

**SPECIAL FORCES ORDER**

*"Sunnies study war so Citizens can learn peace."  
inscribed over the entrance to the SFO Monastery*

Written by

Lawrence Whitener

WGA-East Reg #I-293334  
303 Fieldstone Ln  
Blacksburg, Va 24060  
(cell) 540-449-6575  
(email) L\_WH@aol.com  
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by Lawrence Whitener

**FADE IN: EARTH REVOLVING IN SPACE - THE FUTURE**

A flash near the edge of Earth's circumference then a small black torpedo-shaped single-man rocket ship shoots by. Its on-board stereo *plays* vintage rock music in Spanish.

**INT. TORPEDO SHIP IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER**

Cramped, tube-like, filled with different colored monitors. Outside light shines through its window-port silhouetting a full-face black Intruder-Suit worn by COMMANDER AKACHI ZANE, Swahili dark-black, 50s, military-fit, head and face clean-shaven, who appears to be dancing. He freezes in a famous Disco pose then tells the COMPUTER in Spanish, *Sleep*.

ZANE

Sueño.

Zane crosses both arms over his chest and *exhales* deep. Panel lights shut off one by one. A shield closes over window-port.

**INT. TORPEDO SHIP IN SPACE - DAYS LATER**

Same portal retracts and outside light pours in. Zane wakes, breathes deep and commands Computer in Spanish, *Terrestrial*.

ZANE

Telúrico.

**EXT. TORPEDO SHIP IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER**

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

**EXT. A FREIGHTER SHIP IN SPACE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Large bulky ship with cargo containers and running lights. A blue light glows from its cross-hatched Command viewport.

**INT. FREIGHTER'S BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Command Room of free-standing consoles and wall-screens. It is deserted and bathed in pale blue light. *Beeping* sounds and interior light changes to bright yellow as all electronics come alive chirping. An interior door slides open.

NAVIGATOR, British, 20s, short hair, enters *whistling* while zipping up her tan jumpsuit. She goes to an orange wall-screen and stares at its blip, then tilts her head.

NAVIGATOR  
'Ello, 'ello, 'ello?

Main door slides open and SECURITY, African-American, 20s, high-and-tight hair, military-fit, wearing a red jumpsuit, enters. He speaks with a cultured South African accent.

NAVIGATOR  
High magno-field, twelve meter  
diam, perfectly circular. It reads  
as ejecta and will converge in ten.

Security studies her screen, then shakes his head.

SECURITY  
C, P, U, transfer to weapons  
console.

NAVIGATOR  
Battle-feel?

SECURITY  
"Perfectly circular?"

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

SECURITY (FILTERED)  
Pilot to Bridge.

Wall-door opens and Freighter's PILOT, Hispanic, 30s, mustache, wearing an olive-drab jumpsuit, enters jogging.

PILOT  
Que pasa --besides us?

NAVIGATOR  
Scan says a 'roid strike, but ...

SECURITY  
It might be artificial, sir.

PILOT  
Too close either way. C, P, U,  
Manual Stations.

Pilot goes to a floor console and waves hand. A 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)  
Flight Control is now manual.

PILOT  
Sync to my vade mecum.

Security jogs to a console behind Pilot and waves a hand.

His restraining-platform rises for same lock-in procedure.

Navigator does same at her parallel station.

SECURITY  
Manual Weapons armed.

NAVIGATOR  
Manual Nav synced.

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

NAVIGATOR  
Aye sir, maneuvering thrusters on.

PILOT  
Plot defensive --Queen's Gambit.

SECURITY  
Aye sir, deploying a Pawn.

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

PILOT  
Sound Collision.

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

#### **INT. TORPEDO SHIP ASTEROID - MOMENTS LATER**

Zane rotates weightless using his hands on walls to face down then stops his spinning. He speaks to Computer in Spanish.

ZANE  
Hóstil.

All interior lights change to red.

#### **INT. FREIGHTER BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUS**

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

PILOT  
C, P, U, morph screen.

View-Screen's clear panes darken and change to metallic then solidify to match its walls. The yellow light turns to white.

NAVIGATOR  
Down two, sir.

PILOT  
Firing topside pitch times two.

NAVIGATOR  
Thrust, back-burst one, sir.

PILOT  
T, B, B, one, confirmed.

**EXT. FREIGHTER SHIP AND ASTEROID IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER**

Freighter-ship pitches down. Pawn hits "Asteroid" as Torpedo-ship emerges from underneath. Asteroid self-seals and spins off. Torpedo-ship's jets *fire* and it sinks towards freighter.

**INT. TORPEDO-SHIP - SIMULTANEOUS**

Concentric circles on a monitor target an Emergency Hatch on the freighter. Torpedo-ships docking bay locks on same hatch.

**INT. FREIGHTER BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Pilot and Navigator relax.

PILOT  
C, P, U, release pilot manual.

*Whoosh*-sound and Pilot steps out of his restraint-platform. Its armrests fold-in and unit retracts under a floor hatch.

NAVIGATOR  
C, P, U, release nav manual.

*Whoosh* and Navigator exits her platform with same retraction.

Door opens. Freighter's CAPTAIN, Japanese, 40s, hair in bun, enters with authority in a blue jumpsuit with collar-bars.

CAPTAIN  
Sit-rep.

PILOT  
Small bogey required correction.

NAVIGATOR  
Now norm, sir.

CAPTAIN  
Really --then what is he doing?

Captain nods to Security still in his restraining-platform.

**INT. TORPEDO SHIP NOW ATTACHED TO FREIGHTER - SIMULTANEOUS**

Zane floats weightless face-down, opens a panel, slides on its two forearm control-bands and a black utility-belt around his waist with two hip-rockets. He speaks in Spanish.

ZANE

Aliento.

(*hissing* sound)

Puerta.

(*whirring* sound)

Brecha.

A hatch slides open below him silent. He pushes off top-wall, bends at waist and exits through hatch. It closes behind him.

**INT. FREIGHTER SERVICE CRAWLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Freighter's emergency-access one-man service-tube network.

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

**INT. FREIGHTER BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Captain and Pilot look over Security's shoulder.

SECURITY

It hovered --for just for a moment.

(works monitor)

Permission to destroy, sir.

**INT. FREIGHTER'S CARGO SPACE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Huge open bay filled with stacked boxcar-type containers.

Access tube's end-panel burns around its circumference until cover pops-off and floats. Zane exits floating, grabs cover, attaches a small Black-Box to it, places a second Black-Box inside his tube, then turns upside down. His hip-jets *fire* so he flies down along the wall.

**INT. FREIGHTER ENTRANCE TO CARGO BAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Access to freighter's cargo storage bay is patrolled by lone SENTRY in a red jumpsuit. He stops, looks out door's clear portal, then turns. Outside his portal, Zane appears upside-down looking-in. Sentry snap-turns. Nothing. He draws a weapon and opens the door to an *air-hiss*. He sticks his head out and is snatched out from above. Door closes to same *hiss*.

**INT. FREIGHTER BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Security works his console's controls.

SECURITY  
And firing --now.

Freighter-Captain, Pilot and Navigator watch her big screen.

**INT. FREIGHTER GANGWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

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

ZANE  
*Hibernar.*

**INT. TORPEDO SHIP - SIMULTANEOUS**

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

**INT. FREIGHTER BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Captain, Pilot and Navigator watch the two wall-screen blips.

SECURITY  
...three, two, one --arriving.

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

FREIGHTER CAPTAIN  
(keys intercom)  
Intruder alert, silencio.

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

**INT. FREIGHTER COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Consoles with work-trays are on all walls as its COMMO, in an orange jumpsuit, works standing at one. Light above him turns red rotating. He turns. Zane stands with his pointer-finger wagging, *Uh-uh-uh*. Commo reaches for wall alarm. Zane fires a dart from his arm-band and Commo collapses. Zane opens a console panel, inserts a Black-Box, closes panel, and exits.

**INT. FREIGHTER ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Humming of circuits and computers. White light turns red.

ENGINEER, in a purple jumpsuit, keeps working at a monitor, then his brow furrows and he turns to see Zane standing with a pointer-finger over his hood-covered lips, *Shhh*.

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

**INT. FREIGHTER SLEEPING QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Small cramped bedroom with a wall-bed and wall-closet for YING SIMON SAYZ CHAO, Security Chief, Chinese, 40s, fit-for-age, in olive athletic-shirt and boxers, asleep on his back.

All is quiet, then rock music blares through his intercom.

Chao bolts upright to hit his forehead on low-rounded wall, falls back on bed, then rolls onto floor holding his 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 type of red Security jumpsuit, but with collar rank-flashing. Chao makes the *ASL* hand-sign for, *What?*

SECURITY

WHAT?!

Chao makes military two-handed slash-sign for, *Abandon*. Security looks confused. Chao makes *ASL* hand-sign for, *Learn*. Security points at his ears shaking his head frustrated.

CHAO

EXACTLY!

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

**INT. FREIGHTER CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS**

FIGHT SCENE: Zane uses Martial Arts to knock-out TWO MALE CREW-MEMBERS. FEMALE CREW-MEMBER enters same hallway and sees Zane who bolts. She chases him around his same corner.

FEMALE CREW-MEMBER (O.S.)

What the --?



**INT. FREIGHTER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Zane is gone. She stares at a corner next to an exit and goes to it aiming her weapon. When she's near, a mist sprays in her face out of thin-air. She falls unconscious. A full-length mirror reflective-hologram then appears vertically angled across the corner and retracts into Zane's arm-band.

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

ZANE

*P, O, V!*

A Heads-Up Display projects in front of Zane showing X-ray outlines of all doors and hatches ahead. His *HUD* zooms-in to flash three times and outline an overhead hatch-panel.

Zane throws a small frisbee-type object from his belt. It flies up to the hatch, locks-on, and *explodes*. Zane's hip-rockets *ignite* boosting him through the hole into duct-work.

Security and Chao stop running, winded, under ceiling's hole. Chao bends and locks fingers together making a step. Security steps on Chao's hands who boosts Security up into same hole. Chao watches Security disappear in duct, then exits running.

**INT. FREIGHTER EMERGENCY BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Small Secondary Bridge has two floor consoles and monitors.

Ceiling wall-panel *explodes*-out falling onto deck. Zane exits it then runs placing a Black Box on each of the consoles.

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

SECURITY

HANDS, HANDS!

Zane stops and raises hands slow while touching an arm-band.

First Black Box *explodes* on its console distracting Security. Zane kicks the weapon out of his hand and motions, *Let's go*.

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* behind him makes Zane *explode* the second console's Black Box spinning to a knee and firing a dart.

Chao stands half-way through a floor access panel, does not react to explosion, and uses the afloor plate to deflect dart, then frisbees same panel at Zane who ducks. Chao exits aiming his weapon at and motioning for Zane to strip off his.

Zane drops both arm-bands and his utility belt. Chao drops his weapon, smiles, then charges at Zane.

FIGHT SEQUENCE: Martial Arts punching, blocking, and kicking. Muzak ends when main door *explodes* in as Captain and the now revived Two Male Crew-Members along with Female Crew-Member enter with their weapons drawn. Zane raises both hands.

CHAO  
Easy folks. He speaks English --  
(straightens uniform)  
and eight other languages.

Zane spreads all ten fingers wide.

CHAO  
Ten?! Really? 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 tussled.  
Fighting styles, are unique.

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

CHAO  
May I please introduce Special  
Forces Fleet Security Marshall,  
Commander Akachi Simba Zane.

CAPTAIN  
"Simba" --as in the lion?

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

ZANE  
Sir, permission to come aboard --  
officially.

Captain hand-motions for all to stand-down.

CAPTAIN  
Permission granted --*I think*.

Chao hits Zane hard on his back knocking him forward.

CHAO  
*Uueeeeeeee*, son! That was fun!

**INT. SAME FREIGHTER'S MESS HALL - THAT NIGHT**

Open room with two long rectangular aluminum tables and metal chairs that fold up underneath them.

At second table TWENTY FREIGHTER CREW eat and *laugh*. The Five Crew-Members Zane knocked-out earlier give him dirty-looks.

Sitting at the first table is Zane, still dressed same minus arm-bands and utility belt, now eating 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 conducts unannounced  
security checks on freighters. I  
wouldn't think, we rated too well.

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

ZANE  
Au contraire, vous avez arrêté ...  
(changes to English)  
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 double fist-thumps his chest. Chao does same.

ZANE/CHAO  
To The Corps!

NAVIGATOR  
Ahhh yes, the famous chest thumps.  
What are they again?

Chao and Zane both fist-thump their chests twice.

CHAO/ZANE  
To The Cosmos!

SECURITY  
Aren't there three?

CHAO  
If you see three, you should flee.

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

SECURITY  
What about 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 and stares in his eyes.

CHAO  
But never ever curse around him!

SECURITY  
(nods pulling head loose)  
Captain, Sir. I wish to request a  
transfer to, Sunnie Island.

CHAO  
Go get '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. THE FREIGHTER LIVING QUARTERS - NOW MIDNIGHT**

Cramped sleeping berth with a small wall-closet, desk, and a  
bed that folds up into its wall.

Zane sits on the open bed, cross-legged, with eyes-closed, meditating. His eyes snap open. *Knock* on door, then it opens. Chao enters stoic. Door closes behind him.

CHAO

What's really going on, Lionheart?

Zane flip-spins a large gold Holodisk onto the desk top. A Holographic image appears above it of a person standing with their face hidden under a large white-hooded robe, LEADER.

LEADER (FILTERED)

The Order is 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.

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

CHAO

Sir, former Drill Sergeant Ying Simon Sayz Chao is on deck and ready for action!

ZANE

You're reinstated Sergeant, just like old times. But this time --  
(*slaps Chao hard*)  
Keep your mouth shut this time! I won't be able to save you again. Kickoff's at o-five-thirty. Your gear is out in the midget-mobile.

CHAO

There's a reason it's called a one-man ship, moron.

ZANE

Have a BUFF coming, lamebrain. 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. FREIGHTER'S BRIDGE - NEXT MORNING**

Pilot, Security, and Navigator, stand by consoles chatting. Captain enters. The Three Officers come to Attention.

FREIGHTER CAPTAIN  
Just received a rendezvous request.

PILOT  
How, we can't send or receive, sir?

FREIGHTER CAPTAIN  
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 the hoods.

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

ZANE  
And I must swear all to secrecy, please.

FREIGHTER CAPTAIN  
You arrived in secret, appropriate you depart the same, but do you have to take both my top Security?

ZANE  
Son, would you mind staying on till your Captain finds a replacement? That's not a question. And 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.

SKIPPER (FILTERED)  
Docking codes if'n you please. And especially, if'n ya' don't.

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

**INT. SMUGGLERS SHIP HALLWAY - LATER SAME DAY**

Low-ceiling corridor with scratched conduits, dented pipes.

Zane and Chao walk tightly together ducking under pipes.

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)  
Nooooo --? You wouldn't? Not him!

ZANE  
Adapt, improvise, overcome.

CHAO  
But he's such a Jarhead! No one  
else can-can?

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

CHAO  
Fine, but 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. Follow me.

CHAO  
He's here, now?

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

CHAO  
Again? You disabled them again?  
Then who's this guy 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 to the slinky silhouette in the shadows.

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

SMUGGLER ONE

Captain wants all three of ya' in  
the Mess at five bells.

Smuggler One exits as Sam touches an arm-band. Overhead P.A. plays synth-pop music. She begins a sexy walk to Zane who stands mesmerized. She grabs him in a tight hug then kisses him hard. They fall against a living-quarter's door.

Zane pounds on it. Door opens by SMUGGLER TWO, 50s, bearded, still dressing.

SMUGGLER TWO

Who the Hell's banging on ...!

Zane interrupts thumb-pointing over a shoulder, *Out*. Smuggler Two opens mouth to protest, but Zane interrupts again waving a bent four-finger, *Bye-bye*, while still kissing Sam. Smuggler Two squeezes past his love-birds into the corridor.

Sam grabs Zane's crotch walking backwards and pulling Zane inside. Door closes behind them. Smuggler Two turns to Chao.

SMUGGLER TWO

That yer secret handshake?

CHAO

You bet!

(drops a hip and winks)

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 - SIMULTANEOUS**

CHAO (O.S.)

Ain't love grand?

#### **INT. SMUGGLER SHIP MESS HALL - THAT NIGHT**

Cramped room of fading aluminum picnic-style tables with benches for TEN SMUGGLERS, male and female, with Sam still in earlier black leather outfit. All sit eating and *laughing*.

Zane and Chao enter in SFO black dress uniforms accented by yellow stripes wearing black berets with yellow SFO crest.



Both sit between Sam and Smuggler SKIPPER, East Indian, 40s, large, brawny, in leather vest over a billowy shirt. A long scar down across his forehead, eye, and cheek, has eyepatch of tiny diamonds encrusted spelling, *If You Have To Ask...*

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

SKIPPER  
No and don't wanna'. No thankee.  
(*slurps* his food)  
Never carried two missions same.

SAM  
Unusual, but fortuitous, because  
we're going to the same planet --  
just different L, Z's.

SKIPPER  
Ya' pay good, lassie. But also  
attract attention we don'ts need.

Zane raises his cup for a toast and speaks in Latin.

ZANE  
Abusus non tollit usum.

SAM  
(translates)  
Just because you misuse the Law,  
doesn't mean the Law can't use you.

SKIPPER  
Why didn't the soogee just say so?  
(stands for toast)  
To --MISUSE!

Crew stands. All chug, *cheer*, then sit to chow.

SKIPPER  
Jump-off is in one hour, ladies!

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

All Crew stops eating mid-mouthful so some food hangs out.

**EXT. SMUGGLER SHIP IN SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

ZANE (O.S.)  
Ain't love grand?

**INT. SMUGGLER SHIP 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 wearing black Intruder-Suits, back-packs, utility belts, arm-bands, and holding the black hoods.

Smuggler Skipper waits while eating some kind of odd pastry.

SKIPPER

Enhanced your shuttle's Jammer, so  
should insert you undetected.

ZANE

Your cooperation is noted for the  
Record. Enjoy your renewed, misuse.

Zane, Chao, and Sam shake with him at forearm as they enter the Shuttle. Its door closes. His, *Good-bye*, wave becomes a wave-off as he exits bay. Bay's outside wall slides open.

**INT. SMUGGLER SHIP SHUTTLE - MOMENTS LATER**

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

CHAO

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

SAM

I imagine, 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 SHUTTLE IN SPACE - MOMENTS LATER**

Shuttle exits Smuggler's ship and heads to planet below.

SAM (O.S.)

Ain't love --a kick in the head?

**EXT. BAR ENTRANCE ON PLANET - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Its seedy old and chipped 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 wearing back-packs. Zane holds a third pack.

CHAO  
Here? In here?!  
(no response)  
How the mighty, have really fallen.

Zane nods head. Both enter cautious.

**INT. JUICEE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS**

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

On a plastic stage is a HOLOGRAM BAND of four Caucasian teen males in black suits with flat-tops playing 50'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, Hispanic, 50s, paunch, cheap toupee, in a worn-torn Tuxedo, steps onto center-stage *clapping* fast.

JUICEE  
Put on your dancin' two-shoes, for  
an oldie but goodie-goodie request.

Stepping up to the stage are TEN BIKER-THUGS and their BIKER-BOSS, mean and meaner, all in black-leather worn biker gear.

BIKER BOSS  
We's tired a' stinkin' shadows!

JUICEE  
Por favor, I just got the place  
repaired after your last complaint.

BIKER BOSS  
Who's gonna' stop us, abuelo?

Ex-SFO Master Sergeant, ULYSSES S. GRANT, 50s, Hispanic, lumberjack-fit, with grey around his temples, wearing a black T-shirt saying "*Make My Day*" now steps out onto the stage.

GRANT  
Playtime's over, kiddies.

Grant points to Biker-Boss then makes hand into a fist.

GRANT  
Your cue to exit, boy wonder-less.

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

Stepping up to the stage now 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 from Stage Left. Grant shakes his head at him.

GRANT  
Dudes, I really hates this guy, but  
he's damn good in a fight. So bye-  
bye, boys from the hoodlum.

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

ZANE  
Stand ready for an L.C.E. then.

BIKER BOSS  
L, C --what?

GRANT  
Life Changing Event.

BIKER BOSS  
So you maggots is comedians, too.

Chao answers by three-times finger-snapping his two hands  
together then four-fingered *popping* against his open cheek.

CHAO  
Soitenly!

BIKER BOSS  
You need a beat-down.

ZANE  
Then we need --a beat.

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

Zane and Chao drop their backpacks, then all Three bow to THREE FEMALES sitting near the stage. Three SFO extend their hands down to Three Females to become their partners. The Three Females feign, *Who us*, then step up on the stage.

DANCE SEQUENCE: Professional Jitterbug dancing by all six. Zane, Chao, and Grant, end-twirl 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 female partner's eyes. Three Females go rigid.

FIGHT THREE: Bar room brawl breaks out in Background.

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

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

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

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

Chao and Grant wry-smile, then go into a 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 the 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! So remember,  
you never know if a Ranger stands  
beside you or --a future one!  
(points to Young Man)  
Son, ever thought of joining us?

Young Man 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 a legendary  
A-Number-One Ranger and S.F.O.  
extra-ordinaire called "The Lion."

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

Chao keeps repeating his chant as Grant joins-in singing.

GRANT/CHAO  
"Eh-wee-um-aweh" etc.

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

SONG SEQUENCE: Zane shakes his head. Chao and Grant go  
shoulder-to-shoulder with Zane 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 chord shatters Grant's 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 now 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 him --?

Grant grabs Chao's lapels and pulls him nose-to-nose.

GRANT

I won't even think once about  
saving your tightly wound up ass.

Chao head-motions to look down. Grant does to see Chao holds  
a stiletto against Grant's crotch.

CHAO

What makes you think, I'd let you?

GRANT

Because both our smelly butts are  
on and then crossing over the line.  
(throws Chao away)  
Right, Boss? My bunk's in back.  
Where you two Sky Pilots nappin'?  
(no response, *laughs*)  
Oh, so now we really are gonna'  
become comrades-in-arms.

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 and holds his high.

GRANT

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

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

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

JUICEE

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

**INT. SMUGGLER SHUTTLE IN SPACE - NEXT MORNING**

Grant and Chao, in Intruder-suits, are asleep in restraints.

Zane, in Intruder-suit, is in the pilot's chair staring out view-screen. A small monitor begins *beeping*. He looks at it. Monitor's blip gets closer. Grant and Chao stand behind him.

GRANT  
When's Briefing?

ZANE  
Two days.

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

ZANE  
Logan's Run.

Grant and Chao step back alarmed.

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

ZANE  
Juvenile volunteers.

GRANT  
More like Juvenile delinquents.

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, gudgeon.

GRANT  
So you're putting together a group of expendable rejects.  
(turns to Chao)  
That's right, socko. You and me both --who won't be missed.  
(back 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 are gonna' be one, big,  
hairy, dysfunctional, family.

**EXT. SMUGGLER'S SHUTTLE IN ORBIT - SIMULTANEOUS**

Transport One, another freighter-type ship, approaches.

ZANE (O.S.)

There 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 of them.

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

Dual-doors boom open at far end. Zane, Grant, and Chao march-in-time wearing SFO dress black uniforms, then *Parade Rest*. Two Guards exit. Zane waits until doors close behind them.

ZANE

Williams! Room secure?

WILLIAMS aka SOUNDS, Caucasian, late-teens, fit, blonde hair, blue eyes, sits up straight, then slouches back down. He mumbles in a thick Brooklyn accent.

WILLIAMS

*Fuggedaboudit.*

Zane dents a tabletop with his fist to a loud metallic boom.

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!

(no response)

I can't hear you?

(still no response)

We Can't Hear You!

SIX TEENS

WE, CAN!

Doors burst open and Two Guards rush in.

ZANE

Get, OUT!

Two Guards hesitate, then exit closing doors.

ZANE

Be advised, I intend to put you in harm's way. Remember your training these two 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 and jerks him up to standing, then punches him in the stomach hard. 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?

All Six Teens thrust up their hands.

ZANE

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

THOMAS aka BRAINS, Irish-Caucasian, late-teens, fit, with short red hair and green eyes, snaps to attention. She speaks with an educated 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 quickly steps behind her and locks-on to hold a Rear-Naked Choke until she passes out. Chao re-seats her in her chair unconscious, then 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 it 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. And from now on, your call-sign is, SOUNDS.

SOUNDS  
Sounds Guuuud!

Chao "cups" both of Sounds ears. Sounds makes an *Owie*-face.

ZANE  
Thomas! You functional yet?

Thomas is coming-to rubbing her temples. She sees Chao glaring at her and snaps up to Attention even 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, Mulatto, late-teens, tall, body-builder, speaks with a German accent. He stands and stands.

SCHMIDT  
Recruit Schmidt is Heavy Weapons  
Specialist! Move fast, hit hard,  
and always carry the biggest g.d.  
stick in the yard --Sir!

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, Japanese, late-teens, thin, wiry,  
speaks with an accent, but in perfect English. He wears  
standard military black-rimmed glasses and stands smiling.

MATSUMURA  
Sir, Recruit Matsumrazis is an  
Explosives and Demolition Expert  
who believes any conflict can be  
resolved quickly by applying 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?

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

ZANE  
Now, who here "Habla Español?"

SANCHEZ aka SNEAKERS, Hispanic, late-teens, is very fit, but  
very short. He speaks with an accent but in perfect English.

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

CHAO  
How'd you sneak in here, tiny?

ZANE

That's good. You're now, SNEAKERS.  
Question, 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

You like baseball, son?

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

GRANT

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

Grant goes to grab him, but Sneakers crawls up and around Grant like a snake. Grant dances trying to shake Sneakers off as he climbs around behind Grant's back scissoring his ankles around Grant's stomach and holding a 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 --.

Grant looks down at the knife to his throat and nods.

SNEAKERS

Then, no sir. I've found it to be a  
self-motivating life experience.  
Just like this one, Sir!

GRANT

(smiles)  
Oh, I like him.

Sneakers releases his ankles to drop to his feet.

SNEAKERS

Was that a test, Sir?

ZANE

Your personnel record indicates a problem with authority.

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 as Panzer low-fives him.

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 a Techno-Crypto, sir. If it's got an electron-pulse, I can find 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

Not when it means I'm always more intelligent than them. Like now, sir.

GRANT

*Uuuuu, Radar Love.*

CHAO

*Ancient band from Holland, right?*

ZANE

Recruits, say goodbye to what you thought you were. You're in my army now, and we don't take losers. Get ready for what will define you for the rest of your "short" lives.

CHAO

*Two weeks?*

GRANT

*One --maybe.*

ZANE

Sergeants!

Chao and Grant step in front of Zane to put hands on hips.

GRANT

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

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

GRANT

You three dumb guys 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

Your gear is loaded on-board, so  
you take nothing from this place,  
including your attitude. You are  
all starting over. --STRIP!

Six Teens stare at each other in disbelief.

ZANE

If you ever make me repeat an Order  
again, these two Sergeants will  
make sure it's your last!

Six Teens are unsure, but then slowly begin to disrobe.

CHAO

*What'ya think?*

GRANT

*Don't wanna' know.*

CHAO

*Never did.*

GRANT

*Bite me.*

CHAO

*Not without a Tetanus shot.*

Zane listens to them, then smiles whispering to self.

ZANE  
Now --we are one.  
(yells to Teens)  
RANGERS RUN, DOUBLE-TIME!

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, not shake 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 from inside exit running.

TWO GUARDS  
What the --?

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

CHAO  
Exactly.

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

**EXT. TRANSPORT TWO IN SPACE - ONE WEEK LATER**

TRANSPORT TWO, the smaller freighter-ship, travels in space.

PANZER (O.S.)  
Scheisse!

**INT. TRANSPORT TWO'S LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Small locker room of green plastic aerated-lockers with 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  
Definitely built muscle mass, but  
feel like I lost fifty pounds of  
water-weight doing it.



SNEAKERS

I like to go nuts same as anyone,  
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 and stomp to *Parade Rest*.

Six Teens jump to Attention with Brains 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.

Zane lets the word "special" sink in.

ZANE

Each of you has the potential to be the best. But first, you need to accept something you may never have heard before. --I, 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 singular common background that separates us from our other brethren. We are all --orphans.

(lets that sink in)

We've all been through "the system" and learned to fight for what we wanted, and needed, to survive. But existing, is not living. So I'm inviting you to take it to the next level, live for others. Only then -- will your life, make a difference.

Zane sharply about-faces to continue talking while walking.

ZANE

Dress and go to Chow. Report to Hangar Two in thirty. Put your game faces on ladies, it's gonna' get real interesting from here on. And, uh, welcome to --"The Family."

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

Their Six Teens are stunned, then Brains curses.

BRAINS

Strewth! The bugger got through.

Brains extends a hand out. Five Teens huddle around and each put a hand on top of hers. Six Teens move their hands up and down to break on 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 their Six Teen's chanting.

ZANE

Now --"they," are one.

**INT. TRANSPORT TWO'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 along 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

Asked you a question, Trooper!

BRAINS

(chest-out proud)

Sir, yes, sir! If the Commander wishes to engage, we'd be happy to render his answer --permanently!

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 battle with you, one last time.

CHAO

Back atcha' boss. And I hardly retch no more when I see this -- other guy.

GRANT

Now, I will save your jacked-up ass, puddin' head. --Spectacularly.

They break huddle, fist-bump, then enter up shuttle's ramp.

Ramp retracts. Shuttle's hatch closes. Outside wall opens.

**EXT. TRANSPORT TWO IN SPACE - ORBITING SÄRO**

Planet Säro is brown with dark green land masses and red oceans. Their SFO-Shuttle exits and heads to planet below.

**EXT. TRANSPORT'S SHUTTLE ON SÄRO - LATER THAT MORNING**

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

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

CHAO

*Three days?*

GRANT

*More like, three 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 now been trained to help the weak, those in need of protection, but to do that, you have to remain alive. Keep your head in the game and on a swivel.

Zane pivots to Sneakers using a knife-edge hand to point.

ZANE

Twenty clicks south-southwest is  
your 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 it. Both then pull on their hoods. Grant gives, *Move Out*, hand-sign. Both exit running, 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 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 was accurate. 3-D map  
correct. Tangos are tagged with  
trackers. Sir, I heard --screaming.

ZANE

These citizens have 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, I won't let the team down.

ZANE

To be in position at Dawn, you have  
to leave now. You're on your own.

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 any more.

(looks up at the stars)

*A little help, wouldn't hurt.*

**EXT. SÄRO HILLTOPS - NEXT MORNING**

Rain Forest turned into rocky grassy hilltops with 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 to pocket it. He opens his eyes, stretches, *claps* hands. The Rest 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 off along the hill's crest. Five Teens follow him one-by-one running 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 smoking chimneys.

Five Teens and 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 pull on their hoods. Zane touches an arm-band.

ZANE

Optics.

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

**EXT. VILLAGE DIRT STREETS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Poor European-style town of 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 *bagpipes*, then look up at the rockets *exploding* in bright and colorful light flashes with long trailing sparklers. Enemy Soldiers shoulder their weapons.

**EXT. SFO'S ROCKY HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Zane presses a button on arm-band, then hits 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!  
(hits armband, *VOOP*)  
NOS SUNT LEGIS!  
(hits armband, *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 as hip-rockets fire and his cape turns rigid like a wing. He glides down to village.

Others jump and hip-rockets fire as 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 swoop-in on their winged-capes.

Zane aims an arm-band at ONE BLIND SOLDIER. A grappling-hook shoots out attaching to Blind Soldier's shoulder. Zane yanks back and Blind Soldier is pulled high in the air. He retracts his grappling-hook and Blind Soldier falls unconscious.

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 as Radar hangs back not engaging.

When all Blind Soldiers are unconscious, Zane gives *Circle Up* sign. His 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-couple a' you with me.

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

Zane shoots his arm-band's grappling hook to snag 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 open.

BOOMER

I love my job.

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 a chief --.

Zane points to his unconscious Not Blind Soldier.

ZANE

And that one little 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 both come 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 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.

She goes to console her neighbors. Zane rubs his cheek.

ZANE

A little help, never hurts.

#### **INT. VILLAGE HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY**

SFO capes are stored in epaulets with hoods in their belts.

Zane sits at a stone table interrogating Not Blind Soldier whose wrists are tied behind chair. Grant stands behind him.

NOT BLIND SOLDIER

Can you read minds, mate?

Grant applies a metal disc to Not Blind Soldier's temple sending him into tremors, then he 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 the temple-disk. Not Blind Soldier collapses unconscious onto tabletop.

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

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

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

GRANT  
If you got some, why didn't you use  
them?

VILLAGE CHIEF  
Don't know how.

CHAO

That was money well spent.

ZANE

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

Zane, Chao, and Village Chief exit. Grant *cracks* all eight knuckles, then yanks Not Blind Soldier up to standing.

**INT. A 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 Chief down dirt stairs with oil lamps. Grant stops.

GRANT

When's the museum open?

VILLAGE CHIEF

Kept them oiled. Should shoot.

Chao pries open a wood barrel and sniffs it.

CHAO

You can't be serious? Sulfur,  
charcoal and potassium nitrate?

GRANT

Saltpeter! Don't wanna' shit that,  
let alone shoot that.

ZANE

(pries open a gun crate)  
Rounds?

VILLAGE CHIEF

Thousand shells each.

GRANT

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

ZANE

I researched the planet's feudal  
system. Brutal, but centered around  
an ancient "Code of Challenge."

GRANT

Yeah? Do unto others --first?

ZANE

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

CHAO

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

GRANT

Thinkin' always gets me in trouble.  
(ponders confused)  
What the hell we thinkin'?

CHAO

Foot-to-ass.

ZANE

Thanks for the reminder.  
(to Village Chief)  
Bayonets?

VILLAGE CHIEF

Oiled them, too.

GRANT

Oh, so now we're stickin' pig-  
stickers on the end of fire-sticks?

CHAO

Why not just use slings and arrows?

ZANE

Good idea. Make it so.

GRANT

(snarls sarcastic)  
Don't forget the wooden shields.

Zane nods to Grant who curse-mutters along with Chao.

ZANE

Ladies, 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 the stairs)  
Sir! A huge cloud of dust is headed  
this way. 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 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 Village Chief and his Villagers. All watch as a huge dust cloud comes over a hill. It does sound like a train.

Sounds catches earlier mini-drone and pockets it.

SOUNDS

Sir, we are seriously out-numbered.

ZANE

Contingencies?

BRAINS

Run away?

ZANE

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

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

VILLAGE CHIEF

General MacIntosh will send his Two  
Daughters first, never had a son.

PEASANT MOTHER

Those two bitches only survived by  
becoming completely ruthless --  
(spits something black)  
and completely crazy.

**EXT. FRONT HILLTOP ABOVE VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Cloud stops and dust settles to reveal, FIRST DIVISION 100 CAVALRY, on black stallions wearing leather horse-armor. All wear metal and leather armor with holstered laser-pistols and sheathed swords. Laser-rifle cases are slung off the 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)  
INTENTION!

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 and utters a single, long, high-pitched *whistle* that goes inaudible.

Both of Two Daughters horses jam to a stop throwing their riders forward. Two Daughters lose swords as 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?

BRAINS  
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. 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 has fought with gunpowder  
in a hundred Gaussian solars. We  
attack full-force to kill them all!

Second raises an arm circling, *Assemble*, then drops same arm forward thrusting its 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, will 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 - IMMEDIATELY**

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 all 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 spins to Villagers giving an angry cut-throat sign. Villagers draw down to silence. All SFO come to Attention.

ZANE

Chao, everyone Weapons Qualified!  
Grant, sand-bag wall four-feet high  
between two perimeter buildings!  
Rangers, a sand-bag redoubt with  
firing steps in center of village!  
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 again at Attention.

ZANE

The Order brings the unlawful to  
justice using Law. But here, now,  
in this place, there is only one  
law --of The Jungle. Their jungle.  
We can only protect, if we're alive  
to do so. We can not defend them --  
    (points to Villagers)  
unless they --  
    (points to hilltop)  
are 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 a 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.  
    (points to Villagers)  
We, are here because of their  
atrocities against humanity. We are  
also here --unofficially.

BRAINS

You chose us because, we don't  
exist?

ZANE

I choose each of you, because of  
your talent. Ten Hut!



All Teens come to rigid attention.

ZANE

All of you, working together as a unit, was always our only hope. Whether or not you will be welcomed into the S.F.O. 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 turning back. 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

Yes, sir! Oscar Mike!

Sneakers adjusts his gun case as he run-exits the Village.

ZANE

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

BOOMER

Yes, sir?

ZANE

Know what a Hedge Hopper is?

BOOMER

(*stomps* a foot)

Sir! Of the four types of Fougasse gas, it's 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. Except you Radar, walk with me. Go!

The Three Teens run to TEEN VILLAGERS, both sexes, and bark orders. Zane walks 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'm not. I'm support personnel only. I'll never be --a soldier.

ZANE

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

RADAR

*Yes, sir.*

Radar jogs away *sniffing*. Zane surveys all activity going on in the village, 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.

A 3' high sandbag-wall was built between the two main buildings leading into village. An 8' x 20' round sandbag redoubt with narrow entrance is now in center of village.

FIVE LINES of Villagers, both sexes, ages 20 and up, stand one Line behind the other in front of the redoubt. Each Villager holds a Savage-Combo.

Zane goes to stand beside the First Villager Line.

Chao, Grant, Brains, and Panzer each stand-to-command beside the other Four Villager Lines.

**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 are 203 total. ALL ride over the hill in battle-dress, swords in scabbards, now carrying hand-made wooden lances, but no guns.

MACINTOSH

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

Two Daughters *rattle* their swords. MacIntosh turns to 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 and charge down the hill. MacIntosh's spectacle-enhancer drops to zoom-in on the Villagers standing in their Five Lines, one behind the other.

MACINTOSH

Fools, they 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 another direction as FIFTY OTHER FIRST CALVARY follow her.

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

MACINTOSH

What price glory, in 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 left to line up with Zane. Brains and her Villagers side-jog right to line up with Chao. Now there are Two Villager Lines, "I" and "II," one behind the other.

Panzer and PANZER-VILLAGERS stand fast in front of Redoubt.

ZANE  
On our commands only! READY!

Grant and his Villager Front Line "I" drop to a knee as Chao, Brains, and Villager Rear Line "II" slide one foot back.

ZANE  
LEVEL!

The Two Villager Lines shoulder to aim their Savages.

ZANE  
FIRE!

Both "I" and "II" Villager Lines *fire* rifle-rounds only.

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

Villager Front Line "I" reloads their rifle bullets.

CHAO  
AD-VANCE!

Villager Line "II" runs through Line "I" then kneels to reload. Line "I" has reloaded and stands, cocks, then aims.

ZANE  
FIRE!

In the Plains, MORE CENTER CALVARY dead-fall, horses bolt.

GRANT  
AD-VANCE!

Line "I" steps through Line "II" and kneels to reload. Line "II" has reloaded and stands aiming.

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!

Both Rooftops fire into each Two Daughter's Calvary charges.

On either side of Plains, SOME "A" and SOME "B" Calvary fall dead from the two rooftop volleys. Their horses spur away.

ZANE  
SNEAKERS SNIPERS!

Sneakers and his SNIPER VILLAGE-TEENS lie hidden by blankets covered with dirt in front of the sand-bag wall. They rise.

Villager Lines "I" and "II" are reloaded. Rooftops reloaded.

ZANE  
ALL --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 them.

#### **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 releases her and steps back. He closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. AN ORPHANAGE SOMEWHERE - MANY YEARS AGO**

YOUNG ZANE, just a boy, is being *slapped* by an ADULT.

RETURN TO.

**INT. VILLAGE REDOUBT - PRESENT DAY**

Zane sits Radar down on the step, then sits beside her.

ZANE

I know what it is like to feel  
helpless to what is done to you.  
(puts 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 knee and exits. Radar dries her tears.

**EXT. OTHER SIDE OF HILL AWAY FROM VILLAGE - SIMULTANEOUS**

First and Second Division's Living Calvary gather round.

MACINTOSH

Who will be my Second?

No volunteers. MacIntosh *spits* and finger-points to 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  
our Clan's 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! This time --with Archers!

**EXT. FRONT HILLTOP OVERLOOKING VILLAGE - THAT AFTERNOON**

MacIntosh, now with THIRD DIVISION's 100 more, rides 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. 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 their sandbag-wall. All now have homemade  
wooden shields made from furniture strapped to their backs.

PANZER'S VILLAGERS stand still 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 into Zane's face.

ZANE

Take Out --Their Officers!

Sneaker and his Snipers *fire*. All rounds miss their targets.

ZANE

Sneaker's "Snipets" --Reload!

Zane shakes his head talking into an arm-band.

ZANE

Back door, any Smokies?

**EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - CONTINUOUS**

BOOMER'S REAR VILLAGERS stand behind a new short sandbag wall  
also with wooden shields.

Boomer's monocle-magnifier drops, he sees Two Daughters and their Living Calvary, with bows and quivers strapped to backs, charging at him. His monocle retracts.

BOOMER

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 both holes 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**

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

BOOMER

Stone fougasse! Dat'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 cloudless sky.

**INT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS**

ZANE

COVER!

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



**EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - IMMEDIATELY**

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

MACINTOSH  
RELEASE!

**EXT. VILLAGE SIDE HILLTOP - SIMULTANEOUS**

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

**EXT. FRONT VILLAGE SANDBAG WALL - MOMENTS LATER**

TWO VILLAGERS are struck 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.

GRANT  
Mortar!

Panzer's Villagers side-step both directions. Behind them is a fifty-gallon drum with its lid off mounted at 45° in a wooden-frame with wood-wheels. TWO PANZER-VILLAGERS grab its ropes and pull rolling the mortar to the front sandbag wall.

CHAO  
Fuse!

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

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

**EXT. FRONT VILLAGE PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER**

The mortar's cans rain down across the field in front of the Charging 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 cups an ear turned to the village-front explosions.

Boomer flips *Double-Birds* in that direction wiggling both middle fingers again using his same 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:** Drums hold oil buried at an angle with twigs overtop. Under both is a gunpowder barrel with a trip-wire fuse to top. Two Daughters horse-hoofs break both trip-wires.

Flames from both drums shoot out ten feet wide for thirty yards behind Two Daughters. MORE SURVIVING CALVARY catch fire and die horrible. Their horses bolt.

**EXT. VILLAGE REAR SANDBAG WALL - IMMEDIATELY**

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

BOOMER

Flame fougasse! Dat's a-tree!

**EXT. VILLAGE FRONT PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS**

MacIntosh and REMAINING THIRD CALVARY regroup to re-charge.

**EXT. VILLAGE CENTER - MOMENTS LATER**

ZANE

Recall!

Sounds touches his arm-band and a drone-horn plays, *Recall*.

Panzer-Villagers run back to stand in front of the redoubt.

GRANT

Ready!

Front Villagers kneel behind their sandbag wall.

CHAO

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.

Leftover Calvary riding behind get ready to jump same creek.

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

TWO DAUGHTERS

Two creeks?

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 BATTLE**

Boomer holds thumbs against both eardrums finger-waving both hand's four-fingers yelling perfect Italian at Two Daughters.

BOOMER

Fou-Gas! Quattro, le signoré!

**EXT. FIRST CURVING CREEK - MOMENTS LATER**

Leftover Calvary goes to jump first creek as it *erupts* in 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. Boomer points at Burning Calvary.

BOOMER

Put them, outta our misery.

Rear Villagers kneel behind their sandbags and fire at the Burning Calvary 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 biceps with other hand now speaking his native Brooklyn.

BOOMER

'Ey, I gots yer fou-gassé!  
(grabs own crotch)  
Rights here!

**EXT. VILLAGE FRONT OUTSKIRTS - SIMULTANEOUS**

MacIntosh's Remaining Third Calvary are close enough to now throw lances and do so. SOME FRONT VILLAGERS are impaled. Peasant Grandmothers tend to them. Panzer sends SOME PANZER-VILLAGERS to replace them.

Sneaker's Snipers and Villager Front Line now fire killing MORE THIRD CALVARY who keep riding closer.

ZANE

Assembly!

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

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

Remaining Third Calvary jump their horses over sandbag wall.

ZANE

Rooftops!

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

ZANE  
VOLLEY BY RANKS!

Grant and Grant's Villagers now stand up inside the redoubt's firing step and aim overtop.

ZANE  
Front Rank, Fire!

Zane's Villagers *fire* their shotgun shells, then reload.

CHAO  
Rear Rank, Fire!

Chao's Villagers *fire* their shotgun shells, then reload.

GRANT  
Third Rank, Fire!

Grant's Villagers *fire* their shotgun shells, then reload.

**MONTAGE:** All Three Ranks fire as All Three Commands Repeat.

Their cordite smoke blocks out the Sun.

ZANE (O.S.)  
This --is the price of freedom!

CLIFFHANGER.

*Pilot establishes all main characters. Battle of Rogan's Drift concludes in Episode Two along with its second Plot.*