

BLAKES7 - SEASON FIVE

EPISODE 1 "INSURRECTION"

By Robert Kelly

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MODEL SHOT / CGI - FUTURISTIC PRISON OUTPOST - DAY

An industrial-looking prison colony inside a huge dome on a lifeless moon. The dome includes a quarry area and a docking port for spaceships.

NOTE: Time is shown in SFT (Standard Federation Time), galaxy-wide and regardless of being in space.

FADE TO

INT. PRISON CELLS AND WALKWAY - DAY

Blocks of cells with metal stairs and walkways over-looking a communal courtyard beneath the sky-dome above.

FEDERATION GUARDS patrol and keep watch - dressed in black boiler-suits and wear balaclava's instead of helmets.

MATTHIAS is the Guard Captain, 40, with a bare head and an earpiece in his ear. He and GUARD #1 are beating TORVIN in one of the many cells, the door open behind them.

Torvin, 27, is overweight and balding. There is blood splattered down his orange prison suit.

Other nearby PRISONERS in nearby cells watch silently.

PAN TO TORVINS CELL.

MATTHIAS
(to Torvin)
When will scum like you learn not to
back-chat?

Torvin spits out some blood and looks up at Matthias.

TORVIN
Not today, obviously!

MATTHIAS
Right - hold him down!

GUARD #1
Yes sir!

Guard #1 grabs Torvin's arms as Matthias readies to kick Torvin's face and teeth in.

MATTHIAS
Won't be so chatty now, I bet!

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AVNER approaches along the corridor fronting Torvins cell, carrying fresh bedding. Avner is medium height, about 21 and he has dark hair. He loiters in the open doorway.

AVNER
Good afternoon gents. Everything ok?

MATTHIAS
On your way convict, this matter doesn't concern you.

AVNER
Actually it does. My cell is further along and if there's one thing I can't stand is a lot of moaning and groaning at night from brutalised prisoners.

Matthias moves threateningly towards Avner.

MATTHIAS
I'll show you about 'moaning and groaning'!

GUARD #1
(stopping Matthias)
Wait Sir! Remember who he is?

MATTHIAS
Ah yes - mummy's special son.

TORVIN
You'd better watch it Matthias, me and my friend have friends in high places!

Matthias turns back to Torvin and KICKS HIM, Torvin doubles over and lays gasping on the floor.

MATTHIAS
(to Avner)
On your way - we're done.

Matthias and Guard #1 exit the cell, shoving past Avner and marching away. The cell door SLIDES SHUT and locks behind them. Avner loiters and looks at Torvin through the bars.

MATTHIAS (O.S.)
(calling back)
Mummy can't protect you forever!

POV FROM AVNER, LOOKING INTO CELL

(CONTINUED)

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AVNER (O.S)
You alright in there?

TORVIN
I'll live... Thanks. So who are you,
by the way? Not that I'm complaining.

AVNER (O.S)
My name is Avner... Kerdon Avner.

TORVIN
Avner?! As in Servalans son?

AVNER (O.S)
That's me... Forever in her shadow.

TORVIN
(clambering up)
My names Torvin - Torvin Reppa.

BACK TO SCENE

Losing interest Avner resumes this walk along the corridor.

TORVIN OS
(calling from inside cell)
Well... Thanks again, Avner!

FADE TO

EXT. FUNERAL PROCESSION, STREETS OF ORION PRIME - DAY

Towering city-blocks beneath a huge dome. A PROCESSION proceeds behind a gaudy HOVER-COFFIN along a wide road. This includes FEDERATION SOLDIERS in full uniform and LOCAL OFFICIALS - marching on foot. To the sides are crowds of FEDERATION CITIZENS - coerced to show their public grief.

Among the assembled crowd near the front of the road stand SENATOR DOBSON and GRAND VICEROY RAJAN.

Dobson is short and fat, but finely dressed. Rajan is slim and of Indian heritage, he wears an officials uniform. Both men are focussed on the approaching coffin and avoiding any stationary guards - they BUMP into each-other in the crowd.

RAJAN
Oh Senator Dobson! Well it is a small galaxy after all. How are you keeping?

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DOBSON

In truth I've been better Rajan. But I fancy I'm doing better than our late 'madam president' at least.

RAJAN

Yes, a heart-attack apparently... During a State Dinner. I was there at the time, a frightful business.

DOBSON

I can imagine? I hear the host and other guests are still being interrogated?

RAJAN

Indeed. Poor old Jacobs - that's the last we'll see of him I expect.

DOBSON

I never liked him much. Either of them really...

RAJAN

Personally I am a keen advocate of 'better the devil you know'.

DOBSON

Really? Well... President Servalan never did me or my family any favours.

RAJAN

This procession is much smaller than I imagined? I expected much more...

DOBSON

This is just the preliminary - as planet of her death - for local officials and prominent citizens. Then there is the big state affair, live throughout the Federation...

RAJAN

Compulsory watching, no doubt?

DOBSON

On pain of punishment, yes. Then there will be the final state - the private funeral for close friends and family.

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CONTINUED:

RAJAN

Servalan always had to go one step further than everyone, even in death.

DOBSON

Indeed. Good riddance, if you ask me.

RAJAN

(looking around)

I'd be careful Dobson - she still has a lot of friends around.

DOBSON

Not for long - Palladora Loukarn is building support. I hear she is hoping to become the next President.

RAJAN

(amused)

Her? That reformist woman?

(serious)

Well I had heard General Tarnne was the likely successor?

DOBSON

That over-stuffed bulldog? He is just a militarist - a thug!

RAJAN

He has the army behind him though. Besides - surely no-one really believes all the ridiculous promises that Loukarn woman makes? Like 'accountability' and 'transparency'.

DOBSON

I think you'll find Rajan, Palladora is very popular with the masses.

RAJAN

That won't last, when the Tarnnes troops are kicking their doors down.

DOBSON

I have heard rumours about a power-struggle, surely no-one wants a war?

RAJAN

No one wants a weak leader either. Sensible money is on The General. He can keep order now that 'she' is gone

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DOBSON

What about her son? He seemed to disappear... What happened to him?

RAJAN

Oh yes - I'd forgotten him. He is in prison again, or so I heard.

(bows his head)

Watch it! Here she comes.

The coffin procession reaches Dobson and Rajan - they bow and conclude their conversation as do all those around them.

DOBSON

(whispers)

I hope they used plenty of preservative, three funerals and she'll be a bit on the ripe side.

FADE TO

EXT. PRISON QUARRY - MORNING

A quarry for cutting and transporting stone, underneath the stars and prison dome. About 30 x Prisoners all with SPECIAL COLLARS now around their necks are working - breaking and moving rocks into HOVER-LOADER - like mini hovercraft. Working among them, tired and sweaty, are Avner and Torvin.

PRISON GUARDS wander shouting commands and randomly jabbing prisoners with electric cattle prods.

Torvin, his face bruised and swollen, struggles to push a Loader along packed with rocks. He spots Avner nearby.

Suddenly a FLEEING PRISONER drops his sledgehammer and dashes up a rocky slope towards the darkness beyond the spotlights.

A SHOUT from the Guards is heard.

The other Prisoners stop and watch - grateful of a break.

One of the Guards fumbles for a device like a radio on his utility belt and aims this at the Fleeing Prisoner.

The collar around the Fleeing Prisoner's neck glows and sparks. The Prisoner convulses as he SCREAMS for a moment then falls to the ground and slides down the slope, dead.

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GUARD #1 points to Torvin and Avner.

GUARD #1
YOU TWO! Get that scum put into a
Loader and out of the way.

Torvin and Avner down tools and drag the body of the Fleeing Prisoner towards the nearest hover-loader. The other prisoners return to their labour - the excitement over.

AVNER
Never a dull moment around, eh?

TORVIN
Oh - hello again.

AVNER
Torvin, isn't it?
(looks at bruises)
I might have some healing balm
somewhere, if you'd like to borrow it?

TORVIN
Not coming onto me are you? Look - I'm flattered, but...

AVNER
(amused)
Certainly not! You're not my type.

They dump the body in the Hover-Transporter amid rocks.

TORVIN
That's alright then - my mistake.
Understandable - it happens a lot here
- I suppose I'm too damned attractive.

AVNER
One has to be careful in prison.

TORVIN
You're telling me? I made the mistake
of dropping the soap last week...

Avner chuckles, as does Torvin. Torvin winces in pain.

TORVIN (CONT'D)
Ow! I shouldn't laugh. It hurts...

A nearby Guard turns towards Avner and Torvin. They quickly resume work, breaking nearby rocks.

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AVNER

Why do Newbies have to learn the hard way? Even if he made it, there's nowhere to run - just space outside.

TORVIN

Maybe he had a shuttle waiting?

Avner smirks.

TORVIN (CONT'D)

Escape isn't impossible Avner... I have a plan of my own to get out.

AVNER

Then you're a bigger fool than what I took you for.

TORVIN

I'm here ten years, if I survive that long... And I don't want to wait around to find out.

AVNER

I've only six months left of my sentence... If I try anything silly that will only be increased.

TORVIN

Can't you use your family connections? You know - the President?

AVNER

Who do you think had me put here in the first place?

Torvin looks at Avner in surprise.

FADE TO

INT. DOBSONS APARTMENT - DAY

Futuristic and luxurious. Dobson reclines on a comfortable sofa accompanied by two scantily clad ladies - ESMIE and ELSA - one blond and one brunette. The girls caress and kissing him as he readies futuristic DRUGS on a coffee table.

Suddenly an ALARM SOUNDS and several black CLAD FEDERATION GUARDS enter the room, surrounding Dobson and the ladies.

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DOBSON
What is going on? What is the meaning
of this intrusion?!

Dobson and the ladies stagger to their feet. Dobson looks down guiltily at his illegal drugs and raises his hands.

ELSA
Well Mike its been fun but I need to
get going now...

ESMIE
Me too! Bye Mike.

The two ladies scamper toward the exit, but more guards appear at the door and stop them. Rajan arrives, pushing past the two ladies and approaches Dobson - looking very serious.

DOBSON
Oh Rajan, it's you. Thought for a
moment there I was in trouble?

Dobson smiles nervously at Rajan. Rajan SNAPS HIS FINGERS. The Guards seize Dobson and one PUNCHES him in the stomach.

RAJAN
I have been authorised to round up
dissidents and trouble-makers - those
attempting to capitalise on the death
of the late president.

DOBSON
(winded)
This is a mistake... I've done
nothing... Nothing, I tell you!!

RAJAN
(to Guards)
You know where to take him.

The guards drag Dobson away as Rajan smiles to himself.

FADE TO
INT. PRISON COURTYARD AREA, MIDDAY

The Prison Courtyard has benches and tables and catering items - all plastic. Several Prisoners are seated eating 'gloop' - watched by Prison Guards and security cameras.

Torvin and Avner sit together eating - the 'security collars'

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are now removed for the quarry only.

AVNER

Tell me more about this brilliant escape plan then Torvin?

TORVIN

(looking furtively around)

I've loosened the hatch in my cell to the ventilation system. It's a bit of a squeeze - but doable.

AVNER

That won't work - they have motion sensors. They can seal off parts of the system off too - no chance.

TORVIN

Yes but on our floor we're just below the power generator. I'm betting that interferes with their sensor readings?

AVNER

I wouldn't want to bet my life on it.

TORVIN

I have a little surprise for the guards too. Another distraction.

AVNER

And that being?

TORVIN

My pet - Lynne!

AVNER

Oh, that fat pet rat you mentioned?

TORVIN

Lynne is my friend. Besides - it's not just fat. She has just given birth!

AVNER

Oh - congratulations to the pair of you. You know you don't get day's outside for 'paternity duty' I hope?

TORVIN

It's a distraction! I will let them into the ventilation system to give dummy signatures. I'm betting the

(MORE)

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TORVIN (CONT'D)
guards won't be able to tell the
movement of rats from a human.

AVNER
Much of the prison equipment is pretty
primitive - not updated for decades.
I'll give you that, I suppose...

For a moment a guard wanders closer. Avner and Torvin fall
silent and continue eating until the Guard passes.

TORVIN
(whispering)
Once in the vents I get to the docking
port - highjack that little transport
ship and then I'm off!

AVNER
Highjack? I expect its guarded. And
you have no weapons, unless you've
been breeding some of those too?

TORVIN
I'm hoping I can surprise any guards
and get away before they realise.

AVNER
Even if you do get away they can
immobilise the ship or activate the
auto-pilot to return, should you ever
make it that far. Which I doubt.

TORVIN
That's a chance I'll just have to
take. Maybe I can override it?

AVNER
Why even bother? The odds are stacked
against you?

TORVIN
This is a low security prison. I owe
it to my friends to bust out and help
them get away from Sigma-5 - high
security. I'm their only hope.

AVNER
Some hope!?

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TORVIN

Hope is all some of us have... Ever hear of The Blake Rebellion?

AVNER

I heard it was brutally crushed and all were killed, all but one. Why?

TORVIN

We've stolen secret records about Blake and his group - raw unedited truth! We've modelled ourselves on him - to pick up where he left off!

AVNER

Ha! So you're a rebel then? Seems like you didn't get off to a good start.

A SIREN SOUNDS briefly.

The Prisoners stop eating and begin to file away, back to their cells. A few pause to tidy away food trays and scrape left-over's. Torvin and Avner begin to collect trays also.

Guard #1, Matthias and a few other Guards approach Torvin and Avner, blocking their way to the waste-recycler machine.

MATTHIAS

Shouldn't you two be heading back to your cells?

TORVIN

We're on clean-up duty this week.

AVNER

Though you're welcome to lend a hand?

MATTHIAS

You've not heard then?

AVNER

Heard? About what??

MATTHIAS

Mummy can't help you any more!

GUARD #1

Yeah - the old bitch is finally gone!!

AVNER

Gone??

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MATTHIAS
To that stygian shore, from which no
man... Or President... returns.

Torvin looks worried.

TORVIN
You're not still harbouring a grudge
are you?

Matthias and The Guards pull out their truncheons and advance menacingly towards them.

FADE TO

INT. PRIVATE PRISON CELL - AM

Similar to the cell of Torvin - only more private.
Languishing here is Dobson. The cell door slides open, 2 X
Prison Guards enter followed by THE INQUISITOR.

The Inquisitor is a middle-aged lady who carries a 'Tablet'-like mini-computer with 3d holographic images.

INQUISITOR
Ah, Senator Trajan Dobson, is it not?

DOBSON
Who are you? Why am I here?! I've done
nothing wrong, I am a loyal Federation
citizen and member of the Senate!

INQUISITOR
I am Inquisitor Price. I am here to
ask you a few questions.

DOBSON
How dare I be detained like this! This
is an outrage!

Dobson moves towards The Inquisitor and the two Guards aim their weapons at him. Dobson stops in his tracks.

INQUISITOR
I am sorry you feel that way, Senator.
Co-operate and this matter will be
cleared up and you'll be allowed to go
about your business.

DOBSON
Oh....er... Very well.

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INQUISITOR
First - what can you tell me about
'Penton Hansner'?

DOBSON
Hansner? Not much... Other than he is
part of that reformist group, but
everyone knows that.

INQUISITOR
Are you referring to The Loukarn
faction?

DOBSON
Of course.

INQUISITOR
Would you say that Hansner and you are
'close'?

DOBSON
No, I barely know the man.

INQUISITOR
Have you ever attended faction
meetings with him?

DOBSON
Of course not!

INQUISITOR
And you have not been to any reformist
events or rallies?

DOBSON
No!

The Inquisitor looks at her computer screen for a moment.

DOBSON (CONT'D)
Oh wait - there was one. It was an
accident! I thought it was just a
normal party. So I left early...

INQUISITOR
I see. That was at Hansner's domicile?

DOBSON
Yes... I can try and remember others
who were there too, if that helps?

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INQUISITOR
That won't be necessary.

DOBSON
Well as a loyal citizen, I am happy to help in any way I can!

INQUISITOR
Naturally. Might I ask Senator - what are your views about the reformist faction? And Palladora Loukarn?

DOBSON
My views? Well... None really.

INQUISITOR
Please be honest? Over the last several days you have been observed publicly praising this faction. Surely you must have some opinions?

DOBSON
Well... If you must know, I feel that what they're all about isn't entirely a bad thing.

INQUISITOR
Really??

DOBSON
More rights for citizens, elections... It might keep the ever-rumbling populous down and distracted... And no-one said it can't all be rigged!

INQUISITOR
Would you say then that you're sympathetic to their cause then?

DOBSON
No, but I understand their points. Personally I doubt they could ever changing anything, despite all the hype and promises they make.

INQUISITOR
Indeed?

DOBSON
I am loyal to the regime in charge, the status quo. I really don't care
(MORE)

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DOBSON (CONT'D)
who is in charge - whoever it is I'll
happily support and serve faithfully.

INQUISITOR
I see... Thank you.

The Inquisitor turns and begins to exit the cell.

DOBSON
So... that's all then?

INQUISITOR
Thank you Senator Dobson, we will be
in touch again... Shortly.

The Inquisitor and Guards exit. The door shuts behind them.

FADE TO

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Like a laundrette, all those working machines are Prisoners -
loading and unloading washing. Prison Guards and camera's
watch - including Guard #1. Torvin is loading some bedding.

There is a hushed silence and many turn to look at Avner as
he enters. Avner is now badly bruised and limps painfully.

GUARD #1
(to Avner)
You're late. Get a move on, scum!

Avner begins to load a machine near Torvin. Work resumes.

TORVIN
Was getting worried there! I take it
you were over in the infirmary?

Avner nods - speaking is painful.

TORVIN (CONT'D)
No rest for the wicked then.

GUARD #1
(calling to Torvin)
Keep it down you two!

Avner and Torvin work the machines, loading and unloading
washing. They are silent for a few moments.

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AVNER
(whispering to Torvin)
It's true you know.

TORVIN
True? What is?

AVNER
My mother - the President - is dead.
They say a civil war coming.

TORVIN
I'd heard rumours too... I suppose
then I'm sorry for your loss.

AVNER
I don't mean that! Don't you see?
They'll be coming for me. I am a
threat to whatever faction takes over.
I am not safe being here!

TORVIN
Are any of us though?

AVNER
What day does that transport shuttle
arrive? The one your eye is on?

TORVIN
Thursday - tomorrow in fact. It will
be making it's usual deliveries.

AVNER
Is there room for two in this plan of
yours? I am good with computers.

Torvin turns and looks at Avner with a worried look.

FADE TO

INT. PRIVATE PRISON CELL - EARLY MORNING

Still languishing in the cell is Dobson, now seated on the bed. The cell door slides open, two Prison Guards enter, followed by The Inquisitor. Dobson clammers to his feet.

DOBSON
About time - I've been here all night!
Am I free to go now? I have important
business to attend to...

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THE INQUISITOR
Unfortunately not yet, no.

DOBSON
Oh? What am I accused of - exactly?

THE INQUISITOR
My superior is concerned that you may
be a threat to interplanetary
security, given the trouble times we
now find ourselves in.

DOBSON
Troubled times? Look - I know that
Servalan is dead - at last - but there
will doubtless be a new President soon
enough and things will go on as they
did before. As they've always done.

THE INQUISITOR
You haven't heard then?

DOBSON
Heard? Heard what? You've taken my
comms-pad, I've heard nothing here.

THE INQUISITOR
Your friend Palladora Loukarn has
plunged the Federation into Civil War!
Its early days, but already there's
reports of atrocities being committed
by her supporters against loyal
citizens of the Federation.

DOBSON
She is not my friend! I have never
even met the woman, nor am I anything
to do with her faction! You will have
seen all my data-logs by now, you must
know I'm telling the truth?

THE INQUISITOR
Yes, I've looked at the logs. I
probably know more about you than you
even know about yourself.

DOBSON
And?

THE INQUISITOR
'And' - you are a sympathiser for the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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THE INQUISITOR (CONT'D)
 separatists. you are to remain in
 confinement, until the conflict has
 been resolved.

DOBSON

What?! But I've done nothing! All I
 did was mention democracy might be a
 good thing... Foolish unthinking words
 - words that I since regret!

The Inquisitor turns towards the door. Dobson lunges after
 her, but the two guards roughly shove him back.

DOBSON (CONT'D)
 Wait!! Don't leave me here!

INQUISITOR

Oh you won't be here long - you have a
 new home waiting at Sigma Five.

The Guards and Inquisitor exit and the door slides shut.

DOBSON
 Sigma Five? That's maximum security?!
 A death sentence! WAIT! COME BACK!!

FADE TO

INT. MONITORING CENTRE - PM

A security office filled with retro screens showing convicts
 in their cells and communal areas of the prison. A few Guards
 are seated at controls, including Guard #1. Matthias is
 pacing up and down the middle of the room, bored.

A BEEPING SOUND comes from one of the controls.

GUARD #1
 Sir - sensors indicate something in
 the air ventilation system!

MATTHIAS
 Something? 'Someone' - you mean?

GUARD #1
 Several sources detected, all moving
 in multiple directions.

MATTHIAS
 A coordinated break out? Bring up the
 (MORE)

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MATTHIAS (CONT'D)
map on view-screen, seal them in!

GUARD #1
Yes sir!

FADE TO

INT. PRISON HANGER - AFTERNOON

The Hanger is designed for spaceships to dock and unload prisoners and cargo. There are at least TWO metal ventilation grills/hatches - large enough for someone to squeeze through. A small TRANSPORT SHIP is waiting nearby with doors open.

Guard #1 and Matthias are at one of the hatches, which is open and Guard #1 is holding up a dead rodent by its tail.

GUARD #1
Another space-rat sir?

MATTHIAS
Just vermin it seems. But in either case we will seal the system and release 'Masticene' gas - that will deal anything inside.

GUARD #1
Very good sir!

Unseen by Guard #1 and Matthias the 2nd hatch OPENS behind them as Torvin and Avner climb quietly out and approach.

MATTHIAS
Seems odd we suddenly have such a large problem?

GUARD #1
Space Rats breed like no-bodies business sir.

Avner picks up a LARGE SPANNER from a crate and WHACKS Guard #1 over the back of the head then quickly grabs his photon-gun from his belt and aims at Matthias.

MATTHIAS
You?! The mothers boy? I should have guessed you'd try something like this.

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TORVIN
(to Avner)
The ship is just over there!

MATTHIAS
You should surrender now, before you
make it any worse for yourselves.

AVNER
So you can collect the bounty on me,
you mean?

MATTHIAS
Oh so you've heard about the 'reward'
offered for your little accident?

AVNER
Actually I hadn't. Until now I only
suspected as much.

Avner aims closer at Matthias, ready to fire.

MATTHIAS
Look... Lets not be hasty?!

Avner SHOOTS Matthias, who slumps down dead.

NOTEL : Shots from 'photon blasters' give off a PUFF of steam
- they emit a wave of almost invisible energy.

Avner turns to Torvin, who shocked.

TORVIN
I know he was a bastard, but did you
have to...?

AVNER
He had it coming. Come on Torvin -
let's get to the ship?

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF TRANSPORT SHIP - AFTERNOON

Large enough for a handful of people, retro-looking, with
dials, buttons and levers. There is a main VIEW SCREEN which
will later show incoming messages. The only persons onboard
are two pilots: PILNAR TARRANT and MEGAN SAVANNAH.

Tarrant is tall with dark curly hair, he is about 30.
Savannah is about 25, pretty and shapely. Being from a

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privileged background she is well spoken and confident.

Both pilots are dressed in Federation Pilots Uniforms - similar to Federation Guards but with no headwear or weapons.

Tarrant is seated and pressing buttons, as Savannah wanders about the room, stretching her legs.

TARRANT

Well Savannah, I've been meaning to ask - who did you upset to get this posting? Piloting these antique transport ships is hardly the most exciting of assignments.

SAVANNAH

Actually I requested this posting.

TARRANT

Requested? Whatever for?

SAVANNAH

Other than the scintillating company one always finds on such missions, I have family in this quadrant. Family I hope to catch up with.

TARRANT

In case the conflict heads this way?

SAVANNAH

Something like that, yes.

There is a BLEEPING NOISE from one of the consoles and Tarrant investigates.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

What's that?

TARRANT

Strange... A foreign body is shown in the cargo area?

SAVANNAH

One of the 'maint-bots' again unloading and got stuck.

TARRANT

Probably. I'd better take a look?

Tarrant heads towards a door which slides open when he

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presses a button. Avner is in the doorway, pointing his stolen photon-gun at Tarrant, with Torvin behind him.

AVNER

Thank you, was getting a bit stuffy
back there!

Tarrant and Savannah exchange glances then raise their hands.

TORVIN

Prepare for take-off!

SAVANNAH

You are convicts?

AVNER

We are 'ex-convicts' now actually.
With a gun - so get this ship moving!

FADE TO

INT. GUARDS MONITORING CENTRE - PM

As before, with a few Guards at their posts. On a few of the screens flashes the following repeating message: "ALERT - UNAUTHORISED LAUNCH UNDERWAY - ALERT".

The Guards start rushing about, pressing various buttons and switches in panic - they have no supervisor present.

FADE TO

MODEL SHOT / CGI - FUTURISTIC PRISON OUTPOST - AFTERNOON

The domed prison colony is as before, only now the TRANSPORT SHIP seen previously in the hanger is exiting and moving away, heading out to space.

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF TRANSPORT SHIP - AFTERNOON

Tarrant and Savannah are seated at the controls, with Avner and Torvin seated in chairs behind them. Torvin keeps the photon-blaster trained on the two pilots.

There is BEEPING NOISE from the controls.

AVNER

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARRANT

As I told you, we haven't followed
launch protocol, they want to know why
we've left. They want a security code
or they'll take control of the ship.

TORVIN

Better give it to them then?

Tarrant presses a few buttons and the BEEPING stops. Savannah
looks scathingly at Tarrant - they could have escaped.

SAVANNAH

That seems to have placated them.
'Good work' then, Tarrant.

TORVIN

Tarrant?

TARRANT

That's my name? Yes?

TORVIN

As in the famous rebel 'Del Tarrant'
Part of Blakes group of rebels?

TARRANT

Oh... That was my uncle, actually.

SAVANNAH

You never mentioned that?

TARRANT

That I'm related to a notorious rebel?
It's not something I tend to try to
drop casually into conversation.

SAVANNAH

So... Where are we going? We need to
set a course.

TORVIN

Oh... Er...?

AVNER

I have co-ordinates, but I want to
program them into the navi-computer.

TARRANT

The suspicious type then, eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVNER
Let's just say I value my privacy.

Savannah presses some buttons.

SAVANNAH
All set for input... I'll avert my
eyes too if you prefer?

AVNER
Please do?

Avner rises from his seat and moves towards Savannah.

FADE TO

MODEL SHOT / CGI - THE TRANSPORT SHIP - AFTERNOON

Establish the TRANSPORT SHIP as seen previously now changing
course and accelerating through space.

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF TRANSPORT SHIP - AFTERNOON

Tarrant, Savannah, Avner and Torvin seated as before, Torvin
is examining the photon-blaster gun.

TORVIN
(to Avner)
So this has two settings... Stun and
kill?

AVNER
Yes - a standard T2 photon-blaster,
not cutting edge but good enough for
low level prison guards.

Torvin glances at Savannah as she crosses her legs, then
turns his attention to the gun. Avner SNATCHES the gun.

AVNER (CONT'D)
I'd have thought a 'professional
rebel' would be familiar with all
manner of weapons?

Torvin shrugs.

TORVIN
Actually - we didn't do much. They
were kicking down the door while we
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORVIN (CONT'D)
were still at the planning stages.

AVNER
Well that's the security services for
you - too efficient.

There is a brief amount of BEEPING from Savannah's computer terminal, until she flicks a switch.

SAVANNAH
Just an update from the navi-com, we
should reach our destination in about
six hours, all being well.

AVNER
Can't this crate go any faster?

TARRANT
Not without burning-out the engine.

AVNER
Engines can be replaced or repaired -
I can't. Set maximum speed!

TARRANT
(pressing buttons)
O.K - you're the boss...

TORVIN
So where ARE we going, Avner? I'll
admit this part of my 'brilliant
escape plan' was a little vague...

AVNER
We are going to a secret base, known
only to my late mother and myself.

TORVIN
Really? We are??

AVNER
She even had the technicians that
built it all executed. It will be the
perfect hiding place, if we can just
reach it safely.

SAVANNAH
(to Avner)
I've deactivated the transponder as
you wanted. We might pass for a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
 merchant transport vessel if no-one
 looks too closely.

Tarrant turns to Avner.

TARRANT
 Forgive me asking, being a hostage and
 all, but who is your mother?

Avner SIGHS, sick of this question.

TORVIN
 You're looking at Kerdon Avner - the
 only son and heir of the late
 President Servalan!

TARRANT
 Well... Naturally I've heard of you.

SAVANNAH
 Wasn't your father a famous rebel
 also? Part of the Blake rebellion?

AVNER
 (wearily)
 Yes - my father was Avon, Kerr Avon -
 one time husband to Servalan my
 mother... Until his exile for that
 insurrection business a decade ago.

TARRANT
 Well good to know - at least we're not
 being hijacked by just anyone.

There is another BEEPING from the consul - Savannah presses a button to stop the noise.

SAVANNAH
 There's an incoming system-wide
 transmission - priority one.

TORVIN
 Not about us escaping, I hope?

AVNER
 Lets find out. On screen!

FADE TO

ANNOUNCEMENT SEQUENCE BEGINS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The following like a 'Party Political Broadcast', seen POV on the screen of the bridge. This RED TINGE to the colours - the faction colour associated. Sound here is muted, the ANNOUNCER and uplifting militaristic background MUSIC is heard only.

The Announcer is a well-spoken male with a deep voice.

INT. FEDERATION COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

A large oval office with benches all around, with flags and emblems of the Federation. Seated are several Federation SENATORS and GENERAL TARNNE, with arms folded.

Tarnne is about 50, he has a robot eye, several scars criss-crossing his face and a short crew-cut hairstyle. He wears a Federation Space Commanders uniform.

PAN TO GENERAL TARNNE, who seems the odd man out.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)
 Attention - Priority One! This is a priority message to ALL Federation Citizens in this quadrant!

(pause)
 Loyal citizens, as you know, just days after the funeral of our beloved President a rebel faction - claiming to be pro-democracy - has attempted to seize power.

General Tarnne rises from his bench and addresses the Councillors, tapping his gun as he speaks. They listen.

Tarnnes words are MUTED but are along the lines of the following suggested dialogue:

TARNNE (SUGGESTED, MUTED)
 Enough bickering! I am taking command until this crisis is over. I promise to hunt down the separatists and restore order to the Federation! Any objections?!

Some of the Councillors seem pleased and applaud, others seemed disappointed or even shocked.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)
 At this time of political unrest General Tarnne, loyal supporter of 'Servalan the Great' and thrice decorated hero of the Federation has
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O) (CONT'D)
assumed the Presidency, until the
political crisis is resolved.

SERIES OF SHOTS (PART OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT SEQUENCE)

This is a series of short cut scenes, as the Voice Over continues throughout.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)
General Tarnne has crushed an uprising
on Thorus Major, putting down a
heavily armed rebellion that
threatened the safety of the quadrant.

- 1) Establish unarmed family groups in rags fleeing their bombed-out houses, mainly woman and children.
- 2) Establish several Federation Soldiers, led by General Tarnne, all heavily armed, readying their weapons.
- 3) Establish unarmed family groups being mowed-down and ripped apart by blaster fire and blown apart by photon-grenades in a grizzly spectacle of death.
- 4) Establish General Tarnne firing a rotating multi-barrel photon-cannon as he advances towards the fleeing families. He is now blood-splattered and grinning maniacally.

INT. FEDERATION COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

In the style of 'old TV footage'. Tarnne is absent and the Senators present seem more relaxed. Standing to address them is PALLADORA LOUKARN.

Palladora, 30, is a wealthy politician from the privileged background. She is giving a speech about granting more rights to the citizens. Here she is MUTED and a BLACK BLOCK EFFECT over her mouth to prevent any lip-reading.

The Councillors seem unmoved and unconvinced at her words.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)
Palladora Loukarn, as seen in this
archive footage, has been declared an
outlaw of the Federation. Her radical
political party - that shall not be
named - has been banned, effective
immediately. Despite a string of rapid
victories led by General Tarnne, her
rebel forces have temporarily seized
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O) (CONT'D)
several outer systems.

CGI EFFECT / MODEL SHOT - MILITARY COURTYARD

A huge ARMY of Federation soldiers - all wearing their standard black uniforms with gasmask-helmets and photon-rifles are massed and at attention. In the background a few LARGE TROOP TRANSPORT SHIPS are taking off.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)
For your own safety this quadrant is now under the direct control of General Tarnne. Over the coming days additional military forces will be massing at key planets and outposts. Do not be alarmed and stay vigilant!

Immediately report anyone you suspect of having sympathy for Palladora Loukarn or her separatist movement.

Remember - apathy strengthens all enemies of the Federation!

FADE TO

ANNOUNCEMENT SEQUENCE ENDS

Colour and sound and visuals return to normal.

INT. BRIDGE OF TRANSPORT SHIP - AFTERNOON

Tarrant, Savannah, Avner and Torvin are seated as before, with Tarrant and Savannah piloting the ship. The last few moments of the 'announcement sequence' are seen on the monitor screen which they are watching.

SAVANNAH
Outrageous! Palladora Loukarn is a well-respected politician. Some of my family are her key supporters!

AVNER
Not any more it seems. I'd hate to imagine what must be happening on the populated planets of this sector...

TORVIN
A 'political cleansing' you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARRANT

No, not yet. I think The General hasn't yet taken full control of this region of space... That's why they're broadcasting ahead.

TORVIN

Well - it looks like we have a new 'glorious leader'.

SAVANNAH

General Tarnne? He is a butcher! 'Decorated hero of the Federation' indeed? What a joke!

TARRANT

At the risk of playing-up to our hijackers, I think it should have been the president's son to take over. I'm not just saying that because of the gun! I heard that is what Servalan herself wanted? Succession?

AVNER

Not really my preference though. I don't have a head for politics.

SAVANNAH

That would be even worse - a family dynasty would be even less democracy. Being related doesn't mean you will have a similar skill set or abilities.

TORVIN

I concur with Savannah. For what its worth...

Savannah turns to Torvin and Avner.

SAVANNAH

Listen, we're not enemies and I need a small favour. I don't suppose you'd let me contact some of my relatives? I won't give away that we've been hijacked, I just want to make sure they're all safe?

AVNER

Sorry Savannah, I don't think that would be a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARRANT

If Tarrnes forces are around they
could trace and intercept us?

Savannah turns more fully towards Torvin and looks pleadingly at him - he looks lustily back at her.

SAVANNAH

Perhaps we can work something out? A quick message won't interfere with your plans. I'd be ever so grateful?

Avner shakes his head firmly.

AVNER

No can do - and Tarrant, isolate the 'comms system' in case she tries anything covertly.

TARRANT

Already done.

Savannah glances angrily at Tarrant.

TORVIN

Are you sure about this Avner? A quick message or two wouldn't hurt us. And I don't know about you, but I've been in prison a long time and haven't had any female company for even longer!

AVNER

We can't risk giving away our position. It's too risky.

Savannah turns more towards Torvin and licks her lips.

SAVANNAH

Torvin - can't you try to convince your friend? For me??

TORVIN

Yes, come on Avner - there's no need to be nasty. The poor girls family may be in danger?

AVNER

The only danger around here Torvin is your libido.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORVIN
Avner I'm serious! I think we should
just send a...
(cuts off)

Avner SHOOTS Torvin, who slumps over on his chair,
unconscious.

AVNER
I never was one for debating things.

Tarrant and Savannah look shocked.

TARRANT
I hope that was set on stun?

AVNER
(checking gun)
Oh I must have changed it by mistake?
(to Savannah)
As for you, you can turn off the
attempts at charm... We only need one
pilot to fly this ship.

Savannah scowls.

FADE TO
CGI / MODEL SHOT - TRANSPORT SHIP TRAVELLING - AFTERNOON
The Transport Ship continues through space - the background
stars and a distant planet are all different.

FADE TO
INT. BRIDGE OF TRANSPORT SHIP - AFTERNOON

Tarrant, Savannah, Avner and Torvin are as before, with Avner
holding the gun and Torvin is slumped-back unconscious.

AVNER
So Tarrant - what's your story?

TARRANT
Why the interest?

AVNER
I prefer to know a little about who
I'm hijacking - and its a long
journey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARRANT

Well there's nothing much to tell...
My family were once a highly regarded
Federation military family for several
generations.

AVNER

Then why are you here, piloting this
piece of junk?

TARRANT

That is thanks to my uncle - Del
Tarrant. The disgrace of our celebrity
outlaw relative caused us all to be
stripped of rank and privilege. Our
assets were seized and we became
shunned by 'polite society' - if you
could call them that?

BEEPING on console, until Savannah flips a few switches.

SAVANNAH

We're reducing speed - the engines are
almost gone but it looks like we're
almost there now.

Torvin is awoken by the beeping noise.

TORVIN

Oh... What happened?

AVNER

The gun must have gone off.

TORVIN

I remember now... You bloody shot me?!?

AVNER

Sorry - but you were becoming
impetuous. It was for your own good.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - TRANSPORT SHIP REACHES ASTEROIDS - LATE PM

The Transport Ship is now moving more slowly to continue
carefully around huge floating rocks. Avners Base is within
one of the larger asteroids. Several rocks are fitted with
concealed rocket-launchers and laser-canons.

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF TRANSPORT SHIP - LATE PM

As before, only now Asteroids can be seen on the view screen.

The Voice of SERVALAN will be heard here, as a recorded message. She is female, cultured and about 70 years old.

SAVANNAH
Asteroids?! Is this right?

TORVIN
So this base of yours is hidden in
this asteroid field? Very clever.

TARRANT
We're being hailed... Audio only.

Tarrant presses some buttons.

SERVALAN (V.O)
Attention Unidentified vessel!

TORVIN
I know that voice!

Avner shudders and seems upset and troubled for a moment.

SERVALAN (V.O)
You are trespassing in a restricted
Federation area. Turn back immediately
or defences will become activated. You
have thirty seconds to comply.

TARRANT
(To Avner)
Is there an access code or something
to transmit?

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - TRANSPORT SHIP IN ASTEROIDS - LATE PM

The Transport Ship is travelling through the asteroids. Previously concealed rocket-launchers and laser-canons become visible on the asteroids surrounding the ship.

SERVALAN (V.O)
You now have twenty seconds to
comply...

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF TRANSPORT SHIP - LATE PM

As before only on the screen the asteroids have weapons pointing at them.

SAVANNAH
Multiple laser cannons and missile
launchers detected!

TORVIN
We're sitting ducks!

TARRANT
(to Avner)
Now might be a good time, Avner?

Avner moves from his seat and keys some buttons at Savannahs control station.

SERVALAN (V.O)
Password accepted. Defence systems
shutting down. Full access granted.

TORVIN
That was close...

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - TRANSPORT SHIP IN ASTEROIDS - LATE PM

The weapons retract and disappear. A large asteroid, directly ahead of the Transport Ship retracts to reveal a large pair of metallic hanger doors. As the ship approaches these open to show a huge artificial hanger inside.

FADE TO

MODEL/CGI SHOT - DOCKING BAY - LATE PM

A landing area for ships in the asteroid, with massive metal doors that lead out to space. The walls mostly rock with metal plating and pipes, the ground is flat metal. A small SHUTTLE is already docked - big enough for a few persons.

The huge outer doors are closing as THE TRANSPORT SHIP lands, extending 'landing legs'. The hanger doors shut and there is a HISSING SOUND as the hanger re-pressurises.

FADE TO

INT. DOCKING BAY - EARLY EVENING

As seen in the model/CGI shot, with the small shuttle in the background and Transport Ship just landed, now with its walkway lowered. The door of the ship slides open and Avner exits carrying his gun and looking around.

Behind him emerge Torvin, Tarrant and Savannah.

Unnoticed initially BIG MEL THE ROBOT is lumbering towards them, holding a BLASTER (a small handgun) in its pincer.

'Big Mel' is a comical grey robot about 5 feet tall and very broad, with thick stumpy legs, stumpy arms with metal pincers and a rotatable semi-circular head with lights for eyes. These eyes become brighter when 'happy' or dimmer when 'sad'.

AVNER

Well the environmental systems seem to be working? It should be safe now...

Big Mel SHOOTS its gun at Avner but misses.

Avner and the others quickly take cover behind some crates and cylindrical containers.

TORVIN

Safe? That's a good one!

AVNER

The base defences should be disarmed though? I transmitted the codes!

TARRANT

Don't tell me - tell the maniacal machine that's trying to kill us!!

Big Mel talks in a slow, deep voice - still firing its small gun (and missing).

BIG MEL

Do not be afraid... I am your friend... Do not be afraid... I am your friend.

SAVANNAH

That big robot is fooling no-one!

AVNER

(calling out)

Robot - stop and identify self!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The robot stops shooting for a moment.

BIG MEL
Maintenance Master Droid Model E,
registration code 1 - 2 - 9.

AVNER
Do you know who I am?

BIG MEL
Voice print is inconclusive. Please
present yourself for a full scan.

Avner begins to leave his cover, but is stopped by Torvin.

TORVIN
Wait - it's a trick!

AVNER
I'm not so sure, this model of robot
isn't known for its cunning... But if
I'm wrong, be sure to blast it into
space for me?

TORVIN
Ok, will do!

To Avners surprise (and Torvins jealousy) Savannah quickly
pecks Avner on his cheek.

SAVANNAH
Good luck!

Avner holsters his gun and approaches Big Mel with hands up.

BIG MEL
Running DNA Scan... Please wait...

A beam of light, like a torch, shines out of the middle of
Big Mels large chest into Avners face.

AVNER
You don't have to blind me too?

BIG MEL
Scan completed. Family member
confirmed. Combat mode deactivated.

Big Mel the robot lowers his gun. Torvin, Tarrant and
Savannah emerge from their hiding place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORVIN
That's more like it!

Avner and Savannah examine the robot as Tarrant and Torvin look around inside the hanger.

SAVANNAH
This robot isn't part of the base computer, it seems independent?

AVNER
Yes, a bit unusual. Robot - why did you still attack us?

Big Mel's eyes grow dimmer, as though unhappy.

BIG MEL
Approaching vessel not registered on main database.

AVNER
Then update the database to include this vessel!

BIG MEL
Processing... Update completed.

AVNER
I am now your overseer - confirm?

BIG MEL
Please input security code?

Avner approaches Big Mel and presses a few buttons on its chest - witnessed by Savannah. Its eyes gleam more brightly.

BIG MEL (CONT'D)
Code confirmed. Command completed, new overseer set. Please confirm name?

AVNER
Avner.

BIG MEL
'Overseer Avner' - confirmed.

Tarrant and Torvin approach the inner door that leads through to further inside the base.

TORVIN
Come on, this way I think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FADE TO

INT. LIVING AREA - EVENING

A leisure area within the asteroid with bare rock for walls. A holo-computer with 3d viewer and two sliding metal doors - one to for further inside the base and one to the docking area. A small internal window shows part of the docking bay. A GUN RACK, with futuristic guns, is by the docking bay door.

Lights FLASH around the docking bay door and a moment later this slides open. Torvin, Tarrant, Avner and Savannah enter and look around the room.

TARRANT

Not sure I trust that bot to fix the engine? I'd say it's seen better days.

SAVANNAH

So has the ship though!

TORVIN

Yes - and I know that feeling too.

Tarrant heads to the guns but Avner steps in his way and aims his photon-gun at him. Tarrant backs away and smiles.

AVNER

Not so fast!

TARRANT

Only looking? These look top range.

Torvin grabs the handful of hand-guns from the rack and stuffs them into his belt and pockets.

SAVANNAH

So what happens now? Blast us both into space? You don't need us now.

TORVIN

He wouldn't do that!

(to Avner)

...would you??

TARRANT

Or is there a cell somewhere in this lovely rock of yours too?

AVNER

I don't know - I've not been here
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVNER (CONT'D)
before. Shall we explore?

Torvin finds wine and some glasses, which he begins to fill.

TORVIN
Oh yes - now you're talking!

Savannah presses buttons on the panel by the internal door, but a negative BLEEP sounds and the door remains closed. She tries again and the same happens.

SAVANNAH
I think there's a problem Avner... The internal corridor is depressurised.

AVNER
Hold on a moment...

Avner approaches the holo-screen and presses buttons. A 3d map of the base appears, showing the habitable areas in green and the damaged areas in red. Savannah looks at the map.

SAVANNAH
Looks like there's been damage - most of the base is depressurised?

AVNER
Yes... A meteorite strike perhaps?

Torvin gulps down his wine then pours himself another.

TORVIN
Well at least there's some booze...

The docking-bay door opens and BIG MEL enters, now unarmed. He lumbers towards Avner and seems to bow.

BIG MEL
Maintenance Master Droid Model E,
registration code 1 - 3 - 7 - 9
reporting as ordered Overseer.

AVNER
(to Big Mel)
Explain base condition. Why have
repairs not been completed to maintain
structural integrity?

BIG MEL
Only one of five maintenance droids is
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG MEL (CONT'D)
operational. Base defences and anti-detection systems are maximum priority, these are at eighty seven percent efficiency.

AVNER
Well now I want the base repaired and made fully habitable. Priority is to restore all life support throughout.

Big Mels eyes dim slightly, as though unhappy.

BIG MEL
Command accepted, Overseer.

AVNER
Why were the maintenance droids not repaired and left to run down?

BIG MEL
Droid repair was not set as a priority, Overseer.

AVNER
Then add this as a priority too.

BIG MEL
Command accepted.

AVNER
Good - then get on with it!

Big Mel turns and lumbers away, back the way he came.

Torvin meanwhile has finished his glass and is happily pouring another.

TARRANT
Perhaps we can find and repair a couple of droids? Should speed things up a bit at least... Although I say it myself, I'm not a bad mechanic.

AVNER
Good idea. I just hope the supplies of food and drink have not perished when exposed to the vacuum of space.

TORVIN
You mean this could be the last of the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORVIN (CONT'D)
 wine then? Oh no!

FADE TO

INT. CORRIDOR IN BASE - EVENING

This corridor has been depressurised, with a section open to space. The remaining walls are part metal and piping and the occasional control-panel. Dim emergency lighting is on.

A MAINTENANCE DROID is attaching some metal plating to cover the gaps in the wall. This looks like a small less advanced version of 'Big Mel' and has '04' painted onto its back.

FADE TO

INT. LIVING AREA - LATE EVENING

Torvin is dozing out on the sofa, empty bottles around him and a big smile on his face. Tarrant is using a fast-food wall-dispenser that serves small plastic bowls of noodles. Avner and Savannah are working the Holo-TV and watching muted Federation new footage with 3d subtitles and text.

SAVANNAH
 Well Tarrant, according to this we're officially now M.I.A.

TARRANT
 We are? I rather thought being an outlaw would be more fun?

SAVANNAH
 Prison moon Gamma-Two was the first casualty of the invasion in this sector - it's been destroyed!
 Prisoners and guards alike all gone.

AVNER
 Well - I never liked that place much anyway... Any more news about General Tarnnes forces?

SAVANNAH
 They've taken the key planets already, minimal resistance, if you can believe what they're broadcasting.

Suddenly there is a BEEPING NOISE. Torvin wakes up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORVIN
(to Avner)
What's that beeping?

AVNER
An incoming message... System-wide,
not directed specifically at us.

Avner presses some buttons. An image of a person appears on the 3d screen - the disembodied head of CAPTAIN MOMBAKA - she is about 30, uniformed and she is of African heritage.

TORVIN
Another exciting news flash?

MOMBAKA (V.O)
This is Captain Mombaka of the Medical Freighter Steppenwolf - to any nearby vessels. We are under attack from hostile forces. We are an unarmed medical ship, carrying refugees from Thorus Beta - women and children. If anyone's out there please help!

The image crackles and suddenly vanishes.

TARRANT
Looks like the General isn't being very discriminate?

TORVIN
Yeah - a bit mean going after unarmed medical freighters. Not very sporting.

Torvin fumbles around his bottles, searching for more wine. Savannah heads towards the airlock door.

AVNER
Where do you think you're off to?

SAVANNAH
Didn't you hear? That medical freighter needs help!

TARRANT
Hold on Savannah - we're still prisoners technically, remember?

AVNER
And I feel it prudent that we all remain here. We can't take on a fleet
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVNER (CONT'D)
of hostile ships by ourselves - not
with that old junk we have.

TORVIN
Yes and we only just got here!

Savannah looks irritated.

SAVANNAH
We should at least try to help though?
Get some of their wounded to safety?

AVNER
It's not our fight.

SAVANNAH
We have to pick a side!

AVNER
No we don't.

SAVANNAH
We can't just do nothing!

AVNER
Yes we can. I didn't make it here to
play Robin Hood. Here I am safe and
here I plan to remain.

TARRANT
I agree with Avner - if there IS a
civil war kicking off, there's no
point charging into the thick of it.
And if either of us are caught by
Tarnnes faction we'll be made POW's -
or worse. I'm arguably AWOL and you're
part of the outlawed faction.

SAVANNAH
I can use the auto-systems and pilot
the ship alone if I have to?

AVNER
We only have the one ship - it would
be a pity to lose it.

TORVIN
Yes - and if you don't make it back
we're all stuck here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAVANNAH

Don't be so selfish, all of you!! We have to help them! They're just civilians - women and children!

AVNER

No we don't - and we won't. This is my base - my rules.

Savannah glares angrily at Avner.

AVNER (CONT'D)

Get over it.

FADE TO

INT. CORRIDOR IN BASE - LATE EVENING

New metal plating has been attached to the outer wall to plug the gaps. The full lighting comes on and the air vents open to allow oxygen inside. Maintenance Droid '02' is waddling away and exits via the far door.

A moment passes and Avner and Tarrant enter from the opposite side and start to look around.

AVNER

Good work fixing those droids. I'm glad I didn't throw you out into space...Yet.

TARRANT

Me too. Listen - I can't speak for Savannah but I am no fan of General Tarnne - or the separatists for that matter. I'll probably be shot by desertion if they find me.

AVNER

I see how that would be inconvenient.

TARRANT

All I know for sure is I can't go back to my old somewhat tedious job - so I'm technically homeless.

Tarrant closes the door behind them.

AVNER

What do you propose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARRANT

Let me stay here - sit out the war or at least remain here till things die down. I can earn my keep. I'm a good pilot and you've already seen me fix-up those old droids.

AVNER

Well I'll think about it. Only I'd hate to be shot in the back and have you collect a bounty on me.

TARRANT

If I do ever shoot you Avner, it won't be in the back. But don't worry, I'm not that good a shot.

AVNER

How well do you know Savannah? Have you known her very long?

TARRANT

This was our second trip together... She is from one of the wealthy Federation families. Other than that, that's all I know. She keeps to herself. Not sure I really trust her.

Tarrant tries to re-open the door, but it remains closed.

TARRANT (CONT'D)

That's odd.

AVNER

Problems?

TARRANT

The door - it won't open!!

AVNER

What?!

FADE TO

INT. LIVING AREA - LATE EVENING

Torvin is sound asleep on the sofa hugging a bottle. Savannah is quietly removing a small section of circuitry from the holo-computer. She then tip-toes past Torvin, presses buttons on the door panel and green lights flash above the cocking-bay door and this slides open. Savannah looks at Torvin,

(CONTINUED)

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smiles to herself and exits. Torvin begins to SNORE.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - TRANSPORT SHIP LEAVING - LATE EVENING

The large metal doors open and the Transport Ship is exiting the asteroid-base. Once clear of the asteroids the ship rotates to a new heading then speeds away into the stars.

SLOW FADE TO

INT. DOCKING BAY - LATE EVENING

Now the Transport Ship is gone. Avner, Tarrant and Torvin are present, talking to Big Mel the robot. Torvin seems groggy and is still nursing a bottle.

AVNER
(to Big Mel)
Why did you allow the ship to leave?

Big Mels eyes dim, as though he is unhappy.

BIG MEL
Vessel registered on main database,
full clearance granted.

AVNER
And she saw me input the security
codes... I should have changed those.

TARRANT
So what now? We're stranded here?

AVNER
Worse than that - she also took the
central core of the main computer.

TARRANT
I knew we couldn't trust her!

TORVIN
Why would she do that? She seemed such
a nice girl...

TARRANT
(to Torvin)
You were supposed to watch her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVNER

Now we won't be able to track her,
contact anyone, re-activate base
defences - or anything.

TARRANT

Presumably she doesn't want to be
followed?

TORVIN

And if she gets caught she will tell
them about us and this base.

AVNER

(to Torvin)

And no thanks to you!

TORVIN

Don't blame me, Mr 'here-are-the-
access-codes'! And since when was I
her keeper?

TARRANT

Is there no way to repair the main
computer? Fit a replacement part?

AVNER

Depends what we have available in the
storeroom... But it would be easier to
recover and reconnect the stolen
component.

Tarrant points to the small SHUTTLE in the background.

TARRANT

Hold on, what's that over there?

Tarrant, Avner and Torvin approach the small shuttle.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - AVNERS SHUTTLE LEAVING - NIGHT

The metal doors of the asteroid-base open again and this time Avners Small Shuttle exits (as seen in the Docking Bay). It moves noticeably slower than the Transport ship.

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Avners shuttle is small and cramped, designed to transport only two persons - with two seats and rear luggage area. Tarrant and Torvin are seated, with Tarrant piloting the ship. Torvin is dozing-off and looking ill.

TORVIN
How did I get here?

TARRANT
You really hit that stuff hard, didn't you Torvin? We're hopefully on the trail of Savannah and our ship, before she gets herself and the computer core blown up. Although with these scanners it's hard to be sure of anything. It's like flying blind!

TORVIN
Oh god - why didn't I stay on the base with Avner?

TARRANT
You said you were keen to come along, hero that you are!

TORVIN
Hero? All I know is my head is killing me...

Tarrant presses buttons and checks the consol.

TARRANT
Well I do have some good news... I think I've found the medical freighter, and it IS under attack.

TORVIN
That's the good news?

TARRANT
Actually the good news is its still some distance away and no-one appears to have detected us... yet.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - MEDICAL FREIGHTER - NIGHT

The Medical Freighter is a massive spaceship designed for

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mass-evacuations from war zones. It is slow and unarmed and has sparking scorched pock-marks across its hull.

A squadron of 12 x Federation Long-range Attack Ships are swarming around the freighter FIRING - these are small but are fast and armed. These have the Federation insignia on their 'tails' and winglets with a RED BACKGROUND - indicating they are part of the militarist/General Tarnne faction.

The stolen Transport Ship rushes towards the stricken Freighter and FIRES bolts of energy at the attacking ships with its unimpressive slow-firing energy cannon.

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

As before but now on a small screen is the footage from the previous scene of the ships and the Freighter.

TORVIN

That's our little Transport Ship
alright... Look at her go!

TARRANT

Did I mention there are no armaments
on this? Or that our shielding is
almost non-existent?

TORVIN

Now you tell me?! I'm a firm believer
that 'ignorance is bliss'.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - MEDICAL FREIGHTER BATTLE - NIGHT

The Medical Freighter is more damaged. The Attack Ships break away and focus on the approaching Transport Ship. Also approaching but not noticed is Avners Shuttle - by far the smallest and slowest ship. The Transport Ship retreats as the attacking ships pursue this instead. Meanwhile the freighter away in the opposite direction - spared for the moment.

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Now the small screen is showing footage from the previous scene of the space battle - this culminates in the Transport Ship suffering heavy damage, being caught in a two-pronged

(CONTINUED)

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charge by the attack ships and finally EXPLODING.

TORVIN
Savannah?!

TARRANT
There goes our computer core too...

TORVIN
She had great legs... And a great
everything else for that matter.

TARRANT
I think you need to worry about us now
- looks like they've seen us.

On the screen the attacking ships split into two groups. 8 x attack ships head back towards the Freighter and the smaller group of 4 turns to approach Avners Shuttle.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - MEDICAL FREIGHTER BATTLE - NIGHT

The Medical Freighter is as before, but now about 8 attacking ships have caught up with it again. The 4 other attack ships are heading towards Avners retreating shuttle - but the shuttle is far too slow to escape.

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Now the small screen shows a mini map of the area - highlighting 4 approaching ships and asteroids nearby.

TARRANT
If we can make it to that asteroid belt, we might be able to lose them.

TORVIN
At the rate they're moving? They'll be on top of us any moment!

There is a BEEPING NOISE which makes Torvin JUMP - he seems very nervous.

TARRANT
It seems they want to talk?

Tarrant presses some buttons and a 3d holographic figure

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appears on the screen - this is SPACE COMMANDER WOLFEN.

Wolfen is a Federation Space Commander, she is clad in a black leather uniform, has tied-back dark hair and is deceptively beautiful.

WOLFEN (V.O)
(speaking on the view screen)
This is Space Commander Wolfen.
Deactivate your propulsion systems or
prepare to be destroyed!

TARRANT
Destroyed? We are an unarmed shuttle -
just minding our own business...

WOLFEN (V.O)
You are intruders in a Federation
military operation, preventing the
escape of terrorists. Your
unauthorised presence here is illegal
and highly suspect! De-activate your
engines! You have one minute.

The screen flickers and Wolfens image disappears.

TARRANT
For a such pretty lady she didn't seem
very friendly.

TORVIN
Do they ever?!

Tarrant presses some buttons.

TORVIN (CONT'D)
What are you up to now? An 'S.O.S'?

TARRANT
One minute may be just enough time for
us to reach the asteroid belt... If
she sticks to her word.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - AVNERS SHUTTLE FLEEING - NIGHT

Avners shuttle is approaching distant asteroids. Closing
behind it are 3 x attack ships. After a moment two of the
attack ships about-turn and head back towards the distant
medical Freighter - only 1 remains following the shuttle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Now the small screen and mini map shows 1 enemy ship closing on Avners Shuttle and shows the asteroids are closer.

TORVIN

Two of the three ships are breaking off their pursuit.

TARRANT

We're too small to hold their interest.

TORVIN

What a cheek! And who says size is important?!

There is a BEEPING NOISE and Tarrant presses a button. The image of Wolfen appears again on the screen.

WOLFEN (V.O)

If you're trying to reach those asteroids don't. My ship can greatly outrun and out-maneuvre yours.

TORVIN

No-one likes a know-it-all!

TARRANT

I am an authorised Federation Pilot, transporting an important Federation diplomat to safety.

TORVIN

Yeah! I mean 'yes. We are on a very important diplomat mission.

TARRANT

By what authority are you attacking?

WOLFEN (V.O)

I have full authority under the Emergency Anti-Terrorist Act to arrest or destroy all suspect vessels. Commander Tarnne himself has ordered all unauthorised vessels are to be seized or destroyed!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORVIN
Well... Nice try Tarrant.

Tarrant presses a button and the image of Wolfen disappears.

TARRANT
I was just trying to stall her. We're now reaching those asteroids, where I might be able to lose her!

FADE TO

CGI/MODEL SHOT - AVNERS SHUTTLE AND ASTEROIDS - NIGHT

Avners shuttle has now reached the outskirts of a huge asteroid field. The shuttle begins to weave its way in and out of the huge rocks. A short distance behind, less able to traverse through due to being larger is the Attack Ship. This ship however FIRES - clearing a path by blasting the rocks.

Gaining on the shuttle again the Attack Ship fires and causes damage. The shuttle lurches, with SPARKING fresh pockmarks.

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Darkness and many RED LIGHTS flashing and alarms BLEEPING. The vessel is ROCKING as it is being hit. Torvin and Tarrant LURCH from side to side - fortunately they have SEAT-BELTS.

TORVIN
Take it easy Tarrant- I get 'space sick' you know?!

TARRANT
That's not my driving - we're taking heavy damage!

Tarrant checks his console for a moment.

TARRANT (CONT'D)
Power is down, engines are failing...

The image of Wolfen appears again on the screen. She now seems self-satisfied and pleased.

TORVIN
Hello again, always a pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOLFEN (V.O)
You have one chance to avoid total destruction. Tell me where your shuttle is from? It is not compatible with the Medical Freighter.

TARRANT
If we tell you, you'll spare us?

WOLFEN (V.O)
Your short-range ship cannot have travelled far, so there is either a base or mother-ship nearby. Give me the details... Now!

TORVIN
Never! We won't rat on our friends!

TARRANT
Friends? Avner is your friend, I barely know the man?

WOLFEN (V.O)
You've made your choice. Now die!

FADE TO

CGI/MODEL SHOT - AVNERS SHUTTLE AND ASTEROIDS - NIGHT

Avners shuttle is badly damaged and drifting. The attacking ship moves to finish it off at point-blank range. Around both are large floating asteroids, some has also been blasted.

Suddenly THE TRANSPORT SHIP appears from behind an asteroid, immediately behind the Attack Ship. This moves closer and BLASTS the Attack Ship, causing heavy damage.

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Still darkness with FLASHING red lights. The Transport Ship and stricken Attack Ship are shown on the flickering monitor - much to Torvin and Tarrants delight. There is the BEEPING SOUND of being hailed. Tarrant presses a buttons. The image of Savannah appears on the screen.

SAVANNAH VO
Hello boys. Can I offer you a lift?

FADE TO

CGI/MODEL SHOT - AVNERS SHUTTLE AND ASTEROIDS - NIGHT

Avners shuttle is damaged and being towed by a beam of light from the Transport Ship, through the asteroids. The badly damaged Attack Ship is left behind - crippled and drifting.

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Avners shuttle is as before but seems to 'wobble' slightly as if being pulled-along. Savannah is still on the screen.

TARRANT

Not that I'm complaining - but how is it you're still alive?

TORVIN

Yes - we thought you blew up?

SAVANNAH VO

Oh that wasn't my ship - that was another ship that was responding to the S.O.S. They kept the attackers busy while as many as possible evacuated with me. I hope Avner won't mind a bit more company - I see he's not with you?

TARRANT

No - he is back at the base.

TORVIN

Sulking - you broke his computer!

SAVANNAH

Broke it? I only took some minor components - not even essential.

TARRANT

He seemed to think it was important?
The main 'core' he said.

SAVANNAH VO

I'm no computer expert, a well trained worger-beast would probably fix the little damage I did. That was just to stall you if you followed...

FADE TO

CGI/MODEL SHOT - AVNERS BASE AND SHUTTLE - NIGHT

The Asteroid Base of Avner is more spottable as the large metal doors have not been concealed by rock. The defences - laser turrets and missile launchers on nearby asteroids are all active. Approaching is The Transport Ship and Avners Shuttle in tow. A short distance behind and approaching rapidly are the remaining 11 X Attack Ships. These are swerving in and out of the floating asteroids, gaining.

FADE TO

INT. AVNERS SHUTTLE - NIGHT

The image of Savannah is now gone from the monitor, replaced by a frontal view of Avners Base and the CLOSED hanger doors.

TORVIN

The gates are still closed...

TARRANT

Looks like the defences are online.

TORVIN

Hail him again! Those other ships will soon be here!

TARRANT

Ok... Third time lucky?

Suddenly Avners image appears on the screen, smirking.

AVNER (O.S)

Oh hello - back so soon?

TORVIN

Open the gates Avner - they're right behind us!!

There is an uncomfortable pause. The image of Avner fades from the screen, now again there is an image of the hanger gates on the screen - still closed.

TARRANT

Avner - did you hear us? Open the gates! Let us in!

TORVIN

Quick - they're coming! Help!!

(CONTINUED)

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AVNER (O.S)
 (coldly, from console)
 I heard you Tarrant...

There is another uncomfortable pause. Torvin and Tarrant exchange worried looks.

FADE TO

CGI/MODEL SHOT - AVNERS BASE AND SHUTTLE - NIGHT

The Asteroid Base is as before, as is the Transport Ship and Avners shuttle in tow. The Attack Ships are closing and split up as they move to attack.

Suddenly the base hanger doors open.

The Transport Ship with Shuttle moves inside. The gun turrets and missile launchers OPEN FIRE on the Attack Ships - ripping them apart with deadly volleys of energy and missiles.

FADE TO

INT. DOCKING BAY - NIGHT

Now the Shuttle and Transport Ship have just landed and both are damaged. There are sounds of LASER FIRE and EXPLOSIONS outside - as the Base Defences are at work.

Torvin and Tarrant eagerly exit the shuttle.

Savannah - further away - is delayed leaving the Transport Ship as its ramp is still extending to the floor.

Avner approaches them - a PISTOL tucked behind in his belt.

AVNER
 Hello lads and ladies! All safe and sound? The Medical Bay is up and running now if you need it?

TORVIN
 (to Avner)
 Why were you so slow to let us in?!

TARRANT
 And why are all the weapons active?

AVNER
 I managed to restore computer controls and detected hostile ships on sensors.

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AVNER (CONT'D)

Naturally the defences were primed -
although a little sluggish perhaps.

Savannah approaches him angrily.

AVNER (CONT'D)

Don't worry - there won't be much left
of those Attack Ships soon. You
needn't all thank me at once.

SAVANNAH

Why the delay Avner? I thought you
were going to leave us outside?!

TORVIN

Yeah!

AVNER

Leave you out there? The thought had
never entered my mind... Don't worry
my friends - you can trust me.

Avner smiles, somewhat evilly.

FADE TO

END CREDITS AND THEME MUSIC

FADE OUT

END of episode 1