Science fiction plucks from within

us our deepest fears and hopes then

shows them to us in rough disguise:

the monster and the rocket.

W.H. Auden

We live, as we dream -- alone.

Joseph Conrad

"ALIEN"

FADE IN

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE:

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Empty, cavernous.

INT. ENGINE CUBICLE

Circular, jammed with instruments.

All of them idle.

Console chairs for two.

Empty.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL

Long, dark.

Empty.

Turbos throbbing.

No other movement.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" LEVEL

Long, empty.

INT. INFIRMARY - "A" LEVEL

Distressed ivory walls.

All instrumentation at rest.

INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE - "A" LEVEL

Black, empty.

INT. BRIDGE

Vacant.

Two space helmets resting on chairs.

Electrical hum.

Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.

Moments of silence.

A yellow light goes on.

Data mind bank in b.g.

Electronic hum.

A green light goes on in front of one helmet.

Electronic pulsing sounds.

A red light goes on in front of other helmet.

An electronic conversation ensues.

Reaches a crescendo.

Then silence.

The lights go off, save the yellow.

INT. CORRIDOR TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Lights come on.

Seven gowns hang from the curved wall.

Vault door opens.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT

Explosion of escaping gas.

The lid on a freezer pops open.

Slowly, groggily, KANE sits up.

Pale.

Kane rubs the sleep from his eyes.

Stands.

Looks around.

Stretches.

Looks at the other freezer compartments.

Scratches.

Moves off.