

SPECIAL FORCES ORDER

includes the historic SFO battle at Rogan's Drift

Written by

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FADE-IN TEASER:

INT. ENEMY RAIDER SHIP'S HANGAR BAY - SPACE

An enormous ship bay with huge cargo containers stacked everywhere is filthy and rusted. Its exterior space doors are exploded open. An emergency force field keeps space out.

ENEMY SPACE RAIDER PILOTS climb into two-man attack ships.

COMMANDER AKACHI ZANE, Swahili dark-black, 50s, military-fit, bald, wearing a standard *Special Forces Order Intruder Suit*, is on his knees, hands behind his head. His face is bleeding. HEAVILY-ARMED ENEMY SPACE RAIDERS aim their weapons at him.

BENEDICT, the British Caucasian look-alike of Zane, is a disavowed and presumed dead *S.F.O.* His face has been cut and he wipes at its dripping blood, then tastes it smiling evil. He presses his particle gun against Zane's temple, hard.

RAIDER TECH runs up to Benedict panting.

RAIDER TECH
Sir, their ship, it's --leaving?

Benedict grabs Zane by his lapels and pulls him to standing.

BENEDICT
What did you say to them?!

ZANE
(deep long growling)
BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM --.

EXT. ENEMY RAIDER SHIP IN SPACE - IMMEDIATELY

Huge mismatched thrown-together amalgamation of various parts created the universe's ugliest and menacing space platform.

It implodes, then *explodes*, into a million gleaming shards.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ITALY, EARTH - 2439 A.D.

Colosseum, Ulpian Library, and the Pantheon were rebuilt.

Chiseled Greek letters are above the Pantheon's arches.

CAPTION: *"Soldiers study war so Citizens can learn peace."*

EARTH CITIZENS, all ages and ethnics, walk in one-piece jumpsuits everywhere. Their world is tranquil and purposeful.

EXT. EARTH REVOLVING IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

There is a flash near the Earth's circumference, then a small torpedo-shaped single-man rocketship shoots out into space.

Vintage Rock and Roll music *plays* in Spanish aboard the ship.

INT. TORPEDO SHIP IN SPACE - CONTINUOUS

It is cramped, tube-like, and filled with colored monitors.

Outside light shines in through its only window-port showing a figure floating weightless in a black full-hood *Intruder Suit*. Figure appears to be dancing, freezes in a famous Disco pose, then relaxes. He and the COMPUTER speak in Spanish.

ZANE

Mute.

(music stops)

Interval?

COMPUTER (FILTERED)

Four span.

ZANE

Instinct.

Zane crosses both arms over his chest and exhales deep going into Zen meditation. Panel lights shut off one by one. A shield closes over the window-port. Inside is dark and quiet.

INT. TORPEDO SHIP IN SPACE - DAYS LATER

Same portal shield retracts, so outside light now pours in.

Zane, dressed same, awakes, cups hands over mouth, and breathes in deep. He and Computer again speak in Spanish.

ZANE

Interpose?

COMPUTER (FILTERED)

Moment.

ZANE

Telluric.

EXT. TORPEDO SHIP IN SPACE - IMMEDIATELY

Craft's nose deploys a cocoon that expands to engulf entire ship so it resembles a small asteroid complete with craters.

EXT. A CARGO SHIP IN SPACE - SIMULTANEOUS

A large bulky ship with cargo containers and running lights approaches. Blue light emanates from its cross-hatched Command viewport. *Whistling* is heard somewhere inside.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Command Room of free-standing consoles with wall-screens is deserted and bathed in pale blue light. *Beeping* sounds. Interior light changes to white as all the electronics come alive *chirping*. Bridge's "The Head" door slides open.

SHIP'S NAVIGATOR, British, 20s, bob haircut, exits finishing her *whistle* to zip up her tan jumpsuit. She goes to an orange wall-screen and stares at a blip on it, then tilts her head.

NAVIGATOR
'Ello, 'ello, 'ello?

Main passageway door slides open and SECURITY, African-American, 20s, with high-and-tight hair, body-builder fit, enters wearing a maroon jumpsuit. He speaks cultured.

SECURITY
Report.

NAVIGATOR
High magno-field, twelve meter
diam, perfectly circular, reads as
a 'roid. --Blimey, converge in ten.

Security studies Navigator's screen, then shakes his head.

SECURITY
C, P, U --transfer to Weapons.

NAVIGATOR
Battle-feel?

SECURITY
"Perfectly, circular?"

Security keys a ship-wide intercom, his message *echoes*.

SECURITY (FILTERED)
Pilot to Bridge.

Moment, then main door opens and Container Ship's PILOT, Hispanic, 30s, fit-for-age with a pencil-thin mustache, enters jogging and zipping up his olive-drab jumpsuit.

NAVIGATOR

Sir, scan says possible 'roid strike, but ...

SECURITY

It might be artificial, sir.

PILOT

C, P, U --transfer to Manual.

Pilot goes to a floor console and waves a hand. Restraining-platform shoots up from floor behind him. He steps back into it to a *sucking-sound*. Joystick-armrests rise from its sides.

C.P.U. (FILTERED)

Manual Flight is engaged.

PILOT

Sync to my station --now.

Security jogs to a console behind the Pilot and waves a hand for his own same restraining-platform lock-in procedure.

Navigator does same at her parallel station beside Security.

SECURITY

Manual Weapons armed.

NAVIGATOR

Manual Nav on-line.

PILOT

Plot evasive, King's Pawn to D-4.

NAVIGATOR

Aye sir, maneuvering thrusters on.

PILOT

Plot defensive, Queen's Gambit.

SECURITY

Aye aye sir, deploying Pawn.

Security touches a button. His monitor switches to cross-hairs that follow the Asteroid. A blip ejects from the center of his screen on an intercept course with the Asteroid.

PILOT

Sound "Collision."

Navigator touches a monitor button. Ship-wide *Klaxon* sounds.

INT. TORPEDO SHIP AS AN ASTEROID - MOMENTS LATER

Zane rotates weightless using both hands on its walls to face down and stop his spinning. He speaks to Computer in Spanish.

ZANE
Hostile.

All white interior lights now change to red.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Freighter-Pilot, Security, and Navigator work their consoles.

PILOT
C, P, U --General Quarters.

View-Screen's clear panes now change to metallic and solidify to match their wall. Blue light turns to red. Different Klaxon now *sounds* as all ship's Departments check in at once.

DEPARTMENTS (FILTERED)
Nav go ...Tech go ...Intel go
...Stores Go ...Combat go.

PILOT
Down two.

NAVIGATOR
Firing topside pitch times two.

PILOT
Thrust, back-burst one.

PILOT
T.B.B. one, confirmed.

EXT. CARGO SHIP AND ASTEROID IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

The huge B.U.F.F. Cargo Ship pitches down ever so slow.

Torpedo-ship emerges from underneath its Asteroid shell which now self-seals. Torpedo-ship's maneuvering topside jets *fire*.

INT. TORPEDO SHIP - SIMULTANEOUS

Zane watches red concentric circles on a monitor target one of the Cargo Ship's Emergency Hatches, then lock-on green.

COMPUTER (FILTERED)
El triunfo.

EXT. FAKE ASTEROID - IMMEDIATELY

The Cargo Ship's fired dummy-round hits the Asteroid sending both spinning off.

EXT. TORPEDO SHIP NEAR CARGO SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Torpedo's docking bay *locks* onto the Cargo Ship's hatch.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Ship's Pilot and Navigator relax.

PILOT

C, P, U --release Manual Flight.

Whoosh-sound and Pilot steps out of his restraint-platform. His armrests fold-in as unit retracts under its floor hatch.

NAVIGATOR

C, P, U --release Manual Nav.

Same *whoosh* and Navigator exits her platform with same retraction action.

Door opens. CAPTAIN, Asian, 40s, hair in a professional-bun, enters with authority in a blue jumpsuit with collar-bars.

CAPTAIN

Sit-rep.

PILOT

Bogey required flight correction.

NAVIGATOR

All is Norm, sir.

CAPTAIN

Really --then what, is he doing?

Captain nods to Security still in his restraining-platform.

INT. TORPEDO SHIP ATTACHED TO CONTAINER SHIP - SIMULTANEOUS

Zane floats weightless face-down. He opens a panel, slides on two forearm control-bands, then a black utility-belt with two side hip-rockets around his waist. He commands the Computer in Spanish.

ZANE

Breath ...Back-door ...Breach.

Hissing sound, then *whirring* sound, and hatch slides open silent below him. Zane pushes off the top-wall, bends at the waist, and exits through open hatch.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S SERVICE CRAWLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Inside ship's emergency-access one-man service-tube network.

Zane enters headfirst, floats to prone, then his belt hip-rockets ignite, and he flies down the tube silent.

Torpedo ship's hatch slides closed.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Captain and Pilot are now looking over Security's shoulder.

SECURITY
It hovered --for just a moment.
(works monitor)
Permission to destroy it, sir.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S CONTAINER BAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Huge open bay is filled with stacked boxcar-type containers.

An access tube's end-panel burns around its circumference until its cover pops-off to float. Zane exits out the tube floating, grabs same cover, attaches a small Black-Box to it, places a second Black-Box inside the tube, then turns upside down. His hip-jets *fire*. He flies silent down along the wall.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Captain, Pilot, and Navigator, watch Security work controls.

SECURITY
Firing --now.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S CONTAINER BAY MAIN HATCH - SIMULTANEOUS

Access to the ship's cavernous cargo storage bay is patrolled by single *Paul Bunyan* SENTRY in a maroon jumpsuit. He stops, looks through the door's clear portal, then turns around.

Sentry frowns, then snap-turns. Nothing is outside the portal. He squints, draws a weapon, and opens the door to an *air-hiss*. He sticks his head out, and is snatched out from above. His door closes to the same *hiss*.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S CONTAINER BAY - CONTINUOUS

Sentry floats weightless in mid-air now unconscious. Zane uses middle-finger to flick Sentry's weapon so it somersaults away. Zane puts a Black-Box on Sentry's belt, then touches a button on his arm-band. Sentry retracts up the wall and into the Access Tube as its floating cover now closes behind him.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S GANGWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bay Door *hisses*-open again. Zane enters floating down to a standing position. Door closes to same *hiss*. His knees bend as gravity is restored. He whispers Spanish into an arm band.

ZANE
Hibernate.

INT. ZANE'S TORPEDO SHIP - IMMEDIATELY

All panels, screens, and lights turn off to silent darkness.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Captain, Pilot, and Navigator, all watch her big wall-screen as the two blips converge.

SECURITY (O.S.)
...three, two, one --arriving.

On the wall-screen, missile-blip flies through Asteroid-blip.

Pilot and Navigator step back. Security smiles.

CARGO CAPTAIN
(keys intercom)
Intruder alert --silent.

Pilot and Navigator go to re-activate their manual-stations.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Multiple consoles with work-trays are on all four walls.

COMMO, in an orange jumpsuit, works at one console. Light above him turns red rotating. He spins to see Zane standing with a pointer-finger wagging, *Uh-uh-uh*. Commo reaches for wall alarm, but Zane *fires* a dart from one arm-band and Commo collapses. Zane opens a console panel, inserts a Black-Box, closes same panel, and exits.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Humming of circuits and computers. Its white light turns red.

ENGINEER, in a purple jumpsuit, works at a monitor. Her brow wrinkles and she spins to see Zane standing with same finger now held over his hood-covered lips, *Shhhhh*.

Engineer runs for alarm, but trips as Zane fires a wrist-dart which misses because of her fall. Engineer smiles and hits the alarm. She is puzzled when nothing happens. Zane shoots a second dart and Engineer grabs her neck then collapses. Zane opens a wall-screen panel, inserts a Black-Box, and closes it. He exits examining arm-band as if it caused his missing.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S SLEEPING QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

A small bare sleeping room with a wall-bed and wall-closet.

YING SIMON SAYZ CHAO, Chief of Security, Asian but with no accent, late 40s, fit, wears an olive-drab athletic-shirt and boxers. He sleeps peaceful on his back with no blanket.

Spanish rock music *blares* through his wall-intercom.

Chao bolts upright to *hit* his forehead on low-rounded side-wall, falls back on bed, then rolls onto floor holding head.

Door opens. Overhead light comes on. Security enters yelling.

SECURITY
INTRUDER!

Chao waves him off, *Yeah-yeah*, then does a pop-up to pull on same maroon Security jumpsuit, but with collar rank-flashing. Chao makes the *American Sign Language* hand-sign for, *What?*

SECURITY
WHAT?!

Chao steps into high boots that self-seal on, then makes the military two-handed slash-sign for, *Abandon*.

Security looks confused. Chao makes *ASL* hand-sign for, *Learn*.

Security points at both his ears shaking his head frustrated.

CHAO
EXACTLY!

Chao waves for Security to follow him and both exit running.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS

FIGHT SCENE: Zane uses Martial Arts to knock-out TWO MALE CREWMEMBERS. A FEMALE CREWMEMBER enters their hallway and sees Zane who bolts. She chases him around his corner.

FEMALE CREWMEMBER (O.S.)
Where the --?

INT. CARGO SHIP'S CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Zane vanished. Crewmember stares at a corner beside a hatch and goes to it aiming her weapon. When she's near it, a mist sprays in her face out of thin-air. She falls unconscious.

A full-length mirror reflective-hologram appears vertically angled across her corner, then retracts into Zane's arm-band.

Chao and Security run around the same corridor's corner. Zane takes off running while yelling three letters in Spanish.

ZANE
P, O, V!

Zane's *Heads-Up Display* projects in front showing him X-ray outlines of all doors and hatches ahead. His *HUD* zooms-up and flashes three times to outline an overhead hatch-panel. Zane throws a small frisbee-type object from his belt at it.

Disc flies up to hatch, locks-on, and *explodes*. Zane's hip-rockets ignite shooting him through the hole into duct-work.

Security and Chao stop running, winded, under ceiling's hole.

SECURITY
WHAT THE --?!

Chao bends and locks fingers together making a step. Security steps on Chao's hands who boosts Security up into the hole.

Chao watches Security disappear in duct, then exits running.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S EMERGENCY BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Small Secondary Bridge with two floor consoles and monitors.

Ceiling wall-panel *explodes*-out falling onto the deck. Zane exits panel and runs placing Black Boxes on both consoles.

Security drops out of same air-panel with his weapon drawn.

SECURITY
HANDS, HANDS!

Zane stops and raises hands also touching an arm-band.

First Black Box *explodes* on its console distracting Security.

Zane kicks weapon out of Security's hand.

FIGHT SEQUENCE: Hand-to-hand until Zane knocks Security out.

Zane places a third Black Box over door's wall-panel. A high-pitched *whistle* makes Zane *explode* the second console's Black Box while spinning down to one knee and firing a dart behind.

Chao stands half-way through a floor access, does not react to the *explosion*, and uses his floor's plate to deflect dart, then frisbees same panel at Zane who ducks. Chao exits aiming his weapon motioning for Zane to strip his who drops his arm-bands and utility belt. Chao drops his weapon, then charges.

FIGHT SEGMENT: Martial Arts punching, blocking, and kicking.

Loud Music ends as main door *implodes* in. Captain and the now revived Two Male Crewmembers with now revived Female Crewmember enter with weapons drawn. Zane raises both hands.

CHAO

Stand down. It, speaks English --
(straightens his uniform)
and eight other languages.

Zane spreads all ten fingers wide.

CHAO

Ten?! When? --Fluently?

Zane's hand does a flat back-and-forth rocking motion, *So-so*.

FREIGHTER CAPTAIN

You know "it", Chief?

CHAO

Guessed "what" by the accessories,
but not who --until we tangled.

Security recovers to do a pop-up and brushes himself off.

SECURITY

Fighting styles are unique.

CHAO

Fellow shipmates, may I introduce
Special Forces Fleet Security
Marshall, Commander Akachi Zane.

Zane pulls off his hood running a hand over his sweaty skull.

ZANE

Permission to come aboard, sir --
officially.

Captain one-handed motions for ALL to lower their weapons.

CAPTAIN

Permission granted --
(rocks hand back and forth)
For now.

Chao hits Zane hard enough on his back to knock him forward.

CHAO

Uueeeeeeee, son --that was fun!

INT. CARGO SHIP'S MESS HALL - THAT NIGHT

Long open room with two long rectangular aluminum tables and metal chairs that fold up underneath their tables.

At one table, TWENTY CARGO CREW eat and laugh with the earlier Five Crewmembers who now shoot Zane dirty looks.

At second table sit Zane, still dressed same minus arm-bands and belt, with Chao, Captain, Security, Pilot, and Navigator.

ENSIGN enters and whispers in Captain's ear then exits.

CAPTAIN

Com is still down.

Chao and Security look at Zane who ASL hand-signs, *What?*

CAPTAIN

Commander Zane, I know the S.F.O.
periodically conduct unannounced
security checks on freighters. I
wouldn't think we rated too well.

Crew slows their eating to listen-in. Zane speaks in French.

ZANE

Au contraire, vous avez arrêté --
oh, pardonnez moi.
(changes to English)
You and your crew performed --as
expected.

Crew *whoops* pounding on table. Chao holds cup up for toast.

CHAO

To the mighty Leopold!

CREW
TO THE LEOPOLD!

Crew chug their drinks, then resume eating and *laughing*.
Zane fist-thumps his chest hard, once. Chao responds same.

NAVIGATOR
Och aye, your famous chest thumps.
What be they again?

Chao and Zane again fist-thump their chests once.

CHAO/ZANE
To the Corps!

Chao and Zane fist-thump their chests twice.

CHAO/ZANE
To The Cosmos!

SECURITY
But aren't there three?

CHAO
If you see three --you should flee.

ZANE
Our third is "To The Circle," as in
Circle of Life.

SECURITY
Also called --"Sunnie Savagery?"

Chao *slaps* Security up the back of his head.

ZANE
Merely alliteration. To us, it
means mission success, at all cost.

SECURITY
And your nickname, "Sunnie?"

Chao throws another slap to Security's head who now ducks.

ZANE
You fought well today, son. Ever
thought about joining "The Order?"

SECURITY
Me? Sir, yes, sir!

ZANE
Go see Sergeant Wolf at "The
Monastery." Tell him I sent you.

Chao grabs Security's head two-handed to stare in his eyes.

CHAO
But never curse around "The Wolf!"

Security nods, pulling head loose, then turns to Captain.

SECURITY
Captain, Sir, respectfully request
a transfer to "Sunnie Island."

CHAO
Sic 'em, Sunnie-boy!

Chao back-slaps Security hard knocking the wind out of him.
Security can't breathe and gasps. ALL laugh, except him.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S LIVING QUARTERS - NOW MIDNIGHT

Cramped sleeping berth with a small wall-closet, desk, and bed that fold into their walls. Zane sits on the open bed, cross-legged, eyes-closed, meditating. His eyes snap open.

Knock on door, then opens. Chao enters. Door closes behind.

CHAO
What's really going on, A.Z.?

Zane flip-spins a large gold Holodisk onto the desk's top.

Holographic image appears above table of a person standing with face hidden under a large white-hooded robe, LEADER.

LEADER (FILTERED)
The Order became aware of a
situation on planet SÄRO that can
no longer be tolerated. I hereby
authorize Commander Zane to recruit
all personnel and equipment
necessary for his mission.

Leader's image fades as disk wobbles flat to stop. Zane picks it up as Chao goes to ramrod attention.

CHAO
Sir, former Gunnery Sergeant Ying
Simon Sayz Chao is On Deck and
ready for action!

ZANE
You're reinstated old friend, just
like old times. But this time --

Zane slaps Chao hard on his back knocking Chao forward.

ZANE

keep your mouth shut! I won't be
able to save your tight ass again.
(offers hand)
Kickoff's at o-five-thirty. Your
gear is out in the midget-mobile.

CHAO

(shakes, releases)
There's a reason it's called a one-
man ship, moron.

ZANE

We have a BUFF coming, lamebrain.
The fast mover belongs to Commander
Cortez.

CHAO

Malculo Cortez?! No wonder you were
speaking Spanish. But I never knew
"Cordite" to lend anybody anything?

Zane raises an eyebrow mischievous. Chao *guffaws*.

INT. CARGO SHIP'S BRIDGE - NEXT MORNING

Pilot, Security, and Navigator, stand by consoles chatting.

Captain enters. Her Three Officers come to ramrod attention.

CAPTAIN

Just received a rendezvous request.
Came straight through my intercom.

NAVIGATOR

Can that even be done, sir?

SECURITY

The Order can.

Door opens. Zane and Chao enter, both dressed in *Intruder Suits* with arm-bands and utility belts carrying their hoods.

CHAO

Sir, I regret to inform you I have
been called-up and must tender my
resignation with immediate effect.
And you all must swear to secrecy.

FREIGHTER CAPTAIN

(to Zane)

You arrived in secret, appropriate
you depart the same. But do you
have to take both my top security?

Zane turns to land a hand on Security's shoulder, hard.

ZANE

Son, mind staying till your Captain finds a replacement? That's not a question.

(to Captain)

In two days, please send a message to Commander Cortez on Earth that you "found" his ship. Nothing else.

NAVIGATOR

But communications are still ...?

Overhead speaker *crackles* on of a Smuggler Ship's SKIPPER.

SKIPPER (FILTERED)

Docking codes if'n you please. --
And especially, if ya' doesn't.

ALL look at Zane who again ASL hand-signs, *What?*

INT. THE SMUGGLERS SHIP HALLWAY - LATER SAME DAY

Low-ceiling cramped corridor with scratched conduits and dented pipes. Zane and Chao walk tightly together ducking.

CHAO

The team you're putting together requires how many Rangers?

Zane holds up nine fingers. Chao holds up three fingers.

CHAO

Who's on third?

(no response, reacts)

Nooooo, you wouldn't? Not him?!

ZANE

Adapt, improvise, overcome.

CHAO

Wrong Branch, a-Jarhead. No one else can-can?

Zane fist-thumps chest *twice*. Chao almost repeats, doesn't.

CHAO

Then you owe me --big time.

Around their opposite bend approaches SMUGGLER ONE, 50s, unshaven, in baggy pants and dirty puffed-sleeved shirt.

SMUGGLER ONE

Gots a visitor ya' does.

Smuggler One about-faces. Chao looks to Zane.

CHAO
He's here, now?

ZANE
Impossible, no one knows we're here
and Leopold's communications went
down after we transferred.

CHAO
You disabled them again?! Then
who's this mashugana taking us to?

ZANE
Stay two steps behind.

CHAO
Always have been.

Zane then Chao follow Smuggler One around corridor's bend.

INT. SMUGGLERS SHIP HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Smuggler One points ahead to a curvy silhouette.

TECH-SERGEANT SAMANTHA "SAM" FISHER, American Indian, 30s,
athletic, in black-leather jumpsuit with matching combat
boots, stands hands-on-hips wearing same arm-bands and belt.

SMUGGLER ONE
Captain wants the mess of ya' in
The Mess at five bells.

Smuggler One exits down the corridor.

Sam touches an arm-band. Overhead P.A. *plays* synth-pop music.

Sam begins a sexy walk to Zane who stands mesmerized. She
grabs him and kisses him hard. They fall against a living-
quarter's door still in lip-lock. Zane *pounds* on the door.

Door opens. SMUGGLER TWO, 50s, bearded, is still dressing.

SMUGGLER TWO
Who the Hell's bangin' on ...?!

Zane interrupts him thumb-pointing over a shoulder, *Leave*.

Smuggler Two opens his mouth to protest, but Zane interrupts
again waving bent four-fingers *Bye-bye*, still kissing Sam.

Smuggler Two squeezes past his love-birds into the corridor.

Sam grabs Zane's crotch and walks backwards pulling him into the room. Door closes behind. Smuggler Two turns to Chao.

SMUGGLER TWO

That yer secret handshake?

CHAO

(drops a hip and winks)

Sure is. --Wanna' join?

Smuggler Two steps back alarmed. Chao puts an arm around his neck and pulls him in tight while walking. They exit around a corner as Smuggler Two keeps trying to break Chao's headlock.

EXT. SMUGGLER SHIP IN SPACE - IMMEDIATELY

CHAO (O.S.)

Ain't love grand?

INT. SMUGGLER SHIP'S MESS HALL - THAT NIGHT

Cramped room of fading Nylon and ABS picnic-style tables with bent-in-middle benches. TEN SMUGGLERS, male and female, with Sam still in her earlier black leather outfit, eat and laugh.

Zane and Chao enter dressed same to sit between Sam and ship's SKIPPER, East Indian, 40s, large and brawny, in a leather vest over a billowy shirt. He has a long scar down his forehead, eye, and cheek. His metal eyepatch has tiny diamonds encrusted in it; *If you can read this...you're dead.*

ZANE

Skipper, have you been officially introduced to Tech Sergeant Fisher?

SKIPPER

No, and then a'gin, no thankee.

(*slurps* food)

We never carried two missions same.

SAM

Unusual, but fortuitous, since we're both going to the same planet, just different L.Z.'s.

SKIPPER

Ya' pay good, lassie. But ya' also attract attention we don'ts like.

Zane raises his cup for a toast and speaks Latin.

ZANE

Abusus non tollit usum.

All Crew stare with mouths open full of food. Sam explains.

SAM

Just because you misuse the Law,
doesn't mean the Law can't use you.

SKIPPER

Why didn't the soogee say so? To--
(toasts high)
Misuse!

Smuggler Crew chug, wipe lips *cheering*, then back to chow.

SKIPPER

Jump-off in one hour, scalawags.

CHAO

(high-pitched playful)
Who wants a roomie?!

All Crew stop eating mid-mouthful so some food falls out.

Sam leers at Zane who raises an eyebrow back smiling.

EXT. SMUGGLER SHIP IN SPACE - CONTINUOUS

ZANE (O.S.)

Ain't love a kick in the head?

INT. SMUGGLER SHIP'S CARGO BAY - NEXT MORNING

Dirty metal-corrugated walls with various crates secured by rusty metal-straps. A crusty shuttle sits in its center.

Zane, Sam, and Chao, enter in black *Intruder Suits*, backpacks, utility belts, and arm-bands, holding black hoods.

Skipper stands waiting eating some kind of odd pastry.

SKIPPER

Enhanced the shuttle's Jammer so
should insert you silencio.

ZANE

Your cooperation will be noted for
the Record. Enjoy your renewed --
"misuse."

Zane, Chao, and Sam, shake with Skipper at forearm as they enter the Shuttle. Its door *hisses* closed.

Skipper's *Good-bye* wave changes to a wave-off, *Good Riddance*. He *belches* and exits the bay. Bay's outside wall slides open.

INT. SMUGGLERS SHUTTLE - MOMENTS LATER

The Three SFO lock-in to their standing wall-restrainers.

CHAO
Bullet-catcher here told me who
we're going to see.

SAM
So you're --overjoyed?

CHAO
So "overjoyed," I cloned myself.

ZANE
(serious to Sam)
Mission danger-close?

SAM
One bad riot --

CHAO
one bad-ass Ranger.

Zane kisses the back of Sam's hand. Chao feigns retching.

EXT. SMUGGLER'S SHUTTLE IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

Shuttle exits Smuggler ship and heads to planet below.

Chao sings the *George Jones* song followed by Sam.

CHAO (O.S.)
"Ain't love a lot like that?"

SAM (O.S.)
"Unconditional, unpredictable."

ZANE/SAM/CHAO (O.S.)
"Ain't love a lot like that."

The Three *laugh* as only battle-bonded soldiers can.

EXT. A BAR'S ENTRANCE ON THE PLANET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Seedy and old, the chipped-paint building facade has a large neon sign above it flashing, *JUICEE'S*.

Chao and Zane, now dressed in local attire, arrive at bar's double-doors. Both wear back-packs. Zane holds a third.

CHAO
Here? --In, "here?"

Zane nods scanning for threats.

CHAO

How the once mighty, have truly
fallen.

Zane nods again. Both enter cautious.

INT. JUICEE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Old-West-style saloon has round plastic tables and chairs. A CROWD of all types of both sexes *laugh* and drink.

On a *Lexan* stage, HOLOGRAM BAND of four Caucasian teen males in black suits with flat-tops play 1950's rock music.

Zane enters through swinging-doors sliding left against the wall. Chao enters sliding against the right wall. Zane hand-signals, *Going Left*. Chao *moans* hand-signaling, *Do I have to?*

Hologram Band finishes their song and fades-away waving as the bar's owner JUICEE, Latino, 50s, paunch, cheap toupee, in a worn-torn Tuxedo, steps onto center-stage *clapping* fast.

JUICEE

Put on your dancing two-shoes for
an oldie but goodie-goodie request!

Stepping up to the stage are now TEN BIKER-THUGS and their BIKER-BOSS, all from *Olde New Jersey* with accents in black-leather worn biker gear adorned with blue-chromed chains.

BIKER BOSS

We's tired a' stinkin' shadows!

JUICEE

Por favor. It was just repaired
after your last --complaint.

BIKER BOSS

Who's gonna' stop us, abuelo?

Ex-SFO Master Sergeant ULYSSES S. GRANT, 50s, polar bear of an Eskimo, lumberjack-fit, greying around temples, wearing a black t-shirt saying, *Make My Day*, steps out onto the stage. He uses one hairy palm to *crack* the other fist's knuckles, then repeats on other hand. His knuckles sound like plywood breaking.

GRANT

Playtime's over, kiddies.
(points to Biker Boss)
Your cue to exit, boy wonder-less.

BIKER BOSS

No way you beat us tonight grampa.
We done brought back-up brothers.

Now stepping up to the stage are TWENTY MORE BIKER-THUGS.

BIKER BOSS

Thirty-to-one odds, senior señor!

Zane enters from Stage Right. Grant double-takes at him.

GRANT

I got this, stinky.

BIKER BOSS

Oh look, thirty to two --geezers!

Chao enters Stage Left. Grant smiles evil at Bikers.

GRANT

Dudettes, I really hate that guy,
but he's damn good in a fight. So
bye-bye, boys from the hood-lum.

BIKER BOSS

Still thirty to three! She-it, we'd
get better odds in a nursing home.

GRANT

Ready to receive your L, C, E, boy?

BIKER BOSS

L, C --what?

CHAO

Life Changing Event.

BIKER BOSS

So you maggots is comedians, too?

Chao answers by three-times finger-snapping his two hands
together followed by four-fingered *popping* against his open
cheek to push-wave like *Curly* from "The Three Stooges."

CHAO

Soitenly!

BIKER BOSS

You needs a beat-down.

ZANE

Then we needs --a beat.

Grant nods and *claps*. Same Hologram Band appears and begins
playing a famous 1950's frantic dance-song.

Zane and Chao drop backpacks, then All Three bow to THREE FEMALES sitting in front row. The Three SFO extend their hands down to Three Females to become their partners. The Three Females feign, *Who us*, then step up onto the stage.

DANCE SEQUENCE: Professional *Jitterbug* dancing by all Six. Zane, Chao, and Grant, end-twirl the Three Females to a bow.

Crowd *claps* ecstatic. Biker-Boss goes livid waving, *Attack*.

Zane, Chao, and Grant, stare at, then move their hands down over their Three Female's eyes who go into a rigid trance.

FIGHT THREE: Bar room brawl breaks out in Background between Bikers and Crowd. The Women kick lots of groins.

FIGHT TWO: In the Crowd, a YOUNG MAN, Asian, 19, in overalls, grabs BIKER ONE and punches him out. BIKER TWO charges him.

FIGHT ONE: Zane, Chao, and Grant, each twirl-dance their Three Female's stiff-bodies like human *Fighting Staffs* to knock-out Biker Thugs one-by-one until Biker-Boss remains.

FIGHTING ENDS. MUSIC ENDS. Hologram Band disappears waving.

Zane, Chao, and Grant, awaken their Three Females unharmed, kiss the back of their hands and motion for them to re-take their seats. Three Females exit stage to *cheers* from Crowd.

Biker-Boss is alone and angry, then brandishes a weapon.

BIKER BOSS
Dance your way outta' this,
ballerina-asses.

Zane pirouettes fast-kicking weapon out of Biker-Boss's hand.

Young Man catches and holsters Biker-Boss weapon in his belt.

Chao and Grant wry-smile, then go into classic *Hope-Crosby* comedy schtick. Both bend their knees and clap their hands to thighs, then to each other's opposite crossed-over hands while singing children's nursery rhyme "*Peas, Porridge, Hot*."

CHAO/GRANT
"Some like it hot, some like it
cold. Some like it in the pot;
nine, days --old."

On word "old," they feign slapping their hands together, but instead both punch Biker Boss who falls unconscious. Chao and Grant stare at each other, then smile big, and forearm-shake.

Zane smiles at their camaraderie, then bellows to Crowd.

ZANE

The Order is The Law! You never
know if a Space Ranger stands
beside you or --a future one!

Zane points at Young Man who nods enthusiastic.

ZANE

Go see Sergeant Wolf at The
Monastery. Tell him I sent you.

YOUNG MAN

"You" being --?

GRANT

Son, you're lookin' at legendary A-
number-one top-gun Ranger and
S.F.O. extra-ordinaire, "Chainsaw."

CHAO

And singer, extra-ordinary!
(begins singing)
"Eh-wee-um-aweh, eh-wee-um-
aweh"...etc.

Chao keeps repeating chant as Grant joins-in singing.

GRANT/CHAO

"Eh-wee-um-aweh" ...etc.

Juicee *claps*. Earlier Hologram Band now in black suits,
appears playing *The Tokens* "The Lion Sleeps Tonight."

SONG SEQUENCE: Zane shakes his head, No. Chao and Grant go
shoulder-to-shoulder with Zane force-swaying him until he
acquiesces to *sing* the song's high-pitched notes as Chao and
Grant sing its lyrics. Crowd joins-in *clapping* in-time. Near
the song's end, Grant grabs an empty wine glass and holds it
high. Zane's last high-pitch note *shatters* the glass.

Hologram Band disappears waving. Crowd goes wild *chanting*.

CROWD

SUN-NIES, SUN-NIES, SUN-NIES...!

Juicee *sighs* wiping his brow. The Three SFO take a deep bow.

INT. JUICEE'S BAR - NOW MIDNIGHT

Club is closed and empty with chairs upside-down on tables.

Juicee is sweeping up. Chao, Grant, and Zane, sit drinking.

ZANE

In or out?

GRANT

With you, I'm in. But with "it" --?

Grant grabs Chao's lapels to pull him nose-to-nose.

GRANT

Won't even think once about not
saving your tightly wound-up ass.

Chao eye-motions for Grant to look down who does and sees
Chao holds a stiletto against Grant's crotch.

CHAO

What makes you think, I'll let you?

GRANT

Because both our smelly butts are
on, then crossing over --The Line.
(throws Chao away)
My bunk's in back. Where you two
Sky Pilots nappin'?
(no response, reacts)
Comrades-in-arms, the reality show.

Grant frisbees a small shiny disk to Juicee who catches.

GRANT

Give my Holo-disc to the Justice
for their trial. Don't expect I'll
be coming back --or this way again.

Grant re-fills their three glasses, then holds his high.

GRANT

If I gotta' go, might as well be --
(*raspberries* at Chao)
with anybody else's dog breath!

All Three SFO *clink* and chug their drinks, then turn glasses
upside down hard on table and exit into the back *laughing*.

Juicee shakes his head and goes to clean up their table chant-
whispering in earlier Crowd's same timber.

JUICEE

Stu-pids, Shit-heads, Sum-bitches.

INT. SMUGGLER'S SHUTTLE NOW IN SPACE - NEXT MORNING

Grant and Chao, both in black *Intruder Suits*, are asleep in
their restraining platforms.

Zane, in his *Intruder Suit*, sits in the pilot's chair staring out its view-screen. A small monitor begins *beeping*. He looks down at it. Monitor's blip gets closer to its center-mark.

GRANT (O.S.)
When's the Briefing?

Grant and Chao moved silent to now stand behind Zane.

ZANE
(without looking)
In two days.

CHAO
"Two?!" Where the hell we ...?

ZANE
Logan's Run.

Grant and Chao step back alarmed.

CHAO
Azimuth check, Copernicus! Who the heck is circumventing there?

ZANE
Juvenile volunteers.

GRANT
Juvenile delinquents, ya' mean?

ZANE
Wolf suggested some that have been through Level Five at The Monastery all with --"special talents."

CHAO
Special needs is more like it.

ZANE
Don't get wrapped around your axle.

GRANT
So you're putting together a group of expendable --rejects?

Chao tilts his head at Grant who explains

GRANT
That's right, socko. You and me included --who won't be missed.
(to Zane)
Mission's off-the-books, right Cap?

CHAO
And our Re-Commissions?

ZANE

If we're successful, and if we make it back, you have my word. So you two --better make sure both happen.

GRANT

Oh man, we're gonna' be one, big, hairy, dysfunctional --family.

EXT. THEIR SMUGGLER SHUTTLE IN ORBIT - IMMEDIATELY

A new Freighter Ship approaches their shuttle.

CHAO (O.S.)

Any other kind?

INT. LOGAN'S RUN MESS HALL - TWO DAYS LATER

Large white room of small stainless-steel tables that have matching chairs upside-down on top. One table is set-up.

SIX TEENS, four males and two females, wearing black-and-white striped *Inductees* jumpsuits, sit flanked by TWO PRISON GUARDS, both prison-uniformed, holding stun-sticks.

Dual-doors *boom* open at far end as Zane, Grant, and Chao, march-in-time wearing SFO dress-black uniforms accented by yellow stripes with black berets having the yellow *SFO* crest. All Three SFO stomp to a stop, then *Parade Rest*. The Two Guards exit. Zane waits until the doors close behind them.

ZANE

Williams! Is this room secure?

WILLIAMS aka SOUNDS, Jewish late-teens male, fit, black hair but with blue eyes, sits up straight, then slouches back down. He speaks with a thick Brooklyn accent.

WILLIAMS

Fuggedaboudit.

Zane dents the tabletop with a fist to a loud metallic *bang*.

ZANE

We met in your cells to explain a simple deal, service for a pardon. Since you're here, you're going. And since you're going, lose your bad habits, Right Here, Right Now!

The Six Teens lazy-shrug, *Whatever*.

ZANE

I can't hear you.

SIX TEENS

What ever.

ZANE

We Can't Hear You!

SIX TEENS

"WE" CAN!

Doors *burst* open and the Two Prison Guards rush back in.

ZANE

Get, OUT!

Two Prison Guards hesitate, then exit closing doors.

ZANE

Be advised, I intend to put you in harm's way. Remember the training these Sergeants give you over the next two weeks and some of you, might, just might, make it.

WILLIAMS

"Two weeks?!" Where the hell we goin', Orion's Belt?

ZANE

Master Sergeant Grant!

Grant snaps to attention, goes to Williams jerking him up to standing, then punches him in the stomach doubling him over. Grant pushes him back down in his seat where he makes *noises* trying to breathe. Grant returns to *Parade Rest* behind Zane.

ZANE

Now that "we" have your divided attention, you --are all in this together. If just one of you fouls-up in training, you all get sent back here. Any of you foul up on Mission, won't be enough left to send anywhere. Questions?

(before they can respond)

None? Good. Each of you Rainbows, introduce yourselves and call-out any "special talents."

THOMAS aka BRAINS, Irish late-teens female, fit, short red hair, green eyes, snaps to attention with an Aussie accent.

THOMAS

Sir, Recruit Thomas regrets to inform the Commander he is in violation of Article 33, dash B, in allowing Corporal Punishment to be rendered upon Recruit Williams.

ZANE
Drill Sergeant Chao!

Chao snaps to attention and fast-marches at Thomas.

THOMAS
Don't you da ...!

Chao quick-steps behind her to lock-on and hold a *Rear-Naked Choke* until she passes out. Chao re-seats her in chair, *pats* her cheek, the returns to *Parade Rest* behind Zane.

CHAO
Figured out who's in charge?

GRANT
'Cause it ain't you flea-bags!

FIVE TEENS
(snap upright in chairs)
SIRS, YES SIRS!

ZANE
Williams! Let's try that again.

Williams stands rubbing stomach, sees Grant glaring at him, and snaps both arms down against his legs in rigid Attention.

WILLIAMS
Recruit Williams is Communication Specialist! When you absolutely positively have to hear everything in every language, dial me in. Sir!

ZANE
Stay at attention. From now on, your call-sign is --SOUNDS.

SOUNDS
Sounds Guuuud!

Chao "cups" both of Sounds ears who makes an owie-face.

ZANE
Thomas! You functional yet?

Thomas is coming-to rubbing her temples. She sees Chao glaring at her and snaps standing to Attention faster.

THOMAS
Sir, Recruit Thomas is Strategic Concepts and Intel Officer! I plot-and-plan all contingencies --both in and out of battle. Sir!

ZANE

From now on, your call-name is,
BRAINS. Try not to sit on them.

Brains goes to sit. Chao glares. She comes back to Attention.

ZANE

Schmidt --Schnell!

SCHMIDT aka PANZER, South African, German-cultured accent,
late-teens male, very tall and a body-builder, stands taller.

SCHMIDT

Sir, Recruit Schmidt is a Heavy
Weapons Specialist! Move faster,
hit harder, and always carry the
biggest g.d. stick in the yard!

ZANE

Schmidt, you'll roll forward as,
PANZER. Achtung!

PANZER

(clicks heels together)
Ja Voll!

ZANE

Next, if no one can say your name --
present yourself!

MATSUMRAZIS aka BOOMER, Chinese late-teens male, thin, wiry,
who speaks with a slight accent but in perfect English, wears
standard military black-rimmed glasses. He bolt-stands rigid
with his pearly-white smile actually star-gleaming.

MATSUMURA

Sir, Recruit Matsumrazis is the
Explosives and Demolition Expert
who believes any conflict can be
resolved with the appropriate
amount of boom-power.

ZANE

Well put, Matsa, Raza, Sumo, uh --
BOOMER. Add a "Sir" on the end of
that and lose the Poindexter-look.

BOOMER

Sir! --Uh, sir?

Grant snatches Boomer's glasses and crushes them in his claw,
then puts the pieces into Boomer's hands.

ZANE

Now --who here "Hablaís Español?"

SANCHEZ aka SNEAKERS, Mexican late-teens male, is very fit, but very short. He speaks with a thick Mexican accent, but in perfect English. He snaps to extreme-rigid Attention.

SANCHEZ

Sir! Recruit Sanchez is your Recon
Sniper! Anywhere, anytime, anybody.
--I am, The Reaper!

CHAO

Stop yelling, short-stack!

ZANE

How'd you "sneak" in here anyway?
By the way, SNEAKERS --do you have
S.M.D.?

SNEAKERS

Sir?

Grant kicks him behind a knee so Sneakers falls down on both.

GRANT

Anyone else here learnin' disabled?
(bends to Sneakers)
The man said, "Short Man's
Disease." --Do, you, have, it?

Sneakers doesn't understand. Grant *slaps* him.

GRANT

Like baseball, son?

Sneakers goes to answer, but Grant *slaps* his other cheek.

GRANT

Guess so, because that's my third
strike. --You're, Out!

Grant goes to grab, but Sneakers crawls up and around Grant like a snake. Grant dances trying to shake Sneakers off who climbs around behind Grant's back scissoring ankles around Grant's stomach holding a home-made shank to Grant's throat.

SNEAKERS

Sir, if you are referring to a
condition in which a person allows
feelings of inadequacy caused by
being vertically challenged to
affect their performance --.
(tightens knife grip)
Then no, sir. I've found it to be a
truly self-motivating life
experience --like this one. Sir!

Sneakers releases his ankles to drop to his feet.

GRANT
(smiles big at Zane)
Oh, I like him.

ZANE
Your record indicates a problem
with authority, soldier.

SNEAKERS
Only when it's a stupid one, sir.
Like trying to get me killed, sir.

CHAO
Oh, now I like him, too.

ZANE
Need a tough-as-nails Point Man on
this mission, son. Welcome aboard.

Sneakers comes to Attention. Panzer low-fives him behind.

ZANE
Always gotta' have a sham shield.

ROXAS aka RADAR, Pacific-Islander, late-teens, thin, nerdy-
looking, stands with her head down and answers meek.

ROXAS
Recruit Roxas is Techno-Crypto,
sir. If it's got an electron-pulse,
I'll revive it.

ZANE
You like being on or off the grid,
RADAR? Uh, you don't mind folks
making fun of you as a nerd do you?

RADAR
No sir, not since it usually means
I'm more intelligent than them.
Like now, sir.

GRANT
Uuuuu, Radar Love.

CHAO
I like the song --and her.

ZANE
"Recruits" --say goodbye to what
you thought you were. You're in our
army now, and we don't take losers.

The Six Teens come to Attention with Radar a little slower.

CHAO
Get ready for what will define you
for the rest of your ...

GRANT
short miserable worthless lives!
(whispers to Chao)
Two weeks?

CHAO
One --maybe.

ZANE
Sergeants! Take Charge!

GRANT
Simon Sayz, you three ripple-geeks
go tap-dance with Sergeant Smiley!

Grant points to Radar, Sounds, and Brains. Chao scowls.

GRANT
The three strappers, spin with me.
(smiles threatening)
Gonna' use muscles you never knew
you had. Especially the big, fat,
lazy one between your shoulders.

Boomer, Panzer, and Sneakers, fist-bump each other.

ZANE
All your gear is loaded on-board.
You take nothing from this place,
especially your attitude. You are
all, starting over. --STRIP!
(no response)
If you ever make me repeat an Order
again, these two Sergeants will
make sure it's your last!

The Six Teens, unsure, slowly disrobe.

CHAO
What'ya think?

GRANT
Don't wanna' know.

CHAO
Never do.

GRANT
Bite me.

CHAO

Not without a Tetanus shot.

Zane listens-in, then smiles whispering to himself.

ZANE

Now --we are one.

(yells to Teens)

RUN, DOUBLE-TIME IT!

Zane turns and runs to the doors followed by the now naked Six Teens. Grant and Chao run behind Six Teens berating them.

GRANT

Move it, lard-ass!

CHAO

Didn't know Jell-o came in Vanilla!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOGAN RUN'S MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Both doors *burst* open. All Nine SFO from inside exit running.

TWO PRISON GUARDS

What the --?

Chao, running backwards, is last to pass Two Prison Guards.

CHAO

Exactly.

Two Guards stare at the Six Teens' nude butts, then look back into the room at their pile of prison-clothes on the floor.

EXT. A NEW TRANSPORT SHIP IN SPACE - ONE WEEK LATER

A smaller passenger ship travels in space.

PANZER (O.S.)

Scheisse --

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP'S LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Small locker room of green plastic aerated-lockers has plastic benches. A different pile of clothes is on its deck.

Six Teens, barefoot in olive-green shorts with towels hung around necks, sit leaning back. They're fit, but exhausted.

PANZER

Thought I was in shape until old "iron-fist" pounded on me.

BOOMER

I've definitely built muscle mass,
but I've also lost like fifty
pounds of water-weight doing it.

SNEAKERS

I like to go nuts same as most, but
these Sunnies are *muy loco*.

RADAR

All the pressure-holds, body attack
points, and Martial Arts sparring,
are not why I joined-up.

SOUNDS

Yeah, then why did you?

BRAINS

She came along for the same reason
we all did, to get out of "there."

PANZER

Maybe, in the beginning, but now,
you know, I'm kinda' starting to
get into their whole bad-ass thing.

SNEAKERS

Yo también, man. At first, I was
like playing along. But now, yeah,
I'm getting into mucho macho, too.

BOOMER

Long as they let me blow things up,
I'm boomin' bloomin'.

RADAR

I think --*they care*.

Five Teens stare at Radar, then throw their shoes at her with
hazing taunts as everyone *laughs* except Radar.

Chao and Grant enter, then stomp to perfect *Parade Rest*.

Six Teens jump to Attention with Radar a little slower.

Zane enters reading a hand-held screen.

ZANE

You've trained with the rest, now
learn from the best. We now drill
as a single unit --under me.

Six Teens *grumble*. Zane puts his screen down and looks up.

ZANE

I know you "think" you only made this trip to get away from where you were and have not thought about where you are going. --I have. I picked each of you for a special reason, and all of you are special. Each of you, has the potential to be the best. But first, you need to accept something you may never have heard before --we, believe, in you.

(looks at each Teen)

The Special Forces Order was built on the foundation of family. Once in, you forever remain part of something permanent. Which means, you belong to it, us, each other.

(he does care about them)

All of you, all of us in this room, have one thing in common that separates us from our brethren. We are all --orphans.

(lets it sink in)

We've all been through the system, and learned to fight for what we wanted, and needed --to survive. But just existing, is not living.

CHAO

So, we are inviting "you" to take it to the next level. Live for others. Only then --will your life make sense, or any difference.

GRANT

Dress and go to Chow, ladies. Report to Hangar Two in thirty. Put on your game faces, 'cause it's gonna' get "real" interestin' now.

ZANE

And welcome to --The Family.

Zane march-exits followed by Chao and Grant who fist-bump.

BRAINS

Strewth! --*The bugger got through.*

Brains extends a hand out. Five Teens huddle around and each put a hand on top of her's. Six Teens move their hands up and down to break at third time up into a chant that escalates.

SIX TEENS

Sun-nies, SUN-nies, SUN-NIES, etc!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE TRANSPORT LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Zane, Chao, and Grant, listen to the Six Teen's chanting.

ZANE
Now, they --are one.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP'S HANGAR - ONE WEEK LATER

Hangar Bay is run-down with a dirty air-dock. A shiny black yellow-striped SFO-shuttle sits pristine amidst the filth.

Zane, Chao, and Grant, enter dressed in black *Intruder Suits* with arm bands and utility belts holding their hoods.

Six Teens enter jogging in single-file, dressed same.

BRAINS
Halt.

Six Teens stop *stomping* their right foot in unison.

BRAINS
Right, Face!

Six Teens pivot 90° as one, *stomping* to rigid attention.

Zane followed by Chao and Grant, walk the Six Teens for *Line Inspection*. At the end, Zane about-faces crisp.

ZANE
Very pretty, L.T. --But can they fight?

BRAINS
(flustered)
"L, T?" --Lieutenant, sir?

ZANE
I asked you a question, Trooper!

BRAINS
Yes sir! If our Commander wishes to engage, we'd be happy to render his answer --with great enthusiasm!

ZANE
Guess I'll have to take your word on that. Board, gear check in five.

BRAINS
Aye, aye, sir. Troopers --embark!

Six Teens jog up the shuttle's ramp in a straight line.

Zane puts both arms around the shoulders of Chao and Grant who do likewise. They lean-in forming a football-huddle.

ZANE
Gentlemen, it is an honor to enter
into battle with you again.

CHAO
Back atcha' boss, and I hardly
retch no more when I see that --
other guy.

GRANT
Oh, now, I will save your jacked-up
ass, puddin' head --spectacularly.

They break, fist-bump, and enter up the shuttle's ramp.

EXT. TRANSPORT SHIP IN SPACE - ORBITING SÄRO

Planet SÄro has brown dark-green land masses and red oceans.

SFO-Shuttle exits the shuttle-bay and heads to planet below.

Transport ship breaks orbit to fly away.

GRANT (O.S.)
One, big, dysfunctional, family.

SIX TEENS (O.S.)
Any other kind --Sir?!

EXT. THEIR SFO SHUTTLE ON SÄRO - DAY

SFO-Shuttle lands in a remote forest area. Its engine *shuts* down and ramp extends as hatch slides open. Zane exits down it with Chao and Grant followed by Six Teens. Zane presses a button on an arm-band and ramp retracts as its hatch closes. Shuttle's colorings morph-change to match surrounding forest.

Zane gives, *On me*, hand-sign and exits jogging. Six Teens follow. Chao and Grant are the last jogging backwards.

CHAO
Two days?

GRANT
More like, two minutes.

EXT. SÄRO RAIN FOREST CLEARING - LATER THAT DAY

Zane enters, stops, checks location on armband, then scans.

Six Teens enter jogging followed by Chao and Grant to circle up on Zane. Six Teens are winded. Chao and Grant are not.

Zane gives *Take-a-knee* hand-sign. All do. Zane speaks low.

ZANE

There is no greater vocation than helping others. You have been trained to help those in need of protection. But to do that, you have to remain alive. Keep your head in the game and on a swivel. -- Sneakers, twenty clicks southwest is our Objective. Scout and report. Sergeant Grant is over-watch.

Sneakers takes off his back-pack, pulls a two-foot long gun-case out of it, and tosses it to Grant who catches to sling. Both then pull on their hoods. Grant gives "*Move Out*" hand-sign. Both exit running with Sneakers first.

ZANE

Brains, your assignment was to plan our mission. Make me a believer.

Brains taps her arm-band and a holographic topography map of Säro appears in mid-air. She begins her Briefing.

EXT. SÄRO RAIN FOREST CLEARING - THAT NIGHT

Sneakers enters crouch-running followed by Grant. Sneakers is winded, Grant is not. Grant takes a knee, then pulls Sneakers down. Both pull off their hoods.

The other Seven SFO step from concealment and circle-up to take a knee. All speak low.

SNEAKERS

Intel accurate. 3-D map correct. Tangos now tagged with trackers. Sir, I heard --screaming.

ZANE

These people been suffering a long time, son. But we're out-numbered and out-gunned, so Brains has come up with a pretty good plan. All depends on you, boom-boy.

BOOMER

Yes sir, won't let the team down.

ZANE

To be in position at Dawn, you have to leave now. You're on your own, so --schweigen oder tot sein.

BOOMER

Be silent or be dead. Yes, sir.

Boomer pulls hood over his head. Its eye-holes light-up with green night-vision. He adjusts his heavy back-pack and exits.

ZANE

Two-hour Watch, I'll take first.
Chao second, Grant third. Force
yourselves to sleep. May be a long
time --before we get more.

Zane stands as others bed-down, then looks up at the stars.

ZANE

A little help, couldn't hurt.

EXT. SÄRO HILLTOPS - NEXT MORNING

Rain Forest turns into rocky and grassy hilltops with green rolling valleys. On one hilltop, the Eight SFO (minus Boomer) sit in a circle in *Yoga Lotus Position* with eyes closed.

A one-inch drone flies near Zane who catches it eyes-closed and pockets it. He opens his eyes, stretches, *claps* hands, and the Others open their eyes to stretch. Zane stands. Others do same. All now wear black shoulder-capes. Zane gives one chest-*thump*. Others return same. Zane runs along the hill's crest. Five Teens follow running one-by-one out from their circle-position. Grant and Chao run-follow backwards.

EXT. ROCKY HILLTOP ABOVE A VILLAGE - LATER SAME MORNING

Medieval-type peasant Village below has stone homes with smoking rock-chimneys.

Five Teens and the Three SFO run over the hilltop shoulder-to-shoulder with capes flowing, stop, and look down at Village.

ZANE

Flank.

Zane remains still. Others flank-out on either side twenty meters apart along the ridge. He talks into an arm-band.

ZANE

Shock.

From all surrounding hilltops, multiple rockets trail into the sky converging over Village. Boomer answers on arm-band.

BOOMER (FILTERED)

and Awe.

SOUNDS

And Drones.

Sounds touches an arm-band. Celtic Bagpipes and snare-drums echo *Scotland the Brave* throughout the valley. All SFO pull on their hoods. Zane touches an arm-band.

ZANE

Optics.

Zane's hood eye-ports cover with a metallic glaze. Others repeat as their eye-ports do same. Zane waves, "*Forward.*"

EXT. VILLAGE DIRT STREETS - SIMULTANEOUS

European-style town of POOR VILLAGERS, both sexes, all ages, dressed in peasant garb, who walk-about carrying items.

ENEMY SOLDIERS, dressed in leather-type knight costumes with laser-type rifles, are positioned throughout the Village.

ALL freeze listening to the *bagpipes*, then look up to see the rockets *explode* in bright and colorful flashes with long trailing sparklers. Enemy Soldiers shoulder weapons-ready.

EXT. SFO'S ROCKY HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

ALL press button on an arm-band, then hit same armband against the other creating an echoing beat, *VOOP*. ALL jog forward. Zane's voice echoes throughout the valley in Latin.

ZANE

NON SUNT MILITES!

(*VOOP*)

NOS SUNT LEGIS!

(*VOOP*)

NOS SUNT ORDINE!

VOOP. All Eight SFO pick up the pace to run while yelling.

ALL SFO

S, F, 000000000 --!

Zane sprints, then jumps into the air. His hip-rockets *fire* and cape turns rigid like a wing. He glides down to village.

Others jump as hip-rockets *fire* and capes hang-glide same.

EXT. PEASANT VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Town is in chaos as Villagers and Soldiers are now blind from watching the exploding rockets. All stumble about helpless.

The Eight SFO (minus Boomer) swoop-in on their winged-capes.

Zane aims an arm straight and a grappling-hook shoots out of its arm-band attaching to ONE BLIND SOLDIER's shoulder. Zane yanks him high in the air, then retracts his grappling-hook. One Blind Soldier falls to an unconscious *thud*.

Four Teens, but not Radar, aim and shoot arm-band grappling hooks to pull FOUR BLIND SOLDIERS into air, then drop them.

All Eight SFO land. Seven mop-up rest of OTHER BLIND SOLDIERS with their arm-band darts. Radar hangs back not engaging.

When all Blind Soldiers are unconscious, Zane gives *Circle Up* sign. Other Seven SFO form a circle around Zane with their backs to him scanning for Tangos.

ZANE

Report.

BRAINS

No casualties.

RADAR

No Communications.

PEASANT MOTHER

No --!

Zane, Grant, and Chao, drop to a knee and aim arm-bands at a building. The Five Teens move to form a semi-circle behind them backwards aiming their arm-bands to protect their rear.

NOT BLIND SOLDIER exits the building holding a PEASANT GIRL as a human-shield. He aims a laser-pistol at her head as her PEASANT MOTHER exits same building pleading for her daughter.

PEASANT MOTHER

No, take me, PLEASE!

Zane stands. Grant and Chao stand to flank out. The Five Teens flank out still backwards to them.

ZANE

Can't escape.

NOT BLIND SOLDIER

Can take --some of you with me.

A metal-ball *thump*-lands in front of Not Blind Soldier. He's puzzled looking down, then it *explodes* into a thick red gas.

Zane *shoots* his arm-band's grappling hook to snag the Peasant Girl's clothes, then retracts her into his arms.

Not Blind Soldier aims at Zane. A second metal-ball thumps at his feet and *explodes* in blue gas. He falls unconscious.

Boomer, now also wearing a cape, steps out of the shadows. His hood's eye-ports un-glaze.

BOOMER

I love coming to work!

Zane hands *sobbing* Peasant Girl to Brains who objects.

BRAINS

I don't want ...!

Zane glares at Brains who then carries Girl to her Mother.

Radar pulls off hood. Others do same. She has an ear-piece.

RADAR

Sir --single short burst, strong.

GRANT

Break out the party favorites.

ZANE

Two Teams, grid search, secure and treat. Bring me their chief --
(at Not Blind Soldier)
and that one lil' Indian.

Grant and Chao hand-signal to their Teen Three-Man-Teams who exit in different directions with capes flowing.

Peasant Mother cradles Peasant Girl as they shuffle to Zane.

PEASANT MOTHER

We were hiding in the root cellar
when it found us.

ZANE

"It" won't bother anyone, anymore.

Peasant Mother looks at the carnage. UNCONSCIOUS SOLDIERS are on the ground as BLIND VILLAGERS stumble calling-out for aid.

PEASANT MOTHER

Is their blindness temporary?

ZANE

Of course. Would you please help?

Peasant Mother turns, turns back, and kisses Zane's cheek.

PEASANT MOTHER

We knew The Order would come.

Peasant Mother with Daughter goes to console her neighbors.

Zane presses arm-band and cape retracts into his neckline.

ZANE
We always do.

INT. VILLAGE HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Other's SFO capes now stored in necklines, hoods in belts.

Zane sits at a stone table interrogating Not Blind Soldier whose wrists are tied behind his chair. Grant stands behind and applies a metal disc to Not Blind Soldier's temple sending him into tremors who then relaxes drug-like.

ZANE
Mission Statement.

NOT BLIND SOLDIER
Food-gathering slave labor.

ZANE
Support-time?

NOT BLIND SOLDIER
Three Divisions, first in sixty.

ZANE
Airborne?

NOT BLIND SOLDIER
Cavalry.

ZANE
Mode?

NOT BLIND SOLDIER
Horseback.

ZANE
Commander?

NOT BLIND SOLDIER
Blood 'n Guts.

Zane head-motions to Grant who pulls off temple-disk and Not Blind Soldier collapses unconscious onto tabletop.

ZANE
General MacIntosh, Clan Commander,
a real throw-back war monger. Lives
for battle and loves to kill
barehanded. His motto, "Their
blood, then their guts."

Door opens. Chao enters with VILLAGE ELDER, an old wise man.

CHAO
Sir, the town's Elder wants to show
us their --*weapons depot*?

GRANT
Why didn't you use them?

ELDER
Don't know how.

CHAO
(growl-mumbles)
Money well spent.

ZANE
Actually, it was. Chao, on me.
Grant, take out the trash.

Zane, Chao, and Village Elder exit.

Grant *cracks* all eight knuckles, then yanks Not Blind Soldier
up to standing. Grant *tch-tch's* with an evil smile.

INT. VILLAGE ROOT CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Small square clay-walled cellar surrounded by dusty stacked
wooden gun crates and ammo crates with black powder kegs.

Entrance-lid lifts and dirt falls in. Zane and Chao follow
Village Leader down dirt stairs with oil lamps. Grant stops.

GRANT
When's yer museum open?

Chao pries open a wood barrel and sniffs.

CHAO
You can't be serious --sulfur,
charcoal, and potassium nitrate?

GRANT
Saltpeter?! Don't wanna' shit that
stuff, let alone shoot it.

ELDER
(points to gun crates)
Kept them oiled --should shoot.

ZANE
Rounds?

ELDER
Thousand shells of each.

GRANT
"Each?!" Seriously Boss, why we
havin' this group brain-fart?

ZANE
The planet's feudal system is
brutal, but centered around an
irrefutable "Code of Challenge."

GRANT
Yeah? Do unto others --often.

ZANE
Yes, but when challenged to a duel,
a Commander must accept.

CHAO
Zaney-baby, you ain't thinkin',
what I won't think you're thinkin'?

GRANT
Thinkin' always gets me in trouble.
(scratches head, Ow)
What the hell we thinkin'?

CHAO
Foot-to-ass.

ZANE
Bayonets?

ELDER
Oiled them, too.

GRANT
Oh, so now we're hangin' pig-
stickers on the end a' fire-sticks?

CHAO
Why not just use slings and arrows?

ZANE
Good idea, make it so.

GRANT
Don't forget the wooden shields.

Zane nods to Grant who now *curse-mutters* with Chao.

ZANE
Rangers, suck it up! It is what it
is till we ain't. Besides, here's
your chance to save his sorry butt.

CHAO

Just don't shoot it off.

GRANT

So big, can't miss. Know what? All this is starting to sound like fun.

SNEAKERS

(runs down dirt steps)

Sir, a huge cloud of dust is headed this way. It sounds like, a train?

ZANE

Chao, Grant, weapons count. Lock and Load one, give it to Sneakers.

(to Sneakers)

Son, bring it to me after, you test-fire it only once.

Zane exits up the stairs two-at-a-time.

SNEAKERS

Take him what?

CHAO

Our epitaph.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

Zane jogs to join the Five Teens (minus Sneakers) standing with Elder and his Villagers. All watch as a huge dust cloud comes up over a hill. It does sound like a train.

SOUNDS

(catches a mini-drone)

Sir, we are seriously out-numbered.

ZANE

Contingencies?

BRAINS

Vacate the premises?

ZANE

First one tries, I'll shoot right in the f'n head. --Firing Line!

Five Teens (minus Sneakers) move to firing-platoon position.

ELDER

General MacIntosh will send his Two Daughters first. He never had a son, so raised them to be even more ruthless than him.

EXT. FRONT HILLTOP ABOVE VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Cloud stops and dust settles to reveal FIRST DIVISION CAVALRY of 100 men on black stallions wearing leather horse-armor. Men wear metal and leather armor with holstered laser-pistols and sheathed swords. Laser-rifle cases are slung off saddles.

GENERAL MACINTOSH, 40s, big, scary, with scars on face, rides forward on a huge armored black stallion flanked by his TWO DAUGHTERS, late-teens, with page-boy hair-cuts, riding same.

A spectacle-enhancer drops over MacIntosh's good eye. He sees Zane walk out of the village touching his throat-modulator.

ZANE (FILTERED)
INTENTIONS?!

MacIntosh hand-motions his Two Daughters, *Show him*. Both spur at full-gallop down to Zane.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT OUTSKIRTS - SIMULTANEOUS

Grant and Chao enter running to line-up with SFO Five Teens.

CHAO
Watch and learn, kiddies.

Two Daughters both pull out Scimitar-type swords and hold them high while tongue-trilling as they charge full speed.

TWO DAUGHTERS
Leh-leh-leh-leh-leh-leh...etc!

Zane holds a hand on his throat-modulator again and utters a single, long, high-pitched *whistle* that goes to inaudible.

Both of Two Daughters horses jam to a stop throwing their riders forward. Two Daughters lose heir swords. They roll on the ground to stand in a fighting crouch with knives drawn.

RADAR
How'd he do that?

CHAO
Disambiguation.

BOOMER
Say who?

SOUNDS
Audible mechanical waves
propagating through matter.

PANZER

Say what?

GRANT

He hurt the horsies ears.

EXT. FRONT HILLTOP ABOVE VILLAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

MacIntosh raises a hand to, *Charge*, when there's a *Boom* down in the Village. He tilts his head at the sound he recognizes then stands in stirrups focusing through spectacle-enhancer.

In the Village, Sneakers runs to and tosses Zane something who then holds it high over his head.

MacIntosh focuses on the object, a *Savage-24 Combo-Shotgun*.

MACINTOSH

What is that, over-under barrels?
One small, one --a Combo Shotgun!
One rifle round, one shot shell.

ZANE (FILTERED)

BLACK, POWDER, CHALLENGE!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND, huge, with scarred face, rides over.

SECOND

Sir, none of us have fought with
gunpowder in a hundred Gaussian
solars. Attack full-force, now.

Second raises an arm circling, *Assemble*, then drops same arm forward thrusting his fist out for, *Action Front*. He rides forward to attack. All First Calvary start to follow him.

MacIntosh fires a blaster-pistol shooting Second-in-Command in the back who dead-falls off his horse.

MACINTOSH

No one dare deny my destiny! Fall
Back, prepare for --"Black Powder
Challenge!" We attack at dawn, when
Second Division arrives!

ENEMY BUGLER blows, *Assembly*. All retreat back over the hill.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT OUTSKIRTS - SIMULTANEOUS

Two Daughters catch their horses and remount as bugle blows. Daughter "A" gives a cut-throat sign to Zane. Daughter "B" stabs two-fingers on either side of Adams-apple. Both exit.

GRANT

Don't Recycle!

Villagers push their Captured Soldiers with hands tied behind their backs to village-edge, then kick their butts. Captured Soldiers jog to follow Two Daughters. Villagers *cheer*.

ZANE

Chao, all villagers Weapons Qualified! Grant, sand-bag walls four-feet high between both ends of perimeter buildings. Troopers, a circular sand-bag redoubt with firing steps in the center! EVERYONE WORKS, OR WE ALL DIE!

Grant and Chao run to Villagers and bark orders.

ZANE

Troopers, front and center!

Six Teens run to Zane and line up at Attention.

ZANE

The Order brings all to justice using Law. But here, now, in this place, there is only one law. The Jungle --their Jungle. We can only protect others when we are alive to do so. We can not defend these villagers until --
(points to hilltop)
they are all neutralized.

BRAINS

Sir, are you, ordering us to abandon The Order's First Decree?

ZANE

I'm asking you, to make every soldier's ultimate choice --the taking of one life, to save many.

Six Teens *murmur*. Zane points to dead Second on hilltop.

ZANE

"They" are the enemy of everything The Order holds sacred. We are here because of "their" atrocities against humanity. We --are also here, unofficially.

BRAINS

Because our lives don't matter?

ZANE

(grabs Brains by collar)
Because All Lives Matter!
(throws Brains away)
I "chose" each of you because of
your talents. All of you, working
together as a team, was always our
only hope. Whether or not you will
be welcomed back into the fold with
open arms, I do not know. But I do
know, you are these villagers only
salvation. Each of you must decide.
And once decided, there is no going
back. --Ten Hut!
(all Teens stand rigid)
All those who willingly accept
whatever fate may bring so others
may live --step forward.

One-by-one, five Teens step forward, but not Radar.

ZANE

Sneakers!

SNEAKERS

Sir, yes sir!

ZANE

You're our eyes and ears, son. We
need to know what they're doing.

Sneakers adjusts his gun case and exits running.

SNEAKERS

Yes sir, Oscar Mike!

ZANE

Boomer! Did you see every building
has oil drums for their lamps?

BOOMER

Yes, sir?

ZANE

Know what a Hedge Hopper is?

BOOMER

Sir, of the four types of Fougasse
gas, it is the quickest to install,
and easiest to conceal!

ZANE

Now you know what you'll be doing
all night, have fun. --Panzer!

Panzer lifts and stomps a foot so that the ground trembles.

ZANE

Form and train a Firing Platoon to
plug holes when they break through
our Lines. Rest of you, train any
teens suitable for "special use."
Go! Except you Radar, walk with me.

Three Teens run to TEEN VILLAGERS, of both sexes, barking orders.

Zane walks away watching the hilltops. Radar follows him.

ZANE

Your peers have to know they can
depend on you to watch their Six
when they go through this door.

RADAR

Sir, I try to be aggressive but, I
can't. I'm support personnel only.
I'll never be --a soldier.

ZANE

I read your Psyche File, so I know
why you choose not to fight --and
it is a choice. When the battle
starts, collect all the children
and keep them safe in the Redoubt.
Will you do that for them, Ranger?

Radar nods then jogs away *sniffling*. Zane surveys all the Village activity, then looks up at sky and closes his eyes.

ZANE

A lot of help --wouldn't hurt.

EXT. CENTER OF VILLAGE - NEXT MORNING

Zane opens his eyes and lowers his head to look at Village.

Four-foot high sandbag-walls were built between the two main buildings leading into the Village at both ends. An 8' x 20' round sandbag redoubt with a narrow entrance now stands in the center of Village.

FOUR LINES of Villagers, both sexes, ages 20 and up, stand one Line behind the other, in front of same redoubt. Each Villager holds a *Savage-Combo*. Chao, Grant, and Brains, each stand-to-command beside their own Villager Line.

Zane goes to stand beside the First Villager Line.

EXT. INSIDE OF VILLAGE REDOUBT - SIMULTANEOUS

Redoubt inside has a sandbag-step all around its bottom.

VILLAGE CHILDREN, in torn clothes, sit on the step. Radar enters, half-smiles and sits. She does not hold a weapon.

EXT. FRONT HILLTOP OVERLOOKING VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

MacIntosh, Two Daughters, First and now SECOND DIVISION, 203 total, ride over the hill. All are in battle-dress, swords in scabbards, carrying hand-made wooden lances, but no ray-guns.

MACINTOSH

What a glorious day for killing
glorious bastards --one by one.

Two Daughters *rattle* their swords. MacIntosh turns to his NEW SECOND-in-Command, who looks like the first, only younger.

MACINTOSH

You will, follow my plan.

NEW SECOND

To the death!

MACINTOSH

(backhands New Second)

To their death!

(raises his lance)

We Ride --To My Destiny!

All spur their horses to charge down the hill.

MacIntosh's spectacle-enhancer drops to zoom-in on Villagers standing in their four lines, one directly behind the other.

MACINTOSH

Fools, they'll shoot themselves!

MacIntosh pulls his sword and points it right as he points his lance left. DAUGHTER "A" rides off at an angle as FIFTY FIRST CALVARY follow her. DAUGHTER "B" rides off angled in opposite direction as FIFTY OTHER FIRST CALVARY follow her.

Second Division's 100 follows MacIntosh for a *Pincher Attack*.

MACINTOSH

What price glory --for a slaughter?

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Villagers look more nervous. Zane points to both *Pinchers*.

ZANE
Sounds, Boomer!

SOUNDS/BOOMER (O.S.)
Got 'Em!

ZANE
SHIFT!

Zane, Chao, Grant, and Brains, each *stomp* a foot. Grant and his Villagers side-jog to line up with Zane. Brains and her Villagers side-jog to line up with Chao. Now there are Two Villager Lines, "I" and "II," one directly behind the other.

Panzer and his small group of PANZER-VILLAGERS stand fast in front of the Redoubt.

ZANE
On our commands only! --READY!

Grant and Villager Front Line I drop to a knee beside Zane.

Chao, Brains, and Villager Line II each slide one foot back.

ZANE
LEVEL!

Both Villager Lines I and II shoulder-aim their *Savages*.

ZANE
FIRE!

Both I and II Villager Lines *fire* their slug-rounds only.

On the Plains, SOME CENTER CALVARY fall dead as horses bolt.

Villager Front Line I stands to reload their rifle bullets.

CHAO
ADVANCE!

Villager Line II runs through Line I, then kneel to reload.

Villager Line I has reloaded a new slug, *cocks*, then aims.

ZANE
FIRE!

Villager Line I *fires*.

Out in the Plains, MORE CENTER CALVARY dead-fall as their horses bolt.

GRANT

ADVANCE!

Line I steps through Line II and kneels to reload as Line II has now reloaded and stands behind them, *cocks*, then aims.

ZANE

ROOFTOPS --READY, AIM!

Sounds and SOME VILLAGE TEENS, both sexes, rise to a knee on a rooftop of one building and aim as Boomer and MORE VILLAGE TEENS, both sexes, rise to a knee on a second rooftop aiming.

SOUNDS/BOOMER

FIRE!

Rooftops *fire* respective at Two Daughter's Calvary charges.

On either side of Plains, SOME A and SOME B Calvary fall dead from both rooftop volleys. Their horses gallop away.

ZANE

SNEAKERS SNIPERS!

Sneakers and his group of SNIPER VILLAGE-TEENS lie hidden by blankets covered with dirt in front of the sand-bag wall. They uncover aiming their rifles.

Villager Lines I, II, and Rooftops, have now reloaded slugs.

ZANE

FIRE!

Villager Lines, Rooftops, and Sneakers Snipers, all *shoot*.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

First and Second Calvary are cut down on all sides. Their empty horses bolt. New Second-in-Command is wounded.

NEW SECOND

RETREAT!

Enemy Bugler sounds, *Retreat*.

MacIntosh is livid throwing his lance into New Second's back who dead-falls off his horse.

MacIntosh tries to rally, but ALL LIVING CALVARY are now in full retreat. MacIntosh must follow, *cursing*.

EXT. INSIDE VILLAGE REDOUBT - MOMENTS LATER

Cheers outside from victorious Villagers so Village Children exit running to their parents. Radar sits alone, then begins *crying*. Zane enters and yanks her to standing.

ZANE

You had one directive, Protect the children! Why did you release them before "All Clear?!"

RADAR

Please don't hurt me.

ZANE

I'm not!
(throws her to ground)
You are.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. AN ORPHANAGE SOMEWHERE - MANY YEARS AGO

YOUNG ZANE as a boy is *crying*. He is being *slapped* repeatedly by an ADULT ADMINISTRATOR.

YOUNG ZANE

Please don't hurt me.

RETURN TO.

EXT. INSIDE VILLAGE REDOUBT - PRESENT DAY

Zane picks up Radar and sits her down on the step.

ZANE

I know what it's like to feel
helpless by what Life is doing to
you.
(hand on her shoulder)
It was only when I learned to live
for others, that I taught myself,
to live --without fear.

Zane *pats* her shoulder and exits. Radar wipes away tears.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF HILL AWAY FROM VILLAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

First and Second Division's Living Calvary, all still on horseback, gather around McIntosh.

MACINTOSH

Who will be my Second?!

No volunteers. MacIntosh *spits* finger-pointing to a THIRD Second-in-Command, the oldest male, tattoos covering face, wearing a leather eye patch, whose good eyebrow arches up.

THIRD SECOND

Sir, can we finally go to particle-guns and win?

MACINTOSH

So I can be the first general in Clan history to lose a Black Powder Challenge?

MacIntosh draws his sword and slices Third Second's cheek cutting his eye-patch which falls revealing a dry-socket.

MACINTOSH

Squad Commanders Report! We attack in four hours when Third Division arrives --with Archers!

EXT. FRONT HILLTOP OVERLOOKING VILLAGE - THAT AFTERNOON

MacIntosh, now with THIRD DIVISION's 100 more, ride over hillcrest. All have homemade bows and arrows. Two Daughters with First and Second Division's Living Calvary are absent.

MACINTOSH

Defeat Is Death --From Them Or Me!

MacIntosh points his lance forward and spurs his horse. Third Division's 100 Calvary spur ahead with a fearsome *Battle Cry*.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Zane and Chao stand at either end of a single line of Villagers behind the sandbag-wall. All now have homemade wooden shields made from furniture strapped to their backs.

Panzer and PANZER'S VILLAGERS stand in front of the Redoubt.

Sounds and Brains with their Village Teens lie on their two rooftops also with wooden shields on their backs.

ZANE

Sneakers Snipers --!

Sneakers and his Sniper-Teens hide throughout The Plains. A hand-held mirror reflects sun back into Zane's face.

ZANE

Take Out Their Officers!

Sneaker and Teen Snipers *fire*. Only Sneaker's round hits.

ZANE

Sneaker's "Snipets" --Recall!

Sounds touches his arm-band and a drone-horn plays, *Recall*. Sneaker's Snipets jump out of their fox-holes and run back to the Village. Zane shakes his head talking into an arm-band.

ZANE

Back door --any Smokies?

EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - CONTINUOUS

Grant and Boomer's REAR VILLAGERS stand behind rear sandbag wall also with wooden shields. Grant's monocle-magnifier drops to see Two Daughters and their Living Calvary with bows and quivers strapped to backs, charging. Monocle retracts.

GRANT

Gettin' ready to feed the bears.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Two Daughters spur ahead. In front of them are two large holes fifty feet apart. Two Daughters jump both holes.

HOLE INSERTS: Both holes are dug 45° angled away from the Village. Inside are large rocks overtop black powder kegs. Fuses go from the kegs up to trip-wires at each hole's edge. Two Daughters horse-hoofs break the two hole's trip-wires.

TWO DAUGHTERS

ARCHERS!

Living Calvary stop in front of both holes to unsling bows.

Powder kegs in holes explode catapulting rocks at them. SOME CALVARY die. REMAINING CALVARY re-group to ride around holes.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Grant smiles. Boomer flips *The Bird* at them shaking his middle finger while speaking with a bad Italian accent.

BOOMER

Stone Fougasse, that's a-one!

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

MacIntosh stops to hold up a hand. Third Calvary unslings their bows, notch, and aim high. MacIntosh drops his arm.

MACINTOSH

Loose!

One hundred arrows arch up across the blue cloudless sky.

EXT. FRONT VILLAGE SANDBAG WALL - CONTINUOUS

ZANE

COVER!

All remove shields and hold over heads. Arrows stick in them.

EXT. OUT ON THE FRONT PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

MacIntosh sees and is livid. He draws his sword to hold high.

MACINTOSH

RELEASE!

EXT. A SIDE HILLTOP - IMMEDIATELY

Earlier Captured Soldiers stand with homemade bows, then light them to arc-shoot fire-arrows down into the Village.

EXT. FRONT VILLAGE SANDBAG WALL - MOMENTS LATER

TWO VILLAGERS are stuck by the fire-arrows. VILLAGE GRANDMOTHERS put them out, then tend to their wounds.

ZANE

Rooftops, fire on that hillside!

Both rooftops *fire* killing or routing Captured Soldiers.

ZANE

Mortar!

Panzer's Villagers side-step both directions. Behind them is a fifty-gallon drum with its lid off is mounted at 45° in a wooden-frame with wooden-wheels. Panzer grabs its lead rope and pulls rolling the mortar to the front sandbag wall.

ZANE

Fuse!

Panzer lights a fuse at drum's bottom, then covers his ears.

ARROW CAM: Mortar shoots small cans with burning fuses high up in the air which arc down on MacIntosh's charging calvary.

EXT. FRONT VILLAGE PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Mortar's cans rain down across the field in front of charging Third Calvary. MacIntosh pulls back on his horse's reins.

Burning fuses touch each can which explode sending nails and burning oil airborne in all directions. MANY THIRD DIVISION CALVARY fall dead. Their horses bolt.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Boomer has his head turned to the village-front with an ear cupped. He hears the *explosions* and flips *Double-Birds* in that direction still using a bad Italian accent.

BOOMER

Shell Fougasse, dat's a-two!

EXT. VILLAGE REAR PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Two Daughters and their Surviving Calvary re-form as All unknowingly ride around two camouflaged fifty-gallon drums.

DRUM INSERTS: Buried at an angle with twigs overtop, these hold oil. Under each is a gunpowder barrel with a trip-wire fuse going up. Two Daughters' horse-hoofs break both wires.

Flames from both drums shoot out ten feet wide for thirty yards. MORE SURVIVING CALVARY catch fire and die horrible as their horses bolt.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - IMMEDIATELY

Boomer triple arm-pumps holding up an *Okay*-sign with its three fingers extended still using his bad Italian accent.

BOOMER

Flame Fougasse! Mama-mia, tree!

Boomer takes a deep bow. Grant kicks him in the butt.

GRANT

Never taunt your enemy! If they're losin', be polite and thank 'em.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

MacIntosh and REMAINING THIRD CALVARY regroup to re-charge.

EXT. FRONT VILLAGE SANDBAG WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Zane sees MacIntosh regrouping. Zane yells in German.

ZANE
Laden Minenwerfer!

Panzer's Villagers drop a small paper cartridge of priming powder, followed by larger black powder cartridge down in the mortar's muzzle. A ramrod pushes cloth wadding down tight, then a paper cartridge of nails is tamped lightly on its top.

Panzer inserts a fuse and lowers mortar's angle of fire.

ZANE
Ready Rifles!

Front Villagers kneel behind their sandbag wall.

ZANE
Aim!

Front Villagers steady-aim their *Combos*.

ZANE
In-de-pen-dent, fire-at-will!

Front Villagers *fire*, then reload their rifles and *re-fire*.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

LEFTOVER CALVARY is in disarray. Two Daughters try to rally.

DAUGHTER A
Jump the creek --

DAUGHTER B
ride to victory!

Two Daughters jump a small curving creek and ride ahead to a second same small curving creek and stop.

DAUGHTERS A & B
Two creeks?

Leftover Calvary ride behind them ready to jump first creek.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FIRST CURVING CREEK - MOMENTS BEFORE

Two Daughters horse-hoofs break trip-wires to fuses that burn. Both fuses run down into the first creek's dark fluid.

RETURN TO.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - PRESENT DAY

Boomer holds thumbs against eardrums finger-waving both his hands four-fingers yelling perfect Italian at Two Daughters.

BOOMER
FouGas è Quattro --grazie mille!

EXT. FIRST CURVING CREEK - IMMEDIATELY

Leftover Calvary goes to jump first creek as it erupts into flames. Horses jam to a stop. BURNING CALVARY are propelled through the flames to fire-stream's other side. Horses bolt.

Two Daughters turn to sit in awe watching their Armageddon.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Rear Villagers appalled. Grant points to the Burning Calvary.

GRANT
Put them --outta our misery!

Rear Villagers kneel behind their sandbags and *fire* at the Burning Calvary while looking away with eyes closed.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

Firing, fire, and *screams*. Two Daughters jump across dying-down fire-stream to ride off with now SIX SURVIVING CALVARY.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - IMMEDIATELY

Boomer bends his arm up *slapping* its bicep with other hand now speaking in his native Brooklyn.

BOOMER
'Ey, I got yer fou-gasse --
(grabs/pulls on crotch)
rights here!

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT OUTSKIRTS - SIMULTANEOUS

MacIntosh's Remaining Third Calvary are now danger-close.

ZANE

Duck and Cover --Beschuss!

Zane and Front Villagers lay down behind their sandbag wall.

Panzer lights mortar fuse and runs back to his own Villagers.

Mortar literally *explodes* fire and brimstone over the sandbag wall while the mortar itself blows apart.

Nails, Cordite, and percussion blow a hole through the center of McIntosh's Remaining Third Calvary.

MACINTOSH

HURL!

Riding SURVIVING THIRD CALVARY throw their spears. SOME FRONT VILLAGERS are impaled. Peasant Grandmothers tend to them.

Panzer sends his Panzer-Villagers to replace those injured.

ZANE

Aufkommen!

Sneaker's Snipers rise from foxholes in front of sandbags.

Zane and Villager Front Line stand, now joined by Panzer.

ALL *fire* slug killing MORE THIRD CALVARY whose horses bolt.

ZANE

Assembly!

Sounds touches his arm-band and drone-horns play, *Assembly*.

Front Villagers, Boomer and Grant's Rear Villagers, Sneakers and his Snipers, ALL run to the Redoubt splitting into two ranks. Front Rank kneels with Zane at one end and Brains at other. Rear Rank stands behind them with Chao at one end and Boomer at other. Grant and Grant's Villagers are not seen.

Surviving Third Calvary jump their horses over sandbag wall.

ZANE

Rooftops!

Both Rooftop Teens stand with bows and arrows, then release.

Arrows stick in Third Calvary Soldiers slowing their charge.

ZANE
VOLLEY BY RANKS!

Panzer, Grant, and their Villagers now stand up inside the redoubt on its firing-step aiming overtop its wall.

ZANE
Front Rank, Fire!

Zane's Villagers now *fire* their shotgun shells and reload.

CHAO
Rear Rank, Fire!

Chao's Villagers *fire* their shotgun shells and reload.

GRANT
Third Rank, Fire!

Grant's Villagers *fire* their shotguns, then reload.

MONTAGE: All Three Commands repeat as All Three Ranks fire over and over and over.

ZANE
Cease Fire!

Smoke clears. Mounds of horseless DYING SOLDIERS lie in front of Redoubt. No hurrahs, no cheers, only heavy breathing from Villagers and *moans* from dying Soldiers as horses bolt away.

DECIMATED THIRD CALVARY breaks to retreat. MacIntosh follows.

Zane surveys the bloody-carnage disgusted then *keys* arm-band.

ZANE
Radar, hold up --till we clean up.

EXT. VILLAGE - THAT NIGHT

Dead enemy soldiers were piled to form a new barricade behind Village. Rear sandbags were used to re-build the front wall.

A bonfire barbecue with a beast on a spit is near the Redoubt where Villagers eat, hug, and recover.

EXT. INSIDE THE REDOUBT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Nine SFO sit on the firing-step staring at a small fire.

ZANE
Good job Team, especially Boomer.

BOOMER

Do believe, I set a world record.

GRANT

Right now, Old Blood n' Guts is having antique firearms flown in along with fresh replacements.

CHAO

He'll have his massacre-victory at day-break for all his Clan to see.

BRAINS

Sir, I'll need time to ...

ZANE

Which we don't have. Boomer, can you build a pack-howitzer?

BOOMER

Saw wide steel pipe being used on a stove. Also saw cast iron pipe that can be cut into casings and filled with gunpowder. Where you want it?

ZANE

Entrench on the port ridge line. Sneakers, you're on his starboard ridge as over-watch.

(dead-pan stares at both)

Gentlemen, whether we die, depends on whether you two --stay alive.

Boomer and Sneakers grab each other at the forearm.

ZANE

Grant, take Panzer and your platoon to cover our "six" again. Make some hand grenades. Chao, put Sneakers Snipets on the rooftops in case of hilltop-shooters, have them fire at enemy muzzle-smoke.

SOUNDS

Sir, the frequency you used on the two horses earlier, I can rig our throat-modulators into ambush-speakers. It won't stop them, but should disrupt their charges.

BRAINS

But then we'll be incommunicado?

ZANE

Doesn't matter. Things will happen too fast. Each of us will have to think faster and fight --savage.

CHAO

A.I.?

BRAINS

Jesus, here?! I thought "it,"
Sunnie Savagery, was just a myth?

RADAR

What's "A, I?"

ZANE

We tell the universe our third
chest beat means we fight for them.
(shakes head)
It means we fight for each other.
If we can show no mercy, we use --
(opens palm with capsules)
Animal Instinct. It's a powerful
epinephrine combination that's
triggered by your own adrenaline.

GRANT

Ever heard of fight or flight? Well
kiddies, this shit makes you fight
and fight --bigger, badder, bolder.

CHAO

You will feel strong, more focused,
able to see and react quicker than
your enemy. You will "feel"
invincible --but you are not.

SNEAKERS

Downside?

GRANT

Other than dyin'? It's hours before
you come down. During which time,
you're still a killing machine.

CHAO

Hazard to foe and friend alike, so
we stay out of the public's eye --
until full recovery.

ZANE

Each take a pill, but do not, I
repeat, do not ingest unless or
until I give the order.

Five Teens and the two SFO each take to pocket a tablet.

ZANE

Boomer and Sneakers, take yours
only if trapped or need speed.
Chao, your rooftop snipers will
relay my order back to Grant.
(offers last pill to Radar)
Keep it close, keep it handy. It
will change, your destiny. What is
our most important task?

RADAR

Protect the children!

Zane holds a hand out. All lean-in to place a hand on top.

ZANE

Protect and Serve --them all.

All Nine SFO *thump* their chests twice with other hand.

EXT. FRONT HILLTOP OVERLOOKING VILLAGE - NOW DAWN

MacIntosh and his Decimated Calvary, Two Daughters and their
Six Calvary, and now FOURTH DIVISION CALVARY'S 100 soldiers,
sit mounted with automatic side-arms, rifles, and shotguns,
each slung on either side of their saddles.

ALL are behind a line of antique canon aimed at the village.

MACINTOSH

Gun Laying!

ARMORERS traverse their canon with last-minute corrections.

SNEAKERS INSERT: Crosshairs from Sneakers scope center on a
half-buried can in front of a cannon. Sneaker's rifle *fires*.

Travel-delay, then middle cannon *explodes* up into the air. It
falls on a neighbor cannon *exploding* it. THEIR ARMORERS fly.

EXT. BOOMER'S HILLTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

Boomer has his Field-mortar overlooking MacIntosh's cannon.

BOOMER

Not bad cuckoo, but what goes up --
(drops canister in tube)
comes down sis-boom-bang.

His mortar's canister shoots up into the sky with a *thoop*.

EXT. MCINTOSH'S HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Boomer's mortar canister arcs down and hits between the two closest cannon. Both cannon *explode* up into the air. One lands on a third cannon *exploding* it. MORE ARMORERS fly.

All Mounted Calvary fight to hold their spooked horses.

MACINTOSH

Fire at will!

Cannon Crews are reeling to recover so only two cannon *fire*.

SNEAKERS INSERT: Crosshairs aim at two buried cans near the two cannon. Round *hits* first can, then *ricochets* into second.

First can *explodes* as second can *explodes*. The two cannon fly up into the air raining debris onto THEIR ARMORERS.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Zane and Villagers are behind their sandbag wall when they hear the *whistling* sound of two earlier cannonballs overhead.

ZANE

INCOMING!

All dive to ground. Cannonballs hit two roofs and *explode*.

EXT. FRONT HILLTOP OVERLOOKING VILLAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Cannon OPERATIONAL CREWS make adjustments.

MACINTOSH

Fire, Fire, Fire!

OPERATIONAL CANNON *fire* as MacIntosh glares at his Two Daughters pointing to the two opposite ridges.

MACINTOSH

Flank!

Daughter B rides to Boomer's Ridge. Daughter A rides to Sneakers' Ridge. The Six Surviving Calvary break into two groups of three with each group following a Daughter.

EXT. BOOMER'S HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

BOOMER

Four at once, huh? Try this, Nike.

Boomer drops a twice-as-long canister into his loading tube talking like the famous cartoon pig.

BOOMER

"B-d, b-d, b-d, that's all folks."

Mortar sounds deeper and louder as canister *fires* airborne.

EXT. VILLAGE HILLTOP'S REMAINING ENEMY CANNON - CONTINUOUS

Operational Cannons fire again just as Boomer's canister flies over them. His canister explodes into small metal bombs that umbrella-out with hand-cut fans all falling independent.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - MOMENTS LATER

The new cannon rounds *shriek* overhead then *explode* into two more homes. All Villagers and SFO hunker down. Zane snarls.

ZANE

Hurry up, bam-bam.

EXT. FRONT HILLTOP OVERLOOKING VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Boomer's canister cluster-bombs fan out to hit all at once.

Operational Cannon *explode* as one. OPERATIONAL ARMORERS fly.

ALL Calvary are thrown from their horses. SOME FRONT-LINE CALVARY die. MacIntosh, on foot, fights to control his horse.

EXT. BOOMER'S HILLTOP - IMMEDIATELY

Boomer sees his explosions and stands to arm-pump.

A bullet *strikes* near him. He looks downhill to see Daughter B leading her THREE B CALVARY charging up to him. He lights the fuses of three similar round metal bombs and throws them.

BOOMER

'Ey batta', batta', batta'!

Boomer's three grenades *explode* on the Three B Calvary killing them. Daughter B continues riding up the hill.

Boomer is lighting a fourth grenade when Daughter B *fires* again. Her bullet grazes Boomer's shoulder knocking him backwards. His lit-grenade falls next to the mortar.

BOOMER

Auger In!

Boomer dives behind a huge rock on the other side of hill.

Mortar *explodes* followed by secondary ammunition *explosions*.

EXT. SNEAKERS HILLTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

Daughter A with her THREE A CALVARY ride up his hill in a single file. He exhales fully, then fires.

SNEAKERS

Steeeee-rike.

ARROW CAM: Round angles down through all Three A Calvary; head, chest, then stomach. They dead-fall from their horses.

The sound of Boomer's hilltop *explosions* reaches Sneakers who sweeps his rifle and scope towards Boomer and exhales deeper.

EXT. BOOMER'S HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Debris rains down over Boomer. He recovers, then digs his way out to stand brushing himself off.

BOOMER

I'm the chink, in my own armor.

Click of a gun's hammer pulling back. Boomer looks up to see Daughter B aiming her rifle at him. She pulls on the trigger.

DAUGHTER B

Die-die, my darling.

Sneakers bullet slams her from behind knocking her forward. Her round *hits* the ground as she falls off her horse dead.

Boomer ASL hand-signs a message to Sneakers.

EXT. SNEAKERS HILLTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

Sneakers interprets aloud Boomer's message through his scope.

SNEAKERS

You're, on, my, Christmas, list.
(chuckles)

Roscov Navidenos, lots of cinnamon.

Below Sneakers, Daughter A feels her sister's death and grabs at her heart. She reels her horse to gallop down the hill.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Front Villagers stand to *Hurrah* behind their sandbag wall as Sneakers and Boomer both gallop in on horseback and jump over the wall to dismount then shoo away stolen Calvary horses.

ZANE

Great job taking out their
artillery. --POSITIONS!

Sneakers and Boomer join Villager Ranks with their *Savages*.

EXT. VILLAGE'S REAR CORPSE WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Grant watches front hilltop then turns to his Rear Villagers.

GRANT

Put on your war paint ladies,
they'll be coming at us hard.

Rear Villagers slide back a rear foot to give a Marine call.

REAR VILLAGERS

OORAH!

EXT. FRONT HILLTOP OVERLOOKING VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Daughter A rides to MacIntosh as REMAINING CALVARY regroup. FIFTH DIVISION'S 100, armed same, now arrive. MacIntosh circles a finger overhead at Daughter A. She nods. MacIntosh raises a fist, then pumps it forward.

MACINTOSH

KILL, KILL, KILL THEM ALL!

MacIntosh and FIFTH CALVARY spur down to the village with blood-curdling screams. Daughter A angles away from them with the Original Remaining Calvary for a Rear attack.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Enemy Calvary *screams* are primal. Villagers are frightened.

Zane climbs on top of the Redoubt wall to stand next to their SFO flag. He presents his chest to the Enemy *thumping* it three times. Enemy Calvary fire at him. Their bullets strike the sandbags around him. Villagers stare at Zane in awe.

CHAO

That folks, is a Field General.

Peasant Mother begins Blues-singing *The Star Spangled Banner*.

PEASANT MOTHER

"Oh, say, can you see..." etc.

ZANE

Sing! Sing your resolve to them!

Villagers *rack* their shotguns, then join-in *singing* as they kneel behind front sandbag-wall watching Enemy horses gallop.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

Fifth Calvary charges at full gallop led by MacIntosh holding his sword straight ahead *screaming* a war cry.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Villagers still *sing* while watching Fifth Calvary charge in.

ALL VILLAGERS

"And the rockets red glare..." etc.

On the song's crescendo word "brave," Zane barks.

ZANE

FIRE!

Front Villagers *fire* their slug rounds.

MANY FIFTH CALVARY fall dead as their horses run away.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR "CORPSE" WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Daughter A and her Remaining Calvary see their fallen comrades corpses piled as a barricade.

DAUGHTER A

Avenge your brothers!

Daughter A and Remaining Calvary give blood curdling *screams*.

GRANT

FIRE!

Rear Villagers *fire* shot as Panzer and Grant throw grenades.

Daughter A's SOME REMAINING CALVARY fall dead. Their horses bolt.

EXT. VILLAGE REDOUBT WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Zane jumps down from the Redoubt's wall.

ZANE

SOUNDS!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Calvary charges are now converging on both ends of Village.

Zane's earlier high-pitched *scream* is magnified a thousand-fold by dozens of flying drones.

DRONES (FILTERED)

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee --!

ENEMY Calvary horses halt throwing ALL riders and bolt away.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

All Fifth Calvary are now on the ground. MacIntosh stands and strikes repeated blows straight forward from a shoulder with a closed fist hand-signaling, *Fight on Foot*. He runs towards the Village. Fifth Calvary soldiers run following him.

MACINTOSH

NO PRISONERS --NO, PRISONERS!

EXT. VILLAGE REAR OUTSKIRTS - SIMULTANEOUS

Daughter A and HORSELESS REMAINING CALVARY charge on foot.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Zane now runs to Front Villagers Line to kneel with them.

MacIntosh and Fifth Calvary are a hundred feet out running.

ZANE

SLUG!

Zane and Front Villagers *fire* their slug rounds.

ZANE

SHOT!

Zane and Front Villagers *fire* their shotgun shells.

SOUNDS/BOOMER

Slings!

Both Rooftop Teens *whirl* slings, then let their rocks fly.

MacIntosh and Fifth Calvary are fifty feet out when rounds, shells, and rocks, cut down a THIRD OF FIFTH CALVARY.

MacIntosh falls grazed by a rock with his forehead bleeding.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR "CORPSE" WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Daughter A's spectacle-enhancer drops and she sees MacIntosh lying on the ground on Village's front side. She *blows* a metal neck-whistle to retreat. Her FEW LIVE CALVARY follow.

Grant's Rear Villagers stand cheering.

GRANT

She ain't singing yet, ladies.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

LIVING FIFTH CALVARY retreats running. MacIntosh feels his forehead-gash, then looks at the blood on his fingers.

MACINTOSH

A rock? Nooooooooo --!

MacIntosh follows Fifth Calvary to regroup in cannon-craters.

EXT. VILLAGE REAR PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

Daughter A and her Few Live Calvary hide in the burnt-out dry first river-bed. Her shoulder-radio *crackles* on, she keys it.

MACINTOSH (FILTERED)

Take advantage of the field smoke,
prepare for attack. Pass the order,
if we are not victorious, let no
one come back alive.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Front Villagers are congratulating themselves as Zane squints to look through the thick hanging cordite-smoke.

ZANE

Assembly!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sounds re-activates drones and horns echo overhead, *Assembly*.

Rooftop Teens jump down, Front Villagers and all SFO, run to encircle Redoubt standing with their backs to it.

EXT. VILLAGE REDOUBT - MOMENTS LATER

All SFO and Villagers hold their rifles beside a hip at 45°.

ZANE

A.I. --NOW!

All SFO look at the pill in their hands, then swallow it.

ZANE

Okay in there, Radar?

EXT. INSIDE THE REDOUBT - CONTINUOUS

Village Children are huddled around Radar who's been crying. She stares at her pill then dry-pops it, swallows and coughs.

RADAR

I'm --They're Okay!

EXT. VILLAGE REDOUBT - MOMENTS LATER

All look to Zane.

ZANE

This --is the price of freedom!

All SFO and Villagers place a hand on their belt scabbards and flip their bayonets 180° over in their loops.

ZANE

FIX --!

All pull their bayonets to place over their front barrels.

ZANE

BAYONETS!

All *click* their bayonets back onto its barrel-lock.

ZANE

Slug first, then shot! Remember to arc for overlapping fields of fire! You will not have time to reload!

CHAO
Guns, bottles, fists, knives,
clubs! Gentlemen, prepare --!

GRANT
...to defend yourselves, ladies!

MacIntosh, Daughter A, and Foot Calvary run-in *screaming*.

ZANE
SLUG!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF VILLAGE REDOUBT - CONTINUOUS

Children are hunkered in center of redoubt around Radar.

Villagers are in a large circle around the Redoubt. All *fire* their rifle slug. MANY FOOT CALVARY fall dead in a perfect circle around the Redoubt. Villagers *rack* their fore-stocks.

ZANE
SHOT!

Villagers *fire* their shotgun volley. MORE FOOT CALVARY fall in another perfect, but closer-in circle.

EXT. 360° AROUND THE VILLAGE REDOUBT - MOMENTS LATER

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING: Vicious personal combat with Villagers using their bayonets against Foot Calvary. When a bayonet is stuck in an Enemy, Villagers swing shields to hit Others.

INT. VILLAGE REDOUBT - SIMULTANEOUS

TWO FOOT CALVARY run into Redoubt with shotgun-type weapons.

RADAR
Please don't hurt them --

Two Foot Calvary smile and *rack* their shotgun-like weapons.

Radar stands and *cracks* her neck with voice now demon-like.

RADAR
hurt, meeee!

RADAR FIGHT: Radar attacks Two Calvary using Martial Arts to disarm both and double-fires their two shotguns killing both. THIRD FOOT CALVARY breaks in and stabs Radar in her arm. She trips him, then pulls out his knife, and kills him with it.

PEASANT GIRL
You're --a bad-ass.

Radar stands in entranceway with both guns and double-racks.

RADAR
I'm --a soldier.

EXT. OUTSIDE VILLAGE REDOUBT - MOMENTS LATER

HAND-TO-HAND CONTINUES: Villagers and Foot Calvary continue to fight vicious. MANY FROM BOTH SIDES roll on ground dying.

Eight SFO fight with extreme ferocity. Villagers see them.

PEASANT MOTHER
Sunnie Savagery.

BRAINS FIGHT: Brains sees Daughter A running with her sword drawn. Brains drops rifle to pull out a long knife. She aims, then fires its double-pointed blade out its hilt. Daughter A somersaults on ground as Brains knife-blade flies over her. Daughter A rolls to her feet and continues charging.

DAUGHTER A
Missed me, Bitch!

Brains holds the hilt against her stomach moving it to keep Daughter A centered who's danger-close when she "freezes."

BRAINS
Comes back, Bitchette.

Daughter A dead-falls forward with Brains reverse-blade in her back. Brains grabs Daughter A's sword to fight on more.

CHAO'S FIGHT: He is fighting SIX FOOT CALVARY at once. He stabs ONE with his Bayonet, but can't pull it out, so drops his gun to pull two Battle Axes from calf-holders. Chao cuts off the heads of TWO and THREE as the Other Three tackle him. FOUR and FIVE hold Chao down by either arm. SIX, a female, straddles on top of Chao and raises her dagger high.

Grant jumps behind Six and spins her head 180° *breaking* her neck. Two stilettos extend from Grant's armbands and he double-stabs Four and Five in their foreheads. Four, Five, and Six fall around Chao. Grant kisses Chao, then front somersaults off him to attack more.

GRANT
We're engaged!

Chao repeatedly *spits* as he pops-up standing, then attacks.

CHAO

Where's my ring?!

A SINGLE CALVARY is behind Zane aiming when a shotgun *blast* blows Single Calvary in half. Zane spins to look up. Radar stands on Redoubt's firing-step aiming one of her shotguns. She tosses the second shotgun to Zane as she *racks* her own.

RADAR

Watch your six, soldier!

ZANE

Don't gotta', got you.

RADAR

NO!

Zane spins back in time to see SHOTGUN CALVARY smile, then *fire* both his over-under barrels simultaneous. Their combined 24 pellets lift Zane up and carry him back against Redoubt.

Before Zane's body can collapse, Radar is flying through the air. She tackles Shotgun Calvary and beats him to death with his own shotgun's buttstock until he is a bloody pulp.

Villagers watching shrink back from her violent carnage.

Radar stands *racking* the now bloody shotgun and yells.

RADAR

RECALL!

Sounds activates his drones and their sky-horns play, *Recall*.

All SFO semi-circle to protect their fallen leader. They are covered in blood and look psychotic.

Villagers circle perimeter of Redoubt with their backs to it.

MacIntosh yanks the neck-whistle off his dead Daughter A and *blows*. ENDURING CALVARY exit the Village running. MacIntosh follows them screaming.

MACINTOSH

MAD! MAD! MAD!

Villagers look to the Eight SFO to explain.

ZANE (O.S.)

(in pain)

Mutual --Assured --Destruction.

Villagers and Eight SFO spin to Zane now sitting up against the Redoubt. The center of his chest clothing is shredded.

ZANE

Ow.

Radar rushes to Zane followed by the others. She is crying.

RADAR

I, I --
(wipes at tears)
we thought --?

ZANE

(hard to talk)
*Pull me into redoubt. Rest of you --
rebuild!*

Radar turns barking orders like a seasoned Drill Instructor.

RADAR

Grant, back wall! Chao, front wall!
Sounds, eyes up! Rest, re-arm, re-
fit, then redeploy! Move It!

Sounds launches more drones. Radar grabs Zane's collar behind his head and begins dragging him. Others move to help her.

RADAR

No one called off the God Damn war!

ALL rush to their assigned tasks as Radar pulls Zane's body inside the Redoubt.

EXT. INSIDE THE REDOUBT - CONTINUOUS

Radar pulls Zane's body into its center and collapses on her knees beside him *sobbing*. She is still holding onto Zane's collar when she tilts her head puzzled, then lifts Zane's head to look at what her hand holds. It's a knot.

ZANE

Untie it.

Radar unties the piece of rope. Zane reaches under clothing to pull out a slightly curved large piece of cast iron.

RADAR

Is that a --?

Zane tosses the antique oven-door to the side. It *clangs*. It has 24 small dents center mass.

ZANE

Bury it.

Zane sits up against the redoubt-step gathering himself.

RADAR

How long have you been wearing ...?

Radar pulls her knife and begins digging a hole. She nods.

RADAR

Ahhhh, so you could stand on the redoubt as inspiration. Sweet move.

ZANE

(grimaces finger-to-lips)
Shhhhhhh.

EXT. THROUGHOUT VILLAGE - THAT NIGHT

Campfires burn in front of still-standing huts as Villagers take breaks from rebuilding the front wall to be with their Children and sit by fires cooking, eating, healing, loving.

EXT. INSIDE VILLAGE REDOUBT - SIMULTANEOUS

All Nine SFO, faces washed but uniforms still bloody, sit on the firing step. Grant, Chao, and Zane are eyes-closed meditating. Six Teens stare at Zane's uniform "hole" now showing his bruised chest. Teens are wide-eyed and agitated.

SOUNDS

(tapping feet)
Helluva' day.

SNEAKERS

(picking at eyebrows)
We killed --so many.

BOOMER

(snapping fingers)
"We" all did.

BRAINS

(re-hugging self)
Kill or be killed.

PANZER

(wringing hands)
What happens tomorrow?

ZANE

(eyes closed, in *Latin*)
Die Judicii.

Radar having body tremors, translates.

RADAR
Judgement Day.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - NEXT MORNING

Sunny day. Sandbag wall rebuilt. Villagers stand behind it.

PANZER
Any more personality pills?

GRANT
None of you plebes could handle
A.I. squared.
(no response, explains)
The human nervous system can only
handle so much --excitement.

SOUNDS
Where's Sneakers?

Drum-like *beating* is heard. It gets louder. Zane stands to scan hillsides as his Eight SFO and Villagers stand to look.

MacIntosh and Enduring Calvary ride up shoulder-to-shoulder over the front hilltop now with FIVE THOUSAND CLAN CALVARY. They encircle the village on all surrounding hilltops beating their weapons against ballistic shields. It is Judgement Day.

CHAO
His entire warrior Clan.

GRANT
Must be --thousands?

Sneakers jogs in carrying his sniper rifle now with a parabolic-cone mounted on top of its scope.

SNEAKERS
Five. I got close enough with the
amplifier Sounds made me. MacIntosh
rallied his entire fiefdom's army.
You're right boss, no more rules.
(removes parabolic-cone)
His Calvary now carries blasters,
particle-guns, and phazer-rifles.
Anything and everything hand-based.

ZANE
Artillery or air-support?

SNEAKERS

None. He wants our demise to be
"real personal-like."

BOOMER

No grenades left. What do we do?

RADAR

Kill Them All Twice!

The Eight SFO look at Radar, then burst into *belly-laugh*s.

GRANT

Glad you found a sense of humor.

CHAO

Hope you can find it tomorrow.

ZANE

Everyone --survive.

SOUNDS

Then what?

RADAR

Asking for help --always helps.

All SFO take a knee bowing their heads. Villagers do same.
All repeat in unison the amended first part of *Psalms 23:4*.

SFO/VILLAGERS

"Yea, though we walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, we
shall fear no evil."

All stand. Grant *cracks* his neck.

GRANT

Amen. *Ya' mutha' fu* --!

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT RIDGETOP - SIMULTANEOUS

MacIntosh stands in stirrups to scan all hillsides and sees
his Clan Calvary everywhere. He sits, then raises his sword.

MACINTOSH

ANNIHILATION!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF HILLTOPS ABOVE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

5,000 Clan Calvary charge their horses down all their hills.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Villagers are worried and step back. Zane booms.

ZANE

An honor to die, with you all!

Eight SFO give three chest *thumps* holding their fist over their heart on last thump. Zane repeats, bowing at waist.

Peasant Mother sings soulful, *America The Beautiful*.

PEASANT MOTHER

"Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain" ...etc.

Villagers join-in *singing* in perfect harmony.

VILLAGERS

"For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain!" ...etc.

Villagers stand with fist over heart to continue singing. All Nine SFO join-in singing as ALL watch incoming Clan Calvary.

SFO/VILLAGERS

"God shed his grace on thee, And
crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea!"

Amplified snare-drums begin *beating* supported by bass drums.

Villagers stop singing to look up at a hilltop. SFO look at Zane who shrugs his shoulders speaking with a Jewish accent.

ZANE

A little help --never hurts.

EXT. VILLAGE HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

TOP SECRET DRUM CORPS of 25 DRUMMERS and COLOR GUARD with flags bearing SFO crest. All in SFO Cadet Uniforms, step over the hill side-by-side. Their amplified *drumming* is deafening.

PLAINS INSERT: MacIntosh and Clan Calvary halt charge in awe.

TOP SECRET FULL ROUTINE so when Snare Drummers finish, they hold one drumstick to play as a flute, *Scotland the Brave*.

ONE THOUSAND RESCUE SFO step up beside them on surrounding hillsides in full battle dress. Their black-capes billow.

Sam's amplified voice echoes from a thousand drones overhead.

SAM (FILTERED)
CAPITULATE!

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

MacIntosh *spits* at the SFO.

MACINTOSH
Never!

MacIntosh spurs his horse and charges towards the Village.
His Clan Calvary spur to follow him.

EXT. FRONT VILLAGE SANDBAG WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Zane points at MacIntosh.

ZANE
Head Of The Snake!

Sneakers tosses his sniper-rifle to Grant who kneels behind the sandbags resting his rifle on them. Grant focuses, loads breach with his thumb, then exhales fully, and pulls trigger. Gun's muzzle-flash *explodes* as his bullet leaves its barrel.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

MacIntosh's head disappears as his body back-somersaults off his horse. Clan Calvary halt staring at his headless-corpse.

All Rescue SFO run down their hill as their capes go rigid and hip-rockets *fire*. They fly high above dropping sleep-gas grenades *exploding* purple. ALL Clan Calvary fall unconscious.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT SANDBAG WALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Villagers *whoop* jumping for joy. Children run out of redoubt to hug their PARENTS. Radar exits redoubt and the Six Teens hug each other. Chao goes to high-five Grant who pulls his hand away at the last moment smiling. Chao grabs him in a bear hug, then kisses him. Grant pushes away *dry-spitting*.

EXT. CENTER OF VILLAGE - THAT NIGHT

Redoubt sandbags have been moved to form a large seating ring. Firing-step bags now hold a bonfire cooking a large beast on a spit. Villagers dance to *Top Secret Drummers*.

Grant, Chao, and Zane, stand off to the side talking.

GRANT

You knew about these weapons?

ZANE

Interrogated an Arms Dealer, seemed appropriate. --Savages for savages.

CHAO

When did you send a Call to Arms?

WOLF (O.S.)

Long before you widgeits got here.

Grant has his back to WOLF and both eyebrows go up.

GRANT

Wolf?

Grant spins to SFO MASTER SERGEANT SEAMAN WOLF, 50s, white chin-beard, white crewcut, in full SFO uniform with Chevrons and battle ribbons. Grant hugs him lifting Wolf's feet up.

CHAO

Now there's something you don't see everyday.

SECURITY (O.S.)

Don't want to.

Chao spins to Security now in SFO Cadet-uniform and hugs him.

ZANE

My eyes, my eyes!

SAM (O.S.)

Said one broke-ass Ranger.

Zane spins to Sam, then dips her to kiss her passionate.

Six Teens, with arms folded, stand watching their "old" SFO.

BRAINS

Sentimental lot, aren't they?

RADAR

It's an old-age thing.

Zane motions Six Teens over for a group hug. All do.

ZANE

Now, "we" --are one.

Sounds smiles and overhead drones begin playing the famous disco *Family* song. Old SFO begin dancing with each other.

Young SFO feign getting stomach-sick then join-in. *Top Secret Drum Corps* pick up on the tune. Villagers line-dance to it.

EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

5,000 CLAN CALVARY PRISONERS sit outside the Village. They are disarmed with their wrists cuffed behind their backs.

SFO GUARDS hear the music, move their hips, then lock arms and leg-kick dance. Calvary Prisoners close their eyes sick.

INT. MONASTERY'S HALL - TWO WEEKS LATER

The Colosseum has a center stage. AUDIENCE, 10,000 SFO in black dress uniforms with berets under epaulets, and 40,000 CITIZENS, sit quiet on their tiered stones.

Leader, same large white robe, stands behind antique lectern and drops his hood. He has long flowing white hair and beard.

LEADER

The Order has ended the cruel
enslavement of an entire planet.

Audience *claps*. Leader points to Zane standing.

LEADER

Your training has created a new
generation of Sunnie Soldiers.

Leader hand-motions Six Teens to rise in SFO dress uniform. Security is now in a Cadet dress-uniform. Young Man is in an SFO Trainee-uniform. ALL come to Attention. Audience *claps*.

LEADER

Unfortunately, your leadership,
also led your protégés to violate
the very essence of --The Order.

Clapping freezes. Leader motions for Wolf to approach Zane.

LEADER

Commander Robert Edward Zane, for
crimes unbefitting the trust you
held, you are forever stripped of
rank and banished from --The Corp.

Grant and Chao, in SFO Dress Uniforms, step forward angry.

SFO Audience *protests* loud as Wolf rips the epaulets off Zane's shoulders and takes his beret. Zane drops his head and closes his eyes in shame.

INT. JUICEE'S BAR - WEEKS LATER

Hologram Band *plays* music. PATRONS dance. Biker-Boss enters.

Juicee runs to a BUM with head-in-arms asleep on a table top and shakes him.

JUICEE
Wake up, do your job!

BIKER BOSS
I just got out. Is it true?

Bum *belches* into tabletop. Biker-Boss grabs Bum's hair and lifts to reveal the Bum is really Zane, now with beard-stubble, and drunk, who sleep-drools with eyes shut.

JUICEE
They broke him.

BIKER BOSS
My turn.

Biker-Boss punches Zane knocking him onto floor. Zane curls in a fetal position and *farts*. Biker-Boss does an Irish Jig.

BIKER BOSS
Now that, was worth going to cell
for. --Drinks On Me, Chaps!

Biker-Thugs and RIFFRAFF join Biker-Boss at the bar.

Juicee helps Zane back into his chair. Zane rubs his jaw.

ZANE
I fall down, go --ow?

Biker-Boss, Biker-Thugs, and Riffraff begin *breaking* glasses.

JUICEE
Better to pay those bums for
protection, then wait for your bum
ass to sober up. You're fired!

ZANE
You can't fire me, I --
(*beer-burp* talk)
quiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit.

Zane lies his forehead back on table. More glasses *break*. Juicee grabs his face in horror and goes to save his bar.

RAIDER OFFICER, grizzled with a horizontal ragged-scar across his neck, sits down across from Zane. He speaks gravely.

RAIDER OFFICER
Sounds like you need a friend.

ZANE
(sits up drooling)
Sounds like you need an enema.

RAIDER OFFICER
Want a job?

ZANE
What it pay?

RAIDER OFFICER
What you care?

ZANE
(spits drool onto floor)
Don't. Don't care 'bout nuthin'.

RAIDER OFFICER
Then you'll fit right in. Let's go.

ZANE
Hold on! Gotta' pack first.

Zane chugs his shot glass, then drops it in a shirt pocket.
Raider Officer *snorts* and exits bar. Zane stagger-follows.

EXT. RAIDER SHIP IN SPACE - DAYS LATER

A conglomeration of parts from multiple spaceships has created one bat-ugly mismatched battleship.

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S STORAGE BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Zane is asleep on a dirty deck between packing crates. A bucket of water is thrown over him. He jumps up.

ZANE
'Bandon Ship!

RAIDER OFFICER
Pull your weight or pull your pud.
Only do the latter --in space.

Raider Officer throws a jumpsuit at Zane who misses catching.

RAIDER OFFICER
Throw up, clean up, dress up. Sky
Master wants to see you.

ZANE

Thought you was Cap'n, Cap'n?

RAIDER OFFICER

Of this ship, but He is, of us all.

ZANE

Uuuuuuu, I just loves a good *miz* --
miss --*mister* --*riddle*.

INT. RAIDER SHIP HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Zane, face washed still with beard stubble, is now wearing the Raider jumpsuit and being escorted by Raider Officer.

ZANE

So what's a turd like you doing
floating in a toilet like this?

Raider Officer grabs Zane and slams him against a wall next to an air-lock then pulls its release-handle. Air-lock door *hisses* open. Raider Officer pushes Zane in its chamber and throws the seal-handle. Door *hisses* closed. Raider Officer pushes panel-buttons. *Buzzing* and rotating red lights inside the chamber come on warning the hull's outer-door is opening.

Zane panics beating his fists inside on its portal glass. Nothing is heard on the outside.

RAIDER OFFICER

My dirty ass ain't goin' down with
yours, so kiss both good-bye.

ZANE (FILTERED)

((hits speaker button)
Half --Half My Take!

Raider Officer stops, then door *hisses* open. Zane jumps out.

ZANE

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

RAIDER OFFICER

(slaps Zane hard)
Never speak biblical --around God.

Raider Officer walks away angry. Zane follows in submission.

INT. RAIDER SHIP HALLWAY OUTSIDE MASTER CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Raider Officer and Zane stand outside Captain's Cabin. Raider Officer looks up at a camera. Door slides open. Both enter.

INT. RAIDER SHIP MASTER CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The large room is dark except for antiques on lighted-shelves and display cases. A throne-chair is facing a large viewport looking out at space. SKY MASTER talks with his back to Zane.

SKY MASTER

You don't look, like I remember.

ZANE

Don't remember, what I look like?

SKY MASTER

Leave us.

RAIDER OFFICER

But he's still ...?

Area around throne glows red. Raider Officer exits fast.

SKY MASTER

Sit!

Zane looks around, no chairs, so sits on the floor.

SKY MASTER

(voice *echoes* ominous)

Who am I?

ZANE

God?

SKY MASTER

(maniacal laugh)

You win a cookie. Why are you here?

ZANE

To serve.

SKY MASTER

Not protect?

ZANE

Just my interests.

SKY MASTER

You sound --angry?

ZANE

Try spending thirty years doing what you're told only to get thrown in the trash! You'd be pissed, too.

SKY MASTER

I was. --I am.

Throne *whirs* rotating 180° showing Sky Master wears a red robe with oversized hood. His face is hidden as he rolls a red energy ball back-and-forth in his hands. Zane squints.

ZANE

Do I, know you?

Sky Master pulls back hood and leans into light to reveal, BENEDICT, dreaded disavowed SFO, who has a Van Dyke beard.

ZANE

What the --Benedict?! You're dead!

BENEDICT

Was, came back, as a, ta-da, God.
Who knew? --Kneel in my presence!

Benedict push-throws his energy-ball at Zane who rolls away.

ZANE

Jesus!

BENEDICT

Close enough.

ZANE

Permission to stand --God?

BENEDICT

There ya' go. Permission granted.

ZANE

(stands brushing off)
How ya' been?

Benedict throws another energy-ball at Zane. This one encircles Zane who spasms like he's being electrocuted.

BENEDICT

You arrested me!

Benedict *claps* his hands and energy circle disappears.

Zane drops to a knee *coughing* and recovering.

ZANE

Hey, just following orders! Don't take it personal. After all, look what the pompous prick did to me.

BENEDICT

"He" --told you to desecrate me?

Another energy-ball roll-forms between Benedict's hands.

ZANE

He ordered me! The Order is a sham.
Leader controls everything now.
After Chao and Grant left, he knew,
I knew. That's why he had to get
rid of me. He ordered me to Säro.
He knew what I would do.

BENEDICT

But "he" --let "them" back in?

ZANE

P.R. They'll be out soon enough.

BENEDICT

(energy-ball dissipates)
Stand and be recognized --brother.

ZANE

(comes to Attention)
Permission to stay aboard
permanently, sir?

Benedict shoos him away with back of a hand. Zane exits.

BENEDICT

For now.

INT. RAIDER ENGINE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Zane *bangs* on a generator with a hammer. RAIDER ONE enters.

RAIDER ONE

Hey Sparky, knock off the bang-
banging! It's giving me a headache.

ZANE

Yeah, well, the G.D. Woodruff Key
won't turn on this P.O.S.

RAIDER ONE

Awwwww, is the whittle sunny-bunny
unhappy he's not a copper no more?

Zane holds his spanner and hammer as weapons. Raider One
draws a blade from a boot-sheath. They circle each other.

Intercom *clicks* on.

BENEDICT (FILTERED)

Zane, Report!

Zane throws his spanner and hammer on metal deck *clanging*.

ZANE

On my way --*goddess*.

Zane walks past Raider One who slices at him with his knife. Zane *X-Shuto Block* capturing Raider One's knife-wrist reverse-holding his own blade's tip near Raider One's eye.

ZANE

Wanna' become a real pirate?

Raider One shakes his head. Zane twists the knife away, then breaks its blade off in a piece of equipment as he exits.

INT. BENEDICT/CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Benedict sits on his throne rolling an energy-ball between his hands. Door's "Bosun's Whistle" sounds *Piping On Board*, then door slides open and Zane enters.

BENEDICT

Why are you really here?

ZANE

Because you sent for me?

Benedict throws his energy-ball at Zane who grabs an antique sterling silver serving tray off a shelf to deflect it.

BENEDICT

No!

Benedict runs and grabs the tray from Zane to examine it.

BENEDICT

This is a 1960 English Hallmark,
idiot! A hundred times your worth.

Benedict *hits* Zane across the face with the tray, then puts it back in display holder lovingly. Zane rubs his red face.

ZANE

Could you stop being --so Godly?

Benedict spins angry forming an energy-ball in his hands.

BENEDICT

Answer Me!

ZANE

All right, all right! No family, no friends! Simply put, I got no where else to go. Plain and simple.

BENEDICT

(quotes the Bible)

"All its land is brimstone and salt, a burning waste, unsown and unproductive, and no grass grows."

ZANE

Sodom and Gomorrah. So what's up with you and all this --
(waves hand around)
ancient archeology?

BENEDICT

(energy-ball dissipates)

Want to see my crystal collection?

ZANE

"Crystals?!" Not gonna' try and heal my spirit are you?

Benedict goes to a shelf holding vintage electronics, then holds up a small antique smoky-bottle.

ZANE

Are those --Galena Crystals?

BENEDICT

I see you know your diodes.

BENEDICT

(waves arms around)

Everything here is based on radio waves and --electricity.

ZANE

"Electricity?!" How?

BENEDICT

Anodes, Cathodes, and Electrolytes.

ZANE

Are you talking about --batteries?

BENEDICT

Self-sufficiency is the final step towards true self-reliance.

ZANE

If you like talking to yourself.

Zane points to a hand-held clicker-remote in a display case.

BENEDICT

It's a Twentieth Century hand-held remote control for something called --a garage-door.

ZANE

The shelter for a personal form of conveyance. Okay, so why the fascination with diode dynamics?

BENEDICT

Because this archaic low-tech is unknown in our century! Its signal can't be over-ridden or controlled by computers. "Why are you here?" Because you will build me thousands of radio transmitters that generate your abominable acoustic attacks.

ZANE

Wow, gotta' hand it to you, never would've thought of using cave-man technology to weaponize sound.

BENEDICT

It's still the movement of ions, just the old-fashioned way.

ZANE

Capacitors and coils?

BENEDICT

Already manufactured using inter-sliding tubes of rustic rolled-thin metal once called, uh --"tin foil."

ZANE

Insulation?

BENEDICT

Sheets of paper.

ZANE

"Paper?!" --Few men have impressed me in this life, but you just went to the top of their list. Get me to your lab and I'll make a list of supplies to get from our next port.

BENEDICT

This ship --never docks.

ZANE

How ...?

BENEDICT

Everything is brought to us. And
never to the same coordinates.

ZANE

No wonder The Order never heard of
you or this station. Kudos to the
King. But what about women?

BENEDICT

We are fully --self-sustaining.

Benedict hits Zane on his back knocking him forward. Both
glare at each other, then break out in villainous *laughter*.

INT. RAIDER SHIP MESS HALL - THAT NIGHT

Massive room housing hundreds of metal tables and benches.
1,000 MALE RAIDERS, in jumpsuits, sit slopping like pigs.

Door opens. Zane enters with dirt and grease on his face
wiping his hands on a filthy rag. Raider One is exiting by
and trips Zane who falls.

RAIDER ONE

Next time wash up before Mess.
Don't come lookin' like one.

Zane holds head up by a hand as if posing for a magazine.

ZANE

You remind me of the ugly sister I
never had --only uglier.

Raider One pulls Zane to standing by grabbing his lapels.
Zane imitates a perfect *Elvis Presley*.

ZANE

"Thank you, thank you very much."

Zane captures Raider One's wrist two-on-one and spins under
that arm to snap-stand with One's shoulder under his elbow
pulling down on the captured wrist palm-up. Raider One's
elbow dislocates to a loud *snap*. Zane pushes on Raider One's
chest who falls backwards out the door that self-closes.

Zane goes to the Chow Line and grabs a dinged metal tray as
COOKEE, filthy apron, stands behind the food tables spooning
slop. He *plops* some on Zane's tray who yanks his head away.

ZANE
Dynamited Chicken?

Door opens. Raider One enters aiming a blaster with good arm.

RAIDER ONE
Death to all Sunnies!

A blaster ray hits Raider One's good shoulder. He falls backwards, dropping gun, out the door again which closes.

RAIDER OFFICER
Now ya' got --two bad arms!

CLOSEST RAIDERS laugh hearty, then go back to eating.

ZANE
I saw him.

RAIDER OFFICER
Yeah --what were you gonna' do,
spork him to death?

An 8" throwing knife drops out one of Zane's sleeves.

ZANE
Be prepared.

RAIDER OFFICER
(guffaws)
So it's true! You're all Boy
Scouts.

ZANE
Except in bed.
(tastes gruel, spits out)
Where the women at?

RAIDER OFFICER
Was just heading to The Stables me-
self. Care to ride with me?

ZANE
Separate mares, cowboy.

Raider Officer *snorts* creepy and exits. Zane dumps his food tray in a trash receptacle and flips *The Bird* to Cookee who holds up one hand flat. His middle finger is missing.

COOKEE
Rest back atcha'.

Zane's only come-back is to smile as he exits.

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S PROSTITUTE DORM - MOMENTS LATER

Small room with only a bare mattress on the floor for DOMINO, a teen, was pretty, but now dirty and bruised, who stands in a corner wearing a torn dress hugging herself.

Water *flushes* and the bathroom wall-door slides open. Raider Officer steps out unzipping his jumpsuit.

RAIDER OFFICER

Treat me special, and I won't beat
you like last time.

Raider Officer pulls off his jumpsuit. He's bear-hairy.
Domino *cries*. Raider Officer *slaps* her.

RAIDER OFFICER

Turn off the waterworks, you'll
need all your moistur ...?

Raider Officer gets a surprised look and collapses on floor.

Zane stands behind Raider Officer with both thumbs held out at neck level. Domino steps back. Zane puts a finger over his lips, then takes her wrist and pulls her into the bathroom.

INT. DOMINO'S BATHROOM SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Zane pulls Domino into the shower stall. Heated water turns on automatic bathing them. Domino is in shock. Zane whispers.

ZANE

*We didn't know where this ship was.
You have to stow away until I can
signal for back-up. Wash-up, dress-
up, then bear-up, a little longer.
(breaks ampule/injects her)
Just adrenaline.
(pulls her into a hug)
Brought you a jumpsuit, and a
message.
(rubs her back)
"Don't fall, my little Domino."*

Domino breaks down *sobbing* being held-up by Zane. Over her shoulder, Zane's face twists in pure hatred.

INT. BENEDICT'S CABIN - NEXT MORNING

Benedict sits on his throne now wearing a Raider jumpsuit.

Door Bosun's Whistle *sounds* and door opens. Zane enters.

Benedict uses an old TV-remote to turn on a vintage Big Screen with an image of Raider Officer, hairy-nude, beating his fists inside the earlier air-lock he threw Zane into.

BENEDICT

He was in charge of our security.

Air-lock's outer door opens. Raider Officer is sucked out.

ZANE

Cuts down on retirement benefits.

Benedict holds up a VHS tape and *jiggles* it. Zane tilts his head. Benedict puts it in a VCR player and presses remote.

BENEDICT

Remember what I said about crystals
and vintage electronics?

Big Screen image changes to that of Domino's room shown the previous evening from an upper corner view. Raider Officer exits bathroom and slaps Domino. A ceiling air vent opens and Zane drops out silent, then presses his thumbs against Raider Officer's *Carotid Arteries* who falls unconscious.

Benedict hurls an energy-ball at Zane who somersaults away rolling to a knee while throwing his sleeve-knife. Benedict catches Zane's knife inside another energy ball smiling.

An electrical beam picks Zane up and holds him in mid-air.

Benedict studies Zane spasming while quoting the Bible again.

BENEDICT

"Glory in our sufferings, because
suffering produces perseverance.
Perseverance, character, and
character, hope." --Just not here.

Electrical beam shuts off. Zane falls unconscious on the deck as Raider One steps out of the shadows with both arms in slings but still managing to hold a home-made electro-gun.

BENEDICT

Thank you, and --congratulations.

Raider One smiles crooked, just like his morays.

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S TORTURE CHAMBER - LATER THAT DAY

A clean modern inquisition room with antique torturing equipment; *Rack Table*, *Iron Maiden*, *The Cradle*, etc.

Zane's vision clears. He's hanging with both wrists shackled in steel-cuffs to chains that retract up into his wall.

Benedict enters and presses his earlier antique garage-door remote. Both of Zane's arm-chains retract *clanking* to stand him upright. Benedict jumps up and down while going to Zane.

BENEDICT

It works! Didn't, now it does. We gonna' have us some fun tonight.

(goes nose-to-nose)

Tried to delete a disk, dick. Tape has to be erased. Now your pain is my gain. Where, when, and how many?

ZANE

(sings *Three Dog Night*)

"Mama told me not to come."

Benedict presses his remote's button and Zane's chains *clank* now pulling him off his feet. Zane *groans*.

BENEDICT

Save your riddles, dickhead.

ZANE

Song, dickless --it's a song.

BENEDICT

Then sing --for her.

Door opens and Raider One drags Sam in. She's been beaten and is bruised. Her black Intruder-Suit is torn and filthy.

ZANE

Sam! How, why --?

RAIDER TWO enters behind carrying a metal box with a *scraping* noise coming from inside it. Sam explains to Zane exhausted.

SAM

Vedette.

Zane tries to break his bonds. Benedict jumps up and down.

BENEDICT

She's my sentry now, sentinel.

(to both Raiders)

"The Rack."

Raider One and Raider Two lift Sam onto *The Rack* and try to attach her wrist and ankle straps. Sam kicks Raider One as she head-butts Raider Two. She runs to Zane kissing him open-mouthed.

Benedict punches the back of her neck and she collapses. Raider One and Raider Two drag Sam back to secure her on *The Rack*, then each goes to opposite end-wheels to turn their cranks. Metal drop-lock pins *clank* one-by-one over each wheel's metal teeth. Sam is stretched-out groaning.

ZANE

Stop! You were one of us, you know
I won't talk.

BENEDICT

I know, you know, but --do you want
her to know, you know I know why?

Raider One and Raider Two turn their wheels two more *clanks*.

BENEDICT

Apparently, yes. --"The Bowl!"

Raider Two retrieves from under the table a round pottery bowl whose bottom is fluted with straps attached to its rim.

Raider One cuts Sam's uniform off revealing her bare stomach.

SAM

Why are you doing this?

BENEDICT

Because dearly departing, I can.

Raider One places the bowl upside-down on Sam. Raider Two reaches in his box and pulls out a snarling saber-toothed rat-like CREATURE, then shoves it under the bowl. He and Raider One secure the bowl's metal-straps around Sam's back.

SAM

(to Zane)

I love you.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SÄRO VILLAGE DURING VICTORY CELEBRATION - MONTHS AGO

Zane and Sam lay in each other's arms, clothed, in the grass looking up the stars.

SAM

You really can't say it can you?
(no response)
What the heck did they do to you?

ZANE

Name it, "they" did it.

SAM

Nah, there has to be more.

ZANE

Don't ask, 'cause I won't tell.

SAM

It's okay, sweetie --I understand.

ZANE

Good, because I won't --ever.

Zane stands and walks into the night.

RETURN TO.

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S TORTURE CHAMBER - PRESENT

Zane goes berserk pulling on his chains.

BENEDICT

How romantic. Let's light a candle.

Raider Two lights the "top" of the bowl. It smokes.

BENEDICT

Oh by the way, Bobby, I know what she slipped you. Take it yet?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER WHEN SAM KISSED ZANE - MOMENTS AGO

While kissing, Sam bites hard and cracks a tooth open then tongues her A.I. pill into Zane's mouth.

RETURN TO.

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S TORTURE CHAMBER - PRESENT

All stare at Zane. He swallows. Benedict jumps for joy.

BENEDICT

And I let her think she hid it from me! I am so, so, brill-ee-aunt-tay!

Zane raises knees to push both his feet against a chain.

BENEDICT

Those are Titanium, my friend. All you're gonna' burn are Amino Acids.

Pottery rim glows red with *screes* from its Creature inside.

Sam looks at Zane, then arches up open-mouthed in pain.

ZANE

Grid two-niner at thirteen hundred!

Sam's eyes snap-open as she lifts her head yelling in French.

SAM

Traître!

Benedict dances in a tiny circle fast-clapping. Raider One and Two watch him, *WTF?* Benedict recovers serious.

BENEDICT

Officer, darling --would you please
tend to our guests while I go make
arrangements for lots more?

(tosses Remote to One)

Don't break it!

(to Zane)

After your own "going away" party
has gone bye-bye, I'll flush the
air-ducts with Halon and make
Domino really fall.

ZANE

Do you know who she is?

BENEDICT

Of course, dear boy, don't you?

Benedict exits skipping. Zane glares at both Raiders.

ZANE

He's over-the-hill nutso, you know.
He'll take you all down with him.
Release me --and I'll let you go.

RAIDER ONE

Bite me, S.F.O. dicko.

RAIDER TWO

Wait, Sunnies don't lie. Benedict
is bat-shit batty. This may be our
only chance to get away clean.

Sam starts jerking wild in her restraints. Zane goes berserk in his chains. His *scream* joins hers. Raider One smiles.

RAIDER ONE

Watch this, the A.I. is kicking in
--affects "all" their emotions.

Zane tilts his head back and *screams* hopeless.

ZANE

My God, why has thou forsaken me!

BENEDICT (FILTERED)

(intercom *clicks* on)

I'm here all week.

Sam jerks up so high her back *cracks*. Zane begins to sob.

BENEDICT (FILTERED)

Oh, he is just so morosely morose.

Don't call me, until he's over.

Intercom *clicks* off. Zane drops his head as he talks to God.

ZANE

I'm weak, not worthy of your love.

I give myself over to --your Order.

RAIDER ONE

Before signing-off, pally-wally,
what exactly does Sunnie stand for?

Zane's head twitches back and forth like he's having a conversation. He shakes his head, then nods, and looks up beyond crazed. His thin smile shows his reckoning is coming.

ZANE

Son of --

(voice deepens sinister)

GODDDDDDDDDDDDD!

(*cracks* his neck ominous)

Know what crystal diodes are?

(no response, explains)

Glass.

Zane emits a piercing *scream* as Raider One and Raider Two cover their ears. Zane's scream goes inaudible. Raider One looks at the garage-door remote in his hand. It vibrates.

INSIDE REMOTE: Its Diode vibrates, cracks, then shatters.

Zane's chains release and he drops to his feet. Raiders One and Two run at him. Zane locks his legs around Two's waist to pull him close. Zane's teeth lock on Raider Two's Adams Apple to rip it out. Blood shoots out Two's throat as he collapses. Zane spits Two's blood and flesh in One's eyes blinding him, then grabs both of One's wrists, puts feet on One's chest and push-pulls. Both Raider One's arms rip out of their sockets. Zane clubs Raider One unconscious with his own arms.

RAIDER THREE enters running with a blaster. Zane stands horizontal on his wall pulling both chains. Three *fires*. Zane moves a chain and Three's discharge cuts it. Zane flies off the wall, whips his cut-chain around Three's neck, and yanks him close. Zane grabs the blaster and blows Three's head off who dead-falls. Zane fires *blaster* cutting his other chain.

Zane runs to Sam and uses blaster to cut bowl's chest-straps. Bowl is red-hot and falls on deck *breaking*. A bloody hole is chewed into Sam's stomach. Zane puts an ear over Sam's heart.

ZANE

Faint, but I can hear it, honey.

Uniform-cloth under Sam's underarm moves. Zane snaps upright staring. The Creature gnaws its way out of Sam and scurries away. Zane *screams* dropping the blaster jumping in a corner.

Door *implodes*. An SFO enters wearing a full *Intruder Suit*, sees Creature, and shoots it with an arm-dart. SFO rushes to Sam and checks her vitals, then pulls off hood. It's Wolf.

Zane cowers in the corner incoherent, his chains *rattling* like *Ebenezer Scrooge*. Wolf goes to Zane who has gone-gone.

ZANE

*Didn't let go and let God soon
enough. Didn't listen till too
late. Is she --?*

Wolf nods. Zane goes hysterical. A laser emits from Wolf's arm-band cutting off Zane's cuffs. Wolf *slaps* Zane hard.

WOLF

Stay on target!

ZANE

(recovers sniffing)
Three C's?

WOLF

Two so far, Communications and
Control. Working on Command.
(glares at Sam)
Who's responsible for this?

ZANE

(self-loathing)
I am.

Zane drops his head. Wolf shakes Zane's shoulders hard.

WOLF

No! Who --did, "this?"

ZANE
 (breaks free of Wolf)
 ME! --But my hunch was right.
 (looks up through eyebrows)
 Benedict.

WOLF
 (keys armband)
 Break, break! Benedict Arnold,
 repeat, Benedict Arnold!

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS

Chow runs down a corridor in full *Intruder Suit*. Wolf's message comes over his armband. He stops and pulls off hood.

CHAO
 "Benedict?" They know our tactics.

Chao pockets hood and pulls a Tactical Tomahawk from boot.

CHAO
 Things just got real --

Chao throws his tomahawk behind as RAIDER FOUR runs around his same corner who now deadfalls with it in his forehead. Chao pulls his second tomahawk out and exits running.

CHAO
 personal.

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S TORTURE CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Wolf is closing Sam's eyes as Grant enters pulling off hood.

GRANT
 What the --?

Zane stands and goes to him with his hand out. Grant hands extra armbands and utility belt. Zane holds out other hand.

WOLF
 No! He's already "on."

Zane puts on both armbands and *clicks* on his belt. He glares at Grant with his hand out again. Grant hands him an A.I. pill. Zane pops it.

ZANE
 Grant, you take Sam. Wolf, Domino's
 in Engineering duct work B, grid
 21. Evac in five, that's an order.

Zane exits running with Wolf behind. Grant keys an armband.

GRANT

Break, break, Zane's A.I. squared --
repeat, Zane's A.I. squared! Watch
your Six's!

Grant pulls a body-bag from utility belt, kneels beside Sam's body, Crosses himself, then drops his head in silent prayer.

INT. RAIDER CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

Wolf runs left. Zane runs right. Ship's intercom *clicks* on.

BENEDICT (FILTERED)

Brothers! My ship is too big, and
yours too small. God commands you
ascend to heaven. A.S.A.P.

Zane pulls on his hood and his eye-ports glaze over red as he truly becomes *Azrael* the "Angel of Death."

INT. VARIOUS RAIDER SHIP CORRIDORS - ZANE'S RAMPAGE

NARRATION KILLING MONTAGE: Benedict recites *Henry V, Act 4, Scene 3, Band of Brothers*, as Zane runs killing ALL RAIDERS most gruesome and without mercy.

BENEDICT (FILTERED)

"No, my fair cousins, If we are
mark'd to die, We are enough to do
our country loss. And if to live,
the fewer men, the greater share of
honour. God's will, my will, I pray
thee, wish not one man more! Rather
proclaim it through me, my host of
hosts, That he which hath no
stomach to this fight, let him
depart ...etc."

INT. RAIDER CORRIDOR AT AN INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Chao is on his knees, hood off, with hands behind his head staring up at RAIDER FIVE aiming a blaster at him.

RAIDER FIVE

Any last words, rangerette?

Chao hears *beeping* on his arm-band and glances at it.

CHAO

Yeah --never piss off a Ranger.

Raider Five hears a noise and looks to see. Zane's blur runs behind him. Five's head follows the blur going past, but then his head falls off cleanly severed as arteries spurt blood.

INT. RAIDER SHIP CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Grant runs with Sam's body-bag over his shoulder being chased by RAIDER SIX and RAIDER SEVEN. Grant runs around a bend.

RAIDER SIX

Dead-end --

RAIDER SEVEN

dead-head.

INT. RAIDER SHIP CORRIDOR'S DEAD END - CONTINUOUS

Raider Six and Raider Seven round Grant's same corner but only Sam's body-bag now lies on the deck. Grant is gone.

RAIDER FIVE

We know all --

RAIDER SIX

your silly secrets.

Raider Six and Raider Seven *fire* their blasters into corners. Nothing. Both *fire* again. Nothing. They examine both corners.

Two fine-wire nooses drop down from above slipping over their heads and automatically tighten around their necks cutting both *Carotid Arteries* so their blood spurts on the walls.

Mist-mirror retracts in Grant's armband to reveal he hangs longways across the ceiling's upper-edge. He releases both Raiders who dead-fall, drops to his feet, shoulders Sam's bag, and exits running.

GRANT

Missed one, kiddies.

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S HANGER BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wolf enters carrying Domino in his arms. FIVE RAIDERS, well-armed, surround him. Wolf throws Domino high up in the air, then touches both armbands. Long angled razor-blade fins extend out of both. He touches his belt and hip-jets rotate in opposite directions horizontally, then *fire*, spinning him.

Like a top, Wolf's armbands slash all Five Raiders into ribbons who dead-fall backwards in a perfect circle. Wolf drops to a knee and catches Domino as he growls.

WOLF

Slice n' dice. *N-i-c-e*.

An SFO-Shuttle uncamouflages and its ramp extends.

Wolf carries Domino up the ramp and into the shuttle.

Grant follows running up same ramp carrying Sam's body-bag.

Zane enters running as FIVE MORE RAIDERS *fire* at Wolf and Grant. Zane's grappling-hook deploys locking onto the ceiling as he swings upside-down firing darts. The Five More Raiders fall unconscious. Zane drops onto shuttle ramp, then shoots the bay's P.A. ending Benedict's *Shakespeare* recital. Zane enters the shuttle and ramp withdraws as its engine comes on.

INT. SFO SHUTTLE INSIDE RAIDER SHIP'S HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Chao sits in pilot's chair, Wolf in co-pilot chair. Grant, Domino, and Sam's bodybag, are locked in restraining-platforms. Zane locks-in same, then touches Sam's bag.

ZANE

"We few, we happy few."

WOLF

Benedict over-rode the bay door's release command!

CHAO

It's too heavy for our blasters!

ZANE

Satchel!

Zane unlocks and goes to emergency exit's rotating-carousel as Grant tosses him an explosive-pack. Domino reaches out. Zane steps into the circular-exit hugging the charge.

ZANE

So others may live.

A half-round shield extends around Zane, then his platform rotates 180° and shield re-opens. Zane is gone.

INT. RAIDER SHIP'S SHUTTLE BAY - CONTINUOUS

Zane runs and tosses satchel so it slides to bay doors. Its explosion rips an opening in both doors. Bay *decompresses*. Many LIVE and DEAD RAIDERS are sucked out its hole. Zane's grappling-hook extends holding him. SFO-Shuttle exits fast.

INT. SFO RESCUE CRUISER BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

In its Battle Bridge command-chair sits SFO-CAPTAIN. SFO-CREW man their stations. Lift-door opens. Wolf and Grant enter.

SFO CAPTAIN
Mission success?

Domino enters supported by an SFO-NURSE.

WOLF
Zane paid for our escape.

BRIDGE'S VIEW-SCREEN: It comes on showing Zane on his knees with hands behind head. His face is bleeding. Both armbands and utility belt are missing. Benedict stands behind with a blaster held against back of Zane's head looking demonic.

ZANE (FILTERED)
I love you.

Zane spins. Benedict's blaster *fires*. Screen goes dark.

SFO CAPTAIN
Reverse course, emergency evac!

Ship-wide *Klaxon* sounds. SFO-Captain keys ship's intercom.

SFO CAPTAIN (FILTERED)
All Crew, decompression drill!

INT. SFO RESCUE CRUISER BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

SFO DEPARTMENTS announce status reports over the intercom.

DEPARTMENTS (FILTERED)
Engineering secure ...Sick Bay
secure ...etc.

Domino moves to Wolf who puts an arm around her.

DOMINO
What's going on, why are we leaving him?! He said he loves us?

WOLF

He said --good-bye.

SFO CAPTAIN

Sit-Rep!

SFO HELMSMAN

Outer cabins are vacant and
depressurized, suits deployed.

SFO PILOT

Engines at maximum.

SFO CAPTAIN

Push them to the red!

Captain keys ship-wide intercom. Her voice re-verbs.

SFO CAPTAIN (FILTERED)

Brace For Impact!

EXT. RAIDER SHIP IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

Raider ship implodes then *explodes* into a million sparkles.

INT. SFO RESCUE CRUISER BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Bridge is silent. Grant grips the back of an empty chair then
rips it out of the floor. Domino cries into Wolf's chest.

Door opens and Chao enters cavalier with his arm in a sling.

CHAO

Who died?

GRANT

He did.

CAPTAIN

For us all.

All SFO on Bridge drop to one knee with head bowed and eyes
closed. Domino sees them, then does same.

On his monitor, a blip appears with *sound*. SFO RADARMAN opens
one eye to look at it. He's puzzled.

SFO RADARMAN

Sir --reading a faint life-form?

Chao, Grant, and SFO-Captain, rush to his station. SFO
Radarman stands to work his controls.

SFO CAPTAIN

Where, from what?

SFO RADARMAN

Fading. --Stand by. --It's coming
from --a homing beacon?

GRANT

Buoy size?

SFO RADARMAN

Five by two meters.

CHAO

Life support?

SFO RADARMAN

Pressurized storage compartment,
but it's too small for ...

Chao pulls his arm out of sling as he and Grant rush for the exit while SFO-Captain *keys* intercom. Her voice echoes.

SFO CAPTAIN (FILTERED)

Two Night Riders prepped and ready!

Door *hisses* closed behind Chao and Grant. Domino cries into Wolf's shoulder who pats her back smiling.

WOLF

Only him --*only him*.

EXT. SFO CRUISER IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

Shuttle-bay outer door opens. Chao and Grant, in spacesuits, sit on motorcycle-type two-man *Night Riders*. They rocket out towards a floating cylinder-shaped object with a blinking beacon light. They dodge pieces of Raider-ship then separate as a net deploys between their crafts.

GRANT (FILTERED)

Got one shot, peaches.

CHAO (FILTERED)

I'll anchor, you pivot fur-ball.

Grant circles around buoy towing their net which captures it. Chao rotates with them, then both Grant and Chao's rear thrusters *burn* full rocketing all three to their SFO-ship.

CHAO/GRANT (FILTERED)

Tailhooks!

INT. SFO RESCUE CRUISER SICK BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Monitor beeps. Zane lies on an exam table and opens his eyes.

A bright examination light shines in his face. Domino, SFO-Nurse, and SFO-Captain bend-in over him looking down.

ZANE

Am I --in Heaven?

Chao, Grant, and Wolf's faces now bend-in to join the Ladies.

ZANE

Nope, other place.

ALL help Zane sit up. Domino hugs him. Chao and Grant grab either of his hands and shake them. Wolf *slaps* Zane's back.

WOLF

Well done, Gadget!

Ship-wide Klaxon sounds. SFO-Captain goes to wall-intercom.

SFO CAPTAIN

Report!

SFO RADARMAN (FILTERED)

Sir, just before the Raider ship imploded, there was an energy surge in Engineering. I didn't ...?

ZANE

Benedict!

SFO HELMSMAN (FILTERED)

Sir, Escape Pod thirty-nine just ejected from Engine Bay!

Zane exits running while grabbing a small round object.

ALL are silent, then Wolf explodes.

WOLF

Cut the asshole, cock-sucker,
mother-fucker in half Chainsaw!

ALL look at Wolf, *WTF?*

GRANT

Couldn't have said it better,
Wolfie.

INT. SFO RESCUE CRUISER CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Zane runs towards a hatch at a T-intersection and throws his round object. It hits a button above the hatch and its air-lock opens *hissing*. A grab-bar extends from wall above it. Zane launches grabbing bar to slide into hatch feet first.

EXT. BENEDICT'S ESCAPE BOARD IN SPACE - SIMULTANEOUS

Benedict, in a skin-tight silver spacesuit, stands on a surf-board-type escape-raft. *Beeping* in his helmet makes him look behind. Another escape-raft exits the ship.

BENEDICT (FILTERED)
Bring electrons with you? --I did.

Benedict forms a Tesla Ball between his gloved hands.

BENEDICT (FILTERED)
Play that funky music, white-boy.

MUSIC CHASE: Frantic drum-roll from *The Ventures* "Wipe Out" plays through their helmets. Zane zigs his raft as Benedict throws energy-balls in time to music's drumrolls. Zane dodges them as his thrusters fire propelling him towards a planet.

BENEDICT (FILTERED)
Musta' skipped intercept fighting.

Benedict's above thrusters fire angling him down steep to intercept Zane. Benedict's hands form a huge energy ball.

ZANE (FILTERED)
Too busy taking --

Zane's lower front thrusters fire angling him up. The underside of his raft glows red from atmosphere-friction.

ZANE (FILTERED)
planetary physics, dunce-boy.

Zane releases back boot-magnet to *stomp* on the back of his board. His board skips off the planet's atmosphere.

Benedict's front thrusters *fire* but his trajectory is too steep. He is blown off his raft by friction heat. He and his board tumble through planet's outer atmosphere burning up.

BENEDICT (FILTERED)
Damn you to helllllllllll --!

ZANE (FILTERED)
You firstttttttttt --!

EXT. SÄRO VILLAGE FRONT HILLTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

Peasant Mother and Peasant Child sit on a hilltop looking up at burning comet-like fire-tail streak through the night sky.

PEASANT GIRL

Look, momma! Can I make a wish?

PEASANT MOTHER

Of course, sweetie. But it only comes true if you say it silent.

Peasant Girl's lips pantomime as both look down at their rebuilt village with smoke coming from chimney-tops. *Singing* is heard from its Villagers. They hug, then look up again.

The streaking fire *pops* in a bright flash and disintegrates into dozens of cascading colored lights. Peasant Girl *claps*.

PEASANT GIRL

It came true, it came true!

INT. THE PANTHEON/SFO MONASTERY HALL - WEEKS LATER

A private ceremony, so only SFO-Rescue Audience in dress uniforms sit with their berets under shoulder epaulets.

Leader, in robe, stands at a lectern flanked by Grant, Chao, Wolf, and Six Teens. All are in full dress SFO uniforms and berets, but no capes. Zane, in full dress SFO uniform without his beret, but with a dress cape, stands off to one side.

Young Man, in SFO Student-uniform, and Domino, now healed, stand on the other side. They look romantically interested.

LEADER

The threat to The Order is gone -- for now. But new ones will emerge and that is why, The Order, must always stand vigilant, and reborn!

SFO-Audience erupts into *applause*. Leader waits.

LEADER

We are here today to celebrate and acknowledge the heroic efforts of one of our best. But we also lost, one of our very best. Tech-Sergeant Samantha Fisher loved The Ulpian Library. It has been renamed in her honor.

Wolf touches an armband. A horn plays, *Taps*. All hold a fist over their heart and bow heads. Zane tears-up. Horn *ends*.

Leader hand-motions for Domino to join him. They hold hands.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LEADER'S OPULENT OFFICE - BEFORE OUR STORY BEGAN

Leader sits silent staring out his all-glass wall. Zane stands *Parade Rest* on the other side of Leader's table.

LEADER

I know what I'm asking, and I
wouldn't if --

Leader breaks down. Zane leans with both hands on table.

ZANE

To find her, sir, will take two
separate missions, so I will need
three things from you.

LEADER

(spins in his chair)
Name them, she's my only child!

ZANE

Third, a holo-disc I will destroy
after gathering my Team. Second,
after defeating McIntosh on Sáro
you will disavow me.

Leader stands defiant. Zane motions for him to sit. He does.

ZANE

But first, you must --
(rips off his *SFO* patch)
accept my resignation.

RETURN TO.

INT. SFO MONASTERY HALL - PRESENT

Leader puts his arm around Domino. She cuddles as a daughter.

LEADER

On every battlefield, there is one
warrior who epitomizes discipline,
courage, and self-sacrifice.

Wolf steps forward and presses an armband. Horn now plays, *To The Call*. SFO-Audience stands crisp to hammer-fist their chests three times ending by holding it over their hearts.

LEADER

We honor such a man-at-arms today.

Zane presents himself to Leader.

LEADER

For leadership and heroism above
and beyond every call of duty.

Wolf presents, then opens an ornate box to Leader. Inside it is a Yin-Yang symbol of gold medal with prongs on its ribbon.

LEADER

The Order is privileged to
reinstate, and humbled to bestow,
our very highest distinction --The
Legionnaires Medallion.

SFO-Audience *gasps* as Wolf holds the medal on Zane's left breast, then whispers.

WOLF

*Got around our Rulebook by
resigning then using civilians.*

Wolf hammer-fists the medal into Zane's chest who winces.

WOLF

Nice chest-candy, Lecky.

LEADER

Present yourself to your comrades.

Zane holds a fist out to do chest-thumps, then instead, *ASL* hand-signs *I Love You All*, and takes a knee with head bowed.

Sunlight breaks through dome's "eye" to spotlight on Zane.

SFO-Audience goes wild throwing their berets in the air.

Scotland the Brave plays echoing throughout the huge rotunda as *Top Secret Drum Corps* now enter playing their drums with SFO banners fluttering high.

It is a good day, to be a Sunnie.

FADE OUT.