

MISSION UNKNOWN





BLACK WITHOUT BOUNDRIES:

Thunderous ambience and thrust. A traveling propelled mass interrupts the silence.

FADE IN:

1 A COMPUTER SCREEN REVEALING GRAPHICS, MOTION, DATA, AND 1  
VECTORS.

Focus on cursor typing: "Load/Observer Data Control" it holds, disappears. Popping and blinking on reads: "Loading" which blinks becoming "Loading Systems Error".

A buzz, the click of a electronic switch, we're listening through an intercom.

SEEK (V.O.)  
Everything okay?(passive)

TRONA (V.O.)  
Stand By.

A cursor then types: "Load/Observer Craft Location". Blinking on reads: "Loading" which blinks and becomes "Loading Systems Error", which then reads "Observer Location Unknown - Systems Error".

A metal clang, bang and cluck. The undertone trust is joined by violent metallic rumbles. An alarm is heard.

TRONA (V.O.)  
You Better Get up here.

SEEK (V.O.)  
I'm on my way.

INSERT TITLE CARD "MISSION UNKNOWN"

2 INT:SPACECRAFT:MAIN COCKPIT:  
2

Very clean, high tech, cumbersome. There's enough room to fill the two command chairs. Seated, port-side, is co-pilot Lt. T. Belleau, AKA "TRONA". She's an athletic, highly educated, no-nonsense adventurer. Hitting a switch the alarm is silenced.

TRONA (INTO INTERCOM)  
Coder.

A brief pause without renounce.

Coder. (with a bit of urgency)

3 INT:SPACECRAFT:TECHNICAL AND COMMUNICATIONS: 3  
 Listening and humming tunes from a headset, unable to hear the intercom, sits Technician R.L. Cooly, AKA "CODER". He's a Dorky, yet fit, to the point supra-genius. As he fiddles and repairs some circuits:

TRONA (V.O.)  
 Coder?(annoyed)  
 Coder report.

4 INT:SPACECRAFT:OPERATIONS SUBSECTION: 4  
 Adjacent to technical and overhearing the intercom, Lt. J.T. AKINS AKA "JOE" - a commissioned infantry man, peeks down the connecting transport shaft at CODER. He then turns his attention back toward the Herculean Sgt. I.F. Bowlin AKA "BREAKER" - who is seated, at his post, across the cramped OP'S Subsection.

JOE (A CHIN NODDING GESTURE)  
 Pass me that will you?

BREAKER reaches and passes a small metallic cubed package.

JOE focuses back down the passage tunnel on the still distracted CODER. Taking aim, he proceeds to gain Coder's attention with a precise blow to the head.

5 INT:SPACECRAFT:TECHNICAL AND COMMUNICATIONS: 5  
 CODER's attention is reached but remains oblivious to TRONAS' hail. He reaches for the cube, pokes it with a straw, and sips (It's clearly a drink ration). As he sips, he glances down the passageway, shrugging his shoulders back at JOE.

CODER (MOUTHING SOUNDLESSLY  
 AND QUENCHED )  
 What?

ANGLE ON JOE as he makes gesture, taping and pointing to his ears.

ANGLE REVERSE ON CODER as he finally gets it. Removing his headphones:

TRONA (V.O.)  
 Coder, you better wake your little ass right up...Or I swear I'll rip you..

CODER (SYSTEMATIC)  
 Trona! What do you need?

TRONA

I need you to do a full systematic check.  
I need a vector and distance recon. I'm  
getting a whole lot of chaos up here.

CODER's already deep in circuitry repair mode.

CODER

I see it, I'm on it.

A metal clang, bang and cluck. Coder, now very aware sense  
danger and urgency. As he returns and focuses

6 INT:SPACECRAFT:MAIN COCKPIT: 6  
TRONA, engrossed, is joined by Commander W. Murphy AKA "SEEK"  
a handsome, athletic, fearless seasoned group leader and ace  
pilot. As he takes his place in the open seat.

The volume of metal clangs, bangs and clucks increase.

SEEK

What went wrong?

TRONA (DISCIPLINED)

Not sure yet... The stick has become very  
sluggish. I've begun searching for a  
place to set us down.

SEEK (SHARPLY)

Switch me over.

TRONA

Switching over controls, on  
three...two....one.

SEEK (TAKING HAND OF THE  
STICK)

I've got her. She's very sluggish.

The control lights dim, and brighten.

What the hell?!

TRONA

We have navigation and main tracking  
failure, primary power is dropping.  
Retro-engine loss is eminent.

SEEK

Switching to Auxiliary. Reversing after  
burners.

The roar of retro jets and descent.

A warning signal hums as the ship rumbles, pitches and rolls.

SEEK flips a switch, turning off the alarm.

TRONA

I think I found a landing zone. It's a small planet 30 degrees down off our port.

SEEK

It's not close but it will have to do. Let's begin a full emergency shut down while we still can.

The ship shakes--rolls left and right, leveling off.

SEEK (cont'd)

I'm losing her Trona, I need your help here.

TRONA takes hold of the vibrating center controls, placing her hands over his, weaving their fingers.

Let's bring her back, that's it, nice and easy, we've got her.

They return glances of desolation.

Okay, lock it.

TRONA (RETURNING TO WORK)

Stick-throttle connect, locking down main gear, pitch 30 degrees.

SEEK

She's not holding.  
(into the intercom)  
Coder?

The spaceship has an unduly agitation.

7 INT:SPACECRAFT:TECHNICAL AND COMMUNICATIONS:

7

CODER

Go ahead Commander.

SEEK (V.O)

Engage the O-D-T. Send a final signal.

CODER

Roger that. Launching orbital distress transmitter. Firing rockets.

SEEK (V.O.)

All hands...we are going down.

8 INT:SPACECRAFT:OPERATIONS SUBSECTION: 8  
JOE and BREAKER, brace themselves, positioning their flight gear and helmets. Rocking, loose equipment falls to the floor.

SEEK (V.O.)

Commence emergency landing procedures. Seal all hatchways...It's going to be rocky... brace for impact.

9 INT:SPACECRAFT:TECHNICAL AND COMMUNICATIONS: 9

CODER

For God's sake, impact already, I'm gonna puke.

10 INT:SPACECRAFT:OPERATIONS SUBSECTION: 10  
BREAKER glancing down the passageway at CODER.

BREAKER (WARMLY)

Hang in there soldier. If you pop, just suck it back up. You'll be all right. (with a grin and wink)

BREAKER seals the hatch.

11 INT:SPACECRAFT:MAIN COCKPIT: 11  
The Volume of descent increases.

TRONA

Transmitting - Echo range.. Charlie foxtrot vector ZERO-8-1-1-ZERO-3.

Another warning light and tone.

Horizontal stabilizers are not responding. Losing auxiliary.

SEEK (STRUGGLING WITH DETERMINATION)

I'm losing pitch. -

Soft white flashes to black.

Silence and then: A tremendous audible explosion.

CRASH CUT TO:

12 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:DUNES:DAY 12  
Blistered, scorched, lifeless sandy surface of an unknown planet.

In the distant hilltop rests the remains of an enflamed shipwreck. Descending, approaching (coming nearer), broken down and falling to his knees is JOE. As his dazed weakened body crashes, he completely removes his helmet and places it in the sand. Catching his heavy breaths, his attention is compelled upward toward the sky, beyond that which is revealed.

JOE (INCALCULABLE ANDBUBBLING)  
My God. This makes no credible sense!  
(peevd) I think, I am, I exist!

Clutching his fist, grabbing at the sand, he rises, crossing beyond site leaving only his reflection in the visor of his space helmet. He walks on and away.

WITHOUT BREAK and as if time is transitory, the rimmed base of the helmet becomes concealed with sand as the helmet itself begins to show signs of wearing with passage of age.

There is wind. There is silence.

13 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:DUNES:NEW DAY 13  
Various angles and panoramic views of a cratered desert.

Static electronic sound waves - and as if we're listening through a walkie-talkie Radio:

SEEK (V.O.)  
Breaker come in... Any sign of him?

14 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:DUNES:EASTERN HILL: 14  
FEATURING BREAKER as he stands alone on a sandy ridge looking around and outward through a pair of binoculars. He's no longer in his full space suit. He's in a lighter day suit, that is barely protecting him from the burning rays of light.

BREAKER (TALKING INTO A HAND  
RADIO)  
Nothing over here...Nothing but miles of  
nothing.

What BREAKER sees is miles of Dunes and sandstone.

SEEK (V.O.)  
Coder?

15 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:DUNES:PLATEAU

15

SEEK (V.O.)

How are you coming with the repairs?

CODER, half dressed in his spacesuit and underlining garment, he once again fiddles with a radio transmitter gizmo.

CODER

I can get the antenna dish to work...We just have to find a higher elevation to activate the orbital transmitter... There is one glitch. My encryptor disk obtained plasmic damage during the crash.

SEEK (CONCERNED)

You can fix it?

CODER

I'm attempting to reconstruct it, as we speak.

16 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:DUNES:NORTHSIDE HILL

16

SEEK (INTO HIS RADIO)

Good. Do whatever you need to, then gather whatever equipment you can salvage.

CODER (V.O.)

Will do, sir.

TRONA is removing the last of her heavy space attire. She too, is down to her skivies.

SEEK (Turing to TRONA)

What could have happened to him?

He pulls a water canister from his pack.

TRONA

Him? What about us?

I can't remember how we got out of the wreckage let alone how we survived without a scratch.

SEEK (FLATLY)

Trona dear, I can't explain it any better than you. Joe must have pulled us out.

TRONA

All of us? From that? (pointing toward the wrecked spacecraft)

SEEK

Yes, he pulled us out and is probably recon-ing ahead for water and supplies, it's what he does.

TRONA (AGITATED)

No. What Joe does, is what's best for Joe. And he's done this before.

(warmly)

I'd never leave you behind, (pause) any of you.

SEEK (SYMPATHETICALLY)

I know... Look, we are alive. And when we find Joe, we'll find our answers, send a distress call, and get the hell off this miserable brown rock.

BREAKER (V.O.)

Seek...Seek come in...

SEEK

Go ahead Breaker.

17 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:DUNES:EASTERN HILL

17

BREAKER

I've found something.

SEEK (V.O.)

We're on our way.

PANNING, We see what BREAKER sees.

Low, in the near distance is a brilliant crystal like reflection in the sand. It's JOE's half-buried Helmet.

18 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:DUNES:DAY

18

FEATURING JOE's Helmet, we rise as BREAKER lifts it from its grave. SEEK and TRONA examines the aged remains.

TRONA

This is obviously Joe's helmet.

BREAKER

But how can that be? It looks like it's been buried for years.

TRONA

Nevertheless.

SEEK

Nevertheless, somehow, let's consider the possibility that Joe did make it out, and headed in this direction (pointing). If he's alive or was alive, let's find him.

CODER comes walking up carrying two packs and a very large blaster gun.

CODER

We better find him soon.

He hands the big gun to BREAKER.

SEEK

What are you getting at?

CODER

I tried to repair the encryptor disk, it's a no go.

SEEK

What about the back up?

CODER

This is the back up, the primary is with Joe.

SEEK turns, stepping away. Trona follows.

We stay with CODER as BREAKER lifts one of the very heavy packs.

BREAKER (BUDDY-BUDDY)

You know, you really should take it easy with all this heavy stuff. You leave that to me. Stick to your circuits, and you get us home.

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING TRONA and SEEK as they look out.

TRONA

What do you think we'll find out there?

SEEK (LOOKING OUT)

The Unknown.

WHAT THEY SEE: A distant view of an alien landscape (very unearthy). A multitude of Sand crusted soaring pinnacle formations, surrounded by miles of lifeless terrain.

SEEK (CONT)

Okay, let's move out. Breaker take the point, I'll take the rear.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

19 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:VARIOUS ANGLES: 19  
SERIES OF TRONA, SEEK, BREAKER and CODER track across the terrain. (climbing, descending, hiking, walking a long distance)

20 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:SANDSTONE: 20  
The group, agonizing with thirst, pauses. Their attention is drawn toward an thunderous like tonal disturbance. The sky is clear. The thunder repeats.

TRONA

What do you make of it?

SEEK

Sounds like some kind of an echo.

CODER passes a bottle to BREAKER.

CODER (TAKING INVENTORY OF SUPPLIES)

Or more like a cosmic bounce.

BREAKER (PUZZLED)

What the hell is a Cosmic bounce?

CODER (CASUALLY)

Spacial disturbance, two enormous galactic polarized entities discharging a cosmic applied force - hence the name cosmic bounce.

Gun Shots, the firing of a cannon.

TRONA (DRAWING HER WEAPON)

That was no cosmic bounce.

SEEK

Breaker, Coder.

With a quick step they advance cautiously over a sandy ridge into a snake like crawl.

SEEK (cont'd)

Stay down.

More gun shots, mortar explosions.

REVERSE ANGLE as they crawl over and into view. TRONA and BREAKER pull out their Binoculars.

TRONA

Two small groups.

WHAT THEY SEE: Looking down, Men dressed in green fatigues engaged in battle.

BREAKER (SOFTLY)

Infantry, two, maybe three divisions.

TRONA ( PASSES THE GLASSES TO  
SEEK)

Take a look.

SEEK

I don't recognize their uniforms. Breaker?

BREAKER

They match nothing I've engaged before.

CODER

Their Alien weaponry seems quite primitive.

BREAKER

Yet very deadly.

SEEK (HANDING THE GLASSES BACK  
TO TRONA)

Agreed. (pause)

This is not our fight.

Let's back out of here, very, very slowly.

TRONA (EXCITED)

It's Joe.

BREAKER

What? Where? Which one?

TRONAS P.O.V of the fighting men. It's Joe and he's dressed in one of their uniforms

TRONA (PASSING BACK TO SEEK)  
Third guy to the right.

SEEK  
He's alive dammit!

CODER (HALF TO HIMSELF)  
Yes!

BREAKER (SHARPLY)  
Now it's our fight.

SEEK (PAUSES IN THOUGHT)  
Okay, let's go in - get him out. Breaker you have the lead, Coder, you take the rear, Trona watch our flank. Let's make this quick.

They move out, down the hill.

21 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:SALTFLAT: 21  
It's a military battle. GREEN ARMY MEN take cover, shoot, throw bombs and die.

WE FEATURE JOE, crouched behind a makeshift wall of cover.

JOE  
Corporal, Take three men and position yourselves here and here. I want a barrage to the north side of the hedgerow (pointing to a map sketched in dirt). Draw their fire and wait for my signal.

SOLDIER 1  
Right away, sir. (exits off)

JOE peeks through black binoculars.

P.O.V. through the Binoculars of a Tank preparing to fire.

JOE (WRITING IN A PAD)  
They're going to break the line.  
I need heavy naval support, contact HQ - King Six radio these coordinates ASAP.  
("A-SAP")

SOLDIER 1 (V.O.)  
Incoming!

Right then, he's blown to the ground. The SOLDIERS beside him are killed.

JOE (cont'd)  
I need a medic. Medic!

BREAKER charges inward, shooting, taking the offense, protecting JOE's position. SEEK and TRONA tend to JOE.

CODER, like a medic, attends to the wounded.

There is a tense battle around them.

TRONA  
Joe!

JOE (UNFAMILIAR)  
The battalion reinforcements-- Well, it's about time.

SEEK  
What is all this?

This is what we call losing the beach head.

TRONA  
We thought you were dead.

JOE  
Dead?! Not yet.

Bullets whiz by. Trona and Seek duck.

Where's the rest of the company?

TRONA  
Are you kidding me? We crashed, no help. We are it!

JOE  
Have you been on furlough? Why are you in your civvies? What Army regiment are you from Soldier? (TURNING AWAY-SHOUTING)  
Where the hell is that barrage I asked for, I need that Naval support now! On the double!

SEEK  
What are you talking about? What's an Army? We've got to get you out of here, pronto!

JOE

Out of here? Over the hill? Retreat! I'm  
a G.I. Army man. Army don't retreat,  
never!

Another explosion knocks them all down.

Angle on BREAKER as he stands tall, shooting and killing the  
unfriendlies.

ANGLE ON CODER as he aims with precision, fires, and kills.  
Unfriendlies have broken through lines. SEEK is attacked.

TRONA (RISING)

SEEK, look out!

Another attacks TRONA. They defend themselves. Joe picks up  
his weapon and fires away.

JOE

Eat my muzzle dogface!

BREAKERS, seeing that SEEK, TRONA, CODER and JOE are about to be  
overrun, places himself in harm's way. He fires round after  
round, until:

A SWOOSH:

BREAKER takes a hit, shot by an wooden arrow.

BREAKER (OFFHANDEDLY)

What are the odds?

He drops to his knees, falls to his death.

CODER (SEEING BREAKER)

Breaker! (SCREAMS)

CODER, breaking into a run to BREAKER's side, drops at the  
sight of his fallen comrade.

TRONA (SEEING BREAKER)

Seek! Breaker is down!

Quickly, she kills off her assailant, shoots 2 others in her  
way, as she runs to BREAKER's side.

JOE

Let's move'em out!

SEEK too kills off his rival and joins TRONA and CODER. They're mystified by the Arrow sticking in BREAKER's chest.

CODER

He's dead. Breaker's dead.

TRONA

You big dummy. Why'd you have to get yourself killed?

SEEK pulls out a bloody arrow from inside BREAKER's chest.

SEEK

What in the hell?

There is sudden silence. The battle is over.

SEEK and TRONA turn about toward the battlefield. The soldiers, both dead and alive are gone.

TRONA

They're all gone?

SEEK (HE SEARCHES)

This is impossible.

There were over 50 men, we all saw them.  
50 men don't just vanish. This makes no sense.

TRONA

Forget the missing men, Where's Joe.

SEEK

He was right there. He was standing right there.

TRONA (CALLING OUT)

And he acted as if we were strangers.  
Seek, he didn't know us.

CODER (RISES)

There was no recollection at all. It was Joe, but not our Joe.

SEEK

Explain?

CODER

I'm not sure I can, there's something just very unreal at play here, a kind of war between descriptions of reality.

SEEK

What, we all imagined them?

CODER

I'm not sure, I'm just saying the events must seem unreal.

TRONA

So, Breakers death is unreal too? Breaker is dead.

TRONA (TURING BACK TO BREAKERS BODY)

And he's gone.

CODER runs back to where BREAKER's body laid. TRONA and SEEK follow.

CODER

This is phenomenal.

SEEK (PUZZLED AND ARLARMED)

Okay, maybe we imagined it, maybe we didn't. But this is real. (picking up the arrow) This is real, and Breakers blood is real and this hasn't vanished. - I want to find him, I want to find Joe. I want answers.

ANGLE ON: ARROW

22 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:SALTFLATS:(SERIES OF DIFFERENT TERRAIN) 22  
TRONA, SEEK, and CODER march onward toward the peaks. They are agonizing with thirst.

23 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:CANYON:ANOTHER ANGLE 23  
Strange voice like sounds, echo.

The three look about.

24 EXT:PLANET SURFACE:A DRY WASH: 24

Low on the distant horizon, seen through a dense envelope of dust particles, are statuette figures of Native American Indians.

TRONA (V.O.)

They don't appear to be moving.

REVERSE - FAVORING TRONA - gazing through binoculars. Low and out of sight they lay, observing the plateau.

TRONA

They're like some kind of sculpture.

SEEK

Standing directly in our path in the middle of a lifeless bed of sand. They're in our way, and we're are running out of time.

TRONA

Let's check it out.

SEEK

Right. Coder? (Turing back to Coder)

CODER is behind them working on the transmitter.

Stay put, stay alert, we'll be back.

ANGLE BACK ON CODER as they:

25

EXT:PLANET SURFACE:

25

Staying low, TRONA and SEEK make their way to the statuette figures.

TRONA

They should be right here.

SEEK

Are you sure?

TRONA

Positive.

SEEK (TURNING)

Let's back out of here.

Favoring SEEK's face as he clashes with arrowhead. TRONA and SEEK are completely surrounded by Hostile Indians.

SEEK (cont'd)

Well, you were right about the spot.

TRONA

Wrong about the moving part. You think they'll offer us some cold liquids?

SEEK

Not a chance.

TRONA

You think they're going to kill us?

SEEK (TOYING WITH HIS  
HOLSTERED GUN)  
Absolutely. Are you ready?

TRONA (TOYING WITH HER  
HOLSTERED GUN)  
Waiting for you?

SEEK  
On three.

TRONA  
Two.

At that moment, bullet hits shooting the surrounding Indians dead.

ANGLE ON: COWBOYS approaching, their guns re-holstered. JOE, now dressed in western garb, is among them.

SEEK (TOWARD JOE)  
Somehow I just knew you'd show up.

TRONA  
Who are your friends?

COWBOY  
You folks lose your way?

TRONA  
That would be putting it lightly.

COWBOY  
This territory, this whole valley is home to them there Indians. You're mighty lucky we happened by when we had, other folks aren't so lucky.

TRONA  
Yeah, we've been real lucky.

SEEK (cont'd)  
Look, We have many questions.

COWBOY (WARM)  
Now just hold on there partner. I've got a few of my own. But first you two look like you could use a canteen.

ANGLE ON: JOE, grinning

ANOTHER ANGLE: CODER has been creeping forward, staying low. He's watching from a distance.

WHAT CODER SEES: From a distance TRONA and SEEK are sharing water from a canteen.

CLICK - HAMMER COCKED - CODER LOOKS BEHIND,

ANGLING UP: The Barrel of gun held by the hand of BREAKER, now a western gunslinger, decisively aiming a pistol at CODER. CODER, reacts with puzzled wide-open eyes.

BACK TO: COWBOYS, TRONA, and SEEK as:

COWBOY (cont'd)

Now, the way I figure, you two be'n out here alone and all - you're up to somethin -

JOE

What kinda costume is that you're wearing? You part of some traveling freak show?

SEEK

Joe...

TRONA (CUTTING SEEK OFF)

Yes, we're part of a show.

JOE

I thought so..

COWBOY

I think you're lying.

SEEK

Joe, tell him who we are.

COWBOY

You know them Joe?

JOE (TAKING A GOOD CLOSE LOOK)

I never seen-em before -  
(EYEING and SNIFFING TRONA) I know I'd remember you sweetie. (TURING TO SEEK)  
And where do you come off calling me by name?

SEEK

Maybe I'm mistaken.

JOE

Maybe you'll be dead!

TRONA

Hey, we're just very grateful for your kindness, and if we can ever repay the favor.

COWBOY

Well, it's a funny you mention that.

JOE

Lookie over here.

They all turn toward CODER advancing, hands raised, followed by BREAKER, pistol in hand.

COWBOY (RAISING HIS GUN)

Stick 'em up. (grinning)

TRONA and SEEK raise their hands.

26

EXT:PLANET SURFACE:LATER

26

ANGLE ON hands, rope bound. TRONA and SEEK are tied together.

SEEK

You had to offer to repay them.

TRONA

Now how was I supposed to know?

SEEK

Did you have to offer all of our gear?

SEEK (TO CODER)

How you coming over there?

CODER

Working on it, I should be free momentarily.

FOCUS ON: CODER's hands as he attempts to free himself.

TRONA (SOFTLY TO SEEK)

Seek?

SEEK

Yeah.

TRONA

You remember the other night?

SEEK

Of course.

TRONA

I just, just in case we don't...I want you to know...

CODER

I'm free, commander.

SEEK (WISPERING TO TRONA)

We're getting out of here?

CODER unties them.

CODER

They've taken everything.

SEEK

We'll catch up with them.

TRONA

They couldn't have gone far.

SEEK

And when we do, we'll have the drop on them.

As they march off, we pan toward their destination, the Pinnacles.

27

EXT:PLANET SURFACE:PINNACLES:

27

A campfire, bed rolls. A Jolly Roger waves. Sitting alone searching their gear is JOE, only now he's a buck-eyed pirate.

ANGLE ON: TRONA, SEEK and CODER.

CODER

He's all alone.

TRONA

No, they're out there.

SEEK

We're not falling for this trap again. Trona, you take out Joe and get the encryptor disk, Coder, you grab the transmitter, I'll go for our weapons. Let's make this happen.  
On three.

TRONA

Two.

CODER

One.

They head into the camp, Trona first.

JOE (SEEING TRONA)

Ahoy and Shiver me timbers!

TRONA

That's the idea.

JOE

Aye, me lady, to Sail to sail. Beg me  
pardon, for thee be'n alone washed  
ashore, deserted by thee ungrateful mates  
and ye not expectin thee company.

TRONA

I've come for the disk, were getting out  
of here.

JOE (MOCKING)

Be warned if ye landlubber intends to  
pirate'd me, and me found booty.

TRONA

I'm warned, now give it to me.

JOE

Argh you scurvy dog, you'll have to  
blast me down before I scuttle.

TRONA kicks him, punches, and fights him to the ground.

Meanwhile, SEEK and CODER grip their gear.

INDIAN SOUNDS.

SEEK (LOOKING ABOUT)

Take cover. (he handles his pistol  
searching for a target)

CODER

Right!

TRONA gives JOE a final knock out. JOE falls.

TRONA

Consider yourself officially scuttled.

She searches him.

GUN SHOTS: Gendering around the PEAKS are the COWBOYS.

COWBOY

Now look what the wind blew in? Get 'em boys, Round them up.

BREAKER

Yeeha!

ANGLE ON: INDIANS joining the fight, .

COWBOY

Indians!

TRONA, finding nothing, races to SEEK and CODER.

TRONA

He had nothing.

SEEK (TO CODER)

It's all up to you now buddy.

CODER opens and sets the transmitter.

An ARROW strikes his pack. He looks up towards the shooter.

It's a man dressed like Robin Hood, he salutes (like Errol Flynn) and prepares to re-shoot.

CODER

What the hell?

The Army men are back, and join the fight.

TRONA

This is getting way too strange.

SEEK (AS HE FIRES HIS WEAPON)

Look out.

Everyone is shooting at each other.

SEEK (cont'd)

Coder, can you send out a signal?

CODER

Without a clean encryptor disk, I make no promises. Beginning transition.

The COWBOY is hit, spins and dramatically falls to his death.

BREAKER

They got Rex.

Breaker is attacked by an Indian. He picks him up and tosses him away.

ANGLE ON: Army men as they discharge their weapons, before they too take hits and die.

ANGLE ON: SEEK as he fires his weapon killing two Indians.

TRONA shoots and kills two cowboys.

As an Indian sneaks up behind SEEK - CODER LEAPS BETWEEN THEM.

CODER

SEEK, Watch out!

CODER, struck by an axe, is killed instantly.

SEEK (SHOOTING THE INDIAN  
DEAD)

No.....

SEEK in turn also takes a hit in the back, drops and rolls.

TRONA, unaware, continues her fight.

ANGLE ON: ROBIN HOOD as he takes an arrow to the chest.

ANGLE ON BREAKER as he's shot dead.

TRONA (TURNING BACK TO SEEK)

Seek, I think were going to make it.

Laying face down, she races to his side.

TRONA

Don't you die on me, don't you die.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Johnny (Surround, Loud and Echo) Johnny  
Michael, dinnertime.

TRONA, thunderstruck, pulls SEEK behind some cover.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

Ah mom, just a few more minutes.

MOTHER(V.O.)

You can play with your toys later, it's  
time to clean up, it's time for dinner.

HIGH ANGLE ON: TRONA, shadowed, as she looks upward.

TRONA

This makes no credible sense. This is  
wrong, it can't be...

EXTREME LOW ANGLE ON: A GIANT BOY'S hand reaching down.

TRONA (cont'd)

It can't be..

EXTREME LOW ANGLE ON:GIANT BOY'S HAND with the image of a toy  
man in his palm. We PAN FOLLOW as the toy man is dropped into  
a pile of other toys, including the spacecraft.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

Coming mother.

TRONA (DISAPPROVINGLY)

I'm real, I'm real, I'm real, I'm real..

FADE TO BLACK.