

SNOW MEADOW WINTER FOREST BROOK GALE LAKE RAIN

EDGERS

EPISODE 0101

“PILOT”

SCREENPLAY
BY
DARREN TOMALIN

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EDGERS - "PILOT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Harsh and desolate, a distorting heat ripples on the horizon. A long straight road stretches into the haze, a cracked and neglected grey line that splits the emptiness in half.

The sound of an engine approaches hard and fast, louder until WHOOSH, an old, battered TRANSPORT AERODYNE skims the road kicking up a sand storm from four huge mounted thrusters.

It uncovers an ancient burned out car from under a drift.

The engines sound rough, struggling as the vehicle flies an erratic path a hundred feet at most above the ground, its bulky, patched-up body forced aloft by sheer power.

INT. AERODYNE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

A constant warning ALARM sounds.

At the controls is SNOW (38) calm, in military fatigues, monitors a flickering holo-image of the terrain ahead.

FOREST (29) huge, muscled, black Englishman in a battered 'Raiders of the Lost Ark' T-shirt sits in the copilot's seat.

FOREST

(South London accent)

Huh, Snow, I couldn't help but notice the alarm... it's been ringin' since we took off... like, an hour ago.

Snow doesn't respond.

FOREST (CONT'D)

I can't help but think that... it shouldn't be doin' that.

RATTLES and engines struggling.

FOREST (CONT'D)

You know... considerin' it's a warnin' alarm, it stands to reason that it must be warnin' us about somethin'.

"Somethin'" fizzles and pops, smoke escapes a section of the instrument panel, Forest jumps.

FOREST (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! somethin's on fire,
did you know somethin's on fire?
That really shouldn't be on fire,
mate.

Snow turns his eyes to Forest then back to the controls.

SNOW

(Calm)
Do not worry, have faith.

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Trim is missing in places, wires hang down, panels rattle and seats shake on their mounts. Three passengers sit here.

GALE (40) well dressed, a semi automatic in a shoulder holster, is unworried by the vehicle's struggle, her fingers glide over a PDA with expert speed.

LAKE (34) scruffy, thin, black eye, sits behind her and bounces his knee nervously.

RAIN (22) mousey, cargo pants and vest, glasses, sits at the back. She breathes heavy and tries to stay calm, her eyes closed.

GALE

(Eyes on screen)
How are you doing back there?

LAKE

Yeah... I'm good, I think my ribs are starting to heal now.

GALE

I was talking to Rain.

RAIN

I feel, sick.

GALE

Not far to go now.

LAKE

Do you think he's still alive?

RAIN

Depends if he knows to control his breathing and lower his heart rate.

Gale is transfixed by her screen, speaks too quietly.

GALE

Nearly there.

EXT. DESERT - ROUTE 88 - DAY

One of the Aerodyne's claw-like landing gears lowers, a grinding noise then three others jerk into place.

A rusty and battered road sign blows over - "Route 88"

The Aerodyne bounces down on the road with a BUMP, the engines power down with a high pitched WHINE and a rattle.

Its front gear comes to rest next to the bleached bones of a horse, picked clean.

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - DAY

Forest enters from the cockpit, unsteady on his feet.

FOREST

Thank you for flyin' By The Seat of
Your Pants Airlines, have a
pleasant stay... wherever we are.

Snow peers outside, scans the terrain with his scope.

GALE

How close did you get us, Snow?

SNOW

309 metres.

GALE

Any Nomads?

FOREST

Nomads?

LAKE

You didn't say anything about
nomads!

SNOW

They would have seen us land, we
have approximately one hour.

GALE

Lets move.

LAKE

(To Snow)

Did she say anything to you about
Nomads?

Gale stows her PDA, puts on a pair of shades, makes her way past the seats and through a small cargo bay. She punches a switch and a ramp at the rear GRINDS open.

Snow hefts an advanced, SMG, modified with a silencer, scope, gadgets and follows.

GALE

Stay with the Aerodyne, Lake.

LAKE

Sure, I can do that.

Forest throws Lake an SMG, he catches it.

FOREST

Ere' you go, mate. If it all goes bollocks up, remember to save a bullet for yourself.

Forest smiles at Rain as she passes, a duffel bag thrown over her shoulder, his affection for her is obvious.

FOREST (CONT'D)

How do you feel, Luv?

Rain smiles while avoiding eye contact, shyly dips her head.

EXT. DESERT - ROUTE 88 - CONTINUOUS

Snow moves down the ramp and into the dust as he keeps look out, the others follow Gale out onto the old asphalt.

Forest carries a shovel, Rain produces a RAD meter, it clicks furiously, her face drops.

RAIN

I'd recommend we move quickly, this is definitely a red zone, respirators wouldn't hurt.

The team break out portable respirators from Rain's bag.

FOREST

Where to, Gale?

Gale adjusts her glasses, a HUD read out on the interior of the lens shows coordinates and a tracking signal.

She points, this way, off road, Forest and Snow stride ahead.

Forest looks over Rain's shoulder at the rad read out.

FOREST (CONT'D)

Jesus, that's gonna sting in the mornin'.

They leave Lake at the Aerodyne, the SMG held close to his chest for comfort as he glances around nervously.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

They come to a spot, the Aerodyne now far in the distance.

GALE

Here.

She adjusts the HUD on her shades, points to a spot.

FOREST

Right.

Forest takes the shovel and starts to dig in a hurry.

Snow walks the perimeter, scans the horizon with his scope.

Gale watches Forest work.

In the extreme background stands the shattered remains of a futuristic New York, now in ruins. Blasted and hollow, sand drifts hundreds of feet high in the buried streets.

Shadows lengthen, time passes.

Forest's hole is about a meter deep.

THUNK, the shovel strikes something metallic.

A beat as Forest looks to the team, they gather around, Forest picks up the pace, sweat dripping, uncovers it.

GALE

Rain.

RAIN

Half hour over-due.

Rain unzips the duffel bag and pulls out medical equipment.

Forest uncovers a metal box about seven feet long.

Snow jumps in the hole, the two men heft the box out.

RAIN (CONT'D)

Careful!

Gale releases two catches and throws the lid open.

INSIDE CASKET POV - LOOKING OUT

The four look inside, Rain has a big smile on her face.

RAIN (CONT'D)

Hello, Brook!

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

INT. NEW EDEN CONTROL CENTER - DAY

SUPER - "2060"

Dozens of SCIENTISTS in white coats rush about keeping vigil over high tech equipment and monitors laid out like a NASA control center in concentric rows.

EXECUTIVES and VIP's, watch from a glazed GALLERY above, several wear military uniforms.

SUPER - "10 years ago"

Lots of "tech-talk" is thrown back and forth, the displays show satellite imagery of Earth, numbers being crunched, a barrage of data and telemetry that occupies the scientists.

SCIENTIST #1

Forty minutes, thirty nine seconds... all on the grid.

SCIENTIST #2

Payload fourteen showing variable shift flux.

SCIENTIST #1

Alright, it's within safety parameters, just keep them in parallel buffer containment until dispersal.

INT. NEW EDEN CONTROL CENTER - GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Laughter and back slapping.

CARVER (50) lab coat, socializes, drinks champagne.

NORRIS (55) in a suit, and TYSON (49) in a Colonel's uniform, speak loudly with Carver.

TYSON

...In fact, they should rename it The "Carver Peace Prize".

Self satisfied laughs from the Kings of the Universe.

NORRIS

They should demand the return of all the other awarded prizes, and give them all to you!

TYSON

Or melt them down into one big prize!

CARVER

Please, gentlemen, I really must insist... that you continue.

Another round of self appreciation and laughter.

Gale's voice interrupts them.

GALE (O.S.)

Doctor Carver, I must congratulate you, albeit in a more humble manner.

Gale, 10 years younger, champagne flute in hand, approaches.

GALE (CONT'D)

Good evening gentlemen.

(To Tyson)

Colonel.

(To Norris)

Mister Norris, I trust Doctor Carver is keeping you fed and oiled?

NORRIS

Ah, how wonderful to see you here on the dawn of a new era!

GALE

Save the ass kissing for your next campaign.

TYSON

I love this woman!

Booming laughter from all the men.

GALE

So, the first son of nanotechnology, now becomes the father.

Carver steers Gale away.

CARVER

If you'll excuse us, gentlemen, please help yourself to more food and champagne, the show is about to begin.

GALE

I didn't get a chance to thank you for saving the world.

CARVER

Why are you here?

GALE

Really? You thought I'd just watch you from the comfort of my sofa with the rest of the planet?

CARVER

Don't make a fool of yourself, Abi, maybe you've had a bit too much to drink.

GALE

"Abi"? You haven't called me "Abi" since Rome, you do remember Rome, don't you?

CARVER

Please, not now, we can talk later if you like.

GALE

Don't worry, Doctor, I'm just here to help celebrate your amazing achievement. It's not every day you get to save 8 billion lives.

He attempts to speak but is cut off by a sudden KLAXON, and warning lights, chaos breaks out in the main control room.

Carver moves to an intercom as he addresses the guests.

CARVER

Please, ladies and gentlemen, everything is under control, totally expected and nothing to worry about, please, everyone go back to your drinks!

Carver hits the intercom, looks down into the Control Center.

CARVER'S POV - CONTROL CENTER

A SCIENTIST speaks into his end of the intercom while looking up into the Gallery.

CARVER (CONT'D)

(Into intercom)

You'd better tell me that this is under control and nothing to worry about.

SCIENTIST #1

(Over intercom)

We need you on the floor, pod four is about to disperse.

BACK TO SCENE

CARVER

What!?

Carver dishes out reassuring smiles, hustles to the door.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Nothing to worry about, nothing we
haven't planned for!

He sprints down the gallery steps and into the...

INT. NEW EDEN CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Carver is mobbed by Scientists who shout tech talk at him.

The Guests watch from the gallery above, concerned.

CARVER

Shut that alarm off! Try to re-
establish containment!

SCIENTIST #1

It's not working, we're locked out!

SCIENTIST #2

Fail safes have gone off line, dear
God, pod four is dispersing.

Another burst of scientific panic and chatter.

CARVER

That's thirty-five billion euro-
dollars worth of tax payers money
just about to be shit into the
pacific ocean, re-establish
containment, now!

SCIENTIST #2

Doctor Carver, look at this!

The Scientists stare with horror at a monitor.

INSERT - COMPUTER MONITOR

A 3D model of a complex molecular structure rotates, tiny
machines move the molecules about to make a new structure.

Text flashes the computer's instructions-

"Carbon, Ozone, Oxygen, Hydrogen re-alignment erroneous, new
element reassessment, nano-augmented alignment in progress".

BACK TO SCENE

SCIENTIST #1

Oh, dear God.

Carver jolts, desperate, panicked.

CARVER
Stop the sequence! Somebody stop
the sequence!

SERIES OF SHOTS

Broadcast around the world, various locations.

REPORTER (V.O.)
The world stands by as Project New
Eden is just three minutes away
from changing the world as we know
it. Doctor Carver and his team
have worked for 27 years at a cost
of an estimated forty billion Euro-
Dollars to get to this point...

- A) PEOPLE in a BAR watch a bank of TV's.
- B) A FAMILY at HOME gathered in front of a holographic TV.
- C) A CROWD in TIME'S SQUARE watch a huge holographic screen.
- D) PROTESTORS gather outside the WHITE HOUSE, placards read-
"Don't play God with God!", "Na NO technology!", "You wrecked
it, now accept it!", "Told you so!"

EXT. PLANET EARTH - SPACE

REPORTER (V.O.)
A fleet of satellites have been
equipped with the technology to
"seed the atmosphere" with nano-
bots; tiny machines able to
actually rearrange the molecular
structure of the chemicals that
pollute our atmosphere, and form
new elements...

Four satellites drift into position over a changed Earth,
raised sea levels make the countries slightly different
shapes, the lights of vast cities dot the surface.

An ORBITAL SHUTTLE CRAFT, bristling with antennae and arrays
and powerful engines, glides alongside one of the satellites.

INT. ORBITAL SHUTTLE FLIGHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Several CREW sit at complex monitors and control panels, the
view ports reveal EARTH passing hundreds of miles below.

The shuttle's CAPTAIN stands between two control stations,
arms folded, speaks into a head-set.

CAPTAIN

Doctor Carver, this is The Brand,
can you confirm early deployment of
pod four?

A burst of STATIC, the Captain turns to a COMMS OFFICER.

COMMS OFFICER

Nothing, sir.

EXT. PLANET EARTH - SPACE

One of the satellites unfurls four large panels that glint in the sun, lazily pitches and rotates on its axis.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...This will effectively rebuild the ozone layer and end the environmental crisis through molecular manipulation. A kind of deep scrub of our atmosphere. Decades of pollution reversed by modern science in seconds... it seems... yes... something is happening, ahead of schedule but it looks like... yes, the first effects of Project New Eden can be seen...

SERIES OF SHOTS

The skies above the world's cities of 2060.

A) Paris

B) London

C) Moscow

D) Singapore

Light up, an aurora of cascading brilliance and energy, the biggest firework display ever seen, watched by the world.

CROWDS wear respirators and face masks, watch the aurora roll across the sky with gasps of wonder tinged with fear.

Dark smog banks begin to clear, the stars appear to brighten or come out of hiding, the atmosphere cleaned, purified, purged... it's working.

EXT. INDIA - NEW DELHI STREETS - NIGHT

PEOPLE look up transfixed, lit up by the light show, some remove their masks, gasp, cheer, point in wonder.

The wonder turns to a dawning horror, the lights become an intense red, a distant ROAR approaches.

The horror becomes fear, SCREAMING and running.

The ROAR gets louder, drowns out the screams until the roar is all that is heard.

EXT. PLANET EARTH - SPACE

A blanket of fire, undulating black storms flecked with sparks engulfs countries, boils oceans, snuffs out cities, flares of burning atmosphere unfurl from the surface, one of them reaches The Shuttle.

INT. ORBITAL SHUTTLE FLIGHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

The Crew raise their arms to shield their faces, SCREAM as the flames engulf the vessel, smash the glass.

EXT. PLANET EARTH - SPACE

The Shuttle explodes in a silent fiery ball.

INT. NEW EDEN CONTROL CENTER - GALLERY - DAY

The room shudders, lights flicker, electronic instruments fizzle, glass cracks and machines shut down.

The Guests and Scientists run for imagined safety or stand stunned watch the destruction unfold on failing screens.

Gale stands calmly, sips her champagne.

EXT. AURORA STREETS (2070) - NIGHT

Unrecognizable, time and global catastrophe have taken most of the land marks, now dusty, almost middle eastern.

Survivors dressed against poison air, acid rain and change, shuffle amongst salvage rigged into makeshift homes or shattered buildings patched up. A shanty in the dust.

A semblance of normality exists, stalls, satellite dishes, vehicles, music, even laughter and children playing, but mostly improvising survivors trading in food, water and gas.

In the distance stands a reminder of a different existence in the form of skyscrapers and buildings that belong to a part of the city a world away.

Aerodynes and smaller vehicles flit between the towers, a huge CARGO LANDER enters the furious atmosphere, touches down somewhere behind a cluster of towers and arrays.

EXT. SHANTY STREET - CONTINUOUS

MEADOW (25) bangs, cute, sneakers, skips, alongside WINTER, (50) grizzled, battered panama hat and khakis.

They maneuver through the CROWDS of an impromptu bazaar.

Water, food, clothes, fuel are the priorities on sale.

Meadow stoops to pet a flea ridden mongrel.

MEADOW

So cute... Winter, I want a doggy!

WINTER

A what? Yeah, try get one of those past the DH.

MEADOW

Couldn't you pull some strings for me, I'd love a puppy.

WINTER

Run it by Lake, see what he can shuffle. Anyway, why you asking me? It's not my decision.

MEADOW

I just thought--

Winter stops, faces her.

WINTER

Listen, I can't hold your hand all the time, you need to break out, empower yourself.

MEADOW

I do!

Winter talks as he walks.

WINTER

You care too much about what other people think, you're a bright kid with a huge heart and one day, that same big heart is gonna get you in serious trouble and I... I might not be around to get you out of it.

MEADOW

Wow, that was... that was really harsh, Winter.

Meadow smiles at a pretty little GIRL who wears an eye patch, an arm missing.

WINTER

It's a harsh world, kiddo.

Winter treads in something nasty, inspects his shoe.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Damn it, this is why I hate coming to The Strap.

Meadow's mood switches in an instant, something on a stall catches her eye - a small porcelain dog.

MEADOW

I like it here - it reminds me of Marakesh.

WINTER

Well, Marakesh got burned off the map, this is more like Calypo.

MEADOW

I've never been to Marakesh, have you been to Calypo?

WINTER

Off-world aint' all it's cracked up to be, Meadow.

Meadow hands over a packet of cigarettes to the HAWKER, shows Winter her purchase.

MEADOW

I got my doggy.

A cute GUY in a duster, leading a herd of GOATS, catches her eye, she smiles coyly.

WINTER

But it was nothing like this...

Winter stops.

WINTER (CONT'D)

This is the place.

A sand blown stoop of an old apartment block, HOOKERS and STREET PUNKS loiter outside.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Watch your step, U.E. out for a morning stroll.

Meadow follows Winter's eye-line.

MEADOW'S POV - FURTHER ALONG THE STREET

Two URBAN ENFORCERS, soldiers in grey camouflage fatigues, assault rifles, helmets and webbing, shake someone down.

WINTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's bad, they don't usually come
this far outside the wall.

MEADOW (O.S.)
Must be looking for someone.

BACK TO SCENE

WINTER
Even more reason to get inside.

LEONARD (20) street punk, approaches, blocks the door to the apartment block, fidgets and sniffs, eyes all over the place.

Winter knows what comes next.

WINTER (CONT'D)
Oh for the love of... look, son,
there are two enforcers just a few
yards up the road, do you really
wanna--

LEONARD
(To Meadow)
Nice shoes.

MEADOW
You think so? Thanks, I kinda'
like them myself, they're my
favorite. My friend, Lake, got
them for me, maybe--

LEONARD
Take em' off.

WINTER
He's trying to rob you, Meadow.

Meadow looks at Leonard with disappointment, notices a knife in his hand almost concealed by his coat.

MEADOW
Really?
(to Leonard)
I'm so disappointed, you're kind of
cute, you know, if you had a
shower, shave, haircut, some new
clothes.

LEONARD
(off guard)
Huh? What?

INT. CRAFT'S BAR - NIGHT

A smoky makeshift drinking hole where CUSTOMERS of questionable repute, drink, gamble, take drugs, fight.

A HOLO-TV shows flickering sports and STRIPPERS.

The door is smashed open by Leonard's head, he lands in a tangled heap in the middle of the floor with his nose broken.

Meadow strides in after, stands over him, dominant.

The room falls silent.

MEADOW

If you'd just asked nicely, I might have given them to you.

All eyes go to her, she flicks a strand of hair from her eye.

CRAFT (30) sickly, shaky, dashes over from behind the bar.

CRAFT

Hey! What the hell hey!

Winter enters, steps over the groaning Leonard.

WINTER

I'd stay down there if I were you, pal.

MEADOW

He tried to steal my shoes.

Craft looks down at Leonard.

CRAFT

Leonard, is this true, Leonard?

Leonard groans.

CRAFT (CONT'D)

Sorry about that, guys, he owes me his tab, I would have given them back to you sorry about that.

(To Leonard)

Get out get!

WINTER

Sorry about the door, Craft, I'll speak with Lake, I think he's got some more of those eggs.

MEADOW

What a waste of eggs, Leonard's the one who broke the door!

Leonard staggers to his feet and stumbles away.

Craft eagerly rushes behind the bar, eager to please.

CRAFT
Can I get you guys something? I got
beer can I?

MEADOW
Yummy.

WINTER
Keep an eye out, U.E. Are out on a
day trip.

CRAFT
Thanks for the heads up, thanks.

Craft grabs two bottles and hands them out.

CRAFT (CONT'D)
What brings you down to The Strap?
Still working for Gale what?

WINTER
Its more of a... mutual
arrangement.

CRAFT
Yeah, I get it yeah.

WINTER
To answer your question, we need to
get hold of passes in a hurry.

CRAFT
I thought Lake was your fixer I
thought?

WINTER
Poor guy is all worn out, he had to
attend an important business
meeting earlier.

INT. LARGE BASEMENT - DAY

Lake, shirtless and blindfolded stands in a circle of YAKUZA.

SAMMO (30) a fat Yakuza, shirt off, tattoos all over his
blubber, punches Lake hard in the stomach.

Lake falls on his butt and gasps with pain, tries to catch
his breath.

LAKE
Huh... Sammo? Yeah, that was
definitely Sammo... final answer.

Simultaneous groans and cheers from the assembled gangsters as money changes hands.

Sammo, looks impressed.

LAKE (CONT'D)
Was I right? Was I right?

SAMMO
Yeah Gaijin.

INT. CRAFT'S BAR - NIGHT

Craft nods, strokes his chin.

WINTER
Did he mention anything about day
passes to The Fox to you?

CRAFT
Yeah, thought he was joking yeah!

MEADOW
No, we need them.

WINTER
A Mister Cho has very kindly lent
us his tickets, we just need to get
into the Fox now.

CRAFT
Cutting it a bit short aint' we
cutting it?

WINTER
Tonight.

CRAFT
"Tonight!?" I don't know... nearly
got caught last time, if the
Enforcers catch up they'll shut me
down, in more ways than one
tonight.

Meadow takes a drink as she peers out from under her bangs.

CRAFT (CONT'D)
OK, I'll see what I can do, come
back tomorrow OK.

Meadow undoes her top button, seductively cools her neck on the beer bottle.

Craft fumbles for his cell phone.

CRAFT (CONT'D)
Give me a few minutes give me.

He tears himself away from Meadow's cleavage, turns to the back of the bar and makes a call.

WINTER

I think that's a new record, kiddo.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Forest, Gale, Rain and Snow stand over the open box.

BROOK (39) handsome, wearily rises from the casket, soaked through with sweat. He gasps for air, his voice raspy.

FOREST

This is the fourth time I've had to dig you out of a hole, mate.

BROOK

Fifth, actually... water, can I have some water please.

Snow pulls a canteen from his utility webbing, Brook drinks deeply, pours the rest over his head.

RAIN

Slowly, don't drink too fast.

BROOK

Sorry, Rain, been in a hole... underground... metal box.

GALE

Well?

BROOK

Well what?

GALE

Did you get it?

BROOK

Of course I didn't, how do you think I ended up in the box? You remember the box? Morty screwed us over... like I said she would.

GALE

Do you know how much the Aerodyne fuel cost me?

FOREST

Boss, can we talk about this on the way home?

Gale and Brook ignore him.

GALE

Great, that's just great!

Brook looks hurt.

BROOK

They put me in a box!

Snow sees something in the distance, raises his scope to his eye, speaks calmly.

SNOW

Brook. We have a situation.

Snow is not heard.

BROOK

(To Gale)

I just need one more go...

SNOW'S POV - SCOPE (NIGHT VISION)

A cloud of dust from moving vehicles, a range finder reads "400 meters" the number gets smaller as they get closer.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

SNOW

(calm)

Brook, Nomads are on an intercept.

FOREST

What was that, Snow?

SNOW

Nomads incoming, four o'clock.

GALE

(To Brook)

You've already tried three times, I don't think they will buy any more stories! Damn, Lake is going to be pissed, and we won't get paid!

BROOK

(To Gale)

Since when have you cared what Lake thinks?

GALE

You know what he went through to get the invites?

INT. LARGE BASEMENT - DAY

Sammo hands an envelope to a shaken and battered Lake. Lake's knees go weak, he wobbles, Sammo catches him.

SAMMO

OK?

LAKE

It's only a rib, I've got twenty three left.

Sammo bellows an enormous laugh, his belly shakes.

SAMMO

Enjoy party, Gaijin!

Lake salutes Sammo with the envelope and limps away through the gathered Yakuza who pat him on the back.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Brook digs around up his nose.

RAIN

Careful, you might lose it.

Brook recovers a pen-top shaped device from his nostril, tosses it to Gale.

She catches it, drops it with disgust when she realizes.

BROOK

By the way, homing transmitter,
that was an excellent idea, Gale.

Forest peers into the distance at the cloud, the rumble of ENGINES, SCREAMS, SHOUTS and WAR CRIES is heard.

GALE

Because I knew you'd screw it up!

Brook looks hurt.

BROOK

No fair! I've been in a box! Why
do people keep forgetting about the
box?

Forest starts to run to the Aerodyne.

RAIN

(Shouts)

Brook! Gale!

They both look to Rain, she takes after Forest.

RAIN (CONT'D)

You might want to listen to Snow!

They turn to Snow, he squats, an eye on his scope.

SNOW

Nomads are coming. They will be
within range in less than ten
seconds. Suggest we withdraw to
the LZ.

Gale and Brook take off after Forest and Rain, Snow follows them with his gun raised to cover their escape.

Gale pulls out a radio while she runs.

GALE

Lake!

EXT. DESERT - AERODYNE - CONTINUOUS

Lake fumbles with his radio.

LAKE
Yeah, I'm here.

GALE (V.O.)
Start the Aerodyne!

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Forest lumbers along, not lean, Rain over takes him.

RAIN
Come on, Big Guy!

The NOMADS draw to within weapons range and open FIRE, bullet impacts pepper the sand.

Snow drops to a knee and fires a BURST of tracer rounds.

EXT. DESERT - NOMADS - CONTINUOUS

A dozen vehicles, dune buggies, quad bikes and dirt bikes retrofitted with spikes, chains, decorated with skulls.

Real road warrior stuff.

Scarred and mutilated savages that scream and yelp, tribal maniacs armed with salvaged firearms and blades.

Their faces seem to crawl, rise and swell, as if something is under the skin trying to get out.

Snow's shots strafe the driver of a dune buggy, it swerves into the path of two bikes and rolls, the bikers wipe out.

EXT. DESERT - AERODYNE - CONTINUOUS

Rain runs up the ramp and into the Aerodyne.

The Aerodyne's engines whine, splutter and die.

INT. AERODYNE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Lake tries to start the Aerodyne, obviously out of his depth.

LAKE
Come on come on come on!

EXT. DESERT - AERODYNE - CONTINUOUS

Forest and the others are still a way off, about twenty meters.

RAIN
Run, Forest!

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Snow reaches into his webbing, pulls a small metal disk and throws it to the sand as he runs.

Brook and Gale run with each other, she pulls out her pistol.

BROOK
No time, just keep running!

EXT. DESERT - AERODYNE - CONTINUOUS

Forest, Brook and Gale reach the Aerodyne, run up the ramp.

Snow pulls out an electronic detonator, waits a beat.

CLICK.

EXT. DESERT - NOMADS - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! The disk explodes taking out two buggies in a cloud of fire, metal and sand.

The bodies of the Nomads evaporate in a blur of grey dust and scrap-like tatters, their clothes fall to the ground empty.

EXT. DESERT - AERODYNE - CONTINUOUS

Forest runs up the ramp, shots ricochet and puncture a row of holes along the fuselage.

GALE
Get us started, Lake!

Forest looks to Snow and shouts in panic.

FOREST
Don't get killed!.. You're the only
person who can fly this thing!

A Nomad takes a shot at Rain, Forest pushes her clear, the shot strikes Forest in the stomach.

Forest slides down the wall with a surprised expression.

RAIN
Forest!

INT. CRAFT'S BAR - NIGHT

Craft hangs up the cell phone.

WINTER

So?

CRAFT

He's doubled his price, wants thirty liters for a twenty four, he's doubled his price.

WINTER

Thirty!?

CRAFT

Not negotiable not negotiable.

MEADOW

We could live there for thirty liters!

CRAFT

Sorry, that's the deal sorry.

Winter ponders, looks to Meadow.

EXT. FOX DISTRICT - NIGHT

A wall surrounds bright lights, slick towers and clean patrolled streets of a wealthy minority.

The Fox River is now a vast, dry valley, dotted with shanties and scavenger settlements in the shadow of The Wall.

INT. FOX DISTRICT - CHECK POINT - NIGHT

A world away from the dusty streets of Outer Aurora, steel, glass, concrete, and plastic shroud well maintained streets, sleek cars and bright lights of privilege and security.

A fortress-like check point watched by remote GUN TURRETS and ENFORCERS on watch.

A battered yellow cab hisses to a halt, its electric engine powers down with a whine.

Winter and Meadow step from the cab, now both dressed in fine evening wear, Meadow chews on bubble gum.

The gun turrets track their movements, an airborne SURVEILLANCE DRONE floats over and scans their faces.

MEADOW

Hope those passes were worth the price, we could all eat for five weeks on thirty liters.

ENFORCER #1 (O.S.)

Passes please.

An Enforcer halts them as another produces a scanning device.

Winter and Meadow hold out their wrists, the Enforcer scans their bare skin like a bar-code reader.

MEADOW

I bet you're really cute under that visor.

ENFORCER #1

Huh... um...

WINTER

(Under his breath)
Don't over do it, kiddo.

INSERT - SCANNER

Winter and Meadow's mug shots.

"Mr and Mrs Glenville-Ross, 24 hour gate pass approved".

A beep, green light, the Drone moves away.

BACK TO SCENE

ENFORCER #1

You're clear to proceed, please check in with the Department of Importations if you require an extension. Enjoy your stay, Sir, Ma'am.

The Enforcer speaks into his helmet intercom.

ENFORCER #1 (CONT'D)

Two in.

VOICE (V.O.)

(Over radio)
Roger that.

The doors slide open with a loud hiss and grinding sound.

MEADOW

Thank you, cutie.

They pass into the domain of the rich and powerful.

MEADOW (CONT'D)
I hate coming here.

INT. CARVER GLOBAL INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A high speed glass elevator on the side of a skyscraper, a view to suggest that all is right with the world, the lights of aerodynes move between the towers of the powerful.

Meadow looks out the glazed half of the elevator in wonder.

MEADOW
Why can't we live somewhere high up?

WINTER
Have you checked the panel?

MEADOW
Huh? Oh yeah.

Meadow inspects the elevator control panel and its rows of buttons.

A security card slot is labelled "Authorized Personnel Only".

MEADOW (CONT'D)
That's the floor the labs are on.

WINTER
You got what you need?

MEADOW
Should be fine.

Meadow smooths her dress down, adjusts her hair.

MEADOW (CONT'D)
How do I look?

WINTER
(Whispers)
Like a million liters, kiddo.

INT. CARVER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Clean steel and glass of a penthouse suite, a view of the lights of the upper class district from full length windows.

Armed GUARDS with darkened helmet visors keep vigil, logos on their ballistic armor read "Raven Security Systems" (RSS).

Finely dressed beautiful GUESTS chatter and drink champagne while a STRING QUARTET plays gentle music.

The elevator opens and Winter and Meadow step out, her arm in his, a Guard scans them head to toe with a device.

WINTER

Gale said to watch this guy, can't be trusted.

MEADOW

Do we know any other kind of people?

WINTER

Just work your magic.

Carver approaches, FREYA (23) stunning, on his arm.

CARVER

Good evening, I don't think we've been introduced.

They exchange a firm handshake, Winter notices Carver's arm is a cybernetic replacement. Bioorganic, wires, electronics and servos nest under a semi transparent skin.

WINTER

Simon Cho, and this is my daughter Erica.

Carver kisses Meadow's hand.

CARVER

A pleasure, this is my personal assistant, Freya.

Freya smiles.

WINTER

Also a pleasure.

CARVER

I am honored to have you as a guest, it came as quite surprise when I heard you were coming.

MEADOW

I've heard so much about you, Doctor Carver.

CARVER

Then you have me at a disadvantage, perhaps we can address the balance this evening?

MEADOW

That would be lovely.

Carver turns to Winter.

CARVER

I'm so glad you could come, Doctor Cho, I've been looking forward to meeting you and discussing your paper on thermal catch dynamics in a vacuum.

A blank look from Winter, problem.

WINTER

Huh... yes, I'm quite proud of that one... the huh... thermal thing.

CARVER

I have a lot of questions, if you would indulge me?

Winter flounders.

WINTER

Maybe later... huh--

MEADOW

Would you like a drink, Daddy? It is a party after all.

WINTER

Huh... yes, that would be great.

Carver regards Winter for a beat.

CARVER

Yes, of course, you're right, maybe later... after the big announcement.

WINTER

Speaking of which, what is the big surprise?

CARVER

Now now, Doctor Cho, all in good time, please, have a glass of champagne, help yourself to an hors d'oeuvre.

Freya looks Meadow up and down with approving eyes.

MEADOW

Good idea, if you'll excuse us.

Another kiss on the hand from Carver, Meadow smiles and moves to the buffet dragging Winter with her through the guests.

WINTER

Good play, kiddo.

MEADOW
Thank you, Daddy.

Meadow picks an hors d'oeuvre from the tray of a passing WAITER, takes a bite, yuck, puts it back.

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Brook struggles with Forest's bulk as she pulls him clear of the door, Rain gets to work with her medical supplies.

Gale kneels, returns fire as Snow barrels up the air-stair.

The Engines kick in after several CLUNKING noises.

INT. AERODYNE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Lake punches the air in victory.

LAKE
Yes!

EXT. DESERT - AERODYNE - CONTINUOUS

Gale and Snow take cover in the ramp-way and fire.

A BIKER is gunned down by Snow.

Brook punches the button to close the ramp - nothing happens.

BROOK
Get us out of here!

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Snow gives the SMG to Brook and moves to the cockpit.

Forest's blood covers Rain's hands, she starts to panic, her hands shake.

Brook notices.

The Nomads circle firing SHOTS, a Molotov smashes on the upper fuselage giving the Aerodyne a cloak of fire.

GALE
If they hit the fuel tanks!

BROOK
I know, I know!

Gale and Brook take their SHOTS as they can.

EXT. DESERT - AERODYNE - CONTINUOUS

Shots hit several Nomads, they DISSOLVE into grey particles.

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rain takes in the chaos, Brook SHOUTS, Gale FIRES, Nomads shoot and scream, Forest looks up at her with fading eyes, a grey tint to his skin, it's all lost in an echoing cacophony.

Her face is filled with panic, fear and dread.

BROOK

(Firing)

Rain! You can do this!

Rain closes her eyes, takes a calming breath, opens them.

RAIN'S POV - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT

Everything goes into extreme slow motion, the sound of the fight fades to silence.

Rain moves at normal speed, overcome with calm and focus as she begins to work on Forest.

BACK TO SCENE

Gale tries to close the air-stair, too late, two Nomads leap from their vehicles onto the ramp and start to climb up.

One Nomad leaps for Brook, the other slaps Gale's gun away and raises a machete.

INT. AERODYNE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Lake moves out of Snow's way, Snow jumps into the pilot's seat, throws switches, pushes on the throttle.

The Aerodyne lifts, pitches forward, a GROAN of metal stress.

LAKE

Next time, you show me how to actually fly this thing!

SNOW

Agreed.

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Brook kicks one of the Nomads in the face, he hardly notices, leaps up the ramp and tackles Brook around the waist with a roar of fury. The SMG falls to the floor.

The sudden tilt of the vehicle throws them forward, they crash into a toilet cubicle.

The other Nomad is in the compartment, on top of Gale, she uses both hands to keep the machete at bay.

The Nomad screams and laughs in her face as he pushes down.

Gale knees him in the crotch, reaches for the muzzle of Brook's dropped SMG, swings the gun into the Nomad's face

The Nomad spasms, goes limp and slumps on top of Gale. His body starts to dissolve into gray slush.

Gale panics, desperately shuffles back and away from the ooze and empty clothes.

EXT. DESERT - ROUTE 88 - CONTINUOUS

The Nomads follow the Aerodyne at full tilt.

A Nomad jumps onto the fuselage from the roof of a buggy, slips, falls under the buggy's wheels.

The Aerodyne lifts into the air a few meters, bounces back down as the engines struggle, choke and pop.

One engine tilts, the thrust engulfs a nomad disintegrating him and his ride.

INT. AERODYNE - TOILET CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Brook and the Nomad fight in the confined space, neither trained in martial arts, rather a ruthless barrage of dirty fighting.

A head butt from Brook sends the Nomad back out into the passenger compartment with a flattened nose.

Brook rips the seat from the toilet, smashes it down on the Nomad's head.

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Brook and the Nomad twist, turn, wrestle for dominance.

The Nomad is relentless, Brook is tired and wounded.

Gale punches the button, it sparks, the ramp closes as gun fire from the Nomads outside sparks off the metal.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The Aerodyne lifts off in a cloud of black smoke belching from one of the engines and the fire on the roof.

The Nomads fire at the escaping Aerodyne and howl with rage.

INT. AERODYNE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The aerodyne tilts forward and up.

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Brook and the Nomad tumble down the aisle and into the...

INT. AERODYNE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Where they fall onto the throttle controls in the centre.

The Aerodyne loses power, stalls and nose dives.

Lake lifts with the Aerodyne's sudden lurch SMASHING his head on the over head controls.

He falls to the floor, out cold.

INT. AERODYNE - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Everyone bounces off the ceiling and tumbles forward, Rain throws herself on Forest and tries to protect him.

INT. AERODYNE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Snow battles with the controls, no emotion on his stone face.

Brook is losing, feebly tries to get the upper hand, the Nomad SCREAMS with every PUNCH and head-butt.

Snow can't help, both hands on the control pillar.

The Nomad gets his hands around Brook's neck, squeezes.

Brook sees a pistol in Snow's belt holster, reaches, stretches, grasps for it, desperate to end this.

He fumbles the gun from Snow's holster, presses the muzzle into the Nomad's ribs.

BROOK
Get off my plane!

CLICK.

WINTER
 You'll do fine, you're the one with
 the interface, it's the only way.

MEADOW (V.O.)
 But I don't know how to use it
 properly.

WINTER
 You have to be quick, Carver's left
 the room, I think he's up to
 something.

Meadow looks to the RSS Guards at the elevator.

MEADOW
 Okay, gonna make a move, when
 you're ready.

WINTER (V.O.)
 I think he knows I'm not the Cho
 thermal vacuum guy.

Winter turns to a WAITER next to him.

WINTER (CONT'D)
 Hey, I know you!

WAITER
 No, I don't think so, sir.

WINTER
 You're the God damn Nomad that felt
 up my daughter!

WAITER
 What!?

WINTER
 Son-of-a-bitch!
 (Whispers)
 Sorry about this, Pal.

Winter SLUGS him in the face, drinks fly, the two men scuffle
 on the floor while onlookers gasp in shock.

Meadow watches the guards run to break the up the fight. She
 moves to the now unattended elevator and slips inside.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. THE LOFT - NIGHT

A DECREPIT WAREHOUSE among a sprawl of disused industrial units, baked, dusty and cracked, not a soul around.

The AERODYNE touches down in a deserted courtyard between ruined warehouses and factories.

INT. THE LOFT - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Lake lies on a gurney with his head bandaged.

Rain tends to Forest who is on another gurney hooked up to a drip line and a respirator.

Forest whimpers with confusion.

RAIN

It's just a flesh wound, a few millimeters either way and you'd have problems but you were lucky, straight in, straight out.

Forest mugs a doped up smile.

FOREST

I love you, Rain.

RAIN

Glad to see the morphine was worth what we paid for it.

INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Old furniture, a few stacked crates and hi-tech flight cases, stacked along the walls next to a row of computers. The whole building has a temporary feeling to it.

Snow services his disassembled SMG on a coffee table.

Gale paces, Brook is bruised and in pain, he sits in a comfortable chair and checks a PDA.

BROOK

Ouch! 420 RADs! A new personal best.

He prepares a syringe, injects himself in the arm.

BROOK (CONT'D)

Any word from the others.

GALE
You've really screwed us, Brook.

She motions to the syringe.

GALE (CONT'D)
And used the last of the radiation
treatment, you know how much that
stuff costs?

BROOK
Relax, I got this.

Gale paces some more, Brook watches her, checks that Snow is
out of ear shot, occupied with his gun strip down and clean.

BROOK (CONT'D)
OK, it's about time you told me
what's going down here.

GALE
A collector, lots of money, lots of
supplies, you know this.

BROOK
I meant Winter and Meadow, why send
them on a data extraction?

GALE
What do you mean?

BROOK
You're the computer expert...

GALE
So? Meadow is a more than capable
data infiltrator, she has the
interface plus there was the
physical security to take into
account.

BROOK
Who's the buyer?

GALE
Can't tell you that.

BROOK
What's the data?

GALE
Can't tell you that.

BROOK
But you do know?

GALE

That's not the point, you're getting paid, and paid well and Meadow and Winter will get a big fat bonus, so what's the real issue here?

BROOK

"Issue"? You stepped away from a job that you are the best person for, to take care of a job that you are not the best person for, and that don't add up.

GALE

If I had gone to the CGI job, you'd still be buried.

BROOK

Anyone can use a tracker. Look, I don't care much for secret agendas, just about everyone on the team is trying to etch some kind of life for themselves in the sand at the expense of something, and good luck to them, I don't claim to be any different. But something don't smell right here, why send Meadow and Winter to *your* job?

A beat, they try to stare each other down.

GALE

I need you to just trust me, Brook, I'm acting on an idea, a fear, a terrible thing that I want to shoot down before it destroys us.

Brook stands, looks into her eyes, cold and deadly serious.

BROOK

If anything happens to either of them... if you're not on the level...

Brook storms off.

Snow looks up from his weapon maintenance.

INT. THE LOFT - INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Rain stands vigil over an unconscious Forest.

Brook enters.

BROOK

How they doing?

RAIN

Lake's fine, he asked me to knock him out. As for Forest, he's stable, he lost a lot of blood but luckily it missed his kidneys or anything important that we can't replace. I've done all I can, but I'm not Frost.

BROOK

He'd be proud of you.

RAIN

I miss him.

BROOK

Not as much as Forest does right now.

Brook smiles at her.

BROOK (CONT'D)

You did good.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Meadow works quickly, she removes the tip of her FINGER, pulls a fibre optic jack wire from inside and plugs it into the swipe card slot.

Her right EYE turns an opaque green, she talks her way through a hack.

MEADOW

OK, first sector block... spam avalanche... encryption debugger... second sector block--

WINTER (V.O.)

Time's up, kiddo.

Her eyes flicker from side to side as if speed reading.

MEADOW

Got it.

INSERT - ELEVATOR CONTROL PANEL

A digital read out blinks.

"Security Code Accepted".

BACK TO SCENE

The elevator moves up, Meadow removes the plastic cover from a vertical strip light and pulls some wires loose from inside. She takes the gum from her mouth.

INT. CARVER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Winter is escorted by two guards to the elevator.

WINTER
Hey! Easy on the tux!

Freya watches, speaks into her gold bracelet.

FREYA
He's on his way out, the girl is
missing.

Freya watches the elevator floor count - 160, 161, 162...

INT. CARVER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Carver sits at a bank of computers and displays.

CARVER
Thank you my dear, please try to
locate her.

FREYA (V.O.)
Understood.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

He punches up a 3D mug shot of a Chinese man aged about 40,
SIMON CHO displayed beneath the picture.

Carver punches a few more keys and brings up a CCTV image of
Winter from the party, docks it alongside Cho's picture.

CARVER (O.S.)
Who are you?

INT. FLOOR 177 - LOBBY - NIGHT

Glass panels, sculptures, paintings and marble pillars, a
Raven Security Systems (RSS) GUARD on watch.

The elevator pings open.

INSIDE

Meadow does her best 'Lost Drunk' impression.

MEADOW
Oopsh, where'sh the party?

The Guard cautiously advances with his weapon on Meadow.

RSS GUARD
Miss, this area is off limits.

Meadow sways and slurs.

MEADOW
How myshterioush, I love shecretsh.

RSS GUARD
The party is on the penthouse
level, floor 158, miss.

Meadow tries to push the button, misses, stumbles, grabs the elevator rail to steady herself as she hiccups and giggles.

MEADOW
Shorry...

RSS GUARD
Allow me, Miss.

The Guard leans in and pushes the button.

FZZZT. He is electrocuted by the panel.

Meadow flinches, the Guard convulses, falls to the floor.

The elevator doors close and open on the Guard.

Meadow fixes the panel, rigged by a wire from the light fitting and held in place with bubble gum

MEADOW
I'm in.

No answer from Winter, she becomes frightened.

MEADOW (CONT'D)
Winter? Don't leave me.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Winter is tied to a chair, two RSS Guards stand watch.

WINTER
You boys like eggs?

A door opens, Freya enters.

WINTER (CONT'D)
Phew, for a minute there I thought
it was going to be Carver.

FREYA
He's busy with his guests, of
which, you are not one of them.

WINTER
Ah yes, the "big announcement",
very exciting.

Freya smiles, stands in front of Winter, looks into his eyes.

FREYA
Who are you?

WINTER
Lando Cal--

SMACK! Freya punches him with a lightning fast right-cross.

Winter shakes it off, spits blood.

WINTER (CONT'D)
Woah! That's one mean right hook
you got there, lady.

FREYA
Why are you pretending to be Doctor
Cho?

WINTER
I'm one of his biggest fans.

Freya smiles.

FREYA
Thank you.

WINTER
For what?

Freya strokes his face as she purrs at him with her words.

FREYA
For not cooperating.

She hitches her dress, straddles him, whispers into his ear.

FREYA (CONT'D)
It's been so boring lately with
spineless cowards caving under the
slightest duress, they never give
me a chance to use my various...
techniques, and that leaves me so
very... very... unsatisfied.

WINTER
I aim to please.

She draws close to his ear and bites the lobe, he SCREAMS,
she gasps in pleasure.

Freya notices something in Winter's ear, she smiles, he
frowns, dejected, caught.

WINTER (CONT'D)
Damn it.

She extracts the micro communicator from his ear.

INT. CARVER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Carver stands on a rostrum before his assembled guests, they applaud politely, he raises a glass.

CARVER
Thank you, thank you for your
patience, ladies and gentlemen,
it's time to reveal why I have
asked you all here.

A large holo-screen descends behind him which a spinning Carver Global Industries (CGI) logo projects from.

It almost reaches into the room and surrounds the guests with spinning colors.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Meadow enters, creeps past a bank of monitors and computers, glass cabinets, art objects, devices and strange electronics.

She sits before a computer.

MEADOW
Okay, here goes nothing.

INT. CARVER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

CARVER
Ten years ago, an act of computer
terrorism nearly destroyed the
Earth and almost wiped out the
entire human race!

The image shows an animation of pre-catastrophe Earth.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Beautiful, wasn't she? But my gift
to the world was taken from us by
cowards hiding in shadows,
terrorists who sabotaged Project
New Eden and turned my efforts to
the cause of destruction and death.
This event came to be know as "The
Catastrophe".

INT. LAB - NIGHT

A monitor shows the Carver Global Industries logo and a "Log In" prompt. Meadow plugs the jack from her finger into the interface slot, her eyes flicker.

The logo fades, replaced with the same animation of the scorched Earth.

MEADOW

OK, lets see what you've got.

INT. CARVER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

CARVER

In 2060, Project New Eden was meant to spell the end of global warming, starvation, disease. It was to provide plentiful food and clean water for all. Through the manipulation of basic elements, nanomachines were to be introduced into the atmosphere and repair what we, as a race, had done... well, we all know what happened next.

The image shows a simulation of a fire storm, burned off atmosphere, destroyed oceans and resulting scorched Earth.

Freya quietly enters by a side door, Carver notices her.

CARVER (CONT'D)

The burden of this has weighed heavy upon me for a decade, but I did not crawl under a rock to lick my wounds. No, feeling lucky and blessed to be a survivor, even though it had cost me my arm, I helped rebuild power stations, food cloning technology and water purification systems!

A ripple of applause, Carver settles them down.

The animation now shows the major cities that survived, and the shanty towns that sprung up around them.

Quick stock images of poverty, radiation poisoning, disease, suffering and starvation of ragged refugees and survivors.

CARVER (CONT'D)

But, it was not enough. So, the Nanotechnology I developed in 2040 was nurtured, matured into the next generation and holds the key, to ending the suffering that has plagued our brothers and sisters outside of these walls since the Catastrophe!

INT. LAB - NIGHT

MEADOW

Bingo!

Meadow's eyes go wide as she breaks into the system.

MEADOW (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

A stream of data spills onto the screen, a beat.

She blinks, her right eyeball flickers with opaque green.

MEADOW'S CYBERNETIC OPTIC POV - COMPUTER MONITOR

A HUD in her eyesight read "Transferring to Internal Drive" over streaming data.

INT. CARVER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

CARVER

(Escalating)

It pains me to think that the children of today, born into this broken world, will never know what it is like to swim in the sea, to lie on lush, green grass at a family picnic with food enough to fill their bellies under a sun that won't give them cancer!

Nods of and murmurs of agreement all round.

CARVER (CONT'D)

But now, CGI is ready, ready to undo what was done, to reverse the attack on this planet that resulted in 6 billion people, nearly 75 percent of the Earth's population, being killed instantly and another billion people succumbing over the following ten years and still dying today.

The animation seems to play in reverse as the simulated Earth is cleaned, sea levels rise again, land becomes green.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you...

The image shows a healed Earth under the Carver Global Industries logo.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

MEADOW
Project Rebirth? Holy moly.

INSERT - MEADOW'S MONITOR

Also shows Earth of 2070, but where the atmosphere is healed, nanite clouds also disassemble the shanty towns outside of the cities, turning them to grey dust.

On the monitor - "Complete Reconstitution 2.4 Hours from Seeding"

INT. CARVER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A roar of applause from the Guests.

Freya claps along, nods at Carver.

Carver raises his glass.

INT. FLOOR 177 - LOBBY - NIGHT

Meadow skulks through the lobby, the elevator opens and closes, rebuffed by the body of the electrocuted Guard.

MEADOW'S CYBERNETIC OPTIC POV - HUD

"Copying file to external source" blinks over a progress bar.

BACK TO SCENE

Meadow reaches under her hair at the nape of her neck, recovers a small disk from an implanted drive.

She drags the unconscious RSS Guard clear, enters.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Meadow puts a finger to her ear.

MEADOW
Winter, I'm clear, can you hear me?
(Beat)
Winter, please talk to me... If
you can hear me, I'll meet you at
the party, be ready to leave...
Please.

INT. CARVER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The guests continue their applause and praise of Carver.

Freya puts a finger to her ear, signals to the guards, they move into position around the elevator door.

A beat, guns at the ready, Freya in the middle.

The door opens to reveal...

An RSS Guard, rifle also at the ready.

FREYA
Where's the intruder? Why aren't
you at your post?

ELEVATOR GUARD
She's not here, Ma'am.

FREYA
Where the hell is she? Spread out,
seal the exits, she couldn't have
got far.

The Guards spread out, get to work.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Freya steps into the elevator.

FREYA
(To Elevator Guard)
Not you, you're with me, we'll
check the laboratory level.

Freya stands next to the Guard as she swipes her card in the now repaired control panel, the Guard stands silently.

Freya looks to the name tag on the guards armor vest.

INSERT - NAME TAG

"Raven Security Systems - Holland, Peter"

BACK TO SCENE

FREYA (CONT'D)
How long have you been with RSS,
Jones?

The guard answers, voice filtered through his darkened visor.

ELEVATOR GUARD
Four months, and it's 'Holland',
Ma'am.

A beat.

FREYA
You're good.

ELEVATOR GUARD

Pardon me?

FREYA

If you know what to look for, the
9800 voice synthesizer is quite
easy to detect, however.

Freya's voice changes to one identical to the Guard's.

FREYA (CONT'D)

(Guards voice)

I have one myself.

The Guard, turns to shoot, Freya was ready for it, catches
the gun, twists, takes it, turns it back on the Guard.

The Guard counters, quick as a flash lifts the gun muzzle
with a block as a burst of gun FIRE strafes the ceiling.

EXT. GLASS ELEVATOR ROOF - CONTINUOUS

A line of bullet hits takes out electronics, cables and
machinery with a shower of sparks and smoke.

A lurch and a SCREECH and the Elevator plummets.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Freya and the Guard are lifted off their feet, SLAMMED into
the ceiling by the sudden drop.

INSERT - ELEVATOR CONTROL PANEL

Rapidly counts down from 158 while the elevator hurtles down.

BACK TO SCENE

Inertia holds them on the ceiling but they continue to fight.

Freya's knuckles change, extend, pushed outward from within
by implanted knuckle dusters.

Freya tears the Guard's helmet off - it is Meadow.

They strike out, precise, lightning fast PUNCHES and STRIKES.

Freya uses the helmet as a weapon.

The floor counter flickers 93, 92, 91, 90...

Meadow rolls backward across the ceiling towards the windows.

Lights fly past and upward, the ground hurtles closer.

Freya throws the helmet with enhanced strength and accuracy.

Meadow's has quicker reflexes, she dodges the helmet, it SMASHES the window behind letting in a sudden HURRICANE of wind and glass and the sound of screaming elevator MACHINERY.

25, 24, 23, 22...

Meadow dodges Freya's punches, they make dents in the wall.

10, 9, 8, 7...

Meadow sees the countdown, springs backwards, out through the broken window and into free-fall leaving Freya behind.

EXT. CARVER GLOBAL INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS

Meadow CRASHES onto the roof of a HOVER-CAR with a SCREAM, crumples the roof like a paper cup, the windows pop out.

The elevator flies from its runners in a shower of sparks, CRASHES through the ground and into the basement, a cloud of debris, twisted metal, glass and smoke rises from the hole.

Meadow stumbles out of the wreckage of the car, cut and bloodied, falls to the ground on all fours.

She gasps with pain, one arm broken, with the other she pulls her chest armor away and lets it fall to the floor.

It reveals a ragged hole in her abdomen, the blood is red but the flesh is the wrong color, a blue and cream simulation, biomechanics and metallic ribs.

Meadow is a cyborg.

ALARMS sound, GUARDS approach from various directions.

Meadow rises and limps away into the night.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. THE LOFT - INFIRMARY

Forest lies on the gurney with a respirator and wires hooked up to machines and a heart monitor.

Rain stands over him, his eyes flutter open.

RAIN
Good morning.

FOREST
(Weak)
Are you an angel?

RAIN
Yes.

He closes his eyes, she grips his huge hand with her's.

FOREST
I'm gonna... have a... little kip.

He drifts off to sleep, Rain checks the monitors, leans over and kisses him on the forehead.

RAIN
(Whispers)
Thank you.

EXT. SHANTY SHACK - DAY

Brook steps from a HOVER-CAB and surveys the house, a large shack, extended by an old Winnebago with a large solar panel and satellite dish on the roof.

A group of PUNKS, hang out.

One of them notices Brook, his eyes go wide, he runs inside.

BROOK
(Under his breath)
Okay, fourth time lucky.

Brook shouts towards the house.

BROOK (CONT'D)
Good morning Morty! I'm not here
looking for a fight, I'm just here
for either the money or the goods.

The Shack door opens, Brook steels his nerves.

BROOK (CONT'D)

I'd prefer the goods, truth be told.

Four PUNKS, pierced and tattooed, step out, pistols in holsters.

MORTY (20) petite, pierced, bright red hair tied in tails, leads them. The others posture behind her, arms folded.

MORTY

Is that correct?

BROOK

No need for the steel, Morty, just want what was bought fair and square. I'm not even mad at you for burying me in the desert... well, maybe just a little, but I'm willing to let that slide. I managed to sweat off a few pounds and it gave me plenty of time to think about how I was going to even the score.

MORTY

What if we don't want to give you the money or the goods? What if we just cut you down right now and go back to our D and D game?

BROOK

Excellent idea, I'm sure those Dragons aren't going to slay themselves, but... there's just one small drawback to that plan.

MORTY

What might that be?

Red targeting DOTS appear on each of their foreheads.

The Punk's bravado evaporates, Morty's smile melts away.

BROOK

Now... if you

(Points to one of them)

Just, go on inside and fetch either the money or the goods as quick as you can, we can all be on our way and you can keep your tattooed and pierced little heads exactly where they should be.

A beat, Morty folds. She nods to one of her minions who slowly backs off into the shack.

BROOK (CONT'D)
See, we can be friends.

MORTY
You won't have Snow watching you
next time, I'm gonna get you back,
you know that.

BROOK
Bigger men than you have tried,
Morty.

Morty angers, takes a step.

BROOK (CONT'D)
Ah ah ah.

EXT. CRAFT'S BAR - ROOF - DAY

Snow, Rain and Lake lie prone behind sniper rifles.

Snow wears an ear piece, listens in on Brook.

BROOK (V.O.)
I really want us to get along,
Morty.

SNOW'S POV - SCOPE

The Punk's scared faces, red dots on their foreheads.

RAIN (O.S.)
(Over intercom)
I love it when you take us nice
places.

The Punk returns from the shack with a shoebox and carefully
gives it to Brook.

RAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Over intercom)
My punk's kinda' cute.

LAKE (O.S.)
(Over intercom)
My punk's pissing his pants.

Brook opens the box and examines the contents.

LAKE (CONT'D)
(Over intercom)
Brook, we good?

BROOK
(Over intercom)
Oh mamma, we're very good.

Brook turns to face the team a quarter of a mile away, he knows they can see him.

He retrieves something out of the box and holds it up; a dog eared "Winnie the Pooh" book.

EXT. SHANTY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Brook puts the can inside his jacket and walks away.

BROOK
Enjoy your game boys.

INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - DAY

LAUGHTER from Rain and Lake as they enter with Brook and Snow, Brook looks sheepish.

LAKE
"Get off my plane?" Really?

BROOK
I was being strangled at the time, had other things on my mind, like air, and living and other lifey sort of stuff.

LAKE
I wish I'd been conscious to hear that nugget.

Brook puts his fingers to his lips, silences the group as he points to the floor - a trail of blood.

Lake, Snow and Brook pull pistols and follow the trail, pistols raised as they edge their way into the...

INT. THE LOFT - INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Meadow, still in the RSS armor, bruised, cut, cybernetics exposed, sits on the floor, her hair covers her face.

Gale kneels before Meadow.

Forest is still on his gurney, rigged up to machines.

BROOK
Meadow? What happened?

GALE
She just got here, things went South. Rain, she's pretty bad, I did what I could.

RAIN

I'm on it.

Meadow looks up, red eyed and tearful. Rain quickly goes to her aid, starts breaking out equipment.

RAIN (CONT'D)

(to Meadow)

Relax, sweetie, lets get you patched up.

Gale stands, Meadow's data disk visible in her hand.

GALE

We got the data, but they're holding Winter.

Brook is silent but bristles with anger, fixes Gale a cold and hard stare.

INT. THE LOFT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Brook and Gale enter from the Infirmary, Gale hustles away, Brook catches up with her, pulls her by the arm.

GALE

Not now, Brook.

BROOK

What the hell happened to her?

GALE

The op went South, Winter got caught, that's all I know right now, please, I just want--

BROOK

To get to your office and check the disk?

Gale sighs.

GALE

Yes.

She looks down at where Brook still has her arm, he lets go, looks at her with disgust.

BROOK

Meadow was nearly killed, for all we know, Winter is already dead, don't you care.

GALE

Of course I care! They're my team too.

BROOK
Then act like it!

GALE
Winter will be fine, Carver isn't
the type to pass up an opportunity.

BROOK
What kind of opportunity?

GALE
He'll use him as a bargaining chip,
to get the data back.

BROOK
Or, he sends his goons to come and
take it from us!

GALE
He won't.

BROOK
You can't be sure of that! We have
no choice, we give it back, tell
the client we couldn't get it!

Gale remains silent, looks away.

BROOK (CONT'D)
Wait... there is no client, is
there?

Brook looks into her eyes for a beat, reads her.

BROOK (CONT'D)
Damn, Gale!

GALE
There is. I'm the client, I had to
know, had to see.

BROOK
I don't buy it, you know more than
you're letting on.

GALE
There's nothing else, and even if
there was, it's got nothing to do
with you, so back off!

BROOK
Sure, Gale.

Brook shakes his head and walks away, Gale watches him leave.

END OF ACT 4

TAG

INT. THE LOFT - RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Meadow sits, sullen.

Snow stands before her.

SNOW

Do not be concerned.

MEADOW

It was my fault.

SNOW

It was not, the op went bad, it happens, when the situation changes, you change with it. You showed great courage in the face of adversity, your escape allows us to facilitate an extraction plan.

Meadow tries a smile, Snow remains apathetic.

SNOW (CONT'D)

I'm sure that Brook and Gale will come up with a solution... and retribution.

EXT. FOX DISTRICT - PISHON RESTAURANT - DAY

Huge sun-filter screens have been strung out between buildings high above, like hi-tech webs spun onto steel, concrete and glass.

Slick HOVER CARS, holographic hoardings and gardens hide the few from the many, RESIDENTS shop, smile and laugh.

Beautiful and powerful people eat expensive breakfast alfresco, Carver and Freya, not a scratch on her after the elevator crash, sit under a parasol, dressed in white.

Carver speaks to someone opposite him and off screen as he peruses the menu, Freya sits silently, satisfied.

CARVER

It was quite a surprise after so long, I thought you were dead! And then suddenly... There. You. Are.

A waiter arrives.

CARVER (CONT'D)

I must say, I love the new face, totally had me fooled, even Freya didn't recognize you at first.

WAITER

Are you ready to order, Doctor
Carver?

CARVER

(To waiter)

I'll have the poached eggs over
English muffins with buttered
spinach and hollandaise sauce.

(To unseen guest)

Would you care for some breakfast,
old friend?

It is Winter who sits opposite Carver.

WINTER

I'm not hungry.

FADE OUT: