



PREVIOUSLY ON THE FERATU CHRONICLES...

INT. HEAD BUILDING - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Raloth, Ptolemus and the Savant sit at the end of a long banquet table laden with various delicacies.

Ptolemus reaches into one of his pockets and pulls out a small round device. A holoprojector. That he CLICKS on. A small holographic image of a massive bulbous cannon appears.

PTOLEMUS

The engineers have begun work on the seismic cannon. The new technology supplied by the Drakans will be more than a match for Clan Alliance artillery.

He FLICKS off the projector.

RALOTH

(smiles)

Everything is falling into place.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Tharad army ride briskly through the desert. One warrior, Trianne leads. He pulls out an aurelian crest worn around his neck, from underneath his drab brown robes.

INT. AURELIUS OUTPOST - BATTLE ROOM - NIGHT

Tazul turns from her work at a console below three enormous screens. Smiles. Surprizes Trianne with a hug.

TAZUL

I haven't seen you in an age.

Trianne breaks from the hug.

EXT. DESERT - INVASION FORCES CAMP - NIGHT

D'bronze and Trianne head a frontline charge of a mixed force of feratu and tharad. The soldiers tearing into the scattered and disorganised miinish and rakesh rabble with glee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIANNE (V.O.)
My warriors and I are also here
to pledge our assistance.

Trianne pushes a notch in his staff, with a PFFT two blades
extend from either side.

TRIANNE (V.O)(CONT'D)
I want to look my sesn's
murderers in the eyes, before
they taste of my wrath.

He WHIPS it across four rakesh throats, spilling their
reptilian blood before they can react.

INT. DRAGENTI - DOCKING BAY - NIGHT

The sleek black and red craft, Dimitri's drakan scorcher,
HUMS as it touches down. The ramp quickly extending as soon
as the WHIRR of the engines die.

IVONNA (SELENE) (V.O)
Do you remember your cover?

A four person Drakan security squad approach, clad all in
black, topped off with imposing helmets.

SARA (V.O)
(sighs)
I'm Anna Sul your dutiful
personal assistant.

Dimitri descends the ramp in a jet black suit closely
followed by Ivonna (Selene) in a racy, red gown. Last of
all, is Sara in a deep green gown now carting an elegant
but heavy suitcase.

INT. KARKOFF MANSION - DAY

Alexa and Tybalt sit at a polished bone table. Cups of
steaming red liquid clasped in their hands.

ALEXA
(sympathetic)
Did you or her assistant...
(beat; thinks)
Anna Sul, notice any recent
changes in her behaviour?

Tybalt gives Alexa a strange look at this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYBALT

She's never had an assistant
named Anna Sul.

Alexa perks up at this. There's a twinkle in those cool eyes of hers as she regards Tybalt in a new light.

INT. HOME SECURITY DEPARTMENT - DESDEMONA - NIGHT

Alexa stands, her arms crossed. She eagerly watches a dark haired man, Ackerman, sitting at a sleek metal panel.

He FAST FORWARDS through a holographic, surveillance stream full of people in formal wear dancing and chatting at a lavish affair.

ANGLE ON a voice net hub screen reveals alien numbers, letters and images ZIP past a still of Sara's image. After an extended beat, the search stops.

ACKERMAN

(frowns)

There isn't anything on her.

EXT. FOOD STALLS - MARKETS - DAY

Alexa sits at a table with a man, Vicius, dressed all in black, his dark hair cropped close to his scalp.

He smiles as one hand absentmindedly plays with a knife.

VICIUS

I shall meet the Master Assassin
to formally approve it.

(off Alexa)

Due to its sensitive nature. But
consider it in motion.

ALEXA

(grins)

I look forward to our next
meeting.

ANGLE ON the open file resting on Vicius lap reveals:

An enlarged surveillance STILL of Sara in a deep green ball gown atop the file's contents, as we:

BLACK OUT:

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE:

"It is always when the universe crashes down around us and we are in our darkest hour, that we see what we are truly capable of"

~ Triisx the Seer

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Pinpoints of light blink against the velvet night sky.

We TILT down revealing a tharad camp from above. Medium sized, the hundred or so skin tents all aglow from the nearby camp fires.

Tharad men and women huddle around the fires, in small groups, laughing and chatting after a long day.

Younger tharad in their teens, play a game with coloured bones and a wooden hexagon covered with runes.

One young female rolls the hexagon, it lands with a wavy symbol face up. The result met with groans from several of the other players.

FEMALE

(subtitled; tharad)

Ha! Eat my dust.

She moves a green coloured bone six steps from the main group.

Young tharad children sit captivated as an elder energetically recounts a tale with wooden figurines of warriors and beasts.

A herd of brahmin mill about the edge of the camp as two tharad keepers feed them ground plant feed.

The tribes' salumsets snort nearby, saddle less and settled down for the evening. Some click their tongues, startled as an oval leather ball WHIPS over the animals' heads.

An excitable rastiff, runs after it through a gap in the cluster. Its spiky tail wagging.

One of the tharad keepers, looks up at the commotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spots a young tharad, his build indicating he's the equivalent of a twelve year old. He guiltily hides the oval ball behind his back as his rastiff impatiently waits at his side.

KEEPER
(subtitled;tharad)
Z'iest! Play elsewhere.

FWOOOOM! A large concussive EXPLOSION above interrupts the scene as the boy and the keepers glance upwards.

A fluorescent green smoke cloud billows outwards as metal debris plummets. Fiery trails streaking across the night sky.

A tharad warrior on night watch hesitantly kicks over a still glowing metal fragment with his boot.

The camp's merriment dies down as fluorescent green particles flutter down showering the camp like glowing snow.

The young children giggle as the particles flutter on to their facial coverings.

The adults aren't so carefree. The elder shooing them into the safety of the nearest skin tent.

ELDER
(subtitled;tharad)
Stay inside, no matter what happens.

He knots the tent closed before his body spasms, racked with violent coughing.

His hand darts under his facial coverings, as he coughs violently again. As his hand pulls free we see it speckled with blue blood.

The elder turns away from the skin tent in time to see:

The entire tharad camp now violently coughing, their bodies convulsing around the fires. Blue blood is streaming from their eyes, smearing the eye slits of their facial coverings.

The young female tharad collapses as she CONVULSES, scattering the coloured bones. Blue blood spattering the sand and the game pieces, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

THE FERATU CHRONICLES

"The Approaching Storm"

Story by
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROYAL AURELIUS PALACE

The ancient palace rises up here in all its glory.

TAZUL (O.S.)
This is impossible!

The lovely scenery provided by the royal gardens ZIPS past us.

EXT. AURELIUS ROYAL PALACE - GARDENS

An elaborately fashioned glass game board sits atop a stone table here. Five game tiles shimmer with blue energy.

A metal pronged stick taps the next tile repeatedly, revealing a wavy lined symbol. Blue energy rapidly fills the tile.

The next tile is tapped to reveal a crown symbol. It beeps at this, flashing yellow and this tile and the former one return to glittering, white glass tiles.

WHUMP! The metal pronged stick is unceremoniously slammed down onto the table.

TILT UP to reveal a fed up TAZUL, seated before it. She looks ready to smash the game board to pieces.

TAZUL
How exactly will *this* defeat my enemies?

SWITCH FOCUS to reveal TROVENUS sitting calmly opposite her.

TROVENUS
The szchezian puzzle board requires significant patience to complete successfully. Patience is the companion to wisdom.

Tazul pouts at Trovenus' answer, that's not what she wanted to hear.

TAZUL
Can't we simply skip to the most integral lessons?

Trovenus favours her with a warm, patient smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROVENUS

This *is* the most integral lesson.

Tazul throws him a disbelieving look that clearly says "you're not serious, are you?".

TROVENUS (CONT'D)

I cannot teach you if you are unwilling to open your mind.

TAZUL

(sighs)

What would you have me do?

Trovenus gestures to the game board.

TROVENUS

Successfully complete one game.
That is all I ask. Once you have done so, we can continue.

Tazul begrudgingly picks up the pronged metal stick, determination once more on her features.

A sequence of beeping interrupts her just as she tackles another tile in the puzzle.

Tazul presses the aurelian shaped pin on her shirt.

TAZUL

This better be urgent.

ROSCOE

(via communicator)

It always is my lady. I suggest you adopt a less aggrieved tone, you've urgent word from one of the outposts. I'll patch it through the closest portal.

TAZUL

(sighs)

Proceed.

Trovenus throws her an unsure look as he rises from his seat.

TROVENUS

I shall allow you some privacy.

She waves off his offer with a wry grin, amused.

TAZUL

Trying to shirk your duties already? An advisor needs be present to provide advice, niest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROVENUS

It would appear so.

He returns the smile, his expression indicating he could get used to this, as he sits once more.

Tazul crosses over to a metal inlay pedestal pressing a wavy rune that causes a metal platform with raised symbols to rise up. She pushes in a six symbol sequence.

An image flickers into existence crackling as it shakily comes into focus.

A grim faced Aurelius soldier appearing in his mid 40's, looks to Tazul, respectfully nodding his head.

SOLDIER

Sergeant Byrne reporting,
Exendenti.

TAZUL

You've urgent news?

Byrne nods as he swipes sweat from his brow in the heat of the morning suns.

BYRNE

Words cannot fully describe the
scene so I will just show you.

Byrne steps out of shot as the image initially widens and then narrows to focus on a familiar looking tharad camp, the fires long since gone out.

Tharad men and women lay unmoving, blue blood soaking their facial coverings.

BYRNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We found Chutzpa tribe like this
on patrol. Something - some
contagion has completely
annihilated the camp.

Tazul struggles to absorb the disturbing images, looking away for a moment. She shares a look with Trovenus before:

TAZUL

(hopeful)
The young ones?

Byrne steps into shot again, grimly shaking his head at the question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BYRNE

No one survived. The children
were found inside the skin tents.
With the Kasaaba a solar day away-

TAZUL

(nods)
Inform the Prime Charric of the
situation. I will be there
shortly.

BYRNE

Understood.

And on that note, the image winks out. Tazul casts an
unsettled look to Trovenus at the news.

EXT. ISA MAIN BASE - MORNING

We PAN across the campsite once again populated with white
domed tents peppered with the occasional more semi
permanent looking buildings.

In the background, a fenced off busy construction site can
be glimpsed.

FOCUS ON one of the more semi permanent buildings.

INT. ISA HQ BUILDING - MEETING ROOM - MORNING

SARA stands at the front of a spacious meeting room. Filled
almost to capacity with restless ISA personnel.

A projection screen is set up beside her. On the screen is
an image of the desert with the words, "**ORIENTATION BRIEF**".

Amongst those seated in the front row, we can see MAJOR SAM
THORTON, JEN SAUNDERS, NATHAN and DR COLIN MCKIDD, a red
haired, slim man, in his thirties.

SARA

Right. Let's begin. I'll be
brief. The basics you'll need to
know to survive on Feratu Val.

She clicks a small device in her hand causing the screen to
change into a split screen format showing video footage of
six ISA bases on fire.

SARA (CONT'D)

To avoid *this* happening.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (CONT'D)

First fact. The feratu civilization is currently in the midst of a civil war that has been going strong for over a thousand years...

The video footage dissolves to an image of a bunch of grimy aurelius soldiers, smiling and posing for the camera with pulse pistols.

SARA (CONT'D)

The two main factions are the Aurelius led Clan Alliance -

She gestures to the image behind her.

Before CLICK, it changes to an image of a cluster of Drako Bano soldiers in action, in typical black and red uniforms. Yellow pulses of light flashing as they FIRE at whoever's taking the picture.

SARA (CONT'D)

The other, is the Imperial Covenant led by the-
(gestures to image)
Drako Bano, those friendly guys there. The people behind the disappearances of our personnel stationed here?

Sara pauses for dramatic effect, ensuring she has everyone in the room's attention. She clicks to another image that shows the town centre of Deus Ex Lupus, the Kraven city glimpsed in 1.08. A fountain sprays blood in the foreground.

SARA (CONT'D)

The Kraven Clan. Allies of the Drako Bano.

She brings up another slide, this time two images side by side. On the left is a stylistically drawn Aurelian, a creature that looks like a cross between a pterosaur and bat. On the right, a black hand surrounded by flames.

SARA (CONT'D)

Get to know these symbols well. Your life might depend on it. You see the one on the left? That's Aurelius and you're home free. However, you spot the one on your right, that's a Drako Bano symbol and you get the hell out of dodge.

(beat; anyways)

So...any questions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara scans the seated crowd, a few hands already raised. She points to the closest person with a smile, eager to answer.

INT. AURELIUS ROYAL PALACE - TAZUL'S BEDROOM

Tazul shoves clothes into a backpack, her sheathed sword resting in its customary position against her left leg. Trovenus hovers nearby, watching her.

She turns, catching his concerned gaze.

TAZUL

Is that all you're carrying?

She gestures to a leather satchel slung over Trovenus' left shoulder.

TROVENUS

I thought it prudent given our need for haste.

Tazul nods along in agreement before again checking that her sword is in place. She impatiently glances toward the far window of her room that looks out onto the palace gardens.

TAZUL

Where is he?

TROVENUS

You did only voice him mere moments ago. His family are understandably hesitant to see him go, once more-

TAZUL

On an errand that involves *me*. I wouldn't blame them.

She turns away as regret and guilt flash across her features momentarily.

TROVENUS

I did not mention it intending to upset you, simply-

LUCIF's form BLURS into existence. His attention flicks from Tazul to Trovenus, unsure at what he was interrupting exactly.

LUCIF

Ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAZUL

(nods)

The others will meet us there.

Lucif places a hand on both their shoulders, their forms beginning to BLUR.

EXT. D'BRONZE'S HOME - TA VERION

A blue A.S.P waits outside a modest, yellow stone house. Colourful, bushy fronds bordering the winding stone path to the residence, splash red, yellow and green foliage.

INT. D'BRONZE'S HOME - BED ROOM

In uniform, D'BRONZE grabs a discarded green shirt off the floor, sniffs it, shoves it into a duffel bag on the bed.

LETTY spotting this, pulls the offending shirt out and replaces it with a neatly, folded red shirt.

LETTY

I thought you had it cleared.
Your leave was meant to start
today, wasn't it?

D'BRONZE

Tazul's called in an emergency.
Overrides leave entitlements.

LETTY

But surely someone else could-

D'bronze shakes his head, casting her a look, part guilty, part resigned.

D'BRONZE

She wouldn't call one if it ain't
important. I'm sorry. I got to
go.

He leans in, their foreheads touching as he places a gentle kiss on her lips. D'bronze slowly, regretfully breaks from the kiss.

LETTY

(sighs)

Keep yourself safe.

She darts forward and kisses him, this one, deeper, more passionate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After what seems like an eternity they break from the passionate cinch.

LETTY (CONT'D)

That one's got to last me for a while. Go. I'll be waiting.

D'bronze throws her a fond smile as he swings the duffel bag over his shoulder.

EXT. D'BRONZE'S HOME - TA VERION

D'bronze trudges over to the blue A.S.P. In the driver's seat, SELENE throws him an annoyed look.

SELENE

What took you so long? Uvere's already there.

The passenger side automatically SLIDES open. D'bronze throws the duffel bag onto the seat.

INT. ISA BUILDING - MESS HALL - MORNING

Sara sits at a table, eating a bowl of cereal as she reads from a newspaper. The headlines and images changing in real time - one article that reads:

"The SFPD appeal for leads in daring robbery"

Changes to:

"High Tech thieves nabbed due to astute witnesses"

As she glances up occasionally, she notices a few ISA personnel who throw a friendly smile or nod her way as they pass, with their own breakfasts.

Sara returns once more to her morning paper but a loud, SCRAPING noise grabs her attention.

A brute of a man, scruffy, late forties, places a tray complete with fried breakfast - eggs, bacon, sausages, the works, on the table as he sits.

MAN

(off Sara)

You don't mind do ya?

His gruff voice is a mix of a thick, cockney british accent tossed in with something else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara shakes her head, surprized someone's even sitting at her table.

MAN (CONT'D)

Name's Mercer. Danny Mercer.
S'posed to be the resident
weapons specialist for this PRACO
base jaunt.

He extends his hand out for her to shake it. Sara takes the proffered hand, a little unsure as he energetically shakes.

SARA

Sara Chalmers. Don't believe
everything they tell you.

Danny chuckles.

DANNY

I'm impressed by ya rep. Wanted
to see the great Sara Chalmers in
the flesh. You got to have balls
to do what you've done. And I
ain't the only one that thinks
it.

He stops to shovel some of the eggs off his plate into his mouth.

SARA

Really?

Danny nods, affirmatively as he chews noisily and swallows.

DANNY

That's what advances in human
civilization have always depended
on. Balls. If everyone had a pair
we might be as advanced as these-

SARA

Feratu.

DANNY

Yeah.

(beat)

It true they have fangs and drink
blood like vam-

He's interrupted as ANN takes a seat beside Sara.

She gives him a friendly smile as she deposits her tray, a plate of fruit and a bowl of white, steaming mush.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)

(off the bowl)

That atrocity meant to be porridge? I 'ave half a mind to show cook what it's s'posed to look like.

ANN

I didn't know you cook Danny.

Sara rolls her eyes with a "typical, should have known" expression.

SARA

You guys know each other?

ANN

Well we met on the shuttle over and got to talking...

DANNY

(off Sara; shrugs)

The girl knows how to spin a story or two.

ANN

(to Sara; remembers)

Oh! You've been so busy I haven't even had time to tell you the good news.

Ann glances to Danny, a little uncertain. He taps his nose with a friendly smirk.

DANNY

Whatever it is. I didn't hear nothin'.

ANN

(lowered)

Nathan proposed. We're getting hitched on the next off shore leave.

Ann beams, she casts a hopeful look to Sara, awaiting a response.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

The familiar forms of Tazul, Lucif and Trovenus BLUR into being. Sergeant Byrne steps forward.

BYRNE

Exendenti, Prime Charric
Rhsxeriaak of Chizrodi and his
son Trianne, the Cuzrakk of
Eirentesh, are waiting within the
outpost.

TAZUL

(nods)

Lo Mokol. I need you to conduct a
thorough border search with your
battalion for any suspicious or
hostile threats.

BYRNE

Will do.

INT. AURELIUS OUTPOST - MEETING ROOM - MORNING

Tazul bows her head respectfully to a tall, gaunt figure that towers over her. An intricately carved talisman fashioned from bone indicating his role as Prime Charric.

His typical drab brown robes livened up with splotches of colour - bright reds, yellows and oranges. This is PRIME CHARRIC RHSXERIAAK.

The other figure, TRIANNE, his muscular body apparent from the flow of his robes, steps forward, embracing Tazul.

TAZUL

Trianne it seems every time we
meet, I am offering condolences
for family members lost.

They break from the hug.

TRIANNE

(sadly)

Dear Tokwut. I was counting the
moons until my brena and his
family, were to meet mine, this
kasaaba.

TAZUL

Trianne, Prime Charric -

The taller, elderly man shakes his head, amused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIME CHARRIC

What is all this formality? To me, you are still that young priole I found by the river.

He affectionately ruffles her hair at that.

TAZUL

Very well then Rhsxe. I was about to say, I *will* find those responsible. But until we know more, we have to stop the kasaaba.

PRIME CHARRIC

(gravely)
That cannot happen.

OFF the Prime Charric's deadly serious tone of voice, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ISA BUILDING - MESS HALL - MORNING

Recovered somewhat from the initial surprize Sara throws Ann a sceptical look.

SARA
You pregnant?

ANN
What? No! Nathan proposed without me holding a M33 rifle to his head.

SARA
Really? Thought he slept with the damn thing. Even thought he could be cheating on you with it, a few times there.

Danny raises a sceptical eyebrow at that as he eats his breakfast.

SARA (CONT'D)
(off Danny)
Objectophilia. It's a thing. Look it up.

An amused Ann playfully punches her in the arm.

ANN
Seriously though. I want your honest opinion. I know you and Nathan haven't really enjoyed each other's company in the past.

SARA
Understatement of the century.

Ann flashes her an impatient "let me finish" look. Sara mimes zipping her mouth shut in response.

ANN
But I need to know. What do you really think?

SARA
You got to even ask?
(off Ann)
The lunkhead for some reason seems to make you happy, that's good enough for me. Count me in for the wedding. You know what they say about bridesmaids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara waggles her eyebrows suggestively. Ann laughs, a relieved smile gracing her features.

INT. AURELIUS OUTPOST - MEETING ROOM - MORNING

Tazul is in the midst of a passionate discussion with the Prime Charric, frustration evident in her every movement.

TAZUL

With such a large gathering,
whoever is behind the attack will
strike again. You know this.

PRIME CHARRIC

You know why it cannot be
stopped.

TRIANNE

It is too late to stop as most of
the tribe caravans will be
reaching the dunes of Halsaad,
very soon.

PRIME CHARRIC

Even if we could do so, I would
not allow it. To miss such an
event - is a heinous act,
bringing bad fortune on all.

TAZUL

(sighs)

At least allow some of our
soldiers to patrol-

The Prime Charric shakes his head ruefully.

PRIME CHARRIC

Trovenus, yourself and that
lasceo of yours are more than
welcome, to join in the kasaaba.
But that is all.

TRIANNE

(prompts)

Da, there is the matter of Tokwut
and his family's burial rites.

The Prime Charric collects himself, the gravity of the topic sobering him, once more.

PRIME CHARRIC

Aah, yni.
(to Tazul)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIME CHARRIC (CONT'D)

Given the contagion - the full burial rites cannot be strictly followed. Would you as the closest tie to our family capable, carry out what needs be done?

TAZUL

(bows her head)

I would be honoured.

EXT. CHUTZPA TRIBE CAMP - DAY

WIDE shot of the camp, the once vibrant community is now all but silent. The only life signs are a dozen or so green jumpsuit wearing techs that scour the camp.

EXT. CHUTZPA TRIBE CAMP - CENTRAL HUB - DAY

Techs scan the sands with long metallic devices resembling leaf blowers. Others go over the tents and objects with blue lights, collecting things in clear cases.

Aurelius border guards keep watch on the edges of the camp.

UVERE stands next to a vacant tent, decked out in the maroon and gold uniform of the army. His serious expression indicating he is in a conversation with someone.

UVERE (V.O.)

Only one solar day? This is cutting it close Tazul. It takes days, sometimes weekens to scour for evidence, run tests, toxicology and biochemical analysis before anything definitive can be found.

TAZUL (V.O)

I know. But all the tribes are already on their way. I need answers before another attack occurs.

UVERE (V.O.)

I will do my best.

TAZUL (V.O.)

Lo Mokol.

We FOCUS ON the techs scanning the sands and the nearby dwellings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A red haired female tech, KELSEY scans with a portable computer like device. Alien letters flashing across it.

A scruffy looking guy in his early 30's, GRIMMOND goes over the animal hide tent coverings with one of the leaf blower like devices, a particle detector.

KELSEY

Never knew it got this hot out here. All those robes, how do those tharad stand it?

GRIMMOND

Weren't you the one who wanted a hot, sunny sojournment?

KELSEY

Not sweltering desert. White sand, cool drinks -

GRIMMOND

Big, muscular cyrenian men.

KELSEY

(grinning)
That too.

GRIMMOND

My tastes are simple. A weeken in Medialanum and three creto treskas, hessan-

UVERE (O.S.)

I'm not sure this is the right place for this discussion.

The two look up to face a serious Uvere.

GRIMMOND

They say humour is a great way to deal with tragedy. A few jokes about Norga the one armed dancer, could get the tharads' minds off their woes.

UVERE

I don't think they share your distinctive sense of humour.

KELSEY

We haven't detected anything unusual yet. We've collected samples of the substance found in the tharads' systems.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UVERE

Good. Keep searching. Tell Fossey
and Adams to scan the eastern
quadrant.

Kelsey nods. An intrigued Uvere walks over to a tent across
the fairway.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The blue A.S.P races across the sandy expanse.

INT. A.S.P - NEXT

A sullen D'bronze stares out the window. Selene looks up
from flicking switches near the semi circular steering
wheel.

SELENE

(off D'bronze)

Letty knew what she was signing
on for. Cheer up. You'll be back
before she even misses you.

D'bronze looks up at this. Gives Selene a small smile.

D'BRONZE

Yeah, yeah. I guess. So...how the
fress did Uvere get there so
fressin' fast anyway?

SELENE

(shrugs)

He only just got back from leave.
Must have been surface side when
the call came in.

D'BRONZE

S'pose. What's this emergency
about?

Selene sceptically arches an eyebrow with an expression
that says, "you don't know?".

D'BRONZE (CONT'D)

Wouldn't be asking if I did.

SELENE

One of the tharad tribes were
found dead, spotted on patrol.
Looks like a biological attack.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELENE (CONT'D)

That violence you've been aching
for?

(beat; off D'bronze)

When we've located the parties
responsible, you'll get your
chance.

D'bronze gives her a grateful smile.

D'BRONZE

Lo Mokol...for the information.

INT. ISA MAIN BASE - ANN'S TENT - DAY

Ann sits on a fold out bed as she pulls out clothes from a
suitcase.

She looks up as someone enters her tent. It's Sara.

ANN

Have you seen my red tee with the
zombies make better boyfriends
cartoon?

SARA

Yeah. I packed it for our trip.

Ann gives her an unsure, "what now?" expression at that.

SARA (CONT'D)

(smiles)

It's your engagement present. A
sightseeing tour of Ta Verion
with me as your personal guide.

Ann squeals in delight, jumping off the bed and pulling
Sara in for an excited hug.

ANN

You're the bestest friend ever!

INT. SKIN TENT - CHUTZPA TRIBE CAMP - DAY

Uvere peers around the tent. It's a decorative place
covered in bright feathers, stones and colourful silks in
an array of patterns and murals.

He examines a small hutch table, picking up a small leather
bound pouch. He looks it over then puts it back down.

His eyes wander over to a small crib in the corner of the
room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Uvere walks over and peers inside. A small, roughly hewn blanket covers the bottom. He picks up a small toy from the crib. A wooden salumset.

A flicker of sadness and regret crosses his face as he looks at the child's toy.

MAN (O.S.)
Chief Captain?

Uvere's thoughts are broken by the interruption. He quickly returns the toy to the crib and turns to face a blonde haired tech at the entrance.

UVERE
What is it, Adams?

ADAMS
Kelsey and Grimmond found something.

EXT. CHUTZPA TRIBE CAMP - DAY

Uvere watches as a hunched over Kelsey examines something on the sands. Grimmond stands above her with a long bevelled device, a property analysis scanner.

UVERE
What have you found?

KELSEY
Take a look, sir.

Uvere crouches next to her. She points with a metal instrument at miniscule, metallic fragments that glisten with the sunlight.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
They were so minute I almost missed them on my scans but the slightest glistening of sunlight got my attention.
(beat)
They're fragments from an airborne probe. One designed to self destruct and release gases. The fragments litter the area we first detected the substance. It must have been used as the carrier.

As Grimmond finishes scanning the fragments, a small holographic image of a stretch of desert appears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIMMOND

Based on the logistical and telemetry analysis of the scatter patterns of these fragments. I've deduced that the probe must have been propelled from an area 1300 mescas due north from here.

UVERE (V.O.)

Tazul I have some answers for you.

EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

Tazul dressed in black robes, holds a flaming torch. She walks slowly, purposefully.

TAZUL

(solemn singing)

*E - harz ar gwez 'vezont kavet,
Dre gantadou hauter mouget,
Dastum 'reer ne zho war an
douar...*

She pauses. Turns. To her side is a wrapped, child sized figure laid out on the funeral pyre.

Tazul dips the flaming torch so that it touches the base, igniting a SPARK. Flames quickly springing into existence.

TAZUL (CONT'D)

(solemn singing)

*Ne glever ken al laboused,
R glaz o senin ne lacan kat-*

Tazul's voice wavers as she looks up, taking in something before her. Tears streak her face as we REVERSE ANGLE to see that hundreds of funeral pyres are all aflame.

TAZUL (CONT'D)

(solemn singing)

Vez ket un deiz na sonfe ket...

On the last melancholic note, she stubs out the torch's flame in the sand.

EXT. DESERT - THE FRINGE - AFTERNOON

A blue A.S.P hovering above the sand, trundles along.

INT. A.S.P - NEXT

D'bronze and Selene sit in the front of the transport. D'bronze at the navigation controls as Selene's attention is focused on the readout of a circular palm device.

D'BRONZE
Anythin'?

SELENE
(shakes her head)
Are you sure we're at the right
coordinates?

D'BRONZE
I followed Uvere's directions to
the fressin' digit. I'm no
dauchink putada.

SELENE
I didn't say you were.

D'BRONZE
Ya thought it.

Selene's poised to retort but a flicker of light on her device distracts her.

SELENE
Stop. I picked up something
unusual.

D'bronze halts the transport's meandering pace.

D'BRONZE
What?

SELENE
An energy fluctuation.
(off D'bronze)
It's fressing weird because there
aren't any outposts out on the
very fringe here. Which means-

D'BRONZE
Let's take a look around.

EXT. DESERT - THE FRINGE - AFTERNOON

D'bronze stands on a dune, suspiciously scanning the surrounding desert.

Selene's eyes are glued on the palm device's readout as she walks around the sands nearest the stationary A.T.V.

SELENE (V.O.)
The energy fluctuation spikes at
these coordinates.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AURELIUS OUTPOST - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Uvere sits in a small room, his feet resting on the battered table here. His attention on the screen of a portable handheld device, alien symbols and numbers scrolling across.

SELENE (V.O.)
Have you got all my data
recordings?

Uvere seems entranced by the screen's display, his eyes flick from left to right as he very quickly reads them.

His expression shifts from intrigued to disbelief then shock as he absorbs the information.

UVERE
(quiet; to himself)
That's not possible.

SELENE (V.O.)
Uvere? Are you-

UVERE (V.O.)
That data confirms my fears.
Those energy fluctuations, you
picked up? They match the
signature from a high intensity
eclipse blanket.

STAY ON Uvere's concerned expression as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE DESERT - AFTERNOON

An army green jeep, the ISA symbol stamped across its doors, motors across the sand dunes. Sand spattering the windows every so often as it hits a bump.

We PUSH IN on the vehicle to pick out Sara at the helm, driving the jeep.

PULLBACK and reverse angle to reveal it's the POV from a futuristic pair of binoculars.

The mystery person holding the binoculars moves them away from their face to show the serious face of VICIUS. Dressed in his customary all black.

He turns to address four people dressed in similarly black attire. These are:

SATAL, a woman who looks in her thirties with dark, dreadlocks that sway in the breeze.

ALIMO, a much younger brunette, she looks barely eighteen and bounces with barely contained excitement.

KRATH, a blonde lanky youth who idly plays with a dagger, expertly flipping and twirling it.

And:

RATAK, a grim looking young man his hair cropped short exactly like Vicius'. His head is bowed reverently as he pays fervent attention.

VICIUS

Prepare yourselves. Everything
must be in place before we
strike.

EXT. DESERT - THE FRINGE - AFTERNOON

D'bronze throws an unsure look Selene's way as he catches a flicker of worry cross her face at Uvere's news.

SELENE (V.O.)

How the fress did your systems
not detect it earlier?

UVERE (V.O.)

(unsettled)
I'm not certain.

SELENE (V.O.)
 How would one bypass such a high
 intensity blanket?

UVERE (V.O.)
 You'd need the codes or someone
 to hack the operating matrix-

Selene eyes the device in her hand, watching the light
 readings as they pulse up and down.

SELENE (V.O.)
 The energy fluctuations- does
 that mean the blanket's not
 completely impervious?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AURELIUS OUTPOST - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Uvere takes a bite out of a scarnin and chews as he briefly
 ponders the question.

UVERE (V.O.)
 Such a high intensity blanket
 requires substantial energy.
 Safety precautions would dictate
 it would shut down certain
 sectors for the briefest of
 moments. Not long enough to allow
 breaches obviously-

EXT. DESERT - THE FRINGE - AFTERNOON

Selene's eyes are still fixed on the device's light
 readings.

SELENE (V.O.)
 But if something could move fast
 enough during the shut down-

UVERE (V.O.)
 (shakes his head)
 No. It's too risky. Wait for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELENE (V.O.)

We're on a strict time line here.
We don't know when another attack
will be launched. Just tell me
where I should aim.

UVERE (V.O.)

Since I know I can't stop you.
The area with the highest energy
fluctuations. You'll have a sieto
at the very most.

SELENE (V.O.)

That's all I need.

EXT. DESERT - THE FRINGE - AFTERNOON

Selene watches the light pulse on her device. We ANGLE ON the device's screen as it peaks. She steels herself as it drops, the light pulse reading plummeting.

Her body BLURS as she barrels forward.

From Selene's POV as everything slows down around her. She spots a shimmery wall that glistens. A section of the wall MELTS away through which more desert can be glimpsed.

Selene throws herself through the hole, landing before:

The wide, domed top of a mostly subterranean facility that rises from the pale sands. The shimmering in the sky above, indicating the reaches of the eclipse blanket.

She spots something with a small smile.

We shift into Selene's POV to see small ventilation grills near the peak of the domed facility rooftop.

She blurs, timeshifting over to the facility's walls. Selene inspects the thin joins in the flat, sloping walls.

She back steps. Runs and leaps.

As she sails toward the walls, Selene smoothly pulls her two daggers that slot into the crevices with a soft CHINK.

Gripping onto the daggers, she glances upwards to the ventilation grill, now only a few feet above.

With a small grimace she shifts her weight, leaning more on one dagger as she pulls one free. Slotting it into another crevice further up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grips the higher placed dagger and repeats the same action, shifting her weight before pulling out the dagger.

Selene swings as she slots this second dagger, in a crevice higher still.

She reaches out to the higher dagger, grips it.

She swings as her other hand releases the lower dagger and with gritted teeth reaches out to the ventilation grill....

As soon as her hand grips the bars she pulls herself up, SLINKS into shadow and squeezes through.

EXT. TA VERION - THE PORTS DISTRICT

The army green jeep rolls to a stop here. The massive gates of Ta Verion can be seen in the background.

A BORDER PATROL GUARD, approaches. A man in a pale yellow uniform striped with maroon at the cuffs. A black vambrace on his left arm.

The window slides down to reveal Sara.

BORDER PATROL GUARD
Ident chip or crest.

Sara pulls her aurelius crest medallion out from under her shirt.

The guard holds up the black vambrace, there's a BEEP as a holographic screen pops up showing an image of Sara and scrolling alien symbols and letters beneath.

BORDER PATROL GUARD (CONT'D)
(nods)
Carry on, but make sure-

He casts a long, disparaging look over the jeep.

BORDER PATROL GUARD (CONT'D)
This... transport keeps to the
safety limit of 40 intoshes
within the city.

SARA
Roger, roger.
(off the guard; beat)
I'll do that.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - VENTILATION DUCTS

Selene carefully crawls through the cramped but sterile, white metallic ducts. She spots a grated opening that reveals a spacious room below.

She slinks into shadow once more and slides through the grate, into:

INT. SECRET FACILITY - OPERATIONS ROOM

A spacious room with pale silver walls.

Selene returns to solid form and peers around. Interface terminals are to one side, their holographic screens glowing. To the other side is a large screen that rests above a dais with various controls.

A round metallic table sits in the centre of the deserted room.

Selene heads over to one of the terminals. She presses a few buttons and the holo screen flashes with alien letters before revealing a map of the facility.

She carefully scrutinizes it for a beat, as if trying to commit it to memory.

At approaching footsteps she shuts down the holographic map. Selene slinks into shadow just as:

The large blast doors to the room SLIDE open for three figures:

The SAVANT, dressed in his silky black robes.

PTOLEMUS in his gold trimmed brown leather tunic over pants.

And last of all, steps in a kronii, a brown hued, locust-looking individual. His large red eyes flick to the terminals, a little suspicious. This is VEL ISSUS.

He wears a white jumpsuit, a grey chest plate worn over it, emblazoned with a locust symbol.

They take their seats around the table, impatient to start the meeting.

SAVANT

Isssus provide usss with an
update of what you've
accomplished in my absence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Issus almost proudly straightens up as he flicks a switch. This generates a holographic image of a map of the desert, a scattering of glowing red dots cover it.

ISSUS

I conducted a field test on the potency of Ysanna 46 on a tharad camp 1300 mescas south from here. The pathogen worked quickly, achieving maximum lethality in the inhabitants. All were terminated within a matter of menaats.

(beat; licks his mandibles)

A larger dense population could be wiped out with the same efficiency using a larger payload of the pathogen.

The Savant languidly hisses in satisfaction at the information.

SAVANT

Excellent... Tomorrow has provided ussss with a fortuitouss opportunity.

ISSUS

(confused)

Tomorrow? Great Savant, what is the relevance?

SAVANT

Beaussse fool, tomorrow the tharad tribes of thesse desertss will meet for the kassaaba, their time of unity.

His forked tongue punctuates the air, annoyed at the scientist's ignorance.

ISSUS

Oh yes, yes that would provide me ample data to confirm Ysanna 46's viability as a biological weapon.

PTOLEMUS

Dr Issus, High Command has granted authorisation to commence mass production immediately should this indeed prove viable.

The Savant's monstrous form looms over Issus as he rises from his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAVANT

With any luck, the tharad of the
wesstern dessserts will be no
more, come sunssset tomorrow.

INT. AURELIUS OUTPOST - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Tazul, Trovenus, Selene, D'bronze and Uvere sit around a
table.

TAZUL

How is it possible that this
facility was built without our
knowledge?

UVERE

I'm still examining the data but
the high grade eclipsing blanket
the facility uses is one of the
more advanced I've come across.

SELENE

Those numatovs could have only
got something that advanced from
drakan weapon firms.

TAZUL

Shut down that facility before it
can launch another attack. I'll
stay at the Kasaaba, keep watch
for anything suspicious.

(to D'bronze)

You have authorisation to use all
the force you deem necessary.
Make examples of them all.

D'bronze grins in anticipation. Selene throws him a "what
did I tell you?" look at the news.

D'BRONZE

I'll get the strike teams ready.

UVERE

I'll recalibrate the scanners to
disable the base's advanced
security measures.

SELENE

The pertinent question is, will
you be able to hack their
eclipse blanket before they
detect us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UVERE

I'll have it down within two
menaats.

D'BRONZE

Bet you a night's worth of ale ya
can't.

Selene gives D'bronze a rueful "don't do it" look at that.

UVERE

(smirks)

I'll hold you to that.

(off Selene)

Ai, my professional honour's on
the line.

She rolls her eyes in response, shaking her head. Tazul
throws them all a "you quite done" look before glancing to
Trovenus.

TROVENUS

All I feel I can add is that the
timing for your attack would be
of the utmost importance. Strike
before they realize they have
been breached.

D'BRONZE

(smiles)

I like the way ya think.

MONTAGE:

INT. TA VERION - PALLONTYNE DISTRICT

Sara and Ann chat and browse the stalls of a bustling
market place. A woman energetically spruiks her wares to
passers by.

Colourful silks and expensive looking leather goods on
display. Exotic fresh produce and sacks of grain to the
other side.

INT. TA VERION - THE ROYAL MUSEUM

Sara and Ann grin as they pose before a preserved specimen
of an actual Aurelian. Its massive wing span taking up most
of the back wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A tan shirt officer holds a small silver digicam uncertainly.

INT. ROYAL AURELIUS PALACE - GARDENS

Ann explores the grandeur of the sprawling gardens.

INT. TA VERION - THE GAZER

Sara and Ann cheer and wolf whistle along with the other ladies that crowd the stage. As a shirtless, muscle bound man seductively gyrates.

As he slowly removes his pants moving to the music, we:

END MONTAGE.

INT. THE GOLDEN BOAR

Sara and Ann clink glasses full of amber liquid. Two empty pitchers already clutter their wooden table.

SARA

(slightly slurred)

Here's to the future Mrs Oberink-

(stops; beat)

You're not actually going to lose your last name? Are you?

ANN

(shrugs)

I know some people think it's an archaic practice but I think it's romantic.

SARA

(rolls her eyes)

Each to their own.

She slurps from her glass before releasing a loud belch. Ann laughs at that before she too takes a swig.

ANN

Now don't be tempted to start belching the alphabet, there's an age limit where it progresses from being cute to plain gross.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
 ("hmmph")
 Spoil sport.

Letty, carrying an empty tray, approaches the duo with a friendly grin.

LETTY
 Sara! Ekadai.

She gives their table a quick wipe before she removes the two pitchers.

LETTY (CONT'D)
 (to Ann)
 Nice to meet you. I'm Letty.

ANN
 (smiles)
 Ann.

SARA
 We're just taking a break from showing her 'round your fair city. Where is everyone?

LETTY
 You don't know? Tazul called an emergency and they all hurried off. D'bronze was supposed to be on leave.

SARA
 Oh. It serious?

LETTY
 (shrugs)
 Soldier stuff. That's all I know. But the way D'bronze was, I'd say so.

(off Sara)
 She must have just been preoccupied and forgot to mention it. Don't let that dampen the festivities. I'm sure they'd want you to continue enjoying yourselves.

(beat; off the duo)
 If you're staying though I've got a spare room. It's closer than the palace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
(smiles)
Thanks.

INT. AURELIUS OUTPOST - LANDING HANGAR - NIGHT

Aurelius soldiers, men and women, grab pulse weapons from an ammunition store.

D'BRONZE (V.O.)
We need two teams. One will be with me. Our task? Kill everythin' that fressin' moves within the base. Stop anyone leavin'.

Others quickly suit up, pulling on helmets, arm braces and thick chest guards over their uniforms.

SELENE (V.O.)
The other will be with me and Uvere. Our objective will be to find the contagion, destroy its existence, ensure it can't be re engineered.

The low humming of a large transport, an A.A.G gets their attention as it swiftly swoops past, coming into land, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. A.A.G - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Uvere sits in the copilot's chair next to a serious faced man, the PILOT, who steers the craft.

The yellow expanse of desert can be seen through the A.A.G's viewport.

Uvere's face is a mask of concentration. His hand types super fast into a flat, palm device.

A yellow glowing ball of alien symbols and digits swirl and flash above it, in a holographic display.

EXT. DESERT - THE FRINGE - NIGHT

With a SHIMMER the wide, domed top of the mostly subterranean facility can be seen as it rises from the pale sands.

UVERE (V.O.)

It's down. And within two menaats. Count them, D'bronze.

D'BRONZE (V.O.)

Fress.

INT. A.A.G - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - NEXT

Selene rolls her eyes at D'bronze as he pouts at Uvere's news.

SELENE

Thank the ardens you didn't bet with any dacons this time.

She glances to the other soldiers, seated around them. Their eager faces waiting for the go ahead.

SELENE (V.O.)(CONT'D)

The eclipse blanket is confirmed down.

D'BRONZE (V.O.)

We have permission to rip this fressin' place to harn!

D'bronze smiles wickedly at this announcement.

EXT. DESERT - THE FRINGE - NIGHT

A Low Altitude Artillery Carrier or L.A.A.C, a silver carrier with an impressive wing span, SHIMMERS into existence above the desert.

It hovers as it dives close to the ground and releases an A.S.W, an eight legged, spider like transport that scuttles across the sand.

Another L.A.A.C appears as it too swoops in to drop another A.S.W into the combat zone.

This is followed up by ten A.A.G's humming as they soar past and land. The sides open, as hundreds of maroon uniformed aurelius soldiers STORM out.

EXT. FACILITY - NIGHT

The A.S.Ws unleash a powerful barrage of red plasma fire. Blowing large CHUNKS out of the domed facility's entrance.

PULLBACK to rest on the waiting strike teams. We CLOSE ON Uvere who gives D'bronze an almost, long suffering, "really now?" look at that.

UVERE

I could have easily overridden it.

D'bronze claps a hand on Uvere's shoulder.

D'BRONZE

(grins)

And where's the fressin' fun in that, my friend?

Selene shares another long suffering look with Uvere at the comment.

SELENE

Come on. Time's wasting. They know where we are now.

D'BRONZE

Let them come.

EXT. DESERT - DUNES OF HALSAAD - NIGHT

An absolutely massive, sprawling camp of skin tents are before us. The sounds of laughter, music and chatter can be heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A group of tharad men and women play an energetic, rousing folk song using an assortment of musical instruments. Panpipes, drums, stringed instruments, tambourines.

Tharad men, women and children laugh as they dance along to the music, attempting to keep pace with the ever increasing beats of the song.

A large animal roasting on a spit is rotated across a coal fire. A long table beside it, laden with food.

A sitting Trovenus dips a brown chunk of bread into a thick, red sauce as he looks to Tazul seated beside him.

TROVENUS

You certainly have him well trained.

He glances over to where Lucif stands in line, holding two plates, waiting for his turn to partake in food from the table.

TAZUL

He offered.
(beat)
Enjoying the kasaaba?

TROVENUS

Indeed. I am actually curious to know a little more than was briefly alluded to.

TAZUL

Every year the tribes of the Geril and Velmont deserts come together. They trade, reunite with family, tell stories, court potential mates and give praise to the gods for their bounty. The celebrations can sometimes last for monens. Does that satisfy your curiosity?

TROVENUS

(nods)
You seem to be quite familiar with the tribes people and their customs.

TAZUL

It's my responsibility to look after all those within our borders. The tharad are our most loyal and ancient allies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROVENUS

And yet I sense there's more than
duty behind your motivation to
bring their murderers to justice.

Tazul's good mood dissolves at Trovenus' line of
questioning.

TAZUL

My brother and I lived with them
for a while. When we were
children. They rescued us from a
bad situation...

Tazul trails off, a haunted expression on her face. Lost in
old memories.

TAZUL (CONT'D)

(snaps out of it)

I am indebted to them for life.

(beat; stands)

No more talking, old man. This is
a celebration, let's enjoy
ourselves.

She glances to where a group of tharad energetically dance.
Tosses him a small, encouraging smile.

TROVENUS

(smiles)

Very well. My young aristo.

Trovenus gets to his feet, dusting sand off his clothes.

INT. FACILITY - LOADING BAY - NIGHT

Suppression fire erupts into this area from the A.S.Ws
rumbling outside. Red plasma fire catching the first few,
unlucky minnish unaware.

D'bronze leads a charge of a hundred soldiers, their pulse
blasters blazing as they tear into the remaining minnish
soldiers.

D'bronze GRABS a minnish soldier by the scruff of his neck.

Just as a minnish captain lets loose a barrage of bullets
from a rifle.

The bullets SMACK into the unfortunate soldier as D'bronze
whips around using his body as a shield and blasts back at
the captain, nailing him in the forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The miinish captain's body is thrown backwards from the concussive force of the shot. White blood SPATTERS.

D'bronze ROARS in triumph at this. The other soldiers beside him, HISS. Their fangs visible.

They push forward with even more murderous intent.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The Savant and Ptolemus are overlooking holographic schematics of a large cluster of buildings when a striped rakesh subordinate slithers in.

RAKESH SUBORDINATE
Sssavant, General, the Aureliuss
have begun the attack. The
eclipsssing blanket has been
dissabled.

Ptolemus lifts his arm to speak into a bronze comlink.

PTOLEMUS
Commander Vurkona, report.

VURKONA
(filtered; from comlink)
They hit us at the entrance.
They've got A.S.Ws laying down
suppression fire. We're going to
cut off their route to the labs,
engage them in the service
tunnels.

PTOLEMUS
I will meet you there.

He grabs his rifle and hurries out the room. The Savant casually turns to his subordinate.

SAVANT
Ready the Sssand Viper.

INT. FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNELS - NIGHT

Despite being pinned down, Selene and the soldiers return fire with equal gusto at the miinish soldiers firmly entrenched in the tunnels.

Selene ducks, taking cover as bullets ricochet dangerously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks to Uvere beside her, who grips a small soldier's side arm.

SELENE

How far would you say the closest entrance to the labs are?

UVERE

From what I skimmed there should be one six mescas to the right. Behind all that fur and weapons fire.

(beat; suspicious)
Why?

SELENE

I have an idea.

UVERE

I'm not going to like it am I?

Selene shakes her head, ruefully "no".

SELENE (V.O.)

(to the soldiers)
Give us a menaat head start.

Selene extends her hand to Uvere.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Hold on tight.

She BLURS over, turning so that Uvere trails behind her.

Everything enters SUPER SLOW motion as she blasts away. Weaving and dodging enemy fire from the now slowly reacting miinish.

Selene NAILS the closest miinish with kill shots in the throat, the chest, the head. White blood SPURTS and spatters in a slow, almost artistic manner.

She pulls Uvere behind her as she continues to ruthlessly clear the way, a veritable dervish of death.

Selene smirks as she spots the door, releases Uvere's hand-

SELENE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(to Uvere)
Take cover.

She smoothly pulls out a shiny, black metallic disc. Presses it in the center, causing blades to EXTEND from its sides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Selene HURLS the disc into the midst of the miinish further ahead in the service tunnels.

Everything returns to normal speed as Selene pushes herself into the corner, covering Uvere as-

BOOM! An explosion RIPS through the service tunnels, with shouts of alarm and pain echoing down to them.

The facility trembles from the blast's impact.

Selene pulls a rattled Uvere to his feet, gestures to the laboratory door.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Your turn.

INT. FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNELS - NIGHT

Ptolemus groans as he pulls himself off the floor. Frowning as he notices the white blood that spatters his leather tunic.

Before him the tunnel is littered with the grisly carnage of those soldiers unfortunate to have been caught in the explosion's radius.

White blood and greenish brown entrails paint the walls and ceiling. Mangled remains, mostly furry torsoes and bloodied limbs litter the floor.

Ptolemus simply shakes his head in an attempt to clear it.

All about him miinish soldiers do the same, shakily getting to their feet.

Spotting a still supine body, Ptolemus rushes to the person's side. A younger miinish, a lustrous sheen in his brown fur indicating his youth. This is COMMANDER VURKONA. Ptolemus rouses him, shaking his shoulder.

PTOLEMUS

Take some of our number and
regroup with the other
battalions. We'll hold them off
as long as we can here.

Vurkona sharply nods, gets to his feet and hurries off.

Ptolemus narrows his eyes as he spots the careful but steady approach of a cluster of Aurelius soldiers.

INT. FACILITY - LABORATORIES - NIGHT

Selene and Uvere enter a large, multi level, concave laboratory. Railed walkways criss-cross above them.

Selene warily scans the sterile white walled area. Her pistols out. There's not a soul in sight.

SELENE (V.O.)

They're here somewhere. Be on the lookout.

We see from Selene's POV as she continues to scour their surroundings. She glances up, spots the briefest flash of brown in the railed walkway above.

SELENE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Take cover!

Uvere dives beneath a thick, metallic laboratory bench. Yellow pulse blasts SPARKING and ricocheting as they rip into the solid metal.

Selene BLASTS away with her pistols. A pained shout and spurt of white blood from the walkway indicating she's hit her mark.

BAMFF!!!

Yellow pulse fire erupts from somewhere else behind her, ricocheting off benches and futuristic scientific equipment.

INT. FACILITY - LOADING BAY - NIGHT

The area is filled with panicked activity. Miinish soldiers rush around, mounting plasma cannons in front of the blast doors. Others load cartridges into rifles and pistols.

Some miinish soldiers load crates into rusted brown, truck like transports docked at the loading bay ramps.

The Savant and two brute rakesh slide out from a side door.

The area shudders as the waves of an explosion overhead reverberates downwards. The sounds of gunfire are heard in the distance.

The Savant approaches a miinish soldier.

SAVANT

Where is General Ptolemus?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIINISH

Last I saw him he was fighting
before the labs in one of the
service levels.

The blast doors SLIDE open as a frazzled Ptolemus strides
in.

PTOLEMUS

(off the Savant)
You are not staying to fight?

SAVANT

What purpossse would it ssserve?
The facility isss doomed. We need
to be there when the flamesss die
down.

A rakesh slithers over to the Savant.

RAKESH

The Sand Viper is ready, Great
Savant.

The Savant looks over to where a large vehicle is docked.
It resembles a massive, metallic cobra with a skeletal
tail. The red tinted cockpit sits within the hooded head of
the snake.

Ptolemus hurries over to where Vurkona and his marshalled
soldiers are preparing.

PTOLEMUS

Defend the facility to the best
of your ability. But don't be a
martyr. Get out when you can.

VURKONA

Don't worry General. I have no
intention of dying for that bug's
little virus. We'll hold our own
against those blood renats, won't
we?

A hearty war cry comes from the remaining soldiers in
response. Ptolemus and Vurkona clasp arms in a show of
respect before parting.

Ptolemus rejoins the Savant, walking beside the slithering
serpent up the ramp.

As they enter the underbelly of the ship, the ramp closes
and the Sand Viper flares to life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Its visor cockpit GLOWS orange as it disconnects from the docking bay.

EXT. FACILITY - NIGHT

Aurelius soldiers are marshalled outside an A.S.W.

REVON LARRAQ, a youthful captain and his people are on their guard, at a deep rumbling from beneath.

Sand ERUPTS violently as the Sand Viper emerges, sliding across the sand.

Revon and his soldiers are momentarily taken back at the sight of the machine.

REVON
(recovered)
Fire at that!

The A.S.W.'s cannons fire red bursts of plasma at the Sand Viper.

The blasts PING off the ship's armoured hull as it submerges once more, disappearing beneath in a cloud of sand and dust.

INT. FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNELS - NIGHT

D'bronze uses his pulse blaster as a club. He swiftly brings it down on a black rakesh's head. Black blood SPRAYS.

He feints to the side as another LUNGES forward, fangs glistening.

REVON (V.O.)
Mazakelli, thought you had it covered down there? A ship just slipped out, the likes of which I ain't fressin' seen before. Weapons didn't even dent it.

D'bronze GROWLS at the news. Takes it out on the oncoming rakesh. Brutally ripping into their ranks with his bare hands.

He viciously kicks one down. SNAPS its neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D'BRONZE (V.O.)
 I'm on my fressin' way!
 Encountering a bit of resistance
 in the dauchink service tunnels
 before the landing hangar.

D'bronze eyes up the members of his strike team, fighting alongside him.

D'BRONZE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Ya heard Revon. Time to head out!

INT. FACILITY - LABORATORIES - NIGHT

Selene blurs aside as burst of pulse fire EXPLODES where she was just standing!

She dives. Taking cover behind a heavy, metal cabinet.

Selene catches her breath as she eyes the laboratory for any sign of her attackers location.

A flicker of light sparking off their weapon's discharge illuminates the tufted heads of two soldiers perched high above, in the other walkway that criss crosses.

Selene whips open her jacket and pats it down, searching for something. She grimaces, no luck.

With a regretful glance at one of her pistols she flicks a switch on the side of the one gripped in her right hand. This action is greeted by a low WHINE.

Uvere's head snaps in the direction of Selene at that sound. He carefully pokes his head out from his cover spying her ahead.

The whine of the pistol grows louder...

UVERE (V.O.)
 Selene...

SELENE (V.O.)
 I'm all out of explosives.

Selene continues to hold it, a red light flickering on the side of the pistol chamber in warning. As the whine hits a crescendo, she hefts it upwards with all her might.

The pistol SPINS through the air...

We FOCUS ON the two miinish soldiers as the pistol CLATTERS onto the railing. Miinish #1's grey skin turning a paler shade as the high pitched whine stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK ON Selene's spot as the pistol EXPLODES with a low hum.

White blood sprays as Miinish #1 catches the brunt of the pistol's explosion. While the force of the blast PROPELS Miinish #2 over the railway.

He shouts as he falls, his arms and legs splayed out in a desperate attempt to slow his momentum.

Selene coolly watches him fall.

Just before he hits the ground she shoots him in the head. His body slamming into the floor with a bone crunching THUD.

SELENE (CONT'D)
We're clear Uvere.

Uvere clambers out from underneath the laboratory bench.

INT. FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNELS - NIGHT

D'bronze and his soldiers storm down the long tunnel. The two heavy doors to the landing hangar at the end of it.

INT. FACILITY - LANDING HANGAR - NIGHT

Commander Vurkona shares a grim look with his fellow miinish.

VURKONA
They're coming! Wait for it...

As the miinish ready their blasters and cannons in anticipation...

INT. FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNELS - NIGHT

D'bronze and his soldiers reach the landing bay doors. He takes point as a grizzled middle aged man and blonde woman take either side.

D'bronze's attention is drawn to the walls as he spots a small, blinking star shaped device.

His eyes frantically scan the area. These devices cover the ceiling and the walls closest to the landing bay doors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D'BRONZE (V.O.)
Run! It's a fressin' trap!

The soldiers break ranks and run but they're packed tight within the confined space.

The blinking devices tick over and there's an ear shattering **KABOOM!**

The walls and ceiling **QUAKE** and crumble, burying D'bronze and the frontline in an explosion of rubble and debris, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORIES - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Selene and Uvere stride down the walkway on a mission. Past numerous glass panelled doors and windows that look out onto now deserted laboratory rooms.

SELENE

Why isn't anyone else stopping
our approach?

She suspiciously scours her surroundings, gun at the ready. A large set of clear glass double doors at the end of the corridor, mark the entrance to another major laboratory ahead.

UVERE

No need. These types of set ups
usually come with in built
protective defenses.

SFX: SCURR ZICK CLACK!

The mechanized sound heralds the arrival of two blurs of silver that agilely flip and drop from the ceiling.

They land a few feet before the duo, blocking the way further.

Two sleek silver and bronze machines that tower above them at seven feet tall. Slim, humanoid bodies bristling with weaponry. Four red compound eyes blink from a narrow, locust like face.

Red light spills forth from the creatures' eyes as they SCAN the area.

UVERE (CONT'D)

MK3 Security droids?! This isn't
going to be fun...

Selene casts a furtive sidelong glance to a serious Uvere.

MK3 SECURITY DROIDS

(synthesized)

You are unauthorized to enter.
Remain where you are and remove
all weapons.

UVERE

Do what they say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He throws his pistol to the floor with a clunk. Holds his hands up, looks to Selene. She sizes up the droids, as if contemplating something.

UVERE (CONT'D)

Don't. I've got a plan-

Too late. She BLURS past them, grabbing Uvere as she does. She spins, firing at the droids' red eyes.

ZILM! The blasts harmlessly BOUNCE off a shimmery deflector shield that springs into action.

The large set of clear double doors disappear as two metal blast doors SLIDE down, red lights flashing.

The MK3 droids upper bodies and heads swivel in a 360 degree turn to face them.

SKREESH!

Incendiary rounds SPRAY from both droids forearm cannons.

INT. FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNELS - MORNING

Light panels FLICKER erratically casting occasional splashes of illumination on the collapsed tunnel ahead.

Dust and debris shift and flutter from the ceiling.

A brunette, ELSWORTH, glances at the cave in, a nasty gash across her forehead. She shares a concerned look with a dusty, blonde man, MILLER.

ELSWORTH

Take some of the team, get some struts in here from the Aggies. We need to stabilise the area before we can clear it.

MILLER

What about Mazakelli?

ELSWORTH

He's a tough mamon fresser. He'll hold on. Get to it!

Miller hurries off, tapping several people on the shoulder as he goes.

INT. FACILITY - LANDING HANGAR DOORS - MORNING

Darkness.

Groans of pain and the low rumble of after shocks can be heard, as if it's coming from far, far away.

There's the sounds of mad scrabbling and rubble being thrown aside, heavy breathing.

The grimy, blood streaked face of the blonde female soldier LOOMS in.

REVERSE ANGLE to show the dusty, bloodied form of D'bronze. His eyes squint at the sudden light.

She extends her arm helping a woozy D'bronze get to his feet. He's peppered with mostly superficial lacerations and cuts.

D'bronze gazes about them in the dimly lit area. Rubble and debris seals off the landing hangar and the tunnel behind them, trapping them in between.

D'BRONZE

Fressin' brenoks! Who knew they could even use this tech let alone have it.

(to blonde woman)

Kellett, status since I took a brief dirt nap?

KELLETT

Elsworth and Miller are coordinating clearing the obstruction on their end. Me and -

She nods her head to indicate the grizzled soldier we saw previously. He's hard at work, clearing rubble and debris with his hands.

KELLETT

Berk this side. No casualties of yet, sir.

D'bronze rolls his shoulders, cracks his knuckles, limbering up for something.

Berk eyes this up, concern flashing across his features.

BERK

This place ain't stable yet. You sure you can control it?

D'bronze's eyes go black. There's a flash of his sharp, elongated canines as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D'BRONZE

Ain't no different to that
underground ambush a few monens
past. Let me handle it. You focus
on freein' our people.

INT. LABORATORIES - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Selene and Uvere throw themselves forward. Narrowly avoiding the rounds as they TEAR up the thick, metal doors behind them.

UVERE

That's why. Can you get me behind
one of them?

Selene nods. Grabs Uvere by the back of his shirt.

Selene ZIPS up the corridor. Everything going into SLOW MOTION as she dodges and ducks the fiery ammunition sent their way.

The glass panelled windows and doors SHATTER outward as they're hit instead. Glass sprays the corridor.

She spins. Hurls Uvere onto the back of one of the MK3 droids.

As soon as his hands hover above the metal, the droid pauses, its red eyes flicker.

The other MK3 security droid SPINS supernaturally fast. All of its weaponry on Uvere as he hacks its partner.

A concerned Selene fires off shots at the droid. They PING off its deflector shield. It glances up at Selene for the briefest of moments...

SKREESH! Incendiary rounds mercilessly RIP into its body and head from the hacked droid. It collapses under the barrage. Its red eyes flickering out.

Uvere nods to the hacked MK3 droid. It cocks its head to the side and the pockmarked blast doors recede to reveal the clear double doors once more.

UVERE (CONT'D)

It's going to lead us back to its
master.

Selene gives him an impressed look at that.

INT. FACILITY - LANDING HANGAR DOORS - MORNING

D'bronze casts his gaze onto the rubble sealing off the landing hangar.

His left hand gestures to the wall as his full attention falls on the rubble.

With a clench of his right hand, a low rumbling can be heard before the rubble begins to QUAKE. Small pieces of stone and debris falling away.

D'bronze narrows his eyes and the quaking intensifies. Larger hunks of stone PUSHED aside as a rough path is hewn through the obstruction.

The dented doors of the landing hangar can be glimpsed.

A murderous look on his features, D'bronze marches forward.

INT. LABORATORIES - CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

The double doors slide open to allow the MK3 security droid through.

Selene and Uvere follow one step behind it.

This place is the nexus of the laboratories, numerous holographic screens flicker with surveillance feeds of the now deserted laboratories. A bank of grey terminals project screens with streams of data, alien symbols and images.

A lone kronii SCIENTIST in a white lab coat stands before the terminals. His back to the duo.

SCIENTIST

You're too late to stop it.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

A magnificent sunrise splashes a vibrant palette of colour across the morning sky. A shadow moves across the pale sands.

TILT UP to see a flea like vessel, the Kronii airship hovering through the sky, heading towards a low lying series of dunes.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - THE BRIDGE - MORNING

Issus stands before the forward portal looking out. Either side of him, Melkor wranglers work the controls.

WRANGLER #1

Just a few hundred mescas short
of the dunes of Halsaad.

ISSUS

Good. Accelerate.

Issus smiles to himself, licking his mandibles in anticipation.

EXT. DESERT - DUNES OF HALSAAD - MORNING

The tharad band is playing up another storm, as now young tharad men and women perform the courtship dance.

The young men dance vigorously, back flipping in mid air, spinning on one foot, kicking their legs up in a demonstration of peak physique.

The young women carefully, slowly dance just around the edges. As each tharad male approaches a female, they are rebuffed, the women turning and dancing away.

Tazul, Lucif and Trovenus are amongst the watching crowd, energetically clapping along.

UVERE (V.O.)

Tazul we have a problem. Selene
and I encountered a kronii
scientist. He tells me we're too
late.

TAZUL (V.O.)

Is it possible he's simply
bluffing?

UVERE

Niest. The facility's records
support his claims that all
stocks of the pathogen are
missing.

Tazul frowns at this information, concern settling on her features.

TAZUL (V.O.)

Uvere see if they have an
antidote or data that could be
used to create one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UVERE (V.O.)
Was just about to. Will keep you
apprised. Out.

She looks over to where Trovenus and Lucif are still
joining in with the festivities.

BYRNE (V.O.)
Exendenti, our sensors detect a
kronii airship in aurelius air
space. It's headed toward the
kasaaba.

TAZUL (V.O.)
Send me the visuals and
coordinates for this.

FLASH TO:

A jumble of images rapidly hit all at once. Most flash past
too quick to make out but what we can make out is:

- A metallic, flea like craft
- Images of a holographic display a radar of sorts that
pulses with alien digits
- rapid movement across the desert.

SMASH CUT TO:

Tazul as she shakes her head upon the influx of sensory
information.

TAZUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Have the outpost on alert,
waiting my order. I will handle
this.

Tazul casts Lucif and Trovenus a meaningful, "we've got
trouble" look.

EXT. SKY - MORNING

The kronii airship slices through the sky as it gets ever
closer to its destination.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - CARGO HOLD - MORNING

The figures of Tazul, Lucif and Trovenus BLUR into
existence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two kronii battle rogues, insectoid muscular brutes in bronze combat suits, load silver cannisters into the propulsion chutes.

Tazul and Lucif share a look as they silently draw a pulse pistol, aiming it at the unaware mercenaries.

ZILM! Two FLASHES of yellow light.

CLUNK! The silver cannisters roll out of the now, dead mercenaries hands.

INT. FACILITY - LANDING HANGAR - MORNING

Commander Vurkona and a handful of miinish soldiers are perched near the docking ramps, overlooking the ground floor.

The majority of the remaining troops are stationed there. Plasma cannons at the ready.

Vurkona's attention is drawn to the heavy hangar doors. They RATTLE. Something causing it to violently seize and shake.

VURKONA

Impossible!

(louder)

Focus all your fire on whatever walks through that door!

The massive doors continue to rattle, violently shaking before they EXPLODE outwards.

The heavy doors crushing the unfortunate soldiers behind it, as it CRASHES down.

To reveal:

D'bronze.

His eyes inky pools, a murderous, half feral expression on his features. The dust and blood smeared across his face adding to his fearsome appearance.

As he walks, the ground quivers, the walls spasm.

The surviving miinish, hesitate for a moment, stunned before they unleash an unending barrage of yellow pulse fire.

SHINK! A wall of rock shudders and JUTS upwards before D'bronze. The cannon fire throwing up dust as it bites into the hard stone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vurkona eyes this all with unease, looks to his men beside him.

VURKONA (CONT'D)
Time to retreat.

MIINISH #1
What about our brothers down
there?

He gestures to the clump of miinish below and currently within the enraged D'bronze's line of sight.

VURKONA
They served with honour and shall
be remembered.

Vurkona beats a hasty retreat, heading toward a small, white transport. His handful of men quickly following his lead.

D'bronze gestures with both his fists as he back steps.

The place quakes violently, large hunks of ceiling and wall collapsing inwards. A miinish soldier screams as he's pinned beneath one particularly jagged shard.

D'bronze stands within the ruined doorway to the landing hangar, sweat dripping off him as he concentrates.

With a tremendous RUMBLE the place is buried under stone and rubble. Pain filled screams erupt before the audible crunch of bones and stone. Then silence.

We STAY ON a drained but triumphant D'bronze.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

A vibrant sunset, vivid purples, reds and yellows streak the darkening sky as the suns set. We DROP down from the sight of the sunset to the familiar jeep that motors across the sand dune.

INT. JEEP - NEXT

Ann and Sara laugh and chat, in high spirits. Ann is at the wheel this time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANN

If I remember correctly, you stole her boyfriend.

SARA

I did not!

ANN

You did!

SARA

(conceding)

Fine.

(beat; thinking aloud)

What was his name again? Carl, Cameron, Cappy....?

ANN

Jason.

SARA

You sure it wasn't Simon?

ANN

That was Cindy's boyfriend.

SARA

Ah right, so how is dear old Cinders these days.

ANN

In jail.

SARA

What!

ANN

(laughing)

Kidding, she's gotten married, has 2 kids and the whole white picket fence thing going. She really settled down since she met Damon. I am really looking forward to settling down.

SARA

You're getting married not retiring. We're still going to paint the town when we're in our wheel chairs. I'm having a pair of wheels pimped out as we speak.

ANN

(sighs)

I'm tired of the morning after the night before.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANN (CONT'D)

I am officially handing in my creature of the night party animal membership card.

SARA

You spoke to your mom, didn't you?

ANN

Yeah but-

SARA

She gave you the whole "If Sara jumped off a bridge, will you jump too" speech again, didn't she?

(off Ann)

Sheesh, just because I took you nude bungee jumping that one time.

ANN

She had to bail us out of jail that week. Twice.

SARA

Twice? I don't remember that.

ANN

Fake IDs. That your "friend" got us.

SARA

Oh yeah.

(beat)

Maybe I should start calling you Mrs Shaston too? Or mom.

She flashes Ann a mischievous grin.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

Vicius looks from the setting suns to Satal who nods. She knows exactly what he wants her to do. Alimo, Krath and Ratak follow her.

VICIUS

It's time.

STAY ON Vicius as he watches the jeep trundle along.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

The sounds of wolves howling get Sara and Ann's attention. Ann slows the jeep, attempting to peer out in the quickly descending darkness.

ANN

Cool! Wolves. Can we go and take a look? It won't take that long.

SARA

(wary)

They don't have wolves here in Aurelius territories. I've got a bad feeling about this...

OFF Sara's anxious expression as she peers out her window.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

As darkness falls we see five large black wolves running. The sand thrown up by the pattering of their paws as they lope towards the jeep at an incredible speed.

At their blazing pace the wolves easily catch up to the jeep as it motors across the uneven dunes.

They run alongside the vehicle for a beat before they launch themselves at it.

BAM! Four of the wolves SMASH their bulk into the back and side of the jeep, causing it to lurch. One of the wolves lands on the roof with a crunch. It howls.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

Ann almost loses control of the jeep from the impact of the wolves slamming into them.

ANN
What the hell?!

SARA
Drive!

A scared Ann SLAMS her foot hard on the accelerator pedal.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

The jeep lurches forward as it speeds off. The wolf perched on the roof, losing its footing.

The wolf, in a display of agility, rolls and lands on all four paws. A SPRAY of dust thrown up at the sudden action.

It shakes its head, looks to the other wolves that impatiently paw at the sand, anxious to resume the chase.

The black wolves bodies SHIMMER, not quite solid, as they slink into shadow. They zip off after the transport supernaturally fast.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - CARGO HOLD - EVENING

Tazul, Lucif and Trovenus scan their surroundings, searching for something.

TAZUL
Anything?

TROVENUS
I have not found any levers or controls.

Lucif looks up from inspecting the propulsion chute system.

LUCIF
The only control available is for loading the chute. Safety overrides must be in place.

TAZUL
Those overrides can be deactivated, can't they?

LUCIF
But to do that, I'd need to be at the main controls. The bridge.

TROVENUS
Can you not simply take us there, like you did here?

LUCIF
(shakes his head)
We were lucky, using the basic information we had, none of us ended up in the bulkhead or worse, the engines. I need to *know* where to jump to.

Tazul peeks her head out into the corridor beyond.

TAZUL
Could you access the schematics on that node over there?

She indicates a black interface set in the corridor wall.

LUCIF
If I can slice past the authentication protocols, I suppose.

TAZUL
Less talking more slicing.

She gives him a cheeky smile at that.

INT. LABORATORIES - CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

Selene trains her pistol on the jittery Kronii scientist as Uvere questions him.

UVERE

There has to be an antidote for the contagion. Where is it?

SCIENTIST

I told you! There is *no* cure. Issus was insistent on something with 100% lethality. The way it attacks the phosphodiester bonds in the tharad genetic structure is irreversible.

He gestures to the bank of terminals.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

The data is all there if you still don't believe me.

A sceptical Uvere places his hand above one of the grey terminal interfaces.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - CORRIDOR - EVENING

Tazul and Trovenus keep watch as Lucif plays with the controls on the black interface node.

A holographic projection of the ship flickers on.

LUCIF

I did it.

He presses a few more commands, rotating the schematics as he looks through the map.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - THE BRIDGE - EVENING

Issus stands, his arms crossed, watching out the front portal.

One of the melkor wranglers at the controls, pauses at their station. Looks up.

WRANGLER #1

Dr Issus. I've detected an intrusion on the system. Someone's accessing ship schematics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISSUS
Raise the alarm. Seal access to
the bridge.

The melkor wranglers nod, pressing in commands at their
stations.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - CORRIDOR - EVENING

Lucif is still scrutinizing the holographic schematics.
Lights FLASH on and off as an automated voice announces:

AUTOMATED VOICE
Intrusion alert! Iretesh aion!

TAZUL
What did you do?

LUCIF
I don't know! Look, I'm no Uvere.
I must have set something off.

TROVENUS
May I suggest we leave this
conversation for another time.
These kronii are well aware of
our presence.

Tazul and Lucif look up to see Kronii battle rogues pouring
out from their quarters and into the corridor.

INT. LABORATORIES - CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

The data in all of the holographic screens WHIZZ past us.
Uvere's eyes blink rapidly as he speed reads.

Selene suspiciously stares down the kronii who nervously
licks his mandibles with his long, prehensile tongue.

SELENE
(to Uvere)
So...is this bug telling the
truth or do you need me to loosen
his tongue?

The scientist gulps fearfully at the threat. Selene smiles.

We FOCUS ON Uvere, a gamut of emotions play over his
features as he absorbs the information - disgust,
revulsion, horror and finally resignation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He spins to face the kronii scientist with a neutral, unreadable expression.

UVERE

Ease up Selene. He's telling the truth.

Uvere glances to the surveillance screens, gestures at them, bringing up numerous feeds, front and center that show:

Sickly, shivering tharad prisoners, their facial coverings smeared with blue.

SELENE

(re: the feeds)

Explains what happened to those not taken by the Kraven raids.

UVERE

(to the scientist)

These patients are infected with earlier variants?

(off the scientist)

The antidotes to treat them are still located within the treatment room, opposite the holding cells, correct?

The kronii scientist nods vigorously.

UVERE (CONT'D)

Good. There is still a chance.

He returns his attention to the bank of terminals once more.

SKREESH!

The MK3 droid releases a burst of incendiary rounds. That RIP apart the kronii scientist. Green blood splatters Selene, the surrounding walls and floor. Everywhere really.

SELENE

What the fress?!

She throws an uncertain look to Uvere at his actions.

UVERE

Now they can't make any more of the pathogen once I purge all their systems of data.

We STAY ON Uvere's grim expression as he concentrates.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

Sara pulls out her aurelius crest and presses the red gem within the medallion. It pulses with crimson light.

ANN
(off Sara)
What are you doing?

SARA
Sending out an SOS to the closest Aurelius outpost.

She slams a button on the center of a console within the jeep.

SARA (CONT'D)
Emergency locator for our guys.

Ann nervously glances behind her as she drives.

ANN
What the hell *was* that?

SARA
I don't know.

OFF Sara's unsettled expression at that.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - CORRIDOR - EVENING

Tazul, Lucif and Trovenus run down another seemingly endless corridor. Ducking and dodging the blasts from the Kronii battle rogues massive cannon guns.

Trovenus turns, fires at the closest battle rogue. The blast HITS his broad shoulder, throwing his momentum back for a brief moment. Before he continues the chase.

TAZUL
How about now?

Lucif glances to his left as a blast SPARKS just above them.

LUCIF
Not yet! I'll tell you when it is.
(off Tazul)
I only had time to memorise part of the ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tazul sighs as she dips and slides to avoid another concussive BLAST. Firing back behind her as she goes.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

The moons illuminate the surreal scene of the shadow wolves loping across the sand dunes supernaturally fast.

The jeep once again within their sights.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - CORRIDOR - EVENING

The trio rush down yet another corridor.

Lucif desperately scans the area, hoping to find something familiar about it. Anything. As they hurry past.

TAZUL

I hate to pester but we're
rapidly running out of ship.

Trovenus blasts away at the doggedly pursuing kronii battle rogues. The blasts simply stalling their progress for a brief moment or two.

TROVENUS

And these kronii are rapidly
closing in.

Lucif spots an alcove in the left wall of the corridor with a relieved grin.

LUCIF

I know where we are.

He grabs at Tazul and Trovenus' arms. Their bodies BLUR, disappearing.

INT. LABORATORIES - HOLDING CELLS - EVENING

Selene flicks a switch that causes the cell doors to slide open.

Some of the tharad prisoners weakly rise while those bedridden gaze up from their beds. Uvere approaches with a satchel. Gives them a small, reassuring smile.

UVERE

We've come to take you home.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

Sara and Ann look around fearfully as SLAM! The jeep SHUDDERS as something large and heavy impacts it from outside.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

The wolves run alongside the jeep. Shoving and slamming their weight up against it.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

A shadow wolf's snarling face PHASES through the window!

It SNAPS and lunges at a terrified Ann. She attempts to duck and fend off its attacks while she drives.

The jeep zig zags as they struggle.

Sara unbuckles her seat belt to help Ann but -

GRRRL!

A snarling mouth of teeth heads for her own throat.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - THE BRIDGE - EVENING

The forms of Trovenus, Lucif and Tazul blur as they appear here.

A startled Issus rushes to the side of the melkor wrangler pilots.

ISSUS
(frantic)
Unseal the bridge, brenoks!

Trovenus smoothly pulls out his sykar and hurls it, the blades extended.

The melkor wranglers begin to press in commands, but SIZZ! They howl painfully as the sykar skims above the navigation controls.

Blood drips as they grasp their injured hands and step away from the controls.

Trovenus catches his sykar easily on its return arc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISSUS (CONT'D)
Well kill them at least!

The melkor wranglers CHARGE at the trio, whipping out electrified pikes.

Trovenus and Tazul shoot the charging pilots point blank. She gives the now dead pilots one last look.

TAZUL
Bringing archaic weapons to a gun
fight never ends well.

LUCIF
There are exceptions.

Issus back steps as the they stalk towards him.

ISSUS
Not one more step!

He holds up a small, blinking cylindrical device for them to see.

ISSUS (CONT'D)
This remotely activates the
propulsion chutes. Move any
closer and I'll release the
entire payload!

OFF the Kronii scientist's jittery but determined stance.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

Sara's hand scrabbles for the door. She finally presses in a button, opening it.

This spurs the wolf to action. Its entire body finally phasing through the door. It LEAPS inside. The weight of the beast throwing her back.

The shadow wolf darts forward moving in for the kill.

Sara raises her hands before her face in a desperate attempt at defense. As it charges forward, her hands grab its fur.

Its shadowy form SHUDDERS at her touch, becoming more solid and human. To reveal the female form of Alimo!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

INT. JEEP - EVENING

A stunned, Alimo pauses mid attack.

Sara uses the hesitation to KICK her out of the now open door.

She wrenches the door shut.

EXT. DESERT- EVENING

Alimo lands with a hard THUD. Sand and dust scattering as the jeep continues on at high speed.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - THE BRIDGE - EVENING

Tazul and Trovenus place their guns on the floor, holding their hands up in a placating gesture.

TROVENUS

Dr Issus? That's your name am I correct?

ISSUS

It is.

TROVENUS

Am I correct in presuming you are the brilliant mind behind this pathogen?

ISSUS

(proudly)

I am.

Trovenus throws a significant "follow my lead" look to Tazul and Lucif at that.

ISSUS (CONT'D)

(off Trovenus)

But if you think flattery will stay my course you are mistaken.

TAZUL

How about the truth, then? Your work was responsible for killing hundreds of innocent tharad men, women and children.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAZUL (CONT'D)

You're no brilliant scientist.
You're a mass murderer.

An offended Issus turns, his focus now completely on Tazul.

ISSUS

That is hypocritical coming from you, young one. The others, my employers, speak of you in much the same manner.

TAZUL

I do not kill innocent people!

ISSUS

("hmmph")

"Innocent people". There are no such creatures. Do you not brutally slay rakesh hunting clutches that stray within your territories?

TAZUL

That is different.

ISSUS

How so? Those rakesh are not warriors. They're simply families foraging for food in these hard times. Yet you butcher them - from the young hatchlings to the old esaspas. And you enjoy it.

Lucif seizes the opportunity and BLURS behind the distracted Issus. Presses a gun against the back of his head.

LUCIF

Slowly place the device where I can see it, Doctor.

There's a long, tense beat as Issus looks as if he might chance it but the hard expressions of Tazul and Trovenus cinch it.

He gently places the flashing detonator on the ground. Trovenus quickly pockets it.

Tazul pulls a pair of metal cuffs from her jacket and SNAPS them on Issus. Lucif trains his pistol on him, covering her.

Issus scowls at this reversal of fortune.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

Sara slides to her right to help Ann fend off the shadow wolf menacing her. Its dangerous looking teeth only a few centimeters from her throat.

Upon Sara's approach it warily back steps before POPPING out. Disappearing with a wisp of black smoke in its wake.

Sara flashes Ann a small, reassuring smile at this.

CRACK! Her head is SMASHED hard against the blinking dashboard console.

She slumps to reveal another shadow wolf behind her. Its yellow eyes glint malevolently in the dark.

INT. KRONII AIRSHIP - THE BRIDGE - EVENING

The darkness of space can be glimpsed via the forward portal as Lucif guides the ship.

Tazul grips the arm of the cuffed Issus, not taking any chances.

There's a loud insistent THUMP as someone repeatedly slams into the door from the other side.

TROVENUS

(off it)

Those kronii are quite insistent on getting in.

Tazul throws a look to Lucif.

LUCIF

(nods)

We've reached vacuum. I'll cut vitals and vent right-

His hand goes to punch in the commands.

TROVENUS

You can't just suffocate them - it's -

Lucif's hand hovers, hesitating at the outburst. Tazul gestures to the door where the heavy pounding continues.

TAZUL

Not "honourable"? If they get through we'll be outnumbered. Issus would be released. It's the only solution we have.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAZUL (CONT'D)
 (to Lucif)
 Do it.

Lucif punches in the commands with a flourish. There's an off screen sound of WHOOSHING, desperate scrabbling, nails scratching against metal, shouts-

The pounding against the door ceases. A tense silence engulfing the room.

That's broken as Issus chuckles. Gives Tazul a smug grin.

ISSUS
 Told you. Takes a mass murderer
 to know one.

CRACK! Tazul viciously ELBOWS him in the face.

TAZUL
 We're nothing alike!
 (beat)
 You open your mandibles again
 I'll rip your tongue clean out.

Trovenus regards her actions with a disapproving shake of his head. In response, Tazul shoots him a defiant expression that screams "he asked for it".

INT. JEEP - EVENING

Ann casts a worried look at Sara, gulps fearfully as she spies the imposing wolf.

THWACK! Ann is viciously SLAMMED face first against the steering wheel. She lolls forward, out cold.

Her shift in position shows a second shadow wolf behind her.

It exchanges a look with the first one and they POP out as quick as they appeared.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

The wolves SLAM the now wandering jeep onto a nearby steep embankment. It ROLLS violently on its side. Then again. Before finally coming to a sickening stop.

EXT. DESERT - THE FRINGE - EVENING

Sand is displaced, thrown up as the kronii ship comes in for a landing. A silver ramp extends from the underside of the ship as soon as it touches down.

We REVERSE ANGLE to see there's an anxious welcoming party. Consisting of Sergeant Byrne, ten aurelius soldiers, the Prime Charric and Trianne.

Trovenus and Lucif descend the ramp first.

Issus follows next, frogmarched by Tazul who jostles him as they clunk down the ramp.

She gives the Prime Charric and Trianne a reassuring smile.

TAZUL

The tribes are free to enjoy the
kasaaba without fear of attack.
Once more.

EXT. DESERT - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - EVENING

A blindfolded Issus stumbles, his hands tied behind his back.

A hand roughly pulls him to his feet as a knife slashes his bindings.

His hands free, Issus frantically pulls at his blindfold.

The Prime Charric and thirteen other men and women surround him in a circle. The bone necklaces around their necks indicating they are all charrics.

Trianne stands beside Issus, the knife clenched in his hand.

ISSUS

My people will come for me.
Release me now and they will be
merciful.

TRIANNE

That is unlikely. You are now
within the judgement circle. Hold
your tongue or I shall do it for
you.

PRIME CHARRIC

I and the other charrics have
deferred.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIME CHARRIC (CONT'D)

You, Vel Issus are guilty of murder on a grand scale. If given the chance, you will murder more living beings. There are those-

The Prime Charric glances to Trianne.

PRIME CHARRIC (CONT'D)

Who would have us kill you in turn. But that is not our way. Too much blood has already been shed on our behalf.

Issus' eyes boggle in disbelief, did he just hear what he thought?

PRIME CHARRIC (CONT'D)

We will allow you to leave unharmed.

The Prime Charric nods to Trianne who roughly shoves a skin full of water into Issus' hands.

PRIME CHARRIC (CONT'D)

Do not drink it all at once. You may need it to last. The deserts are a harsh domain for those unattuned to it's rhythms.

Now finished his piece, the Prime Charric turns away. The other charrics follow his lead as they head toward their resting Salumset mounts.

Trianne lingers a little while longer.

TRIANNE

That skin has enough to last four days if you're careful. Enjoy your *freedom*.

He strides off to rejoin the others.

As Issus clutches the skin of water, uncertainty flickers across his features as he looks around. The desert seems to stretch forever in all directions.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

A bloodied Sara lies deathly still. Her face pressed against the cracked windscreen. A nasty deep gash across her forehead smears blood on the glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ann lolls forward, her body twisted at a strange angle. Blood spatters her clothes. Her seat belt keeping her in place.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

The shadow wolves bodies shift and shudder, gradually becoming more corporeal and human.

Vicius and his team look at the crashed jeep. Admiring their handiwork. Smoke begins to lazily plume from it.

The distinctive hum of an approaching A.T.V makes them pause.

Vicius spots the sturdy transport full of maroon clad aurelius soldiers closing in on the crash.

At this, he and the others instantly SLINK once more into shadow and dart off into the night.

INT. JEEP - EVENING

We STAY ON Sara's face pressed up against the cracked windscreen. Unconscious and bloody.

As we slowly begin to PULLBACK from this scene, a faint golden glow seems to emanate from within the deep, nasty gash across her forehead.

EXT. FOUNDRY - TOWER - DAY

Establishing shot of an industrial complex surrounded by various workshops and structures. A large rust brown tower juts out and up into the sky.

EXT. TOWER - BALCONY - DAY

We now focus on an upper tier of the tower. A balcony extends from the structure, circling around the whole tower with a steel railing.

The Savant leans on the railing of the balcony, looking over something below.

Footsteps are heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ptolemus appears. He walks over to the Savant, puts his hands on the railing. Looks out.

PTOLEMUS

I've just received word that the Pathogen has been destroyed, the facility purged. Issus is presumed dead.

The Savant flexes his tail, flicking his tongue out to taste the air.

SAVANT

No matter. The outpossst and ressearch isss an acceptable loss.

Ptolemus turns to face the Savant, suspicious at this casual dismissal.

PTOLEMUS

Was it not you who spent 13 monens hidden beneath the aurelius' nose, determined to gain vengeance on the tharad, for their part in our defeat?

SAVANT

General, undersstand thisss. While I invest resssourcess into projectsss that will gain usss the upper hand in the war, I never put all my hopesss into one nsssst.

(beat)

One mussst alwaysss be prepared for the eventuality of failure. I alwaysss have contingenciesss.

PTOLEMUS

Perhaps you rakesh are not so thickheaded.

The Savant hisses softly in an agreeable tone.

SAVANT

(begrudging)

And you, General, are not a dull witted brenok.

PTOLEMUS

The Alliance will be even more cautious of our actions from now on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAVANT

Let them enjoy their sssmall
victory. They ssstill remain
unaware of the approaching
sstorm.

We ZOOM out from the balcony, then the tower to see the
foundry in all its glory.

Mass production lines of vehicles are being constructed.
Large weapons are expertly being assembled together by
metallic arms. Small drone ships fly about taking and
dropping supplies.

We WIDEN even further to see that this foundry is only one
of many in the distance....

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW