

INT. GIRL DORMITORY, THE EDEN - DAWN

Darkness.

The soft sound of slumber fills the room.

Suddenly, a small, pulsing red light illuminates beneath a cotton bed sheet.

JULIE (O.S.)  
(softly)  
No.

From under the covers, a nineteen year old girl sits up.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(growing concern)  
No.

With misery packed eyes, she glares at the red light blinking beneath the skin of her left wrist.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(in a panic)  
NO!

Like a frantic dog digging a hole, she claws at the bright beacon on her wrist, desperate for its removal.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(choking back tears)  
Please, no.

Without warning, a WHISPER HISS emanates from a door sliding open. Florescent light floods inside, revealing a room crammed full of bunk beds, populated with girls of various ages.

Most pull covers over their face. Some turn their backs. While a few dare to catch a glimpse of their inevitable fate, as a man in Military attire enters the room.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
No!

In a feeble attempt to hide her new status, Julie covers the blinking wrist with blanket and clenched hand as the Military Man steps toward her bunk.

MILITARY MAN  
It's your time.

JULIE  
I don't want to go!

MILITARY MAN

You know the rules.

(addressing the room)

You all know the rules and your place on The Eden.

(pause)

So come along with me and let the girls sleep.

The Military Man offers a hand to help Julie down from the top bunk.

JULIE

Stay away!

She smacks his hand away before pushing herself against the wall, gaining a miniscule distance from her would be captor.

MILITARY MAN

(restrained calm)

Fine.

From his front belt pocket. The Military Man pulls a telescoping rod. Its tip crackles to life with a red electricity that highlights the fear on Julie's face.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, THE EDEN - DAWN

Lilith stares at the same electrified rod as Julie. But instead of fear, determination covers her face.

LILITH

(fists up)

Come on.

She and her shrouded enemy circle each other within the confines of a claustrophobic room. They jockey for position, checking and closing distance, each waiting for their window of attack.

The rod swings for high torso. Lilith blocks the attack with her left arm. Electrical sparks bounce off her cheek before she lands a solid punch to the kidney. Her opponent drops his weapon to clutch his side, exposing his head.

Lilith attempts a knee to the face but is caught by her assailant. He hoists her chest high, with the intention of slamming her to the floor.

But she breaks free.

And flawlessly flows into an arm bar as the combatants spiral to the ground. Upon impact she starts wrenching back on the newly captured appendage, bending it towards an unnatural angle.

Without warning, her attacker flickers out of existence. Just a creation of hard holographic light.

LILITH (CONT'D)  
 (frustrated)  
 What the fuck?

She quickly stands in protest.

LILITH (CONT'D)  
 (to ceiling)  
 I didn't end simulation!  
 (waits for response)  
 Hello?!

Just then, a red light starts blinking under the skin of her wrist. Without hesitation, she casually walks to the sliding door.

A whisper hiss.

INT. HALLWAY, THE EDEN - DAWN

A long curved hallway. Its only inhabitants are male GUARDS stationed in front of every other door.

They are soon joined by Military man guiding Julie down the metal corridor. She stares blankly at the metal grated floor, while rubbing her shoulders for comfort.

As Julie walks by, the Guards check her out while exchanging knowing glances amongst themselves.

Coming in the opposite direction is Lilith, walking with back straight, chin up and head pointed forward. She leads her Military escort along the way.

Lilith and Julie walk right past each other, both too preoccupied with their situation to acknowledge the others presence.

INT. CLEANSING SPACE, THE EDEN - DAWN

An assemblage of woman bathe and groom themselves in a chamber immersed in atomized drops of gravity defying water. A door opens and Julie, absent clothing is pushed through.

MILITARY MAN  
 (to Julie)  
 Get ready for The Showing.

The door closes behind her. And for a moment, everything stops with all eyes on Julie.

But only for a moment.

It's not long before the ladies return to business as usual and Julie to start scrubbing her body.

FADE TO:

INT. VANITY ROOM, THE EDEN - DAWN

Sitting in front of a lighted mirror, with a loose bathrobe draped over her shoulders, Julie casually brushes rouge onto her cheek.

Behind her is complete madness.

Half naked women frantically style their hair, apply final touches of makeup and fight over the best of clothes.

Julie grabs a tube of lipstick. She stares at its ruby red color but before application she tosses it to the floor. And mentally breaks down.

ALEXIS  
 You better pick up that stick girl.

JULIE  
 I don't want to be here.

ALEXIS  
 Yeah well, you should have prayed  
 for a dick instead of a clit.

Alexis takes over the mirror to apply some eyeshadow.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
 But those are the breaks, right?

JULIE  
 I guess so.

ALEXIS  
 (dabs makeup brush)  
 Are you busted?

JULIE  
 (confused)  
 What?

Alexis gently blows the bristles of her brush.

ALEXIS  
 (reiterating)  
 Are you still a virgin?

Julie is hesitant to answer.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
 Come on now.  
 (looks around)  
 It's just us girls.

Julie purses her lips while nodding her head once.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
 Lucky you.  
 (pause)  
 That little detail will make you  
 more desirable to them idiots out  
 there.

Sympathetic, Alexis grabs the lipstick from the floor.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
 (offers makeup)  
 Here you go.

JULIE  
 (accepts)  
 Thank you.

ALEXIS  
 Good girl.  
 (pause)  
 Now when you're done with that, go  
 pick out some clothes that make  
 your tits pop.  
 (pause)  
 Men love that shit.

Alexis reaches underneath her dress and hoists up her breasts  
 for a better shelf display.

INT. DEPARTURE DECK, THE EDEN - MORNING

A pill shaped TRANSPORTATION POD rests on a set of tracks.

Huddled in front is a group of 5 men; Chen, Sykes, Paxton, Jenkins and Tim.

They are conversing amongst themselves when something suddenly grabs the attention of Paxton. His head perks up away from the dialogue and his eyes grow wide like saucers.

Wanting to seize attention, Paxton smacks the shoulder of Chen who is preoccupied with an audibly awful cough.

PAXTON  
(pointing)  
Look. They're coming.

Streaming in from the main hall opposite the Departure Deck is a large group of women.

INT. DEPARTURE PORT, THE EDEN - MORNING

The arriving women are dressed to allure. To entice. To ultimately attract the opposite sex. They exit the hallway and enter the Departure Port.

Like an auction, the Women take their positions on numbered squares, owning their small patch of space.

INT. DEPARTURE DECK, THE EDEN - MORNING

The 5 Crew members begin to focus on their favorite women on display. The horny but harmless Paxton is the first to react. His frail arms flail in the air like wet noodles.

PAXTON  
You see the titties on 10?

Jenkins, an overweight man looks at Number 10 unimpressed.

JENKINS  
Shit. I'm looking at the girl on 3.

PAXTON  
The one with the big hips?

JENKINS  
Hell yeah, the one with the big hips.

He rubs his hands together as if preparing to partake in a sumptuous meal.

PAXTON  
 (confused)  
 You can't do shit with hips.

JENKINS  
 Ah, you too young to appreciate the  
 finer things in life.  
 (pause)  
 Ain't that right Chen?

Chen, an older man who can't get a word out between horrible  
 hacks, manages to smile and nod.

JENKINS (CONT'D)  
 (smiling)  
 My man.

Tim, a rather unremarkable man with a scummy air about him  
 decides to chime in.

TIM  
 Bad luck for you Sykes.

Sykes, a man with one good arm and a fresh stump still  
 bleeding through the bandages answers the question.

SYKES  
 Why's that?

TIM  
 I don't see any with 3 arms to even  
 you out.

INT. DEPARTURE PORT, THE EDEN - MORNING

Most of the Women begin doing their best to garner the  
 attention of the men watching on the opposite side.

SANDRA  
 Good bye fellas. Hope to see you  
 soon.

Sandra blows some kisses.

ERICA  
 You'll be in my dreams.

Erica pouts her lips and bats her eyes.

ALEXIS  
 (to self)  
 Fucking amateurs.  
 (MORE)

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

(pause)

Be safe. Come back to this now.

Alexis turns to the side and gives her butt a good smack.

Julie says nothing and does nothing. She just stands in her spot, staring blankly at the crew of men standing at the Departure Deck.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Hey.

(looks around)

Hey.

(directly to Julie)

Stop standing there like a damn statue and do something.

Julie falls to her knees and begins to cry.

Immediately the nearest Guard steps toward Julie, but Alexis quickly intercepts.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

(to Guard)

I know.

(pause)

But this is her first time. Just give me a minute. *Please.*

Looking for instruction, the Guard looks up at the WATCHTOWER. A high rising, obelisk type structure that pierces through the Deck and Port.

GUARD

(instructions recieved)

All right.

(to Alexis)

You got your minute.

ALEXIS

(to Guard)

Thank you.

(to Watchtower)

Thank you.

Alexis kneels down next to the sobbing Julie.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

You better stop crying and start showing off the goods.

Just then a pair of heavy Military style boots walk up to them.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

You said I could have a minute--

Alexis looks upward, it's not the Guard, but Lilith. Their eyes lock, sharing a bitter history as she walks by.

JULIE

Where's she going?

ALEXIS

She's joining the Scrappers.

JULIE

On a Scrap Mission?

ALEXIS

(correction)

Na, she's going on a Suicide Mission.

Lilith keeps walking her way through all the primped ladies flaunting their bodies.

JULIE (O.S.)

I didn't know women could go off ship.

Julie takes deep breaths trying to get control over her emotions.

ALEXIS

They can if they volunteer.

A bit of admiration creeps over Julie's face.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Stupid ass, would rather die out there than stay in her lane.

JULIE

What happens when she comes back?

The Guard walks Lilith to a console. He places a palm over the reader and a bridge begins to telescope out from the Departure Deck side.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Pssh. She ain't coming back.

(pause)

No, mans come back in years.

JULIE (O.S.)

Then why are we doing all this?

ALEXIS (O.S.)  
Because it's expected of us.

Alexis grabs Julie by the face, turning it away from Lilith to face her own.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
I recognise that look in your eye.  
And you need to make a decision.  
You can either put on the makeup,  
and get a baby in your guts.  
(emphasis)  
Or.  
(points at Lilith)  
You can be like her.

Lilith steps onto the bridge. The Guard slips his palm off the console permitting the platform to slowly retract back to its source.