade?

STANISLAV

Sounds like you just did.

Chernov swallows his annoyance.

He stands up, moves to an antique oak cabinet.

CHERNOV

I know just the thing.

He opens the cabinet, takes out a bottle.

CHERNOV (cont'd)

Bourbon! Brewed on Earth, 60 years
ago. Can you believe it survived the
journey?

STANISLAV

Foreign alcohol is banned under the
prohibition act of 2130. You should
know that - you passed the law.

CHERNOV

It's not technically banned if it's--

STANISLAV

--In the hands of party member?

Chernov rolls his eyes.

Looks at him bemused.

CHERNOV

Were you always this aggravating or
have I lost my patience?

STANISLAV

The latter.

CHERNOV

Given your deep knowledge of our
laws, you surely know that when the
alcohol in question is old enough to
be classed as an antique, it can be
kept.

(pointing to the
bottle)

This is a piece of history.

Stanislav sighs.

STANISLAV
Just pour the damn stuff.

Chernov obliges.

Stanislav takes a sip, and sits down.

Chernov grins.

CHERNOV
Good. Now, down to business.

He pulls out a binder from under his desk, drops it on the table.

Stanislav starts leafing through the pages.

He looks up, startled.

STANISLAV
The Iron Hands? But... We put these guys down, years ago...

CHERNOV
The very same.

STANISLAV
This can't be right. They must be using the name to scare us--

CHERNOV
Petrov. Look.

He points at a photograph of a large figure, more metal than man.

STANISLAV
That's impossible. Grigori's dead. He has to be.

Chernov looks genuine for the first time.

CHERNOV
It's him, Petrov. We don't know how, but he's back.

Stanislav is horrified.

STANISLAV
We had to destroy an entire industrial complex to kill him!

He lights a cigarette. Chernov doesn't stop him.

CHERNOV

We've tried ID'ing him, no one on the database fits this description, except him.

STANISLAV

If it's true... how has this not gotten out yet? Why aren't people worried?

CHERNOV

We've managed to keep it quiet until now. It's been hard, but we've managed to stop news spreading to the other domes.

STANISLAV

People should know Chern--

CHERNOV

And do what with the information? Run? Where to? No. This needs to be dealt with discreetly.

It dawns on Stanislav.

STANISLAV

You want me... to...

Chernov nods.

CHERNOV

You see why I needed to speak with you? This isn't something any agent could handle.

STANISLAV

No. Count me out.

CHERNOV

That's not an option.

STANISLAV

I'm not doing it. Find someone else.

Chernov leans forward.

CHERNOV

Believe me, I would if I could. But you're the only one that knows--

STANISLAV

--Knows what! I didn't survive because I knew what I was doing, I just got lucky--

CHERNOV

--Whatever you did, do it again. We need him gone. And if you don't comply--

STANISLAV

What? You'll shoot me is that it?

He pulls out his pistol.

Slides it across the desk.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

If that's the plan, get it over with now.

Chernov smiles, revealing yellowed teeth.

CHERNOV

Come on now, no need to be dramatic.

STANISLAV

I'm dead serious.

CHERNOV

Well, we couldn't stop at just you, we would also have to investigate your family--

Stanislav stands up, shoving the desk.

STANISLAV

--Don't touch them!

CHERNOV

They will be placed under sanction. We can't allow potential traitors to roam free.

STANISLAV

Bastard.

CHERNOV

This is too important. We need you. If you can't perform your duty, what are we supposed to do?

STANISLAV
Just leave them out of it.

CHERNOV
You've shot men for less.

Stanislav winces.

Runs his fingers through his hair.

STANISLAV
Alright. What do I need to do.

Chernov smiles, relaxes. He's won.

CHERNOV
We need to get rid of Grigori. Cut
off the head and the body dies too.

Stanislav recomposes himself.

STANISLAV
Assassination?

CHERNOV
Something like that. He and his inner
circle have been seen using the old
warehouse in Industrial Dome 5 as a
base of operations. South of the LZ.

STANISLAV
So what, I just walk in? That place
is going to be a fortress--

CHERNOV
We'll have a shuttle ready for you in
the morning. You'll meet another
agent there. They'll tell you the
rest.

Stanislav tilts his head.

STANISLAV
Another agent? Who?

CHERNOV
You wouldn't know them.

Stanislav opens his mouth but Chernov cuts him off.

CHERNOV (cont'd)
Go home and get some rest. You're
going to need it.

Stanislav sighs, necks the Bourbon.

Stands up.

Drops his cigarette on the carpet and stamps it out.

STANISLAV

Sir.

He walks silently out of the room.

Chernov watches the door close.

As it does, he smiles.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELLENCE -
FLOOR 10 - CONTINUOUS

Stanislav run walks across to the elevator, pushes the
button.

Taking to long.

Pushes it again.

Nothing.

Starts mashing the button, then slams his fist into the
wall.

The elevator dings and opens.

He enters.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - STANISLAV'S APARTMENT BUILDING -
CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Stanislav is jogging across the corridor, slams his door
open.

STANISLAV

Nadya! Where are you!

Marches to the kitchen.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Nadya!

NADYA (O.S.)

I'm here!

She darts out from another room.

NADYA
(hushed anger)
Stop shouting! Piotr is sleeping!

He squeezes his wife close.

NADYA (cont'd)
What is it?

STANISLAV
We have to go. Now.

NADYA
What are you talking about? Go where?

STANISLAV
We don't have time! Get Piotr--

NADYA
(Stern)
Stanislav. What is going on?

STANISLAV
I can't do it... I can't do it...

Tears roll down his cheek, on the side of his remaining organic eye.

She grabs his face.

NADYA
Can't do what? Talk to me.

STANISLAV
Chernov... he wants me to... We have to leave before they come for us.

NADYA
Right. Tell me what is happening!

She sits him down, offers him a cigarette. He accepts.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - HALL OF PROLETARIAN EXCELLENCE -
CHERNOV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chernov is still sat at his desk, on the phone.

CHERNOV
It is done. He's coming. Be ready.

STANISLAV

I just... what if I'm too old?

NADYA

Maybe you are. But I know you've taken him on before and came out on top. Just be careful.

Stanislav leans back.

STANISLAV

You sound like Chernov.

NADYA

Maybe I do. But I'm not asking you to do this for the glory of the party. Do it for the people. For me and Piotr.

Stanislav rubs his temples.

STANISLAV

What difference does it make? Chernov will take all the glory anyway. Use it as an example of how diligent we are in our defense of 'the people'.

NADYA

So what? You've still done the right thing either way. Who cares if Chernov takes the spotlight away from you. You've still made this a safer place.

STANISLAV

Hmm... You're right. I just... What if I don't come back?

Nadya looks down. She'd wanted to avoid that topic.

NADYA

You will. You always did.

STANISLAV

I just don't want to leave you two without--

NADYA

You'll come back.

They smile at each other.

Tiny footsteps come from down the hall.

STANISLAV

Oh no...

Five year old PIOTR comes round the corner.

PIOTR

(Rubbing his eyes)

Mumma, Dadda? Why are you awake?

NADYA

Oh my sweet baby boy, let's get you
back to bed, okay?

They both stand up.

STANISLAV

No, no. I'll do it. You need to get
some rest.

He gives her a watery smile.

NADYA

You're a good man, Stanislav Petrov.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - STANISLAV'S APARTMENT - PIOTR'S
ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stanislav is helping his son into bed. It's a small room
with all the signs of a toddlers room. Lots of toy
spaceships too.

STANISLAV

That's it! Well done.

He tucks him in.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Goodnight Piotr.

PIOTR

Goodnight Papa.

He rubs his hair.

Goes to walk out the room.

PIOTR (cont'd)

Papa?

STANISLAV
(without turning
around)
Yes, son?

PIOTR
When I grow up, I want to just like
you.

Stanislav tries to hold himself together.

STANISLAV
(voice breaking)
When you're older you might think
differently. But don't you worry
about that now. Goodnight.

He walks out, holding back tears.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - STANISLAV'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -
MOMENTS LATER

Nadya is fast asleep in their cosy room. There are family
photos and memorabilia all over the walls and in the
cabinets.

Stanislav eases himself into bed next to her, staring at the
ceiling.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - STANISLAV'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -
MORNING

Nadya stirs, rolling over to cuddle with her husband.

He's not in bed.

Her eyes open, and she spots an envelope on his pillow,
addressed to her.

She picks it up. One of his cigarettes is underneath it, as
well as his signet ring.

Tears well in her eyes.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - POLICE BARRACKS - MORNING

The old, antiquated building is bustling with younger
officers, who nod in respect as he passes. They are wary of
his presence, but respectful of his service.

Stanislav hasn't been here a while and it shows.

He finds his old locker, name label very worn.

Takes it in.

He opens it.

He pulls out his OLD PISTOL. It looks different to his standard issue one, covered in attachments and modifications.

Runs his hand over the grip. There's twenty-five tally notches in the grip.

Stanislav's face softens.

STANISLAV
(under his breath)
Never thought I'd see you again.

Without taking a second look, he pulls his regular pistol out of its holster, swaps it for his old one.

He finds an old photo of him and his wife, from about 20 years ago. He pockets that too, fighting back the tears.

He then takes out his old body armour, and starts suiting up.

He's ready.

He takes a deep breath, and turns to leave.

All his fellow officers are lined up down to the door, saluting.

He's stunned.

He gives a sombre salute back.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
At... Ease.

EXT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - POLICE BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

He marches across the boulevard to a black shuttle.

The door opens. He steps in.

Waiting for him is Alina, a her lip split and her eye bruised.

He climbs in, sits opposite her.

STANISLAV

(wary)

I take it your my 'fellow agent'?

ALINA

You'd be correct. Alina.

She holds out a stiff hand.

STANISLAV

Stanislav.

He shakes it, a performative smile on his face.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Alina... I know that name. From the Academy, perhaps?

ALINA

Oh please, no need to stroke my ego.

STANISLAV

That's right! I remember, graduated as a Commissariat Cadet. Flying colours, if I recall?

ALINA

Yes, that Alina.

She exhales, almost a laugh.

EXT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The shuttle is weaving it's way over to the edge of the dome, where we can see a tube-like structure connecting it to another. The hustle and bustle of the streets below looks almost normal, if it weren't for the futuristic designs of the buildings. And of course, the flying craft above them.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the shuttle is dimly lit, shaking slightly. Both their faces are lit in red. Alina wipes blood off of her lip.

ALINA

That's the problem with over achieving.

(MORE)

ALINA (cont'd)
It casts a shadow over everything you do. You've got to be the qualification, not the person.

STANISLAV
If you don't mind me asking, what...
What happened...

He gestures around his face.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Here?

Alina hesitates. Plasters on a smile.

ALINA
Oh you know, our job can get messy sometimes.

She looks up at the corner of the cabin.

Stanislav follows her gaze. There's a camera watching them.

Alina looks back to Stanislav, raises her eyebrows.

STANISLAV
(Knowingly)
I understand.

She shifts in her seat. A wry expression creeps onto her face.

ALINA
Hey, don't you think it's a little off, that they only sent two of us?

STANISLAV
This is a matter of discretion, as I'm sure you're aware.

Alina seems to grow a little taller.

ALINA
Hmph. Discretion. Make sure 'the people' don't get scared right?

Stanislav instinctively looks up at the camera. It's still watching them. He gives her an incredulous look.

ALINA (cont'd)
If only they realised how flimsy this whole thing is.
(MORE)

ALINA (cont'd)

If one man can cause this much of a scare... Imagine what would happen if news got out?

STANISLAV

(Stiffly)

I dread to think.

ALINA

They dread to think. Our glorious leaders.

STANISLAV

What are you getting at?

ALINA

'The People' have a damn sight more in common with those on the other side of the DMZ than with us.

STANISLAV

What? Our people are hard working, disciplined. The others are--

ALINA

Are what? Lazy? Stupid? Shallow? We worship men, what they stood for. Marx. Lenin. Gagarin. They worship brands. Products. Activities. What's the difference? It's all a means to control them.

STANISLAV

Do you always speak to strangers like this?

ALINA

Only when I'm trying to fill the air.

STANISLAV

It's a dangerous way to live.

ALINA

So is being a member of the KMB.

Stanislav looks at her in disbelief.

STANISLAV

I'm surprised you're still serving, talking like that.

ALINA

I'm surprised you're still serving,
you old softie.

STANISLAV

Now that's not fair--

ALINA

Let's focus on the task at hand,
shall we?

Stanislav opens his mouth, closes it, shakes his head.

The shuttle rumbles slightly. Shudders.

A voice crackles into life over the loudspeaker.

SHUTTLE LOUDSPEAKER

Approaching destination. Landing
imminent.

ALINA

That's our stop.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - DILAPIDATED STREET - DAY

Stanislav and Alina step out into the dilapidated street.
The shipping container-style housing units are rusting.
Boarded up doors and windows are common place.

The shuttle boosts into the air and flies out of sight.

The force of the thrusters buffets their clothes.

Stanislav looks around.

Alina keeps her eyes on the shuttle. Watches it get smaller
and smaller.

She lets out a deep breath.

ALINA

Sorry about all that shit on the
shuttle. Had to make sure they didn't
suspect anything.

Stanislav turns around, eyes her suspiciously.

STANISLAV

What?

Alina checks their surroundings instinctively.

ALINA

Look at this.

She pulls out the datadisk.

STANISLAV

Where did you get that?

ALINA

This is from the top brass, to be delivered to General Stukov. They're up to something. And it's not good.

STANISLAV

That explains the face.

Alina spits a gob of blood onto the ground.

ALINA

Party goons jumped me. Surprised they didn't just take me to the compost processing facility. Instead they forced me into a briefing room, and onto that shuttle.

STANISLAV

I get it. Although we might end up as compost anyway.

Stanislav groans, seems to shrink.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Fuck! This is a fucking suicide mission. I wanted to believe... I knew this was a mistake.

ALINA

We've got a chance. Hell, the fact that I'm here at all, may as well make the most of it.

STANISLAV

What's the plan? I assume that thing is encrypted.

ALINA

Oh yes. If anyone has the tools to decrypt it, out here, it's Grigori.

Stanislav shudders at the name. Manages to shake it off.

ALINA (cont'd)
We've got no other choice. We have to
find him.

STANISLAV
You're right. Chernov said the
factory was South. Let's get moving.

Alina takes point.

They move down the street, hands on holsters.

EXT. ABANDONED STREET - DAY

Gentle sobbing, around a corner.

It's echoes through the silent streets.

Alina rounds the corner, Stanislav checks their six.

Alina spots something out of view, and sighs.

ALINA
That didn't take long.

Stanislav snaps to attention.

A BABUSHKA is cradling a YOUNG MAN'S BODY, blood pooling
underneath him.

Apart from them, the street is empty.

BABUSHKA
(through tears)
My boy... My sweet baby boy...

STANISLAV
You there! Come with us, it's not
safe here!

She takes no notice.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
What are you doing out here alone?

He hurries over.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
How bad is it? We can help--

The babushka recoils with the body.

BABUSHKA

--Get away! You're too late!

Upon closer inspection, the man had two cybernetic legs, with various tattoos and augments on his upper body. There is a large gunshot wound in his stomach.

STANISLAV

We can find who did this! We--

BABUSHKA

--You've never cared! Why start now!?

(mumbling)

They only show up when the big dome is in danger... I'm sorry...

She caresses the dead mans face.

Alina grabs Stanislav's shoulder, signaling him to move back.

She crouches down by the babushka.

ALINA

(softly)

What was his name?

BABUSHKA

Dimitri.

ALINA

We're here to help. Who did this to him?

BABUSHKA

They...They're up the street I think. In one of the houses... My poor boy, he just got in with the wrong crowd...

ALINA

Okay. We'll make however did this pay.

BABUSHKA

Don't take them in. Make sure they die. I want them dead.

She starts sobbing again.

ALINA

I promise.

Stanislav looks at her in disbelief.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - LATER

They both have their pistols in hand, moving quietly down the street whispering to each other.

STANISLAV

You can't promise things like that to people! That is not regulation.

ALINA

Doesn't matter. The people who did that don't deserve another chance.

Stanislav tries to protest. Alina cuts him off.

ALINA (cont'd)

Let's be honest. It was probably Grigori's men. Those people are beyond redemption. They deserve everything we give them and worse.

STANISLAV

It's not right.

ALINA

(Raising her voice)

You really think you could reform these people? If you do you are deluding yourself.

Stanislav gives her a stern look.

STANISLAV

Keep your voice down.

ALINA

There's no one here--

STANISLAV

Shhh!

He points at the ground. There's a boot mark in a pile of dust.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Fresh.

He follows the direction the boot print was going with his eyes. There's another one down into an alley.

He signals for Alina to follow him.

They pad towards the alley.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - ALLEY HOUSE -
CONTINUOUS

THREE GANG MEMBERS are sat around a table playing cards and smoking. They are covered in tattoos and mechanical augments.

They seem quite warm and jovial all things considered.

IRON HAND 1
No fair! You're fucking cheating man!

IRON HAND 2
You're just jealous that I have a superior knowledge of game theory.

IRON HAND 3
And I have a superior knowledge of what's between your mother's legs!

They burst into laughter.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - ALLEY HOUSE -
CONTINUOUS

Stanislav and Alina have made their way up to the front of the house. They can hear the laughter.

IRON HAND 1 (O.C.)
That's not even a joke! You just said implanted 'your mother' into a sentence!

IRON HAND 3 (O.C.)
If it wasn't funny, why did you laugh?

They laugh again.

ALINA
(whispering)
You sure this is the right house?

Stanislav nods silently.

STANISLAV
(whispering)
Remember, we take them alive.

IRON HAND 1 (O.C.)
Hey, Dyov, it's your turn to take
watch.

IRON HAND 2 (O.C.)
Oh come on! Not while I'm winning.

Stanislav pulls a small round device out of his jacket and presses a button on the top.

Small spikes stick out and it starts thrumming.

He places it on the wall carefully.

STANISLAV
(Whispering)
Earplugs, now!

Alina races to cover her ears.

He pushes the button.

Click.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - ALLEY HOUSE -
CONTINUOUS

A piercing, high pitch tone erupts from seemingly nowhere.

The three Iron Hands look around terrified, shouting and screaming, but it can't be heard over the pulsing tone.

Dust and plaster are shaken from the ceiling, and the room looks as though it's shaking.

Blood trickles out of their ears.

Stanislav kicks the door down and brings his pistol to bear.

Alina follows him in.

The Iron Hands, now on the floor, brandish weapons of their own.

Spotting the weapons, Alina shoots two of them clean through the skull, and blasts a hole through the survivor's hand.

The piercing tone ceases.

STANISLAV

What did I say!

Alina isn't listening. She kneels down next to the last remaining Iron Hands, forces his intact hand behind his back.

IRON HAND 1

What.. what the fuck!

ALINA

Silence.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - ALLEY HOUSE -
LATER

Iron Hands 1 is tied to a chair in the middle of the room, battered and bruised, ears caked with dry blood. He spits a gob of red phlegm onto the ground.

Stanislav and Alina are a room over, speaking in hushed whispers.

STANISLAV (O.S.)

I can't believe you did that!

ALINA (O.S.)

I had no choice.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - ALLEY HOUSE -
SAME

STANISLAV

We could've used all of them! We had the situation under control.

ALINA

Under control? If I hadn't shot them we'd be dead.

STANISLAV

It's called disarming, Alina, you did it to one, why not the others?

ALINA

A promise is a promise.

Stanislav can't believe it.

Before he can retort, their prisoner pipes up:

IRON HAND 1 (O.S.)
Are you finished in there? I don't
have all day.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - ALLEY HOUSE -
MOMENTS LATER

Stanislav and Alina are stood over the man. He seems
surprisingly unphased.

ALINA
You work for Grigori.

IRON HANDS 1
Who?

She backhands him.

Stanislav shakes his head.

ALINA
Where is the sanatorium where he is
holding out?

STANISLAV
Wait, sanatorium?

Alina looks at him confused.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
He's holding out in a warehouse,
isn't he?

IRON HAND 1
Are you fucking kidding me? Get your
facts straight before you
interrogate--

Alina pistol whips him. Hard.

ALINA
(To Stanislav)
We'll talk about this later.

She turns back to her prey.

ALINA (cont'd)
Where is he?

IRON HAND 1
Why should I tell you?

Alina rolls her eyes.

ALINA

(angrily)

Look, we've all been here before.
Surely you know what happens when you
don't comply. When will your types
fucking learn?

IRON HAND 1

Just fucking kill me already, please.
Get it over with, bitch.

Alina sighs in casual frustration, as though the photocopier
at work has just broken down.

She takes aim at his head.

ALINA

You want me to take the shot?

IRON HAND 1

Fuck you.

She quickly aims down at his good hand.

Bang.

He starts screaming in pain.

ALINA

What a suprise. It was all an act.
This gets very old very quickly you
know.

STANISLAV

How very enlightening. Let me handle
this would you?

She walks away, leans against the wall.

Stanislav steps up to the Iron Hand.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED ALLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stanislav towers over the man. He almost looks in his prime
again. He suddenly has the presence of a man half his age.

STANISLAV
I'm going to ask you a question. If
you do not comply, I will have to
engage force. Do you understand?

IRON HAND 1
Fuck... fuck you.

Stanislav grabs him by the lapel of his open jacket.

STANISLAV
(Forceful)
Do you understand?

The Iron Hands winces, nods.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Good. Where is Grigori?

IRON HAND 1
I... I don't know.

STANISLAV
Do you want me to invite my comrade
over there back?

The Iron Hands eyes Alina.

She waves back.

He looks away.

IRON HAND 1
No.

STANISLAV
Okay. Do I need to ask you the
question again?

IRON HAND 1
(Shouting)
I don't know! Seriously!

STANISLAV
Where do you get your orders from
then?

IRON HAND 1
Just...from a radio.

STANISLAV
Right. And where are these
transmissions coming from?

IRON HAND 1

I...

STANISLAV

Please don't make this hard. Don't lie to me.

IRON HAND 1

I really don't know.

He flinches, preparing to get hit. The pain doesn't come.

STANISLAV

I see.

He eyes his metal leg through his ripped trousers.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Good grade leg for a criminal, no?

The Iron Hands is clearly caught off guard.

IRON HAND 1

I... suppose so.

STANISLAV

I would hate to have to confiscate it--

IRON HAND 1

Oh no, no, no. Okay! Look, I really don't know where the station is. But, we all have walkie-talkies. Every message is signed off with a phrase.

STANISLAV

Go on.

IRON HAND 1

"From the mouth of Gagarin himself." That's what it always says.

STANISLAV

Gagarin himself?

He scratches his chin, looks back at the Iron Hands.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Your compliance has been noted. Potential sentence reduced from life to 50 years in a reeducation camp.

Stanislav turns to leave, standing taller and with a new clarity of purpose. He's enjoying playing cop again.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

An interment squad will be with you shortly. Do not try to escape your bonds, they will detonate--

Bang.

He snaps his head around.

The Iron Hand has a sizable hole through his head.

He turns to Alina.

ALINA

I promised.

STANISLAV

Are you fucking kidding me?

Their argument fades, becomes muffled. We hear a beeping sound.

CLOSE ON the Iron Hand's fingers. Behind his back, he was holding a DEAD MAN'S SWITCH.

THE BEEPING CARRIES US INTO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - STATUE OF GAGARIN - MAKESHIFT
BLOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

Iron Hands, maybe twenty strong, busily prepare a defensive position, spanning the length of the road. Sandbags are being piled up, ammo transported, and a HEAVY MACHINE GUN, worn and chipped from years of use, is set up in a central emplacement.

THE GUNNER rams the ammo belt in.

Slams the lid down.

Racks the bolt.

Brings it to bear.

A IRON HANDS COMMANDER is walking his way through the ranks. He is a head taller than everyone else, with a 'II' tattooed on his forehead. All the other members just have single 'I'

IRON HANDS COMMANDER
They're coming, boys! Dead man's
signal just came through. We fill 'em
holes for the boss, get paid and go
home. Do you hear me?

IRON HANDS
(in unison)
Oorah!

The camera pans out - a golden statue of Yuri Gagarin behind
them, long past its prime.

There's a door at its base.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - LATER

Stanislav and Alina are picking through the rubble,
cautiously advancing down the street. The place looks like a
war zone.

STANISLAV
What were you thinking?

ALINA
Now is not the time.

STANISLAV
If I was your commanding officer--

ALINA
Would you just drop it?

STANISLAV
You know what? No I won't. I don't
know why you think you're somehow in
the moral high ground here but let me
tell you--

ALINA
Why does it matter so much to you?

Stanislav stops.

Pulls out a box of cigarettes from his jacket, lights one.

STANISLAV
We can't underestimate Grigori. We
need every scrap of information we
can get.

Alina stops beside him.

ALINA

But you said--

STANISLAV

It's part of the routine! Surely they taught you that in the Academy.

Alina flushes slightly red.

Stanislav takes a drag.

ALINA

Grigori... is he that bad? We all heard the stories, but...

STANISLAV

The worst. We had to--

He cuts himself off, lowers his voice.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

We had to let hundreds die, just to have a chance of getting rid of him.

Alina frowns, looks away in thought.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Bet they didn't tell you that, huh? And now he's back... And god knows what the Party is up to.

ALINA

I'm sorry.

STANISLAV

This is the future we were trying to prevent.

He kicks up some dust.

Alina considers him.

ALINA

Let's get moving.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - ABANDONED STREET - DAY

Alina and Stanislav are walking cautiously along, come up to a corner.

Alina sharply raises a hand.

ALINA

Look.

A pile of rubble and scrap metal flanks each side of the street, creating a funnel choke-point.

ALINA (cont'd)

Does that look like an accident to you?

Stanislav taps a button on his chest-plate. A miniature pair of binoculars pop out.

Extends them to full length.

He surveys the road.

Immediately goes prone, Alina follows suit.

STANISLAV

Shit, you're right.

He zooms in. The makeshift emplacement is visible through the choke-point.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

What the fuck?

Alina grabs the binoculars.

ALINA

Were they expecting an army?

STANISLAV

Do you reckon there's a way around?

ALINA

I wouldn't bet on it.

STANISLAV

Well, we can't exactly go through the fucking middle can we? We'll get ripped to shreds.

Alina thinks for a moment.

ALINA

Grenades?

STANISLAV

There's too many of them. And we can't get close enough.

ALINA

I've got an idea. Follow me to the breach.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - RUBBLE CHOKEPOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Stanislav and Alina are crawling up to the breach on their bellies.

They reach the right bank, and prop themselves up against it, just thirty metres away from the blockade.

Stanislav presses a button on his binoculars. They turn into a periscope.

He spots the statue.

STANISLAV

Shit... Alina, look at that statue.

She takes the periscope.

ALINA

The mouth of Gagarin himself, huh?

STANISLAV

So what's this plan of yours?

She pulls a black cylinder off of her shoulder, passes it to Stanislav.

ALINA

Smoke grenades. Fire this when I give the signal, then we run inside that building.

She points to their left, where an open door-ed building stands.

Stanislav deploys the cylinder, turning it into a HANDHELD MORTAR.

Alina puts an extension on her pistol, complete with a bipod, and deploys it, lying on the ground next to the breach, as concealed as possible.

Stanislav is tinkering with the mortar behind cover.

STANISLAV

Range found.

Alina takes aim for the gunner.

Breathes in.

Exhales slowly.

ALINA

Now.

The pistol and mortar fire simultaneously.

The gunner's head is caved in, and he slumps back onto the ground as a field of smoke plumes up in between the breach and the blockade.

ALINA (cont'd)

Let's go!

She jumps to her feet and runs into the smoke.

Stanislav just about struggles to keep up.

IRON HANDS COMMANDER

They're here! Somebody get on that gun! Now!

On the Iron Hands' side, they scramble to take positions.

One grabs the machine gun handle and starts firing wildly into the smoke.

The bullets rip into the street. Rubble and debris is torn up and thrown into the air near Stanislav and Alina.

Stanislav stumbles, a spray of red shooting from his leg.

STANISLAV

Fuck!

He keeps running, limping slightly.

They reach the other side of the road.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - EMPTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stanislav and Alina are hugged against the wall, panting. Gunfire is still ripping up the street outside.

Blood oozes out of the wound on Stanislav's lower leg.

As the smoke dissipates, the gunfire ceases.

IRON HANDS COMMANDER (O.S.)
Where did they go? Hold positions
men! Keep an eye out!

STANISLAV
Now what?

ALINA
Honestly I'm surprised we made it
this far.

STANISLAV
Brilliant.

ALINA
Any ideas?

STANISLAV
Only one.

He fumbles with his belt.

CLOSE ON A GRENADE. It has a dial on top which reads
"SMOKESCREEN".

He turns the dial a few times. It now reads "WHITE
PHOSPHORUS".

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Get ready with another smoke.

Alina pulls a grenade of her own belt.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Now.

They simultaneously throw their grenades, Alina straight
forward, Stanislav around the door frame.

It goes through the machine gun emplacement and lands on the
ground with a thud.

Before the Iron Hand can react it detonates, ripping the
flesh from their bones instantly.

His severed hands still grip the machine gun.

The smoke goes off seconds later. No more machine gun fire.

They both breath a sigh of relief.

ALINA
That can't be all of them.

Stanislav shakes his head in agreement.

STANISLAV
Not a chance.

ALINA
Set pistols to full auto.

They both flip a switch on their guns, synchronized.

Switch their magazines for longer ones.

STANISLAV
One last smoke.

ALINA
I don't have any left.

STANISLAV
Shit.

He pulls out a mortar shell, slams the bottom of it, triggering it by hand, flings it out the doorway.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

They storm out of the house and slide over the barricade under the cover of the smoke.

They duck down behind ammo boxes.

Poke their head up, look around. There's no one there.

They look beyond the barricade, see the remaining Iron Hands running in the opposite direction, some badly wounded and limping.

Alina takes aim at them.

Stanislav moves his hand onto her gun, pushes it down.

STANISLAV
We're clear. We need to conserve
ammunition.

Alina relents.

Stanislav takes a few ragged breaths.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
I need to sort this leg out.

He sits down on a piece of rubble blown loose by the mortar blast.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
I don't suppose you brought any
bandages, did you?

Alina glares at him.

ALINA
You mean you didn't?

He shakes his head.

STANISLAV
Didn't think I'd need them.

ALINA
You mean to tell me you thought you
wouldn't get wounded?

STANISLAV
Don't need to patch myself up if I'm
dead.

Alina sighs, crouches down beside him. Pulls gauze, rubbing alcohol and bandages out of a bag.

ALINA
And you call me the reckless one...

Stanislav pulls up his trouser leg.

She sets to work cleaning the wound. He winces with pain.

ALINA (cont'd)
(sombre)
We can make it out of this, you know.

STANISLAV
Can we?

ALINA
Look at what we just did. Don't say
you're not impressed.

She presses the gauze onto the wound.

STANISLAV
I don't... I don't want to get my
hopes up. Whatever happens, happens.

She binds the wound with the bandages, cuts it to size with a pocket knife.

ALINA
With that attitude, it will.

She ties off the bandage.

ALINA (cont'd)
There. Good to go.

Stanislav stands up, tests his leg.

STANISLAV
Thanks.

He looks up to the grand statue of Gagarin.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Let's get this over with.

He looks at the door underneath the statue, and signals Alina to move up.

They cross the defenses and take position either side of the door, pistols ready.

Alina counts down on her fingers.

Three.

Two.

One.

Stanislav kicks the door open with his good leg.

The door opens onto a staircase, descending down to a corridor, but they can't see any further.

Alina takes point. Stanislav follows closely behind.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - GAGARIN
STATUE - CONTINUOUS

They pad gently down the steps, ready to fire.

The sound of radio static gets louder.

As they get to the bottom of the stairs, the corridor opens into a COMMUNICATIONS ROOM.

Inside, there is a man slumped over at the desk in front of radio equipment.

Stanislav and Alina advance cautiously.

Blood is splattered all over the equipment and wall.

They run over to him, pistols readied.

There is a gun next to him on the desk, a hole in his head. Flies swarm his body.

ALINA

Dead.

STANISLAV

And for a while, by the looks of it.

The radio jumps to life.

RADIO

(crackling)

Mayday... Mayday, this is Moscow-One.
Mars do you copy?

Stanislav and Alina share a worried look.

RADIO (cont'd)

This is Moscow. If there's anyone
there please respond.

ALINA

Since when do official comms
broadcast to... whatever this place
is?

STANISLAV

Might've been an emergency radio
station.

Stanislav picks up the receiver.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Moscow this is Stanislav Petrov, KMB
Commissar, do you read me?

RADIO

Copy that Commissar Petrov. We've
been trying to reach Mars for weeks.
None of our communications have been
answered.

STANISLAV

Weeks?

RADIO

Truth be told... I don't know how to explain this.

STANISLAV

Explain...what?

RADIO

...The Americans launched a nuclear strike... We fired back... we can't leave this fucking bunker. Fallout is too strong. Our rations are nearly spent.

Stanislav and Alina look at each other in disbelief.

STANISLAV

That... that can't be true. Nuclear War?

RADIO

I wish I was making it up.

STANISLAV

You said weeks ago? Why hasn't anyone here heard?

RADIO

Your guess is as good as mine, every station we've tried... nothing. We started with official channels, but nothing. This frequency isn't even registered.

STANISLAV

But that means... Someone has been blocking communications?

RADIO

Please take this information to your superiors. It's too late for us now. Mars is now the only fire of revolution left burning.

STANISLAV

We will do--

RADIO

Glory to the Union!

Bang.

Back to static.

The pair hold their mouths open.

ALINA

That... that can't be right. There's
no way...

Stanislav can't make a sound.

STANISLAV

The Motherland... Earth...

ALINA

Everyone...

They go to leave.

STANISLAV

Wait.

He returns to the radio, pushes a button, then pulls out a
small chip from the equipment.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

No one will believe us without this.

They walk up the stairs, side by side.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - LATER

Stanislav and Alina are sat on ammo boxes outside the
statue, glazed looks on their faces. Stanislav looks up at
Earth through the dome glass.

STANISLAV

Do you think... it can't be true, can
it?

ALINA

Why would they lie? They gave the
right codes and-

STANISLAV

What if it's the Blues? Trying to
weaken our morale, maybe planning an
invasion-

ALINA

Stanislav.

He looks over to her. She's taken on a tone much too similar to his wife's.

ALINA (cont'd)
We have to let it go.

STANISLAV
How can you say that? The Motherland,
our people, all gone...

Alina slams her fist down beside her.

ALINA
Fuck the Motherland. And they're not
'our people', haven't been for half a
century. Let's go. Let's just run.
Get out of this shit hole.

STANISLAV
Run where!? Over the blasted curtain?
Betray everything we've ever known
and go live it up with the Blues?

She thinks.

ALINA
Maybe.

Stanislav throws his arms up in exasperation.

STANISLAV
I don't believe it.

ALINA
Well what are we supposed to do!?
Just stick it out here? For what?

STANISLAV
Alina, if what he said is true, we're
the last humans left. We're the ones
that must see our dream through!

Alina stands up, stares him down.

ALINA
You really believe that don't you? So
what, we just bow down the Chernov
and the rest of the party, and let
them do what they want with the
place?

STANISLAV

I never said that. We can make this place better, for everyone.

Alina holds her head in her hands, suddenly withered by the weight of the world.

ALINA

Maybe this is what we needed... We can knock down that fucking wall. Rebuild.

Stanislav wipes his brow.

Sighs.

Then, he perks up, looks like he's listening to something, focusing.

STANISLAV

What's that?

ALINA

What?

STANISLAV

Get down. Now!

Stanislav throws himself to the ground against the sandbags.

Alina follows suit.

He gets the periscope out, and looks down the road which the Iron Hands retreated.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

You may not get a chance to leave.

Around the corner rolls an APC, fitted with a top-mounted turret and side-mounted machine guns.

Behind it, at least thirty men armed with rifles, SMGs and LMGs jog down the road.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Fuck. Chernov didn't say anything about fucking tanks!

ALINA

Into the statue. Now!

STANISLAV

Wait a second.

Stanislav fumbles around inside his jacket and pulls out what looks like just a small red button.

He places it on the ground behind the sandbags and activates it.

Legs unfurl and it grips the concrete, it folds out to resemble an ANTI-VEHICLE MINE. It pulses with red light.

ALINA

Come on!

They crawl over to the open door, trying to stay as low to the ground as possible.

STANISLAV
(ushering Alina)

In! In!

He follows behind, slams the door behind them.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - GAGARIN
STATUE - CONTINUOUS

Stanislav and Alina hurry down the stairs into the communications room.

STANISLAV

Ah, shit.

ALINA

Help me get this place more
defensible. Now!

They set about knocking over chairs and tables that could act as cover.

Alina runs up the stairs and sets up a TRIPWIRE MINE at the foot of the door, then another at the bottom of the stairs.

Stanislav sees what she's doing.

STANISLAV

Hey, no more, not too close!

ALINA

Don't worry, that's all I had anyway.

She gets behind their barricade and configures her pistol.

ALINA (cont'd)
(pointing at other
end of barricade)
If you fire from there, we can create
a kill zone at the foot of the
stairs.

STANISLAV
Agreed.

They look at each other.

Beat

Stanislav goes to say something but the radio crackles into
life behind them.

RADIO
Come in forward outpost, do you copy?

Stanislav lights up.

STANISLAV
I've got an idea.

He picks up the receiver on the desk.

Holds a finger to a button on his chest plate.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
This is forward outpost, over.

His voice is unrecognisable.

RADIO
We've had reports of the targets at
your location, can you confirm?

STANISLAV
Confirmed, but they took off in a
different direction, over.

Silence crackles over the radio.

RADIO
Nice try.

The voice laughs, harsh, guttural.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

GRIGORI, a metal hulk, is in the commanders cupola in the turret of the APC, holding a radio receiver. He has a 'V' tattooed on his forehead.

The APC is rolling towards the blockade, the column of men close behind, checking buildings and windows around them.

GRIGORI
They're in there all right.

He smiles grimly.

The APC rolls closer.

An Iron Hand with a small portable computer and radio system runs up to the APC

IRON HANDS COMMS OPERATOR
Sir! You should see this!

Grigori hops out of the APC, snatches the computer out of his hand.

It details reports of who is in the statue, sent by the survivors.

IRON HANDS COMMS OPERATOR (cont'd)
The battle group who fought them here
send this our way.

Grigori's eyes go wide.

IRON HANDS COMMS OPERATOR (cont'd)
They said they fought dirty, we
should be careful-

Grigori turns to the APC.

GRIGORI
STOP! STOP!

CLOSE ON the mine Stanislav placed.

It starts beeping faster.

The APC rolls over it.

A thunderous bang.

The APC's turret flies into the air and a jet of fire shoots upwards out the tank.

Iron Hands all around start scrambling for cover.

The turret comes crashing down, crushing a few of them.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - GAGARIN
STATUE - CONTINUOUS

The two officers are set up, ready to open fire.

Stanislav smiles at Alina.

STANISLAV
That's one problem out of the way.

Alina doesn't take the bait, remains stony.

ALINA
Only one of them.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

Grigori is furious.

GRIGORI
Shit. Shit.

He stamps the ground, making a large hole in the concrete.

A few Iron Hands have mine sweepers, surveying the area.

IRON HANDS MINESWEEPER
All clear!

GRIGORI
Good. They're in the statue. Blow the
fucking door of its hinges.

Two Iron Hands run up and start preparing charges.

GRIGORI (cont'd)
Traitorous bastards are gonna pay for
this.

IRON HANDS DEMOLITION EXPERT
All set! Clear the blast area!

The Iron Hands clear out. The one that called the warning
looks at a monitor on his wrist.

IRON HANDS DEMOLITION EXPERT (cont'd)
Ready Sir!

Grigori waits.

Nods.

The Iron Hands cover their ears.

The explosion rips through the air.

The sound of screeching metal as the door is ripped of its hinges, then immediately followed another explosion, and another - the trip-mines.

The force of all three explosions shakes the ground.

The statue shakes, the legs crack, it topples.

Onto the wreckage of the APC.

It fractures in the middle.

Some Iron Hands are caught underneath, but most scramble out of the way just in time.

The ones that survived are covered in soot and dust.
Grigori picks himself up from the floor.

GRIGORI

What the fuck was that?

IRON HANDS DEMOLITION EXPERT

They must have set a trap of their own.

GRIGORI

Alright, get in there boys!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - GAGARIN
STATUE - CONTINUOUS

Three of Grigori's Iron Hands enter through the door frame, shining rifle mounted torches in, most taped in place.

The room is filled with rubble.

Stanislav and Alina are motionless, trapped under large pieces of concrete.

IRON HANDS SERGEANT

Target acquired sir! They're not getting up.

Grigori peers in behind them.

GRIGORI

Well don't just stand there! Get them out!

IRON HANDS SERGEANT

I thought our orders were KOS?

GRIGORI

Not any more. I want to have some fun.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - MAKESHIFT BLOCKADE - MOMENTS LATER

Stanislav and Alina are being dragged by the arms out of the statue comms room, their bodies limp.

GRIGORI

When evac gets here make sure they get a once over from the medic. I've got a few questions.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

STANISLAV'S POV:

He slowly stirs to the sound of gruff voices. His ears are ringing.

IRON HANDS SERGEANT

(muffled)

It was only our job to kill 'em, not interrogate them!

GRIGORI

(muffled)

Shut the fuck up! I want to see what they have to say for themselves. I wanna know what the fuck this is about. You know who that is right?

Stanislav groans, it catches in his throat.

REGULAR POV:

They're in a large re-purposed warehouse, every word and sound echoing loudly. Tents and plastic sheets have been set up as rudimentary living spaces.

Iron Handss mill about, some playing cards, carrying things around, some are gathered around Grigori and Stanislav. Next to them is a worn metal table.

Stanislav coughs.

Blood splatters over his tattered uniform.

IRON HANDS SERGEANT
Shit, he's awake.

He strides over, holds up Stanislav's head.

GRIGORI
Remember me, Petrov?

Stanislav's face is full of cold rage.

He spits blood at Grigori's face.

Grigori doesn't flinch.

Stanislav uses the last of his strength to yank his head away.

STANISLAV
Get off me, pig.

Grigori laughs, heartily.

GRIGORI
So it is you!

STANISLAV
Where's Alina?

GRIGORI
Oh no, that's not how this is going to work. I want to know what made the most self-righteous cop in the Soviet Sector turn traitor!

The words linger in Stanislav's head.

He snaps to attention.

STANISLAV
Traitor? What the fuck are you talking about?

GRIGORI
Nice try. We got orders to take out a rogue operative trying to sabotage ID5.

STANISLAV

Orders? Since when do you take orders?

GRIGORI

Well, our last meeting, unlucky for you, didn't quite kill me. We got arrested and pressed into service. A penal battalion if you will.

STANISLAV

So you're working for--

GRIGORI

For the party, in a roundabout way, yes. Our service for our lives.

STANISLAV

Those neural implants must've really fucked with you huh?

GRIGORI

What?

He squares up to Stanislav.

STANISLAV

You're serious aren't you? You're a crim, one of the worst. Me and my partner were sent to deal with you.

GRIGORI

And where did you get these orders exactly?

STANISLAV

From the top. Chernov.

Grigori blusters.

GRIGORI

Fuck off. Either you tell me the truth, or my friends and I are going to have a little fun.

The Iron Hands Sergeant starts inspecting tools on the table next to them. All of them look vicious.

Stanislav considers his words. Doesn't seem phased by the threat.

STANISLAV
You're not scrambled, are you? Shit.
That means...

He remembers.

GRIGORI
That means what?

STANISLAV
Alina. She has something we both need
to see.

GRIGORI
Listen, either you explain yourself,
or things will get very, very messy.

STANISLAV
(deep in thought)
No... no, no, no. They wouldn't go
this far, would they?

Grigori turns to his men.

GRIGORI
I think we might have broken him!
Didn't take much.

A few snorts and sniggers.

Stanislav looks up at Grigori.

STANISLAV
Grigori. We've been played. Untie me,
and I'll prove it.

GRIGORI
Nice try.

STANISLAV
I'm dead serious. You've taken my
weapons, what can I do to all of you?

Grigori looks hesitant.

Grigori turns, faces the sergeant.

GRIGORI
Wrench, untie him.

IRON HANDS SERGEANT
What?

GRIGORI
I'm not fucking around. Do it!
(to Stanislav)
One quick movement, you're dead.

He sidles up, cuts his bonds quickly and jumps back.

Stanislav doesn't make a move.

STANISLAV
I'll need some radio equipment.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON bulky radio equipment, being hauled in between two of Grigori's men.

They drop it onto the a table with a thud.

Stanislav and Grigori are sat at it, a Iron Hands holding a gun to Stanislav's head, a couple more lingering around them.

Grigori looks concerned for the first time.

The Iron Hands hauling the radio unfurl cables, plug them in to a generator.

Instruments on the machine come to life.

Grigori watches on intently.

Stanislav presses on his metal thigh, and a small hatch opens up.

The Iron Hands behind him tenses up.

He very carefully pulls out the chip, puts in in the machine.

It starts playing the SOS signal they heard underneath the statue.

Stanislav presses another button, and the recording fast forwards.

Presses play again.

They hear the conversation Stanislav had with the radio operator from Earth.

Grigori listens intently.

They all startle at the sound of the gunshot at the end.

GRIGORI
Well, fuck.

Grigori scratches his bald head.

GRIGORI (cont'd)
Why didn't we hear about it before?
We had a man on that radio.

STANISLAV
Killed himself. I imagine upon
hearing this news.

Grigori slams his fist into the table.

GRIGORI
Looks like you were right. We both
got played.

STANISLAV
Why would Chernov be hiding this?

GRIGORI
I'm not sure, but we can damn well
try and find out.

A moment of grim silence.

STANISLAV
Where is Alina?

GRIGORI
She's safe. She wasn't quite as lucky
as you though. She's resting up in
the med-bay.

STANISLAV
There's more. She has a datadisk with
an encrypted message on it. I'm going
to see her.

Grigori nods in acceptance.

Stanislav stands, turns and tries to walk off but ends up
limping instead.

GRIGORI
Oh, Petrov?

Stanislav almost doesn't stop.

Relents, turns around, but doesn't say anything.

GRIGORI (cont'd)
I've got an offer for you when you
get back.

Stanislav turns and leaves without another word.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - MED-BAY -
MOMENTS LATER

Stanislav walks down the spacious corridor at the rear of
the warehouse, until he gets to a door with a crude 'SICK-
BAY' sign hanging above it.

He goes to knock on the door, but stops when he hears:

ALINA (O.S.)
Get your hands off me! I'm fine.

IRON HANDS MEDIC (O.S.)
You need to rest! Lie back down, or--

ALINA (O.S.)
Or what? You're not gonna shoot me
are you, idiot!

Stanislav lets slip a small smile.

Knocks.

Silence.

IRON HANDS MEDIC (O.S.)
Sorry, we aren't receiving visitors
at this time--

ALINA (O.S.)
Who made that decision? Because it
certainly wasn't me.

IRON HANDS MEDIC (O.S.)
Alright, fine.

Stanislav opens the door.

Alina is in a dirty looking bed, cuts and bruises a-plenty.
A MEDIC is stood over her, making notes and checking blood
pressure etc.

Alina softens at the sight of him.

STANISLAV
Leave us, would you?

The MEDIC storms out.

IRON HANDS MEDIC
(mumbling)
...Always underappreciated...

Stanislav lets the door close before continuing.

STANISLAV
How are you?

ALINA
Oh, not you as well, I'm fine--

STANISLAV
I mean it.

ALINA
So do I. I can walk. That's good
enough for me.

Stanislav settles onto a stool next to her bed.

STANISLAV
Grigori has a plan, I think he wants
to work with us.

Alina scoffs.

ALINA
Imagine that. Stanislav Petrov and
his greatest enemy teaming up.

Stanislav laughs.

His smile doesn't last for long.

He settles into a contemplative look.

STANISLAV
He's serious.

ALINA
What?

STANISLAV
Turns out Chernov was playing us
against each other to get rid of us.
We're thinking threat to the status
quo.

ALINA
Wait, so, Grigori was sent to die
too?

He nods.

ALINA (cont'd)
Shit. I knew there was something
fishy about this whole set up.

STANISLAV
Part of me still doesn't believe it.

ALINA
I say we agree. Fuck Chernov. And
fuck the Party.

Stanislav is silent.

ALINA (cont'd)
You don't agree?

STANISLAV
I... I have a wife, and son. I don't
want to abandon them.

Alina looks solemn.

ALINA
By all rights we should be dead
already. I want to take out some
bastards on the way out, but, it's
your call.

They look at each other

ALINA (cont'd)
Realistically, would you be able to
return to them?

STANISLAV
You're right. I wouldn't.

ALINA
So you may as well--

STANISLAV
--Give them a brighter future?

Alina nods, smiling.

ALINA
Something like that.

STANISLAV

True enough.

Stanislav smiles.

Looks at the ceiling.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Two days ago, if you'd have told me I was going to be working with Grigori, fighting the party? I would have executed you for treason.

They both chuckle.

ALINA

For us.

STANISLAV

For us. And Piotr, and Nadya.

ALINA

And every sad son of a bitch on this rock.

STANISLAV

Good luck to them all.

ALINA

Ready to go?

She starts easing herself out of bed.

STANISLAV

Yes, but there's something I need to do first.

ALINA

And we need to get that datadisk decrypted.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stanislav and Alina limp back to Grigori in the main room, who is pouring over a map on a table with some of his men.

GRIGORI

We could enter here...

IRON HANDS ASSISTANT

That would probably buy us enough time to get inside.

He notices the pair.

GRIGORI
You're back. I assume you filled in
Alina?

They nod.

ALINA
We're in.

She tosses the datadisk onto the table.

GRIGORI
Excellent. We'll need you once we're
inside. I'm honestly very impressed,
Stanislav you have not lost your
skill with age.

STANISLAV
Do you have a phone?

GRIGORI
A what?

STANISLAV
I need to talk to someone. Then I'll
join you.

GRIGORI
Well... I suppose you could use our
comms system, patched into the right
frequency.

STANISLAV
Good. Let's do this.

IRON HANDS ASSISTANT
Wouldn't that give away our position?

GRIGORI
Yes, but we won't be here for much
longer anyhow. Patch him in,
Lieutenant. We'll get that disk
decrypted in the mean time.

IRON HANDS ASSISTANT
Sir.
(To Stanislav)
Follow me.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - COMMS ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

The assistant works away on some dials and knobs on a portable phone.

IRON HANDS ASSISTANT

Good to go.

STANISLAV

Thanks.

He hands Stanislav the receiver.

He dials in the number.

Takes a deep breath.

The assistant is still standing over him.

Stanislav makes a gesture saying 'shoo'

The assistant takes the hint.

The phone dials for a few moments.

NADYA

Hello? Who is this?

Stanislav fights back the tears.

STANISLAV

Hello, darling.

NADYA

Stanislav? Is that you? Where are you calling from?

STANISLAV

Yes. It is.

NADYA

Well, are you okay? Are you coming home soon?

Stanislav looks defeated.

STANISLAV

I...I don't know.

A tear rolls down his cheek.

NADYA
I understand. I'm just so glad you're
safe. I was a bit worried when--

STANISLAV
I'm okay. Can I speak to Piotr?

NADYA
Well, of course, I, one second,
(Away from receiver)
Piotr! It's your father!

Tiny footsteps come running down the hall.

PIOTR
Papa!

STANISLAV
Hello, my little man. How are you
doing?

PIOTR
Good! Mama is making stew for dinner
tonight!

STANISLAV
That sounds great. You make sure she
knows how delicious it is okay?

PIOTR
Sure thing!

STANISLAV
Good boy. Now could you pass me back
to mama?

PIOTR
(To Nadya)
Here you go.

STANISLAV
I love you, Nadya.

NADYA
I love you too. See you... soon then?

STANISLAV
I hope.

He hangs up.

Breaks down.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - LATER

Stanislav enters the room with a look of newfound resolve.

The others are arguing about the best way to approach the situation.

ALINA

There you are. Want to weigh in on this?

Stanislav leans over the table, assessing the various schematics and blueprints.

STANISLAV

All we need to do is get to the comms tower, yes?

They all nod in agreement.

STANISLAV (cont'd)

Well, if we take one of your military shuttles, scrape off any identification, we should be able to get close enough to land without being shot down.

GRIGORI

True enough, but what happens then?

ALINA

If you leave some men at the shuttle, we'll fight our way up the tower and get that message sent.

STANISLAV

Alina and I will do the deed, make sure your men don't get stuck up there with us.

IRON HANDS ASSISTANT

We are under no illusions of making it out either.

GRIGORI

My men and I will hold off the counter attack, you two just get it done, okay?

They nod.

GRIGORI (cont'd)

Let's get to work.

A IRON HANDS HACKER jogs towards them.

IRON HANDS HACKER
Sir. You're going to want to see what
was on that disk.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - TERMINAL
ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is full of computer terminals, servers, Iron Hands
tapping away on keyboards.

The Iron Hands Hacker leads Grigori, Stanislav, and Alina to
a terminal.

Grigori sits down at the terminal, starts scrolling.

Eyes widen.

GRIGORI
Fuck me... Chernov has known about
the nuclear war for weeks... Must've
deliberately cut off comms so the
message couldn't be heard by anyone
else.

Stanislav rubs his temples.

ALINA
This is worse than I thought.

GRIGORI
Not only that, what they were doing
with us - pitting undesirables
against each other... There's a lot
more names on this list. We were just
the beginning.

STANISLAV
Must be trying to strengthen their
grip before they break the news.

GRIGORI
We've got to get over there now. He's
planning on declaring war on the
Blues.

ALINA
Fuck...

STANISLAV
What are we waiting for? Let's go.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - LANDING PAD -
LATER

Stanislav, Alina, Grigori and his men are gearing up in the main room. Iron Hands are running to and from, gathering gear and weapons.

They look dour, sure in their purpose.

Stanislav is cleaning and loading an assault rifle, then slings it over his back.

Slings a shotgun onto his other shoulder.

Loads his pistol, holsters it.

Alina flicks a syringe.

Injects it into her wounded leg, scrunches up her face.

Holsters two pistols and slings a shotgun over her shoulder.

Grigori is bristling with weapons, 2 SMGs, an assault rifle and a LMG, locked and loaded.

GRIGORI

We do what we have to, no hesitation.
If we're not fast, we're dead. Dead
and failures.

ALINA

That's providing we can land at all.

GRIGORI

I'm not planning on giving them any
choice.

ALINA

What if they just shoot us down?

GRIGORI

Military police come and go all the
time in unmarked shuttles. They
wouldn't risk it. It's their heads if
they do.

One of Grigori's men sidles up to him.

IRON HANDS

Sir, pre-flight checks came back
green. The men are ready. We're good
to go.

GRIGORI

Let's give those stuck up fucks
something to worry about.

He turns, walks towards the shuttle.

GRIGORI (cont'd)

What I wouldn't give to see Chernov's
face when the signal goes out.

He gives a hearty chuckle.

Alina turns to Stanislav.

ALINA

Ready?

STANISLAV

No, but I don't think I ever will be.

ALINA

You're a brave man, Stanislav Petrov.

STANISLAV

Not brave, just scared. For my
family. For their future.

ALINA

Well, dutiful then? How's that?

STANISLAV

I can live with that.

They smile at each other.

Grigori turns as he's getting into the shuttle.

GRIGORI

Come on! Let's get this over with.

They share a nod of understanding, and stride towards the
shuttle and file in.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOME 5 - GRIGORI'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stanislav and Alina get in, the doors close and the shuttle
takes off.

It flies towards the space corridor.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER -
CONTINUOUS

The control room is packed full of surveillance gear and radio sets. Lots of beeps and lights.

Two sleepy TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS sit, legs up on the desk. One has his cap over his eyes, the other just dozing off.

Before he can slip into sleep the shuttle whizzes past.

He jolts awake, eyes it up and then looks on his monitor.

KONSTANTIN

Boris, was there a scheduled landing
this afternoon?

The other man wakes up.

BORIS

Umm... No?

KONSTANTIN

(Pointing at monitor)

Well, who's that then?

Boris looks to the monitor, then to him.

BORIS

Shit. No ID either?

KONSTANTIN

I'll hail them.

He grabs a receiver.

KONSTANTIN (cont'd)

Unidentified craft, this is Air
Traffic Control. Identify yourselves
immediately or face automatic
prosecution.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE SHUTTLE Alina, Stanislav and Grigori are sat together, listening to the radio.

KONSTANTIN (V.O.)

I repeat, Identify yourselves
immediately or face automatic
prosecution.

Grigori picks up the receiver

GRIGORI
Not a chance, comrade.

KONSTANTIN
So be it. Prepare to be boarded on
landing.

Grigori puts down the receiver, chuckles.

GRIGORI
Good of them to let us know.

Alina smiles.

Stanislav tries to, then looks down.

He is clutching a small photograph of him and his family.

CUT TO: THE CONTROL ROOM.

Konstantin puts his receiver down, rubs his forehead.

KONSTANTIN
Call security, tell them it's
serious.

BORIS
On it.
(Picking up receiver)
Security, this is Traffic Control, we
have a code four-dash-nine-eight,
standby for location.

RADIO
Received and understood.

They watch as the shuttle loops around, heads towards the
COMMUNICATIONS TOWER

KONSTANTIN
From their trajectory, looks like
Landing Pad B.

BORIS
Security, Comms Tower, Landing Pad B.

INT./EXT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - COMMS TOWER - LANDING PAD B -
MOMENTS LATER

A squad of heavily armed troopers, hurrying out of the large
blast doors at the foot of the tower.

The shuttle comes down, easing itself into a landing.

The SERGEANT walks up to the craft.

The troopers fan out behind him.

SERGEANT
(Aiming at the
shuttle)
You have been found guilty of failing
to identify yourself at the demand of
the law. You have five seconds to
exit the vehicle.

Silence,

One door of the shuttle opens, only darkness inside.

The Sergeant takes a step closer.

Nothing.

SERGEANT (cont'd)
Times up. Prepare--

Bang. Crunch. His body crumples to the ground.

The other door opens, Grigori has set up the LMG.

He starts firing.

Some of the troopers are ripped up before they can
retaliate, the rest dive for cover before returning fire.

Alina, Stanislav, and the rest of Grigori's men fan out from
behind the shuttle, and start firing too.

Two or three of Grigori's men go down, but they down all of
the troopers.

GRIGORI
Go, I'll keep a few men here and set
up at the door, stop reinforcements
coming from outside.

ALINA
Are you sure? You'll-

GRIGORI
Don't worry about me! I can handle
them.

STANISLAV
Thanks, Grigori.

He extends his hand for a handshake.

Grigori returns his.

GRIGORI
Don't thank me yet, just get the job
done, okay?

Stanislav gives a curt nod.

STANISLAV
Alina, with me.

GRIGORI
Wrench, Numbers, and Det, help me set
up a perimeter defense, the rest of
you, get them to the top of that
tower. Oorah!

They return the battle-cry.

Stanislav, Alina and Grigori's men enter the Comms Tower,
guns bristling.

Behind them Grigori punches the button to close the door and
starts moving the LMG.

The blast doors close.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - COMMS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The gang slowly advance through the spacious corridor in
silence.

Breathing as quietly as possible.

Checking their angles.

The sound of heavy boots running towards them.

They drop into firing positions.

Around the corner comes another squad.

They open fire.

Stanislav and their men return fire.

A few more of their men are gunned down.

Stanislav takes a shot to the leg, grimaces.

The last of the troopers go down.

Stanislav's rifle is empty, he throws it down and pulls his shotgun off from his shoulder.

STANISLAV
We're clear, let's go.

They pick up the pace, jogging down the corridor, around the corner and start up the stairs.

More men are coming at them from above, marching down the stairs toward them.

A firefight ensues, round bouncing off the metal stairs, sparking.

Stanislav takes another hit to the shoulder.

Alina takes one in the thigh.

The shooting stops.

Stanislav looks around - all their men are dead.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Ah, shit.

ALINA
No time. Let's go!

They push upwards past the bodies, checking for enemies.

EXT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - COMMS TOWER - LANDING PAD B - SAME

Grigori and the remnant of his men brace themselves against their hasty defenses in front of the door - sandbags, folding barricades, etc, aiming at the landing pad.

GRIGORI
Steady, lads.

The sound of a distant aircraft.

Grigori searches the sky.

The sound gets closer.

AN ATTACK CRUISER thunders overhead, swinging around to face Grigori's defenses.

GRIGORI (cont'd)
Now! Fire!

A torrent of bullets bounce off the cruisers thick armour-plating, ricocheting in every direction.

Grigori keeps firing the machine gun.

GRIGORI (cont'd)
Give it everything!

One Iron Hands takes aim with an RPG, fires.

The cruiser manages to swerve and avoid it.

The machine gun runs dry.

The cruiser deploys heavy machine guns from its wings, starts firing.

It decimates Grigori and his men.

The cruiser comes down to land.

Bay doors open.

Out steps Chernov in a long military coat, and a squadron of soldiers.

He strides over to the ruined barricade.

The squad checks each Iron Hands, shoots them if they are still alive.

Chernov stands over Grigori. He's still breathing, just.

CHERNOV
You fucking mongrel. We gave you another chance, and this is how you repay us?

Grigori laughs, wheezes.

GRIGORI
Another chance, my ass. You sent us to die, because it suited you.

CHERNOV
You deserved worse.

GRIGORI
So do you. Thankfully... You're gonna get what's coming to you...

Holds it on the door next to the key panel, ignites.

It burns brightly, melting the metal.

ALINA
Hurry it up!

STANISLAV
It won't go any faster!

Finally it goes through, and the blast door releases.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Come on!

They enter, weapons at the ready.

INT. DOME OF REVOLUTION - COMMS TOWER - BROADCAST ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

The large room is wall-to-wall with communications and
monitoring equipment.

No one in sight.

They move over to the central desk.

Stanislav picks up the receiver.

Alina checks the equipment.

Stanislav grips the radio, shaking.

STANISLAV
Am I patched in?

ALINA
You're being broadcast to the whole
colony.

He clicks the button.

'Oh Fields My Fields' by the Red Army Choir plays quietly.

STANISLAV
People of Mars. You are being lied
to. You are being deceived. Earth has
fallen. I repeat. Earth. Has. Fallen.
What we do here is no longer the
concern of our previous governments.
(MORE)

STANISLAV (cont'd)
The Motherland, as well as the United
States of America, have been
destroyed in a nuclear war

Alina stumbles back, slumps against the wall.

Stanislav turns around.

STANISLAV (cont'd)
Alina...

He turns back to the broadcasting device.

CUT TO: Workers on the street, listening to the loudspeakers
on the street.

CUT TO: A luxurious party member's office, who is listening
to the radio in disbelief.

CUT TO: Nadya and Piotr listening to the radio in their
home.

STANISLAV (V.O.)
The Party kept this a secret to keep
control, and strengthen their grip
around you. They are undeserving of
your trust or loyalty.

NADYA
Stanislav?

STANISLAV
May this be a new chapter for
humanity on Mars. May we live in
accordance with our own desires and
beliefs. May we--

The sliding doors open, Chernov appears with two men.

He shoots him in the back.

Stanislav jolts, falls to the ground.

Chernov storms towards him.

CHERNOV
You fucking traitor. Have you any
idea of the chaos you've just caused.
You've doomed us all!

Stanislav coughs, flecks of blood coming up.

STANISLAV

They deserve to know the truth.

CHERNOV

They deserve stability, and we are that stability! You've robbed them of any future.

STANISLAV

I set them free. You would have kept them as your pets.

CHERNOV

To think... to think you were so loyal... going as far as teaming up with Grigori? You make me sick--

Bang. Blood trickles down his face.

Two more shots. The guards go down.

Chernov collapses to the ground, revealing Alina, clutching her stomach, holding her smoking pistol.

ALINA

Bastard... never shuts up...

The music reaches its crescendo.

She goes limp, drops the pistol.

Stanislav is fading.

Tries to hoist himself up, gripping onto a flag pole.

He slips, and the flag topples onto him.

He goes limp.

FADE TO:

Darkness.

EXT. UNITED MARTIAN REPUBLIC - AGRI-PLANT - DAY

Darkness.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER.

FADE TO:

A radio, playing a Soviet marching song.

A muddy hand turns the dial, changing the frequency.
'Jailhouse Rock' by Elvis Presley starts playing.

Zoom out to reveal a large agri-plant, essentially a massive greenhouse - full of flourishing crops, planters up the walls in neat rows.

TWO WORKERS, young, healthy looking, wearing overalls, are sat by the radio eating lunch. Other WORKERS toil behind them, both men and women, young and old.

They both speak with thick accents.

RUSSIAN WORKER

Oh come on, that was a classic!

AMERICAN WORKER

This is a classic, friend. None of that dreary parade music.

They both laugh.

AMERICAN WORKER (cont'd)

Something you can dance to, ya know?

RUSSIAN WORKER

The songs of the Red Army could bring even the most stoic of men to tears, that's how incredible they were.

AMERICAN WORKER

Yeah well, I don't feel much like crying these days.

The Russian Worker let's out a satisfied sigh.

RUSSIAN WORKER

Me neither I suppose.

They laugh again.

FADE TO BLACK

