

SPACE -

EXT. THE SATELLITE RINGS

~~THE SATELLITE (2)~~

~~Two metal panels~~ DOG TAGS float on a necklace. One of them is blank and covers the second one which reveals a part of the American flag.

A HAND grabs the panels and pulls it back -- ~~The dog tags~~ "travel" into the astronaut's pocket. *ASTRONAUT stuffs them*

*his* RICK (FILTERED) V.O.) *redundant*  
Sean, I told you a million times; leave your toys at home... Why do you carry that blank paper, anyway?

The astronaut, SEAN, 27, spins ~~at~~ spaceship in ~~the~~ background. *towards the*

SEAN (FILTERED)  
It's not a toy, Rick. Someday, I've got to ~~most~~ find his brother.

INT. THE SPACESHIP

Three astronauts, ~~THE CREW~~ watch Sean *on the view screen.* through the pilots window. ~~They see as~~ Sean sinks *under* the satellite ~~plate~~ *beneath*.

RICK  
(to the crew)  
Oh, the "brother theory" again! I wonder *if he* will ~~he~~ ever find his roots. We should *just* drop him down into the red wood ~~if he was born there~~ *and leave him there.*

~~INT. THE SATELLITE~~ *diagnostic panels (?)*  
*The satellite hatch is open.*  
Sean reviews the ~~panels~~ and finds what he's been looking for, pulls out the little board. He takes out a plastic bag from his pocket... *clarify*

INT. SPACE COMMAND - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Wall-to-wall technical equipment *and* TECHNICIANS *at work.* ~~work around~~ *carefully*

*Why refer to dog tags as toys*

*dialogue clunky here*