

~~MCNEIL (CONT'D)~~

~~That's the stuff of nightmares, it is.~~

~~PAVLAKIS~~

~~No moon jelly and you should be fine. Heh heh.~~

~~McNeil isn't laughing.~~

~~MCNEIL~~

~~You can disengage Star Queen from the slipway's power coupling. We'll begin our launch sequence on hold.~~

~~Off McNeil, all business.~~

Start

29

EXT. UPPER ORBIT - LOADING DOCKS - DAY

29

Blake tries to catch up to Sparta who darts around a corner.

BLAKE

Linda!

She tries to run away. He grabs her arm. She spins him around and drops him to the ground. Before he knows it, he's in Space Command issued BINDINGS that are now connected to a utility BOLT along the flooring.

SPARTA

(hisses)

Don't call me that!

BLAKE

Is this really necessary?!

SPARTA

Why are you following me?

He raises his shackled hands in defeat.

BLAKE

Following you? I haven't seen you in years! You're the one trying to dodge me around every corner here. I want to speak with you. Especially with what happened--

She turns her head so he can't see her.

SPARTA

You're going to expose me. Distance yourself, Mr. Redfield.

BLAKE

Lin-- Please, Inspector Troy--

She keeps walking.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Sparta--

That did it. She stops in her tracks.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I've been doing some digging--
there's stuff you should know.

She turns to face Blake, but is interrupted when the *Star Queen's* launch sequence commences.

The spacecraft whirs and speed-glides across the nearby MAGMAC (*short for Magmacadam: a multi-miles long magnetic launch strip*), as the ship is released out at full speed to depart orbit.

The aging starfreighter's outbound path is an incredible sight to behold-- Even for those who've seen it before.

Blake traces the *Star Queen* until it is too far for him to see and he is reminded of his current predicament. Sparta still stares on through her macrozoom lens, follows the spacecraft in the distance.

Her tablet BEEPS. And with that, her attention is back to the present and her Space Command duties.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Spart--

Her approach silences Blake. She leans over. Blake senses she's about to unlock him, but instead she disengages his MagBoots. In the gravity of the shipyards, his legs begin to float his body above the pivot of his shackles.

SPARTA

--The past is dead, Mr. Redfield.
I've found a new life. And I
suggest you do the same.

BLAKE

(furious)

You're huffin' rocket fuel if you
think I wanna be back in your life.

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't even be here right now
if I didn't care for you *slightly*
more than I hate you.

Blake holds his thumb and index finger a quarter inch apart.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

You're in a mess of trouble, and
you have no idea. You're smart--
but they're smarter!

Sparta looks at him upside down. She tilts her head to more
or less on his level.

SPARTA

I think I can handle myself--

BLAKE

--If I can find you, they can too.

SPARTA

Find me!? Please. Your little
parcel delivery service and I being
here at the same time is a
coincidence.

BLAKE

They'll find you-- Catch you off
guard.

SPARTA

Always the white knight, Blake.
Keeps this little girl scared and
needy, right?

Lays it on the line.

BLAKE

... The next person who uses your
"Real" name will most likely be
trying to kill you. Or at the very
least *paralyze* you.

SPARTA

Keep following me and you can
expect a paralyzing kick to the
balls, Redfield.

Sparta starts to walk away. Blake calls out.

BLAKE

No need to thank me...

Holds up the cuffs.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Uh, the cuffs?!

She smiles to herself.

SPARTA
(over her shoulder)
You can keep 'em.

Sparta hurries to the SkyTram queue to return to the airline terminals and ground level.

BLAKE
Hello?!?!?

End Scene

Off Blake, still cuffed and perplexed. No intention of a response from Sparta as a crowd of orbital CREW and WORKERS gather around the floating Blake.

30 INT. NAST'S CAR - NIGHT

30

Nast sits in a CAR outside Space Board HQ. He tracks every person who enters and exits, maps them in his mind with the composite image he made of Sparta from Hutch's description.

His holograph CHIMES.

HANDLER (O.S.)
Status report.

NAST
I'm close.

HANDLER (O.S.)
You know this how?

NAST
I know what she looks like now. And where she works.

HANDLER (O.S.)
Shall I assume you're in Munich?

NAST
I'm right outside the building.

HANDLER (O.S.)
Very good. Please try to leave the corpse intact, Mr. Nast. You have a tendency to break things when you're excited.

With that, the handler kills the feed.