

IF YOU WERE THE LAST...

by

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INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

A typical, dimly lit family room - BOOKSHELVES, END TABLES, LAMPS. That sort of thing.

JANE and ADAM (30s) sit facing each other, cross-legged, at either end of a red corduroy COUCH.

They're fit, normal-looking people in plain white t-shirts and sweat pants. Both have a few TATTOOS on their arms.

They play chess on a TRAVEL CHESSBOARD set between them on the couch.

We join them mid-debate...

JANE  
It was irresponsible.

ADAM  
Irresponsible??

JANE  
Absolutely! They spent, what, a trillion dollars and countless man hours - not to mention political capital - trying to get one dude back from Mars?

ADAM  
Political capital? It united the world!

JANE  
Yeah for a hot minute. But what if they failed? Then everyone woulda been like, "Um, excuse me? You know there are people dying here, right?"

Throughout this, Jane and Adam keep playing chess, making moves with very little thought.

ADAM  
Ok, but there are always people dying and we can't save everyone, so when we have the chance to come together and save Matt Damon--

JANE  
No, screw Matt Damon.

ADAM  
Harsh.

JANE

Dude. It costs an average of twelve hundred dollars to save a life--

ADAM

Twelve hun-- what?

JANE

When you give money to charity, the ones that are actually going to save lives are the ones that clean water and give out medicine and stuff, right?

ADAM

Matt Damon's charity cleans water...

JANE

(ignoring him)

So when you factor in administrative costs and how many people would have actually died without help, it works out to about twelve hundred bucks per life.

ADAM

So divide a trillion dollars to save one guy on Mars by twelve hundred and you could save 833 million people on Earth?

JANE

...Did you just do that math right now?

ADAM

I'm very smart.

JANE

I know. You just look so dumb.

ADAM

Ok, so - Avengers: Infinity War. You would kill Vision preemptively to ensure that Thanos doesn't get his stone?

JANE

Oh, hundred percent.

ADAM

Really. Wow. Cold.

JANE

I'm cold? I thinking letting half the fricken universe die is pretty cold. Besides, how is Vision choosing to die for the cause - which he wanted to do, I'll have you remember - any different than Black Widow sacrificing herself in Endgame?

ADAM

...Yeah, ok.

Adam moves a pawn. He peers at the board.

ADAM (cont'd)

Oh. That's checkmate.

Jane studies the board.

JANE

Oh yeah. Dang.

Adam offers a hand, and Jane shakes it - *good game*.

They both lean back on their respective armrests.

ADAM

...So you really don't think they'll send anyone to save us?

We flip around and see the other side of the room for the first time.

WE'RE IN A SPACE SHUTTLE.

The walls on the far side of the room are lined in TIN FOIL.

A floor-to-ceiling window looks out over thousands of GOLD PAPER STARS hanging from visible STRING.

(Be warned. This is no big-budget sci-fi epic. You are reading a fairy tale.)

Jane takes a moment before responding. Her tone softens.

JANE

I mean. I'm sure they're doing what they can. Within reason.

(beat)

Benson'd probably take your side...

They both turn to look at a SKELETON dressed in an orange SPACE SUIT sitting in an ARM CHAIR across from them. The space suit is embroidered with the name BENSON.

ADAM  
Yeah. But Benson went crazy.

They sit quietly for a moment, taking in their dead companion...

JANE  
Did I ever thank you for cleaning the bones? That was... above and beyond.

ADAM  
Any time.

JANE  
(unenthusiastic)  
...Play again?

ADAM  
Mmm...  
(better idea)  
Wanna see who can make a taller tower?

JANE  
Yes.

They start strategically stacking their chess pieces.

As they work...

JANE (cont'd)  
I just don't think we should wait around to be saved, ya know? We gotta save ourselves.

ADAM  
(resigned)  
...Or accept the inevitability of our fate.

A pair of CHICKENS wander through the room, clucking and pecking. Adam and Jane pay them no mind.

JANE  
One of the two.

CUT TO:

**TITLE CARD: IF YOU WERE THE LAST...**

## ESTABLISHING: OUR PLACE IN SPACE

We get a beautiful shot of a ROCKET covered in tin foil drifting somewhere between Jupiter and Saturn in a paper and wire model of the SOLAR SYSTEM.

We push into the rocket and find Jane and Adam going about their days, finding ways to pass the time...

INT. GYM - NIGHT (IT'S SPACE - IT'S ALWAYS NIGHT)

In a small gym area with tin foil walls and a nice IKEA RUG on the floor, Jane and Adam do HEADSTANDS against opposite walls. They stare each other down, upside down.

Their voices are strained from the physical exertion - they've been at this awhile...

ADAM

You should just give up now. I'm clearly dominating.

JANE

I'll dominate your face.

## INT. GREENHOUSE

Adam works in a lush, steamy greenhouse filled with all sorts of CROPS and lined with tin foil walls.

A CHICKEN COOP occupied by half a dozen gently clucking HENS resides next to a small PEN where a GOAT hangs out.

Jupiter (in big, beautifully painted paper ball form) drifts through the floor-to-ceiling window.

But Adam has seen this epic view a thousand times. He's focused instead on carefully pruning a MARIJUANA PLANT.

## INT. KITCHEN

Somewhere in the interior of the ship - no windows - Jane cracks a few EGGS over wilted SPINACH in a frying pan. She tosses the egg shells into a COMPOST BIN that has 50 MORE EGG SHELLS in it.

The kitchen feels like a nice, homey IKEA kitchen - wood cabinets, a FRUIT BOWL - not spacey at all, except for those tin foil walls.

Jane pours TWO glasses of GOAT'S MILK as Adam saunters in holding a pack of POP-TARTS.

He gratefully accepts his glass, taking a sip before opening the pack of Pop-Tarts and putting both into the toaster.

JANE

Two?? Don't you only have like ten left?

ADAM

I know. It's just, my marijuana raspberry hybrid still won't fruit. I need to let off some steam...

Jane gets it. She pats him on the back.

JANE

Mm. Go nuts, kid.  
(beat)  
Don't Pop and drive.

INT. GYM

Back to that headstand competition...

JANE

Your momma called. She said she doesn't miss you, and you're gonna lose.

ADAM

Your momma actually called, too. She said she's actually your sister, and you smell like butts. And you're gonna lose.

INT. TV ROOM

Jane and Adam lounge on the couch watching The Office (the American version) on a projector SCREEN. The GOAT lounges on the couch between them.

Jane and Adam share a bowl of POPCORN. Jane playfully BATS Adam's hand when he takes an absurdly large handful.

He retaliates by THROWING popcorn at her, and it becomes a POPCORN BATTLE - which the goat loves.

INT. COCKPIT

The large cockpit of the shuttle is all tin foil, giant panels of BUTTONS and SWITCHES, and a big window looking ahead into space.

Jane sits on the floor in front of an open wall panel with about a hundred horizontally-running GRAY WIRES pouring out of it.

The wires have been BLASTED IN HALF by something that left a large black SCORCH MARK around and behind them.

GLOVES on, Jane diligently works on trying to find which gray wire on the left connects with which gray wire on the right.

The paper stars swirl past the front window as Jane works for hours connecting all the wires.

Finally all connected, she peels herself off the floor and moves to a large SWITCH next to a MICROPHONE.

Deep breath.

She flips the switch. Nothing happens.

She knows it won't work, but she has to try anyway...

JANE  
(into the mic)  
Hello? Earth?

She waits. Nothing.

JANE (cont'd)  
(singing)  
*I need a hero. I'm holding out for a  
hero til the end of the night...*

Still nothing.

She flips a SECOND LARGE SWITCH on the opposite side of the microphone.

Nothing.

With a sigh, she moves to the opposite wall and adds a TALLY MARK to a running count of 300 OTHERS.

INT. HALLWAY

Adam uses homemade plant-based PAINTS to add to an ongoing MURAL of all sorts of random things in a long corridor.

The mural has flowers, clouds, boobs, Pop-Tarts, a lake, a muscle car - all his favorite things.

INT. GYM

Once more to the headstand competition.

JANE

I don't want to emasculate you,  
except that that's exactly what I  
want to do.

Adam isn't looking so good...

ADAM

Well I...

He FAINTS and collapses in a heap on the ground.

JANE

...That's not good.

INT. JANE'S ROOM

Jane lays on her BED in her tiny, mostly empty room with HEADPHONES on, rocking out to some upbeat solid gold oldie.

She croons along with a melancholy look in her eye.

Adam pops into her doorway.

ADAM

Ready?

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM

Jane and Adam work together to push the red corduroy couch back against the bookshelves and move the COFFEE TABLE aside - they're clearing the floor.

JANE

Have you tried the blueberries or  
maybe the blackberry?

ADAM

No... I mean, yes - I've tried everything. But the raspberry is the one that's most genetically in line with the marijuana plant. It should work.

JANE

You'll get there.

The floor is cleared. They stand at either end of the room, facing each other.

JANE (cont'd)

Alright. What's the verdict?

Adam turns to a BOOMBOX built into the tin foil wall and presses PLAY.

An awful country pop song by some awful country pop singer fills the room.

JANE (cont'd)

No! No, no, no. No.

ADAM

Ok, judgey, I didn't complain when you picked Enya. It's my turn, and I say we're two-steppin'.

JANE

We can two-step, that's fine. But can we please do it to something less soul-suckingly awful?

ADAM

... No.

JANE

Please. Please? Come on, you must have some... I don't know. Willie Nelson?

Adam thinks about it.

ADAM

Ok, yeah...

He turns back to the boombox in the wall, presses a few buttons, and a Willie Nelson song like "Uncloudy Day" pours into the room.

With a big smile, Adam two-steps across the room to Jane...

ADAM (cont'd)

Better?

Jane represses a grin.

JANE

Eh.

Adam grabs her hand and SPINS her onto their makeshift dance floor.

**THEY DANCE.**

Adam's clearly got a lot of practice with this style of dance. Jane isn't quite as good - she looks at her feet a lot - but Adam is a strong partner and leads her well.

WILLIE NELSON

*Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond  
the skies  
Oh, they tell me of a home far away  
Oh, they tell me of a home where no  
storm clouds rise  
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day*

Jane sinks into the song, and they have a great time spinning around the room, the glitter stars floating past in the windows behind them.

Benson's skeleton sits in his armchair, arranged so that he leans to one side with legs crossed - a happy observer.

As they dance...

ADAM

Wow, you are not good at this.

JANE

Excuse me for not taking two-step while getting my minor in dance.

ADAM

How minorly impressive. You know I almost went to Juilliard.

JANE

You did not!

ADAM

No, but I totally rocked my mom's after-school hip-hop class.

Jane laughs.

They break into an electric slide...

ADAM (cont'd)  
Uh oh, here we go!

They laugh and have a great time.

INT. TV ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Both sweaty and tired - they've clearly been dancing for a while - Jane and Adam sit in the middle of the room sipping WATER BOTTLES.

JANE  
So. I need to call you out on something.

ADAM  
...Ok.

JANE  
I was walking through the greenhouse this morning and I stepped in some... milky... goop...?

Jane keeps her eyes locked on Adam's, but he's not giving up anything.

After an awkwardly long stare...

ADAM  
Ok, yeah. My bad.

JANE  
Dude!

ADAM  
I'm sorry! I thought I got it all.

Jane is grossed out.

JANE  
That's where our food grows.

She gestures to a nearby CHICKEN...

JANE (cont'd)  
That's where the girls sleep. I mean...  
(beat, whispering)  
Were they watching you?

ADAM

No!  
(beat)  
I don't know.

Jane does a repulsed shiver.

JANE

Ew.

ADAM

Ok, that's enough with the slut shaming.

JANE

I'm not shaming you. Just, keep it in your room, man.

ADAM

Is that where you do it?

JANE

In your room? No.

He asks, not creepily, just genuinely curious...

ADAM

How often?

JANE

Dude.

ADAM

Multiple times a day, huh.

JANE

I'm not answering that.

Jane begins STRETCHING. Adam follows suit.

ADAM

Maybe we should do it.

JANE

What.

Adam gives her a knowing look - *you know what "it" is...*

Jane LAUGHS a little too hard.

ADAM

What! I'm serious.

That makes her laugh even harder.

ADAM (cont'd)  
 We are doomed to drift in this little  
 rocket for the rest of our short  
 lives. Honestly, it'd be kind of  
 crazy for us not to bang.

JANE  
 Well when you put it that way.

ADAM  
 So you're in?

JANE  
 No!

ADAM  
 Why not?

They progress from individual stretching to partner stretching - no need to discuss, they know the routine.

This leads to some compromising positions, but they keep it professional.

JANE  
 Ok, first of all, I don't need a  
 reason not to sleep with you. I'd  
 need a reason to sleep with you.

He interrupts with a list of good reasons...

ADAM  
 Drifting through space, the boredom,  
 the fact that without Benson we have  
 literally no other viable options...

She disregards him and carries on.

JANE  
 That said, I can think of three  
 excellent reasons right off the top  
 why we shouldn't, as you so  
 romantically put it, "bang."

Jane lays on her back so Adam can stretch her hamstrings. She throws one leg up on his shoulder, and he pushes. Again - compromising, but professional.

ADAM

Ok, well now I need to clarify. I'm not talking about any sort of "romance" whatsoever. This would be completely detached from emotion. Just, you know... stress relief.

JANE

No, right. I get it. I hereby approve "banging" as the appropriate terminology.

Adam starts stretching Jane's other leg.

ADAM

Cool.

(beat)

So what are these excellent reasons?

JANE

OW!

Adam releases Jane from the stretch. With a grimace, her hands fly to her CALF, where Adam was holding her leg.

ADAM

Whoa.

Jane tries her hardest to act like she's not in pain.

JANE

No, sorry. It's nothing.

ADAM

That's not nothing.

With a few deep breaths, Jane has her composure again.

JANE

No really, it's just a little scratch.

Adam scowls at Jane.

She relents and allows him to push up the leg of her sweatpants, revealing a 3x3" BANDAGE on the side of her calf.

Adam peels back the bandage to reveal a bright red GASH - it doesn't look awful, but it's definitely infected.

Adam fumes silently.

JANE (cont'd)  
See! This is why I didn't tell you.  
You get so mad at me when I get hurt.

ADAM  
I'm not mad.

JANE  
Yes you are! You get pissed at  
whatever thing hurts me, and I am  
usually that thing.

ADAM  
You need antibiotics.

JANE  
No. We only have one course left. I  
am not using that on a little cut.

ADAM  
If this infection spreads--

JANE  
People don't die from little cuts.

ADAM  
You know why? Cuz they take  
antibiotics.

JANE  
It's. fine.

Adam sighs. He hates this.

ADAM  
Well I'm gonna clean it from now on,  
because you did a crappy job.

JANE  
I did not!

ADAM  
Just awful.

JANE  
Your face is awful!

They keep arguing, but we cut to...

INT. MEDICAL

One of the only purely spacey rooms on the ship (along with the cockpit). Tin foil, a HOSPITAL BED, medical CARTS and TRAYS...

Jane sits on the bed, leaned back with gritted teeth as Adam cleans her cut with HYDROGEN PEROXIDE.

Adam really does hate seeing her in pain, so he tries to distract her.

ADAM  
So you were saying.

JANE  
What?

ADAM  
Your reasons why we shouldn't... do sex on each other.

JANE  
Oh. Um. Well, number one... I'm not attracted to you.

A pause. Adam's expression is indecipherable.

ADAM  
That's not a reason against! That's a reason for!

JANE  
What?

ADAM  
If we were attracted to each other, there would be the risk of "banging" turning into something, and that could get super messy.

JANE  
Super messy.

He picks up a pair of TWEEZERS.

ADAM  
So the fact that we're not attracted is a benefit. It means we're that much safer from things getting messy. Quick pinch.

JANE  
Ow. ...So you're not attracted to me  
either?

ADAM  
No. Not at all.

JANE  
Ok.

ADAM  
...Do you want me to be attracted to  
you?

JANE  
No. Obviously not. I'm just... You  
know I'm a hot piece, right?

ADAM  
Gaping wounds aside?

JANE  
Alright...

Adam puts a fresh BANDAGE on Jane's leg with great care.  
Jane takes note.

ADAM  
There. You'll keep it dry and clean?

Jane nods.

ADAM (cont'd)  
And if it gets worse, you'll tell me  
right away?

Jane hesitates.

JANE  
...Yep.

Adam scowls. He begins cleaning up his supplies, and Jane  
watches him.

She realizes something...

JANE (cont'd)  
So are we just having a debate, or  
are you making a serious proposal?

ADAM  
I don't know. Debate, I guess.

Adam thinks it through as he speaks...

ADAM (cont'd)  
But if I persuade you... It seems  
like we should probably do it...

Jane gives Adam an amused/annoyed look.

JANE  
Anyway, my point still stands.

ADAM  
How do you figure?

JANE  
Well, we're not attracted now, but if  
we started having sex, even if we  
said it was just "banging," our  
hormones would eventually start to  
take over and we would emotionally  
attach.

ADAM  
Maybe you would...

JANE  
No, no, no. Don't pull that guy-girl  
crap. Men emotionally attach just as  
much during sex, they're just more  
repressed and sad.

ADAM  
So you don't think friends with  
benefits can work?

JANE  
I mean, maybe with serious limits and  
for short durations, but after enough  
time, the chemicals in your head take  
over and you attach.

ADAM  
When you say "attach" you mean "fall  
in love"?

She doesn't want to use that word, but...

JANE  
...Sure.

INT. KITCHEN

Showered and dressed in clean clothes, Jane and Adam continue their conversation over EGG SALAD.

JANE

It's the whole reason why arranged marriages work. Maybe you think the person's gross when you meet them, but your brain knows you're stuck, and after several sessions in the sack, working out the kinks and such, getting used to each other's scents, biology takes over.

ADAM

Wow. You're such a romantic.

JANE

Dude, it's science. You are a scientist.

ADAM

Yeah, and as a scientist I can point to all sorts of evolutionary benefits of emotional connection, but that doesn't mean I think love is just some chemical reaction. There's also... I don't know, finding someone who shares your sense of humor and doesn't judge you for farting. Someone who makes you more yourself.

He points a forkful of egg salad at Jane to underscore his point.

ADAM (cont'd)

Some people are meant to be together, and it's not because of scents or primal instincts or unavoidable circumstances. They're just... meant to be.

Jane considers.

JANE

...Lame. We're all robots.

Adam sighs.

ADAM

By your logic it doesn't matter whether we have sex or not.

(MORE)

ADAM (cont'd)

Since we're the only two people here, we'll "emotionally attach" anyway 'cuz our monkey brains will tell us we have a better chance of survival together.

JANE

...Or one of us will kill the other to gain full control of our limited resources.

Adam stares at Jane for a quiet moment.

ADAM

What's reason number two?

JANE

Reason number two: we're both married.

INT. COCKPIT

Jane again works on connecting all of the blasted wires, while Adam sits in the pilot's CHAIR, spinning around like a bored child in his parent's office.

They listen to something amazing - like the Dirty Dancing soundtrack - on a WALKMAN-like device resting on the floor next to Jane.

ADAM

Again, I have to say... I don't see the problem.

JANE

You don't think the fact that we're both married should have an impact on whether we sleep together?

ADAM

Honestly, no. Granted, I haven't read my marriage license lately, but I'm pretty sure being adrift in space with no hope of rescue means we get a hall pass.

Jane keeps working on the wires as they talk.

JANE

First of all, there's not no hope of a rescue.

ADAM

What were we just talking about,  
like, yesterday?

JANE

...That was two weeks ago.

ADAM

Seriously?

(beat)

Time is effed out here...

JANE

And what I said was it would be  
irresponsible to spend trillions of  
dollars to save us. But that doesn't  
mean they can't scan the sky or maybe  
have another already planned mission  
drop by and pick us up... And who  
knows? Maybe we are global heroes  
that they'll waste trillions of  
dollars on...

ADAM

Unlikely. I have unpaid parking  
tickets.

JANE

Plus, we might not get saved, but I  
for one still think we can fix this.

Adam glances over at Jane's running tally of failed attempts  
to fix the ship...

ADAM

How's that working out for you?

JANE

It'd be better if someone got off  
their ass and helped...

ADAM

...Yeah, no.

Jane huffs.

ADAM (cont'd)

There are over a hundred wires there!  
That's literally billions of possible  
combinations.

JANE

Not if you match up blast marks and entry and exit points! There are, like, eight combinations that I feel pretty darn certain about...

Adam stares at Jane.

JANE (cont'd)

Shut up. What else am I supposed to do?

Adam raises an eyebrow suggestively.

JANE (cont'd)

Nope. You may have a hall pass. I don't want one.

ADAM

Because your brain chemically reacts to Todd and not me?

JANE

Tom and I have been together since college. That's a real-ass chunk of time.

ADAM

Uh huh. And how many of those years did you spend deployed or in space?

Jane's brow furrows.

JANE

...What's that got to do with anything? I had a job to do.

Adam has hit a nerve. He chooses not to push it.

ADAM

Nothing. Sorry.

But Jane is still annoyed.

JANE

Are you seriously going to claim to love Atlanta--

ADAM

Savannah.

JANE  
--more than I love Tom while begging  
me to cheat with you?

ADAM  
There is no begging! This is a  
friendly debate to pass the time,  
sir.

(beat)  
And I wasn't trying to make a  
comparison.

(beat)  
Also, it's not cheating.

JANE  
Of course it is!

ADAM  
No. Again, no relationship. No  
emotions. Just banging.

JANE  
Banging is cheating.

ADAM  
Beg to differ.

JANE  
...So if you - with no emotion,  
purely for stress-relief - "banged" a  
prostitute, that wouldn't count as  
cheating?

ADAM  
Not if we were lost in space!

Jane fights a smirk. She finishes attaching the last wires.  
She presses PAUSE on the Walkman.

JANE  
Ok. Flip 'um.

ADAM  
Both?

JANE  
Yep.

ADAM  
Testing navigation...

Adam flips one of the big SWITCHES that Jane tried before. Nothing happens.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Test failed. Testing comms...

He flips the switch by the MICROPHONE and speaks into the mic...

ADAM (cont'd)  
Hello, Earth? We have the 49 veggie pizzas you ordered?

Nothing. He turns to Jane, a note of sympathy in his voice.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Test failed.

The mood in the room is suddenly somber.

Jane gets up, crosses the room, and adds another TALLY to her running list.

Adam watches her as she stares at her list of failures.

JANE  
Why didn't they label the goddamn wires...

ADAM  
Or color code them.

JANE  
Or number them. So many bad choices...

A silent moment.

ADAM  
...How's the cut doing?

JANE  
(without looking at him)  
It's fine.

Another quiet moment.

ADAM  
What do you want to watch tonight?

INT. TV ROOM

In PAJAMAS, Jane and Adam walk into the TV room and slump onto the couch. The lights are dimmed.

JANE  
I don't know. Something upbeat.

ADAM  
Princess Bride?

JANE  
Ehh.

ADAM  
"Ehh"??

JANE  
We've watched it like a billion times.

ADAM  
So let's go for a billion and one.

JANE  
Plus, you always spend the whole next day all--

FLASH TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Adam points a piece of PIPE at a meandering hen and SHOUTS in his best Inigo voice...

ADAM  
HELLO! My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to DIE!

Behind him at the small DINING TABLE, Jane sits with Benson's skeleton, shaking her head.

BACK IN THE TV ROOM...

ADAM  
I'm not seeing the problem.

Jane shakes her head again.

JANE  
 Can we please just try something  
 different? I have like ten more  
 movies we haven't watched at all yet.

With a sigh, Adam picks up a TABLET and hands it to Jane.

JANE (cont'd)  
 Thank you.

She navigates to her list of movies.

JANE (cont'd)  
 Ok... How about... Alien?

ADAM  
 Never seen it.

JANE  
 You've never seen Alien??

ADAM  
 Nope.

JANE  
 Dude! You are in for a serious  
 treat...

She presses a button on the tablet, and the movie gets  
 PROJECTED onto a drop-down SCREEN in front of the couch.

Adam and Jane nestle down into their seats as the movie  
 begins.

SUPER: 117 MINUTES LATER...

Jane looks pleased as the end credits of Alien roll.

Adam, on the other hand, is glued to the back of the couch  
 with his knees tucked up to his chest, wrapped in a BLANKET  
 up to his neck. He looks horrified.

ADAM  
 WHY THE FUCK DID WE WATCH THAT?

Jane is taken aback as Adam stands - wrapping himself  
 tighter in his blanket, and storms out of the room.

But he's back in an instant, still yelling...

ADAM (cont'd)  
 Please walk me to the bathroom!

Jane leaps up, wraps an arm around Adam's back, and walks him out of the room.

INT. JANE'S ROOM

Lights out. Jane is fast asleep in her quarters. She's NOT a cute sleeper - drool forms a puddle on her pillow.

A KNOCK at the door fails to wake Jane.

Adam opens the door anyway. He stands in the doorway wearing sweat pants, no shirt, wrapped in his BLANKET, and holding a HEN.

ADAM  
...Jane? ...JANE!

Jane startles awake.

JANE  
What??

ADAM  
Oh, were you asleep?

Jane is still half-asleep and very confused.

JANE  
What is what?

ADAM  
I am very scared,  
(gesturing to the hen)  
and I don't think Bertha can protect me.

Jane's almost asleep again.

JANE  
Sorry 'bout your problems...

Adam isn't having it.

ADAM  
Hey!

Jane doesn't respond.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Can I sleep in here?

JANE  
(without opening her  
eyes)  
Yes. Just, please, stop talking.

Adam sets down the hen, who scurries down the hall.

He jumps into Jane's bed and tucks himself tightly into the blankets. He leaves a respectful gap between himself and Jane.

Jane is fast asleep. She begins to SNORE.

Adam grins at the sound. He sneaks a glance at the back of Jane's head. Not in a creepy way - just grateful to have an understanding friend.

He closes his eyes, visibly relieved.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

A large WALL PANEL SOLAR LIGHT gradually brightens, filling Jane's room with morning light.

It causes Jane to awaken with a smile.

She realizes she has rolled over to Adam's side of the bed and snuggled on his chest with one of her legs thrown over one of his.

*Oops.*

She tries to stealthily retreat back to her side of the bed.

But Adam wakes up and sees her cuddled on him.

They're both a bit embarrassed but also amused...

ADAM  
Hi there.

JANE  
Hi.

ADAM  
...Those squishy round things pressed  
against my side... Would those happen  
to be--

JANE  
My boobs. Yep. Sorry, dude.

They exchange an amused grin as Jane retreats to her side of the bed, making sure to keep herself decent.

JANE (cont'd)  
When you came in, I may have forgotten about my... general lack of clothing.

ADAM  
No worries.

A quiet, awkward moment.

JANE  
Feeling better? After...

She MIMES the alien popping out of the chest moment. Even that scares Adam...

ADAM  
Nope. Nope. Please. Nope.

She grins.

A quiet moment.

JANE  
Scram.

ADAM  
Right!

Adam pops out of bed and leaves the room. Jane watches him go with a grin.

INT. TV ROOM

Jane and Adam are back in the TV room in their dancing clothes, clearing the floor for another routine...

Adam pauses.

ADAM  
Wait.

He walks over to Jane and bends down at her feet.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Before we do anything else...

Adam peels back Jane's BANDAGE and checks her cut - it looks a little better than it did before.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Hey, look at that...

JANE  
I told you.

ADAM  
Yeah, well, only cuz I got mad hydrogen peroxide skills.

Jane grins.

They go back to pushing the furniture. Jane sneaks a glance over at Adam...

JANE  
...So I've been thinking about this morning.

ADAM  
...You mean the part where you squished your boobs on me?

JANE  
Yep, that.  
(beat)  
It was kind of great, right?

Before Adam can respond, Jane qualifies...

JANE (cont'd)  
I mean, from a mental health perspective, skin-to-skin contact is, like, super healthy. So it was probably psychologically beneficial for both of us.

ADAM  
Is that your excessively clinical way of saying "let's naked cuddle more"?

JANE  
Well, I mean... What are your thoughts?

Adam considers. He likes this idea, but he also feels the need to tease Jane...

ADAM  
Honestly, I'm surprised you're suddenly so willing to cede the moral high ground.

JANE  
How do you figure?

ADAM  
Now you're asking me to cheat.

JANE  
Whoa! I am not asking anything, and even if I was, it's a mental health thing.

ADAM  
And mine is a stress relief thing. So if we're going to naked cuddle...

Long pause. It's awkward.

ADAM (cont'd)  
...why not bang?

Jane rolls her eyes. They both grin their way through this playful fight...

JANE  
Oh my god...

ADAM  
(*Am I wrong?*)  
What?

JANE  
This is starting to verge on sexual harassment...

ADAM  
Haras--?? You were the one all up on me this morning. Honestly, I'm feeling a bit used.

JANE  
Used!?

ADAM  
I'm just a skin blanket to you.

Jane laughs.

ADAM (cont'd)  
 Seriously, though. You see how naked  
 cuddling is on the same sliding scale  
 as banging. They go hand in hand...

Jane stops and considers.

JANE  
 Yeah. Ok. You're right.

ADAM  
 Thank you.

Adam takes a meaningful step closer to Jane.

JANE  
 So, we shouldn't do either.

Adam stops in his tracks.

ADAM  
 ...That is the opposite of what I was  
 hoping for.

Jane pats him a bit too hard on the cheek.

JANE  
 Sorry, kid.

Jane walks over to the boombox in the wall and turns on some  
 sexy Latin music.

Adam watches her. His mood shifts - he's suddenly serious.

Jane rejoins Adam in the middle of the room. She sees the  
 shift and gives him a questioning look.

ADAM  
 About your sexual harassment  
 comment...

JANE  
 (reassuring)  
 I didn't--

ADAM  
 No, I know. But I don't want the  
 playful banter to slip into toxic,  
 creepy territory. So I'll just...  
 drop it.

JANE  
 ...Ok. Good.

Adam extends his hand.

ADAM  
Shall we?

Jane takes his hand, and they begin a tango.

It begins innocently enough. Their moves are precise and practiced.

But as the music intensifies, so do their movements.

Adam's hand runs up Jane's thigh.

Jane's leg slips between Adam's legs.

Their lips and bodies are so close...

Seriously, this is getting HOT.

The dance comes to a dramatic finish with Jane dipped low and Adam bent over her, the golden stars twirling behind them.

They're both sweaty and breathing hard.

Their eyes are LOCKED on each other...

ADAM (cont'd)  
So... I know I just said I would drop it. But can you remind me one more time why we shouldn't...

JANE  
...Well. There's still reason number three.

ADAM  
Which is?

JANE  
You might knock me up.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK

Adam and Jane have moved to the observation deck - a small, circular room covered by a glass dome.

There's only enough room for them to sit on the floor above a HATCH that leads down to the rest of the ship.

It's as though they're SITTING OUTSIDE IN SPACE with Saturn's shimmering rings twirling by.

In this little dome, Jane gives Adam a TATTOO of Saturn on his shoulder blade using a homemade TATTOO GUN.

With his shirt off, we notice Adam has several other black-ink tattoos in the same style as the one Jane's giving him.

ADAM

You don't have birth control?

Jane talks as she tattoos...

JANE

I had an IUD--

ADAM

You have a bomb?

JANE

...Not I-E-D. I-U-D.

ADAM

Right. Got it.

JANE

--But it was giving me weird cramps so Benson took it out. Before, you know, the crazy.

ADAM

...And there aren't, like, condoms or Plan B in medical?

JANE

Amazingly, our government did not send three married astronauts into space with a supply of condoms...

ADAM

Well that's just bad planning.

JANE

(dry)

It's basically the gray wires situation all over again.

ADAM

Totally.

A quiet moment as Jane keeps working on the tattoo.

Jane sneaks a glance at Adam.

Adam sneaks a glance at Jane.

They both sneak a glance at the same time and are embarrassed when their eyes accidentally meet.

There's a nervousness, an energy between them.

ADAM (cont'd)  
...So. For argument's sake. Say you  
did get knocked up...  
(beat)  
Would that be so bad?

Jane stops tattooing.

That nervous energy is officially GONE.

She STARES at Adam.

ADAM (cont'd)  
I said "for argument's sake."

JANE  
You wanna raise a baby? Adrift? In  
space?

Adam shrugs his shoulders.

ADAM  
I mean... It's pretty. Our food and  
life support are self-sustaining...  
We have movies...  
(beat)  
What kid doesn't love space?

JANE  
You're losing your mind.

ADAM  
...Also, I don't want to say this,  
but I think it's worth mentioning...  
that all the radiation in space has  
probably made you sterile.

Jane is blown away. She stares at Adam.

He shrugs his shoulders - *it's true*.

Jane descends down the hatch in the floor.

Adam drops his head through the hatch...

INT. HALLWAY

The hatch is above the hallway that Adam has painted.

Jane stomps down the hallway away from Adam, whose head dangles down through the ceiling...

ADAM

I said I didn't want to say it!

(beat)

I also want it on the record that I'm really good at pulling out.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM

Jane vents at Benson's skeleton, who is set up on the couch with her as though he's listening attentively.

JANE

Can you believe him? All the man can think about is sex! And before you say anything, yes, obviously I'm thinking about it, too. I've turned four different electric drills into vibrators...

Benson doesn't respond.

JANE (cont'd)

But someone's gotta be rational, right? I mean, do we really want to mess with the very delicate balance we've managed to create? He's like my big brother! And my little sister. And sort of my dog...

Off of Benson.

JANE (cont'd)

You were obviously the parent. Until you went nuts and tried to kill us. Not cool, by the way...

Jane's mind drifts back to the topic at hand...

JANE (cont'd)  
 (gesturing to her  
 body)  
 And does he really expect me to  
 believe that he's not attracted to  
 this? Really?? Come on...

INT. KITCHEN

Benson's skeleton is now set up attentively at the counter  
 in the kitchen as Adam makes himself a POP-TART.

ADAM  
 These quote-unquote reasons she's  
 throwing out are all bull, ya know.  
 No contraception?? We're fricken  
astronauts. I think we can figure  
 something out.

Benson doesn't respond.

ADAM (cont'd)  
 And even if we did make it home -  
 which we won't, by the way - there's  
 just no way Savannah wouldn't  
 understand.

Benson stares at Adam.

ADAM (cont'd)  
 ...Yeah, of course I miss her. I miss  
 her every day. I wonder what she's  
 doing... If she's found someone  
 new...  
 (beat)  
 Honestly, I'd be devastated if she  
 was waiting for me. She deserves more  
 than that.

INT. TV ROOM

Jane has moved onto the floor, drawing lines on the corduroy  
 couch with her finger. Benson's skeleton is stretched out on  
 the couch, watching her.

JANE  
 ...I'm starting to forget what Tom  
 looks like. He didn't want me to  
 come.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)  
(beat)  
He's such a good guy. You've never  
met a better man. And we have so much  
history...

INT. KITCHEN

Adam stares at his Pop-Tart.

ADAM  
This is my very last one.

Adam looks at the Pop-Tart with a broken heart.

He picks it up and takes a careful bite. Benson watches him.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Add that to the list of things I'll  
never do again...

INT. TV ROOM

Jane is still doodling with her finger on the couch, but  
she's stopped talking. She's lost in thought.

She realizes that the shape she's drawn bears a strong  
resemblance to a PENIS...

Jane looks up at Benson, who stares back at her.

JANE  
Shut up.

Jane gets up.

JANE (cont'd)  
We need some music.

She stomps over to the boombox built into the wall. She  
searches for a good song to play.

She presses the play button and turns back to the couch.

But no music comes on.

Jane realizes and turns back to the boombox.

A small SCREEN on the boombox reads:

FILE CORRUPTED.

Jane's brow furrows. She tries to play another song...

FILE CORRUPTED.

And another...

FILE CORRUPTED.

Her breathing quickens.

JANE (cont'd)  
Oh my god... Oh my god...

She tries different folders, different types of media...

They're all CORRUPTED.

JANE (cont'd)  
No! NO!!

She SCREAMS it.

Adam comes dashing into the room looking panicked.

ADAM  
What?? What's wrong? Are you hurt?

Jane is having a full-on PANIC ATTACK. She does her best to gesture to the boombox...

JANE  
My music... My music...

Adam hurries over and sees what's happening. He takes the situation very seriously.

ADAM  
Ok. Ok. You sit down. Let me see...

Jane drops onto her knees in the middle of the room, struggling for breath.

Adam grabs the TABLET that they used to start the movie before and hustles to join Jane on the floor.

He swipes and types.

ADAM (cont'd)  
(reading the device)  
Oh, god...

JANE  
What?

ADAM  
It looks like the root file for all  
of your media got corrupted  
somehow...

Jane BURSTS INTO TEARS - this is absolutely devastating  
news. She collapses onto the floor.

Adam rubs her back and tries his best to comfort her.

ADAM (cont'd)  
I'm so sorry. This is--

He doesn't even know what to say. He lays down next to her.

ADAM (cont'd)  
But hey! The good news is all my  
files still work! You can listen to  
my music!

JANE  
(through her sobs)  
Country music!?

ADAM  
And some Eminem...?

Jane sobs even harder.

ADAM (cont'd)  
No, no, no! I swear I've got some  
good stuff. Remember that Willie  
Nelson song? I've got, uh... You like  
Sinatra?

Jane is crying too hard to respond. She's a wreck. Adam is  
desperate to help her feel better - seeing her like this is  
destroying him.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Who's your favorite singer?

Jane is barely able to get it out...

JANE  
W-W-Whitney Houston...

Adam nestles himself a bit closer to Jane and HOLDS HER HAND  
in his. He starts SINGING...

ADAM  
*Oh, I wanna dance with somebody  
I wanna feel the heat with somebody*

Adam's voice is BEAUTIFUL.

Jane stares at him - she's never heard him sing before. Her sobs begin to soften.

Adam sees that his song is working, and he smiles.

ADAM (cont'd)  
*Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody  
 With somebody who loves me  
 Oh, I wanna dance with somebody  
 I wanna feel the heat with somebody  
 Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody  
 With somebody who loves me*

Jane stops crying. She's still devastated, but for this moment, she feels relief.

Adam wipes her tear-stained cheeks and brushes her hair off of her face as he continues to sing...

ADAM (cont'd)  
*I've been in love and lost my senses  
 Spinning through the town  
 Sooner or later, the fever ends  
 And I wind up feeling down  
 I need a man who'll take a chance  
 On a love that burns hot enough to  
 last  
 So when the night falls  
 My lonely heart calls*

Jane joins in. Her voice is raspy and nasally thanks to her tears.

But Adam doesn't mind.

ADAM & JANE  
*Oh, I wanna dance with somebody  
 I wanna feel the heat with somebody  
 Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody  
 With somebody who loves me*

They lie there in comfortable silence for a moment.

Benson's skeleton watches them from the couch - it's almost as if he's smiling.

Whitney Houston's classic (or a similar sort of song) plays over the next few scenes...

INT. KITCHEN

Her cheeks dusted with FLOUR, Jane stands in front of the oven with Adam next to her. He has his arms crossed, waiting.

Jane cracks the oven open and peeks in while yelling at Adam...

JANE  
Don't look, don't look, don't look!

Adam averts his eyes.

ADAM  
What did you do??

JANE  
Dude. I think it's gonna work.

ADAM  
What?

JANE  
Are you ready for this?

ADAM  
Yes.

Jane opens the oven and pulls out a COOKIE SHEET carrying her home-made version of a POP-TART.

Adam covers his mouth as TEARS instantly come to his eyes.

JANE  
Now it's a little thicker than the real thing, and probably not quite as dry or crumbly...  
(beat)  
What do you think?

Adam can't speak. It's adorable.

He gives Jane a big HUG.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK

Jane cleans the TATTOO GUN as Adam looks at his now finished tattoo with a HAND MIRROR.

ADAM  
This might be your best yet.

JANE

Thank you.

All clean, Jane hands him the TATTOO GUN.

ADAM

Know what you want?

JANE

I dunno... Just something nice right here.

She points to the side of her thigh.

ADAM

So... hearts and dolphins?

JANE

...Yup. Lisa Frank the crap out of me.

ADAM

Thought you'd never ask.

INT. COCKPIT

Jane sits in her usual spot in the cockpit, working on those damn gray wires again.

Adam saunters in and watches her work. He just wants to be near her.

ADAM

...Need a hand?

Genuinely touched, Jane nods for him to come join her.

INT. GREENHOUSE

Jane and Adam both sit at a table covered in PLANTS in the greenhouse. The hens cluck and the goat munches behind them.

They have their heads in their hands, watching Adam's MARIJUANA PLANT.

They watch...

ADAM

...It's going to fruit any day now. I can feel it.

JANE  
...I believe you.

Quiet.

Jane steals a glance at Adam - it's cute how much he cares about this plant.

ADAM  
And then we'll get an amazing high from these sweet, raw berries... And if we make it back to Earth, I'll be a billionaire.

JANE  
...Well. You'll still have to cook them.

ADAM  
Why?

JANE  
...The THC or whatever in weed only activates when it's heated. You have to, ya know, smoke it or bake it. I mean, you can't just eat one of these leaves right now and get stoned.

As she speaks, Adam's heart breaks. She sees it.

JANE (cont'd)  
But maybe I'm wrong! Maybe you'll make the very first raw plant that can get you high...

There's no recovering. Adam BANGS HIS HEAD on the table.

JANE (cont'd)  
They'll still be great! ...We'll make weed berry Pop-Tarts!

Adam stops banging his head. He slowly resumes his plant-watching position with Jane.

ADAM  
...That would be amazing.

Jane smiles.

JANE  
Totally.

INT. JANE'S ROOM

Jane sleeps in her darkened room, but she's restless.

She wakes up with a GASP of pain.

The song that's been playing over the last few scenes comes to an abrupt end.

Jane is sweaty. She knows what's wrong, but she doesn't want to look...

After a moment fighting with herself, she tosses aside her blanket and reaches for the BANDAGE on her calf.

She slowly peels it back to reveal that her cut has filled with PUSS.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL

Both in pajamas, Adam finishes putting a fresh bandage on Jane's calf as she sits on the exam table with her arms folded.

She's furious and sad at the same time. Adam knows better than to say anything to her.

Instead he walks over to a supply shelf and grabs a lone PILL BOTTLE labeled PENICILLIN.

He takes a PILL out and holds it out to Jane.

Jane doesn't move. A tear rolls down her cheek.

JANE  
So no more tattoos. The risk...

ADAM  
...Yeah.  
(beat)  
Add that to the list.

JANE  
What?

ADAM  
...Nothing.

JANE  
I'm sorry--

ADAM  
Don't. It was an accident.

JANE  
...What happens when you have an  
accident?

ADAM  
I won't. You're the klutz.

Jane smirks. She reluctantly takes the pill from Adam and swallows it.

Their eyes meet.

JANE  
Thanks.

ADAM  
Any time.

INT. TV ROOM

The lights dimmed, Jane and Adam sit on opposite ends of the couch watching *The Princess Bride* on the drop-down screen.

INT. TV ROOM

The room cleared and the lights up, Jane and Adam dance a HIP-HOP DANCE together.

It isn't a particularly sexy routine, but they have so much fun with it.

Their bodies and rhythms are perfectly in sync. They LAUGH and have a wonderful time.

INTERCUT this dance with their viewing of *The Princess Bride*.

As the movie goes on, their bodies shift closer and closer to each other on the couch until they're CUDDLING.

It happens without words. It's just... natural.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S ROOM

Jane sits on her bed reading a TABLET and listening to a country album.

Adam appears in her open door. Jane doesn't look up...

JANE  
Hey, I don't know if you know this,  
but Garth Brooks is actually really  
good...

She looks up and sees the SOMBER look on Adam's face.

JANE (cont'd)  
What?

INT. GREENHOUSE

Jane and Adam both look devastated.

They're standing over the goat, lying DEAD in his pen.

After a quiet moment...

JANE  
We gotta move him out of here.

Adam gives her a questioning look.

JANE (cont'd)  
(nodding toward the  
hens)  
...I don't want the girls to see.

Adam offers up a sad, understanding smile.

He picks up the goat in both arms, like a sleeping child.

Jane strokes the goat's back. She embraces the goat and Adam.

They share a tender, mournful moment.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

We're confronted by a PLATE of steamy, mouth-watering MEAT.

Jane and Adam, still looking stricken, stare down at their dinners as they sit at the kitchen table.

Neither one can find the will to pick up their UTENSILS...

ADAM  
...Do we have to.

JANE  
...It would be crazy not to. Right?

ADAM  
We didn't eat Benson...

JANE  
Sure. But Benson was a person. This was a goat that was on the ship for food purposes.

ADAM  
For milk purposes.  
(beat)  
How much do we have left?

JANE  
I think there's like 12 pints in the freezer...  
(silver lining)  
But now there's also like 50 meals-worth of meat...

A quiet moment. Jane and Adam's eyes meet.

JANE (cont'd)  
Together?

Adam nods. They both pick up their utensils and cut small pieces of meat.

Their eyes meet again.

ADAM  
One.

JANE  
Two.

ADAM  
Three.

They both stuff their respective bites in their mouths and slowly chew.

The tension in their shoulders melts away.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Holy Christ that's good.

JANE  
(nodding)  
Mm...

Their eyes meet again, and they both LAUGH softly.

Through their soft, sad laughter...

JANE (cont'd)  
Shit...

ADAM  
I know.

A quiet moment as they both chew. Jane and Adam both steal glances at one another.

But the glances aren't flirty. Rather, they're the glances of two people who have been through war together and managed to keep their smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM

The lights dimmed, wearing their pajamas, Jane and Adam lie face up on the couch in opposite directions so that their heads meet in the middle.

Ear to ear, they gaze up at the ceiling.

The room is quiet.

Jane's cheeks redden slightly as she steels her nerves...

JANE  
You haven't asked to bang in a while.

ADAM  
...Technically I never asked. It was a debate.

JANE  
Yeah, ok.

Back to silence. Adam puzzles - *why did she bring that up?*

He opens his mouth to ask, but she beats him to the punch...

JANE (cont'd)  
So for the sake of debate... What  
would your theoretical stance be  
on... everything but?

Adam's eyes go wide, but he tries to play it cool. They're  
still both looking at the ceiling.

ADAM  
...So, like, hand stuff?

JANE  
Yeah.

ADAM  
And... mouth stuff?

JANE  
Everything but... that you can  
hypothetically imagine.

Now Adam's cheeks are red.

ADAM  
...Well. Hypothetically. I'd want to  
make sure you were sure.

Jane hesitates.

JANE  
I'm... pretty sure.

That's not the answer Adam was hoping for, but he covers.

ADAM  
...So like, 97 percent?

JANE  
I still have a husband. But he's  
still a billion miles away. And it's  
just a matter of time before  
something vital on this ship breaks  
that we can't fix...

Adam's brow furrows. He knows she's right.

JANE (cont'd)  
Plus, you are hot.  
(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)

(beat)

And I've seen the outline of your penis when you wear gym shorts, and it seems like it wouldn't disappoint.

ADAM

Wow. Full-on honesty time...

JANE

It's not just me, right? You're attracted to me, too.

ADAM

Theoretically--

JANE

No. Are you attracted to me.

Eyes still on the ceiling.

Adam hesitates, but he answers sincerely...

ADAM

Yes. Very.

JANE

...Ok.

ADAM

Ok?

JANE

Yeah. Ok.

ADAM

Wait. Did you just go from "pretty sure" to "sure"?

JANE

...There is one other thing.

ADAM

What?

JANE

...Ok, I'm not saying this romantically, so don't get the wrong idea... but you are literally my entire world.

ADAM

Ahhh--

JANE

Shut up. You're my only friend.  
You're my only co-worker. You're the  
only person who can check that weird  
mole for me.

(beat)

What if... you're bad at sex?

Adam chuckles.

JANE (cont'd)

I'm serious! What if we do it, and  
you can't find my clit or you're one  
of those sweat-dripping has-to-be-on-  
top guys and I have to call it off  
and things get weird and this awesome  
thing we have going right now gets...  
ruined?

ADAM

...Ok. First of all. I love the clit.  
Big fan. It's always my first and  
last stop.

(beat)

Second. We're still in agreement that  
this would just be banging, right?

Jane hesitates for half a second, then hurries to concur.

JANE

Right.

ADAM

...So if one of us wants to stop, we  
just stop. No hard feelings. No  
explanation needed, or even asked  
for.

JANE

...Yeah?

ADAM

Totally.

JANE

You promise?

ADAM

I swear on our dead, delicious goat.

JANE

...Ok.

Silence.

ADAM  
...What'd we just decide?

JANE  
I think we decided to try everything  
but.

ADAM  
Wow. Ok.  
(beat)  
Right now?

JANE  
...I guess?

They both hesitate, so awkward and unsure. They're like teenagers.

JANE (cont'd)  
Actually. I, um, haven't done any  
personal maintenance in, like, a long  
time...

ADAM  
Oh, me either.

JANE  
So, maybe... tomorrow night?

ADAM  
Sure. Tomorrow.

JANE  
Ok, then.

ADAM  
Ok.

They both try to contain their nervous, excited energy as they keep their eyes firmly locked on the ceiling.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS: THE NEXT DAY

In SPLIT-SCREEN, we see...

- Jane and Adam waking up in their respective rooms with big smiles on their faces. They both slip a hand under their covers...

- Jane and Adam each stand in front of a BATHROOM MIRROR shaving, plucking, trimming - managing all the hair situations.

- In the kitchen, the split screens line up for a minute as Jane and Adam sit down to breakfast with each other, each with coy grins.

JANE  
Lieutenant...

ADAM  
Captain...

Benson's skeleton sits at the counter with his head on his hand in a position that seems to say, *oh brother...*

- Back to split screen. Jane runs on the treadmill in the gym, singing along to some country song. Adam dances as he tends to the crops in the greenhouse.

- Adam adds a portrait of Jane to his hallway painting. Jane works on the gray wires in the cockpit.

She finishes attaching the last pair of wires and strides over to the big switches.

She flips the first - nothing. She jokes into the mic...

JANE  
Yo, Earth. We miss you, bro.

She flips the second switch and **A MONITOR TURNS ON.**

The split screen ENDS as we focus on this monitor.

It's a screen that had been black this whole time. And now, it's ILLUMINATED with a MAP OF SPACE.

Jane is caught completely off guard. Her jaw drops.

JANE (cont'd)  
Oh, fuck...

INT. COCKPIT

Jane has brought Adam into the cockpit. They both stare, utterly shocked, at the illuminated screen.

ADAM  
We have navigation...?

JANE

Yep.

ADAM

No comms, though.

JANE

No. But we don't need comms to get home.

ADAM

So this is it. You can fly us home.

JANE

Yep.

ADAM

...How long will it take?

JANE

Three weeks.

An

awkwardly

long

silence.

Eventually, Adam turns to Jane with a weak shoulder shrug...

ADAM

So I guess...

Their eyes connect.

Jane JUMPS on Adam and **THEY START MAKING OUT.**

All of their pent up sexual tension goes into this kiss.

INT. JANE'S ROOM

Jane and Adam DO IT in her bed.

Their sex is passionate and fun - not somber and slow. These guys are getting it on, and they're having a great time.

Adam notices something on Jane's NIGHT STAND...

ADAM  
Why do you have so many drills in  
your room?

He's discovered Jane's modified-drill VIBRATORS.

JANE  
Oo! Let me show you...

She reaches over to grab the BIGGEST ONE.

INT. KITCHEN

Jane and Adam do it on the kitchen table.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK

Jane and Adam try to do it in the little glass dome  
observation deck, but they keep bumping into the dome.

INT. COCKPIT

Jane sits in the captain's chair, checking their flight  
path.

The MONITOR indicates they have 14 DAYS, 6 HOURS TO ARRIVAL.

Jane's expression is an indecipherable mix of emotions.

INT. BATHROOM

Jane and Adam do it in the shower.

INT. TV ROOM

Jane and Adam do it on the couch.

Benson's skeleton is set up in the armchair across from  
them, covering his eyes.

INT. GREENHOUSE

Jane and Adam do it on the floor of the greenhouse.

They fend off curious hens.

INT. COCKPIT

Adam tiptoes into the cockpit to check on their arrival time. The screen indicates 6 DAYS, 8 HOURS TO ARRIVAL.

Adam's emotions are just as mixed up as Jane's.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM

Jane and Adam climax in Adam's bed (his room is a mirror version of Jane's). They both lay back, exhausted.

Adam instinctively raises his arm for Jane to nestle into his nook.

Jane pauses and notices the intimacy of the gesture before cuddling with Adam.

They both close their eyes.

JANE

I'm gonna need to get up and pee in like thirty seconds.

ADAM

Shhh...

INT. OBSERVATION DECK

Adam gives Jane a tattoo on her BUTT of two stars.

JANE

If this gets infected and I die before we get home, I'm gonna haunt you so hard.

ADAM

Understood.

He jokes...

ADAM (cont'd)

This is gonna be a tricky one to explain to the husband...

As soon as he says the words, he regrets them.

Jane avoids his eye. She tries to keep the tone light.

JANE  
Well, we'll cross that bridge when we  
get to it.

Adam doesn't know what else to say, and Jane clearly doesn't  
want to talk about it. So he goes back to tattooing.

INT. COCKPIT

Jane and Adam both sit in the captain's chairs looking out  
the front window. The golden stars glitter and twirl.

They both watch the stars, slumped in their chairs.

The screen reads 2 DAYS, 11 HOURS TO ARRIVAL.

JANE  
It's weird, right?

He responds even before she finishes the question.

ADAM  
Totally.

A quiet moment.

ADAM (cont'd)  
You think there'll be, like, flying  
cars and stuff?

JANE  
...We've been gone three years.

ADAM  
Still.

Jane grins, but her smile quickly fades.

JANE  
I think it'll be exactly the same.  
And completely different.

Adam mulls that over...

ADAM  
What are you most looking forward to?

JANE  
...Swimming in the ocean. Having my  
music back. Never eating another egg  
for the rest of my goddamn life...

ADAM  
Preach.

JANE  
...You?

Adam thinks it over, then decides to answer honestly.

ADAM  
I'm looking forward to hugging Savannah.  
(beat)  
Is that ok to say?

Jane holds all of her emotions inside as tightly as she can.

JANE  
Yeah. Of course. She's your wife for goodness sake.

ADAM  
Yeah, but--

JANE  
I can't wait to see Tom.  
(beat)  
I mean, he probably waited a dignified three months before marrying some nice mid-Western girl and filling her full of babies...

ADAM  
You think?

JANE  
...I don't know.

Quiet.

JANE (cont'd)  
It'll just be nice to get off this piece-of-crap rocket and get back to reality.

Adam's brow furrows. *Does she really mean that?*

Another quiet moment.

ADAM  
Can we, uh... Can we still be best friends when we get back?  
(beat)  
Please?

Jane looks over at Adam.

ADAM (cont'd)  
You've been literally my entire  
world, after all.

Jane fights to keep her emotions tucked inside. She offers Adam a small smile.

JANE  
Your world's about to get a lot  
bigger.

She gets up and walks out of the cockpit, leaving Adam looking lost and alone.

He gazes out the front window with a furrowed brow as a tiny, distant PLANET EARTH rises into view.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM

The furniture is pushed back, and Jane and Adam are dressed for one last dance.

They meet in the center of the floor.

A soft, romantic song like James Arthur's "Falling from the Stars" begins.

Jane and Adam fall into a slow dance, a mix of ballet and modern.

Neither one tries to hide their emotions - their eyes are locked on one another. There's no looking away.

INTERCUT this dance with...

INT. COCKPIT

Wearing SPACE SUITS and HELMETS for the first time, Jane and Adam clip into their seats in the cockpit.

The screen reads 26 MINUTES TO ARRIVAL.

A beautiful paper model of Earth looms large in the window. They're almost home.

BACK TO THE DANCE...

Jane and Adam spin around the room as the golden stars twirl around them.

IN THE COCKPIT...

Adam grips the arms of his chair and steals a glance over at Jane as she flies them into the atmosphere.

THE DANCE...

Adam lifts Jane high above his head as...

IN THE COCKPIT...

The rocket shakes violently as they hurtle toward the ground.

A TEAR rolls down Jane's stern, focused face...

THE DANCE...

Adam slowly lowers Jane down into his arms.

They breath hard, staring into each other's eyes, as the song comes to a quiet end.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - DAY

**The colors and overall feel down here on Earth are noticeably DULLER than they were up in space. Everything is a bit gray and painfully real - no more magic.**

The front wheel of Jane and Adam's rocket rolls to a delicate STOP on a TARMAC outside of a large HANGAR with the NASA emblem painted on its closed doors.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT...

Jane and Adam both stare out the window, eyes straight ahead.

They're frozen in place.

OUT ON THE TARMAC...

A NASA EMPLOYEE carrying a cup of COFFEE, a CLIPBOARD, and putting on his AVIATORS emerges from the hangar door, whistling a care-free tune.

He's confronted by the rocket, and instantly DROPS everything.

NASA EMPLOYEE  
 Son of a what the holy!  
 (beat)  
What!?

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

A CACOPHONY of questions and camera snaps rise from 100 REPORTERS crammed into a gray conference room built to hold 40 people.

At the front of the room, Jane and Adam - dressed in flight uniforms - sit at a long, narrow TABLE on an elevated stage with a nervous NASA SPOKESPERSON between them. All three have MICS in front of them.

The spokesperson - dressed in a suit - tries desperately to control the unruly crowd.

SPOKESPERSON  
 People! Please! If everyone could--  
 Please!

The reporters won't stop yelling, so the spokesperson starts yelling a WRITTEN STATEMENT over them, which quickly quiets them down.

SPOKESPERSON (cont'd)  
When we lost contact with Jupiter 6  
 three years, one month, and seven  
 days ago, we had every reason to  
 suspect the worst. Today, we are  
 thrilled to discover that - in true  
 NASA form - we were gloriously wrong.

The reporters offer up a good-natured chuckle.

SPOKESPERSON (cont'd)

The successful return of Captain Jane Williams and Lead Science Officer Adam Gherrity is cause for celebration the world over, and perhaps none will be more elated than their spouses, Tom Wright and Governor Savannah Gherrity, who are en route as we speak.

Both Adam and Jane raise their eyebrows at the word "governor." Jane leans ever so slightly forward and mouths...

JANE

"Governor"?

Adam responds with a tiny baffled shrug.

SPOKESPERSON

At the same time, we are deeply saddened to learn of the passing of Lead Medical Officer Megan Benson...

An official NASA portrait of Benson - who turns out to be some amazing woman like MERYL STREEP - projects on the white wall behind the conference table.

SPOKESPERSON (cont'd)

...who passed away early in the mission from as-yet unknown causes.

A brazen reporter jumps in with a shouted question...

REPORTER

What do you think happened?

Jane and Adam exchange a look...

FLASH TO:

INT. COCKPIT

In a three-second flurry, we see the cockpit filled with SMOKE and blaring ALARMS. The panel of gray wires GLOWS with molten heat, having just been BLASTED apart.

And in the middle of that, a crazed Megan Benson stands in her space suit - helmet on - SCREAMING at Adam with a SHOT GUN pointed at his head.

Adam is holding up his hands...

ADAM  
Benson. Listen to me...

That's when Jane sneaks up behind Benson and SWINGS AN AX at her back.

As the ax is about to connect we cut...

BACK TO THE CONFERENCE...

Jane steps up to field the question.

JANE  
She passed in her sleep. As far as we can tell, it was either cardiac arrest or an aneurysm.

The reporters jot down notes.

Another bold reporter jumps in.

REPORTER 2  
How does it feel to be back home?

They both hesitate again. This time Adam steps up.

ADAM  
It'll be better once we can get out of small rooms like this one.

The reporters laugh.

SPOKESPERSON  
I'm sure you all have endless questions, but Ms. Williams and Mr. Gherrity need to get to medical for full evaluations, so--

SAVANNAH  
Darling!

A beautiful woman (35) in a modern, elegant pant suit (think AOC), rushes into the meeting room followed by a stream of PHOTOGRAPHERS. This is SAVANNAH.

ADAM  
Savvy?

The reporters split like the sea as Savannah runs to Adam, who hurries down from the stage to meet her.

Jane watches it all with a tight lump in her throat.

Adam goes to HUG his wife, but she THROWS HERSELF into a ROMANTIC DIP and pulls his face in for an awkward KISS.

Adam is caught off guard. But boy does it look good for those cameras.

Everyone in the room APPLAUDS. Including Jane.

After the kiss, Savannah gives a small wave off to the cameras - *you guys, give us some space* - and she pulls Adam out of the meeting room.

He tries to get a look back at Jane, but she makes her way out another door.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

This room, like the rest of Earth so far, is gray and dull.

It's a small, private room with a hospital BED, a COUCH, and a TV. Nothing fancy.

Jane sits on the couch in sweats, listening to soft ELEVATOR MUSIC funneling into the room through a SPEAKER above the door.

Jane glares at that speaker.

A cheery NURSE pops into the room...

NURSE

How we doin'?

JANE

...Is there any way to change the music?

NURSE

Ooo, I'm sorry. That's building wide. We can't change it for individual rooms.

JANE

Ok. I don't want to play this card for something that, I'm sure, will seem trivial. But I'm kind of an international space hero.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)

At least for the next month or so until I'm forgotten and then probably for another month when the Lifetime movie inevitably comes out. And I would really appreciate it if you could find a way to turn this shit off and get me some Queen or classic Madonna. Hell, I'd even take some goddamn Britney Spears. Ok?

The nurse hesitates.

NURSE

...I'll see what I can do.

The nurse backs out of the room.

Jane drops her head into her hands.

The door opens again.

With an exasperated sigh, Jane looks up.

But it isn't the nurse this time. It's a tall, mid-western guy with a twinkle in his eye.

JANE

...Tom?

TOM (30s) is breathing heavily. He's clearly gotten here as fast as he possibly could.

TOM

There's my girl...

Jane BURSTS INTO TEARS.

Tom rushes over and holds her tightly as Jane sobs into his chest.

Tears come to Tom's eyes, too, as he smells her hair and kisses the top of her head.

TOM (cont'd)

God, I've missed you.

Jane pulls herself out of Tom's arms and wipes her eyes.

JANE

Wait. Wait. If you're gonna pull a Castaway on me and tell me you've married someone else then please do it now because I don't think--

TOM  
No!

JANE  
...No?

TOM  
No. Sweetie. I'm all yours.

JANE  
But-- Didn't you think I was dead?

He brushes her hair out of her face...

TOM  
Everyone kept saying that. My  
parents, your parents, my therapist,  
our friends, multiple psychics... But  
I knew in my heart that you'd find  
your way back to me. I could feel it.  
(beat)  
Our love crossed the stars.

Jane is simultaneously touched and a little nauseated by that comment. But she keeps her cynical side locked up.

She leans back into Tom's chest, and they hold each other tightly.

INT. ADAM'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MEANWHILE

Adam's hospital room is just like Jane's but flipped. That same elevator music plays in the background.

He sits on his little couch with Savannah. They're both turned sideways, facing each other.

There's an awkwardness between them. They both seem conflicted about whether they should touch.

SAVANNAH  
...I'm sorry about the whole dip  
thing.

Adam smirks.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)  
I had my team in my head telling me  
what an important moment this was and  
how we had to get it just right and,  
inside... God, I was terrified.  
(MORE)

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

(beat)  
Honestly, still kind of am.

ADAM

Of what?

SAVANNAH

...Three years is a long time.  
(beat)  
I really didn't think I'd see you  
again.

ADAM

...I know. Me, too.

SAVANNAH

And God knows what you must be  
thinking with the whole governor  
thing...

ADAM

That you used the untimely death of  
your astronaut husband to propel  
yourself from mayor of our small town  
to the highest office in the great  
state of Colorado?

SAVANNAH

Yeah. That.

Adam offers Savannah a kind smile.

ADAM

Savvy, it's ok.

SAVANNAH

No, but-- I feel like I need to  
explain. Because when you  
disappeared, there was suddenly this  
spotlight on me, and I couldn't go  
out and have death-rebound sex like a  
normal person, and I was just...  
stuck, playing this part to meet  
expectations. So all I had was my  
work, and suddenly I had this weird,  
twisted opportunity to run, and it  
all just...

ADAM

Savannah. I'm really proud of you.

Savannah is touched. These two really get each other. They  
share a warm HUG.

As they hug, the elevator music in the background CUTS OFF. It's quickly replaced by a Queen song.

Adam notices. His brow furrows.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Jane and Tom stand in the middle of a large, gray hospital lobby with over-sized glass doors that look out over the parking lot.

Said parking lot is TEEMING WITH REPORTERS, all trying to get a shot of Jane and Adam on their way out.

A frazzled ADMINISTRATOR hurries over to Jane and Tom.

ADMINISTRATOR

I'm so sorry. We just need a few more security guards out there to help keep the wolves at bay.

Jane and Tom smile politely.

JANE

No worries.

TOM

Not a problem.

The grateful administrator hurries back to work.

Tom and Jane sigh together as they wait.

TOM (cont'd)

Excited to get home?

JANE

Excited to get out of here.

Adam and Savannah emerge from a hallway. Adam and Jane lock eyes on each other. Savannah and Tom are all smiles.

SAVANNAH

Oh! I'm so glad we didn't miss you.  
Jane, it's so good to meet you.

Without asking, Savannah HUGS Jane. Jane awkwardly hugs her back.

JANE

You, too. Adam talked about you constantly.

Savannah shakes Tom's hand.

SAVANNAH

Savannah.

TOM

Tom.

(turning to Adam)  
Good to meet you.

Tom and Adam shake.

TOM (cont'd)

Thanks for looking after my girl.

ADAM

Oh, believe me, it was the other way around.

With introductions out of the way, the two couples have no idea what to talk about.

Outside, photographers snap endless PHOTOS of them through the glass.

Jane steps up to end the awkward silence.

JANE

So. Any good movies come out lately?

Tom and Savannah can't tell if it's a serious question.

SAVANNAH

Um, there was one really good one with Matt Damon...

ADAM & JANE

Screw Matt Damon.

Jane and Adam both smirk. Savannah and Tom are lost.

ADAM

Sorry. Inside joke.

SAVANNAH

Oh gosh. I'll bet you two have a lot of those.

Awkward silence.

Adam turns to Jane.

ADAM  
I, uh, asked to keep the girls.

JANE  
Oh.

TOM  
...The girls?

JANE  
That's what we call the hens.

TOM  
Oh! You're keeping all six?

ADAM  
Uh, yeah, they said we could.

The "we" is Adam and Savannah. Savannah gives Adam a supportive side hug - she doesn't seem like a person to have pet chickens, but she's doing this nice thing for her man.

ADAM (cont'd)  
But if you want to take a few, you can.

JANE  
Oh... um...

TOM  
You should, sweetie. We've got space.

JANE  
I don't know. They make such a mess...

SAVANNAH  
...How much of a mess?

JANE  
(reassuring)  
No, they're great. And I'm so glad you're taking them.  
(beat)  
I asked to take home Benson, and they said no.

Adam grins. Savannah and Tom don't know what to make of that comment.

ADAM

You're sure?

(beat)

I mean, I know I never expected to care about a chicken, but over enough time, damned if biology didn't make me... emotionally attach.

He looks into Jane's eyes as he says it.

But Jane quickly looks away.

JANE

Yeah, biology's a bitch.

Savannah and Tom laugh.

JANE (cont'd)

Anyway, I'm just happy they'll be with someone who loves them.

Tom tilts his head - *how sweet*.

But Savannah furrows her brow. She can sense a weird energy between Adam and Jane.

The administrator hurries back over.

ADMINISTRATOR

Ok, we're just about ready. We just need you two to sign a few discharge papers.

Savannah steps up.

SAVANNAH

Tom and I can handle that. You two take a minute to say goodbye.

Savannah and Tom walk across the lobby to the administrator's DESK, leaving Adam and Jane alone.

They don't know what to say.

ADAM

I had my first Pop-Tart this morning.

JANE

...How was it?

ADAM

Honestly, your home-made version kind of ruined them for me.

Jane smirks.

JANE  
I'll send you the recipe. You'll just need a steady supply of fresh, unpasteurized goat's milk.

ADAM  
...So I'll hear from you?

Jane hesitates.

JANE  
I mean, I'm sure we'll see each other. We've got interviews--

ADAM  
But after all that. Are you still going to be in my life?

Jane tenses up. She glances over to Tom and Savannah, who are both watching her and Adam - not in a suspicious way. Just curious.

JANE  
No.

Adam furrows his brow.

ADAM  
I don't mean-- A phone call every few weeks. Old friends catching up...

It takes all of Jane's strength to get this out...

JANE  
We were two people trapped in a box. It messed with our heads. But now we're out of the box.  
(beat)  
Up there... that wasn't real. This is real.

Adam is hurt, but he refuses to show it.

Savannah and Tom walk back over, and Jane and Adam plaster on smiles.

SAVANNAH  
Ready?

ADAM  
Yep.

Adam turns to Jane.

ADAM (cont'd)  
So... Bye.

JANE  
Bye.

Adam HUGS Jane. It's awkward.

Adam puts a hand on Savannah's back and leads her toward the door.

Jane takes Tom's hand and follows a few steps behind.

With every emotion buried deep down inside, the two couples make their way out into the frenzy...

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO

Adam and Savannah, both looking handsome, give an exclusive TV interview to some TOP ANCHOR.

INT. MID-WESTERN HOUSE - DAY

With Tom sitting at the counter behind her, playing on his phone, Jane searches the inside of the fridge for something to eat.

It's filled with every kind of delicious food imaginable - meats, cheeses, fresh fruits...

But after a hard look, Jane picks the CARTON OF EGGS.

INT. ELEGANT HOUSE - NIGHT

Adam and Savannah attend a loud, crowded party in a large gray house.

Savannah chats effortlessly with everyone in their circle, but Adam has to force his smile.

An OLD WHITE DUDE turns the conversation to Adam.

OLD WHITE DUDE  
And how are you getting on now that you're home?

ADAM  
Very well, thank you.

OLD WHITE DUDE  
I'd imagine the boredom must have  
been the worst bit...

ADAM  
Uh, actually we were never really  
that bored. There were always things  
to do.

OLD WHITE DUDE  
For instance?

ADAM  
Well, uh... we bet on chicken races,  
attempted to write the next great pop  
song, gave each other tattoos... Oh,  
and I did spend quite a bit of time  
trying to cross-breed a marijuana  
raspberry plant. Still working on  
that, actually.

The old white dude and all the other STUFFY PEOPLE stare  
blankly at Adam.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Oh crap, marijuana's still legal,  
right?

Savannah puts on a manufactured LAUGH, and it works.  
Everyone laughs along. Except Adam.

EXT. MID-WESTERN SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Tom and Jane stroll down a drab, gray street together.

TOM  
So your parents arrive tomorrow, and  
then my parents will be here on  
Sunday, but they're gonna stay in a  
hotel. And then next week Sarah and  
Doug want to visit - well, really the  
whole Duke gang want to come up, but  
I figured that might be a bit  
overwhelming.

Jane is indeed looking overwhelmed.

JANE  
Good call.

INT. BEAUTIFUL (BUT GRAY) COLORADO HOUSE - NIGHT

Adam watches The Princess Bride in BED.

He glances over at Savannah, who sleeps soundly next to him.  
No snore, no drool.

INT. HALLOWEEN STORE - DAY

Jane wanders down an aisle in one of those year-round  
Halloween stores.

She finds what she was looking for - the life-size plastic  
SKELETONS.

She finds the most realistic one, pulls it into her arms as  
though it were a damsel in distress, and carries it toward  
the register...

INT. COLORADO HOUSE - DAY

Adam sits in front of a large CHICKEN COOP that's been set  
up inside an otherwise tasteful guest bedroom.

He plays with the hens, whom he's let out of the coop.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Agh!

Savannah stomps into the room carrying a HIGH-HEELED SHOE.

SAVANNAH

One of them pooped in my shoe.

ADAM

...Are you sure it was them?

Savannah isn't having it.

ADAM (cont'd)

Poop is a sign of love?

Savannah sighs.

SAVANNAH

Maybe we should talk about moving the  
coop outside... Or at least keeping  
the chickens in the coop...?

Adam's shoulders sink.

INT. MID-WESTERN HOUSE - DAY

Jane sits on the floor of her and Tom's apartment hunched over her LAPTOP.

She has GUIDEBOOKS and MAPS laid out on the floor around her.

Tom tiptoes into the room...

TOM

Hey, crazy... Planning a jail break?

Jane looks up with the first real smile we've seen on her in quite a while.

JANE

Let's take a trip.

TOM

A trip?

JANE

Yeah! Let's go somewhere we've never been, somewhere just you and me.

TOM

...Like Paris?

Jane hesitates.

JANE

I was thinking somewhere a little more remote? ...Maybe Iceland?

TOM

Iceland??

JANE

To see the Northern Lights! It would be so romantic, and, ya know, it'd give us a chance to really reconnect.

Tom sits down on the floor with Jane.

TOM

Sweetie. This is our home. This is our life. This is where we need to connect.

Jane has no response.

TOM (cont'd)

Look. I know you can't stand being in one place for too long - I honestly don't know how you kept your sanity on that rocket.

Jane looks down at the floor.

TOM (cont'd)

But I think it's finally time for us to lay down some roots, you know? Just be in one place, together, for the long haul. No more deployments. No more... putting our life on pause.

That last comment digs into Jane.

JANE

...I'm sorry I put your life on pause.

TOM

No! That's not-- I have a great life, I do. And you've had these crazy adventures. But now it's time for us.

His smile fades as he feels the need to ask...

TOM (cont'd)

Right?

Jane stares into Tom's eyes.

JANE

Tom. I need to tell you something...

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

Dressed in business attire, Adam and Savannah ride in the back of a limousine. Savannah is typing away on her phone.

SAVANNAH

So we just have fifteen minutes for this photo-op and then we'll head straight to the event.

ADAM

Ok.

Adam looks out the window. Savannah notices that he's not fully there. She sets down her phone.

SAVANNAH  
Hey. Everything alright?

ADAM  
Yeah.

Savannah waits, and Adam relents.

ADAM (cont'd)  
...We've just been so booked since I got back.

SAVANNAH  
...I know.

ADAM  
Can we - I don't know - pull back a bit? I feel like we haven't had any time to talk.

SAVANNAH  
...We have time right now.

Adam sighs. He turns back to the window.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)  
Baby, I'm the governor.

ADAM  
I know.

SAVANNAH  
I have a lot of responsibilities, I can't just--

ADAM  
Half your schedule is photo-ops.

SAVANNAH  
That's the job!

Adam shakes his head.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)  
What. What is it you want to tell me that there's no time for?

Adam snaps.

ADAM

How about the time that Benson tried to kill me, but Jane saved me by axing her in the back!

Savannah's SHOCK is quickly interrupted by the LIMO DRIVER RAISING THE PARTITION.

Adam and Savannah both watch the partition slowly go up - *whoops*.

They take a moment to reset.

SAVANNAH

...Is that what you want to talk about?

ADAM

...No.

Savannah nods. She's a smart woman...

SAVANNAH

See. I think I know what you want to talk about... but I really don't want to talk about it.

(beat)

So if you could just tell me that the thing you want to talk about is over, maybe that would be enough.

A silent moment.

ADAM

It is.

SAVANNAH

Good.

(beat)

Are we good?

ADAM

Yeah.

Savannah takes Adam's hand. They look into each other's eyes.

SAVANNAH

I'll see what I can cancel over the next few weeks.

ADAM

Thank you.

SAVANNAH  
...There is one thing, though, that  
we really can't avoid.

ADAM  
What?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Like everything else on Earth, the facade of the White House looks a bit drab and gray as Adam and Savannah arrive in formal attire.

Adam takes the building in with a wary look as he and Savannah are ushered inside.

INT. STATE DINING ROOM, WHITE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We enter the state dining room with Adam and Savannah and are met with VIBRANT COLORS for the first time since space.

The room has the magical glow of CANDLELIGHT and the entire ceiling is decorated with GLITTERY GOLD STARS, very much like the ones we saw in space.

And directly in the center of the room, talking to some group of DIGNITARIES, stands Jane.

Her dress is an emerald green that's perfectly complimented by the stars.

Adam's eyes are immediately drawn to her - she's the jewel in the center of the crown.

Of course, Savannah sees Jane, too.

She links her arm in Adam's and offers him a reassuring smile as they walk into the room, meeting Jane in the middle.

Jane excuses herself from her conversation and turns to Adam and Savannah with immense composure - especially for someone who is pushing down every feeling she has.

SAVANNAH  
Jane, you look lovely.

JANE  
Thank you, so do you.

ADAM

...Long time.

JANE

...It's been four days.

ADAM

(genuinely surprised)

Seriously? Man, time is effed down here, too.

Savannah steams ahead, eager to get past the pleasantries so they can talk to someone - anyone - else.

SAVANNAH

Where's your charming husband?

JANE

Oh, um. Well, the story for tonight is that he has the flu, but um, we're actually splitting up.

SAVANNAH

You're what?

Jane is careful to keep her eyes focused on Savannah as she explains...

JANE

Yeah, I know, it probably seems... And Tom really is the most wonderful man. I think, maybe, when we got married, I thought that was enough - you know, the fact that we made sense for each other, or something? But it never quite worked. As much as I wanted it to. It just wasn't... meant to be.

Adam has no idea what to say. He looks both relieved and devastated.

Savannah, on the other hand, is a bit annoyed with Jane's rather inappropriate level of honesty in this social situation.

SAVANNAH

Wow. Poor Tom.

JANE

Oh, he's better off, I promise.

SAVANNAH

I'm sure.

Jane raises an eyebrow, but let's it slide.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

So! Don't let us keep you from mingling.

Jane gets the message.

JANE

Oh. Yep. Ok.

Savannah leads Adam away. He resists the urge to look back at Jane.

INT. STATE DINING ROOM, WHITE HOUSE - LATER

Everyone eats DINNER at round TABLES.

Jane and Adam sit at separate but adjacent tables.

They're BACK TO BACK - each very aware of the other's presence behind them, but trying their best to entertain their tables of distinguished GUESTS.

An elegant woman in her sixties comes up between Adam and Jane. They both turn to her.

JANE

Madame President.

The PRESIDENT has a coy smile.

PRESIDENT

Captain, Lieutenant... I hear that you are both excellent dancers.

ADAM

Oh, uh...

PRESIDENT

Please. Won't you honor us with a dance?

The guests at their two tables all coo their excited agreement.

Jane and Adam both demure.

JANE

Oh, no...

ADAM

I don't think--

PRESIDENT

I insist.

Adam looks to Savannah. Every muscle in her neck is tensed, but with a flick of her head, she gestures for him to go dance - *the President is asking you to dance, you dance!*

Adam looks to Jane, who looks squarely into his eyes. He extends a hand, and she takes it.

They stand to gentle APPLAUSE from the whole room and make their way onto the dance floor.

The six-piece ORCHESTRA plays a dreamy WALTZ.

Adam and Jane arrive in the center of the room under those golden, glittery stars.

They hold there for a moment, looking into each other's eyes with a mix of longing, sadness, and distance.

Without a word, they sink into a perfect Viennese waltz.

It's as if their feet don't touch the ground.

They completely forget about the rest of the world. It's just the two of them again, twirling through the stars.

Savannah watches them carefully, not angry or jealous, but stunned.

Indeed, everyone looks a bit stunned. This is not what anyone expected from a pair of astronauts...

Adam and Jane keep their eyes locked on one another throughout the dance.

They don't want it to end, but it does.

The song finishes, and a few seconds later, their magical world is shattered by APPLAUSE.

Their eyes finally break apart as they awkwardly acknowledge their audience and return to their seats.

So close to each other, and yet apart once again.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE DINING ROOM, WHITE HOUSE - LATER

The evening is coming to an end. Everyone is saying their goodbyes and making their way to the exit.

Adam and Savannah offer their thanks to the President - Savannah in particular is rather effusive.

As they small talk, Adam glances over at Jane, who sits alone at her table in no rush to leave.

She's STARING back at him.

The President offers her hand to Adam, pulling him back into the conversation. They shake, and the goodbyes are done.

Savannah takes Adam's hand and directs him toward the door.

He steals one more look back at Jane as they make their way out of the room.

Jane watches them go with a look of solemn resignation.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Savannah and Adam walk out of the White House toward their waiting LIMO, but Adam stops a few steps short.

Savannah turns to him with a questioning look.

But when she sees his face, she knows exactly what's about to happen.

Even so, they stand in silence for a moment.

SAVANNAH

Just say it.

ADAM

...You're Victor Laslo.

SAVANNAH

...What?

ADAM

You're the one I loved first. You're the right choice.

Savannah gets it now.

SAVANNAH  
Casablanca? ...So that makes you  
Ilsa?

Adam nods.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)  
...But you're not getting on the  
plane with me.

Slowly, Adam shakes his head.

Savannah takes a deep breath.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)  
Is it because "Rick" is a selfish  
dick and asked you not to?

ADAM  
No! No. She wouldn't do that.  
(beat)  
This is all on me.

A quiet moment.

SAVANNAH  
...It's not a perfect metaphor, is  
it. Ilsa didn't really choose - she  
just did what Rick said.

Adam considers.

ADAM  
I am an empowered, feminist Ilsa.

Through her heartbreak, Savannah smirks.

ADAM (cont'd)  
...I do love you.

SAVANNAH  
I know.

Savannah steps over to Adam and gives him a tender KISS on  
the lips, which he returns.

She turns and gets into the limo. Adam watches her go.

INT. STATE DINING ROOM, WHITE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Just a few stragglers remain inside the State Room. Jane is  
still alone at her table.

With a sigh, she drinks the last swig of her WATER and stands.

She saunters across the center of the room toward the exit.

That's when Adam appears in the doorway. Their eyes lock.

Adam steps over to Jane. He meets her in the middle of the dance floor under those glittering stars...

JANE  
Hi.

ADAM  
Hi.

JANE  
...Where's Savannah?

ADAM  
I'm not getting on the plane.

A heavy pause.

JANE  
...What?

ADAM  
Casablanca.

JANE  
Oh!  
(beat)  
Never seen it.

ADAM  
You've never seen Casablanca??

JANE  
No, is it good?

Adam knows Jane is teasing him, but it still makes his brain hurt.

ADAM  
It's only, like, the best movie of all time.

JANE  
...Then why did we watch The Princess Bride so much?

ADAM

There are guilty pleasure movies and then there are actual cinematic classics--

JANE

Hang on. Let's get back to the plane you're not getting on? What's that mean?

Adam KISSES Jane.

JANE (cont'd)

...Oh.

ADAM

Yeah.

They both smile from ear to ear.

JANE

So, um, ok then.

A quiet, happy moment.

ADAM

You wanna go... get a drink?

Jane's hands fall to her stomach...

JANE

Um, we probably shouldn't--

ADAM

Oh my god, are you pregnant??

JANE

What? No!

ADAM

Oh, sorry! You touched your stomach--

JANE

So??

ADAM

I don't know! We also had all that unprotected sex...

JANE

Is that why you're picking me?

ADAM

No!

JANE

Dude. If this is just your biological urge to procreate--

ADAM

No, god! I choose you. Not because I chemically attached - which I did - or because I want to have your babies - which I do - but because... we're meant to be.

Jane grins.

JANE

...Lame. We're all robots.

They share a smile. Adam leans in to kiss her, but Jane stops him.

JANE (cont'd)

What I was going to say... was that we should probably keep this on the down low for a while.

Adam steps a bit closer to Jane anyway.

ADAM

Right. That makes sense.

Their faces are inches apart.

JANE

We don't want to... cause a stir.

ADAM

Absolutely. No stirring...

They KISS.

SNAP.

Jane and Adam turn to see a White House PHOTOGRAPHER taking a picture of their kiss.

Jane and Adam both scowl - *well, shit*.

But then Jane has a thought...

JANE

...You wanna take a trip?

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. A BEAUTIFUL BED - NIGHT

In vibrant, magical color, Jane and Adam lie tangled together in a luxurious KING-SIZE BED with just the light of the moon illuminating their faces.

ADAM

What should we do tomorrow?

JANE

...Ok, I know this might sound crazy, but what do you think of renting Aliens?

ADAM

You want to watch Alien again??

JANE

No, Alienssss - the second one.

As they argue, we slowly pull back to reveal that this beautiful bed is in a clear, glamorous YURT in the middle of the woods.

ADAM

No. No, no, no. Never.

JANE

Oh, come on! It's like our movie.

ADAM

What about Casablanca?

JANE

...We can watch that, too! Make it a double feature.

We drift away from Jane and Adam and up to the night sky where we see the surreal, magical NORTHERN LIGHTS.

ADAM (O.S.)

Then how 'bout Casablanca and The Princess Bride?

JANE (O.S.)

How about all three?

ADAM (O.S.)

You know we're in Iceland, right?

JANE (O.S.)  
You're the one who keeps adding more  
movies...

We hear Adam sigh...

ADAM (O.S.)  
...Ok. We can watch it. But only in  
broad daylight, and we have to be  
allowed to talk through it. And you  
gotta squish your boobs on me after.

JANE (O.S.)  
Deal.

The sound of a KISS.

**The End.**