

Oxygen Wars

By
Melton Eduardo Cartes
and
Daniel Merritt

450 Merritt Ave., #3
Oakland, CA 94610
415 999-6782
meltoncartes@gmail.com

WGA, west, Inc. #47261
© 2018 Melton Eduardo Cartes, Daniel Merritt

A WORD ON "TERRAFORMING"

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has had plans for several years for **TERRAFORMING** Mars. The technology exists to increase Mars' natural greenhouse gases in an effort to melt its polar ice caps, creating oceans that will make Mars a livable planet like Earth. In short, forming a dead planet into something like "Terra," Earth.

Throughout history, profit has been the number one motivator for all technologies. Without a civic voice of leadership saying something like "within this decade, we will land a man on the moon" it falls to corporations to push the technological envelope and express their will.

As humanity achieves real space travel an immediate outcome will be that huge corporations will take over efforts that currently are managed by governmental agencies. The combination of, at best, a feeble appreciation for human life, advanced technologies, and the pursuit of corporate profits will naturally result in situations such as described in the following pages...

FADE-IN:

THE DISTANT FUTURE...

EXT. THE DIRT PLANET - DAY

A rust-colored world of sand and rock. Not Earth. Not Mars. Not any place that human eyes have yet seen.

The sky is yellow in this desolate place: the color of poison. It IS poison. The tiniest gasp of the atmosphere of this world would kill you as fast as slicing your throat and bleeding out in the sand...

The silence of the landscape stretches across the planet, sporadically interrupted by oddities and irregularities, such as...

A DUST STORM

...that approaches. Swirling eddies and dust devils of alien sand precede it - it completely obscures everything. Soon, even the backdrop of distant ridges and badlands is gone.

The dust subsides. The broken terrain peeks through the dust.

A MASSIVE SILHOUETTE. A rocky butte? The side of a mountain? No. As the disturbance passes, it's clear it's something man-made.

A TOWER. Like the containment tower of a nuclear power plant. Looming over the landscape.

EXT. NEARBY RIDGE

FIGURES huddle together.

Scores of them. Facing downwind from the storm.

One of the figures turns. Turns to stare. Stare at the Tower in the valley below.

This is ANGUS. 40ish. Pale. Empty of expression.

Angus and those with him are COLONIAL MILITANTS: haggard, death-warmed-over-looking people permanently sealed into armored spacesuits, bristling with weaponry.

Their dented and scarred, mostly salvaged patchwork, suits double, nearly triple their body size. Their armor is emblazoned with their company logos such as GeoConSo, PetroCom, InfraSpace, ExxoCon.

Some of the soldiers have a literal patchwork of logos, one logo on an armor plate soldered on top of another logo, the result of salvaging parts from dead soldiers, their exclusive meaning lost long ago.

ANGUS
(mumbling)
...look for the blue sky...

As the winds around them slacken, Angus' group, who we'll call THE ATTACKERS, visibly relax from having been braced against the storm. They all turn to the Tower, patient as the stones around them. But, not inert. WAITING.

THE TOWER

Massive sliding doors at the base slowly part. LIGHTS blink on in the Tower's dark interior, headlights, or headlamps. They seemingly move with purpose towards the open door as more and more lights come on.

Angus' attackers shift their weight and fidget like the nervous horses before the Charge of the Light Brigade.

ANGUS
Look for the blue sky...

All of the Attackers hear a CHIME in their helmets and join in chorus. "Look for the blue sky" is a company slogan.

ATTACKERS
Look for the blue sky!

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - ESTABLISHING

SOMEWHERE ELSE. Another corner of this empty world. An almost featureless building, as big as a battleship.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

A COMPUTER SCREEN flickers into activity.

This is BUDDHA, the self-sufficient, computerized nerve and command center for Angus' Colonial Militants. There are work stations and seats, but NO ONE is here now...

BUDDHA is in constant contact with Angus and his group using its telemetry network: a system of advanced radio control.

ON BUDDHA's computer screen:

TERRAFORMING PLANT status; Nominal
ATTacker/DEFender balance; 100/40

GO MISSION. GO MISSION. GO MISSION.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RIDGE

The Attackers fan out swiftly. Angus opens his mouth again, tentatively, and speaks calmly in the computer code he's been taught.

In fact, this is the only way Angus knows how to talk.

ANGUS
(filtered through mic)
Tycho Buddha. Defender response.
Defender response.

A BEAM OF LIGHT

SLICES from the open doors and hits the Attacker standing next to Angus, dead center, blowing her into pieces. Angus doesn't flinch as pieces bounce off of him and the others.

More beams of light slice out of the Tower's dark interior.

CLOSE ON

an ANTENNA HUMP on the back of what would be Angus' neck. This is his telemetry pack: what allows him to communicate with BUDDHA.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Angus' speech types out. BUDDHA's computer screen holds a beat, then changes:

TERRAFORMING PLANT status; Nominal.
Casualty report: 1 destroyed

ATTACK MODE

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RIDGE

Angus and his fellow Attackers watch as the figures inside the tower base slowly emerge into the Dirt Planet's poison-colored sunlight.

These are THE DEFENDERS. Protecting the Tower.

They look exactly like Angus' group. The only difference is that another computer — not BUDDHA — commands them.

Angus waits. BUDDHA sends back a coded response: it sounds a little like the screeches and bleeps of a FAX machine.

The second Angus hears it, it's like someone flipped a switch in his brain— Eyes harden— Pupils dilate— He shoulders a heavy cannon by his side, takes a deep breath, and YELLS:

ANGUS
LOOK FOR THE BLUE SKY!!!

And then all hell breaks loose.

EXT. TOWER BATTLEFIELD

EXPLOSIONS. SHRIEKING GUNFIRE. LASERS slicing through the air. Smoke, sand and debris.

Some Defenders fall. Injured. Dead.

ANGUS
Four Defenders. One dead.

SPELVIN, 30s, one of Angus' group, pauses amid the fighting as Attackers clash with Defenders. He looks at Angus.

SPELVIN
One. Correction. Two Attackers
down.

GRENADES land near Spelvin. Another ATTACKER behind him is blown into fragments. Spelvin doesn't even have to turn around to see what happened: data screens in his suit constantly update information.

SPELVIN (CONT'D)
Three Attackers terminus.

The battle rages on.

It's now clear that both Attackers and Defenders are only semi-conscious pawns, directed by their opposing command centers. If there's an authentic human thought or feeling behind the Colonial Militants' faces, we're yet to see it.

Angus wheels around and fires at ROACH, a Defender, but only scores a glancing blow. Roach angrily turns on him.

ROACH

Miss.

ROACH

fires a warhead-tipped rocket at Angus.

Angus staggers to the side: the rocket CLANGS off his armor. Doesn't detonate. It glances off the ground, kicking up broken rock before EXPLODING in the air.

ANGUS

regains his balance and fires another burst at his enemy.

His shot TEARS ROACH'S TRANSPARENT FACEPLATE off his helmet. Roach gasps, stunned.

ROACH (CONT'D)

No! No! Help! Help...!

Roach's lungs fill with atmosphere. Immediately he drops his weapons and starts to CONVULSE. His skin even starts to sizzle and break into weeping blisters. BLOOD leaks from his eyes, nose and ears.

Angus stares at him impassively. But a slight facial tic might suggest something more.

Roach falls, screaming in human pain. And as he starts to die, he reaches out – as if for the Tower he'd been defending.

ROACH (CONT'D)

Tycho Muhammad, forgive me...
Help me...

Roach dies staring at the Tower, and slowly corrodes.

Angus turns and stares at the Tower.

For it's the Tower Angus is assigned to destroy.

A Tower built to gradually replace the deadly atmosphere of the Dirt Planet... WITH OXYGEN. The Tower is a vital terraforming plant, constructed to turn the Dirt Planet into a Green Planet. Like Earth.

And it looks like Angus and his Attackers are winning the battle.

SPELVIN

Tycho Buddha. Penetrate Tower
perimeter.

ANGUS
(nodding)
Excellence. Breach imminent.

But then – a voice behind them.

CALVIN (O.S.)
Negative. Negative breach
imminent.

Angus and Spelvin react. A dauntless, battle-scarred and panting Defender, CALVIN, 30s, has the jump on them. Calvin has mostly GeoConSo logos on his armor.

Calvin unloads a particle beam on Spelvin. It's a direct hit: Spelvin EXPLODES.

But suddenly Calvin comes under heavy fire and has to back away. Angus stares at the name, painted on Calvin's armor.

ANGUS
(grimacing)
Calvin...

Angus has a collage of logos, but at one time he belonged to Petrocom. He turns to engage another pocket of Defenders trying to regroup. Thoughts back on the battle.

EXT. TOWER BASE

The Defender, Calvin, surveys his followers falling all around him. He turns and looks at the Tower.

CALVIN
Tycho Muhammad. Defender rank
declining, 30%. Require air
support.

Calvin blinks. A beat. And then a coded response sounds. It's from MUHAMMAD, the Defenders' command center.

CALVIN
Blessings from Muhammad.

INT. AUTOMATED HANGAR

A dark shape in a dark room. Like a gigantic insect.

Lights flash on in this warehouse-sized space, illuminating

THE FLYING VEHICLE

as it comes to life. Automated fuel couplings disengage and the entire ceiling yawns open. Red and yellow lights spin.

SAND. WIND. NOISE. The Flying Vehicle levitates.

INT. THE FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUING

The battlefield comes into view in front of the windshield. Two EMPTY SEATS are silhouetted against it. It's automated. Which is good, because there hasn't been a crew available in ages...

CLOSE ON A SCREEN

All the Attackers are outlined as glowing, numbered targets in an aerial view of the battle.

EXT. TOWER BATTLEFIELD

ANGUS

looks up at the Flying Vehicle.

Suddenly...

HELL RAINS DOWN FROM IT.

Attackers everywhere are blown to pieces. Angus scrambles to take cover.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

BUDDHA's screen instantly updates the carnage the Flying Vehicle is causing.

ATTacker/DEFender balance: 90/27

Defender rank: 30%

Then...

ATTacker/DEFender balance: 72/26

Defender rank: 36%

Then...

ATTacker/DEFender balance: 35/26

Defender rank: 74%

BACK TO:

EXT. TOWER BATTLEFIELD

Angus is one of the last Attackers left standing. A bolt from the Flying Vehicle just misses him. Despite his size, he moves fast.

He stops. The Flying Vehicle roars past, to turn around and make another pass.

ANGUS

Tycho Buddha. Heavy casualties.
Withdraw. Withdraw.

He starts to run back towards the ridge they came from.

But, CALVIN

...rams his armor into Angus, like a body check. Angus whirls around to square off with Calvin. Close-range weapons and punches from both opponents tear into each other. While in the sky, the Flying Vehicle circles back.

INT. THE FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUING

On the Flying Vehicle's screen, Angus' target and Calvin's indication as a "friendly" overlap.

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

**Loyalty Conflict! Friendly Fire
Danger!**

The Flying Vehicle considers a moment, then makes a decision.

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

Override

EXT. TOWER BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUING

Angus and Calvin struggle, they pivot. The Flying Vehicle's aim adjusts. A BEAM turns the ground white behind Angus, sending them both flying, end over end, into a ravine.

Even as he hurtles, Angus tries to communicate.

ANGUS

TYCH#@...DDHA. TYCHO*S!BUDKL!

The antenna hump of his telemetry pack crackles as it burns out. SPARKS fly from it.

ANGUS FALLS OVER AND SMASHES INTO THE SIDE OF THE RAVINE, a singed Calvin landing right near him with equal violence.

Dead, for all we know.

Silence.

The battle is over.

Angus' eyes are closed. His armor is ripped up. Burned.

Other Colonial Militants, both Attacker and Defender, litter the entire landscape. Lost appendages, dropped weapons, spent mortar shells and land mine debris are everywhere.

The few remaining Defenders walk back into the Tower. Leaving their dead on the battlefield.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

EXT. TOWER BATTLEFIELD - TWILIGHT

The same scene. Hours later. It's harder to see the littered dead and wounded.

EXT. THE RAVINE BOTTOM

Angus' eyes are still closed. He looks dead.

EXT. TOWER BATTLEFIELD

A shadow jiggles behind a boulder. Slowly, timidly, a squat shape – only a few inches high – peeks out.

This is a REPAIR CRAB: A small, service robot with a cluster of tiny eyes, legs, and claws– one of many "species" of repair crabs.

It tests the air, like a field mouse sniffing for predators– or something to do. The repair crab seems to determine it's safe, and scurries into the open.

It picks its way over to a fallen Attacker. CARTER, 40s. A soldering device deploys from the crab's body and starts to weld one of Carter's dislodged armor plates, hanging at an angle, back onto his body.

Carter's leg stirs. Reflexively.

MORE REPAIR CRABS start to emerge from every hidden spot on the entire battlefield. Thousands of them, all repairing Colonial Militants.

Now the battlefield shimmers in the twilight from the activity of the thousands of repair crabs. It looks like a beehive.

One regiment of tough little crabs specifically focuses on one area of Carter's damage as they all, in perfect

sequence, hammer a mangled armor plate back into shape. Almost brand new.

Carter's suit's running lights come back on. His data screens do too and go through a diagnostic. IMAGES and TEXT play spookily over his face. Until...

CARTER'S EYES OPEN.

He pushes himself up and rolls over. Several crabs get stuck beneath him, and dumbly scurry and scratch until they find some kind of purchase and crawl away.

Carter gets to his feet, practices some quick draws with his various weapons.

Carter lets out a strange, mechanical yawn and then speaks.

CARTER
Buddha? Carter reporting one
hundred percent rehab and ready.

A response signal sounds. Carter starts to wander away.

Crabs are pulling the dead Defender, Roach, out of his armor and breaking up the suit for spare parts. In a remarkably short amount of time these tiny "creatures" expertly disassemble the armor, cables and surgical tubing.

The dead man is discarded like a snail out of its shell. Now fully exposed to the corrosive atmosphere, Roach's body starts to smolder and degrade. Soon it will disappear.

Repair crabs similarly swarm over Spelvin's suit. One detaches itself, dragging several pieces, and heads to...

EXT. THE RAVINE BOTTOM - NIGHT

Where it makes a slow but sure bee-line to Angus.

Another repair crab is already there, trying to work on the burnt out antenna hump at Angus' neck. His communication system to BUDDHA is damaged.

A group of crabs have repaired the antenna hump hardware and leave. The old antenna hump is a hunk of melted alloys lying in the sand.

The repair crab can't seem to get the new circuit board to work in the repaired antenna hump.

It goes over to the new crab that's just joined it and picks through the spare parts it's brought over. There's a

communications board from Spelvin that looks just like Angus'.

The two crabs get in a short, nasty tug-of-war over it. Finally, the one already working on Angus wins.

It drags the communications board over and switches them. But as the repair crab's appendages poke, prod, and solder...

THE NEW COMMUNICATIONS BOARD

CRACKLES and SPARKS. It burns out. The repair crab backs away, spooked.

And then it stares.

Finally, it slumps. It seals a panel over the burned-out circuit board and scrambles away to its next job.

EXT. BATTLEGROUND

The Tower stands conceitedly. Spotlights illuminate it as it hums and operates. Millions of tiny lights swarm the battlefield. The repair crabs, busily working under the gaze of twin moons.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BATTLEGROUND - DAY

A Colonial Militant stirs. The scarred and burnt name HAGEN is on her armor. The human being inside, 40s, is a haggard veteran of many battles. Her arm and a leg stir again as she lies face down in the sand.

Repair crabs emerge from tunnels they've dug underneath and crawl all over, going about their business.

Her suit comes on, goes through the diagnostic. Her own expressions seem to go from dead sleep to consciousness as the diagnosis processes to an end and her

EYES OPEN.

She pushes herself up to her feet and does the mechanical YAWN followed by...

HAGEN
Buddha? Hagen reporting one
hundred percent rehab and ready.

The same response signal. Hagen gets up and wanders away with her laser cannon at port.

Six or seven repair crabs carry a piece of armor to Spelvin.

The crabs stop, think better of it, turn and carry the armor to Angus where they immediately weld it on him as a patch.

Angus stirs. The diagnostic begins as his suit comes on.

The diagnostic finishes and Angus opens his eyes and sits up. Parts of Spelvin's helmet lie near Angus. He looks at it for a moment. ANGUS DOES NOT YAWN.

Calvin stirs next to him, going through the same process, YAWNS...

CALVIN

Buddha? Calvin reporting one hundred percent rehab and ready.

Calvin gets the acknowledgement and gets up. Angus looks around. Crabs are dismantling Spelvin's parts.

Angus looks at his data screens:

99.99973 % rehab and ready.

ANGUS

Buddha? Angus reporting ninety-nine point nine, nine, nine, seven, three percent rehab and ready.

Waits.

ANGUS

Buddha? Angus reporting ninety-nine point nine, nine, nine, seven, three percent rehab. Ready. Respond.

Angus gets up. HALF OF THE RESPONSE SIGNAL COMES THROUGH. Angus frowns.

ANGUS

Incomplete.

Angus looks at the data screens inside his helmet. A smaller hand comes out of his hand and operates a keypad on his forearm.

ANGUS

Re-send.

Calvin looks at him. The acknowledgement comes through again, EIGHTY PERCENT of it. Angus hits his helmet. Looks at all the data screens. Nothing. No warning. No malfunction. He types a combination

One of his data screens shows: **Repair Mode, COMLINK.**

Angus' suit does another self diagnosis.

His data screen: **COMLINK – 100% integrity.**

Without a battle to fight, Angus and Calvin are neither Attacker nor Defender, they're BETWEEN DUTY, as indicated by Calvin's data screens in his helmet. He's almost oblivious to Angus as he looks around, about to wander off.

ANGUS

Calvin.

CALVIN

Tycho Muhammad. Vector seventeen
das twenty eight, Orlando.

ANGUS

Calvin. Tycho Buddha. Ready.

Calvin stares at Angus without reaction. Angus is trying numerous variations of communication protocols.

ANGUS

Tycho Buddha. Tycho Buddha.
Ready.

Calvin turns around and walks away. He wanders in the same direction as the others. Angus wants him to wait...

ANGUS

Calvin. Calvin. Tycho Buddha.
Tycho Buddha. Ready. Ready.

Calvin ignores him. Angus gets worked up.

ANGUS

...wait.

Angus watches as one by one all of the rehabilitated soldiers disappear over the horizon. He desperately tries to communicate with someone, anyone. The more they ignore him the higher his voice gets.

He seems unused to making the FACIAL EXPRESSIONS that are occurring on his face.

ANGUS

...Tycho Buddha sta...

(pause)

Tycho Buddha sta...

(pause)

Wait.

Angus watches the last soldier on the plain become a dot on the horizon and then... blink out of existence leaving Angus

ALONE

Angus BLINKS, frowning, confused.

Angus seems to go from plain thoughts to anxiety and back to plain thoughts as he stands there. Long pauses interrupt these emotional moments, where he just stares out of his helmet.

The whole time he repeats his communication, waiting for an acknowledgement.

ANGUS

Tycho Buddha. Ready.

He shifts his weight onto one leg and sighs. His eyes blink. He glances at the tracks left by the soldiers. Gradually, ever so slowly, an IDEA occurs to him.

FOLLOW THE TRACKS

ANGUS

Tycho reticuli Buddha?

He waits for an answer.

ANGUS

Tycho reticuli Buddha?

No one responds. The sun drops below the horizon, leaving him in darkness, trying to connect...

He follows them.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS - NIGHT

Angus' helmet lights are tracking the footprints ahead of him.

ANGUS

Tycho system Buddha!

He clears a ridge. Two gorgeous planets fill the sky, striped by dark cirrus clouds.

ANGUS
Tycho system Buddha.

Way up ahead, Calvin hears Angus. But it doesn't mean anything to him.

ANGUS
(filtered)
Tycho system Buddha. Respond!

...so he says nothing.

ANGUS
(filtered)
Tycho system Buddha. Respond.

No response. Angus sighs.

LATER

A tiny little Angus climbs a big hill diligently.

ANGUS
Tycho barada Buddha. Respond?

No response.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SUNRISE

There are dots in the distance. Angus follows them.

ANGUS
Tycho Buddha barada Buddha.
Respond?

He waits. And waits. And waits. NOTHING.

His data screens display a lot of information. One of them is always showing the time as a digital counter that constantly rolls numbers.

ANGUS
Tycho Buddha nikto Buddha.
Respond?

Angus looks at the time and watches the numbers scrolling. The seconds are a blur, minutes are slower, hours slower still, days, weeks, months, and years are irrelevant.

He stares at the counter.

ANGUS
Seconds. Minutes. Hours.

He thinks.

ANGUS
Days,...weeks,...months,...

He pauses in his steps.

ANGUS
...years.

EXT. VALLEY - MORNING

Alone.

ANGUS
Tycho Muhammad. Respond.

Calvin's eyes turn. He heard it.

Angus is bored.

CALVIN
(filtered)
Orlando forward. Forty two, two,
eleven. Excellence.

Angus snaps to attention. His contact has been
acknowledged!

EXT. PLAIN - DAY

Grey sky. Angus catches up to the others. His face is an
almost child-like expectation.

ANGUS
Look for the blue sky.

CALVIN
Designate.

Calvin is asking for Angus' name. Angus' data screens
indicate the names of all the soldiers standing around him.
There are TEN OF THEM from the repaired group that left the
battlefield.

Calvin's data screens indicate a schematic of Angus but no
identification, no DESIGNATION - FRIEND OR FOE. It's as if
he doesn't exist.

ANGUS
(filtered)
Angus. Seven eight, seven three.

A cursor scrolls down directories as Calvin calls up that number on his screens.

DATA SCREEN:

No contact: KIA (Killed In Action).

CALVIN
Angus, seven eight, seven three
has been destroyed. Killed in
Action.

According to their information, Angus is dead and gone. His vital statistics jump as his blood pressure goes up from his anxiety. Angus becomes frantic.

ANGUS
(filtered)
Negative. Angus seven eight,
sev...

Angus watches them in confusion, his I.D. number, 7873, clearly labeled on his armor along with his name: ANGUS.

BEEEOOOP. An alarm goes off in all of their suits.

CALVIN
Rest period.

All of the soldiers sit down. Angus remains standing and stares at them. THEY IGNORE HIM. He walks around them.

They all have switched to REST MODE, all at half power. Except for Angus', all of their suit lights have dimmed to half power.

Angus studies their pale faces. Some of them, their eyes flutter. He stares at MONICA, 30s, one of the soldiers. Her lips move silently... Why?

Suddenly, her faceplate goes opaque. He looks at the others and their faceplates have gone opaque as well.

Then, the same images start playing on all their faceplates, these are personal movie screens. Angus is basically watching these movies from behind the movie screen, the reverse.

It's happy images of people running through fields of grass in a beautiful world with a blue sky. Angus watches as if he's never seen this before.

Things Angus doesn't recognize populate these images, a dog playing with the people, birds flying in the sky, flowers, trees, not to mention the grass and the blue sky.

REST MODE. He doesn't get it. He looks at the sky; dirty. He looks at his data screen flashing the words REST MODE and selects it. His faceplate immediately goes opaque and starts displaying the same video in progress with the rest.

Angus is confronted with the images of men and women and smaller versions (children) running around and laughing. The LAUGHTER sounds so strange to him.

The video ends and Angus is rearing back as if assaulted by the images in his helmet.

Finally Angus sits down, tired. Next to Monica. Monica's suit starts to feed her, same as the others. The suits make a sound as they feed their wearers.

But not Angus' suit. He stares at them. Looks at his own suit. Thinks. He scrolls down his data screens.

Suddenly

MONICA

This guy walks into a bar. He tells the bartender, pissfuckshit. Laughs and laughs. I bet him five hundred dollars.

Just as suddenly. The soldiers laugh. Mechanically. Angus stares at Monica.

CALVIN

This woman walks into a bar. Guy says what are you doing with that pig. She says, Okay where's that bear. The dog.

Angus looks at Calvin. Again the soldiers laugh, as if programmed to laugh. Eustus, male, 20s, tells a joke.

EUSTUS

Three whores are talking to each other. I'll grant you three wishes. Paint my house.

The soldiers laugh again. Angus stares at them. Angus studies his data screens. Scrolls down a menu. There!

DATA SCREEN:

**Food.....FGST
8766584**

He punches the combination. His suit dispenses nutrients into his bloodstream, according to the screens.

GARTH
(filtered)
City folk stop at a farm. Farmer
says they stop to talk to him.

Angus' suit is now making the same sound as the others. Angus looks at GARTH, male, 20s.

GARTH (cont'd)
There's a pig in a pen. Why's
that pig got three wooden legs.
You don't eat a pig saves the
house.

More canned laughter. Angus is lost.

Angus looks at his data screens and notices a blinking selection: **REST MODE/DIVERSION/**. He selects it and accesses the jokes file. Leni, female, 30s, tells a joke.

LENI
Two policemen stop a horse. The
horse tells them to take a hike.
Don't know what to do with it.
Makes a million in the stock
market. Two to turn the horse,
one to write the report.

More pre-programmed laughter. Angus has the same jokes on file and reads along.

DATA SCREEN:

**Two to turn the horse, one to write the
report.
GotoCode^X2377 ^Laughter^ 86 ****

Angus stares out at them. They laugh and then stop abruptly. A joke appears on Angus' screen.

DATA SCREEN:

**A man picks up his mother-in-law. His
wife needs a face lift. Everytime she
kisses her on the cheek. Happy.**

No one says it out loud. It blinks insistently at him unlike the other jokes did. Angus studies the others, wondering. The joke stops blinking on screen and switches to the GotoCode.

All of the soldiers laugh mechanically again, startling Angus.

They're laughing at "his" joke.

Another one tells a pseudo-joke that has come on screen. Again they laugh. Stop. On and On. Angus looks up at the rusty sky.

ANGUS
(muttering)
...look for the blue sky.

One thing these soldiers can do is wait for long periods... The sky darkens. Bluer. Stars peek through.

Their pseudo jokes drift into the darkening night sky and FLOAT UP TO SPACE as aimless radio noise.

An orbiting satellite hears the jokes as it watches over the dirt planet and the crescent of day wanes in an expanse of black.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A teenager is standing, wearing a grey jumpsuit, tubes and wires attached to it. Machines patch wires to his head. Laser scan-lines flash across his face. It's ANGUS AS A TEENAGER.

ANGUS (V.O.)
...look for the blue sky.

A ROBOTIC ARM swings over him.

ROBOTIC ARM
Look for the blue sky.

ANGUS
Look for the blue sky.

Other robotic machinery moves into action as young Angus is placed on a work table or bed. Arms move pieces of armor into place and start building the armored space suit he'll live in from now on.

All the heavy machines moving about him are scaring him. He stares at all of it. His voice is rising with his anxiety.

ANGUS
Look for the blue sky!

Auto-welders solder sections together. Probes test motors and systems in the suit.

ANGUS

Look for the blue sky, look for
the blue sky, look for the blue
sky, look for the blue sky!

ROBOTIC ARM

Look for the blue sky.

In no time Angus is encased in his shiny new armor as the robots install the collar section and finish it all off by placing his helmet on him and seal him in.

ANGUS

LOOK FOR THE BLUE—

His voice is muffled as the seal closes him in.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Memories... A man. A woman. Her naked back. The touch. The feel of her skin. His hand on the small of her back. The warmth....

While Angus is thinking this, it's not really his memory. It's more of a residue of a memory....

EXT. PLAIN - SUNRISE

Angus is sleeping with his head hanging forward in his helmet, drooling a little bit. The sun is rising on the horizon. Sweat sheens his skin.

Angus OPENS his EYES abruptly.

The rest of the soldiers are standing. REST MODE is over. Angus watches them as they instinctively head out in one direction. He doesn't hear what they hear.

He gets up, shakes his head, looks around and then decides to follow them.

FADE TO:

EXT. DRY RIVERBED - EVENING

The soldiers walk along the scar left by an ancient river with Angus following them. As they come around a butte they find

A DERELICT SHIP

Huge. Ancient.

NOT HUMAN

...and they

IGNORE it.

But Angus NOTICES IT. He approaches it.

It's bulbous, organic-looking, like a big bug, a hornet, something with black and yellow bands and rounded shapes and sections. He scans it.

DATA SCREEN:

```
<.] ] .,>>,// ^ ^ ( %#3 @3*448970 [
]669)00 IRON\|| | ^ ^ ( %#3@3*DEUTERIUM
448970 [ vivv]669)00 ] ,// | \|| | ^ ^ (
%#3 @3*,// | \|^CARBON GRAPHITE^( %#3
@3*448,// | \|| | ^ ^%#3 @3*4489MAGNESI
UM70 [ ]669)00 ] 970 [ m ]6PHOSPHATE69
)00 ] ,// | \|| | ^ ^ ( %#3 v v@3*448SIL
ICA-SUBSTRATES970 [ ]669)00]4242444897
0 [ ]669)00
```

Long antennae curve out from it, some broken, snapped back.

It's buried halfway into the riverbed. It created the butte, pushed it up. Angus touches it tentatively. He walks along sliding his hand on the hull until he finds...

A CREW MEMBER. Petrified at the portal. Pensive. Leaning against the frame of the portal.

Angus studies it. The crew member also has armor, but not human armor. He turns to look at his companions. They're gone.

ANGUS

Calvin? Monica? Wait for Angus.

Nothing.

ANGUS

Tycho Muhammad. Stop.

Up river, they stop.

Angus listens for a response.

EUSTUS (O.S.)

Who stopped us?

ANGUS

Angus.

EUSTUS (O.S.)

Why?

Angus looks for an answer.

ANGUS

Angus found... something.

CALVIN (O.S.)

What?

ANGUS

Insufficient data.

(pause)

Wait.

Angus listens. Nothing. Looks ahead. Angus shines his helmet lights into the portal and enters. It's dark inside, sand-filled, cramped. He can barely squeeze into the space.

Angus finds a handle. Tries it. Nothing. Harder. The handle breaks. Angus looks at the broken handle in his big augmented hand.

CALVIN (O.S.)

Moving.

ANGUS

What? No, wait.

Angus looks around the chamber. He has to go. He exits.

As soon as they see Angus they turn and start walking. Angus strains to catch up.

After a while he catches up to them.

ANGUS

Calvin. It was a ship.

Calvin ignores him. Angus stares at him and looks around.

ANGUS

Calvin. Calvin.

A thought pops into his head.

ANGUS

Where are we going?

Calvin struggles for an answer. Calvin is suddenly SURPRISED by a recollection.

CALVIN
Forward. Secure and hold for
PetroCom! Look for the blue sky.

Angus cocks his head, uncertainly...

ANGUS
Affirmative.

Angus follows quietly. He looks back at the wreckage.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

The dry river bed has become an alluvial ridge on which the
Colonial Militants travel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CALDERA - DAY

The soldiers cross the basin of an old volcano.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - DAY

The Colonial Militants arrive at another Tower, another
TERRAFORMING PLANT.

These plants take chemicals in the planet's soil, and pump
oxygen and nitrogen into the atmosphere. But, this one
isn't pumping out anything.

Sunlight slices through muddy clouds. Patterns play on the
Tower.

The soldiers sit down and wait within view of the Tower.
Angus walks around the soldiers.

Calvin's data screen displays their current mode.

DATA SCREEN:

**WAITING FOR SUPPLEMENTAL TROOPS;
HRS:58:27:30
PLANT DEFENSE: 60
ATTACKERS: 60
**INSUFFICIENT TROOPS TO START BATTLE!
20% SUPERIORITY REQUIRED TO START
BATTLE!

Angus watches Calvin. Calvin looks at his data screens, one after the other. Left. Bottom left. Bottom right. Right. Top. Left. Bottom left. Bottom right. Right. Top. Left. Bottom le... and so on.

Angus doesn't know what to make of Calvin's mechanical quality. But, then they're all like that. Even Angus... He stands still, watching them for hours as they wait.

Clouds. Drizzle. Mud. Sunlight.

Clouds. Wind. Sand.

Clouds. More sand.

Night.

Helmet LIGHTS come on.

Sand has piled up on their helmets and shoulders while they've been waiting. That's how patient they can be.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - NIGHT

Angus is watching. His eyelids droop.

Memories... His hand on the small of her back....

His eyes flutter. Open wide. Interested.

LIGHTS CREST A HILL.

Pinpricks. Gradually, more appear. Three. Then eight. Then twelve. Eighteen. Twenty-one. HELMET LIGHTS.

Inside Calvin's helmet an alarm goes off: BWOO-OMP. BWOO-OMP. BWOO-OMP.

DATA SCREEN:

PROXIMITY ALERT! PROXIMITY ALERT!

POSSIBLE SUPPLEMENTAL ATTACKERS!
#<, <>> ^ 66^^^ ^^^ ^^_ =|\\°
PEACE CODE ^82/*6; FRIENDLY CONFIRMED
SUPPLEMENTAL ATTACKERS:21**
35% SUPERIORITY

Cursor BLINKING.

Calvin looks out.

CALVIN
This blue sky brought to you by
GCS.

All of the Attackers hear a CHIME in their helmets and join in chorus.

ATTACKERS
This blue sky brought to you by
GCS.

The soldiers stand up. Start to fan out, flank the Tower.

CALVIN
Tycho Muhammad. Flank Furlong
Midway Vectors twenty-seven,
thirty-two, forty-six, fifty-
five. Mark.

ATTACKER (O.S.)
Mark vectors.

CALVIN
Good, roger. No sign of
detection.

ATTACKER (O.S.)
True here.

Angus tries to keep up with the sudden developments.
Unlike the others, who seem directed in their actions, he's
not included in their games...

INT. COMMAND CENTER

The screens start flashing.

Computer screen:

Optimal Battle Condition Alert!!
TERRAFORMING PLANT status; Nominal
ATTacker/DEFender balance; 81/60
WARNING!
BATTLE IMMINENT
Engage DEFEND/ATTACK MODES!
DEFENDERS 74%
ATTACKERS 135%

AIR SUPPORT ON STAND-BY!

INT. AUTOMATED HANGAR

This is where the Flying Vehicle, we saw before, rests.
It's resting but the lights come on.

It's now on ALERT.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The Colonial Militants Angus followed here, and the new ones who have arrived, automatically switch from their Neutral Modes to Attacker status, as indicated by all of their data screens.

The new Attackers take up positions according to Calvin's information: a rough semicircle around the Tower. Helmet lights dot the terrain. Angus isn't sure what to do. He watches nervously.

MONICA (O.S.)
Attacker line. Ready.

BOO-WOP. Another acknowledgement code.

MONICA
ATTACK.

Angus is surprised. He looks around. He refers to his data screens.

DATA SCREEN:
NEUTRAL MODE!

He checks the other Attackers' codes that he's receiving.

DATA SCREEN:
ATTACK MODE!

He scrolls down the options: **NEUTRAL, ATTACK, DEFEND.**

Angus looks around. HE HESITATES. Except for ONE SET of helmet lights, Angus, the various helmet lights close in on the Tower.

Angus watches them advance towards the Tower. Monica is the first. She launches a rocket. Then a spray of lasers lights up the night.

Angus accesses the Mode menu. He scrolls down to ATTACK. He changes NEUTRAL to ATTACK.

Angus follows them. He aims his laser cannon.

FIRES.

The LASER SLICES THROUGH THE AIR, hits the Tower and leaves a bubbling black streak on the surface.

All the Attackers start firing. Launching grenades. Rockets.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Computer screen:

BATTLE COMMENCING
ATTACK/DEFEND MODES ENGAGED!

AIR SUPPORT ON STAND-BY!
Calculating ETA.

INT. AUTOMATED HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Load lifters turn on. The Flying Vehicle waits and keeps track of the situation as well, on its data screens.

Computer screen:

DEPLOY DEFENDERS

INT. TOWER

DEFENDERS, again Colonial Militants like the ones outside, stand ready at the doors.

Repair crabs scurry away or hide. Many of them hide in special compartments in the many suits of armor of the Colonial Militants standing around.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Light spills from the Tower as the huge doors open revealing the Defenders in silhouette. Helmet lights come on.

The Defenders come out - FIRING! Lasers, grenades and rockets trace out. ZIP, ZIP, ZIP, ZIP.

Attackers get hit. Arms. Legs. Heads. Leni raises her cannon to fire. Gets hit by a laser. Her shoulder plate shatters. Spins. Falls.

Garth. Pump. Fires grenade. Pump. Fires another grenade.

Near the Tower, grenades stick into the sand, in front of the Defenders. The first one explodes and two Defenders are THROWN BACK.

The second one explodes. Three Defenders are blown back.

Leni stands up. Aims. A laser hits a Defender's leg and blasts the knee away. Leni fires, bores through a Defender helmet.

The Defender drops. Face down. Another Defender approaches them.

Leni shoots at the power pack on the downed Defender. The power pack explodes knocking the second Defender off its feet. The Defender turns and launches a grenade.

And. Hits. Leni, square. Stuck in her armor.

Five. Four. Three. Two.

One.

Leni explodes. Head and appendages blown in five directions. Torso blasted apart. Leni's helmet knocks another Attacker down.

Five Defenders on a line. Walking. Firing lasers. Slicing across at head level.

Angus ducks. Shoots. Knocks a Defender down.

Pumps. Launches grenade. It explodes. Fires again.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Buddha calculates the Attacker/Defender balance. The Defender's are at 32% of the battle participants, then 30%.

Buddha switches to another mode: **LAUNCH AIR SUPPORT!**

INT. AUTOMATED HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle takes off. Wind. Sand. The ceiling closes.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle cruises over the terrain. Follows the contours. Hills roll underneath it.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

CLEARANCE WARNING!

An outcropping directly in front of the flight path appears. The Flying Vehicle YAWS, to the left. Barely MISSES the outcropping.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Attackers and Defenders are mixing in the battle. Fire crisscrosses between them. The soldiers are no longer in concentric semicircles.

Angus blasts a Defender. Dead.

Three beams trap Angus in a triangle for a split second.

He turns and cuts down another Defender.

THE FLYING VEHICLE BANKS. Veers left. Slows down. Approaches a hill. It lowers to the surface. Cuts speed. Hovers.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

A schematic of the hill and the battle behind it displays.

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

STAND BY!

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Explosion. Angus gets knocked down. Pushes up. Looks around. Soldiers everywhere. Flashes, explosions. The whole canyon is lit up by the nighttime battle.

A Defender SPOTS ANGUS. Walks up to him, aims and EXPLODES!

Angus covers himself from the shrapnel. Defender parts. Pieces. Everywhere.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The computer continues to calculate the balance of forces. Defender rank: 26%.

Computer screen:

AIR SUPPORT STAND BY!

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Angus gets up.

CALVIN (O.S.)
All Attackers. Laser strafe on three.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. The ATTACKERS DUCK. Calvin SWINGS HIS LASER BEAM across the BATTLEFIELD. He hits several Defenders knocking them down.

Angus watches Calvin's beam sweep across the battlefield, towards him, knocking down Defenders and barely ducks in time.

Attackers shoot the remaining Defenders. THEY HAVE A CLEAR ADVANTAGE.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Buddha calculates the balance. Defender rank: 16%.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

```
*****
ENGAGE AIR SUPPORT!
ATTACK!
*****
```

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle throttles up and over the hill and dives into the battlefield.

Attackers approach the Tower, down more Defenders.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

A schematic of Attacker targets displays on the vehicle's computer screen.

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

```
MONICA* --|--|--
CALVIN*** _ +| |+
empty
EUSTUS* ^^ ^
GARTH**^* |\ .. ^
STRUNZ ** ^ ** ^ ** _|
```

The Computer doesn't see Angus. Instead it lists him as an 'empty' slot. As seen from the air, the Attackers are in the same order.

- Monica.
- Calvin.
- Angus.
- Eustus.
- Garth.
- Strunz.

A particle beam bolts down. EUSTUS EXPLODES knocking Angus down.

Angus looks up.

Eustus' lower half is still standing. Fire burns where the torso was. Then the knees bend and the legs slowly fall over.

Beams start dropping all over. Particle beams. Slicing. Punching. Taking Attackers out quickly.

Angus crawls forward. STRUNZ, male, 30s, gets hit. A beam takes his LEFT ARM OFF.

Angus looks at Strunz. STRUNZ SCREAMS and tumbles to the ground. Angus crawls over to him.

ANGUS
Strunz! Strunz!

Strunz rolls over. Struggles to his feet. Picks up his laser cannon with his other arm. Starts firing.

Angus stares at Strunz' SEVERED STUMP. REPAIR CRABS appear suddenly and STANCH THE BLEEDING. A section of the armor closes, like a camera iris, sealing what's left of his arm.

The crabs further patch it up and then they disappear.

The Flying Vehicle fires another beam.

A direct hit on Strunz, destroying him.

ANGUS
Strunz!

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The schematic of Attacker targets updates, indicating the destroyed targets, such as Eustus and Strunz.

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

```
MONICA* --|--|--  
CALVIN*** _ +|+  
empty  
eustus DD-----  
86:36:7  
GARTH** | \ .. ^  
strunz DD----- 86:37:3  
GORMAN* * -- +\| | | |
```

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Angus CONTINUES CRAWLING. The GUNFIRE IGNORES HIM. Angus finds himself on a path to the Tower doors, TWENTY METERS FROM THE DOOR. He gets up.

The Flying Vehicle boldly hovers meters above the battle, picking off soldiers. It evades shrapnel and debris effortlessly.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Buddha calculates the balance. Defender rank has risen: 65%.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

More Attackers drop as the balance shifts. Angus sees a Defender fire at an Attacker, GORMAN, male, 20s. The beam pokes through his neck.

GORMAN

slakd reererewqd ew erwq rewq
rewq rq rew rqw rewq rq reqw
rwqrewr...

Gorman falls backward.

Angus notices that the Tower DOORS ARE OPEN and looks around at the battle. Attackers are falling all over. Defenders are making a minimal effort.

Angus looks up at the Flying Vehicle. It's practically SITTING there. Something new happens to Angus...

HE GETS ANGRY.

He aims, fires his laser and hits the Flying Vehicle. It dodges to the left, as if surprised, and instantly retaliates.

But it targets and hits a Defender, instead of Angus, standing nearby. Angus watches him fall down.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

But, Buddha notices.

Computer screen:

Casualty report; 1 destroyed, 0 injured
****ANOMALOUS TARGET****

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Angus sees the DOORS STANDING OPEN. In front of him. He walks towards them.

He's nervous, THIS IS THE CLOSEST ANYONE has ever got to breaching a Tower perimeter, expecting to get hit at any moment.

Ten meters.

Five meters.

At the doors.

INT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Inside is like a white hangar, heavy reinforcing beams, industrial markings, service robots.

A data screen in Angus' helmet suddenly shows the layout of the Tower, which surprises him. Even he knows this should be classified information...

DATA SCREEN:

Communication/Telemetry.
Cooling.
Ground level.
Maintenance.
Mining.
Reactor.
Refinery.
Repair.
Power.

The last item draws his attention: **POWER.**

Another one of his data screens displays a list of strategies and tactics.

DATA SCREEN:

OPTIMAL TARGET POINTS / Primary - Power pack

He thinks. He looks at the layout of the Tower and makes an inquiry. His thoughts are patched into the suit's computers, part of the hybrid between human and machine.

DATA SCREEN:

INQUIRY: next course of action?

He waits.

DATA SCREEN:

Default attack mode
****Power****

He stares at the screen.

DATA SCREEN:

Default Optimal target: **Power**

A data screen immediately displays a schematic of the ground floor leading him to the Power sector. A HOMING BEACON assists him as well, a hotter/colder direction system.

Angus reaches a corkscrew ramp. He descends two levels to the subterranean area.

INT. POWER SECTOR

Angus gets closer to the Power plant area and finds the Reactor. One data screen gives him obvious information.

DATA SCREEN:

WARNING!
AVOID REACTOR SPACE!
(Weapons prohibited in reactor area.
Sec.
846611.47. Possible reactor damage due
to...

Angus faces the Reactor. Another data screen gives him tactical information.

DATA SCREEN:

PROCEED!
Vector 227. 31 meters N/E -32

Angus enters a large cylindrical area. A huge dynamo sits in the middle. Lights start spinning - Alarms. He scans the area.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Computer screen:

****INTRUDER ACTIVITY IN POWER SECTOR****

INT. POWER SECTOR - CONTINUOUS

A schematic in Angus' helmet highlights the target. Angus makes an adjustment to his cannon. He STARES OUT.

Angus launches a grenade. CHUNK, it sticks into the Dynamo's outer casing.

He launches a second grenade. CHUNK. It sticks.

Digital counters on the grenades count off.

Angus turns and leaves the Dynamo. He moves quicker than before. He can hear an AUDIO COUNTDOWN. He ascends to ground level.

Maintenance crabs come out to look. The first one to a grenade is clearly surprised. The word goes out and the crabs go into a frenzy as they scurry around the grenades, tapping, testing, probing and prodding them.

INT. GROUND LEVEL

Angus clears the ramp. Swings the cannon around. Just in case. No one is there.

He moves towards the doors. Defenders are outside, aimed away from him.

He reaches the doors and stands in the center - three Defenders immediately in front of him. He aims, starting on the left. Fires laser. Bull's eye! Middle. Bull's eye! Right. Bull's eye!

But that was easy since they were IGNORING HIM. He continues forward, shooting, clearing a way. He leaves the Tower.

ANGUS

Attackers! Fire in the hole!

INT. POWER SECTOR - CONTINUOUS

Some of the crabs have managed to dislodge one grenade and are frantically scurrying around trying to dispose of it.

There's dissension among them as to how to dispose of it. Some clearly want to dismantle it. Others want to get it out of the Power Sector.

They manage to split it open as the digital counters reach...

ZERO.

At least one grenade explodes. The Dynamo casing ruptures. The Dynamo EXPLODES in ever increasing multiple stages.

All the lights flicker and go out.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Just outside the Tower, Angus shudders from the SHOCK-WAVE OF EXPLOSIONS. He steadies himself.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

****~ 88kjlkl;bzzst blerk;'dsf w---3**
~``*8**a878(**45 asddjw**

The screen flickers. Information drops out. BLACK!

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle pitches. External Tower lights go out. Emergency lights come on.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Buddha's display skews, interrupts.

Then...

Computer screen:

EMERGENCY*POWER FAILURE***EMERGENCY
Goto BkUP Power.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The screen reestablishes.

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

**SWITCHING TO ONBOARD SYSTEM.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle recovers after a momentary loss of altitude.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Buddha figures out what happened.

Computer screen:

**SYSTEM DIAGNOSTIC SEARCH!!
MALFUNCTION
SABOTAGE
INTRUDER

The Attacker/Defender screen disappears, replaced with.

Computer screen:

**REPAIR MODE REPAIR MODE REPAIR MODE
REPAIR MODE REPAIR MODE REPAIR MODE
REPAIR MODE REPAIR MODE REPAIR MODE
REPAIR MODE REPAIR MODE**

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The remaining Defenders give up and return to the Tower. It's no longer a battle, it's repair time.

Angus turns. Fires at them. He drops two. Three.

The rest of the Attackers stop shooting and stand by. Angus notices them and is confused.

INT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Pressure and heat gauges quickly drop and rise respectively.

Computer screen:

**EMERGENCY EMERGENCY EMERGENCY
EMERGENCY
FULL GENERATOR FAILURE
REACTOR COOLANT POWER FAILURE

REACTOR COOLANT PRESSURE LOSS
DANGER DANGER DANGER DANGER DANGER
DANGER**

SIRENS go off. Red lights start spinning. KLAXONS. Codes.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Angus has the same screen on one of his data screens. He suddenly realizes what it means as he does a double-take.

ANGUS (O.S.)
All Attackers,... evacuate field!

Monica's data screens indicate the current situation as well.

DATA SCREEN:

****REACTOR EMERGENCY!
**EVACUATE ALL NON-ESSENTIAL
PERSONNEL!
correction
**REACTOR EMERGENCY!
**EVACUATE ALL PERSONNEL!
**REACTOR FAILURE!

Monica stares at the screen not knowing what it means.

ANGUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
All Attackers, evacuate field!
The reactor is going to detonate!

She DOESN'T GET IT. She looks up. The Tower emergency lights are all on. Angus runs towards her.

MONICA
Tycho Muhammad. Calvin? Confirm
situation analysis.

CALVIN (O.S.)
...Stand by, Monica.

Calvin doesn't get it either.

ANGUS (O.S.)
Evacuate field. Reactor
emergency.
(pause)
All Attackers, evacuate field.
The reactor is going to detonate!

Angus passes them, RUNNING AWAY FROM THE TOWER. Monica is persuaded by dint of his exuberant example.

MONICA
Code nine, nine, nine!
Emergency. Reactor. Failure.
Evacuate coordinates three-seven-
three, six, oh-oh, eighteen-two-
two and nine-five-one. Mark.

Monica turns to flee. Calvin HESITATES.

Some Attackers start to turn. Others hesitate. Unsure.

About half of the remaining Attackers are now fleeing.

Calvin turns to follow them. Stops. Turns back. Stops.
Turns again. Confused. Finally, he runs after them.

Huge armor is hard to move. Nonetheless they move quickly.
They climb a ridge leading out of the canyon. The other
Attackers finally get it. Turn. Flee the battleground.

INT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Heat gauges are RISING rapidly. Pressure gauges are
DROPPING equally fast.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle fires on the retreating Attackers.

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

****EVACUATE AIRSPACE!**
****RADIATION EMERGENCY!**
****EVACUATE AIRSPACE!**

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle stops shooting. Throttles up and shoots across the landscape. Away from the Tower.

Now some Defenders - very few - try to flee.

INT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Heat and pressure gauges hit MAX.

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Angus is out in front with Monica. Calvin is close behind with the other Attackers.

The ridge crest is in sight.

Thirty meters.

Twenty.

Ten.

Over it. Angus stumbles.

Falls. Rolls down the slope.

Calvin clears it. The others follow clumsily.

The last Attackers and Defenders running as fast as they can. Nearing the ridge.

The Tower is now a

WHITE FLASH

The reactor has exploded. The blast incinerates everything within sight in the Canyon mouth. The last few Attackers and the few Defenders to understand the situation are vaporized in mid-step.

Those over the side of the ridge are saved from the heat.

But the shockwave lifts the fleeing Attackers and Defenders and hurls them. Some are dismembered by the force. Others are smashed like empty cans.

Angus, Monica, Calvin, all get thrown like toys. They slam, tumble and roll to painful stops at the bottom of the ridge.

The memory again... His hand on the small of her back....

The wind hurled by the shockwave covers them with tons of sand and debris.

A roiling mushroom cloud climbs into the sky in the center of the canyon mouth where the Tower used to be. It illuminates the area for some time and then gradually dims.

Darkness covers the battleground.

Angus is buried.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CANYON MOUTH - MORNING

A huge black-stained crater is where the Tower was. Everything looks like it's smoldering, despite a cold wind and sand spray.

An audio signal: HOO, TIK. HOO, TIK.

Angus is unconscious. His eyes move about under his lids.

DATA SCREENS:

Repair sub-program.doc.889.347174 end
DAMAGE INVENTORY
An error occurred in diagnostic
procedure. All systems are working
except ENET-microprocessor, from
previous damage.
Telemetry broken. Malfunction in ENET-
1 microprocessor.
 (TING. TING.)

Angus is buried in the sand but he doesn't know it until he opens his eyes. Slowly. His faceplate is rust colored. Sand? Buried in sand?

His suit turns on, lights come on. He looks around at his data screens. Reads. Thinks. Scrolls down menus. Stops at 'PROXIMITY SCAN.'

DATA SCREEN:

Monica: 85.356338% rehab.

ANGUS

Monica?
 (pause)
 Calvin?

He scrolls back to '**DAMAGE INVENTORY.**' That displays his suit layout: **Intact.**

He scrunches his eyes shut. Grunts.

A pile of sand moves. An "L" shape rises from the sand, an arm, a hand. Feels about. Pushes down. Lifts up.

Sand pours off Angus. He pushes up with his other arm. Climbs out from the sand, sits up and slowly looks around. Tracks. Footprints.

Another pile. He crawls over. Brushes away sand. Uncovers Monica's battered helmet. The faceplate is intact. Her eyes are closed. He scans her.

DATA SCREEN:

Monica: 85.356338% rehab

Her eyes are moving under her lids. STRANGE. He tugs on her, rolls her over. Small lights go on in her helmet. Sand pours off. Her suit seems intact. Angus sits back, thinks.

ANGUS

Buddha? Angus reporting ninety-nine point nine, nine, nine, seven, three percent rehab. Ready.

Nothing. Thinks. He looks at one of his data screens.

DATA SCREEN:

**BUDDHA Telemetry Network
 Inquiry: Why no response?**

He waits.

DATA SCREEN:

**DAMAGE INVENTORY!
 Telemetry broken. Malfunction in ENET-1 microprocessor.
 Inquiry: Nature of ENET-1 malfunction?
 **No transmission of recognition codes.
 [RECOGNITION CODES; Transmitted codes that allow BUDDHA (Binomial-UUDynamic Datamated Heuristic Algorithm) to recognize parties in communication.
 Required for data recognition.**

He tries again.

ANGUS

Buddha. Angus reporting ninety-
nine point nine, nine, nine,
seven, three percent rehab.
Ready.

Nothing.

Angus looks at Monica. Stands up. Walks around.

He studies tracks around them. Apparently some soldiers
went back on-line and left.

He walks to the ridge and looks back at the Tower.

Black smears are where soldiers had been, radiating from
ground zero. Nearby are scorched and melted soldiers on
the wrong side of the ridge. Buried. Dripped. Pooled.

Angus stares at the melted dead. The bodies are blackened,
inside of their suits, baked alive in an instant. The
suits are bubbled by the heat and distorted by the force of
the explosion.

It's as if these Colonial Militants were made of wax. One
soldier's arm remained up right, reaching for safety. What
used to be intricate and articulated armor now looks like
an expressive and artistic bronze casting.

A proximity alert AUDIO SIGNAL goes off, startling Angus.
He turns around and looks for the source. His suit shows
him trajectories and a reticle, projected on his faceplate,
showing him where to look. But he's caught off-guard.

Finally he focuses and sees a dot in the distance, on the
horizon.

DATA SCREEN:

PROXIMITY ALERT! PROXIMITY ALERT

Approaching Colonial Militant
Transmitting Peace code ^82/*60
FRIENDLY CONFIRMED!

Angus perks up and squints at the far off figure.

DATA SCREEN:

IDENTIFICATION: ELDON

ANGUS
(to himself)
...Eldon...

He steps forward, reflexively.

ANGUS
Greetings Eldon.

There's no response. Instead Angus watches ELDON approach, gradually, slowly, step-by-step.

Angus returns to Monica's side.

ANGUS
Greetings Eldon.

Nothing. Angus watches the soldier continue to approach.

He's walking DIRECTLY TOWARDS ANGUS, gradually becoming bigger. Dust and heat waves obscure him.

Closer. Bigger. Clearer. It takes some time.

Angus watches, transfixed. Eldon's armor is SHINY, PRISTINE.

Eldon gets close enough for Angus to read his markings. It's salvaged armor. But it's clean and polished. NEW. Right off the assembly line, big PETROCOM logos on his legs, arms, shoulders and helmet.

Angus blinks. Eldon is barely a young man, a teenager still. And, he's an exact replica of Angus, only younger.

ANGUS
Greetings—

Eldon is under ten meters away.

Eldon's data screens show a LAYOUT OF ANGUS. He's definitely there, in front of him — a whole list of physical attributes.

But no name. No received codes. No PEACE codes. No HOSTILE codes. Therefore ELDON IGNORES HIM as he walks up to Angus.

He stops because of Monica, and looks down at her. His data screen shows a layout of Monica, prone, on the ground.

DATA SCREEN:

Monica: 85.356338% rehab

ANGUS
Greetings.

Still nothing. Angus touches Eldon on the arm. Eldon turns and looks at Angus.

ELDON
Who are you?

ANGUS
Tycho Muhammad....

Still no response.

Angus stares at Eldon's face. It's smooth and rosy whereas Angus is creased, drawn and weathered. It's like looking into a strange mirror, something Angus has never done before, or can't remember doing....

ANGUS
Angus. Seven eight, seven three.

Angus touches him again. It's the only way to get him to address him.

ELDON
You are not... identified.

ANGUS
Negative. No that's not true.
Angus sev....
(pauses)
Angus.

Eldon looks at Monica again. Angus touches him again. Eldon thinks.

ELDON
You are not identified.

He turns and looks at Monica.

ANGUS
Angus. Angus.

Eldon turns and walks away in the same direction as before.

ANGUS
Wait. Stop. Eldon.

Eldon ignores him.

ANGUS
Where are you going?

Eldon turns dramatically and enthusiastically says, as if he were in a television commercial,...

ELDON
Forward. Secure and hold for
PetroCom. Look for the blue sky.

Angus is exasperated.

ANGUS
Wait. Don't go.
(pause)
Eldon!

Eldon ignores him.

ANGUS
Don't go. Don't leave.

Eldon walks away.

ANGUS
Eldon. Eldon.

Eldon just as gradually becomes a dot again on the HORIZON.

Monica's data screen indicates her diagnostic procedure has stalled.

DATA SCREEN:
Monica: 85.356338% rehab.

Angus looks down at her. He looks at his own data screens.

DATA SCREEN:
Monica: 85.356338% rehab.

ANGUS
(nervous)
Monica.

Another of his screens displays...

DATA SCREEN:
**Inquiry: Monica rehab at 85.356338%.
Estimated time to 100% rehab.
REPAIR MODE ERROR (28.2633433)
[ERROR 28.2633433: Repair routine
cannot proceed as directed. Start
again or refer to external diagnostics
(BUDDHA.rm286.332)].**

ANGUS
Monica? Monica?

Angus kneels next to her. Looks at her face. Her eyes are still moving under her lids. He watches her for a while.

He looks up. Eldon is gone. Not even a dot on the horizon anymore. But, his TRACKS TRAIL behind him.

Angus resumes looking at Monica. An expression crosses her face. Weird. He crouches closer to look.

He watches. Another expression. Far and few between. But he watches for them. He's astonished.

DATA SCREEN:

**Inquiry: Face Movements?
Involuntary muscle contractions due to
peripheral cerebral activity during ROD
(read only dream) states . No
significance. All critical and/or Hi-
Cap brain activity directed by BUDDHA
or built-in BUDDHA sub-directories.**

Another expression. The corners of Monica's mouth rise. A faint smile. Angus stares at her, WATCHING SOMEONE DREAM, for real, for the FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE.

He reaches out and touches her helmet. He looks up again at the tracks Eldon left.

Studies them. Follows them.

Horizon to Monica. And. From Monica. To...

...the FIRST TRACKS Eldon left.

Angus stands and stares at the first tracks then at Monica.

Hesitant. Unsure. He looks all around. At the sky. The sun. The twin neighboring moons.

The ground.

He makes a decision. Angus turns and follows the first tracks to look for Eldon's origin.

EXT. PLAIN - AFTERNOON

Eldon's footprints curve around a huge wreckage half buried in the sand.

Angus approaches the wreckage. Eldon had completely avoided it and then continued on his original course.

It's another huge ship, one of theirs, human technology, a transport. The name is painted on the side: GeoConSo — Geo-Consolidated.

It's broken in two pieces. Nose here, storage and propulsion about two hundred meters away. Laser scars are all over it, especially on the engines.

Apparently it was shot down. Flying Vehicle? Angus stares at it. The nose section is badly damaged. Angus finds a way in.

INT. NOSE SECTION

The floor is buckled from crash damage. He struggles forward. Angus scrambles through the corridors and finds the bridge. The ship's design allows room for Colonial Militants to move throughout with some freedom.

He finds four pilots in a bridge nest, a pod where the control stations are, surrounded by the space of the nose section. The pilots are mangled, wearing spacesuits, GeoConSo patches on them.

The human bodies look tiny compared to Angus in the oversized Colonial Militant armor he lives in.

Angus peers into a faceplate. A skull grins back at him. It's black and shiny, almost polished. It's VERY OLD.

One pilot's head was crushed in the crash. Dust and sand are everywhere. Indirect light from a tear in the fuselage fills the area.

EXT. CRASH SITE

Angus walks over to the aft section. The fuselage is listing at a slight angle. The engines are broken and bent upward.

One of his data screens indicates higher radiation in the aft section.

INT. AFT SECTION

He climbs in. He can see a cut-away view of the ship, hull, storage, pressure tanks, wiring, insulation, etc.

There are three levels. Angus goes through a corridor. He finds all of the storage bays, empty. He finds a ladder to the other levels and goes upstairs.

INT. UPPER LEVEL

Angus finds a large room. In the corner is A BODY IN A PRESSURE SUIT. He looks into the face plate. Another grinning, blackened, desiccated skull.

Angus turns to the rest of the room. Sand covers everything.

He moves over to a computer terminal and brushes aside some sand and dust. Lights. There are lights still on!

He brushes more dust off. The console is large. Someone put a sticker on the console that says: HAVE A NICE SOLAR CYCLE! There's too much dust. Angus looks around for something to use.

He goes over to the dead crewman, turns him over. He takes a cannister off his back. He disconnects it from his suit and goes back to the console.

With one hand he opens the valve and sprays pressurized air over the console and blows the dust away.

It does a fairly good job revealing more stickers, placed by philosophical crew members: ARE YOU WORKING TO LIVE, OR LIVING TO WORK?, THIS IS THE FIRST SOLAR CYCLE OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE and PROCESS LOVE, NOT WAR.

He sits down at the terminal. The screen is pale, faded. It has a red 'COLLISION ALERT' screen on it, BLINKING.

Angus touches a key. The screen changes. But the red alert has burned into the screen. It can still be seen over the main menu.

Angus grabs a metal nipple on his armor. He pulls it out and a cable follows. He plugs the cable into a standard jack on the console.

Now the main menu from the ship's console is also on Angus' data screens.

SHIP COMPUTER

Hi, Angus seven eight, seven three. May I help you?

Angus is stunned by the voice talking to him, recognizing him. It's the SHIP'S COMPUTER speaking to him, a business-like but pleasant female voice. He moves his lips, not knowing what to say.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)

You have successfully patched into my data port. Unless otherwise indicated, I will upload primary inventory directories in ten seconds.

DATA SCREENS:

Upload inventory directories?

Angus doesn't know what to do. All of the screens start flashing as they transfer data to him.

The LIGHTS REFLECT OFF HIS FACEPLATE as he absorbs more and more data. His eyes open wider and wider. His big armored HANDS TWITCH as screens flash by faster and faster.

His head starts to pull back. His eyes open wider. He turns his head, reflexively away from the console.

Screens flashing, his eyes start to roll back into his head. He's taking on too much data too quickly. His hands and arms twitch abortively and repetitively.

DATA SCREENS:

```
*****
^^  SYSTEM OVERLOAD  ^^
*****
```

Angus passes out.

```
SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Primary inventory directories
successfully uploaded. What
would you like to know?
```

LATER

Angus opens his eyes. He looks around and blinks. He seems hungover or somehow altered.

He stays there for a while studying his surroundings. The data screens show him an interface indicating all of the directories on the different available hard drives.

Angus wakes up some more with an idea in mind.

```
SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Accessing Flight Record. Flight
Record. What would you like to
know about Flight Record?
```

His thoughts, his questions, are immediately read by the ship's computer who answers them as they occur to him. His data screens show the complete files and directories and any video images available.

DATA SCREEN:

```
>> FLIGHT RECORD <<
0500:30:01.20; Departure from GeoConSo
Plant 59
MISSION; Return Home GcX32w3.
```

Nominal flight performance.
 ^To GeoConSo Largo Earth Station 33^
 ^^To GeoConSol, Earth^^
 *
 0500:35:14.48; Engage enemy aircraft.
 No escort
 *
 0500:35:57.77; Mayday transmission to
 GeoConSo Plant 59 and GeoConSo Largo
 Earth Station. Evasive action
 subroutines.
 *
 0500:37:33.88; Heavy damage, direct
 hits on starboard engines.
 *
 0500:38:43.80; Engine failure. 40%
 loss of flight worthiness.
 *
 0500:39:00.23; Crash. All (10) crew-
 members expired. 0 Cargo.
 *
 >> End flight record. <<

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
 Mission: Return Home. Departure,
 solar time, thirty, zero one,
 twenty. Nominal flight perfor—
 (interrupting)
 Accessing final log. GeoConSo
 Transport 5430 crashed at solar
 time thirty nine, zero zero,
 twenty three, after being
 attacked by Petrocom escort
 ships. All ten crew-members
 perished. No rescue/salvage
 attempt—
 (interrupting)

One data screen shows footage from the ship's cameras of
 the attack, the crash and the subsequent hours and days.

Angus scrolls up to a line item.

CONSOLE SCREEN:

MISSION; Return Home GcX32w3.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
 Mission profile, Return Home.
 GeoConSo 5430 was on return
 flight to GeoConSo Largo Earth
 Station, GeoConSol, Earth,
 according to order GcX32w3—
 (interrupting)

One data screen shows the transport taking off. The ship's computer responds to Angus' thought and flashes another screen.

CONSOLE SCREEN:

MISSION DETAIL:

GcX32w3; Return Home.

Recall all transport and non-planetary equipment. GCS Order 8685.335.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Order GcX32w3, Return Home,
according to GCS Order 8685.335—
(interrupting)
Accessing GCS Order 8685.335.
GCS Order 8685.335; All movable
personnel and equipment recalled
in compliance with CANCELLATION
of Terraforming operation on
CEM.4 (A.Centauri system 187).

Angus thinks for a long while.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Standing by—
(interrupting)
May I help you—
(interrupting)
What would you like to know—
(interrupting)

CONSOLE SCREEN:

CANCELLATION of Terraforming operation.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
GCS Comm. 7778743 Last
Communication: Terraforming
Operation Cancellation. All
GeoConSo terraforming operations
on CEM.4 have been cancelled.
Current transports are
redirected—
(interrupting)
For further information I
recommend the following files.

Angus contemplates the current screen.

CONSOLE SCREEN:

GCS COMM. 7778743:
GcX32w
GCS Order 8685.33
Evac

Plant Shutdown
GCS Annual Report

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Accessing Annual Report.

Angus' faceplate goes opaque as the annual report is projected on it.

Another voice, the ANNUAL REPORT voice, an appealing woman's voice, reads the copy of the Annual Report with perfect tone and manner. The accompanying video images are beautiful and very colorful.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE
The GeoConSolidated Annual
Report, Two Thousand Three
Hundred Twenty Two. Reaching to
the stars for a better life on
Earth.

It's designed to be seen by SHAREHOLDERS. NOT SOLDIERS.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
Contents: Letter To Our
Shareholders, Annual Report,
Statements of Operations, Balance
Sheets, Assets, Liabilities and
Shareholders' Equity, and Future
plans.
(interrupting)
Letter To Our Shareholders.

A video begins of an enthusiastic and smiling pudgy white man in a suit and tie, the GCS CEO, 50s. His name, WESLEY FOEGHAARD, is superimposed on the image.

SMILES are NEW TO ANGUS. His face INADVERTENTLY MIMICS ONE. He's never seen a man in his fifties, smiling.

WESLEY FOEGHAARD
Dear...
(pause)
Angus seven eight, seven three:
(pause)
I am very happy to say that last
year proved to be—
(interrupting)

Angus stops the video and stares at this strange phenomenon. This is the oldest man he's ever seen, dressed in the oddest way. A portion replays.

WESLEY FOEGHAARD (CONT'D)

I am very happy to say—

(interrupting)

I am very happy—

(interrupting)

I am—

(interrupting)

I—

(interrupting)

Angus stares at him.

ANGUS

...I...

...and into space, thinking.

WESLEY FOEGHAARD

I am very happy to say that last year proved to be a great year for GeoConSolidated, witnessing an 89 percent increase in overall operations, up from our 65 percent increase the year before. Net sales for the year ended December 31 2322...

Angus' faceplate and his data screens are coordinated in a startling multimedia symphony, illustrating the information of the annual report.

According to Angus' interest, as with the ship's computer, the annual report moves on to other items.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE

(interrupting)

Moving on.

WESLEY FOEGHAARD

...continue from changes the Company instituted ten years ago. Seeking strategic opportunities and new product developments to enhance the Company's growth...

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE

(interrupting)

Moving on.

WESLEY FOEGHAARD

...Sometimes, to continue healthy, one must clear away old growth and make room for the new. Some operations deemed

unprofitable have been phased out; the Jovian Asteroid Belt Station, the Great Alaskan Oil Fields and several outer world operations. These moves have contributed to the Company's profitability...

Angus watches video snippets of the Jovian Asteroid Belt Station, the Great Alaskan Oil Fields and the outer world operations.

The outer world operations look a lot like the planet and operation Angus knows, terraforming plants and towers. Wesley's margarine smile gets interrupted.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE
(interrupting)
Moving on. Annual Report. An overview on GeoConSo's operations. Fossil fuels and mining throughout the known universe.

The introduction to the Annual Report is a montage with lots of glitzy pictures of happy people working and playing. Apparently, GeoConSo is making lots of people happy, smiles everywhere.

A man and a woman and smaller versions of both of them, children, all smiling, on a deck, part of a big white structure, a house. Lots of windows and artwork on the walls.

The four people, THE FAMILY, look at the planets in the sky. In THE BLUE SKY. Angus stares at the blue sky. He's used to a sky the color of rust.

Now the family is on a beautiful beach. The woman is wearing a bikini. Angus stares at her body....

Memories... His hand on the small of her back....

His huge armored hand twitches.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
The work that GeoConSo does makes all of this possible.

The annual report runs down a list of accomplishments as shown.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
New refinery techniques perfected
by GeoConSo.

Silhouettes and sunsets....

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
Lunar operations.

Working personnel. Structures on Earth's moon....

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
The gas giants; energy research.

Everyone's smiling stupidly, orbiting Jupiter and Saturn!

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
Military research and
development.

Gung-ho and technoid photographs....

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
Deep space operations.

THIS STOPS ANGUS COLD. It's a picture of a SHINY, BRAND
NEW COLONIAL MILITANT, not soldered and welded together
from salvaged pieces, but factory-made.

He's HEROIC, towering, on a desolate planet in a binary
system; two suns in the background. He looks like a
younger Calvin. There are more militants behind him.

In the background, peeking through clouds, is a tower. As
he looks at it, the annual report captions it (kind of like
pop-ups in computers of today).

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
Terraforming Oxygenation Plants.

ANGUS IS TRANSFIXED...

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
Terraforming Plants and
Refineries are placed on dead
planets with oxygen rich soils in
an effort to return them to Earth-
like splendor. In a short time
these planets are ready for use
in our massive colonization
effort.

An animated diagram shows how the Towers take oxygen in the
planet's soil, convert it to gas and pump it into the

atmosphere. The animation shows the rebirth of the entire planet, sped up for our edification.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)

GCS's Colonial Militia helps secure these planets for exclusive use by GCS brand colonies. Against competing companies like PetroCom, InfraSpace, ExxoCon, and others, the Colonial Militia graciously provides an invaluable service.

The annual report shows shiny happy Colonial Militants, by the thousands, lining up to board transport ships, much like this one.

All of the faces he sees are the same faces he's seen in all of his battles, Calvin, Eustus, Strunz, Leni, Monica, and his own.

The animation shows a sanitized version of the massive colonization effort mentioned before.

Landing on a desolate planet, claiming it, as shown by an animated field of color with the GeoConSo logo spreading over the planet, obliterating the competitors' logos, and hundreds of towers now working away, terraforming this planet into a beautiful cousin of Earth.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)

Six operations have so far proven to be great successes...

The image of thousands of Towers spewing vapors is almost identical to 20th century footage of factories polluting Earth's atmosphere, but these are making lethal atmospheres breathable.

Another picture shows a Tower with a puffy white plume growing out the top, with green grass and trees growing around the plant and refinery, framed by a brilliant blue sky.

The shiny new Colonial Militant stands triumphant, without his helmet, in this new world.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

Colonial Militants are men and women specially trained for their valued service.

Angus flashes on the memory of the Defender, ROACH, with his helmet torn off, BREATHING THE ATMOSPHERE ON THIS PLANET, SCREAMING.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)

Colonial Militants are administered in their combat activities through the help of our GCS Systems Hologrammatical ONYX computer arrays. As needed, ONYX systems present to the Colonial Militants as divine figures, an identity that brings out the most commitment and dedication, such as Buddha, Muhammad, Vishnu, Jesus, and others.

(pause)

With their Militia suits and the telemetry assistance of their central supervisory computer they combat competing companies. Only the best computer is good enough for our Colonial Militia; the GCS Systems Hologrammatical ONYX.

Angus' attention returns to a picture of a particularly large Tower complex, apparently with Buddha INSIDE.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)

When strategic alliances are formed ONYX systems can easily and immediately end bellicose operations and form cooperative ventures, allowing for better combat administration...

A picture of a dish antenna. Computer animation of a satellite in orbit.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

...Our best orbital satellite model, the OS17, is used to keep all Colonial Militia in constant contact.

Buddha sends the phrase "This blue sky brought to you by GCS." on a friendly animated lighting bolt to the satellite which then sends it to the waiting shiny new Colonial Militant, which seems to start up and move into action.

The soldier smiles and waves his huge armored hand.

SHINY NEW COLONIAL MILITANT
This blue sky brought to you by
GCS.

ANGUS
...look for the blue sky...

Angus' jaw clenches. He glances at the ARE YOU WORKING TO LIVE, OR LIVING TO WORK sticker. Minutes, perhaps hours go by...

LATER

The annual report is droning on with Angus moping.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE
Some operations have been cancelled due to poor profit projections. Planetary research shows that CAL.6 (A.Centauri system 218) would require a larger effort than GCS is prepared for at this time. CEM.4 (A.Centauri system 187) a long and particularly difficult operation has been cancelled due to heavy initial investment costs.

Angus blinks and perks up. The annual report repeats herself.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE (CONT'D)
CEM.4 (A.Centauri system 187) a long and particularly difficult operation has been cancelled due to heavy initial investment costs.

He gulps. Another window and menu calls up the mission profile.

SHIP COMPUTER
Mission Profile.
(interrupting)
Moving on. GCS Order
8685.335;... CANCELLATION of
Terraforming operation on CEM.4
(A.Centauri system 187)

The "CEM.4 (A.Centauri system 187)" on the mission profile window and "CEM.4 (A.Centauri system 187)" on the annual report screen match.

It is the SAME PLANET ANGUS HAS LIVED AND FOUGHT ON HIS WHOLE LIFE.

Angus opens a third window, goes back to the GCS Comm. 7778743 Last Communication menu.

CONSOLE SCREEN:

GCS COMM. 7778743*
GcX32w
GCS Order 8685.33
Evac
Plant Shutdown
GCS Annual Report

He accesses "***Evac***".

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
 EVACuation Order: Terraforming
 Operation planet CEM.4 (in the
 Alpha Centauri, system 187) is to
 be evacuated of all transport and
 non-planetary equipment and
 personnel. All Colonial Militia
 and Terraforming Plants are
 losses and to be left behind.

Angus thinks a question. The ship computer's words chip away at Angus' expression.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
 Cancel: 1) verb: to give up
 something previously arranged or
 agreed on. Call off, Drop, Scrub,
 End, Terminate, Annul,
 Invalidate, Rescind, Revoke, Give
 up, Relinquish, Surrender. 2)
 verb: to eliminate or neutralize
 with or as if with a stroke of
 the pen. Erase, Annul, Black
 out, Blot out, Delete, Efface,
 Expunge, Obliterate, Wipe out, X
 out, Negate, Nullify, Abolish,
 Blank out, Cross off, Cross out,
 Cut out, Eliminate, Excise,
 Extirpate, Rub out, Scrape,
 Sponge out, Strike out,
 Neutralize, Remove, Take out,
 Withdraw—
 (interrupting)

Another question occurs to him. These words continue to erode what little confidence and self-esteem exists in him.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)

Left behind: 1) phrase: Something or someone that has not been gathered, collected, picked up, included, remembered, valued, appreciated. As in garbage, refuse, debris, trash, unwanted materials, discard. 2) Phrase: forgotten, overlooked, neglected, missed—

(interrupting)

Angus looks back at the annual report. The annual report repeats herself again.

ANNUAL REPORT VOICE

...operation has been cancelled due to heavy initial investment costs.

Angus digests what he's just learned. His expression flutters between unfamiliar thoughts and pains. He's like a faulty TV with the vertical hold scrolling repeatedly for a long while.

SHIP COMPUTER

Would you like anything else, Angus seven eight, seven three?

Angus snaps out of it and seems to glare at the ship's computer.

EXT. PLAIN - NIGHT

Angus walks away from the crash site. The NEIGHBORING TWIN PLANETS are waxing, at a quarter now. They cast a strange violet light on everything. His helmet lights are on, shining two white ovals on his tracks back to Monica.

Angus has an expression on his face of deep concentration, almost anger. The wind is fairly strong. Sand pelts him from the side. It hisses. On the long walk, Angus stares at the time counter again.

ANGUS

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years. Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years...

EXT. CANYON MOUTH

Angus is a tiny twin set of lights in the violet expanse as he follows his tracks up the ridge, until.... Monica, partially buried in the sand. He kneels beside her.

He scans her.

DATA SCREEN:

Monica: 85.356338% rehab.

His data screen indicates life.

DATA SCREEN:

Life signs: Stable.

He grabs one of her arms and drags her out of the sand, looks at her, through her faceplate. The violet light makes her scary looking. His helmet lights wash away the violet. Her eyes are still moving. She's drooled a bit.

He stands. He reaches back and pulls out a cable from his back. He bends down and attaches it to a metal loop on Monica's suit. He reaches back on the other side, turns around and does the same thing.

He takes a step away, squats down. He hits a switch and the cables winch her closer to him, drag her up and onto his back. Scraping and screeching. He scoots back in, under her weight, then stands up.

He tests his balance; a huge Colonial soldier with an equally huge burden. He starts walking, tracing his tracks back to the crash site.

EXT. CRASH SITE

Angus' footsteps sound heavier. He strains his way closer to the transport ship. Step by step. Meter by meter. The planets have sunk closer to the horizon.

Finally he reaches it. He walks around the wreckage. He finds a series of large doors on one side; Payload. He lowers Monica next to one closest to the ground.

INT. PAYLOAD BAY

A door slides open. Angus steps in, turns, and closes the door. It's a big bay. Empty. Angus walks across it to an external door. Goes to the panel on the side, opens the external door.

Monica is outside. He drags her inside and closes the door. Reconnects the winch cables and drags her to the other door.

INT. REPAIR ROOM

Door opens. Angus drags her in and over to an angled table the shape of a soldier. He connects himself to the console.

SHIP COMPUTER
Hi, Angus seven eight, seven
three. May I help you?

This startles him again. He places her on the table and connects her computer link to the table and connects cables from the table to her.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Hi, Monica two four, eight eight.
May I help you?

Angus accesses "environmental control."

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Pressurizing repair room,
standby.

The room pressurizes. He opens a vent in his helmet. Tests the air. He sneezes repeatedly, but it's okay.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Bless you!

He's never sneezed before, not that he can remember... Angus looks at Monica's face, then he sits down at the terminal.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Starting repair mode diagnosis.

CONSOLE SCREEN:

Inquiry: Monica rehab at 85.356338%
REPAIR MODE ERROR (28.2633433
[ERROR 28.2633433: Repair routine
cannot proceed as directed. Start
again or refer to external diagnostics
(BUDDHA.rm286.332).

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Monica two four, eight eight is
85 percent functional. Automated
repair mode cannot proceed due to
an error, error 28.2633433.

Organic component requires
recuperation as well. What would
you like me to—
(interrupting)
Locating malfunction.
(pause)
CMX 2B microprocessor is burnt
out. Would you like to replace—
(interrupting)

Angus blinks a thought at the ship's computer.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Replacing.

The table comes to life as repair crabs come out of it and
Monica's suit. Repair crabs also come out of the repair
room walls.

Two of them open a hatch on her back. A tiny board pops
out. One crab plucks out a chip. The other replaces it
with a new one it has retrieved from somewhere. The board
slides back in.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
CMX 2B replaced and operative.

Angus looks at Monica on the table.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Start repair mode, automatic or
manual?
(pause)
Manual.

The computer runs down all of the components and lists them
allowing Angus to decide what gets repaired. Repair crabs
scurry all over Monica. He okays everything until it gets
to the ENET-1 MICROPROCESSOR.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Reset?

Angus shakes his head, no.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Disabling ENET-1 microprocessor
will prevent telemetry control by
Buddha of Monica two four,—
(interrupting)
ENET-1 microprocessor is
disabled.

They continue the rest of the repair routine.

INT. LABORATORY - (FLASHBACK)

A boy, 9, is standing, wearing a grey jumpsuit. Tubes and wires are attached to it. He's wearing a cap with more wires attached. Laser scan-lines flash across his face. He watches.

It's Angus as a boy. He watches as other children walk along a metal corridor. There are lights, sounds. The whole place is a scary machine.

LATER

Angus is older, 13, adolescent. He's still wearing a grey jumpsuit like before. He's walking along the metal corridor in a line of other adolescents.

RECREATION ROOM: Angus in a wire frame version of the Colonial Militia suits. Training. A whole row of kids are training.

DORMITORIES: Young Angus sleeping. All of them in capsules, similar to coffins, have caps on linking them to a computer. Their eyes move beneath their lids; Hypno-learning.

SIMULATOR: Young Angus in target practice with an apparatus on his arm and head; Laser sighting. Laser targets. Other kids are doing the same thing.

ASSEMBLY ROOM: Young Angus steps up to a platform, as do all the other adolescents. A machine picks him up and "builds" a suit of armor around him. First a metal exoskeleton; hydraulics, pulleys, tendons and joints, then snug-fitting microprocessor boxes, peripheral equipment. Then, articulated armor panels.

Finally three cables are fastened to the back of his head. Sparks. Pain. Then the helmet.

RECEIVING AREA: HUGE DOORS OPEN. Outside is an ARID PLAIN.

EXT. PLAIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG ANGUS LOOKS UP AT THE SKY FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME as he steps outside.

He's astonished by the sight.

But, computer buffers dampen his curiosity.

His FACE literally SHUTS DOWN

...from the astonished expression he initially had. He turns his attention to the plain and sets out to wander.

EXT. BATTLEGROUND (FLASHBACK)

Young Angus is an Attacker, fighting Defenders. Laser fire courses by him, grenades exploding, rockets shooting across the battlefield.

As the Attackers press their advantage the Defenders, with help from the Flying Vehicle neutralize the Attackers.

Some are instantly destroyed. Smoke is everywhere, smoke that drifts away as the battle subsides, smoke that clears to reveal a TOWER.

THIS TOWER IS HUGE. This is where Buddha lives...

And out of the top. NOTHING.

NOTHING comes out of it. No converted oxygen pumped into the atmosphere. No white vapor. No blue sky.

AFTER THE BATTLE: the field is littered with the injured, the dying and the dead. Young Angus watches all of them. Faces in pain, crying out. Angus watches.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. REPAIR ROOM

Angus is asleep with his helmet off. He jumps and wakes up, disturbed. The same three cables are connected to the back of his head. His head barely clears the collar of his armor. He's sitting against a wall.

He stands and sees Monica. Monica's helmet is also off. She too is bald, their hair follicles have been genetically stunted. She is in a chair in rest mode. Angus shakes the sleep out of his head and thinks.

He notices something and gets closer to her. Her face twitches, Monica is dreaming. TEARS are streaming down her face. He's fascinated and slowly reaches out TO TOUCH ONE.

His HUGE ARMORED HAND CAREFULLY TOUCHES HER FACE. He can "feel" it through his armor and he reacts slightly.

Memories... His hand on the small of her back....

The situation makes him self-conscious and he snaps out of it.

He steps back as she wakes.

Incongruously he launches into a good mimicry of the ship computer's enthusiasm.

ANGUS

Hi, Monica two four, eight eight.

(pause)

Where are we going?

She gapes at him, recognizing her designation, her name. But, she doesn't recognize him.

MONICA

Forward. Secure and hold for
PetroCom.

She didn't think, she just said it. Angus stares at her.

ANGUS

(whispered)

Look for the blue sky...

MONICA

Buddha. Monica reporting one
hundred percent rehab. Ready.

No response. She periodically looks at Angus.

MONICA

Buddha. Monica reporting one
hundred percent rehab. Ready.
Respond.

ANGUS

Your ENET-1 is disabled.

She heard what he said and seems to corroborate that with her own data screens.

ANGUS

It controls transmissions with
Buddha.

She checks that.

ANGUS

Buddha will not respond.

After consideration she looks at him.

ANGUS

You were damaged in the last
battle.

She looks at their surroundings and the fact that her helmet is off.

ANGUS

A GeoConSo Transport ship.

She gives the place another look.

MONICA

...There are no transport ships.

ANGUS

This one is...old...crashed.

Monica nods almost imperceptibly. Angus walks over to Monica.

ANGUS

Look.

SHIP COMPUTER

May I help you—Accessing.

Angus shows her everything he's learned, with help from the ship computer.

She watches intently: The Colonial militant from the GeoConSo annual report; the section on Terraforming; the Flight Record; the Cancellation order; the OS17 satellite; the list of competitors.

He gives her a lot to think about.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)

...Against competing companies like PetroCom, InfraSpace, ExxoCon and others the Colonial Militia graciously provides an....

ANGUS

This is a GeoConSo ship.

He stares at Monica.

ANGUS

What happened to GeoConSo, InfraSpace and ExxoCon?

Monica thinks, instead of responding. He looks into her eyes. She looks back at him without any reaction.

ANGUS

Monica two four, eight eight.

This way of addressing her throws her off. It's too...personal. Angus is struggling to put together a thought.

ANGUS

What are you...doing here?

Monica stares at him.

ANGUS

What is your mission?

MONICA

Secure and hold for PetroCom.

He's getting somewhere.

ANGUS

What is that?

Monica stares at him, but this time she's thinking more.

ANGUS

Where is Petrocom?

Monica is about to respond but she realizes that she doesn't know and stops short.

MONICA

That is irrelevant.

Angus gets more worked up.

ANGUS

Then why secure and hold for Petrocom if it is irrelevant?

These questions are making her brain hurt. She recalls...

MONICA

To make new worlds and new homes for mankind!

ANGUS

Where are the mankinds?

Again, she's stumped. He turns his attention to the computer files.

SHIP COMPUTER

Accessing, GCS Comm. 7778743 Last Communication.

CONSOLE SCREEN:

GCS COMM. 7778743:
GcX32w
GCS Order 8685.33
Evac
Plant Shutdown
GCS Annual Report

He scrolls down to *Plant Shutdown*.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
PLANT SHUTDOWN: All terraforming
plants shut down according to UN
regulation 86356 (No incomplete
experiments shall be left
unattended.)

One of his screens has the list of Plants.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Accessing Plant 59: Ready.
Plant 59 operation status,
Inactive.
(pause)
Accessing. Plant 59 is fully
operational.

Angus and Monica stare at the screens.

SHIP COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Accessing. Listing all plants and
their operational status: Plant
1: INACTIVE; Plant 2: INACTIVE;
Plant 4: INACTIVE; Plant 5:
INACTIVE; Plant 6: INACTIVE;
Plant 9: INACTIVE; Plant 28:
INACTIVE; Plant 29: INACTIVE;
Plant 30: INACTIVE; Plant 31:
INACTIVE; Plant 32: INACTIVE;
Plant 33: INACTIVE; Plant 35:
INACTIVE; Plant 36: INACTIVE;
Plant 38: INACTIVE
(interrupting)

Angus stops the list and speaks to the computer.

ANGUS
Are all plants inactive?

SHIP COMPUTER
Yes.

Suddenly Monica looks at Angus.

ANGUS

Terraforming is not happening here. The plants are operational, but they are not operating.

She stares back at him.

MONICA

Then, what is...the objective... of...all this?

Angus leans in as close as he can and looks in her eyes.

ANGUS

I...don't...know...

Monica twitches as he says "I."

ANGUS

We... are fighting... a cancelled operation.

She accesses the cover of the Annual report.

ANGUS

You... are fighting a cancelled operation—

MONICA

(interrupting)

Stop!

She holds up a hand. She's overloaded with information. He stops and waits, watching her eyes dart around, thinking.

CONSOLE SCREEN:

**GeoConSolidated
Annual Report
2322**

She looks at the screen.

MONICA

(weakly)

What is the current year?

Angus stares back at her.

ANGUS

Don't know— wait...

But then he checks his clock on his data screen. Monica turns to the computer as Angus reads it.

SHIP COMPUTER

Current year is four thousand,
two hundred thirty one, solar
time, also known as Earth time.
The time is zero two hundred,
twenty two, thirty two, and
ninety eight seconds.

MONICA

What is the year of the crash of
this transport?

SHIP COMPUTER

Lima year, sixty seven. Solar
year, two thousand, three hundred
twenty two.

ANGUS

(whispered)

One thousand nine hundred and
nine years ago...

Monica and Angus stare at each other.

MONICA

How long is that?

He looks at her and then shrugs through his armor.

ANGUS

I don't know...

They look at each other without understanding what they've learned....

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE - DAY

Memories... His hand on the small of her back....

Angus WAKES UP. Monica is nearby, sleeping. They have their helmets on and are in an upstairs section with large windows.

A storm outside batters the ship. Angus watches as the atmosphere roils and thunders. Periodically lightning cracks down. The wind howls. It rocks the wreckage. It's quite beautiful.

Angus looks at Monica. She's squatting, asleep. He watches her quietly. He looks out the windows again. The

clouds are changing. Suddenly a finger of atmosphere starts to point down; a FUNNEL CLOUD.

It forms swiftly, and powerfully. It pokes down. As soon as it TOUCHES the ground it starts to suck sand into the sky.

Now the howling, battering wind is sandblasting the crashed ship. The funnel turns red the more sand it sucks up. It seductively curves and whips around.

Now it starts to MOVE TOWARDS THE SHIP.

Angus checks his data screens.

DATA SCREEN:

WARNING!

Cyclonic disturbance!

Move to shelter!

Angus stands and moves over to her, touches her.

ANGUS

Monica. Wake up. Monica!

She wakes.

MONICA

Huh? Wha... What?

ANGUS

A cyclonic disturbance. Stand up.

They scramble away from the windows. The funnel approaches the ship quickly. And then STRIKES the ship rocking it violently. The rocking becomes shaking and rattling.

The ship suffered severe damage in the attack and crash. This section does not have hull integrity. The buffeting shakes lose bulkheads and seals. The windows bulge inward and then explode.

Various loose objects get sucked out of the ship. Angus and Monica are pulled off their feet. The funnel sucks them towards the windows. They scramble to hold onto anything.

Sudden gusts pull them even harder outside. They both bump up against the hull, grab on. The funnel starts to yank them out. They push against the hull trying to stay inside.

And suddenly the hull rips open.

Angus and Monica get lifted into the funnel, screaming. Their fear is purely instinctive. Data screens are going crazy, flashing warnings at them, basically telling them to get their feet on the ground.

ANGUS

Monica!

She even calls out his name.

MONICA

Angus!

The wind lifts them high in the air and carries them for a moment. It moves past the ship, destroying that portion.

These huge, very heavy, Colonial Militants are twirled about like toys until they fall to the ground, scattered like the rest of the debris. They crash in the sand, barely missing worse damage.

The storm crawls over them, giving them one or two final kicks, and gradually dies out.

They're breathing heavily but calming down. Angus has a strained expression on his face.

He stares out at what could have been HIS DEATH.

His expression tightens. He's definitely ANGRY.

He tries to push himself up but falls. His arm is damaged. He grunts and tries the other arm and gets up to look around. He can't see Monica anywhere nearby.

She too can't see Angus. They resort to the data screens. A screen shows them on the map and how far away they are from each other.

Angus stands fully, his damaged arm hanging limp. He accesses his repair mode and his repair crabs emerge and immediately get to work on his arm.

ANGUS

Monica? Are you operational?
Were you damaged?

She refers to her screens.

MONICA

Negative on damage...I

The word "I" stops her, but she said it.

MONICA
...am operational.

ANGUS (O.S.)
Excellence. Recommend
reconnoiter at azimuth 42.7723.

Angus is looking at the map that is blinking a spot in between them as their recommended meeting point.

MONICA (O.S.)
Copy. Are you damaged?

He checks his diagnosis.

ANGUS
Negative.

Monica hears that and sort of smiles, relieved.

MONICA
...Good.

They each start walking towards each other, marked on each other's data screens. They were thrown about a mile away from each other.

MONICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What are we going to do?

Angus looks at her blip on the data screen. His expression seems to have a new determination to it.

ANGUS
We're going to find Buddha.

Their suits quietly whine and purr as the mechanics move them along.

EXT. DESERT PLAIN - DUSK

The world has taken a BRILLIANT VIOLET GLOW as the sun sets. Gradually Angus and Monica's helmet lights come on. They walk together, reunited.

Angus has Eldon's tracks geometrically projected onto his faceplate from a replay of running into him.

There are impressive mountains in the distance, evidence of ancient oceans carving this planet. The repair crabs finish fixing his arm and return to their homes, some return to Monica's armor.

They walk silently for a long time.

Angus is looking off into the distance, almost mesmerized. Gradually, a popping sound introduces itself. His eyes flicker some wonder. He starts to notice the popping sound.

He refers to his data screens. Nothing abnormal. He looks up again. He looks around, turns his head, looking for that sound.

There's nothing in their immediate surroundings that catches his attention. He looks out further. Nothing in the expanse ahead of them or the sky seems to be producing the sound.

Angus is getting perplexed (Where is that sound coming from?). He taps his helmet with one hand.

ANGUS

Monica?

MONICA

Yes?

ANGUS

Do you hear that sound? It...

They LISTEN. She looks around as Angus had done. They look purplish as they trudge along.

MONICA

What sound?

ANGUS

A... popping sound.

She listens. Closely.

MONICA

No... Monica does not hear an anomalous sound.

Angus frowns, listens,...

Listens....

ANGUS

It stopped.

(pause)

I can't hear it.

He frowns again. Gives up. They continue walking.

Minutes pass. As do meters.

POP.

POP.

He notices it again; Aha. The popping sound coincides with their footsteps. Almost. Angus stops walking.

Monica continues walking. Angus watches her. The sound coincides with her footsteps. She notices that Angus has stopped. Monica stops walking. Turns around.

MONICA

What is it...

ANGUS

It stopped. Again.

Angus is confused.

ANGUS

The sound. It started again.
(pauses)
And now it stopped again.

They listen.

ANGUS

It seemed to come from your
footsteps.

She's confused also.

MONICA

Footsteps?

ANGUS

Start walking again.

Unsure, but... She starts walking again. Angus listens carefully, watches her. She walks around, purposefully.

MONICA

Negative.

ANGUS

Silence!

He listens some more. Monica walks some more. Nothing. No popping sound. Angus is frustrated.

ANGUS

Ach...
(pause)
It's gone again.

She stops walking.

MONICA

Have you run a helmet diagnostic?

ANGUS

Yes. That's not it.

He grunts. Angus continues walking again. Monica joins him. They continue quietly for some time.

MUCH LATER

He's concentrating on the land ahead. Eldon's footprints reappear in an area untouched by the tornado. They look as if drawn by a draughtsman. They're slightly off of the line projected by Angus' template.

Perfectly straight POP!

Angus hears it.

POP!

He's getting upset. Frustrated.

POP!

Furtively he looks around, searching for that sound, like a hunter. He looks at Monica's feet. The sound doesn't always coincide with her steps.

He's walking sideways now.

He raises his eyesight from her feet up her legs, her arms, her helmet. Her face. Her mouth.

OPENING AND CLOSING HER LIPS. Unconsciously she's making that POPPING sound with her mouth.

He maneuvers in front of her.

ANGUS

It's you!

She was mesmerized. She stops popping. Notices him.

MONICA

What?

They stop walking.

ANGUS

You are making that popping
sound.

MONICA

What?

ANGUS

You've been making that popping
sound. All this time. With your
mouth.

MONICA

Wha... Bu...

She looks lost. He replays video footage of her face and her mouth making the sound. He transfers it to her helmet, instantly.

She gapes at it. Nuances of expressions flutter across her face. Embarrassment. The corner of her mouth attempts a smile.

MONICA

Sorry...I...

ANGUS

Well....

He doesn't know what to do. His face also fluctuates. He attempts to say something, and then....

Starts GIGGLING.

She starts giggling also.

It sounds insane, almost mechanical. Unpracticed.

Now... She starts laughing in earnest.

He does too.

They laugh more and more. It takes them over.

Each one making the other laugh more. Uncontrollably.

They laugh so much and so hard that tears come to their eyes.

ANGUS

...It ...was ...you.

MONICA
I...didn't...know.

The two of them stand in the middle of the violet blue desert. Laughing their heads off. Arms swinging carelessly. Stumbling around. Two huge Colonial Militants being...

SILLY.

On the horizon appear two brilliant slivers.

Slowly the twin planets rise. Almost full now. Intensely bright.

It's almost like daylight. The planets are partially broken up by cirrus clouds. But they remain intense.

Angus and Monica's laughter has died down as the twins rise higher.

MONICA
(astonished)
...Look!

They gaze at the sight. The planets' atmospheres create amazing colors.

They're both astonished.

MONICA
Have you ever seen anything like that?

Angus smiles before he answers. Frowns. He hesitates.

ANGUS
Never...

He stops himself, because he faintly recalls that he has, many times. He looks at Monica for help.

ANGUS
Yes. Haven't you?

Monica thinks about that.

MONICA
...uh... yes.
(pause)
There is... some recollection.

They look at each other. Then back at the sky.

They stare for a long while. Angus concentrates. He's thinking. His attention drifts from the planets to another thought. Or other thoughts.

ANGUS

Do you recall anything else?

That grabs her attention away from the planets also. She looks at him, thinking and nodding.

MONICA

...incomplete. A scrambled signal...

Angus nods.

MONICA

Do you?

ANGUS

Yes. Scrambled. I...remember seeing those planets like that. But not clearly...

(pause)

Not until you indicated them.

Angus looks back at the sky.

ANGUS

I remember many things....

Memories... His hand on the small of her back....

He sighs ruefully.

EXT. PLATEAU - DAY

Angus and Monica follow Eldon's tracks across the plain. There are huge buttes on the horizon.

ANGUS

All of them seem the same.

Angus and Monica are continuing a conversation.

MONICA

Yes.

As they walk the plain ahead of them starts to look different. There are wisps of black smoke trailing into the air.

They walk.

ANGUS

It always ends the same way.

And walk.

MONICA

Yes.

And walk.

ANGUS

Have you ever secured a Tower?

And walk.

MONICA

Uh... No.

(pause)

There is no recollection of ever
securing a Tower.

(pause)

...ever.

The plain in the distance attracts Monica's attention.

ANGUS

I don't either.

MONICA

We are approaching smoke.

He looks up to see the smoke trailing off, in the distance.

ANGUS

Copy.

As Angus and Monica approach the edge of the plateau the
valley below reveals itself. In the distance they see...

More smoke and a Tower.

It's part of a PARTICULARLY LARGE TOWER COMPLEX...

And a battle. Angus and Monica reach the edge. They see
the Flying Vehicle picking off soldiers. Scaling their
numbers down to a non-threatening size.

It's been a very big battle. There are hundreds of
soldiers lying on the ground, from both sides, injured and
dying.

They can see the Tower's Defenders giving up the battle,
letting the Flying Vehicle do it for them. The Defenders
turn and go back to the Tower.

The Attackers, one by one, are neutralized. Left to repair themselves or become scrap for repair crabs.

Three, two, one.

The Flying Vehicle drops the last Attacker.

Another battle is over.

Monica stares out at the battlefield. She glances at Angus. Angus is staring also. His mouth drops open. She notices.

MONICA

What?

Angus doesn't respond.

MONICA

Angus?

He blinks. Looks at her. She's nervous. He points at the Tower complex. Monica looks at the battlefield.

The Flying Vehicle circles the battlefield and then zooms over one of the hills behind the Tower. Angus is scrutinizing the valley floor

ANGUS

There. See?

She looks.

ANGUS

The OS17.

(pauses)

The satellite link?

She looks at the Tower complex and sees a dish antenna. It's on one of the higher points of the complex. She looks back at Angus. He considers her.

MONICA

(whispered)

Buddha?

He nods. They both nod at each other, solemnly.

Angus and Monica descend from the plateau. Loose rocks precede them. The littered battlefield jumbles closer to them.

Dead soldiers are lying all around them. Many were instantly destroyed. Others were injured, some worse than others.

Now they're in REPAIR MODE.

Angus and Monica are now amongst them. Repair crabs are starting to scurry all over the place. Hissing from the crabs movements rises from the whole valley as a murmur.

Angus is walking straight. Monica is looking around at all the wreckage and carnage. It all makes a great impression on her. Angus walks directly to the Tower complex walls. Monica trails behind a bit.

INT. TOWER COMPLEX

Angus goes to the doors. They're closed. They stay closed even though he motions towards them as if he were entering. He steps back, surveys the complex. He turns and goes to one end.

Monica lingers and then follows him.

MONICA

This is the oxygenation section....

ANGUS

Yes.

MONICA

Where are you going?

ANGUS

Recon.

She nods and joins him. They find a building marked "B Wing". Angus and Monica walk up to one of several large doors on the side of the building.

They also remain closed. Angus goes over to a panel on the side, opens it. Inside is a lever; OPEN, CLOSE. He grabs and pulls it down. The door opens.

They walk into the Receiving area from ANGUS' DREAM.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Computer screen:

ACTIVITY IN B WING; RECEIVING!

Buddha has noticed.

INT. TOWER COMPLEX

It's a huge space, metal everywhere. A flicker of recognition crosses Angus' face. Ahead is the Assembly Room. He can see the ARMOR BUILDING MACHINES in the distance.

ANGUS
(whispered)
...I remember this place...

Monica barely hears him. He looks at her.

ANGUS
Don't you?

She stops. She nods, slowly. He walks to the Assembly Room. Angus stares at the armor building machines, the platforms, all of the strange equipment.

He remembers. Everything is DORMANT RIGHT NOW. He climbs one of the platforms, walks around. Monica is also remembering. She's staring at everything, agape.

MONICA
What is this?

ANGUS
This is where... we were
assembled.

Monica walks around. The Assembly Room is huge. There are multiple rows of machines. And each row stretches for a long distance to both sides.

Monica explores the back rows. Angus climbs down from the platform.

Monica finds more doors at one end of the Assembly Room. Angus joins her. She opens a door.

The door slides up: Dormitories. Angus and Monica step in. They walk onto a deck that stretches to either side like the Assembly Room.

On the other side of the deck is a row of hundreds of elevators. Angus and Monica stand between two elevators at a railing and look out at a metal lattice of levels about thirty feet from them.

Each level is covered with hundreds of dormitories. Inside the capsules are HUMAN BODIES, sleeping.

Angus and Monica stare.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Computer screen:

LOCATE SOURCE OF ANOMALOUS ACTIVITY!

INT. DORMITORIES

Angus and Monica continue to stare in disbelief at the sheer volume of bodies that must be stored here. There's a level directly in front of them and lots of levels above and below.

MONICA

What is this...

As they watch, one section of dormitories comes to life. The capsules pop open. Adolescent men and women stand up and start to shuffle out in one direction.

ANGUS

New soldiers.

Angus turns around and leaves the dormitories. Monica turns too.

MONICA

Where are you going?

ANGUS

Looking for a terminal.

Monica follows him into the Assembly Room.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM

Angus finds a terminal near one of the assembly machines. He plugs in.

MONICA

Why?

ANGUS

See what is happening with those new soldiers.

A console screen turns on. A menu appears.

COMPUTER

Hi, Angus seven eight, seven three. May I help you?

This computer voice is similar to the ship computer. Angus makes an inquiry.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
What would you like to know about
New Soldiers?

Angus makes another inquiry.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Cannot find
directory. Access denied.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Computer screen:

ANOMALOUS ACTIVITY SOURCE LOCATED!

Assembly Room: Console 7748

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM

Angus tries again.

COMPUTER
What would you like to know about
New Colonial Militia?

Angus makes another inquiry.

BUDDHA
ANGUS 7873, what are you doing?

Angus freezes. Shocked. Frightened. He catches his
breath. Monica is also shocked. Buddha's voice is
completely different than the computer voice. It doesn't
bother to be polite. It sounds impatient, busy.

MONICA
Buddha.

BUDDHA
ANGUS 7873, what are you doing?
RESPOND NOW!

Monica disconnects Angus from the terminal. He snaps back
with a gasp.

MONICA
Move.

ANGUS
What?

MONICA
We have to go. Buddha knows
you're here.

Angus nods. They run through the huge Assembly Room and out.

EXT. VALLEY - BATTLEFIELD

Calvin is walking from the Tower to B Wing.

He sees Angus and Monica run out the door. They head through the battlefield back up to the plateau. Calvin raises his laser cannon and fires a warning shot.

Angus and Monica see it PASS.

CALVIN
Stop! Identify designation!

Angus shakes his head at Monica. She understands. They scramble around the injured soldiers and stop. They crouch down and hide from Calvin.

Calvin trudges onto the battlefield. He scans the bodies lying about. Angus and Monica are kneeling next to three or four soldiers in repair mode.

Calvin gets closer to them. He looks right at them but doesn't shoot. He can see them but can't see them... Angus slowly places a restraining hand on Monica's arm.

Angus turns off his suit, the lights and screens power down completely. Monica is surprised and looks at him quizzically. He nods emphatically to follow his example. She powers down her suit.

Calvin gets closer. He stops within ten feet from them and scans them. Repair crabs climb onto Angus and Monica, they're potential salvage.

Calvin's data screen shows him a layout of the soldiers around him.

DATA SCREEN:

```

HENDERSON.....rm >>,XC ^ 5^%%
WILL.....rm < 3 *** ^ ^ ^
KOHL.....dead *** < ** > ^^ B
      (blank)
      (blank)
TIGHE.....rm * ^^\\^^^ ^ ^ /\

```

The blank slots are Angus and Monica as physical bodies, just like rocks, terrain or dead soldiers. Calvin doesn't recognize them.

Angus' repair crabs come out and seem to have a discussion with the other nosy crabs. Some start taking apart Angus' repaired arm.

Calvin scans some more. He's looking RIGHT AT THEM.

CALVIN
Identify designation!

He can see Angus and Monica looking back at him. More anxious than Angus, Monica moves her head, eyes, and mouth, whereas Angus remains still. But Calvin doesn't seem to get it.

Some of the first rehabilitated soldiers get up around the battlefield, drawing Calvin's attention. HE GIVES UP, turns around, and heads to the B Wing doors. Angus and Monica watch him reach the doors and go inside.

ANGUS
(muffled)
That was Calvin.

MONICA
(muffled)
What?

Angus powers up his suit. The foreign crabs stop working abruptly now that the suit is clearly operational. Angus' crabs seem miffed and take parts back from the nosy crabs and undo their "repairs."

Monica powers up too. Crabs scuttle off of her.

ANGUS
That was Calvin.

She can hear him clearly now.

MONICA
Yes...

ANGUS
Do you remember him?

Monica thinks about it. Shakes her head.

ANGUS
We were with him. At the last
battle we fought.

She can't remember. He stands up and starts walking towards the slope.

ANGUS

Let's go.

She stands also, and follows him.

MONICA

Where are we going?

ANGUS

To watch from the plateau.

They weave around the bodies. Monica looks at all the soldiers, crabs busily at work. Her data screens identify all of the soldiers.

DATA SCREEN:

```

STEVEN.....rm ^^ * ++ |+ +
DOBEN.....rm || | \\ ^ (**
SUZE.....rm /00 - | \\//

```

Monica slows down.

MONICA

Angus.

Monica stops walking, looking at all of the soldiers.

MONICA

Can you patch into these repair mode soldiers?

He stops walking and turns around to look at her. He looks at the soldiers. He refers to his data screens in his helmet. He looks back at her with an expression of interest.

ANGUS

Yes...?

He kneels down to one of the soldiers. Checks him out.

ANGUS

We can patch in and...

MONICA

...neutralize their ENET-1 microprocessors.

A genuine smile crosses his face as he nods more and more enthusiastically at her. After a moment it's infectious and she can't help but smile (a child's first accomplishment acknowledged...)

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM

Calvin is walking around looking for Angus and Monica. He has his laser cannon out, swinging back and forth. He finds Terminal 77483 and plugs in.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Computer screen:

LOCATE ANGUS 7873

Last location: Assembly Room, Console
77483

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Calvin understands his latest orders and disengages to continue looking for them.

EXT. VALLEY

Monica is studying one soldier on a data screen.

DATA SCREEN:

Subject: Suze 4252
Reset ENET-1?
No.

Both Angus and Monica are plugged into two different soldiers. As soon as they finish with one they move to another. Angus plugs in and...

DATA SCREEN:

Subject: Peter 2543
Reset ENET-1?
No.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Calvin is walking around the assembly machines looking for them.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Buddha escalates its interest.

Computer screen:

DEFENDERS ON ALERT; LOCATE ANGUS 7873

Locate Colonial Militant not
transmitting
recognition code.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Again Calvin seems to comprehend. He stops his progress. Turns and heads outside again.

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Angus and Monica scurry around from soldier to soldier disabling their ENET-1 microprocessors.

MONICA

Fourteen soldiers will be one
hundred percent in ten minutes,
so far.

ANGUS

Good.

EXT. B WING DOOR

It opens and Calvin comes out and heads directly into the battlefield.

Calvin's data screen indicates the status of the fallen soldiers as he's looking for Angus.

EXT. TOWER

The doors open. The remaining Defenders are standing at attention.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Computer screen:

DEFENDERS ACTIVE; LOCATE ANGUS 7873

Locate Colonial Militant not
transmitting recognition code.
Locate Angus 7873
NEUTRALIZE!

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Defenders step outside. They raise their laser cannons to firing positions.

Monica disconnects from a soldier, stands up and moves to another one. She notices the emerging Defenders.

MONICA

Angus?

ANGUS

What?

He looks up. She points.

MONICA

Defenders.

He sees them.

MONICA

But they can't see us.

ANGUS

Yet.

He stands.

Calvin notices something on his data screen.

DATA SCREEN:

```

NON-TRANSMITTING COLONIAL MILITANT
*****
LOCATED
^^ * 8 ** * *88 * ^^ ^-\

```

CALVIN

Angus 7873. Located.

Angus and Monica see Calvin's data screen in their helmets as well and hear him.

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

Vector seven two six...

ANGUS

Keep working.

Monica hurries to another soldier as ANGUS TRIES TO EVADE CALVIN. Calvin fires his laser. It hits just in front of Angus. Angus ducks. He pivots and fires at Calvin. Calvin ducks also.

Angus runs for cover. The battlefield has several craters from the various explosions. Angus scrambles into a deep crevasse.

Calvin has lost him momentarily. Monica hurries to another soldier.

A laser blast hits two feet away from Angus. He glances in its direction.

The Defenders see him.

There are about fifty of them. These are the Defenders that weren't injured and therefore didn't need repairing. They ALL START FIRING AT ANGUS.

Angus hunkers down in the hole as laser fire sprays across the top throwing sand and debris over him. The air around him sizzles from the crisscrossing beams.

Monica is frightened by the onslaught directed at Angus.

The Defenders start to FLANK ANGUS. They swing out to their left, and continue shooting at him.

Calvin is getting CLOSER TO HIM as well.

Angus crawls along looking for another hiding place. He reaches a point where he can see Calvin. He aims and shoots him, hitting Calvin on an arm, KNOCKING HIM DOWN.

Angus climbs out of the hole and runs for another crater nearby. At the last moment a laser bolt hits him tossing him into the crater.

Before Monica disconnects from the soldier she's administering she MAKES ANOTHER ADJUSTMENT.

A menu appears on her data screen. She scrolls down to a specific item.

DATA SCREEN:

ATTACK MODE!

She disconnects and runs to the side.

Angus is rolling over on his side surveying the damage he suffered. He's relatively okay. An armor plate is torn to shreds. The Defenders continue their fire.

Calvin is back on his feet and advancing. His data screens indicate the terrain and the crater Angus is hiding in. He's getting closer to him. Soon he'll be in range. He aims in preparation.

Angus LOOKS OVER THE RIM of the crater. Calvin is aiming at him. He ducks down. A laserbolt hits Calvin.

Monica fires at him again. Another hit, but it glances off as Calvin falls again.

She swings around and shoots at the advancing Defenders. She hits several. Their shooting is interrupted.

Monica's first shot went through Calvin's shoulder. He struggles to make it work. He stands again. He scans in her direction. Spots her.

CALVIN
Second non-transmitting Attacker
located. Vector four four
seven....

Angus shoots at Calvin, making him duck.

Some Defenders turn looking for Monica. She runs from her original location, trying to evade their fire. Some spot her and start shooting. She dives into a ditch and rolls. She sits up and looks out.

The soldier she had adjusted sits up. Instantly he turns around, locates the Defenders and starts shooting. One of the Defenders explodes— A DIRECT HIT. Two more go down.

Monica aims and launches a grenade. She launches another. They land in front of the Defenders.

One of them steps right onto the first one when it explodes taking his legs off and flipping him backwards into the air.

The second grenade goes off disabling three more.

The other Defenders launch three grenades at Monica. She scrambles out of the hole and runs for another one. She reaches it as the first one blows.

Then the second. And third.

The repaired soldier launches a grenade at the Defenders. He runs to the side, away from the return fire. The grenade explodes. Five Defenders; direct hit, destroyed.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Very quickly the screen scrolls down the following stages.

Computer screen:

AIR SUPPORT ACTIVE

LAUNCH AIR SUPPORT

EXT. AUTOMATED HANGAR

Ceiling doors open on a part of this Tower complex. The FLYING VEHICLE IS STATIONED HERE. It takes off and leaves the hangar.

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle zips into the airspace over the fighting. It slowly circles the battlefield as if looking for a fugitive.

More injured soldiers start getting up, having completed their repair routines. At first they hesitate, studying the situation but then they switch over to attack mode, given the circumstances.

They stand up in different places. Therefore they provide a confusing new element for the Defenders to consider.

Four newly repaired soldiers are now standing. They shoot their laser cannons at the Defenders. The Defenders are taking HEAVY CASUALTIES. The flying Vehicle circles the battlefield again.

MONICA

Angus. Report!

Angus turns to look for Monica. He's still in the crater.

ANGUS

Nominal. And you?

MONICA

Nominal.

ANGUS

The Flying Vehicle is active and engaged.

She looks at it.

MONICA

Copy.

Now there are a total of seven repaired soldiers fighting the Defenders. They're shooting at them, everything they've got.

Five more Defenders drop. A Defender fires. Hits a repaired soldier in THE HELMET, BLASTING IT APART. That soldier falls backward.

Monica looks back at Angus. Calvin is spraying a stream of laserfire towards Angus, sweeping closer to him.

MONICA

ANGUS!

Angus launches a grenade at Calvin - THUNK! It hits his laser cannon in the trigger section.

The cannon misfires and explodes. Sparks and smoke.

The grenade is STUCK.

Calvin looks at it, tries to shake it off. He looks up at Angus.

THEIR EYES MEET.

Angus GRIMACES.

It explodes, ripping Calvin's ARM, SIDE AND HEAD OFF.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Computer screen:

ENGAGE AIR SUPPORT!

ENGAGE AIR SUPPORT!

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle starts dropping laser bolts. Angus runs for another hole. A bolt misses him, barely. The repaired soldiers get hit. The beams cut three of them down.

Monica sees the Flying Vehicle resolving the battle so quickly. She sees Angus run from one crater to another. The Flying Vehicle hovers above them. She fires at it.

It dodges and immediately fires back at her. The beam hits dirt. But the SHOCK-WAVE throws her back.

More repaired soldiers "WAKE" UP TO GET HIT by the enemy fire as soon as they go to attack mode.

A BEAM CHASES ANGUS out of the crater to another one.

Monica sits up. She sees the first repaired soldier shoot at the Flying Vehicle. He hits it on the side. The ship kind of shrugs it off and shoots back.

The SOLDIER EXPLODES.

The beam just PULVERIZES HIM. Monica sees his smoke drift up, the Tower standing behind it. And she sees...

THE DISH ANTENNA.

She looks for Angus. Angus launches grenades, creating diversions. Then he runs for it.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM, BOOM. BOOM.

Monica checks her cannon, Rockets! She's out of them. She grabs a nearby repairing soldier. Turns her over. Rockets! She grabs one. Loads it. She does this with some panache, nonetheless, spinning the rocker before loading it.

Monica AIMS AT THE DISH ANTENNA.

LOCKS ON TARGET.

The Flying Vehicle pivots.

Monica fires.

The Flying Vehicle starts CHASING ANGUS AGAIN.

Monica's rocket snakes through the air right for the antenna.

TINK! It hits it straight on. The antenna SHATTERS.

The beams CHASE ANGUS. They cut through some soldiers on the ground. He runs to another crater. The beams catch up to him.

Angus STUMBLES. ROLLS INTO A CRATER.

Memories... His hand on the small of her back....

The beams STOP. The Flying Vehicle STOPS SHOOTING. It just hovers.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

```
``/`/ v *`* f --12`3`439 ^^
z9*#@#@~~`^^
k8w8** rf9aj**/,<<<.8 >> . > \,//\x
```

The screen flickers. Reestablishes.

The Flying Vehicle starts to circle the battlefield. It has to re-plot the battleground.

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

```
SWITCHING TO ONBOARD SYSTEM!
*****
Telemetry interruption.
```

It's lost the Attacker/Defender designations and has to determine them on its own.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Buddha is surprised!

Computer screen:

TELEMETRY INTERRUPTION

TELEMETRY INTERRUPTION

TELEMETRY INTERRUPTION

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Angus looks up, around.

ANGUS
MONICA? MONICA?

Monica looks at him.

MONICA
Copy. Here.

ANGUS
Excellence! Excellence! That
was... great!

MONICA
Yes, yes. Great. Roger. Great!

She looks around, grinning. The Defenders are standing around, lost. More soldiers are getting up after their repair routines. They're lost also.

Angus scrambles out of the crater and runs over to Monica. She climbs out of her cover. He reaches her and impulsively hugs her, metal CLANKING on metal. She doesn't know what to do but smiles nonetheless.

They break and look around at the battlefield. Monica has a big, unpracticed smile on her face. She looks at Angus.

Angus is beaming. He holds up his thumbs.

ANGUS
Excellence!

INT. FLYING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

RETURN TO HANGAR/AWAITING ORDER!

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Flying Vehicle turns and leaves the battlefield.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

No one's listening to Buddha.

Computer screen:

TELEMETRY INTERRUPTION

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Angus and Monica are amidst the confused repaired soldiers wandering around. They're the only ones cheering.

Angus stops with an idea.

ANGUS

Monica!

She looks at him and he's already hurrying into the Tower complex. She turns to follow.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM

Angus plugs into the terminal.

BUDDHA

ANGUS 7873, what are you doing?

ANGUS

Can you stop belligerent operations?

BUDDHA

Yes.

ANGUS

Have you received GCS Order 8685.335?

Despite Buddha's pushy demeanor, it is a computer and responds as one when queried.

BUDDHA

Accessing GCS Order 8685.335.
GCS Order 8685.335; Received and processed.

So, Buddha knows... Angus thinks for a long while. He's got an idea that he's going to try. It may not work, but here goes.

ANGUS

Stop... all belligerent operations and tactics for all Colonial Militants on CEM.4 until further notice from GCS.

Angus looks at Monica, anxiously. Buddha thinks and they wait nervously.

BUDDHA

Stopping belligerent operations until further notice.

Angus and Monica smile at each other.

LATER

Angus and Monica have been at this for a while. Both are connected to the Terminal. The computer screen on the terminal indicates what Angus is accessing.

Computer screen:

TOWER LAYOUT:
Communication/Telemetry
Cooling
Ground level
Maintenance
Mining
Power
Reactor
REFINERY
Repair

He selects and accesses "REFINERY."

Now their relationship with Buddha is much like their relationship with the ship computer on the downed transport. Angus or Monica thinks and Buddha responds.

BUDDHA (CONT'D)

Powering up refinery.

They go down several checklists according to the computer. They make sure that the reactor is ready. Then they check if there's raw material in the refinery.

Finally they turn on the Tower.

BUDDHA (CONT'D)

Powering up tower. Plant status:
Active. Plant integrity: 100%.
Refinery status: Active.
Processing.

INT. REFINERY

Conveyor belts and sorters are moving tons of soil through the processors. All of the machinery points to the height of the Tower.

That's where the END PRODUCT TURNS OUT.

EXT. TOWER COMPLEX

The battlefield has been cleared of dead and injured soldiers. There are soldiers walking around.

Repair crabs are working on the dish antenna Monica shot. One of them looks up as the Flying Vehicle passes overhead.

INT. FLYING VEHICLE

The Flying Vehicle's screen:

ALL COLONIAL MILITIA!

HEAD TO PLANT # 1

EXT. TOWER COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Angus and Monica come outside through the Tower doors. The Flying Vehicle is far out towards the horizon now.

The plain is peppered with thousands of soldiers returning from wandering the planet surface. They're all converging on the Tower complex.

Angus and Monica walk out to the center of the former battlefield. Some other soldiers also follow them out.

They stop and turn around. They look up at the Tower. A huge puffy clean white plume is growing out of the top.

Angus and Monica look at each other and smile. They look up at the sky. The oxygenated vapor flows into the atmosphere.

It mixes with the clouds and creates a majestic turbulence.

A rainbow appears in the plume. Then a light rain starts to fall.

And a little patch of revealed SKY SLOWLY TURNS BLUE.

Angus turns to Monica, smiling.

ANGUS
Look for the blue sky!

FADE OUT

THE END