

# **DEAD SPACE**

Written by

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Based on the EA franchise

"Dead Space"

**FADE IN:**

**INT. DARK SHIP ROOM - SPACE**

A man in his early forties, ISAAC CLARKE stands inside of his room.

It is littered with papers. There are four bunk beds. They are empty. Isaac's face is half illuminated by an emergency light. Chairs are knocked over and the long table flipped on its side. Playing cards and smashed liquor bottles are visible.

In Isaac's hand is a gun, highly advanced and not a standard weapon with bullets. It is a tool for engineer use and has a circular saw blade instead of a nozzle. His back is lit up three quarters of the way in a soft glow.

Isaac breathes deeply, sweat drips profusely down his face.

He moves forward. On the center of the door is a hologram. It reads: OPENING. The hologram vanishes and the doors open slowly, only the right side doesn't finish opening. Then, again, silence.

He takes a step forward. Then the sound of a pipe dropping is audible somewhere in the hallway outside.

Isaac pushes his finger onto a button on the backside of the gun handle and the blade begins to rotate at full speed.

From behind Isaac hears a voice whisper.

MAN (V.O.)

The next stage of evolution is here.

Isaac turns around and raises his gun. He is breathing heavier. But no one is there.

On the wall in blood are scribbles, all of them incomprehensible.

Behind Isaac, a shadow moves by swiftly, with heavy footsteps to the left.

Isaac rotates back towards the exit. He moves with caution outside of the room into the hallway.

**EXT. DARK SHIP HALLWAY - SPACE**

He glances in both directions hearing nothing. He stops the rotating blade.

There are boxes scattered about. Blood streaks cover many areas of the hallway. Outside of the few windows are dim glares of light and the void of space. He walks to the right.

A door only ten feet ahead of him opens to his left. He aims at the door and a small flashlight illuminates the entrance.

Then he hears maniacal laughter from inside of the room.

Footsteps come storming from behind him. Isaac turns around as a man in a white jumpsuit coated in splattered blood runs towards him, stabbing him in the shoulder with a scalpel. The man is missing one eye and an arm that drips with blood.

Isaac pushes him off and kicks him back. Then he raises the weapon he holds and the blade begins to rotate. He pulls the trigger.

The blade shoots forward decapitating the man, his head falling to the floor. After this, the man's body quickly falls in front of him. The blade continues to rotate, levitating in front of the gun.

Isaac's eyes widen as a monstrous creature moves from a hole in the ceiling in front of him. It appears only as a shadow.

He shoots the levitating blade at the shadow and sprints in the opposite direction down the hall. The explosive footsteps of the creature are audible as it chases him.

Isaac shoots rotating blade after rotating blade behind him as he runs. It does not slow the creature down. As he rounds the corner, the creature slams into the wall and continues after him. The door ahead reads: CLOSED in red.

Isaac smashes his fist into the door. Then the door changes to blue and the doors open slowly to a slim crack.

Isaac leaps in, between the doors.

The creature's arm slams into Isaac's chest through the open doorway, piercing him. He coughs up blood. Then he is pulled, screaming into the dark.

**INT - KELLION SHUTTLE CABIN - SPACE**

Isaac awakens in a bed, one resembling a bed seen in the dream, screaming.

JAKE CHOEN, A young late twenty something black male stands in the doorway, in his hand a platter with his breakfast. A fork sticks vertically out of the eggs.

JAKE

Fuck.

Isaac rotates out of his bed so his feet touch the floor. He clasps his head with his hands, rubbing sweat away.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Bad dream?

Isaac stands up and walks over to the communal operating computer. Jake walks in and sits down at the table in the center of the room. He takes a bite of his food and talks as he chews. The door closes behind Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You don't talk much do you?

Isaac scrolls through his messages until he opens up a video. It shows a shorthaired blonde woman, NICOLE BRENNAN, who sits in a chair, with a look of sadness on her face. Behind her, the room is dark.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I would talk as little as you if I had Unitologists breathing down my neck about stupid shit twenty-four seven. Telling us that our job is that of heresy. Fuckin' morons. Do they realize that the only reason why Earth is still alive and kicking is because we crack open these planets for resources? Oh it's bad for the environment. You can't really ruin space's ecosystem. It's space for fuck sake.

Jake takes another bite, chewing eggs and sausage.

Isaac plays the video. Jake looks over to see the video playing as he eats.

NICOLE

Isaac. I wish I could just talk to you. I hope you get this message. I'm so sorry about how distant we've been in these two years apart. I thought I was doing something good here, but... (BEAT) I'm afraid.

(MORE)

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I'm afraid that it wasn't. I don't know what to do. It's all falling apart. So strange how such a little thing can cause...

Then the video goes to static.

Isaac begins to tear up.

Jake says nothing. Isaac turns to Jake.

ISAAC

I don't give a damn about the Unitologists. They're no less insane than any other religion. God couldn't save us and neither can some Marker.

JAKE (SARCASTIC)

He speaks.

Jake chuckles.

JAKE (SARCASTIC) (CONT'D)

And yeah, I guess that makes us both infidels.

ISAAC

The only thing that is ever going to save us is ourselves.

JAKE

Better to rely on ourselves as opposed to some two-pronged idol that does jack squat for humanity. What a load of...

The door begins to make a sound as it opens. Two people walk into the room: TREVOR COX, an early twenty something Caucasian man and MARIE WU, a late thirties Chinese woman. Trevor has a symbol of the Unitologist on the left side of his chest on his white jumpsuit. Marie wears a black tank top and tight cargo pants. She is coated in grease.

MARIE

That was a long shift. Holy hell.

Marie picks up a towel near her bunk.

MARIE (CONT'D)

This old thing needs a serious tune-up when we get back to base.

Marie wipes her hands off. And flicks the towel up over her shoulder before glancing between Isaac and Jake.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Think either of you could take a look at engine six when we land?

Isaac nods at Jake.

JAKE

Yeah, that shouldn't be a problem.

TREVOR

Hammond needs you and Jake up in front when we get out of hyperspace. (BEAT) So you might want to head up there before he develops an ulcer again.

JAKE

Looks like breakfast is going to have to wait. Isaac, suit up and we'll get this show on the road. I want to see what they need so I can get some sleep for once.

Isaac stands up from his chair and begins to walk across the room toward the connecting room where all their equipment is.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So Trevor, how was service this morning?

TREVOR

It was actually quite relieving. Being a deacon for the church has allowed me to embrace my own evolution.

JAKE

Keep telling yourself that.

TREVOR

You will never be able to understand. Non-believers will falter.

JAKE

Freak.

Isaac passes into the next room.

MARIE (O.S.)

Enough with the both of you.

As he hears their conversation, Isaac steps toward a walk-in machine. He breathes deeply.

He then steps inside of the machine, turning to face the room. Quickly the doors slam shut in front of him. A white light drifts up the center and then the doors open. Steam climbs out of the machine.

A hand, now coated in steel, grabs the edge of the door.

Isaac climbs out of the machine, with a protective metal suit. It seems clean, aside from some scratches here and there. The suit is nothing fancy. A mechanism that glows blue rises out of the center of his chest. This allows for video holograph communication. There is no helmet, only the suit.

Isaac walks out as his feet clank on the ground. He enters into the room where Marie, Jake, and Trevor are chatting.

Isaac looks at Jake.

ISAAC  
Ready when you are.