

**A R R O W ' S J O U R N E Y**  
(working title)

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BLACK. Like SPACE.

In slow, evenly-spaced TONES: BEEP... BOOP... BEEP... BOOP...  
BEEP... BOOP...

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(whispering, over coms)  
What is this?

The BEEPING continues behind the DIALOGUE...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(over coms)  
Some... some sort of countdown. A  
clock maybe?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(over coms)  
A countdown? For what?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(over coms)  
I don't know...

The BEEPING persists, but now the SOUND OF WIND AND SWIRLING  
DUST is added, INCREASING IN VOLUME...

EXT. MARS SURFACE -- DAY

The WIND AND DUST SWIRL LOUDLY as we close in on 2 ASTRONAUTS  
-- one MALE, one FEMALE, both in their early 30s -- standing  
over an oddly-shaped ROCK. The BEEPING is FAINT, but still  
there.

Around them, the DUST STORM on the surface is picking up.  
The 2 Astronauts stumble a bit, trying not to get swept away.

The Female Astronaut SNAPS photos of the rock with a HANDHELD  
DEVICE, but we can't see what she's photographing.

The Male Astronaut looks up at the sky for a moment, then  
speaks into his COMS --

MALE  
(over coms)  
Arbiter 1, Arbiter 1, do you read  
me? This is Specialist Arrow, are  
you reading my transmission?  
Arbiter 1, do you copy?

RADIO  
(over coms)  
<Crackle> <ZzzzzzzZZzzz>

The Female Astronaut continues to SNAP photos.

FEMALE  
 (to Arrow)  
 Anything?

ARROW  
 Nothing. Just static.

She stops, looks at Arrow.

FEMALE  
 What do we do?

ARROW  
 We can't stay out here, that's for sure, not with these winds picking up.

FEMALE  
 The dust is probably what's cutting off communication with Arbiter 1. What do we do about this thing?

She looks at the rock. We still can't see what they're so interested in.

ARROW  
 As far as I'm concerned, our safety is the priority. We can figure out what that thing is when these winds die down. You've taken more than enough photos, and I've marked it in the log.

Arrow looks around for the closest shelter while the Female Astronaut checks the photos on the handheld. Arrow can barely see anything through the wind.

ARROW (CONT'D)  
 Greggors?

GREGGORS  
 Yes, sir?

ARROW  
 Can you scan the area for a cave or some kind of shelter, I can't see anything through this storm. We're walking blind without thermal tracking to guide us.

GREGGORS

Yes sir.

Greggors taps into the handheld and scans the area.

Arrow steps away from her for a moment...

The SOUNDS OF WIND AND DUST DIE AWAY...

Only the BEEPING remains, isolated...

Steady...

BEEP... BOOP... BEEP... BOOP...

Arrow steps farther away from Greggors.

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

(looking at navigator)

Looks like there are a few cave systems to the northwest...

Arrow is now a few feet away...

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

(looking at navigator)

...maybe about 1.2 miles? It could be less...

The screen on the Navigator FLICKERS --

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

(banging on side)

This dust messes up all of our gear... dammit!

Arrow is stepping in TANDEM with the BEEPING...

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

(looking at navigator)

Specialist Arrow?

The BEEPING grows FASTER. So do Arrow's STEPS...

Greggors looks up, SHOCKED to see Arrow walking away --

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

ARROW?

The BEEPING is so fast now that Arrow's moving at a LIGHT JOG...

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

ARROW!!

Arrow SLIPS --

Arrow FALLS down the side of a cliff --

Arrow KEEPS FALLING. The BEEPING is pulsing at an INCREDIBLE RATE, almost a single tone. Arrow feels weightless, like he's flying...

He's not afraid.

THE BEEPING STOPS.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. MARS SURFACE -- ???

The light is ODDLY SHADY, like a cloud is hovering over Mars. A lifeless Arrow is lying in the sand, covered in a thin layer of dust.

He STIRS. Slowly, he gets up, wiping clear his helmet's face shield. He's surprised to be alive, but still groggy.

ARROW

(over coms)

Greggors do you copy.

SILENCE.

ARROW (CONT'D)

(over coms)

Greggors, Arbiter 1, does anybody read me? Can anybody hear me?

SILENCE.

Arrow looks around, trying to climb up from the ledge he fell onto. No luck. It's much too far to climb down to the ground below.

Arrow is stuck on the side of a cliff... on Mars.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Arrow sits down in a SLUMP.

EXT. MARS SURFACE -- LATER

Arrow is still sitting in the same place he's been sitting in for some time now. He's still fruitlessly trying to raise someone over his COMS.

ARROW  
(tired)  
Greggors. Arbiter 1. This is  
Specialist Arrow. Do you copy.  
Greggors. Anybody. Marvin the  
Martian. Anybody.

SILENCE.

Arrow SCREAMS, as LOUDLY as he can.

SILENCE. He SLUMPS back down, exhausted, and falls asleep...

CUT TO BLACK:

FEMALE AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)  
Warning. Warning. Air cells at  
5%. Warning. Warning. Air cells  
at 5%. Total air depletion in t-  
minus 45 minutes. Warning.  
Warning.

EXT. MARS SURFACE -- MUCH LATER

Arrow wakes up to the ALARM. He turns it OFF, half awake. He looks around. Has he thought of everything?

ARROW  
(over coms)  
Arbiter 1, Arbiter 1, please copy.  
Please. I'm going to die out here  
if you don't respond. Someone.  
Please. I'm running out of air.

SILENCE.

ARROW (CONT'D)  
(over coms)  
PLEASE!!!

Arrow grows desperate. He begins jumping at the sides of the cliff, trying to climb up. He grabs nothing but crumbling rock and dust.

FEMALE AUTOMATED VOICE  
Warning. War--

Arrow SLAMS the alarm OFF.

ARROW  
I know goddammit, I KNOW! What the  
FUCK do you want me to do? Just  
give up??

All of a sudden, the wall of the cliffside FLICKERS.

ARROW (CONT'D)  
What... the...

It begins flickering more, PULSATING now, like LIQUID...

Arrow walks up to what was once a hard, rocky surface and  
touches... liquid.

The IMAGE DISSOLVES and all of a sudden Arrow is standing in  
the middle of a WHITE ROOM.

INT. WHITE ROOM -- ???

Arrow looks around, SURPRISED. He sees nothing.

ARROW  
Hello?

SILENCE.

ARROW (CONT'D)  
Is anybody there?

GREGGORS (O.S.)  
You are not afraid?

Arrow recognizes the VOICE.

ARROW  
Greggors? Is that you? Where am  
I?

GREGGORS (O.S.)  
Are you unable to answer the  
question presented to you?

ARROW  
*Excuse me?* Who are you? Who's  
talking to me?  
(MORE)

ARROW (CONT'D)

You sound like Greggors, but you don't talk like her...

GREGGORS (O.S.)

Questions answered with more questions. It's no surprise that humans have accomplished so little with the powers the universe has given them.

ARROW

Okay, okay, I'll answer your question, no, I'm not afraid.

GREGGORS (O.S.)

Why not?

ARROW

To be honest, I don't know why. Fear causes nervousness, anxiety, sweating, but strangely, I don't feel any of that right now.

GREGGORS (O.S.)

You're calm.

ARROW

Yes. Confused as hell, but calm.

GREGGORS (O.S.)

Interesting.

(beat)

Would it disturb you if I appeared in the form of your colleague, Specialist Tory S. Greggors?

ARROW

No. In fact it would help to see who, or what, I'm talking to.

And from the WHITENESS emerges a FLESH AND BLOOD GREGGORS, sans astronaut suit, wearing a casual t-shirt and jeans.

ARROW (CONT'D)

You're not wearing a suit. Where's your suit?

GREGGORS

As you can probably guess, I'm not actually Greggors, and you don't actually need that suit. You can breath easily here.

Arrow looks around, somewhat suspicious...



ARROW

How do I know I can trust you?

GREGGORS

Unfortunately, you don't know, and there's nothing I can say that would convince you to trust me. But I can tell you that my knowledge far exceeds that of your own, and even if you do not trust me, you are in a position, with the air levels in your suit at 4%, in which you have no choice *but* to trust me. You're going to need what little air you have left in your suit.

ARROW

I guess I can't argue with that.

Arrow slowly removes his helmet. As the helmet depressurizes with a HISS, Arrow BREATHES in the air, DEEPLY.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Wow. It smells like... a grassy field.

THE WHITE ROOM CHANGES INTO AN ENDLESS GRASSY FIELD.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Whoa.

GREGGORS

I can reproduce any thought, I can reproduce any person you imagine. I can take any form you wish, but...

ARROW

Your wish is NOT mine to command?

GREGGORS

Correct. I'm not what you would refer to as a "genie in the bottle."

ARROW

But will you answer questions? You seemed a bit...

Greggors LAUGHS.

GREGGORS

We all seek answers for our questions. Yes, of course, you are permitted to ask me questions. A man of your intelligence must be quite confused by all of this.

ARROW

Just a scoche.

GREGGORS

Come, walk with me.

A DIRT PATH appears in the GRASSY FIELD. They proceed to walk it. Arrow carries his helmet.

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

You won't be needing that.

ARROW

Well I can't just leave it here now, can I?

GREGGORS

Here, give it to me.

Arrow hands Greggors the helmet. Before it even leaves Arrow's hands, it DISAPPEARS.

ARROW

Neat trick.

GREGGORS

Matter is never completely destroyed, it is only altered into another state. Rest assured, you will have your helmet returned to you in working condition when necessary.

ARROW

Right. So.... you're something of a scientist? You're obviously an alien.

GREGGORS

I don't represent a lifeform that the human race is familiar with, so yes, in that regard, I am alien. But to better clarify *where* I exist, I am not of this dimension.

ARROW

Wait -- what?

GREGGORS

I don't exist solely in this, in your dimension. The form you see here is merely an imagined representation of my physical being. A collection of matter organized and assembled in exactly the same way as your colleague, Specialist Greggors.

ARROW

Wow. So you're saying if you hadn't gone through the trouble of cloning Greggors, I wouldn't normally be able to see you.

GREGGORS

Correct. Or hear me.

ARROW

Why go through all that trouble... for me? Why are you here?

GREGGORS

The answer to that lies in the path that we're walking, Specialist Arrow, the path that all of the beings in the universe have been walking for eons.

ARROW

There are other living beings in the universe?

GREGGORS

Of course, and even more interdimensionally.

ARROW

"Interdimensionally?"

GREGGORS

Yes. Many different living beings, in many different dimensions, serving the universe in different ways.

ARROW

Serving the universe. What do you mean by that?

GREGGORS

We all play our parts. My role in this universe is to collect and record all the major events that alter the state of the universe and its many dimensions. This is a role that has been conducted by beings within my lineage for many, many eons.

ARROW

So you essentially know everything.

GREGGORS

Almost everything. One could spend several lifetimes studying all the different events of the universe, but even I, with all the information I've collected, have no knowledge of the very beginning of the universe. There are no official records of or from that time and space.

ARROW

You're referring to The Big Bang?

Greggors LAUGHS.

GREGGORS

One of my own colleagues had joked to me before my departure that humans were prone to a sense of passionate self-pride, a belief that they, somehow, were the center of the universe. I didn't realize how much that would amuse me.

ARROW

I'm glad you find our obviously-limited understanding of the universe funny.

GREGGORS

I don't mean any offense. What you humans refer to as "The Big Bang" is not a very long time ago. I merely suggest that with all the information I've already given you, you've found nothing enlightening aside from the fact that I've reassured you that you are not alone in the universe.

(MORE)

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

Do you even care about these other beings, or do you only wish to put them in zoos to study them, to ultimately control them?

ARROW

I think you make a very large assumption about the human race.

GREGGORS

And that would be?

ARROW

That we're all the same. That history is cyclical, and that we're self-destructive creatures by nature, and that we will never know true peace, true harmony with nature and with ourselves, that we're all doomed to kill ourselves and everything around us.

GREGGORS

And you consider this an assumption? With such a dark past, how can you believe that *wouldn't* happen to humanity? Some might argue that it already has. I could call you mad for thinking otherwise!

ARROW

There's a joke in there somewhere.

GREGGORS

I'm sorry? I'm not familiar with the reference.

ARROW

An alien calling a human "mad."

GREGGORS

Oh!

Greggors LAUGHS.

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

That's very amusing imagery.

ARROW.

But you still haven't answered my question. Why am I here? Why are you here? *Where* is "here?"

GREGGORS

As I've told you, I'm a historian. I'm here because the universe is on the brink of something monumental, and whatever happens, I am here to record it.

ARROW

And it has to do with humans? After you so happily made me feel like the lowliest lifeform in the entire universe?

GREGGORS

Yes.

ARROW

What could we possibly have to... what could we *do*...

Arrow pauses to think a moment.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Terraforming.

GREGGORS

Yes. Colonization of other planetary bodies outside a species' planet of origin.

ARROW

But our planet is dying. Colonizing Mars or any other suitable planet is necessary. The Earth's ozone is peeling away and surface temperatures are practically unbearable. The ice caps are melting, steadily increasing our sea level. And overpopulation! Overpopulation is rampant! What choice do we have?

GREGGORS

Reform.

ARROW

Reform? We've been reforming for the last century, we can't stop the planet from dying!

GREGGORS

Then you will die with it.

ARROW

What?

GREGGORS

After all, you were the ones who destroyed it. It wasn't always the polluted wasteland you've turned it into with your lack of self-respect and appreciation.

ARROW

"Appreciation?" Hey wait a minute, why am *I* being put on trial for the atrocities of humanity? Why am *I* here?

GREGGORS

Because my signal called to you. Because you followed it, and found my construct.

ARROW

Your "construct?"

GREGGORS

Yes. You are inside a hidden, interdimensional gateway of my people's design that connects this universe with ours.

Greggors draws a COMPLEX, ALIEN MATHEMATICAL FORMULA with ORANGE LIGHT emanating from her index finger, but Arrow doesn't pay close attention as it is visible for only seconds.

ARROW

What is that? Is that where we are? Is that the gateway to your dimension?

GREGGORS

We are within the gateway. You followed my signal from the Mars surface, and now you are here. The signal is designed to find a being of rational thought, one without fear, a mind that could and would accept the knowledge that I would be giving you.

ARROW

But what do you expect me to do with all this knowledge?

GREGGORS

Use it to do what humans have done for centuries. Use it to create. Humans have already discovered one of the universal truths of the universe: cause and effect.

ARROW

For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

GREGGORS

Correct. Humanity is on the brink of discovering a technology that will allow it to terraform and colonize neighboring planets. That is why your team is here on Mars in the first place, is it not?

ARROW

Yes, we're collecting soil samples, mapping out sites for the plants, finding ways to maximize the effects of the process...

GREGGORS

But unbeknownst to humanity, there has never been another being in the universe -- not in this dimension or any other -- that has ever had the need to colonize another planet aside from its own.

ARROW

Not a single race?

GREGGORS

There has never been the need. It is the universe's way of maintaining balance.

ARROW

But we can't be the first race to be on the brink of planetary extinction?

GREGGORS

You are not.

ARROW

Then what happened to those beings? What happened to them after their planets died?



GREGGORS

Some found refuge on other planets,  
but for the most part those races  
went extinct.

ARROW

Extinct? As in "no more?"

GREGGORS

Correct. That is the definition of  
extinct.

ARROW

And you expect me to bring this  
message back to Earth, tell  
everyone, "We're all gonna die! An  
alien on Mars told me terraforming  
is bad, even though they've never  
even TRIED IT!"

GREGGORS

No.

ARROW

Then why am I here? What's the  
point of all this?

Greggors stops. She takes off her shoes and leaves them  
neatly by the path, as if entering someone's house. They  
VANISH as soon as she puts them down. Her FEET step onto the  
grass, sinking slightly into the ground.

She walks over towards a grassy hill, Arrow following closely  
behind. AN OLD TREE APPEARS FROM NOWHERE. She touches it's  
bark just as it finishes FORMING --

GREGGORS

Change is feared by many in the  
universe. Change is the one thing  
that threatens us all. It is  
permanent extinction, it is the  
universal fear of death. But death  
has never been the end.

ARROW

Matter is never destroyed, it's  
only altered into another state.

GREGGORS

Correct. What is the ultimate fate  
of humanity, only time and space  
will tell. As I said, I'm merely a  
historian.

(MORE)

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

It has never been my goal or my place to influence the universe. But I, too, fear death. I, too, fear extinction. In my time I've witnessed many races come and go. And so I chose to extend my hand, as a warning, to the human race.

Greggors extends her HAND. Arrow SHAKES IT.

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

Choice, Specialist Arrow, is the greatest gift of all. Knowledge is something that is acquired across a lifetime. But free will is given to every being in the universe at birth. How that free will is exacted, well, as you know, life doesn't come with a set of detailed instructions. I've come here, brought you to my construct, to remind you of your greatest gift, your greatest power as a living being: the power of choice. Soon you will wake up on the surface, and you will remember everything we've discussed as clearly as the day you married Helena, as vividly as the day David was born. You will retain the knowledge I've given you.

ARROW

And then?

CUT TO BLACK:

FEMALE AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

Warning. Warning. Air cells at less than 1%. Total air depletion in t-minus 3 minutes. Warning. Warning. Replace air cell immediately. Warning. Warning.

FADE IN:

EXT. MARS SURFACE -- ???

Arrow wakes up with JOLT --

ARROW

What the -- ??

He pats his helmet to check it's there and looks around to see the same, familiar ledge on Mars he was stuck on earlier.

ARROW (CONT'D)  
 (over coms)  
 Hello? Is anybody out there?  
 Greggors, can you hear me?

Arrow looks around, bewildered. His face suddenly CHANGES. He REMEMBERS everything that just happened.

FEMALE AUTOMATED VOICE  
 Warning. Warning. Total air  
 depletion in t-minus 2 minutes.

Arrow turns the alarm OFF. Breathes easy. Calmly. He lays down.

FEMALE AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Warning. Total air depletion in t-  
 minus 1 minute.

Arrow continues to breathe calmly, slowly...

FEMALE AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Total air depletion in 30 seconds.

Arrow closes his EYES...

FEMALE AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Total air depletion in 15 seconds.  
 (short beat)  
 10 seconds. 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2,  
 1, 0. Air depleted. Air depleted.  
 Air depleted.

Arrow turns the alarm OFF one last time, breathing in slowly the last reserves of his tank, eyes closed...

GREGGORS  
 (over coms)  
 ARROW! Arrow, do you copy!

Arrow's EYES OPEN.

ARROW  
 (over coms)  
 Greggors?? Is that you??

GREGGORS  
 (over coms)  
 Thank God!  
 (MORE)

GREGGORS (CONT'D)

You hang tight sir, I'm coming down  
with an air cell, I can't believe  
you're still alive!!

A ROPE drops down to the pit. With some hustle behind her  
step, Greggors makes it down the side of the cliff just  
before Arrow's about to pass out from holding his breath.

ARROW

(pale)

You're a real life saver Greggors,  
y'know that?

GREGGORS

Sorry it took so long to get to  
you. At first I thought I had lost  
you, but then -- hey, you look like  
you've just seen a ghost Arrow, you  
alright? Something happen to you  
while you were down here? Are you  
okay, are you hurt?

ARROW

I'm fine. Let's go home Greggors.  
It's been a long day.

Greggors points at the rope.

GREGGORS

You first sir.

ARROW

Why don't you go ahead. I'm gonna  
catch my breath a minute here.

GREGGORS

You gonna be alright climbing up by  
yourself?

ARROW

Yeah, just gimme a minute here.

GREGGORS

I'll be topside. You call me if  
you need help climbing up. Keep me  
within eyesight.

ARROW

Will do. Thanks Specialist.

Greggors starts climbing back up the rope.

Arrow looks out at the sliver of Earth that's visible, just beyond the Mars horizon with its rocky surface and swirling winds. Mars' iconic, red landscape melts away as Arrow's attention focuses on Earth's bright blue surface.

We TURN AROUND and look at Arrow, an ODD LOOK on his face, and the reflection of Mars and the Earth in his face shield...

Arrow's face shield FLICKERS suddenly, becomes liquid, like the cliffside did earlier...

He sees:

A FLASH OF THE ALIEN MATHEMATICAL FORMULA.

CUT TO BLACK.

**A R R O W ' S J O U R N E Y**