

The Girl Who Fell to Earth

By

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Formally Titled 'Them'
Third Draft

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INT. YEAR 2065 - MARS COLONY STATION, GREEN HOUSE - DAY

In a blue flight suit ELEANOR, 24, putters around a hydro wall of greenery.

The flight suit has a few patches on it:

A Mars logo on the left arm, below it a Canadian flag, a CSA logo on the right breast and her name on the left breast.

The plastic composite framing of the hydro wall is decorated with beaded string, paper cutouts and stickers.

Stickers read 'Mars', 'Eleanor', 'Colony One'

She picks out a few pieces of lettuce from the wall and eats them. She dangles a new decoration to go with her others.

The decoration reads, 'There's a whole world down there.'

A person in a flight suit walks by.

Eleanor turns from her wall, face blank.

Stars and light twinkle in her vision. Pinks and blues, greens and gold. Lights flash and flow.

Eleanor drops like dead weight. Crumpled on the floor like a sack of potatoes.

Rushing foot steps are heard off screen. Hands reach down to help Eleanor.

Stars twinkle in blackness.

INT. MARS COLONY STATION, ROOM - NIGHT

Two people, MAN and WOMAN, silhouettes speak in hushed tones.

MAN
She's sick.

WOMAN
We're all sick.

MAN
We have to send her home.

WOMAN
This is her home.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

She has a chance. But not if we keep her here. It will happen again.

WOMAN

We have to give her that chance don't we?

MAN

She could save us all.

EXT. RURAL ONTARIO - DAY

A space to Earth landing pod descends from the sky. A taught parachute keeps it from falling too fast.

TITLE CARD: YEAR 2065

An observation helicopter flies circles around it.

The pod lands in an expansive and empty field of dry dirt and grass.

Pumpfh. A circular cloud of dirt is sent up around the pod.

A team of excited and happy aerospace engineers dressed in khakis, jeans, golf shirts and tees shift an aluminum tri-ladder over the pod.

A few climb up, one with a tool sets to work opening the top of the pod. They lift the lid and one reaches inside.

Gently they lift a pressure-suited person out by holding and hoisting from under their arms.

The returning human is limp, their body almost immobile from reentry.

The person sits on the edge of the pod for a moment. The crew speak with the person. Reassuring smiles.

The reentered person nods their head.

With a final lift up two engineers hoist the reentered person by the armpits, two at the bottom of the ladder work to grab the legs.

The reentered person is Eleanor, held by four people one on each limb. She is moved to a solitary padded seat set up in the field.

The engineers move about, they speak to Eleanor.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor nods her head, she smiles tentatively. An engineer holds a bottle of water with a straw up to Eleanor's lips. She takes a sip.

Eleanor looks from side to side, squinting. Someone puts sunglasses on her.

TITLE CARD: And then...

Series of still images.

Eleanor, HARJIT, man 50s, and a few others waving and smiling at a press conference.

Eleanor in a flight suit, the others in golf shirts and khakis.

Hugging and handshaking with welcoming groups.

TITLE CARD: And then...

Series of still images.

Eleanor, Harjit and others in fancy dress at black-tie event.

Hand shaking dignitaries, reception line, sitting at long ballroom dinner table, eating and drinking champagne.

TITLE CARD: And then...

Six months later...Eleanor's first summer on Earth.

But first...

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

A makeshift campsite made of a mishmash of household and camping items is set up on a pine needle covered dirt forest floor.

A tent with a solar tarp pitched over it at the centre of it all.

A clothes line is strung up, a bike is locked to a tree, a few boards are placed over stumps acting as shelves.

Tins, utensils, a hairbrush, tooth brush, mirror, sneakers all lined up neatly on the boards.

A rugged and rough looking camping woman ANNE, 70s, with a septum nose ring, comes out of the tent.

(CONTINUED)

She has bleached out hair and is sunburned.

She wears worn cutoff denim shorts and a unicorn print tank top exposing a sleeve of geometric black ink tattoos on her arms.

The woman sings to herself, a tune from her youth, as she contently checks the pins holding her solar tarp in place.

She fiddles with some wires that connect it to a small battery.

EXT. GROCERY STORE, PARKING LOT - DAY

Eleanor gets out of the passenger side of an old model electric car.

She wears the same sunglasses she was given at her landing six months ago.

She wears a worn blue flight suit that has a few patches on it.

A Mars logo on the left arm, below it a Canadian flag, a CSA logo on the right breast and her name on the left breast.

She has a small device strapped to her right arm.

Harjit gets out of the driver's side of the car, a few canvas bags tucked under his arm.

Uncle and niece walk towards the entrance of the store.

Eleanor spots a grocery cart in a parking spot. She takes a detour to get it.

She breaks in to a light jog as she pushes it to catch up with her uncle.

Eleanor eyes a help wanted sign on the door.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Eleanor, sunglasses hung in the neck of her shirt, and Harjit stroll down an isle. Their cart half full of fruits, veggies and bread.

ELEANOR
We need allergy pills.

(CONTINUED)

A young female monotone voice speaks the words 'we need allergy pills', the audio comes from the device, a small speaker, on Eleanor's arm.

Eleanor's way of speaking.

HARJIT

Sure.

They continue to stroll, looking at the items on the shelves.

CUT TO

At the check out counter Eleanor hands items from the cart to Harjit who puts them on a glass turnstile.

Prices come up on a small screen as the items are put on.

A check out girl, NANCY, 20s with an Edwardian Gibson-girl bun, puts the items in to Harjit's canvas bags as they are tallied.

NANCY

You're Eleanor right?

Eleanor looks at Nancy, then at her uncle.

Another clerk, ROBIN, 20s, also with an Edwardian Gibson-girl bun, cuts flowers at a flower stand.

Robin, in a heavily modified uniform, buttons sewn on, cuts and folds made here and there, watches Nancy and Eleanor's interaction.

Harjit nods his head towards Nancy, encouraging Eleanor to answer her.

ELEANOR

(to Nancy)

Ya.

NANCY

There's a job open here. You should apply.

Nancy smiles sincerely. Robin comes out from behind the flower stand and over to the group.

NANCY

It's not bad. Summer's are always busy.

Robin approaches from behind.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

Here. Give me your hand.

Eleanor turns and looks at Robin.

Robin takes Eleanor's hand, pushes up the sleeve of her flight suit and writes a number in pen on her forearm.

Eleanor is shocked at Robin's forwardness but allows it to happen.

When Robin is done Eleanor takes her arm in and holds her hand over the pen marks.

ROBIN

Call me and we can help with your résumé.

Robin heads back to the flower stand.

Eleanor looks at her arm. She sniffs.

INT. ELEANOR AND HARJIT'S HOME - DAY

With a shopping bag on his shoulder Harjit enters the house through the back door into the kitchen area.

Eleanor follows with a bag of her own.

Harjit puts his bag on a counter as Eleanor wipes her feet at the door, one after the other, three times each.

HARJIT

So what do you think about a job?

With purpose Eleanor puts the grocery bag on a nearby table that is piled with computer pieces, wires and a few tools.

She walks away from her uncle and out of the kitchen.

ELEANOR

I don't know.

INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

A twin bed, a large desk, workbench, chair and stool. A table fan is on low.

As it oscillates it routinely rustles a few papers tacked to the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Computer parts, old and new, exposed wires, plastic and silicone electronic casings are scattered on Eleanor's workbench.

A pegboard above the workbench is lined with tools, meticulously placed.

Modern and retro electronics are set up.

TVs, DVD and VHS players, a radio, CD player, tape player. A few potted plants rest on the window ledge.

A VHS camcorder is set up on a tripod, wires connect it to a small computer screen.

Eleanor makes a beeline for her desk where she locates a note book.

She opens it to the next blank page. She smooths out the pages with both hands.

She takes a pencil from a mug on the desk, takes up a small metal pencil sharpener and sharpens the pencil over a waste basket.

Eleanor writes the phone number from her arm in to the note book. She puts the pencil back, closes the note book and leaves the bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Eleanor enters the room and shuts the door behind her.

She folds up the sleeves of her flight suit, turns on the sink tap and scrubs the pen off her arm with soap and water.

She sniffles.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eleanor, still in her flight suit, and Harjit sit at the kitchen table, a ceiling lamp hangs over them.

Two half drunken cups of coffee are placed among bits of wire, computer parts, plastic casing, electrical tape.

The two tinker with projects using the items. Eyes never leaving their work.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

Did you get the mail this week?

HARJIT

No. You want to grab it?

Eleanor takes some plastic casing off a wire with pliers. She twists the exposed ends to clean it. She puts her items down and gets up.

Eleanor takes a jacket off a peg by the door and puts it on. She wipes her feet on a mat at the door, one after the other, three times each.

Harjit takes his eyes off his work and gives a sideways glance towards his niece but doesn't look directly at her.

Eleanor doesn't notice her uncle looking.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Trees rustle in a light breeze. Crickets chirp. Solar powered lamps line the street.

Eleanor rides her bike on the road. Her flight suit sleeves and pants are rolled up. She wears Birkenstock sandals.

When Eleanor approaches a community mail box she stops her bike, gets off and parks it.

She unlocks one of the cubbyholes by holding a rubber wristband up to the cubby door.

Unnecessarily she moves her wrist up and down, locking and unlocking the cubby three times.

On the third unlock she opens the door, pulls out the mail.

A couple letters and a brochure.

She shuts the cubby door. Locks it with her wristband, again unnecessarily waving her wrist up and down to lock and unlock it three times.

Eleanor flips through the mail, all handwritten with international postage. She stops at the brochure.

On the front it has a picture of sprawling idyllic green space dotted with identical pods spread over the landscape.

The brochure says THE JUPITER PROJECT. FIND YOUR DREAM.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

All the lights are off in the building, the parking lot is empty, save for a car.

Nancy leaves the store followed by the MANAGER, a 60-something woman. The manager locks up.

MANAGER

Good night.

NANCY

Night. See you tomorrow.

Nancy pulls a wireless ear bud from her pocket and pops in to one of her ears.

She swipes and taps a wide rubber band on her wrist.

She walks to the car and opens the door.

INT. NANCY'S FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

A large luxury cottage. Dark inside except for the hallway lights.

Nancy comes in. She stares aimlessly around the empty space. She slips off her sandals and lonesomely walks up the stairs.

Something breaks in a room downstairs. Nancy stops on the stairs. She heads back down.

Nancy explores through the living room and moves through the kitchen towards the den at the back of the house.

Angry muttering comes from the den, behind a closed door.

Nancy knocks on the den door. No answer.

NANCY

Hello.

Nancy goes to open the door. It opens a crack before she can.

SOPHIA, middle 50s woman, peers through the crack.

NANCY

Mom.

Sophia quickly opens the door and pulls Nancy through and shuts it.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

In classy casual clothes Sophia moves with a manic pace through the den.

She steps over and on a broken lamp, not caring about it, or not noticing it.

NANCY

I thought you and dad were out tonight.

Sophia waves her hand.

SOPHIA

Your father thought it best for the project if I didn't come tonight. He doesn't seem to remember that I started this family and I can finish it.

NANCY

Well, it...

Sophia slaps Nancy across the face before she can finish her sentence.

SOPHIA

Don't you say it.

Sophia sits coolly on the edge of her desk.

Nancy puts her head down, balls her fists by her sides and stands still.

SOPHIA

I could have easily managed tonight. Jupiter needs me.

Sophia puts her attention directly on Nancy.

SOPHIA

I can make it better.

Nancy unclenches her fists, she relaxes her body. She approaches her mother.

Sophia has her guard up, not sure what to expect from her daughter. Nancy touches her mother's head gently.

Sophia exhales, relieved. Nancy's eyes wander to Sophia's desk. A bank draft on the table.

(CONTINUED)

Nancy leaves her mother and moves to the table. She picks up the draft.

Unseen amount of money made out to The Jupiter Project Incorporated signed by Sophia Turner.

Nancy pockets the cheque.

NANCY
Go to bed Mom.

She leaves the room quietly.

Sophia stares off to a spot in the room, lost in her head.

INT. GYM - DAY

A woman punches away at a peanut double end bag.

Floor to ceiling windows and mirrors surround gym equipment, balls, bars, weights, balance beams and devices.

Men, women and youth work away at various activities. Trainers assist some.

Hair in a ponytail, still in her flight suit, Eleanor sits on a leg press machine.

Her trainer, SAM 40-something man, in a rugby shirt, shorts and sneakers stands behind her.

Eleanor pushes her feet against the weighted press.

She scrunches her face with every press. The action appears to hurt her.

SAM
Any complaints?

Eleanor continues her presses.

ELEANOR
No.

SAM
Are you sure? Last week you said your thighs were cramping. Still bothering you?

Eleanor presses, eyes straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

A little. Mostly at night. My
back hurts too, when I stand for a
long time.

Eleanor pauses and looks at Sam. Sam nods in the direction
of her legs, suggesting she continue.

Eleanor puts her head forward and diligently starts her
presses again, pursing her lips and breathing in and out
through her nose.

SAM

Your body'll soon get the hang of
it.

ELEANOR

I know. We adapt. That's what we
do.

(beat)

I'm told.

INT. GYM HALLWAY - DAY

With her backpack in hand Eleanor comes in to the hallway
via a locker room door.

Eleanor slips her backpack over her shoulders. She loosens
and tightens both shoulder straps simultaneously three times
as she walks.

Loose, tight. Loose, tight. Loose, tight.

She snuffles. Eleanor pulls a handkerchief from her pocket
and blows her nose. Replaces the hankie.

Eleanor walks down the hall. She stops in front of a
digital community bulletin board.

She absentmindedly drags her finger along the board.

Swirl. Swirl. Different notices shift around.

Something changes in her demeanor. She's seen a notice that
she wants to find again.

She swipes intentionally to move through the information.

Swipe. Swipe. Swipe.

A notice with the words 'Death Cafe' written large
appears. She stops on it. She reads it with interest.

EXT. ELEANOR'S NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET - DAY

A sunny day. People mill about on the street and in their front gardens. Kids play with jump ropes, others jump through a sprinkler.

A basket ball rolls across the road. Eleanor bikes through the street, passes the ball as it goes by.

EXT. ELEANOR'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

A toy car sits on the grass and gravel drive.

Eleanor bikes up on to the drive, she glances at the toy as she parks her bike near the front garden of wildflowers and fruit bushes.

She walks along a solar foot path to the front door.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Eleanor wipes her feet on a mat at the door, one after the other, three times each.

She walks through a hallway towards her room.

INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eleanor slips her backpack off her shoulders and hangs it on a hook on the wall.

A small packet rests on her desk, a clean new looking item among the recycled material and old tech.

Eleanor heads for her desk and picks up a pen. She writes 'Death Cafe' on a paper wall calendar.

She notices the new packet. She puts her pen down and picks up the packet. She turns it over in her hands, reading the information on it.

Sniffle.

EXT. BACKYARD GARDEN - DAY

Harjit is crouched in a small vegetable garden patch pulling weeds.

Eleanor wanders in to the yard from a back door. She brushes her hand along some plants.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
There's another toy in the
drive.

Harjit looks up from his work at Eleanor and goes back to weeding.

HARJIT
I saw that.

ELEANOR
Victor?

Eleanor sits in a lounge chair.

HARJIT
He just wants our attention. We
can humor him.

ELEANOR
What's that package in my room?

Harjit continues to weed the garden.

HARJIT
It's the new speech patch.

Harjit stops weeding and looks at Eleanor.

HARJIT
I thought you'd like to take a look
at it. Your mom and dad think it's
a good idea.

Eleanor gets up from the chair, meanders about the garden.

She wants to speak, but stops herself. She bends down and weeds the garden a bit.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

In a uniform shirt and flight suit, top tied around her waist, Eleanor walks down a food isle towards a checkout counter.

A CUSTOMER, a kindly looking 50-something man, puts items on the glass turnstile.

ELEANOR
Hi.

Eleanor shyly smiles as the customer. The man nods politely and continues to put items on the turnstile.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor meticulously places the man's groceries in his bags. No further smiles.

The manager, who is nearby sorting items on a shelf, notices that Eleanor is not being sociable with the customer.

The manager approaches the customer with a beaming smile.

Robin stocking shelves at a nearby isle watches the scene.

MANAGER
(to customer)
Lovely day out today?

The customer looks at the manager and smiles.

MAN
It certainly is. I'd be happy with
a bit more rain for the
gardens. But what are you going to
do?

Eleanor finishes packing the groceries. She interrupts the customer's conversation with the manager.

ELEANOR
Your total is ready.

The man looks from the manager to Eleanor and then questioningly back at the manager.

The manager smiles and gives a slight laugh.

The man politely taps his rubber wristband on a nearby glass stand to pay for his groceries.

He smiles and nods at the manager and Eleanor as he picks up his bags and leaves.

The manager steps closer to Eleanor.

MANAGER
Maybe next time you can chat a bit
more with the customers, like you
care. It makes them feel more at
home you know?

Eleanor tugs at the sleeves of her uniform shirt and shifts her body, trying to get the shirt to sit right.

ELEANOR
But I don't care.

Eleanor sniffles.

MANAGER

Who does? Just pretend okay?

The manager smiles and rubs Eleanor's arm to comfort her.

Eleanor smiles.

Robin continues to watch.

MANAGER

Thank you.

The manager walks away. Robin comes over.

ROBIN

That was awkward.

Eleanor shrugs.

ROBIN

Some of our friends are having a bit of a party. We dress up you know. Well you don't know. It's RRR style.

Eleanor tries to look like she's excited and nods along as Robin talks.

ROBIN

We'll bring you something.

ELEANOR

Sure.

Robin swipes her finger along her wristband. She touches the band to the band on Eleanor's wrist.

ROBIN

It's in a couple of days. This is where we're going. We'll pick you up.

Robin smiles and walks back to her work.

Eleanor looks at her wristband then out the bank of windows near the turnstiles.

A mixture of excitement, befuddlement and sadness fills her.

EXT. ELEANOR'S HOME - EVENING

With her backpack on and her flight suit zipped up Eleanor walks along a garden pathway towards the back garden.

Fireflies float low to the ground in the grasses and flowers.

Eleanor noncommittally swipes at her rubber wristband, she looks at the details of the party.

Low chatter is heard in the backyard. Eleanor looks up from her wrist and with curiosity continues to the back garden.

EXT. BACKYARD GARDEN - EVENING

Soft music is playing, lanterns are lit and hanging, Harjit sits around a garden table with two friends, SYLVANAS and CARLOS, 50s.

A bottle of wine and three small glasses, each at varied stages of fullness, are on the table.

The group stop chatting and turn to see Eleanor as she approaches.

HARJIT
Heeeeey Eleanor!

Harjit has a bit of wine running through him. He is happy to see his niece.

Harjit gets up from the table and goes to Eleanor, he hugs her.

Eleanor smiles, happy for the attention, but in front of strangers she acts like it's no big deal.

The friends smile.

Harjit turns to his friends, with his arm around Eleanor's shoulder.

HARJIT
This is my bright and wonderful
niece Eleanor.
(beat)
Eleanor, this is Carlos and
Sylvanas. Friends from way back.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVANAS

Nice to meet you Eleanor. We've heard lots about you.

CARLOS

It's true. Your uncle won't stop talking about you.

Harjit smiles proudly and looks at Eleanor.

HARJIT

Would you like to join us?

Eleanor smiles shyly.

ELEANOR

No thanks.

Eleanor smiles again at the guests and walks to the back door of the house.

Harjit watches as she goes, his smile wavers a bit. He goes back to his friends, raises his hands palms up, shrugs his shoulders.

HARJIT

What are you gonna do?

His friends smile.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

The music and chatter from the back garden is faint.

Eleanor enters the kitchen via the back door. She wipes her feet on the door mat, one after the other, three times each.

She dusts off her right arm, three swipes. She dusts off her left arm, three swipes.

She walks through the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Eleanor slips her backpack off her shoulders and hangs it on a wall hook.

She unzipped the front pocket of the bag and closes it. Unzips it and closes it.

Eleanor turns on her fan. It begins to oscillate lazily.

(CONTINUED)

She picks up a spray bottle of water and spritzes the plants on the windowsill.

She picks off a few dead leaves and puts them in a wastebasket beside her work bench. She puts the bottle down.

Eleanor flicks on a computer tower with an old metal lever switch.

All of her electronics flicker to life, each piece of equipment attached to the same electric system.

Eleanor sits on a low stool at her desk.

A small TV behind her shows a close up of her face that is being recorded by a cellphone camera mounted on a tripod and pointed at her.

She waves her hand over her desk top. A keyboard is projected in red light on the surface.

Sniffle.

She taps one of the keyboard keys and a computer interface appears on her wall.

Pulls a hankie from pocket. Blows nose. Hankie back in pocket.

An illuminated red spot is to the right of the keyboard, she touches it with one finger and drags it closer.

She twirls her finger around the spotlight and taps.

A search browser appears on the wall interface.

She types WHAT IS RRR?

Images of men, women, girls, boys, pets dressed in rock and roll style clothes with rainbow accents appear.

She drags her finger upwards on the red light on her desk.

The images scroll upwards and off the wall interface. She stops at one, taps her finger on the red light.

The picture enlarges, a group of teens pose together in a party atmosphere.

Tight jeans, suspenders, sunglasses, up dos and quiffs, rainbow tutus, sparklers and glittery batons, striped thigh high socks.

Platform shoes, body glitter, lots of eye shadow, party hats.

She clicks on the words WHAT IS RRR. A voice from a speaker explains.

COMPUTER VOICE

RRR is an abbreviation of Rock and Roll Rainbow, a form of party dress made popular in the early part of the 21st century during the acceptance and enjoyment of LGPTQ2 pride parades held across many continents. The tradition was adopted by the heterosexual and cisgender community to show solidarity. It has since blended in to everyday party dress.

Eleanor looks with great interest at the picture on her wall.

With her eyes still scanning the image she wipes her right arm three times and then her left arm three times.

Eleanor swipes her finger right on the red light on her desk. The image on her wall swipes right and disappears, replaced by a blank space.

She types on the keyboard HOW TO BEHAVE AT PARTIES.

A series of small video clips appear on the user interface. She drags her finger along the red circle. Stops on one clip and taps her finger.

The video clip enlarges and begins to play, Eleanor scrolls through, fast forwarding it.

A YOUNG WOMAN, who appears to be in a bedroom of her own, speaks directly to the camera.

Eleanor stops scrolling. The video plays at normal speed.

YOUNG WOMAN

What I like to do is hold something, a drink, water at first. Do a preliminary round of the room. Scope it out, look for another person who is alone. Approach after a few minutes. You can talk about anything. Ask questions like 'how do you know the host?'

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor pauses the video.

She wipes her right arm three times and then her left arm three times. She looks away from the video.

She gets up from her stool and walks to her closet. She opens the door and looks at the sparse rack.

She huffs and wrinkles her brow, thinking of the clothing challenge.

Eleanor holds her arm with the device on it out to help yell out of the room.

ELEANOR

Uncle Har!

She puts her arm down.

ELEANOR

(to herself)

I think I need some new clothes.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Eleanor sits at the kitchen table tinkering with her electronics on a wooden board.

Her nose is red from blowing it so much.

Her uncle's side of the table is tidy, his tools and bits of wires tucked neatly in to one corner.

A beat-up early 2000-era radio sits on a counter, it plays soft music.

Harjit in the kitchen-proper is engrossed in making crepes, a stack of cooked ones builds up beside the stove.

The music rolls over in to news time.

NEWS ANCHOR

Today we're starting your morning off right with hits from the 40s and with sun, sun, sun with a high of 50 and a low of 31. Today's top headline The Jupiter Project gets a boost in funding from local council in the week before its doors close for good. Best way to spend our tax dollars? We'll open our lines to callers after another 40s hit and the traffic report.

(CONTINUED)

Music fades in.

HARJIT

Cultists the lot of them. As if they can solve their problems by locking themselves up together. It'll be a bloodbath I'm telling you. We have to build on what we have, can't run away from it. Don't let them fool you kid. It's the small things that count!

Eleanor looks up from her work and listens to her uncle with a knowing look like his rants are common. She goes back to her work.

Harjit smiles after his rant and pours some batter in to a large pan, he swirls it around.

HARJIT

Have you talked with the crew at all, your mom and dad?

Holding a fiber-optic wire and wire stripper, Eleanor looks up from her work to her uncle then works to not make eye contact as she talks.

ELEANOR

No.

HARJIT

You should.

Eleanor goes back to taking the casing off her wire.

ELEANOR

Ya. I guess.

Harjit flips the crepe over to cook the other side.

HARJIT

What 'I guess'? You should! They'd love to hear from you. They'll totally dig your new speaker patch.

Eleanor puts her wire stripper down and picks up another stripped wire. She connects the two, twisting the separated pieces together.

She closes her eyes.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

In a paper medical gown Eleanor lays face up on a padded stretcher, her eyes closed.

An ultrasound TECHNICIAN, 40s woman dressed casually, gently massages an ultrasound wand around Eleanor's throat.

The conductive gel squishes and glistens.

ELEANOR

I hate that sound.

Eleanor lets out a nervous laugh and smile.

TECHNICIAN

Goey huh?

The technician looks at a blue, green and red 3-D image that hovers to the left of the bed Eleanor is laying on.

The technician presses a few keys on a projected control panel on a white table top with her free hand.

CUT TO

In matching sports bra and boy shorts Eleanor sits on a plastic stationary bike.

She peddles while wearing a device strapped to her head attached to a hose that she holds in her mouth as she breaths.

Her speech device has been strapped to her leg to make room for a blood pressure band on one arm and another bandage-like wrap on her other.

Suction cups are attached to Eleanor's sides where her kidneys are situated.

Another TECHNICIAN, a super happy smiley 30ish man, analyzes a stream of output data that is projected on to a white board on wheels.

TECHNICIAN 2

How do you feel?

ELEANOR

My legs ache.

The technician smiles and nods.

(CONTINUED)

TECHNICIAN 2

That's common.

Eleanor unfazed closes her eyes and huffs out in to the tube, continuing to peddle.

CUT TO

Eleanor sits in a medical chair. A NURSE, 50s man, draws blood in to plastic tubes.

Three full tubes with different coloured lids sit on a table beside the chair.

Eleanor keeps her head turned away. She looks at a picture on the wall.

EXT. TOWN MAIN STREET - EVENING

Still in her flight suit Eleanor rides her bike down the street, she glides to a stop, gets off and leans the bike on a rack.

She locks it in place with a U-lock that opens and closes with a touch of her rubber bracelet.

Eleanor walks along the street with low lying buildings of various ages. People are out enjoying a bit of casual night life.

Eleanor looks at her wristband, she looks up at the numbers on the buildings as she passes them. Looking for the right place.

She comes to a coffee shop. She sees people mingling inside. She moves to the door, stops, hesitates. She pushes on and opens the door.

INT. CAFE - EVENING

A bell attached to the door jingles.

The mingling groups stop talking and turn to look at Eleanor. Eleanor feels weighed down.

They smile and go back to talking.

Eleanor feels some relief and moves towards the counter. She stands behind a person being served.

Eleanor wipes her left arm three times, she wipes her right arms three time.

(CONTINUED)

The customer in front of Eleanor moves aside with a piece of cake on a plate.

Eleanor moves forward. The BARISTA, woman 20s, smiles.

BARISTA

What can I get you?

Eleanor smiles awkwardly.

ELEANOR

An iced tea please.

The barista nods and turns to prepare the drink.

CUT TO

A group of 10 sit in a circle, some in chairs, some on a sofa.

A table in the centre of the group has some tea cups, mugs, plates with half eaten desserts on them.

Eleanor sits among the group, her glass of ice tea in hand. Eleanor looks at the rim of the glass.

She pulls the sleeve of her flight suit over her hand and uses it to wipe the rim of the glass.

She looks at the rim again. Satisfied, she takes a sip.

A kindly looking WOMAN, 60ish, smiles and takes the lead.

KINDLY WOMAN

Welcome to our second death cafe everyone. I'm really glad there is such a good turn out tonight.

The group smiles and nods their heads.

KINDLY WOMAN

For those of you who haven't been here before, this is a warm and welcome space for everyone to share any thoughts they are having about death. Who wants to start?

BAI, man 40s, raises his hand.

BAI

May I?

(CONTINUED)

KINDLY WOMAN

Of course.

BAI

I'm Bai. I'm a funeral director,
second generation...

Eleanor perks up at the words 'second generation', appears more interested in what Bai is saying.

BAI

...in the business. As a boy I never thought it was strange to be surrounded by mourning families. I was always comfortable with the idea of dying. But as I got older I learned that most people don't want to talk about their death, someone they love dying, anything. Most people change the subject. I wanted to come here so I could talk openly about it.

A YOUNGER WOMAN, 30s, nods in agreement.

YOUNGER WOMAN

I feel the same way. No one wants to discuss it. I bring it up because I'm fascinated by it, it's beautiful somehow. People call me a downer and that hurts, ya know. I want to feel something deeper about this thing that we'll all face.

Eleanor looks around, sensing she is safe she raises her hand and looks to the kindly woman.

KINDLY WOMAN

Yes. Go ahead.

The kindly woman nods in Eleanor's direction and smiles.

ELEANOR

I'm Eleanor. It makes me nervous that you all know me. But I guess I can't do anything about that.

Eleanor gets up, walks a swift tight circle around the chair she was sitting in. She puts her glass of ice tea down.

She sits back down.

The group look at her with sad and empathetic eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor wipes her right arm three times, she wipes her left arm three times.

ELEANOR

Every day since coming here. Like Earth here, I've thought about dying. Am I going to choke on a watermelon seed? Are my kidneys going to fail? Will a dog lick an open wound and make me paralyzed. That's happened, I've read about it. I've become superstitious about everything. I wipe my arms when I get overwhelmed. They do all these tests on me. Am I dying? Or am I suppose to help my parents stuck up there not die?

Eleanor gestures to the sky.

ELEANOR

I don't know.

A couple holding hands nod.

A pregnant woman, DAVIDA 20s, stands up and walks over to Eleanor. She bends down to hug Eleanor in her chair.

DAVIDA

I feel exactly the same way.

Eleanor feels awkward in the woman's arms but accepts the hug with a tempered smile.

DaVida walks back to her seat and sits down. She speaks directly to Eleanor.

DAVIDA

After I found out I was pregnant I started imagining what would happen if I died and the baby lived. It's horrible. I still think about it every day. I came to the last meeting and it helped. You'll start to feel better. Just talking about it lets that stress off.

Eleanor smiles.

KINDLY WOMAN

The best part about these meetings that I've found Eleanor is that the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KINDLY WOMAN (cont'd)
concept follows you home. Tell
your mother and father about
it. They'll understand.

Eleanor's smile diminishes when she thinks about her
parents.

A MAN, 90s, raises his hand. Kindly woman holds her hand out
suggesting he go ahead.

MAN
I've planned my death.

KINDLY WOMAN
What do you mean?

MAN
I've booked a spot in the Jupiter
Project. I don't expect much more
from this world.

KINDLY WOMAN
I didn't know that's what the
Jupiter Project was about.

MAN
It's not. At least I don't think.
But I just imagine that group of
people will be kind to me in my
last days.

DAVIDA
You don't feel kindness outside of
that compound?

MAN
It's not a compound.

KINDLY WOMAN
(to DaVida)
Let him talk.

MAN
I'm just sick and want comfort. Is
that too much to ask for?

KINDLY WOMAN
No. Not at all.

Eleanor watches the man.

INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Crickets chirp outside, clearly heard through the open window.

With her eyes open Eleanor tosses and turns in bed, a light sheet covers her. She snuffles, she breathes through her mouth.

Her fan slowly oscillates, every so often rustling her sheet.

Eleanor rubs and massages her legs. She huffs. She takes a handkerchief from her side table and blows her nose.

She tosses the sheet off herself and stretches her legs by lifting them close to her face, one at a time.

She turns on her side, hankie in hand. She closes her eyes and tries to sleep.

She breathes through her mouth, she holds the hankie to her nose.

Irritatedly but with resignation she turns on her back, opens her eyes and exhales strongly through her mouth.

She turns her head to the wall and touches it with her index finger.

A dim red clock illuminates a small section of the wall with the time. 3 am.

She uncovers herself and purposefully gets up.

She sneezes in to her handkerchief.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

By the light of a full moon Eleanor expertly makes her way through the bathroom.

Directly to a cupboard that she opens and retrieves a hot water bottle.

She tucks the bottle under her arm and opens another cupboard, pulls out a box of allergy pills.

She pulls the pill packet from the box and pops a pill from the blister pack.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tired and breathing through her mouth Eleanor sits on the counter top while an electric kettle boils.

The on/off switch pops. Eleanor slides off the counter.

She fills the water bottle from the kettle. She screws the cap on it shut.

She sneezes in to her hankie, she blows her nose as she walks out of the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laying on her back in bed with the water bottle on her legs Eleanor breathes through her mouth.

She turns her head towards the window and looks at the stars.

She closes her eyes.

INT. GYM - DAY

Standing on a mat Eleanor balances on one leg, the other bent up in front of her, both arms stretched to the sides.

She breathes and maintains her balance.

Physio Sam stands beside her.

SAM

You got it. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Eleanor lowers her leg and arms and stands straight.

SAM

Well done. Now the other.

Eleanor lifts the opposite leg, she stretches out her arms. She wobbles a bit but finds her balance.

SAM

10, 9, 8...

Two toned women, 30ish, in sweatpants, tank tops and traction foot wraps stride by with confidence and chat to each other.

One of the women has her track pants pulled up to the knees revealing a prosthetic leg.

(CONTINUED)

The leg appears to be wrapped in a silver-like webbing and convincingly resembles a real leg.

SAM
...7, 6, 5...

Eleanor stares at the women as they walk by. She loses her balance and puts her leg down. Sam stops counting.

Eleanor watches the women walk by and Sam notices her gaze.

SAM
That's Mo and Clair.

Eleanor snaps out of her stare and looks at Sam.

ELEANOR
Who are they?

SAM
They're the MMA trainers.

Eleanor puts her eyes back on the women.

ELEANOR
What's MMA?

INT. GYM STUDIO - DAY

Eleanor enters a different portion of the gym.

A large open space, mats cover the floor, punching bags hang from rafters.

Kick boxing stands and weights surround a large octagon mat.

A handful of men and women train.

MO puts on MMA gloves while CLAIR, who has the prosthetic, does up her hair in three tight buns.

Eleanor surveys the area.

Mo and Clair move to a circle mat and begin to practice. With her left leg Mo kicks Clair on the side of her waist.

Clair takes the kick well. Clair hits back with a right glove-covered fist, Mo blocks with her left hand.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
(to herself)
Looks like fun.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Plates of falafel, salad, yogurt and hummus are spread around a table that Harjit and Eleanor sit at.

Eleanor polishes a fork diligently with a cloth napkin. Harjit watches his niece work.

HARJIT
Do you want a new fork?

Eleanor stops and looks up from her polishing.

Aware of the attention she puts the napkin down, takes another look at the fork and swiftly spears a tomato.

ELEANOR
No.

She puts the tomato in her mouth and chews, breathing through her mouth as she does because her nose is plugged.

Harjit forks a falafel and puts it on a small plate in front of him. He cuts it, forks a piece and dips it in some yogurt. He eats.

He chews and swallows.

HARJIT
Anything new?

Eleanor shrugs her shoulders and takes a piece of cut falafel off of Harjit's plate and eats it.

Breaths through her mouth as she chews. She swallows.

ELEANOR
Not really.

Harjit puts some salad on his plate and spoons some on to Eleanor's.

ELEANOR
There's a party.

Harjit forks some salad and eats it.

(CONTINUED)

HARJIT

Really. That's good, right?

Eleanor takes a falafel from the communal plate and bites straight in to it.

ELEANOR

I guess so. The girls from the store invited me.

HARJIT

Do you like them?

Eleanor puts her fork down. She wipes her left arm three times, then her right arm three times.

Harjit watches her. He puts his fork down. He takes a sip of water and keeps his eyes on his niece.

ELEANOR

They're alright. Should I go?

Harjit leans back in his chair.

HARJIT

That's something you'll have to decide for yourself.

ELEANOR

I've never been to a party. Is there anything I should do?

HARJIT

It's nice to bring something.

Eleanor nods her head. She picks up her fork and eats the remaining falafel on it.

HARJIT

Do you want me to drive you?

ELEANOR

Is that normal?

HARJIT

I suppose not. Does one of them drive?

ELEANOR

I think Nancy does.

Harjit scoops out some hummus with a piece of bread. He eats it. Eleanor does the same.

(CONTINUED)

HARJIT

Have you talked to Maurice or Nadia? Any of them? I Skyped with Bernadette the other day. She wants you to call her. She misses you.

Eleanor takes a sip of water.

ELEANOR

I will.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

In new jeans and a red top Eleanor stands in front of the mirror tying up her hair.

One bun, two buns, three buns mimicking fighter Clair's hair.

A car horn honks from outside.

Eleanor picks up a duffel bag from the floor and leaves the bathroom, the light turns off automatically.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A hologram movie plays in the middle of the room as Harjit tinkers with some electronics.

When Eleanor comes in to the room Harjit looks up and smiles. He moves his hand to the right and hovers it over the table top.

A red keypad illuminates on the table and he taps a circle icon. The movie stops playing. The red lights fade.

HARJIT

I like the hair.

Eleanor self consciously touches one of the buns. She gives a half smile.

ELEANOR

Thanks.

HARJIT

I don't like that they honked rather than coming to the door.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
I know. Should I tell them?

HARJIT
God no. I just wanted you to know.

Harjit smiles and goes back to tinkering.

HARJIT
Remember, no matter what time it
is, you can call me if you need
help.

Eleanor shifts the duffel bag a bit on her shoulder.

ELEANOR
Okay.

Eleanor stands still. Harjit looks up and notices Eleanor waiting. He puts his tools down and gets up.

He walks to Eleanor and takes her by the shoulders.

HARJIT
Have fun.

Eleanor smiles and leaves the kitchen.

Harjit sits back at the table. He hovers his hand to the right of the table, red lights appear, he presses the circle icon.

The movie plays, he tinkers.

EXT. DRIVE WAY - NIGHT

Eleanor hauls her duffel bag and hurriedly walks to the waiting car.

Robin, with dark and glitter painted eyelids, dressed in striped bell bottoms, a tight gold top and rainbow choker, gets out of the car.

She walks to the back of the car and opens the hatch.

Nancy opens the car window, sardonically gives a glowing smile and bats her eyes, heavy with glittery eyeshadow.

NANCY
Like?

Nancy drops her large smile and focuses on Eleanor's clothes.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Nice change from the jumpsuit. Mind riding in the back?

Eleanor walks cautiously to the back of the car where Robin is. Robin smiles at Eleanor.

ROBIN

It's no big deal. We do it all the time.

Robin nods in the direction of the trunk suggesting Eleanor get in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nancy in the driver's seat. Robin passenger side. From the hatchback trunk, Eleanor's head between the two.

Nancy drives.

Robin passes a few rainbow coloured items of clothes, sequin ribbons, a tutu and a sparkled-covered star antenna headband back to Eleanor.

ROBIN

Put these on.

Eleanor starts to shift in the back as she wriggles in to a tutu.

Nancy holds her wristband up to the dash, there is a soft chime and she takes her hands off the wheel.

CAR

Auto drive on.

NANCY

Do you wear makeup?

Eleanor looks puzzled as she handles the items.

ELEANOR

Not really.

From the car speakers an ad plays.

CAR

The Jupiter Project pods are filling up fast. Get involved today. Your libertarian utopia awaits you.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY
No!

ROBIN
No!

Nancy and Robin shout at the car and laugh raucously.

ROBIN
Fucking auto ads.

Robin leans forward and swipes and taps at the dash to change the settings.

CAR
Auto ads off.

Nancy drapes her arm over the seat.

NANCY
We've got to get some eyes on this one.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Nancy and Robin get out of the parked car.

Nancy, in rainbow platforms, silver thigh high socks, denim overall shorts and a cherry patterned tank top, makes her way to the back of the car and opens the hatch for Eleanor.

Eleanor, with her added accessories and new make up climbs out.

She rummages in her unzipped duffel bag.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Nancy and Robin take the lead through the bar, zig zag through regulars. Eleanor follows carrying two small watermelons.

They walk up a flight of stairs and in to another bar, more regulars standing, sitting, chatting.

A spinning disco ball hangs over a small dance floor throwing flecks of light over the room and on the faces of the patrons.

A handful of 20-somethings dressed in RRR sit around a table chatting and laughing. Pints of beer on the table.

The trio approach the circle of friends.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Hey.

The group look up at the new arrivals and smile. They raise their arms, hoot and holler. Excited for more friends.

ROBIN

Everyone this is Eleanor. Eleanor this is everyone.

The group cheer.

GROUP

Hey, hi, ho.

Eleanor smiles. Holds up the melons.

ELEANOR

I brought watermelon.

One of the friends, a young man MOOSE, in a white tee and leopard print leggings gets up from the table to help Eleanor.

Nancy grabs a melon.

NANCY

I'll take this to the bar.

Nancy walks away.

The young man amicably and enthusiastically puts out his hand to shake Eleanor's.

MOOSE

Hi, I'm Moose.

Eleanor shakes Moose's hand.

ELEANOR

Eleanor.

MOOSE

Nice to meet you. Oh, I guess, uh, do you need help with that?

Eleanor looks down at the melon.

ELEANOR

Sure.

CUT TO

(CONTINUED)

Plates of cut up melon and rinds on the table. Trivia cards splayed out. Chairs pushed out, no people.

The people are on the dance floor, cutting it up.

Eleanor bops about cautiously at first but then goes full on, the group of friends all having a great time.

Older people sit with their beers watching the cluster of colourful friends contentedly groove it out.

One of the friends, a YOUNG MAN, leaves the group, Eleanor seems to be the only person who notices.

They continue to dance.

Eleanor looks around for the young man. He's leaning against the wall, looks like he's going to pass out. Yep, there he goes.

He slouches down, unconscious. Eleanor immediately leaves her friends, calmly and deliberately pushes through them.

They look at each other, curious. They follow Eleanor in a flock.

Eleanor grabs a pitcher of water from the bar on route to the young man.

She puts her hand around him gently and slowly pours the water over his head and down his chest.

She fans him down. He starts to come to. She pours more over his head and chest.

The friends circle around getting down on their knees.

The young man's eyes open.

ELEANOR

(to the young man)

Hi, hello. You passed out. We're putting water on you. Can you hear me?

YOUNG MAN

Yes. Yes. Oh that feels so good. It's so good.

Eleanor fans him more.

ELEANOR
Water is the best.

YOUNG MAN
This is so embarrassing. I'm
sorry, I'm sorry.

ELEANOR
Don't be sorry. It's not too
bad. You'll be fine. Do you want
to get off the floor?

Young man looks around and touches the sticky floor. Looks
at his sticky wet hands. He nods.

YOUNG MAN
Yes, yes please.

Eleanor waves to her friends. The group all in awe of
Eleanor, get the cue and come in to help.

Nancy, Moose and Robin help the young man up.

EXT. ELEANOR'S DRIVE WAY - NIGHT

Nancy drives her car in to Eleanor's drive way.

Eleanor in the passenger's seat, Robin in the back. They
all seem tired. Their eye make up smudged, their hair
disheveled.

Eleanor gets out of the car and shuts the door. Her empty
duffel bag slung over her shoulder and her RRR clothes in
disarray.

She smiles and waves at the girls. The girls smile and wave
back. Nancy backs up out of the driveway.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Eleanor comes in the house wipes her feet three times each
at the doorway.

Walks through the kitchen, through the hallway to her
bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eleanor hangs her duffel bag on a hook by her door.

She walks to her computer and flicks the big old switch. A kaleidoscope of colourful images is projected on the ceiling.

Eleanor lies down on the floor and watches the light show on her ceiling.

She stretches her arms up.

A rough hum noise emits from Eleanor's device.

Eleanor slowly strokes her arms, gliding her fingers gently over her skin.

Elbow, forearm, wrist, hand and back again.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Nancy's car is parked solitarily on the grassy and gravel boat loading bay.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nancy reclines in the driver's seat. Her sock feet crossed up on the dash. Music comes out of the car speakers.

Nancy's eyes are closed, she mouths the words to the music and nods her head to the beat.

Nancy opens her eyes, continuing to mouth the words to the music.

She swipes her wristband and taps it, a small hologram combination spawn appears. She wrests her arm on the centre console.

NOTE: A COMBINATION SPAWN IS A FRACTAL ANIMATION MADE USING
A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT CIRCLE INVERSION PROPERTIES. CHECK
ONE OUT HERE: TINY.CC/S5A1CY

She lets her head drift to the side to watch the spawn. Nancy swipes her wristband, bored with the spawn.

3-D holograms of images, videos, other spawns slide by as she swipes.

She taps the wristband and the holograms disappear.

(CONTINUED)

She appears to consider something in her head. Nancy moves her arm closer to herself, taps the band and speaks in to it.

NANCY
Mars astronauts.

A hologram of a user interface appears listing text and images.

With her finger Nancy scrolls on her wristband, the images and text move up and down.

NANCY
How to become an astronaut.

A new search page appears. Nancy scrolls through it. Tears start to form, her chin quivers holding back a full on cry.

A shadowy figure walks in front of Nancy's car. Nancy notices. She watches the figure move towards the pier.

The figure is carrying something. A cinder block.

Nancy taps her wristband and puts her arm down slowly. She blinks away her watery eyes.

Nancy quietly gets out of her car. The interior light comes on. She quickly turns it off.

She walks cautiously towards the figure. It's a MAN, 40s, underweight.

Nancy sees that the cinder block the man holds is connected to a chain attached to his ankle.

Nancy moves more swiftly to the man, scared for him.

NANCY
Wait.

The man turns to Nancy, "Say no to Jupiter" written in black marker on his face.

His eyes are clear, his intention crystal.

The man leaps off the pier.

Nancy is stunned. She backs away and crouches down instinctively.

Shaking, she looks around, wild eyed.

Her brain kicks in. She fumbles taps her wristband, shaking she speaks at it.

NANCY
Police. Call the police.

The band lights up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

In her flight suit, arms and legs of the suit rolled up, Eleanor packs some tech odds and ends in to her backpack from her desk.

She fills a pouch with tools from her pegboard, zips it up and puts in in the bag.

She looks at the new speech device.

She picks it up, turns it over in her hands.

She decidedly opens the box.

Eleanor slips out the internal packaging and unwraps it.

Inside is a clear silicone oval patch about the size of a business card and about the thickness of a cracker.

The patch is spotted with gold dots.

Eleanor stretches it. It expands as she pulls and contracts back to its original size when she takes away force.

She places it on her throat.

She purses her lips and tightens her neck muscles. The gold dots on the devices sparkle.

A soft humming emits from the device.

Eleanor peels the device off of her throat and looks at it.

She puts it back in its interior packaging and drops it in her bag.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Backpack on her shoulders, Eleanor walks along the pathway. She stops when she spots a small toy on the path.

She kneels down to pick it up and sees something out of the corner of her eye.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR, 12 year old boy, pokes his head out from around Eleanor's house. He walks out pretending like he just arrived.

VICTOR
I think I dropped a toy here.

Eleanor picks up the toy and holds it out to Victor.

ELEANOR
I've been seeing a lot of these
around lately.

Victor approaches and takes the toy from Eleanor.

VICTOR
This is Charles. King of Warts.

Eleanor tolerates Victor, she humors him.

ELEANOR
Really. And how about the other
one on the driveway?

VICTOR
That was a star hunter's ship,
owned by Raven.

ELEANOR
Do you think Raven and I may have
something in common?

VICTOR
Maybe.

Eleanor walks towards her bike.

ELEANOR
I have to go.

Victor hangs around as Eleanor walks her bike towards the street.

ELEANOR
Do you have somewhere to be? Maybe
your parents want you home?

VICTOR
No.

Eleanor looks around, not sure what to say to Victor. She thinks.

ELEANOR

I've got to go.

Victor aimlessly stands, he kicks his feet about. Eleanor gets on her bike and rides.

Victor sits on a nearby curb and fiddles with his toy.

Eleanor looks back at him as she rides. She looks forward and continues to ride.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

A grassy field dotted with trees surrounds a brick building.

A group of middle-aged and senior people, looking a bit rough, sit in a circle, chatting, laughing.

Paper streamers hang from some of the trees near them.

Two other seniors, a man and a women, dressed in crisp, clean clothes, walk along the community centre sidewalk.

The two wear baseball caps with text on the front:

THE JUPITER PROJECT. A LIBERTARIAN UTOPIA.

The man pulls an old loud speaker behind him, retrofitted with The Jupiter Project logo on it.

A crackled, loud, angry female voice recording comes from it.

SPEAKER

We have our own society. We have
our freedom. We will have
security. The doors will close in
seven days at midnight.

The woman holds up her rubber-banned wrist and wiggles it around at passers by.

A senior couple stop and allow the woman to tap her wristband to theirs.

A group of teen-aged girls walk by, dressed in short shorts, cowl sweatshirts and sandals, their hair up in Edwardian Gibson-girl buns.

The girls laugh and jump along, one play kicks another in the bum.

(CONTINUED)

GIBSON GIRL
I win at everything!

They walk by The Jupiter Project seniors, paying no attention to them.

Another man walks by and waves off the woman's wristband advances.

The Jupiter Project seniors walk by the group of grass-sitting seniors without paying attention to them.

One of the grass-sitters is the 70ish camping woman from the campsite. She is jovial and playful. Laughing with her friends.

She and another old woman play Cat's Cradle with a piece of string.

Eleanor bikes past the sitting group and towards the community centre. She gets off and parks the bike in a stand.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

A large gymnasium with high ceilings and wood floors.

Tables are set up in a series of large U shapes, each piled with half made gadgets, tools, odds and ends.

The room bustles with teens testing out their half-made works.

At one end of the room a sound system and DJ booth is set up, a group of high school kids act as DJs.

Music is pumping through and making a party atmosphere.

Eleanor walks through the room, she nods to a few people along the way. She approaches an empty table and starts to unpack her bag.

DaVida who was at the death cafe approaches, smiling.

DAVIDA
Hello! Eleanor right?

Eleanor surprised to see the woman, shyly smiles. She fiddles with a piece of circuit board.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

Hi.

DAVIDA

I didn't know you were in to this stuff. Well, I guess you would be.

Eleanor nods.

ELEANOR

You are too?

DAVIDA

I dabble. What are you working on?

Eleanor picks up her new speech device.

ELEANOR

I think I'm going to modify this. People think it's time for an upgrade.

Eleanor lifts her arm to show off her current speech device.

ELEANOR

I want it to link with the T that's already implanted.

Eleanor points to the spot behind her ear that houses the quantum computer chip that interacts with her arm speaker.

DAVIDA

Most excellent. Can I see?

DaVida leans in, excited to see Eleanor's scar.

Feeling comfortable with a fellow techie Eleanor without hesitation pulls her ear forward and turns in towards the DaVida.

ELEANOR

We did it when I was ten.

A tiny bump the size of a Tic Tac under the skin.

DAVIDA

Shit, not even much of a scar.

DaVida comes away from Eleanor.

ELEANOR

We have a stellar surgeon. Well, brain not throat apparently.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDA

Eek, fuck. Did you help make it?

ELEANOR

I wrote the code and designed it. Bernadette and Maurice helped put it together with me.

DaVida sits on Eleanor's table.

DAVIDA

Are they colonists too?

Eleanor nods.

ELEANOR

I miss them at lot.

Eleanor tears up.

DAVIDA

I bet. But you should be well proud. Seriously.

DaVida hugs Eleanor and releases her.

Eleanor tries to smile. She nods.

A robot zooms past between their feet, distracting them.

DAVIDA

It was good to see you again. I'll be over at table Q5 if you want to hang out.

ELEANOR

Sure. Thanks.

DaVida leaves and Eleanor continues to unpack her stuff.

INT. GYM - DAY

People in sports wear walk about the hall.

Eleanor passes them as she munches on a sandwich. She looks at her wristband.

Eleanor pops the last bit of food in to her mouth as she approaches the MMA studio doors.

She pushes the door open.

INT. GYM STUDIO - DAY

Eleanor treads lightly around the edges of the workout space.

A few men and women use the equipment. Clair spars with a student on the octagon mat.

Eleanor finds a spot out of the way and sits down to observe.

Mo, who is using a punching bag, takes a break.

As she catches her breath she notices Eleanor and walks over to her.

Eleanor looks up at Mo, a mixture of anticipation and apprehension.

Mo takes a seat on the floor and puts out her hand to shake Eleanor's.

Eleanor notices an excess of haphazard scars along the inside of Mo's forearms.

MO

Hi, I'm Mo. You must be Eleanor.

Eleanor shakes Mo's hand and releases.

ELEANOR

How did you know.

MO

Sam told Clair and I about you. I hear you'd like to try your hand at our sport?

Eleanor looks at Mo.

Mo gets up, smiling, pumped. She claps her hands together.

MO

Let's see what you got.

ELEANOR

Now?

MO

Sure. Why not. You're here.

Eleanor looks slightly unnerved. She gets up apprehensively.

(CONTINUED)

MO
You've got to lose the jumpsuit
though.

ELEANOR
It's a flight suit.

MO
Okay. Lose the flight suit.

ELEANOR
I didn't bring my workout clothes.

MO
What'cha got on under there?

Eleanor smiles.

She takes off the rumpled flight suit revealing her white
boy short underwear and white tank top.

Excited now and feeling safe she throws the flight suit off
to the side of the room.

Mo walks to the centre of a workout mat. She picks a pair
of grappling gloves off the ground and tosses them to
Eleanor.

Eleanor catches them, just.

MO
Put these on.

Mo smiles as she picks up a pair of sparring boots. She
playfully tosses them to Eleanor.

MO
These too.

Mo puts on a pair of target punch mitts as Eleanor puts on
the gear.

MO
Get in to the centre here with me.

Mo gestures to Eleanor to come close.

MO
Give a few jabs, a few kicks.

Eleanor moves in a circle around the mat, Mo follows her
lead.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor puts her fists up, bops back and forth on her feet. She moves in and does a one-two punch on Mo's mitts followed by a second.

She follows up quick with two kicks to Mo's right thigh.

Eleanor bops back and forth, arms still up, she moves back from Mo.

Mo smiles.

MO
Nicely done. Again.

Focused, not proud, Eleanor circles. Arms up, knees bent, feet dancing back and forth.

She comes in to Mo. Left inner thigh kick. One-two punch at the mitts.

Eleanor backs up, arms up.

Mo smiles.

MO
Nicely done. Ease up.

Eleanor relaxes, stops her circling and gently punches her hands together.

ELEANOR
Please teach me everything you know.

Mo laughs.

MO
Sure thing girl.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

In grocery store uniform, flight suit gone, Eleanor pushes a cart piled with food boxes and tins down a isle.

She stops at an empty section and begins shelving the items.

Robin approaches.

ROBIN
Hey. Want help?

Eleanor looks over her shoulder at Robin and goes back to work.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

Sure.

Robin starts to stack items in an untidy manner.

Eleanor looks at Robin and furrows her brow.

Eleanor stacks more food, she shifts and turns a few items so they are all facing perfectly the same direction.

ROBIN

Nancy saw some crazy shit.

ELEANOR

What?

ROBIN

That fucking dude who jumped off the pier. Nancy was there.

ELEANOR

Really?

ROBIN

Come here.

Robin waves Eleanor towards her as she walks down the isle.

Eleanor looks at her work. Then back to Robin. She follows.

Around the corner, down another isle and through a pair of swing stock doors.

The sound of boxes being shifted is heard. A huffing voice.

Around another corner Nancy is moving boxes. Stacking and re-stacking.

She pauses to check an electronic list on an illuminated wall.

She starts to shifts boxes again, sweating, thinking.

She speaks without stopping work.

NANCY

What do you want Robin?

ROBIN

Do you want to talk about it?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

I want to fucking bury it.

Nancy counts items by using her finger and silently tallying up in her mind. She types a number on the illuminated wall.

Robin looks at Eleanor.

ROBIN

(to Nancy)

Okay. Let's get together later.

Robin ushers Eleanor out of the stock room.

ROBIN

We should do something.

ELEANOR

Give her time.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING

Eleanor leaves the store. Across the way the camping woman, ANNA, sits on a bench. It looks like she's watching Eleanor.

They keep eyes on each other as Eleanor unlocks her bike. Eleanor sneezes. She bikes towards Anna and gets off.

ELEANOR

Hey. Why are you watching me?

The woman bows her head.

ANNA

Eleanor.

ELEANOR

How do you know my name?

ANNA

Not many young women out there with fucked up voice boxes that were born on Mars in this town. I read the papers darling. Sit down honey.

Eleanor walks her bike around the bench and rests it against the back.

She sits on the bench.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

How does that thing of yours work?

ELEANOR

What thing?

ANNA

Your voice.

Eleanor unconsciously dusts off her arms three times each. She looks Anna in the eyes. She has a calming effect on Eleanor.

Eleanor softens.

ANNA

Can I take a look?

Eleanor crosses her right arm over herself and leans in so Anna can see the speaker attached to her arm.

Anna leans in and examines it as best she can from that angle.

ANNA

Can you take it off?

ELEANOR

I can.

ANNA

Can I hold it?

Eleanor hesitates.

She unstraps the Velcro and hands the device over to Anna. Anna handles it with much care.

Eleanor looks soothed.

ANNA

It's old. It reminds me of being your age. Why does it look so old.

ELEANOR

Because it is.

The voice comes out of the speaker and makes Anna jump. She giggles at the novelty. She passes it back to Eleanor.

Eleanor handles it.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

My Mom brought this up with her when she went to Mars. It was out of date then too.

ANNA

What happened. Why can't you speak.

ELEANOR

I had surgery when I was born. Apparently my airwaves were blocked in utero. Could have died. But didn't. The surgery caused nerve damage to my recurrent laryngeal nerves. Right and left, before you ask. I now, and always will, have aphonia.

Anna goes to speak. Eleanor cuts her off.

ELEANOR

Just look it up.

Eleanor looks deeply at the woman. She looks at the speaker in her hands. Her finger moves over the power button.

ELEANOR

Please have it.

She clicks the power button to off.

She holds it out to Anna.

Anna takes it.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Eleanor opens the door to her room and stands in the doorway. She sets her eyes to the new voice device on her desk.

She wills herself to it.

She walks towards it, lets her bag slump to the floor. She picks up the device and with dignity pastes it to her throat.

She clears her throat. The gold dots sparkle.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

And so it goes.

Eleanor looks around her room. Unsure of what to do next, now that she's surrendered to a new device.

She notices a bug on her window sill. She approaches it. Gets in real close.

ELEANOR

You'll die one day. But you don't know it. Lucky bug.

Eleanor strokes the bug with her finger. It doesn't notice.

Eleanor lays on her bed. She looks at the ceiling. She rolls off the bed. Unsure of her next move.

She aimlessly walks around her room, dragging her finger along the wall. She flicks a few switches, turns some tech gear over on a table.

She eventually finds the nerve to sit down.

She hovers her hand over a random spot on her desk. A red light illuminates and the computer user interface appears on the wall.

A small pink light to the right of the screen blinks slowly, fades in and out.

Eleanor drags her finger along the red desk light and taps. The pink light expands and fades in to a video message.

NADIA, a female Mars explorer in her 50s wearing a blue flight suit with the same patches as Eleanor's, sits in a tech room.

She speaks to the camera, she looks unwell but trying to keep up appearances.

NADIA

Hi sweet pea. We miss you so very much. It's been a while, I know, since we've messaged.

Your mom and dad wanted to send this message but they are...

Nadia hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

NADIA

...they are unwell.

Your uncle is keeping us updated. I know it's hard. You're a strong woman, you made it work here and I know you can make it work there.

You're going to have to carve out a life for yourself there. Keep your eyes peeled and your ears and heart open.

We send all of our love to you sweetie. Your mom and dad the most.

Nadia sheds tears she's trying to hold back. She waves at the camera and blows a kiss.

The video screen fades and a replay button appears.

A few tears roll down Eleanor's face. She doesn't wipe them. She drags her finger and taps twice on the red desk circle.

The interface and red circle disappear.

Eleanor crosses her arms on her desk and puts her forehead down on to them. She puts her head to one side. Her eyes watery.

She opens her mouth, no sound from there, but the throat device starts to emit a low tone that Eleanor controls.

The sound goes up and down as she plays with its range.

Eleanor closes her eyes as the noises continue to come.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eleanor's eyes are closed, her mouth is wide open, drool comes out the side of it.

She is silently sleeping in the same position as before.

A gusty wind blows the tree tops outside. A dog whimpers and barks outside.

The bark is constant.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor wakes. She lifts her head and arms from the table. She wipes the drool from the side of her face with the palm of her hand.

Eleanor massages her right arm, massages her left arm. She rubs her lower back.

She walks to her bedside table, opens the drawer and takes out a bottle of pills, she uncaps it and takes one.

Without complaint she massages her thighs and calves. She rotates her wrists and ankles. The dog continues to whine and bark.

Eleanor approaches her window with curiosity.

She peers outside.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The tree tops blow and sway with the heavy whirling wind that passes through the leaves.

It's a clear starry night. A small red dot in the sky, Mars, stands out.

A full moon casts a blue light on everything and forms long shadows.

Eleanor walks along the solar pathway towards the road.

She follows the sound of the dog, ending up a few houses down the street in front of a wood chip pathway by a forest.

Caught in a bush by its collar the barking dog struggles and stops when it sees Eleanor.

Eleanor approaches and pets it.

ELEANOR

Hello. Hello you. How did you get caught here? Why are you all alone?

Eleanor works to free the dog from the bush.

ELEANOR

It's okay, it's okay.

Eleanor pets the dog gently and soothes it as she works.

The collar slips free. Eleanor attempts to grab the dog but it moves fast and runs away through the wooded area.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor is left holding the collar. She looks from the collar to where the dog ran.

ELEANOR

Shit.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Eleanor walks through the woods, following a well worn foot path.

She looks at the silicone dog collar.

She intuitively swipes her finger along a portion of it. Illuminated text appears. A phone number and address.

A few voices can be heard in the distance.

Eleanor walks towards the voices, curious and cautious.

She stops at a tree when she notices a sign nailed to it.

She reads it.

Tread lightly, the Universe's magic
is beneath your feet.

Below the sign a yellow piece of paper nailed to the tree. It says:

Occupier: Anne Debonair

Illegal camping eviction notice.
You have until 11:59pm on September
01, 2065 to evacuate.

Eleanor moves on towards the voices.

In a clearing a small tent is set up, lit from within. There is quiet music playing inside.

Some tins, cutlery and a plastic bucket are on a large log. The dog that ran away from Eleanor is sniffing around the bucket.

A skinny MAN, 70s, comes out from the tent with a plate and fork in hand. Eleanor ducks behind a tree so not to be noticed.

The man shoos the dog away.

MAN

Eh, go on, get!

(CONTINUED)

The man scrapes left overs off his plate in to the bucket and puts a lid on it.

WOMAN

(from in the tent)

Hey, come on, your favourite song
is on!

The man puts his plate on the log and happily shuffles back in to the tent.

MAN

Okay, okay. I'm coming.

ELEANOR

(whisper to the dog)

Hey. Dog.

Eleanor makes a kissy sound. The dog's ears perk up and it comes to her. It nuzzles in to her and licks her face.

Eleanor puts its collar on and leads it away to the road.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Eleanor walks with the dog and approaches the house that matches the address on the collar.

Eleanor stops in front of the house. The dog sits beside her.

ELEANOR

This is your home. Go on.

Eleanor kneels down and pets the dog. The dog doesn't move.

Eleanor cuddles it.

ELEANOR

Go on. Go.

Eleanor gets up and shoos it up the drive.

ELEANOR

Go on.

The dog trots up the drive to the backyard.

Eleanor watches it leave.

She looks around, she stares up at the stars.

She scrapes her feet on the road, three times each.

She turns around and heads back home.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eleanor comes in to her room and lays down on her back on her bed. She closes her eyes.

EXT. BACKYARD GARDEN - DAY

The table is set for breakfast. Dishes clang in the kitchen. Eleanor enters the back garden from the house door.

She walks around the table.

Eleanor turns her head towards the house.

ELEANOR
You don't have to keep making me
breakfast.

Harjit comes in to the garden with a plate of fruit and bowls of cereal on a tray.

HARJIT
I enjoy it.

Eleanor picks a piece of fruit off the plate as Harjit puts the items down on the table. She pops it in her mouth and eats.

She sits on a nearby chair away from the table.

HARJIT
Oh. Wait.

Harjit goes back inside and comes out with a package. He hands it to his niece. Eleanor smiles.

HARJIT
From Mom.

Eleanor's smile fades.

HARJIT
Kid that thing is from Mars.
Where's the excitement.

ELEANOR
I'm from Mars.

(CONTINUED)

HARJIT

They found it in the pod. Delphine must have tucked it in there before they sent you off. It's wild to think about it, when you actually stop to think about it.

She flips the package over in her hands. She opens it.

A rock.

Harjit sits down at the table and pours water over his cereal.

A scrap of paper is inside that reads 'I hope this won't be a weakness to you like kryptonite is to Superman. Love, Mom'

Eleanor turns the rock over in her hands.

ELEANOR

Who's idea was it to go to Mars?

Eleanor holds the package and keeps her eyes down on it. Harjit eats a spoonful of his cereal. He chews.

With his mouth full he answers.

HARJIT

Both your mother and father wanted to go.

ELEANOR

(assertive)

No. Who's idea was it to go to Mars?

Eleanor's new device allows for pitch based on emotion. Both are shocked to hear her so angry.

Eleanor puts her hand over the patch on her throat.

Harjit puts his spoon down.

HARJIT

I know you want me to say it was your mother so you can hate on her. But it was both of your parents. They both wanted the challenge, they both wanted to serve.

Eleanor takes her hand away from her throat.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

I got a message from Nadia. Why does she look so sick?

Harjit sighs. He stands up and paces.

HARJIT

You know that what's in your body right now, the blood pumping through your veins could be something big. The key to a whole new generation of people being able to thrive on Mars.

Eleanor gets up, throws the rock and package on the ground, she slams her fists on the table.

ELEANOR

Fucking cultists the lot of you. The god damn Martians and the Jupiterians. Fucking obsessed with utopias while real human people are here sleeping in the forests!

Eleanor flops in to a seat. Spent. Angry.

ELEANOR

I'm scared.

Harjit leans on the table and crosses his arms.

HARJIT

What would you do back home?

Eleanor is petulant.

ELEANOR

Work the problem.

HARJIT

Right. So what are you going to do here?

ELEANOR

Work the problem.

Eleanor sits quietly with this concept. She sniffles. She rubs her arms, two swipes of each twice.

She gets up and goes inside.

Harjit takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor comes back and dutifully picks up the Martian rock and package.

She goes back inside.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Eleanor brushes her hair. She picks strands out of the brush and puts them in the sink.

Harjit comes in and takes a stick of deodorant from the medicine cabinet.

ELEANOR
Can you take me today?

HARJIT
Where?

Harjit puts the deodorant on both pits.

ELEANOR
The gym.

Harjit puts the deodorant back.

HARJIT
Legs bothering you more today?

ELEANOR
It's bearable.

Eleanor puts the hairbrush in a drawer.

HARJIT
Mind if I come in with you
today? We can take your bike in
the car.

Eleanor shrugs and leaves the room.

Harjit looks in the sink.

HARJIT
Hey. Can you please clean up this
hair?

INT. GYM - DAY

Eleanor in her sweats and with a bag over her shoulder walks in to the gym with Harjit tailing.

People are working out.

Eleanor moves with ease through the room, used to everything.

ELEANOR
I'm going to drop this off.

Eleanor shrugs her bag.

ELEANOR
See you later.

Simultaneously Sam enters the room from another door looking at his watch. He notices Harjit and makes a beeline with a grin.

HARJIT
(to Eleanor)
Bye.

Eleanor gives Sam a curt wave. Sam waves back as on route to Harjit.

SAM
Are you Eleanor's uncle?

HARJIT
I am.

Sam puts his hand out for a shake.

SAM
I'm Sam. I work with El on her physio. She's early today.

Harjit warms to Sam immediately after hearing he's helping his niece. He smiles broadly to match Sam's beaming grin and they shake hands.

HARJIT
Ah, Sam. Great to meet you. Eleanor wanted to see the MMA women first I think.

SAM
She is a determined young woman.

(CONTINUED)

HARJIT

Her mother and father taught her well.

Sam's smile falls a bit.

SAM

So you know about her adventures in to MMA?

HARJIT

I'm very proud of her actually for committing to something like that.

SAM

I told Mo and Clair about El, but I didn't expect the three to get on so well. Admittedly I'm concerned for her.

HARJIT

What do you mean?

SAM

Well. A person in her condition.

Harjit adopts an openly inquisitive tone and at ease stance with a crossing of his arms.

HARJIT

And what condition is that?

Sam cocks his head and makes a knowing look, suggesting Harjit is playing dumb.

SAM

You're well aware of her disadvantages, her muscular structure. Her bone density. Her immune system.

HARJIT

I know my niece, yes.

SAM

The extra pressure she's putting on herself with the MMA isn't helping her. Our physio is targeted to help build her strength. The other is just torture.

(CONTINUED)

HARJIT

I trust my niece and her choices.

SAM

I don't think it's healthy.

HARJIT

Are you aware of Eleanor's mental health?

SAM

No. But I am aware that she's already gone through a lot because of where she was born.

HARJIT

I suggest you let this subject go and I also suggest you don't try to influence Eleanor.

Eleanor comes back into the gym, her bag gone, in her shorts, t shirt and with her hair up in three buns.

She strides with purpose towards the MMA studio doors.

HARJIT

There is nothing wrong with Eleanor.

SAM

I never thought there was.

HARJIT

Glad to meet you. Good afternoon.

Harjit shakes Sam's hand and leaves. Sam is left looking concerned, hands on hips, legs parted.

INT. GYM STUDIO - DAY

Eleanor walks tall as she enters the gym. She walks up to Clair and Mo who are cooling down.

ELEANOR

Ready for more.

Eleanor smiles.

Clair smiles and takes a sip of water.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIR

Right on.

Clair and Mo take Eleanor through more beginner mixed martial arts training.

Eleanor puts a wrist wrap on, mimicking Mo and Clair as they do theirs.

Clair takes Eleanor through a punch drill and shows her proper leg positioning.

Again and again and again they go through the routine.

Mo goes through a kick drill with Eleanor using a free standing bag.

Left leg, right leg, left, right. High kicks, low kicks. Again and again and again.

Elephants, karate push ups, squat kicks, military push ups, shadow boxing, robot push ups.

Mo and Eleanor do some floor work together, slipping each others jabs. Mo corrects Eleanor as she works.

Clair sits on the sidelines for a break.

Clair and Eleanor do some floor work together, leg work, kicks.

Clair corrects and guides Eleanor on the mat while Mo smiles and watches.

Mo hoots and claps as Eleanor gets the hang of it.

Some of the workout regulars watch on, chat with each other. Smile and clap.

CUT TO

Eleanor plops down on the centre of a mat. Mo tosses her a squirt bottle of water. Eleanor squirts water in to her mouth.

Clair hands her a towel and crouches down to Eleanor's eye level.

CLAIR

How do you feel?

Eleanor smiles and wipes her face.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
I feel like I'm going to die.

Mo stands nearby, hands on hips.

MO
Feels great yes?

ELEANOR
Ya.

Mo playfully pushes Eleanor's head. Eleanor smiles and accepts the friendly touch.

EXT. GYM - DAY

Mo pushes open a glass door, duffel bag slung over her shoulder. She holds the door open for Eleanor.

In her sweats and with her bag on her shoulder Eleanor walks to her bike, looking sore and tired but moving along.

MO
You sure you've got enough energy
left to bike home?

Eleanor bends to unlock the bike with her wristband. She smiles.

ELEANOR
No. But it's all I've got.

MO
I can give you a lift.

Eleanor stands up straight.

ELEANOR
Ya?

MO
Sure.

Mo smiles. She waves her hand towards herself, gesturing for Eleanor to come along.

MO
Come on. It'll be fun.

Eleanor locks her bike back up and walks with Mo to her bike that's parked on a charging pad.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
Can we go fast?

MO
Ya we can.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

On the back of the motorcycle Eleanor holds on tight to Mo's waist and rests her head sideways on Mo's back

Sound of tire on road and wind whipping past.

Eleanor watches the rows of pine trees speed by. She lifts up her head and looks straight.

Mo zips with ease around bends and speeds up as they drive up and down slopes.

Eleanor's face changes from excited to nauseous. Eleanor taps fervently on Mo's shoulder.

Mo doesn't look back but takes the cue and slows down to a stop. She pulls off to the side of the road in front of a farm field.

Eleanor scoots off the bike swiftly and promptly vomits on the gravel shoulder of the road.

Mo gets off the bike and puts down the kickstand.

MO
Too fast?

Bracing herself with her hands on her bent knees Eleanor looks at Mo.

ELEANOR
I think so.

Eleanor walks to a shaded area. Mo follows. They sit down. Eleanor cross legged, Mo knees up with her arms locked around them.

They wait a bit while Eleanor settles her stomach.

Eleanor looks out to the field.

ELEANOR
All this space makes me feel really uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

Off in the distance on the road a group of people start to become visible.

Mo notices them first.

She gets up and walks out on to the road to get a better look. Eleanor notices. She watches.

The people get closer. A pilgrimage.

Some wear hats that say The Jupiter Project. They are quiet. Wearing normal clothes.

Mo is wary of them.

MO

Come on. Let's get you home.

Mo puts a hand out for Eleanor. Eleanor takes it and is pulled up off the ground.

The two get on the motorcycle. Mo drives slowly towards the crowd. She is impatient with them.

MO

Get out of the way!

The crowd part for them when they realize Mo isn't stopping.

The pilgrims wave hats at them.

They make their way through the bulk of the crowd and Mo zooms off.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Moving like she's made of lead, Eleanor makes her way to her tool wall.

She picks up a computer screwdriver and jams it in to the centre of a Mars poster that is tacked to a cork board.

She lets her backpack slip off her shoulders on to her bed. She unzips it and pulls out her MMA wrist wraps and hangs them on the screwdriver.

She promptly flops on to her bed face first. Eleanor turns her head to one side, closes her eyes to sleep and smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Quiet music comes from the radio. Eleanor packs up a sandwich in a wax wrapper.

She picks a grape off a bushel from a nearby fruit bowl and pops it in her mouth.

Eleanor puts the sandwich in her backpack and zips the bag up.

She hustles out of the kitchen.

Eleanor's wristband chimes. She stops in her tracks and checks the band. A message from Nancy.

'Hang out?'

Eleanor is in no mood, she is singularly focused today.

She lifts her wristband to her speaker. She bluntly and tactlessly records a message.

ELEANOR

No. Not a good use of my time
today.

She taps on the wristband and moves on without a second thought.

INT. NANCY'S HOME - MORNING

Nancy lounging in a chair. Her wristband dings. She looks at it.

She grimises.

Nancy reaches in to her back pocket and pulls out her mom's bank draft.

She flips it over in her hands. She brushes the paper over her lips as she thinks.

She tears the draft apart.

EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

Eleanor walks through the path that she found with the neighbour's dog. She cautiously nears the clearing and campsite.

(CONTINUED)

She scopes out the space to see if anyone is home. The camper's belongings are neatly set up.

No one appears to be there.

Eleanor walks around the site, cautiously checking out the items. She spots her old device and eagerly moves towards it.

She notices that it has been cracked open, a few tools are placed along side it, as if it's being worked on.

Eleanor handles the device at first with sadness because it's been hacked.

A wave of understanding comes over her. She places it back compassionately.

Eleanor opens her bag and places the wrapped sandwich beside the device.

The zip of the tent opens. Anne pokes her head out, she looks from side to side.

ANNE

Well hello. An offering?

Anne emerges.

Eleanor backs up. Embarrassed.

Anne smiles and comes forward. She stretches her arms out and up in a yoga stretch.

ANNE

It's wonderful of you, thank you.

Anne sits on a stump seat.

ANNE

Come, come. Sit, sit.

Eleanor zips her bag up, puts it on her back and sits near Anne on another stump stool.

ANNE

You know I'm an oracle? May I hold your hand?

Eleanor puts her hand out. Anne takes it tenderly. She holds it with soft care but sturdy. Bracing Eleanor's soul.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

We all get lost sometimes. You're fortunate to have people in your life that care.

ELEANOR

Are you going to leave?

ANNE

Never honey. I'll be here. This is my ground. You moved from Mars, and look what it did to you! Ha. No I'm going to stay. We take one step at a time. Now I'm going to take some steps to that sandwich.

Anne gets up and picks up the sandwich.

ANNE

Thank you for this.

Eleanor crosses her leg, puts her elbow on her knee, chin in her hand and thinks.

She smiles at Anne.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Eleanor walks up the driveway then along the solar walkway.

She stops when she sees a toy car.

She picks it up and without thinking walks back down the walkway and isn't surprised when Victor is waiting patiently.

ELEANOR

Hey.

VICTOR

Hi.

ELEANOR

Wanna come with me to tech meet up?

Victor smiles and nods his head.

VICTOR

Just give me a minute.

Victor excitedly races in to his house.

(CONTINUED)

Eleanor wanders around a bit. She looks at her feet. She compulsively tightens and looses the straps of her backpack.

She sits on the curb. She pulls her bag from her back. She opens it and looks inside.

She organizes the contents. She reorganizes the contents. Zips it up.

She puts the bag on her back. She continues to fidget with the straps trying to find a comfortable fit.

She stands up and huffs out.

Eleanor looks at Victor's house. She goes towards it. Stops at the front door and knocks.

ELEANOR

Victor. I'd like to leave now.

Eleanor knocks again. She hesitates before entering. She enters.

The house is dirty, unkempt, cluttered. A hoarder environment.

Eleanor looks around, taking it in. Coming to a realization that Victor lives in this situation.

ELEANOR

Victor?

Cooley Victor comes out of a room, the door of which is dirty, the area around the handle splattered with dried food and drink.

VICTOR

Ready. Let's go.

Victor, bag on back, passes by Eleanor and out the door, not concerned that Eleanor saw his home.

VICTOR

Bye Sandi.

Eleanor is confused by Victor's acknowledgment of another person.

She looks around and spots a tired looking woman, SANDI, 30s, lounging on a sofa.

Sandi stares at a projected 3D show playing in the room.

The image is of a paradise land, the words THE JUPITER PROJECT on it.

A crawling message around the images INVEST IN YOUR FUTURE NOW. GET INVOLVED TODAY. DOORS WILL CLOSE SOON.

The image turns to video of happy people walking and talking with a reporter around a bio-dome.

Eleanor looks towards the front door where Victor exited and back to Sandi.

Eleanor leaves the house and closes the door.

Victor is on his bike waiting for Eleanor.

Eleanor gets her bike from the side of her house and goes to the road.

She looks sympathetically at Victor.

ELEANOR

That your mom?

Eleanor gets on her bike.

VICTOR

Ya. Why?

ELEANOR

No reason.

(beat)

Race you!

Eleanor bikes.

Victor smiles and peddles hard after Eleanor.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

Eleanor and Victor roll up to a bike rack.

They get off and Eleanor starts to lock her bike up. She notices Victor not locking his.

ELEANOR

Don't you have a lock?

VICTOR

No.

Eleanor waves her arm towards herself, gesturing for Victor to bring his bike to hers.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
Bring it over here.

Victor rolls the bike to Eleanor.

NANCY (O.S.)
Hey.

Eleanor turns her head towards the shout. Nancy approaches.

ELEANOR
Hey.

Eleanor puts her attention back to the bikes and locks them up.

NANCY
I thought you were busy.

ELEANOR
I am.

NANCY
Doing this?

ELEANOR
It's my tech meet up. You can join us if you'd like.

Nancy looks at the community centre.

NANCY
Not my thing.

Eleanor still crouched by the bikes.

ELEANOR
Sure. Whatever works for you.

Feeling that she has lost and can't get Eleanor back Nancy angrily reaches out and peels Eleanor's device from her throat.

Eleanor stands up fast, shocked. She cups at her neck where the device was. Initially mortified, as if she's had her clothes torn off.

People who are nearby look but move on.

Eleanor's mortification turns quickly to vengeance. She wipes her hands on her pants. She walks towards Nancy and stares her down.

Nancy realizes she's gone too far, but can't back down yet, to keep up what little appearances she has left.

NANCY

Funny how you can't say a word with
out this thing.

Nancy pulls and stretches the device.

With precision, effectively and not to waste any more time, Eleanor gives Nancy a strong kick to her side with her right leg.

Nancy is beyond unprepared for the kick and doubles over, dropping the device.

Eleanor gracefully picks the device up, blows off any dust and with dignity places it back on her throat.

Eleanor looks down at Nancy.

ELEANOR

It's not at all acceptable that you
just did that. But no mind. Not
used to friends like you anyway.

Eleanor puts her hand out to Victor who is wide-eyed and in awe of Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Come on.

Victor takes her hand and the two walk towards the entrance. Victor turns his head back to look at Nancy as they walk.

A passerby comes to Nancy. Nancy looks at them and accepts help up.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

Eleanor leads Victor inside by the hand. As soon as she's inside she pushes up against a wall and slumps down to a crouch.

She holds Victor's hand tight. Victor looks concerned.

Eleanor realizes she's holding Victor's hand tight and lets go.

She breathes deeply.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR
Are you okay.

Eleanor is a bit shaky. She looks at Victor and nods.

ELEANOR
I think so.

EXT. BACKYARD GARDEN - DAY

Eleanor snuffles while walking down the garden path. She takes a hankie from her pocket, blows her nose.

She pockets the hankie. Eleanor sneezes and rounds the corner to find Harjit sitting at the garden table reading.

A pot and cup of tea in front of him.

Eleanor sniffs and sits at the table.

HARJIT
Hey.

Harjit puts his book down. He takes a sip of tea.

HARJIT
Want a cup?

Eleanor sneezes, she gets her hankie again and blows her nose while nodding.

Harjit gets up and goes in to the house.

Eleanor slouches in her chair, tired. She looks miserable from her allergies.

Harjit comes back with another tea cup. He places it on the table and pours a cup from the pot.

He looks at Eleanor and gives a sympathetic look.

ELEANOR
Why aren't yours as bad?

Eleanor takes a sip of tea and slouches back in the chair.

She sneezes again furiously and blows her nose hard in to the hankie as if it's the piece of cloth that is to blame for her misery.

(CONTINUED)

HARJIT

I grew up here. I guess that's why.

Eleanor looks at her hankie, frowns, feels like she's about the sneeze. Her mouth opens and face contorts, haa, haa, h'aa, she sneezes loud.

ELEANOR

Fuuuuuck!

Eleanor mouths the word as her speech device screams out.

ELEANOR

Why the hell did they fucking think it would be a good idea to have me on another god damn planet. Look at me. I'm a mess. I can't breathe here. My body aches all the time. The only time I can breathe is when I'm at the gym, and that kills me. Did you know it kills me but I can't help but do it! The least they could have done was keep me there.

Eleanor motions to the sky and gets up from her chair.

ELEANOR

I don't want your tea.

HARJIT

I know your parents wish you could have stayed. But your health up there was deteriorating. I miss my brother, I miss your mother too.

ELEANOR

Good.

Eleanor leaves her uncle to sit with his hurt feelings, alone.

She goes inside, her hankie scrunched up in her tight fist.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Eleanor peddles furiously on her bike.

INT. GYM STUDIO - NIGHT

Eleanor, barefoot, in boy shorts and sports bra, hair up in three buns enters the studio. Not many lights on. She's alone.

Eleanor walks to the weights picks a pair up and stands in front of a mirror.

She does alternate arm curls. She pumps and breathes in and out, curt tight breaths.

ELEANOR
Screw you Nancy.

Curl.

ELEANOR
Screw you Robin.

Curl.

ELEANOR
Screw you Dad.

Each curse gives her strength.

Changes her lift to a punch, weights in hand. She strains and her face contorts. She keeps breathing.

ELEANOR
Screw you Mom.

Punch.

ELEANOR
Screw you Nadia.

Punch, punch, punch.

ELEANOR
Screw you Sam.

Tears come, she strains, she breathes, it hurts. She switches to bent over reverse flyes.

ELEANOR
Screw you death.

Pump, breath.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
Screw you Mars.

Pump, breath.

ELEANOR
Screw you Earth.

Pump, breath.

ELEANOR
Screw you Eleanor.

Eleanor places the weights down calmly. She walks in large circles around the floor mat, rotating her arms and breathing deeply.

She begins to do pogo jumps.

Jumping, jumping, jumping. Breathing in and out in short fast bursts.

Eleanor wears herself out and stops. She wobbles, she falls down on the mat.

Resting herself on her arms, she looks around and realizes she's alone.

Eleanor begins to hyperventilate. Panic sets in full on. Eleanor breaths in an out so fast and hard she passes out.

Black.

CUT TO

Eleanor lays on the ground. Still alone. The rubber band on her wrist starts to emit a pleasant alarm and glow.

It rings for a while.

Eleanor wakes. She looks at the band. She moves around a bit, confused of her situation. She touches her chest. She sits up slowly.

She looks at the watch. She presses a button.

WATCH
Death cafe at 8 o'clock. Death
cafe at 8 o'clock.

Eleanor touches the band and the voice stops.

(CONTINUED)

She breathes slowly. She gets up tenderly. Her arms and legs are weak.

She looks around still confused by the situation, but without anyone to talk to she just heads to the door.

INT. GYM CHANGE ROOM - NIGHT

Eleanor wipes her sweaty face with a towel by some lockers.

A sweatshirt hangs over the open door of her locker.

Eleanor pulls on shorts and a tee shirt over her workout underclothes.

Her wristband chimes, she looks at it. A message comes up.

'Nancy'

Eleanor swipes the band to reveal the full message.

'I'm really sorry. Can I come over tomorrow?'

Eleanor pulls her sweatshirt from the locker door, pulls it over her head takes a moment to feel warmed by it, feels comforted by it.

Eleanor takes her backpack from the locker, searches inside.

She pulls out a reusable container, pops it open, pulls a bar of food out of it with her teeth.

She tosses the container in the bag, zips the bag and puts it on her back before roughly eating the food.

She shuts the locker door and leaves the change room.

EXT. CAFE - EVENING

Eleanor walks towards the cafe where she attended the last Death Cafe.

She stops at the cafe's large window.

She sees the group inside sitting in the same circle, she sees the same people, but not the old Jupiter Man.

Another man cries.

(CONTINUED)

DaVida notices Eleanor. She smiles at Eleanor and waves her in. A few of the group turn, others continue to listen to the crying man.

Eleanor considered the offer. She looks at the crying man. She thinks. She shakes her head at DaVida and waves. She walks on.

The group focus back on each other. Another person talks. Some nod at the new speaker.

INT. HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Eleanor sits at the kitchen table with a plate and glass of water in front of her.

She wipes up some left over sauce with her last piece of naan and eats it.

Eleanor takes her plate and glass to the sink.

Left over food containers are out and open on the counter. Eleanor begins to spoon a portion out in to a biodegradable take away container.

A knock at the door.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

Eleanor answers the door to a sheepish Nancy.

ELEANOR

Hey.

Eleanor doesn't make much effort to comfort Nancy. She walks away from the door.

Nancy comes in and shuts the door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Eleanor continues to package up some food. A naan in to the biodegradable container next.

NANCY

What are you doing?

ELEANOR

I'm bringing this food to someone.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Oh.

ELEANOR

Can you put this stuff away?

Eleanor gestures to the left over food containers.

Nancy moves to them and closes up the containers.

NANCY

I'm sorry for what I did. I don't know why I did it.

Eleanor doesn't look at Nancy. She closes up the take away container.

Eleanor puts the container in to a cloth bag. Nancy puts the left overs in to the fridge.

Eleanor takes a deep breath. She turns and rests against the counter.

ELEANOR

I was exposed to something when I was in my mom. They exhausted all tests there. I was getting sick. They all were getting sick. They sent me here.

Nancy sits up on the counter top.

NANCY

So you're a fucking lab rat.

ELEANOR

I'm trying to open up to you here for fuck's sake.

NANCY

Sounds like a fucking lab rat to me.

ELEANOR

Okay. So what if I am? At least I'm contributing. More that you can say about your mother. Fucking joining the Jupiter airheads.

Nancy stares off, hurt, but accepting.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

I don't think I'll see my mom
again.

There is silence for a while. Eleanor pulls herself up on
the counter to sit like Nancy.

ELEANOR

I won't see my parents again
either.

The two look at each other, thinking. Eleanor looks
off. Nancy wipes a tear away from her face. She changes
the subject.

NANCY

I bet you thank God that you can
use a device like that.

ELEANOR

God?

Nancy nods.

ELEANOR

What does God have to do with it?

NANCY

What do you mean?

ELEANOR

An engineer made this.

Eleanor points to her neck.

ELEANOR

And I made the other one. Not
God. Why should I give God credit
for it?

NANCY

It's just something to say.

Eleanor is angry.

ELEANOR

I don't understand why people look
for answers that way.

NANCY

You wouldn't. You're smart.

Eleanor is frustrated by Nancy's self doubt.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
What do you think you are?

NANCY
For sure not you.

Eleanor shakes her head in disbelief. She slides off the counter, takes the food bag and leaves the kitchen.

Nancy sighs. She hops off the counter and follows Eleanor.

EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

Eleanor and Nancy walk the forest path.

ELEANOR
They don't care about us anymore do they?

NANCY
Who?

ELEANOR
People.

NANCY
What do you mean?

ELEANOR
It was all they could do to get in to our house six months ago. Now it's so quiet.

Eleanor and Nancy approach the clearing. The camp site is in disarray. The items that were orderly and tidy are scattered.

The zipper to the tent is open and the solar tarp is half off, fluttering in a breeze.

Eleanor notices a second yellow piece of paper nailed to a tree. She walks up to it and pulls it off:
Occupier: Anne Debonair Illegal camping eviction notice. Final notice.

ELEANOR
She should be here?

NANCY
Who?

Both Eleanor and Nancy look concerned.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR
The woman. Anne.

Eleanor rushes away from the site. Nancy takes a final look around. She leaves the site.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

Eleanor swiftly enters the building. Nancy behind and keeping up pace.

The gymnasium has different events happening in different areas.

A yoga class is in progress. A craft group sit in a circle weaving baskets. A handful of teens are preparing a group lunch.

Eleanor is seeking someone out. She moves through the centre of the room, Nancy follows.

Eleanor spots who she is looking for.

A community COORDINATOR, woman 50s, is speaking with a basket weaver who holds a half-made creation.

Eleanor approaches the coordinator.

ELEANOR
Excuse me.

The coordinator looks at Eleanor.

She looks back to the basket weaver, smiles and nods at them, gesturing that they go ahead, finishing their conversation.

The coordinator focuses her attention on Eleanor.

COORDINATOR
Eleanor, what can I do for you?

ELEANOR
Where is Anne? The woman from the forest?

The coordinator's smile fades.

COORDINATOR
You saw the notice?

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

Yes.

Eleanor looks towards Nancy and back to the coordinator.

ELEANOR

What happened?

COORDINATOR

After Anna saw the notice her husband said she got very upset. She wasn't well to begin with.

ELEANOR

And?

COORDINATOR

They took her to the hospital. She died.

The coordinator takes Eleanor's hands and holds them tight.

COORDINATOR

I think her husband's still here if you want to talk to him. He may be outside.

Eleanor rips her hands from the coordinator's and moves away towards the door.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

On the lawn the skinny man from the campsite sits on the grass. Contemplative, lost in thought.

Eleanor and Nancy approach him. He doesn't notice them. Eleanor touches him gently on his shoulder. He is startled out of his thoughts.

ELEANOR

Hi. I'm Eleanor. I knew your wife.

The man nods. He pats the grass beside him, suggesting Eleanor take a seat. He looks at Nancy and smiles.

Eleanor and Nancy sit, forming a small circle.

The three don't speak at first. They just let grief sit among them in the silence.

Eleanor hands the man the lunch that was intended for Anna.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

It's not much.

The man accepts it. Puts it on the ground beside him.

MAN

Thank you.

The man's eyes tear up. He takes Eleanor's hands and holds them lovingly.

MAN

I can't go back there. She would be so upset to see her stuff looking like garbage, in such a mess.

ELEANOR

I can go. I can clean it up.

MAN

We'd appreciate that. Thank you.

INT. HOME - DAY

Eleanor enters the house with Nancy. She walks through the rooms of the house looking for Harjit.

ELEANOR

Uncle Har.

She goes to the kitchen, to the backyard.

ELEANOR

Uncle Har!

She goes to the garage work room, Nancy follows.

Harjit is at his desk leaned back in a chair reading a document that is projected on to the wall.

ELEANOR

Uncle Har!

Harjit is startled and moves out of his leaning position.

HARJIT

Hey!

He notices Eleanor's distress. He gets up and moves towards her.

(CONTINUED)

HARJIT
What's happened?

Eleanor paces back and forth. She begins to hyperventilate.

HARJIT
Eleanor. Eleanor.

Harjit grabs Eleanor by her shoulders.

HARJIT
Sit down.

Harjit guides her to his chair. Eleanor sits, Harjit squats down to be at eye level with her.

HARJIT
Breathe.

Eleanor breathes deeply.

HARJIT
Tell me what's happened.

ELEANOR
A woman in the forest. She'd been camping there. Anne. I was taking her food. She died. Her husband is all alone now.

HARJIT
Who?

ELEANOR
Anne. She's my friend. She was homeless I think. I'd been bringing her food.

Eleanor stops to wipe tears from her eyes.

ELEANOR
The town kicked her out of her camp site. She was sick and she died. She had a husband and he's all alone now. It's just so god damn sad.

Eleanor tries to hold her tears back. Her throat burns and she has trouble breathing. She rubs her throat and breathes deep.

Nancy cries.

ELEANOR
I'm so thirsty.

Harjit gets up and gets a glass of water from his table. He hands it to Eleanor. She sips.

Tears in Harjit's eyes.

HARJIT
Why didn't you tell me.

Eleanor breathes.

ELEANOR
Can I just have a hug please?

Harjit is surprised.

HARJIT
Of course.

Harjit gives a soft hug.

Eleanor squeezes him tight. Harjit warms to it and slowly his arms tighten in to a bear hug.

He sees Nancy crying. He opens his arms and waves Nancy in, as if to say of course we all need love.

They rock back and forth. Tight, needing the love.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Eleanor, Nancy and Harjit, puffy eyed, walk through the forest path, carrying some reusable bags and boxes.

HARJIT
I'm proud of you two.

Eleanor looks at her uncle and then ahead.

They arrive at the campsite clearing.

The three begin to methodically clean up the campsite and store the items in the bags and boxes.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

The ultrasound technician, same 40ish woman as before, gently massages an ultrasound wand around Eleanor's throat.

The conductive gel squishes and glistens.

ELEANOR

You know I don't mind that sound anymore.

Eleanor smiles.

TECHNICIAN

Really?

ELEANOR

Kind of comforting I'd say.

CUT TO

In matching sports bra and boy shorts Eleanor sits on a plastic stationary bike.

She peddles while wearing a device strapped to her head attached to a hose that she holds in her mouth as she breaths.

Suction cups are attached to Eleanor's sides where her kidneys are situated.

Eleanor smiles and dutifully peddles.

CUT TO

Eleanor sits in a medical chair as her blood is drawn and collected in clear tubes.

She watches as the tube attached to the needle in her arm fills with blood.

INT. GYM - DAY

Eleanor rolls a small ball up and down a wall with the palm of her hand. Sam standing by hands on hips, legs spread apart.

Eleanor focuses on the ball and stops. Hand still on the ball. She looks at Sam.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

You're making me nervous standing there.

SAM

Can't help it. Have to be here with you. One more minute with that hand and then we switch.

Eleanor looks back at the ball and rolls it up and down.

Nancy enters the gym, in her sweats, a bag on her shoulder.

Eleanor sees her and smiles.

ELEANOR

You know what Sam.

She turns to Sam.

ELENAOR

You're a good guy, but I'm done with this shit.

She tosses the ball to Sam. He catches it.

Eleanor strides like a lioness to Nancy. She puts her arm around Nancy and guides her to the MMA studio doors.

EXT. JUPITER PROJECT COMPOUND - DAY

Sophia walks along a corridor, a small piece of luggage in her hand.

She approaches a door and is let in by a guard.

The guard closes the door behind her.

INT. MMA STUDIO - DAY

Eleanor pushes the door open and walks in with Nancy.

Mo and Clair are training together.

Eleanor circles the room and picks up a padded MMA helmet.

Mo and Clair stop their training and watch Eleanor as she circles back towards Nancy.

(CONTINUED)

ELEANOR

I have someone new.

Eleanor tosses Nancy the helmet and winks.

Nancy catches it, and the two walk towards the training mat.

END.