

# THE FUTURE' S DARK PAST

Pilot Script

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THE FUTURE'S DARK PAST

FADE IN

EXT. ONE-THOUSAND FEET UP IN HUGE STORM (Year 2355)

We feel like we are flying through a hurricane of brown thundering clouds and red lightning. We are moving toward something, a small dot that comes in and out of view.

KRISTEN

(V.O. Narration)

Even though the Earth died over two-centuries ago, I was finally alive. The storm would more than likely kill me though, but that didn't matter. My abuser for the last ten years no longer mattered.

FLASHBACK - WEATHERED WORKSHOP/KITCHEN/BEDROOM - DAY

A LARGE OLDER MAN and a YOUNG STARVED WOMAN enter the room. He points to the metal headboard as he drops his packages on a workbench.

MAN

Go ahead lock yourself up. It's time.

The woman, KRISTEN, dejectedly treads to the bed. She strips from her dirty clothes and uses two hand cuffs attached to the rails to lock her hands, her back against the bed. We see bruises on her face and body. The grotesque man walks over, dropping his pants. He crawls up on top of Kristen, kissing her as he lays on top of her.

MAN

You still drive me crazy after all this time. You start out hating but end up purring.

When he fumbles under himself with his right hand, Kristen just smiles at him, which catches him off guard. Then he notices her left hand is not in the cuff, and she's holding a long knife. He reaches up to grab her arm but she's faster. The blade bites deep into his neck.

He shudders and drops on her. His hands wrap around her throat, strangling her. She grunts in defiance, watching the light dim in his eyes. Fighting with all her strength, she worms her way out from underneath him. She stands up and spits on the man.

KRISTEN

I never liked it. It just got you  
off quicker.

Kristen kicks him a few times, but he's dead and unresponsive. Focused, she moves to a back wall and digs into the lowest shelf, finally pulling out a long surfboard. She goes to another shelf and retrieves a large sailing rig from an old duffle bag.

After putting it together, she pulls on some fresh clothes and then slides on an enviro-suit with helmet. She presses a sequence of LCD buttons on her sleeve. The surfboard starts to hover a foot off the ground. She grabs the mast and heads for the exit.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. HUGE RED/BROWN STORM - BACK TO PRESENT DAY (2355)

In the storm, we see a figure on the sailboard, riding and bouncing toward the edge of the thunder cloud. We MOVE closer.

KRISTEN

(V.O. Narration)

The world I know has been dead for over two-hundred-years. I wonder what it would be like to live on a planet where the land isn't dirt, the air isn't toxic, and water doesn't have to be drilled from underground. Guess I'll never know.

We close in and then SWITCH to Kristen's POV. We see from inside the helmet visor with a futuristic HUD. Below, a bulky, six-wheeled terrain tracker races along a dirt road.

In the distance the Dallas Life Pod emerges from the gloom. It's mile-wide dome gleams like a lighthouse of old.

Kristen steers the board down as if riding a giant rogue wave, aiming for the tracker. We hear a warning blare in her ear saying she's about to run out of air.

As she hurtles toward it, she pulls the sail in, trying to slow herself down to no avail. She aims toward the back of the tracker.

KRISTEN

Computer, release boot latches.

COMPUTER

That will cause you to crash.

KRISTEN

I know, damn it. Do it now!

When her feet become free, she treads to the front of the board and launches herself toward the top of the terrain tracker. The board hits the ground and splinters into hundreds of pieces. She lands on top but almost falls off. She manages to clamber back up and wedges herself between the racks and antennas.

The terrain tracker races to the wall of the Dallas Life Pod. A door appears and pulls up, exposing the interior. The vehicle shoots through, slamming on its brakes and coming to a halt. The door drops shut, and, after venting the toxic air, the interior airlock opens. The tracker slowly rolls into the Pod. It comes to a halt.

Kristen's visor slides into her helmet. She takes several deep breaths and looks around. From beside the tracker, she hears a MAN'S voice.

MAN

We know you're up there. Come down,  
peaceful like, and maybe we won't  
kill you.

FADE OUT

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DALLAS LIFE POD - DAY

Kristen is chained to a metal chair. Her long black hair, matted with sweat and blood, clings to her battered face in thick strands. She squints sideways from her one good eye

at the SHORT BALD-HEADED MAN. His soaked T-shirt is a testament to the effort he's put forth in *persuading* her to talk.

BALD-HEADED MAN

Where is he?

Kristen cringes. He backhands her; frothy red spit flies from her mouth.

BALD-HEADED MAN

You look just like him. Where are my *damn* seeds?

Kristen

Oh, shit. (groaning and smirking) Long gone.

BALD-HEADED MAN

You're gonna be my bitch for the rest of your miserable life.

The door to the interrogation room opens. An OLDER MAN with grey hair enters, wearing a threadbare military uniform on his lean body.

OLD MAN

I think we're done here, Delerson.

DELERSON

That ain't your call, Hernandez.

HERNANDEZ

Now it is. Or did you forget I run the POD?

DELERSON

(Waiving him off)

Bah. Have your little fun, but when I get back, she's mine.

Delerson storms out of the room. Hernandez grabs a chair and flips it around, sitting on it. He takes out a flask of water and gives Kristen a few swigs.

HERNANDEZ

What did you do to piss off Delerson?

KRISTEN

That guy's an ass.

HERNANDEZ

True enough. What's your name?

KRISTEN

You think I'm going to buy this *nice* guy bullshit?

HERNANDEZ

Do you have a choice? I can always bring back Delerson.

KRISTEN

Hmph. Kristen.

HERNANDEZ

Better. Where you from?

KRISTEN

Here.

HERNANDEZ

Not possible

KRISTEN

My father took us to Missouri's Life Pod after I found a bag of seeds.

HERNANDEZ

That would explain a lot. Those were Delerson's black market seeds. He recognized you then. We've got to get you out of here.

The door opens and Delerson storms in. Hernandez puts himself in front of Kristen. The men square off but then we hear the roar of engines coming from outside the dome.

HERNANDEZ

They're here. You better go greet them.

DELERSON

Of all the rotten... This ain't over, Hernandez.

Delerson marches out of the room again. Hernandez grabs Kristen by her arm and lifts her to her feet.

HERNANDEZ

Come on.

KRISTEN

Where we going?

HERNANDEZ

Time to meet the Spacers.

KRISTEN

(Pulling back)

Wait! You're going to give me to the Spacers?

HERNANDEZ

It's a long shot. I'm not sure dying in space is any better than dying here. But I'll let you be the judge.

CUT TO

EXT. OUTSIDE DALLAS LIFE POD - DAY