

INT. SUV [MOVING] - MORNING

Finola is driving. Bryan takes out a bag of M&Ms from his pocket, tearing them open with his teeth.

START → FINOLA
(realizing)
Did you take those from the hotel?

BRYAN
From the mini bar. So what?

She nods, entertained. This is Bryan's world, we're just living in it.

FINOLA
Why do you do this, Bryan?

BRYAN
Why do I do *this*... In the grand scheme of things? I want the good guys to get this technology before anyone else.

She's fishing... he plays things so close to the vest.

FINOLA
No. Why do you really do this?
Grander scheme.

Bryan casually kicks his shoeless feet up onto the dash, pops a few more M&Ms.

BRYAN
(mouthful, chewing)
I came back from Afghanistan, where would I go? Become an accountant? Sell Jeeps? Install water heaters? I'm not going to be a CEO, I'm not going to cure cancer. This is how I contribute. Besides... Can you imagine James Bond working at a Starbucks?

FINOLA

(amused)

You're like James Bond? You're both men, you mean?

BRYAN

He started out doing it because he was sort've like driven by duty, right? And then, basically his job took everything from him. And he can't stop. It's clear that he doesn't always want to do this, but, he can't get away from it.

FINOLA

What has it taken from you?

BRYAN

You can't unsee what we've seen.

FINOLA

I understand what you mean.

BRYAN

Yeah, sure you do. Big shoes to fill, with your Dad.

FINOLA

When they lied about the Hubble going offline, in 92?

BRYAN

Yeah.

FINOLA

I was six. My father was the first Astrophysicist to be told the truth. Washington sent for him, he was gone before sunrise. And when he saw what they had, all those shots of the wreckage... of that ship -- well you know what it must have been like, you saw the photos.

BRYAN

Never seen those photos. They're still classified for us.

FINOLA

They were spectacular. They're burned in my brain. It was huge, like, colossal... it was still on fire. Burning solar flares all around it.

(CONTINUED)

ON FINOLA as she recounts the memory, taking in the orange rising sun on the horizon ahead of them. The massive fiery star helps remind us how small mankind is in the cosmos. Finola weighs up her words:

FINOLA (CONT'D)

That was the last time I had my father the same way. Irony is, it took almost 30 years for that debris to make it here. And he's not. And here I am, just as obsessed. Chasing the same thing.

(beat, she looks at Bryan)

Last year, when the first pieces started to enter our atmosphere and fall, my first reaction was to pick up my phone and call my father.

Bryan wasn't expecting this much emotional detail. He lets the moment settle.

ON FINOLA. Realizing this cascaded into something more personal than she expected. She tries to lighten it up.

FINOLA (CONT'D)

(re: the M&Ms)

Okay. Give me one.

BRYAN

They're stolen. I don't want to bring you to the dark side.

He eats the last one. She reacts -- He starts laughing.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I got stacks of 'em.

END →

Bryan pulls out more bags of M&Ms, a MARS bar, and some crackers. He's raided the ENTIRE mini bar. He tosses her a pack. She opens it.

(CONTINUED)