

TEAM FORTRESS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A trio of parachutes flutter towards the roof.

JANE DOE, all American soldier, lands and deftly disconnects from the parachute. A pistol at his belt, he unshoulders a rifle and glances at -

TAVISH DEGROOT, a black Scotsman with a patch over one eye. He lands with a thud and bears a STICKY-BOMB LAUNCHER along with armoured plates over his tactical vest.

DOC, a tall German, lands behind them. Also in tactical gear, he produces a MEDI-GUN connected to a power-pack but is otherwise visibly unarmed.

DOC

Remember, Tavish - we're here for information, not -

TAVISH

(finishing with DOC)  
To blow it up. Aye, aye.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The locked door to the roof BEEPS and UNLATCHES. Jane slips in, putting an access card in a pocket.

JANE

Smith always has such useful toys.

Tavish and Doc follow as they creep down the unkempt stairwell. They wind around once, ending at another door.

Jane crouches and listens. Satisfied, he carefully opens the it, revealing -

Elevator machinery humming in anticipation of a call.

DOC

Ugh.

JANE

What's wrong, Doc?

DOC

Always with the elevator shafts and air

vents.

TAVISH

We can come back during business hours,  
if you'd prefer.

Doc scoffs and pushes past, peering into the darkness of the elevator shaft.

DOC

There's a ladder.

JANE

It's your lucky day.

Jane hops over the edge and nonchalantly slides down the ladder.

JANE

(continued, O.S.)  
Gesundheit!

DOC

Asshole.

#### INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Boots clank on metal rungs alongside the rustle of armour and weaponry.

JANE

Uh, what floor is Hampshire Heavy  
Mining Equipment?

DOC

Forty and forty-one.

JANE

What floor are we on now?

DOC

I don't know, Jane. It's a bit dark.

Tavish sighs. A pouch whispers open and a beam of torchlight shines from above. The light searches the elevator shaft, cables casting wobbly vertical shadows. The light rests on a faded red '38'.

All three groan.

JANE

(beat)

Wait, what's that?

TAVISH

Oh, bloody hell.

Above them, the elevator begins its descent.

JANE

Tavish - give me a hand!

They clamber to the level 38 doors and pull.

Above, the elevator speeds up. An errant light is visible down the shaft.

DOC

Pull!

TAVISH

Really? And here I was, pushing.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The darkened elevator lobby is silent. A SLIVER of LIGHT appears through one of the elevator doors along with a faint murmur of bickering.

JANE

Go!

Doc squeezes through the elevator doorway.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Tavish hears the elevator, glances up.

The ELEVATOR -

DESCENDS AT FULL SPEED, the lights below becoming brighter.

Tavish clambers through as Jane keeps the doors open, Doc doing the same on the other side.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

DOC

Schnell, Jane! Schnell!

Doc and Tavish jam their feet and shoulders into the lobby-side elevator doors.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

The elevator's screech is loud and impending.

Jane releases his hold on the doors, the full weight bearing on DOC and TAVISH.

Jane SPRAWLS through the portal, his strapped rifle catching on the narrowed opening.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

JANE

Dammit!

Tavish grabs the rifle's muzzle and HAULS JANE through, rifle strap straining.

The elevator FLASHES past with a gust of wind. Doc releases the doors with a thud.

JANE

I'm in one piece, right?

TAVISH

Aye.

(beat)

Despite our best efforts.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING OFFICES - NIGHT

A door to the stairwell opens. Jane pokes his head out but all is silent.

The three emerge into the elevator lobby, logo of Hampshire Heavy Mining Equipment prominent on the wall.

A bell DINGS and the elevator doors open.

A pair of GUARDS step out.

Jane and Tavish glance knowingly at each other as Doc nods.

The guards open a secured door to the interior offices.

GLOVED HANDS snake around their mouths and throats, muffling their yells and drawing them backwards.

Doc wedges the security door open as Jane and Tavish drag the guards away.

They reappear moments later.

DOC

Okay?

JANE

One of them managed to bite me.

DOC

Let me see.

Jane rolls up a sleeve, revealing a wet, bloody mess.

DOC

Big baby.

He lifts the medi-gun and trains it on Jane.

A HEALING BEAM bathes Jane and his forearm. He winces. In moments, there is only unscarred healthy skin.

JANE

Thanks. Let's move on.

TAVISH

Wait a second.

He launches two sticky-bombs to the ceiling in the elevator lobby.

TAVISH

Tear-gas. It should buy us some time if there are any more of them.

DOC

Not on a timer?

TAVISH

What am I, an amateur? Proximity sensors, of course. Bloody expensive proximity sensors.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING OFFICES - NIGHT

Jane, Doc and Tavish steal through the starkly retro reception, lighting dim.

They pass the open-plan desks in the main operational area and head into a side corridor.

The corridor leads to a second open-plan area but Jane, Tavish and Doc stay back.

Along the side of this area are spacious C-level OFFICES.

Doc produces a small spray-bottle and mists the air. He's puzzled.

JANE

Where's the laser grid?

DOC

I don't know.

TAVISH

(pointing)

There's no laser system. It's an infra-red sensor.

DOC

I don't like having incorrect intel.

TAVISH

Well, we haven't been set up in what, more than three months?

JANE

Right, it's about time, isn't it?

INFRA-RED DETECTOR POV, surveilling the C-level offices in hyper-colour.

TAVISH

What do we do?

DOC

(beat)

I have an idea.

CUT TO:

INFRA-RED DETECTOR POV. The luxurious C-level offices are uneventful.

A slight tremor FLICKERS to the right of the display.

Blotches of uneven colour begin moving from the right. The detector begins on-screen ANALYSIS of the disturbances but it seems to be nothing.

TAVISH

(O.S.)

Ow! Watch where you're going, Jane!

JANE

(O.S.)

How? I have a fire blanket over my head.

DOC

(O.S.)

Quiet, you clowns. There might be sound sensors.

One of the office doors opens for a few moments, then closes, but it shows as nothing more than an indistinct blur.

The floor-to-wall windows go blank as blinds are drawn closed.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING - CIO OFFICE - NIGHT

Safely inside, the three toss aside the fire blankets.

DOC

(heading to the computer)

All right, let's see what this Chief Information Officer is hiding.

Dull booms echo in the distance.

DOC

(beat)

What was that?

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING OFFICES - NIGHT

EXPLOSIONS rock the elevator lobby, blasting the glass doors to the reception.

The fire alarm and security alarm both go off.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING - CIO OFFICE - NIGHT

Jane and Doc stare at Tavish.

TAVISH

I may have been drunk when loading my launcher.

(beat)

They may have been explosive or incendiary bombs.

(beat)

They might not have had proximity triggers.

(beat)

They might've been on a timer.

DOC

(to Jane)

Escape plan B.

JANE

Right.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING OFFICES - NIGHT

Jane emerges from the office and -

SHOOTS the security cameras with his pistol.

The infra-red sensors BEEP and Jane SHOOTS it as well, setting off another alarm.

JANE

Tavish - you want to be useful? Blow open one of the windows!

Tavish grins and fires a bomb at the building's floor-to-ceiling windows.

Jane troops down a corridor and finds a FIREHOSE.

He smashes the casing and disconnects the entire hose.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING - CIO OFFICE - NIGHT

The computer screen glows in Doc's face. Files transfer to a discreet USB stick.

He glances up to see Tavish -

DETONATE THE BOMB, shattering several of the building's external windows.

Doc shakes his head to himself, looks back to the screen.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING OFFICES - NIGHT

Jane and Tavish cobble together three fire-hoses into one long escape rope.

JANE

Doc! Are you done?

DOC

(O.S.)

Almost.

Shadows flicker at the corridor and several SECURITY GUARDS appear. They FIRE.

BULLETS slam into computers, bursting mugs and piles of paper.

Jane and Tavish -

SCRAMBLE behind a desk.

Jane RETURNS FIRE with his rifle and Tavish lobs a GRENADE towards their enemies.

JANE

Doc!

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING - CIO OFFICE - NIGHT

The sounds of the firefight outside are muffled. The file transfer completes.

Doc pockets the USB stick.

DOC

(to himself)

Was ist das?

He clicks through several screens of data, manifest lists and purchase orders.

DOC  
Australium?

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING OFFICES - NIGHT

Jane FIRES blindly and the security team RETREATS to the corridor.

Doc SPRINTS out from the CIO office.

DOC  
Let's go! Let's go!

JANE  
Cover us!

TAVISH  
Last one.

He fires a sticky bomb and it latches to the wall near the corridor.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Doc hurls himself out of the window, grabbing onto the FIRE-HOSE.

Jane follows, slinging his rifle over his shoulder.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING OFFICES - NIGHT

Above them, the knotted fire-hose pulls a heavy desk towards the window.

Tavish LEAPS over the shifting desk and seizes the FIRE-HOSE.

Behind him, the SECURITY GUARDS enter the open-plan area.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Tavish slides down the fire-hose, BELLOWING a WAR-CRY.

INT. HAMPSHIRE HEAVY MINING OFFICES - NIGHT

The sticky-bomb BEEPS as the security guards rush past.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Another EXPLOSION rocks the building's fortieth floor as Doc, Jane and Tavish escape down the hose.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE: TEAM FORTRESS

INT. DOC'S LAB - NIGHT

On the TV:

NEWSREADER

(V.O.)

...as reports of explosions in the downtown business district reached authorities. It appears that the entire fortieth floor has been gutted by fire, the ultimate cause is still unknown.

Doc's ground-floor LAB is large, cluttered with computers, medical and scientific equipment. Living quarters are located in a loft. Security systems - heavy doors, alarms, sensors, weapons closets - are subtle but present.

MISS PAULING crosses her arms and turns to face Doc, Tavish and Jane. She is mid-twenties, prim and proper, wearing sharp business attire with the slight bulk of a pistol outlined in her suit's jacket.

MISS PAULING

You were supposed to steal information,  
not -

TAVISH

(finishing with Pauling)  
Blow it up.

MISS PAULING

Right.

(gestures at the TV)  
So, what the hell was that?

JANE

(beat)  
Improvisation.

MISS PAULING

No, Jane Doe. It was not. I'll tell  
what it was - it was unprofessional.

JANE

You still got your files, didn't you?

Miss Pauling glances at the USB stick resting on the bench  
next to her. She uncrosses her arms, the pistol briefly  
visible.

MISS PAULING

Fine.

She taps her EAR-PIECE but frowns. It's broken.

MISS PAULING

Brodie?

BRODIE pokes his head around a column. In his late teens,  
he sports a base-ball cap backwards and a Boston accent.

BRODIE

Yeah, Miss Pauling?

MISS PAULING

My comms-unit is out. Can you run down  
to the car and confirm payment with the  
Administrator?

BRODIE

You got it.

He races off, lab doors hissing open and closed.

Jane, Tavish and Doc visibly relax and begin removing their  
tactical gear and cleaning their weapons.

Miss Pauling sits on a lab stool.

MISS PAULING

There's still the matter of this  
Australium.

JANE

Why does this Hampshire Mining company

have it?

MISS PAULING

Who knows? Venturing into a new market?

DOC

Even as small and portable Australium nuggets are, I doubt Hampshire has the resources to handle the transaction of a radioactive material.

MISS PAULING

Yet, they still bought some. It's rare and expensive enough that no one trades for rights - it must be bought in person. They must have it in their offices or warehouse.

(beat)

How much did they buy?

DOC

It totalled at least three kilograms.

MISS PAULING

All right. They couldn't have done it on their own. It's not our concern anyway. We got what we wanted.

JANE

What is "it" exactly?

Miss Pauling picks up the USB stick from the bench.

MISS PAULING

It's not for you to know.

INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

A gloved fist SMASHES a BOXER'S face.

In the front row, SASHA, a Russian mountain of a man, shoots to his feet and cheers the fight.

A couple rows back are BLUTARCH MANN and REDMOND MANN, thin American brothers wearing business suits.

Next to Sasha is SAXTON HALE, a burly Australian with a full moustache and wearing an Akubra hat and business casual clothes.

In the ring, the smaller fighter DODGES a series of JABS from the larger one.

SAXTON

Sasha, you still like the Spaniard?

SASHA

He's fast. He has heart. You be ready with bet money, Mister Saxton.

SAXTON

We'll see, mate.

The match continues, the smaller Spaniard suffering a heavy body-blow, then an UPPERCUT.

The crowd ROARS.

INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

In the ring, the REFEREE stands between the two battered BOXERS. He lifts the glove of the Spaniard to thunderous applause.

SASHA

Ha ha! Sasha told you!

The entourages flood the ring, triumph and disappointment.

Saxton produces some cash and hands it to Sasha.

SASHA

(sniffing the notes)  
Smells like victory.

SAXTON

At least we both had fun.

SASHA

Of course, of course. Many thanks for complimentary tickets. Sasha is thankful.

SAXTON

It's nothing, mate.

The Mann brothers approach Saxton and Sasha.

REDMOND

Good evening, gentlemen.

SAXTON

Redmond. Blutarch.

SASHA

Hello.

BLUTARCH

What a great fight! I thought it was a close run thing.

SASHA

Close? It was opposite!

Redmond chuckles.

REDMOND

Please, excuse my brother. Boxing is not his forte.

SASHA

Even blind man could see. Is not close fight!

Saxton laughs.

SAXTON

(to Redmond)

And you, Redmond, what do you reckon?

REDMOND

It was a good fight. Speed and agility versus brawn and power. An interesting study but the judges' decision was fair.

SAXTON

I didn't know you followed boxing. The pugilistic arts. It's a real man's sport, right?

REDMOND

A bit of bloodsport is good for the soul, don't you think? Reminds a man of the constant struggle that is Life.

SAXTON

Indeed.

(beat)

If I'd known, I would've extended my invitation to you and Blutarch. It would've been the first time the three

of us were in the same place together since...

BLUTARCH

Since my father died.

SAXTON

Right - since your father died.  
Leaving you two brothers alone in this world. A shame about your uncle Silas.  
(beat)

A shame about Mann Corporation.

Blutarch steps forward indignantly but Redmond places a restraining hand on him.

SAXTON

How are your companies going, anyway?  
Cracked the Fortune 500 yet? Mann Corporation finished in the top fifty last year.

BLUTARCH

That's our company.

SAXTON

Not according to your father. Willed it away, didn't he? And with good reason.

(beat)

Funny thing about wills and courts and judges. They can make things rather, final, don't they?

REDMOND

We'll see.

(to Blutarch)

Let's go.

The Mann brothers leave, disappearing into the crowd.

SAXTON

Sorry about that.

SASHA

Sasha has no idea what just happened.

SAXTON

Hey, do you want to meet the fighters?

SASHA

What? You not kidding?

SAXTON

Of course not. I don't play stupid games, you know that.

INT. BOXING ARENA - CORRIDOR

Saxton and Sasha walk with other VIPs, led by an USHER through the secret internals of the sports arena.

Assistants, journalists, caterers, workers buzz everywhere.

Blutarch and Redmond join the group, to Saxton's chagrin.

SAXTON

(to Sasha)

Go on ahead. I'll catch up.

He drops back to Blutarch and Redmond, an argument blossoming.

Sasha continues with the rest of the VIPs.

USHER

And here we have Manny Holbrook, the Lightning Fist!

Several VIPs peel off from the group, heading into the dressing room of the fighter.

With other celebrities and fighters, the group thins until Sasha is by himself.

The usher gestures to a dressing room door.

USHER

Here we are, sir. Velasquez the Vanquisher!

Sasha grins widely and steps inside.

INT. BOXING ARENA - LOCKER ROOM

It's a large locker room with mirrors and sinks on one wall, slatted benches and lockers lining the tiled floor. A row of showers are visible in another section.

The door shuts behind Sasha.

SASHA

Hello?  
(beat)  
Vanquisher?

Silence.

ANGLE ON:

Sasha's suspicion.

A flash in the corner of Sasha's vision - a knife SLICES his cheek.

Sasha TWISTS with the strike, minimising the cut, and immediately grapples his would-be ASSASSIN.

The pair crash around the room, SMASHING benches, TOPPLING lockers.

During the struggle, Sasha lands some PUNCHES but he's CUT and STABBED in return.

The KNIFE -

SKITTERS away in the fight but the assassin wrangles Sasha into a HIP THROW.

Sasha CRUNCHES his back over a broken bench.

The assassin grabs an old heavy-weight trophy.

ASSASSIN

Извините. (Izvinyityeh)

Sasha can barely move but he grins. He chuckles.

He GUFFAWS.

REVERSE ANGLE ON:

The assassin. The air behind him SHIMMERS and CRACKLES.

SASHA'S TWIN appears.

The assassin -

SPINS around with the trophy but the twin DODGES.

The assassin drops the trophy and engages in a quick series of PUNCHES and KICKS, the twin reciprocating in a martial arts gala.

A hand snatches WITHIN the twin, extracting a SAPPER - a

discreet box with experimental batteries and metal clips.

Another series of STRIKES and the assassin places the sapper on the twin's wrist, kicking him away.

Slumping against the tiles, the twin's appearance FLICKERS and SPARKS jump from his wrist, revealing -

SMITH

Merde.

ASSASSIN

Jean. You should not have gotten involved.

SMITH

(smiles)

Nor you, old friend.

JEAN SMITH, a French man of many talents, wears a tailored suit. He removes the sapper from the thick WATCH on his wrist.

The assassin glances to his side where -

Sasha holds the KNIFE to his throat.

SASHA

Who sent you?

ASSASSIN

You will never know.

He pops a pill into his mouth.

SMITH

No! Stop him!

Too late. The assassin crumples to the floor, dead.

Sasha hunkers on a broken bench, BLEEDING, holding his lower back.

SASHA

You follow Sasha again?

SMITH

I couldn't let someone else kill you.  
That's my job.

(beat, sombre)

You need to be more careful.

Sasha shrugs.

SASHA

You knew him?

SMITH

(nodding)

But not his real name.

Sasha searches the assassin.

SASHA

Nothing.

SMITH

But, of course.

SASHA

Wait.

He removes the assassin's boots and unhooks dog-tags from an ankle.

SMITH

What is it?

SASHA

Blank, except for this. Numbers with Russian letters.

SMITH

Some kind of serial number?

Smith produces a small scanning device/camera. He takes PHOTOS of the assassin from various angles.

SASHA

Do you think, perhaps?

SMITH

What?

SASHA

When Sasha's parents escaped gulag, they had nothing. Nothing except fascists chasing them.

SMITH

I'm sure the fascists had bigger concerns than escaped prisoners. Like the collapse of the entire government.

Photos complete, he scans the assassin's FINGERPRINTS.

SASHA

You make funny. But Sasha's parents tell him, fascists do not forget.

SMITH

Why would they hunt you down for that? If you have a price on your head, it's because of your current employment. It's not like your parents stole gold from the fascists. They escaped a gulag.

Sasha grunts. Finally nods.

INT. DOC'S LAB - NIGHT

The TV shows news coverage of the burning office building.

SASHA

You did this?

TAVISH

Yes.

SASHA

Tonight?

TAVISH

Yes.

SASHA

Sasha is impressed.

TAVISH

It wasn't deliberate, you know.

SASHA

Oh, of course.

(beat)

And Miss Pauling?

TAVISH

Paid us and took the files.

SASHA

Still got money. Is good.

Sasha, on the examination table, removes his bloodied shirt. BRUISES and knife WOUNDS cover his body.

Doc shakes his head.

DOC

You sure you want the medi-gun?

SASHA

Yes, is no problem.

DOC

It will hurt.

SASHA

Do it, Doc.

Doc plugs the medi-gun into a docking station where the power-pack also resides.

He aims at Sasha and the HEALING BEAM shoots out.

Sasha's wounds begin to close. He grimaces with pain.

JANE

Who would order a hit on one of us?

TAVISH

Could be anyone. How many enemies do we have?

Smith lights a cigarette near an open window, blows the smoke outside.

SMITH

It was no ordinary contract.

JANE

How do you know, John?

SMITH

It's Jean.

JANE

John.

SMITH

Jean.

JANE

John.

SMITH

Jean!

JANE

(beat)

Sean.

SMITH

Ugh.

(beat)

Hampshire Heavy Mining was not all that you expected. On the same night, Sasha was attacked by an assassin almost as good as me. Moreover, someone I knew.

(flicks cigarette outside)

I do not like the timing.

Sasha is healed but sweaty and shaky. Doc packs away the medi-gun.

SASHA

Thanks, Doc.

(sits up)

So, we find who hired your dead friend.

SMITH

I already tried. The contract went through a corporation - probably shows up as a marketing expense, a no-name line item. What can we do, kill every employee?

DOC

No. We have standards.

SMITH

Quite.

(beat)

In any case, my favourite toy is broken.

He taps his watch.

SMITH

(continued)

Where is Monsieur Conagher?

JANE

I'll call him.

Jane moves to a desk with a computer, radio and other communication gear.

DOC

(to Sasha)

Do you have those dog-tags?

SASHA

Yes.

He digs them out of his pocket and gives them to Doc.

DOC

(examining the tags)

Hm.

(beat)

Blank except for the serial number.  
Ostensibly Russian or Soviet origin.  
Perhaps a connection to Sasha's family.  
Or perhaps only to make us think so.

TAVISH

Why do you say that?

DOC

These are not official Soviet-issue  
tags, that much is obvious. Using  
Russian text is a ploy to attract  
Sasha's attention.

SMITH

What about the photos and fingerprints?  
Can we search for them?

DOC

Not here. Perhaps at Conagher's lab.

Everyone looks to Jane, waiting with the phone to his ear.

INT. CAR - CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT

Smith sedately drives his older semi-luxury vehicle with  
Jane in the passenger seat and Tavish in the back.

TAVISH

I don't think I've ever ridden in your  
car, Smith.

SMITH

No.

Jane unlatches a panel on the dash, revealing a touchscreen  
and several unlabeled buttons.

JANE

What do these do?

SMITH

Nothing, Jane.

(beat)

Not without my bio-signature.

JANE

Oh. It's all rather high-tech.

SMITH

Not really. This is - how shall I say  
- a hand-me-down.

TAVISH

From whom?

SMITH

Spoils of war.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT

The car stops at a set of lights. A bunch of COLLEGE KIDS pull up in the next lane.

They laugh and jeer at Smith, Jane and Tavish.

COLLEGE KIDS

Nice car, grandpas! Steal it from a  
junk-yard? Ha ha!

INT. CAR - CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT

Jane reaches for his pistol but Smith shakes his head.

The lights turn GREEN and the college kids ZOOM off.

JANE

I was just gonna scare them.

SMITH

After destroying an office tonight,  
perhaps we should remain inconspicuous?

JANE

(holstering his gun)

Well, I didn't burn it down.

TAVISH

No, had to do it by myself. Thanks for  
that, by the way.

Smith continues driving.

INT. DOC'S LAB - NIGHT

Sasha examines his ruined shirt as Doc settles in front of his computer.

DOC

Sasha, who gave you the tickets to the fight?

SASHA

Mister Saxton.

DOC

Saxton Hale?

SASHA

Da.

(beat)

Also, Mann brothers were there.

DOC

Redmond Mann and Blutarch Mann? In the same general area as Saxton?

SASHA

Da. They are not friends.

DOC

Well, you wouldn't be. Not if your father gave your inheritance away to an employee instead of you.

Sasha puts on an ill-fitting vest and throws away his old shirt.

SASHA

Sasha's father is poor.

DOC

Yes, I was talking about - oh, nevermind.

(beat)

So, the fight? Saxton's guest, almost front row. Very prominent.

SASHA

Da.

(beat)  
Making easy ID and target.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Smith pulls up to the building. All is quiet.

Tavish, Jane and Smith exit the car and head to the WORKSHOP entrance, a nondescript metal door in a laneway.

Jane knocks on the door and presses the buzzer.

TAVISH

He didn't answer his comms. He's not gonna answer the door.

JANE

(to the security camera)  
Dell! You there?

SMITH

Maybe he has company.

JANE

Dell Conagher, womaniser  
extraordinaire?

Tavish chuckles.

SMITH

I think, no.

He produces an access card.

SMITH

(continued)  
Shall we, then?

TAVISH

Aye.

Jane nods.

Smith hovers his card over a blank metal plate. It BEEPS once and slides away, revealing a keypad and scanner.

He scans his card again and types a code.

DOOR PANEL

Emergency code one, Jean Smith,  
accepted.

Tavish scans his card and types a code.

DOOR PANEL

Emergency code two, Tavish Degroot,  
accepted.

Jane is next.

DOOR PANEL

Emergency code three, Jane Doe,  
accepted. Welcome, gentlemen.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The three enter, a security cage separating the entrance  
from the rest of the workshop.

Smith swipes his card and the cage opens.

JANE

Dell? You here?

No reply.

The workshop is full of contraptions, engineering gear and  
half-baked inventions.

Tavish picks up a metal container.

TAVISH

Hey, Jane, remember this?

JANE

What is that, a gas canister?

TAVISH

Aye. From that prison.

They continue searching.

Smith subconsciously taps his WATCH.

SMITH

He must be here, somewhere.

INT. DOC'S LAB - NIGHT

The computer screen flickers to video-phone mode.

Saxton Hale appears, a party continuing in the background.

SAXTON

Doc! Sasha! Where are you? You're missing a great party!

SASHA

Not in party mood, Mister Saxton.

SAXTON

What's wrong, mates?

The view moves as Saxton apparently shifts his computer to a quieter location.

SAXTON

(continued)

Looks like someone's gotten all your panties in a bunch.

SASHA

Sasha does not know these panties! Someone tried to kill Sasha tonight.

SAXTON

Whoa, whoa! And you think it was me? What conceivable purpose would that serve?

DOC

You tell us, Mister Hale.

SASHA

Yes! You tell now!

SAXTON

You lot are amongst my best clients! Why would I want to kill you?

(beat)

Look. Don't do anything rash. Call me in the morning. I'll get some people onto it, maybe I can help.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Smith types at a COMPUTER.

He establishes a surveillance connection to Conagher's ranch.

JANE

How do you know his password?

SMITH

It's my job.

Smith flicks through several VIDEO FEEDS. No sign of Conagher.

TAVISH

(O.S.)

Guys, look at this.

Smith and Jane approach a heavy bench, laden with gear and spare parts.

Tavish picks up a pair of spectacles.

Jane opens a toolbox. It's full.

Smith picks up a wallet and riffles through it. Money, cards all intact.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

On the computer screen:

DOC

All right, have you received it?

SMITH

Yes, Doc.

On a separate screen, a scan of the DOG-TAGS appears. On-screen analysis deciphers the serial number.

DOC

All right. Out.

The comms screen closes.

Smith moves to the other computer and connects his SCANNER/CAMERA. Jane and Tavish watch expectantly.

SMITH

All right. Let's see who this man really works for. Maybe he knows where Monsieur Conagher is.

The computer screen updates with the ASSASSIN'S FACE, reconstructing a 3-D image from the various photographs.

The fingerprints and dog-tags appear next.

JANE

Who will have this information?

SMITH

Monsieur Conagher maintains large intelligence databases, mirrored daily.

The computer begins SEARCHING, using all of the assassin's data.

TAVISH

How?

SMITH

He originally hooked into various world-renowned universities and research institutes for his work.

(beat)

I made some additions.

JANE

Does he know about this?

SMITH

Of course. He's a very smart man. But sometimes it is better to not appear to be. So, he doesn't know. I don't know. Nobody knows.

The search completes.

SMITH

Very interesting.

Tavish and Jane draw closer. The computer screens glow against their faces.

SMITH

(continued)

Wright Shipping Corporation, just as I already knew. A no-name company by all accounts.

Smith starts typing.

SMITH

I'll launch an ID emulation layer through some random proxies. Seems they accept bio-signatures.

JANE

What?

SMITH

We can use the assassin's face and fingerprints to access Wright Shipping servers.

JANE

Got it.

TAVISH

No, you don't.

Jane scowls at Tavish as Smith types.

The COMPUTER SCREEN displays Wright Shipping servers in one window with several command line interfaces scrolling with more information.

SMITH

Allez!

The Wright Shipping servers ACCEPT the assassin's 3-D head and fingerprint scan.

A new window appears, displaying a file structure.

SMITH

Interesting.

JANE

What is it?

SMITH

Wright Shipping Corporation. Seemingly small, insignificant.

TAVISH

Okay.

SMITH

Not okay! The assassin had secure access to their servers. But nothing else.

TAVISH

So? Limited access for a contractor. Not unusual.

SMITH

No, no. Cross-referencing against intelligence databases, vehicle and property registries, there *is* nothing else. No evidence of warehouses or

trucks or boats. Wright Shipping is only a shell. There are only servers on the internet.

JANE

Owned by?

SMITH

Ah.

He clicks on another document.

JANE

(reading)

Builder's League United.

(beat)

No.

SMITH

Yes. Blutarch Mann.

(beat)

There's more.

INT. OLD FACTORY - DAY

Jane, Tavish, Doc, Sasha and Smith lean against the decrepit walls, rusty columns. They are dressed in smart casual clothes, a far cry from the previous night.

A CAR parks outside. Footsteps CRUNCH on the gravel.

Miss Pauling enters as Brodie waits outside. She holds a large briefcase.

MISS PAULING

Gentlemen.

They greet her.

MISS PAULING

Thank you for meeting me.

TAVISH

Was it optional?

MISS PAULING

No.

She sets the briefcase on a window-sill.

MISS PAULING

(continued)

The information that you gathered last night has concerned the Administrator, amongst others. Many others.

She opens the briefcase, revealing a laptop computer. As she continues, the computer displays relevant infographics.

MISS PAULING

Australium - perhaps the most dangerous element known to mankind. Highly radioactive. Unstable effects on humans though many have tried to harness it. It's relatively safe to transport with the right equipment but otherwise, potentially disastrous.

(beat)

The movement of this amount of Australium is news to us. If someone is gathering such a large amount, there are other things to consider. It will be a target for theft. It can also form the basis of a bomb.

TAVISH

Truly?

DOC

Yes. The same qualities that make it so useful make it dangerous. High, concentrated heat will trigger it.

(beat)

Three kilograms is enough to destroy a city block. Weight for weight, it makes the Hiroshima bomb look like a firecracker.

TAVISH

No one ever told me this.

JANE

Tavish, we didn't want you to get overexcited.

The computer shows explosion radius estimates, damage analysis and casualty counts.

MISS PAULING

Gentlemen, if Blutarch and Redmond Mann are planning to build a bomb out of Australium, they are planning a world-changing event.

(beat)

The loss of the Australium itself is one thing. The loss of life, property and infrastructure another.

(beat)

But more so, the political turmoil that will follow is unknowable. And in that discord, there will be chaos. World governments seeking protection, destruction. Assassination.

She meets all of their gazes.

MISS PAULING

You lot aren't the only mercenaries around. There are younger, bolder and yes, more stupid guns for hire. Moreover, you lads might be the best but you're not the cheapest.

(beat)

Don't worry, the Administrator is thinking exactly what you're thinking. She doesn't like competition either.

Miss Pauling steps to the briefcase and withdraws white ENVELOPES, thick with cash. She distributes the envelopes amongst them.

MISS PAULING

Your retainers are hereby extended. Contained in the envelopes is your payment for the next twelve months.

DOC

I assume we are to find out why Hampshire Heavy Mining and the Wright Shipping Corporation both purchased Australium in the past week.

MISS PAULING

Correct.

SMITH

Hampshire is owned by Redmond Mann's mega-corporation. And Wright Shipping

is under Blutarch Mann.

MISS PAULING

Yes, they're rivals. But they're still brothers. Blood is thicker than water.

JANE

So, we raid their headquarters and get the answers we need.

SASHA

Yes! Sasha likes idea!

Miss Pauling shakes her head.

JANE

What's wrong with that plan?

Miss Pauling gestures at Smith to answer.

SMITH

We do not know where their head offices are located. Perhaps it's co-located with one of their many sub-corporations, perhaps separate. I assume time is not on our side.

MISS PAULING

If they're planning something with the Australium, they will do it soon. There's an upcoming trade summit - they'll be able to purchase even more, perhaps complete whatever project they're working on.

SMITH

We need another angle. I have an idea.

MISS PAULING

Good. I'll leave it with you. Find out what they're planning. If nothing else, find the Australium and steal it.

(beat)

I have also heard that Mister Conagher is missing. It goes without saying, you should locate him.

She packs up the briefcase and steps towards the door.

MISS PAULING

If it helps, gentlemen, don't think of

it as preventing World War Three. Just think of it as protecting your own livelihood.

EXT. PASSENGER JET - DAY

The plane breaks cloud cover.

SMITH

(V.O.)

There is someone with more connections than me. If there's anything to know about our business, it's him. You've met him before. Mister Mundy.

JANE

(V.O.)

I remember him. What's his first name anyway?

SMITH

(V.O.)

No one knows. Perhaps it's John.

JANE

(laughs, V.O.)

Don't tease me. I have a speech impediment.

SMITH

(V.O.)

Yes, an American accent.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Doc and Sasha watch Smith at the computer.

SMITH

I've been able to locate satellite imagery of the past few weeks.

He taps a key and a SATELLITE IMAGE of the outside street appears.

SMITH

Every day, at 3pm, Monsieur Conagher walked to the local stores to buy groceries.

Another keypress and still images from CCTV appear - Dell Conagher entering and exiting the building.

SMITH

From his own external security cameras,  
one day, he does not return.

Rough FOOTAGE plays: Dell walking towards the building, a black sedan pulls up and three large thugs kidnap him.

DOC

Who are they?

SASHA

Little men must pay!

Smith sits back, the security footage looping on the screen.

SMITH

I don't know. The images aren't sharp enough to start a facial recognition search. I was able to get a partial license plate and figure out the make and model of the car.

DOC

And?

Smith shakes his head.

SMITH

The vehicle does not exist.

DOC

Impossible! You said you modified the system to hook into intelligence and law enforcement databases.

SMITH

I know. It means the vehicle had false plates.

SASHA

We must find these men!

SMITH

Don't worry. With our complications last night, I have a feeling they'll find us first.

INT. CAR - CITY STREET - DAY

DELL CONAGHER smiles and nods at his captor THUGS. He's a stocky man with a broad Texan accent, tanned skin and calloused hands.

DELL

So, what I can do for you gentlemen?

THUG #1

Hand it over, Conagher.

DELL

What, exactly?

THUG #1

That.

Dell glances at the slim WRIST COMPUTER on his arm.

DELL

Oh, this little thing? I guess I could give it to you. It does have a sensor that monitors my heartbeat, blood pressure and skin temperature. If it's removed from my arm or if I am near death, the failsafe kicks off and it wipes its hard-drive.

He taps the screen and brings up a document.

DELL

(continued)

Can you read this? It's written in a cipher that I've memorised. Even if you were able to keep the computer running, you'd still need me to translate it.

(beat)

Oh, maybe y'all thinking that it's just too big to be a computer that I invented. Surely, I would've created something the size of a watch or those fancy pad-things. That wouldn't have been a problem except that I wanted the failsafe cycle to end with an explosion of cyclotetramethylene-tetranitramine.

(beat)

HMX.

The thugs in the car SQUIRM AWAY from Dell. He smiles in

return.

DELL

I guess I'll be keeping my computer.  
Better than being a crater in the  
ground, ain't it?

THUG #2

You're psycho.

DELL

No, I just really like my computer.  
(beat)

Now, y'all gonna take me to your boss?  
I assume he wants my services.

THUG #1

(to driver)

Drive.

EXT. LONDON - THE EYE - DAY

Jane and Tavish look over the Thames next to the London  
Eye. The area is crowded with tourists and locals alike,  
stalls and hawkers lining all of the paths.

JANE

I hope Smith isn't screwing with us.

TAVISH

Why would he?

Jane shrugs.

TAVISH

You really don't like him, do you?

JANE

He once impersonated me.

TAVISH

And?

JANE

Caused a ruckus at my favourite...  
gentlemen's club.

Tavish laughs.

JANE

(continued)

It's not funny, Tavish. I'm banned!

(beat)

Dell should never have invented that watch. Causes more trouble than it's worth.

TAVISH

You mean, saved our arses more times than we can count.

Jane grunts.

The massive ferris wheel rotates, another batch of PASSENGERS disembarking.

Among them is MUNDY, a lanky Australian with a cautious manner. Like Tavish and Jane, he's in nondescript clothes.

JANE

There he is.

TAVISH

Aye.

They rest against the railing as Mundy approaches.

MUNDY

G'day mates. Smile like we're old friends, like three unsuspecting men. This ain't a rendezvous.

JANE

Good morning, Mundy.

MUNDY

Jane Doe. Tavish Degroot. Always a pleasure.

(beat)

Let's walk.

EXT. LONDON - CITY STREET - DAY

Tavish and Jane walk with Mundy between them.

MUNDY

I got the message from Miss Pauling. A tidy sum in the bank account too. Is it as bad as I think it is?

TAVISH

The Administrator seems to think so.

JANE

So, what do you know?

MUNDY

I looked into it this morning. There's news of a recruitment drive at a facility in the mid-west badlands, back in your home country, Jane. I thought it was for security relating to an upcoming trade summit.

(beat)

But there was strange wording in the ad.

TAVISH

How do you mean?

Mundy slows down, just outside a café.

MUNDY

All the right trigger-words were there. But it was under the guise of a mining and refinement operation.

JANE

So?

MUNDY

It was almost as if they weren't just recruiting guns but like it were a real mining and refinement operation.

Jane and Tavish glance at each other.

JANE/TAVISH

Australium.

A SQUEAL of tires catches their attention.

A car SPEEDS towards their position, full of GUNMEN.

MUNDY

Take cover!

He overturns street-side tables.

First SHOTS ring out and people scatter, screaming. Jane and Mundy HUDDLE behind separate tables. Tavish herds BYSTANDERS into the café.

MUNDAY

You got a spare?

Jane nods and tosses a PISTOL to Mundy.

The CAR -

SCREECHES to a halt and five gunmen step out with submachine-guns. They pepper the area with BULLETS, SHATTERING glass and tearing up the inside of the café.

Jane and Mundy -

RETURN FIRE, conserving ammo. The gunmen RETREAT behind parked cars on the opposite side of the street.

JANE

Tavish! Get those people out of there!

INT. LONDON CAFÉ - DAY

Tavish and a group of patrons hide behind a counter. Toppled tables, chairs, spilt drinks and half-finished brunches lie on the floor.

TAVISH

Is there a way out through the back?

BARISTA

Yes, through the kitchen.

BULLETS SPRAY in the café. The patrons cry out in alarm.

BARISTA

But it's over there.

He points past the counter to a SIDE-DOOR, the path exposed and pock-marked with bullet-holes.

TAVISH

(to outside)

Jane! We need more covering fire.

EXT. LONDON - CITY STREET - DAY

JANE

(to café)

All right!

He hunkers down and reloads the magazine in his pistol.

Mundy acknowledges him.

JANE  
(to café)  
Go! Go!

As one, Jane and Mundy FIRE at the gunmen.

INT. LONDON CAFÉ - DAY

TAVISH  
Go, go, go!

The patrons CRAWL towards the kitchen doors, Tavish alongside them.

Stray bullets SLAM into the walls above them. Framed photographs break. PLASTER plumes puff.

TAVISH  
Go on! Hurry!

EXT. LONDON - CITY STREET - DAY

The gunmen stay in cover.

Jane's pistol CLICKS and he drops down. His remaining magazine only has a few bullets.

MUNDY  
I'm almost out.

JANE  
Same.

The gunmen RETURN FIRE.

INT. LONDON CAFÉ - DAY

The patrons disappear into the kitchen.

At the door, Tavish stops the barista.

TAVISH  
Hey, dyou serve hard liquor?

BARISTA  
Yeah, other end of the counter. Why?

TAVISH

No reason.

The barista nods thanks to Tavish and enters the kitchen.

EXT. LONDON - CITY STREET - DAY

Jane and Mundy shoot blindly over their barricades.

After only a few moments, their pistols are empty.

MUNDY

Mag!

JANE

I'm out.

MUNDY

Already?

JANE

I wasn't exactly expecting this situation.

MUNDY

That's somewhat surprising considering our line of work.

The gunmen glance at each other, realising they have the advantage. They leave cover, ADVANCING as a single line across the street.

Jane PEEKS at them.

JANE

It's been nice knowing you, Mundy.

MUNDY

It's been okay, I guess.

A bottle of vodka, fiery rag stuffed into the opening, SAILS through the air.

The molotov -

SMASHES on the street, FIRE engulfing one of the gunmen.

Tavish emerges, hurling three more MOLOTOVS in quick succession.

The gunmen SHOOT as TAVISH -

SLIDES behind COVER, next to Jane.

The molotovs burst and three more gunmen catch FIRE. All of them retreat to their vehicle.

TAVISH

A bit exciting for a morning, isn't it?

He produces spare magazines, gives one to Jane, tosses one to Mundy.

TAVISH

Shall we?

They load their pistols and EMERGE from cover.

The gunmen's vehicle REVS past. Jane and Tavish SHOOT, damaging the panels.

Mundy gathers up a discarded submachine-gun.

ANGLE ON:

Mundy, concentrating down the IRON-SIGHTS.

He SHOOTS.

The back window of the car SHATTERS but it continues around a corner.

MUNDY

Dingo's arse!

Jane and Tavish join him, staring down the street. Police sirens in the distance.

JANE

Don't know about you but I'm not waiting for them to come back.

MUNDY

Not wrong there.

(beat)

Well, lads, looks like we're travelling.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

SASHA

Wait, so you know password to Sasha's computer too?

SMITH

I would, if you even had a computer.

SASHA

Sasha has one. Is sure is in apartment.

SMITH

I'm sure you do not.

SASHA

Wait. So you have been inside apartment too?

A computer BEEPS. Doc, Smith and Sasha examine the screen.

SASHA

What is it?

SMITH

A network intrusion alert.

DOC

From where?

SMITH

I'm tracing it.

SASHA

Who could do this?

SMITH

Maybe the same people who took Monsieur Conagher.

DOC

That makes no sense, Smith. They already know this location.

SMITH

True. But perhaps they want access to these computers and servers.

Smith continues working on the trace.

SMITH

(continued)

I told you they would find us. And now, the hunter becomes the hunted.

INT. WORKSHOP - SECRET BASE

The HEAD GUARD - one of the kidnappers - shoves Dell into the workshop, a state-of-the-art facility with an array of machinery, fabricators, tools. A small living area is visible through a doorway. There are no windows.

HEAD GUARD

Your first project is on the bench.  
Get to work.

DELL

And if I choose not to?

HEAD GUARD

Then, your precious ranch gets hit by a multi-mega-watt orbital laser.

Dell scoffs.

DELL

You don't have anything like that.

HEAD GUARD

No? I guess you didn't see the facilities walking in? The size of this operation, the numbers of troops, our equipment, vehicles and weapons?

(beat)

Look around this workshop. You see anything here that isn't up to scratch?

Dell crosses his arms but doesn't answer.

HEAD GUARD

Didn't think so. Your first project is on the bench. Oh, and don't work on anything extra-curricular. We'll see, we'll know.

He mimes an explosion.

HEAD GUARD

Didn't your grandfather build that ranch himself. He'd be mighty displeased, if he were alive, that is.

DELL

You seem to know an awful lot about me. But you won't even tell me whom I'm working for?

HEAD GUARD

You don't need to know. You just need to work.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Doc, Sasha and Smith exit Smith's car. They wear ill-fitting construction-worker jackets and hard-hats.

DOC

So, this is it?

High above, an antenna array sits atop the office tower.

SASHA

(adjusting jacket)

Sasha is not comfortable.

SMITH

Apologies, my large friend. It's the best I could do on such short notice.

SASHA

Maybe Sasha should be here too.

DOC

You are.

SASHA

Sasha means gun.

DOC

Wait, your gun's name is Sasha too?

SASHA

Yes. Is extension of me. Makes sense, no?

SMITH

No.

SASHA

You have puny gun, is why.

INT. ELEVATOR - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Doc, Sasha and Smith stand at the back, Sasha's BULK taking up most of the space.

Cheesy elevator MUSIC plays in the background.

The door DINGS and opens.

Office workers enter, seemingly oblivious to the three supposed construction workers.

SMITH

And where would mini-gun Sasha go,  
right now?

SASHA

In pants. With big-Sasha. Ha!

EXT. ROOF - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A door opens and Doc, Sasha and Smith emerge onto the roof. The massive antenna array towers above them.

SMITH

I'll try to access the control panel.  
Cover me.

Doc and Sasha nod, hanging back at the door.

Smith heads to the base of the array. He unlatches an access panel, revealing a COMPUTER. The screen and electronics is branded as "MANN CO".

SMITH

(to Doc)  
Did you call back Monsieur Hale?

DOC

Saxton? I don't know if he can help  
us.

The computer displays, ACCESS DENIED. An alarm icon flashes.

SMITH

Uh oh.

DOC

Did you find the origin of the hacker?

SMITH

No. Watch the stairs.

DOC

Great. Ambushed again.

SASHA

Big difference. Sasha is here this time.

The rooftop door BURSTS open.

Sasha PUNCHES first guard, following up with a brutal ELBOW. Sasha hurls him down the stairs.

The remaining guards stumble back.

SASHA

Run, cowards!

INT. WORKSHOP - SECRET BASE

Dell works at a bench, hunched over.

SECURITY CAMERA POV:

Several angles, each of them blocked by Dell's body.

ANGLE ON:

Dell's WRIST COMPUTER, being modified.

The door swishes open and he smoothly shifts working to a larger medical device.

HEAD GUARD

As you can see, sir, he's working on the project.

UNKNOWN MAN

(O.S.)

Fine. Be sure he continues.

HEAD GUARD

Yes, sir.

Dell adjusts a small MIRROR. The reflection shows the silhouette of the UNKNOWN MAN as he leaves the workshop.

Dell turns around but the man is gone.

HEAD GUARD

What are you looking at? Get back to work.

DELL

Right.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

Tavish and Jane crouch beside Mundy, lying on the dirt in desert camouflage and a sniper rifle to his eye.

JANE

What do you see?

MUNDY

Definitely a recruitment centre. Some other operations further back. There's a staging area. You and Tavish should be able to slip in with the rest of the recruits.

He glances at them. Tavish and Jane look like hobos.

MUNDY

You're wearing that?

TAVISH

What's wrong with it?

MUNDY

You're meant to be desperate for work, not homeless.

TAVISH

Ugh. Just cover us.

MUNDY

All right, all right, mates. Let's get a start.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

Tavish and Jane jog through the dusty landscape.

MUNDY

(radio)

Patrol incoming. To your left.

Jane glances to his right.

MUNDY

(radio)

Your left! Your left!

(beat)

Just get down!

The pair drop behind an outcropping.

MUNDY'S POV:

Through the sniper rifle's scope, an ALL-TERRAIN VEHICLE trundles along.

Jane and Tavish hide behind rocks, waiting.

The ATV passes them.

MUNDY

All right. You're clear.

EXT. REFINERY - BADLANDS - DAY

Tavish and Jane hop onto a road near the staging area.

JANE

We're in.

MUNDY

(radio)

Good. Meet you on the other side.  
Out.

A truck drives past, slowing as it reaches -

The recruitment staging area.

Jane and Tavish merge into the dozens of people waiting to enter the facility. GUARDS patrol the area.

INT. REFINERY ENTRANCE - DAY

In the queue, Jane reaches the recruitment desk.

RECRUITER

Name?

JANE

Smith. John Smith.

RECRUITER

Really? You have some ID?

JANE

Sure.

He produces a driver's licence with his photo and fake

name.

RECRUITER

Well, I'll be. Welcome John Smith.  
You ever handled a gun before?

JANE

Of course! I mean. No, not really.

RECRUITER

Good enough. Follow the red line to  
your right. Next!

JANE

Oh, I, uh -

The next recruit PUSHES Jane forward. A GUARD waves Jane  
on. Jane follows the red line painted on the floor.

#### INT. REFINERY CORRIDOR - DAY

The facility is sleek and modern. Armed guards are  
everywhere while workers and other recruits hurry around.

Tavish catches up to Jane.

TAVISH

Everything's so shiny and new.

JANE

Seems so. Be on your guard.

TAVISH

Why wouldn't I be?

A pair of attractive female guards walk past.

TAVISH

Oh, did you see that?

(beat)

One of them had the new PK I-4000  
grenade launcher. Glorious!

#### EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

Mundy stands up, slinging his sniper rifle over his back.

A shotgun cocks.

Several refinery guards appear, all armed.

GUARD

Well, well. An intruder.

MUNDY

Koala balls.

INT. GYMNASIUM AREA - REFINERY - DAY

Tavish and Jane enter with the other recruits.

Applicants run around the track at the perimeter, work on the training gear in the centre.

JANE

(softly)

We don't have time for this, Tavish.

TAVISH

I know.

He approaches a TRAINER.

TAVISH

Hello.

TRAINER

Hello. Have you got your completion certificate?

TAVISH

Actually, I was hoping you could direct us to the little boy's room?

The man is confused.

TAVISH

The toilet?

The trainer glances at Jane and Tavish.

TRAINER

Both of you?

TAVISH

Aye. My friend and I took the bus here. Two hours! No facilities!

TRAINER

Okay.

The trainer waves over a pair of guards.

TRAINER

Can you escort these two recruits to the bathroom?

GUARD

Yes, sir.

(To Tavish and Jane)

This way.

INT. REFINERY CORRIDOR - DAY

Tavish and Jane emerge from the men's toilets, wearing refinery guard uniforms and guns.

Jane puts a glove over a bruised hand.

JANE

Wish Doc were here.

TAVISH

Sore knuckles? He's right, you are a big baby.

(beat)

Come on. This way.

JANE

How do you know? I think we should go that way.

TAVISH

That's the way we came from. You've no sense of direction, at all!

JANE

Me? You've only got one eye!

TAVISH

I don't see what that has to do with anything.

JANE

Ha! You said, "See." Get it? And you only got one eye?

TAVISH

Oh, shut up.

They don the guard helmets and pull down the visors.

INT. REFINERY OFFICES - DAY

Tavish and Jane march through. They nod at a passing guard.

TAVISH

This looks more promising.

JANE

Yeah.

They pass potted plants outside a set of double doors.

The doors OPEN and Blutarch and Redmond emerge, assistants following.

Tavish and Jane leap next to the plants and freeze at ATTENTION.

REDMOND

Oh, I think we'll reach those targets quite easily.

BLUTARCH

I hope you're right.

Blutarch gestures to Tavish and Jane.

BLUTARCH

You two - please escort my brother to the helipad?

TAVISH

Yes, sir.

BLUTARCH

(to Redmond)  
See you soon.

REDMOND

See you.

Redmond and his retinue set off. Jane and Tavish FOLLOW behind.

Jane gestures towards Redmond. Tavish glares back as if he's crazy. Jane silently pleads. Tavish sighs.

The pair march past the assistants until they are next to REDMOND.

TAVISH

A good meeting, sir?

REDMOND

What? Oh, yes, very productive.

(beat)

Always a challenge to work with family but the rewards are worth it. Besides, it's keeping things in-house.

(beat)

How long have you been with us, soldier?

TAVISH

Oh, a few months now.

REDMOND

Trained here? Or at my facilities?

TAVISH

Here, sir.

REDMOND

Very good. I suppose you could've been pulled into the Australium mining half. Either way, you'll get your hands on a hell of a lot more - once the trading summit starts.

Tavish glances at Jane, who surreptitiously gestures to continue.

Redmond turns a corner and they follow.

TAVISH

So, the company will be quite rich after the trading summit?

REDMOND

That's right. After that, my brother and I can correct old wrongs. We've waited so long to take back control of TF Industries and Mann Co. Saxton Hale is a stubborn one, though. Just like the Administrator.

Redmond halts near another corridor intersection.

REDMOND

But, it seems our little conversation is at an end.

Refinery GUARDS flood out from closed doors. Another squad, led by Blutarch, marches towards them.

The assistants are nowhere to be seen. Tavish and Jane take stock, forming up BACK-TO-BACK.

REDMOND

Take off those helmets.

Tavish and Jane comply.

REDMOND

I don't know who you are. But my uncle does. He wants you both alive.

BLUTARCH

(to guards)

Restrain them.

Several guards approach. They step within range of Tavish and Jane, who promptly retaliate with rapid punches and kicks.

REDMOND

(to Blutarch)

I think your men need more training.

Redmond grabs a taser and shoots Tavish. Tavish quivers and crumples.

Jane growls but a pair of guards tackle him to the side.

BLUTARCH

Well, thanks, brother.

Jane and Tavish are handcuffed and placed in collars controlled by pole-arms. The guards march them away.

INT. MANN CO BUILDING - DAY

Sasha, Doc and Smith march down the side of an open-plan office, the wall adorned with old photos and staff portraits.

A SECRETARY pops out from her desk intercepts them.

SECRETARY

Gentlemen? Can I help you?

SASHA

No.

SECRETARY

Perhaps if you tell me whom you'd like

to see?

SMITH

Monsieur Hale is aware of our arrival.

SASHA

Please excuse.

He gently picks up the secretary and bodily moves her from their path.

INT. SAXTON'S OFFICE - MANN CO BUILDING - DAY

Sasha, Doc and Smith burst through the door.

SAXTON

Gentlemen! Always such a pleasure.

The secretary appears, pushing past Sasha.

SECRETARY

I'm so sorry, Mr. Hale. I couldn't stop them.

SAXTON

No, I doubt anyone could. It's all right, Miss Bidwell.

The secretary frowns and leaves, closing the door behind her.

Saxton's office is riddled with animal trophies, weapon models and Mann Co memorabilia. He saunters to the mini-bar, hunches over the decanters and glasses.

A low HUM emanates throughout the room.

SASHA

What is annoying sound?

SAXTON

Apologies, my friends. My office is compromised by certain rivals. They don't know that I know, so this "noise" masks our voices while their bugs pick up a local radio station as if I'm listening to it.

He leans against his desk.

SAXTON

I've spoken with Helen - I mean, the Administrator. She has made me aware of your predicament. If there's any gear or ammunition you need right now, I'll make it available to you at cost.

DOC

I don't think that will be necessary.

Smith holds up his watch.

SMITH

Can your people fix this?

SAXTON

What is that? A Conagher job?

SMITH

Oui.

SAXTON

I'm sorry, Smith. Not even Mann Co has the resources to emulate Dell Conagher's work.

(beat)

Why don't you just go directly to him?

SMITH

We can't. Perhaps you can tell us more about the antenna array on Fifth Avenue?

SAXTON

One of mine? Mann Co has plenty of arrays, all throughout the country. Why this one?

DOC

We want records of transmissions sent through that array.

(beat)

You want to know why we can't see Dell Conagher? It's because we can't find him. But there are people who do know and they used that communications array.

SAXTON

Boys, if I could tell you, I would. But we have very strict privacy rules.

Very sensitive clients, including yourselves. How would it look if I started breaching client privacy? How long until someone starts snooping around for *your* information?

Sasha grunts.

SASHA

Look at market.

SAXTON

Sorry, what?

SASHA

Look at market!

Smith nods at Doc, realising Sasha's direction.

SMITH

Have you looked at the commodities market lately, Monsieur Hale?

SAXTON

I have teams of analysts to do that for me.

DOC

And have any of them mentioned strange movements in Australium pricing?

SAXTON

Australium? No. Does it have something to do with the upcoming trade summit?

SMITH

Blutarch and Redmond Mann are making a play for Australium. You do not have to believe us - simply get your analysts to research all the major buyers in the past few months.

Saxton slumps and frowns.

SAXTON

If they have a controlling interest in Australium production and stockpiles, they can make a go for Mann Corporation. I'm not liquid enough to compete right now.

DOC

Your father built this company from almost nothing to where it is now. A world leader in research. Will you let Redmond and Blutarch take it back?

SAXTON

You know, everyone forgets that Mann Co does more than just weapons and munitions. We contribute to medical research, to the space agency, to global conservation efforts. Those two idiot brothers will close all of that, just for the sake of profits. They'll run this company into the ground.

(beat)

I suppose exceptions exist for a reason.

INT. WORKSHOP - SECRET BASE

The door slides open and the head guard walks in.

HEAD GUARD

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Dell looks up from his make-shift barbeque.

DELL

Having a grill?

HEAD GUARD

That's a fire hazard.

He takes a few steps closer, sniffs the air.

DELL

I have some chops, a couple steaks, sausages. Some grilled onion and a few types of sauce, if it tickles your fancy.

HEAD GUARD

Where did you get all this food?

DELL

I asked.

The head guard approaches the barbeque.

DELL

Take a load off. Don't worry about your boss.

HEAD GUARD

Yeah, the old man can be a bastard sometimes.

Dell reaches behind a bench and puts on an oxygen MASK. The barbeque is empty apart from an open tray full of steaming chemicals.

HEAD GUARD

Hey!

Dell smashes a glass jar into the barbeque and gas SPOUTS up.

The guard coughs, STUMBLES, eyes tearing up.

DELL

Apologies.

He topples the barbeque and more smoke billows up, obscuring the entire workshop.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECRET BASE

Dell, dressed in the head guard's uniform, emerges from the workshop and locks the door. His eyes are red and he coughs.

An alarm goes off.

DELL

Dammit.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECRET BASE

Dell charges down.

He checks his wrist computer - the SIGNAL STRENGTH is low.

Several guards chase him.

INT. VEHICLE BAY - SECRET BASE

Dell emerges into a massive vehicle bay. He ducks behind

tall crates and PEEKS around.

Personnel trucks and ATVs line each wall. Mechanics, soldiers and other staff are busy working. The other end of the bay opens to the outside but there are too many people to sneak past.

Dell checks his wrist computer - SIGNAL STRENGTH is medium. Several guards enter, SEARCHING for Dell.

Dell -

DUCKS DOWN and crawls further, staying behind crates at the edge of the bay.

A soldier enters an ATV and talks into his radio, glancing UP -

towards a DISPATCH office overlooking the area. A metal staircase provides access from the bay.

Dell peeks around the crates - the guards continue searching, poking at vehicles, dark corners, getting closer.

Dell -

SPRINTS for the staircase.

GUARD

There he is! Get him!

Dell passes the soldier in the ATV, who seems only confused. The rest of the guards race towards him.

INT. DISPATCH - SECRET BASE

Dell bursts in and the two comms officers start back.

OFFICER #1

Hey, what are you doing?

DELL

Get out of my way!

OFFICER #2

What's your badge number? Do you have authorisation for this?

Dell bars the door and shoves the officers aside.

INTERCUT:

1. His wrist computer's SYNCHRONISING SIGNAL progress.
2. The guards BATTERING the door.

The DOOR -

SPLINTERS asunder and the guards enter, guns aimed at Dell.

HEAD GUARD

Don't move, Conagher!

Dell freezes. His computer displays SIGNAL READY - SEND?

HEAD GUARD

Don't!

Dell smiles.

DELL

One of us has an old man for a boss,  
who wouldn't like for his guest to be  
shot.

He taps his computer screen.

ANGLE ON:

The computer screen: SENDING SIGNAL.

We are swallowed into the screen, through wires and circuitry, beaming out of a massive satellite dish and into space. From the satellite, back down to earth and the Mann Co communications array, through more wires and circuitry and into:

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY (PAST)

The computer BEEPS.

SASHA

What is it?

SMITH

A network intrusion alert.

DOC

From where?

SMITH

I'm tracing it.

INT. HELICOPTER - SECRET BASE - DAY

Miss Pauling sits opposite Doc, Sasha and Smith.

MISS PAULING

Just to reiterate, I don't approve of this at all.

The three have tactical gear from head to toe - balaclavas, bullet-proof vests, utility belts. Doc has the MEDI-GUN, Sasha pets his mini-gun and Smith has a revolver, knife and other tools on his belt.

DOC

Sorry, Miss Pauling, we have no other options.

MISS PAULING

What if it's a trap?

SASHA

We have bullets for that.

MISS PAULING

Oh, boy.

(beat)

All right. It's an abandoned hydro-electric dam, interestingly, with a large satellite dish attached. We have no records as to who owns this place. I don't have any more intel on what to expect.

SMITH

Don't worry. Just drop us in and wait for our call.

MISS PAULING

What if they kill Mr. Conagher before you get to him?

DOC

They won't.

He taps his wrist.

MISS PAULING

Oh, right. Psycho.

EXT. SECRET BASE - DAY

A guard peers into the dusty landscape.

Sasha LOOMS up and PUNCHES him out.

Doc and Smith emerge from cover.

As Doc and Sasha continue, Smith searches the guard.

EXT. BUNKER - SECRET BASE - DAY

Doc, Sasha and Smith skulk up.

Sasha examines the dilapidated entrance.

SASHA

Solid metal. Need explosive.

SMITH

Really?

Smith produces the guard's access card and swipes it over the access panel. The door BEEPS.

SMITH

All of you have an unhealthy fascination with explosives.

SASHA

But is fun.

INT. BUNKER - SECRET BASE - DAY

Sasha and Doc enter the dim interior. Smith closes the door with a metallic THUD.

The bunker serves as a storage area, days of war long past.

DOC

We'll need to find a security control room or some kind of terminal to search their records.

SMITH

I'll do it.

SASHA

We can help.

SMITH

Better for you and Doc to wait for my signal. I will know where to look and I work better alone, for now.

SASHA

All right.

DOC

Stay on comms, Smith.

Smith nods. He opens the opposite door and skulks out.

Sasha sets down his mini-gun and opens one of the boxes.

SASHA

Oh, look.

He pulls out a chocolate bar.

SASHA

Delicious.

INT. GUARD POST - SECRET BASE

In the small alcove, a guard rocks back on his heels and yawns.

Smith's gloved HANDS close on the guard's mouth, an ARM around his neck. He passes out.

Smith DRAGS the body away.

INT. BUNKER - SECRET BASE - DAY

SASHA

(eating)

You want to try?

DOC

No thanks, Sasha. I'll leave it to you.

SASHA

Okay.

The door opens.

DOC

Finally.

A worker enters, halts and stares at Sasha and Doc.

DOC

Stop him!

The worker FLEES back through the door.

DOC

Why didn't you stop him? Shoot him?  
Anything?

SASHA

He was unarmed. Such little man!

An ALARM sounds.

DOC

Happy?

Sasha throws away the chocolate bar and picks up his mini-gun.

SASHA

Sasha not happy.

INT. CAFETERIA - SECRET BASE - DAY

A group of guards appears across the cafeteria.

Sasha fires his MINI-GUN. Bullets tear up the walls and the first few guards.

The remaining guards SCRAMBLE BACK around the doorway.

SASHA

Stay behind me, Doc!

Doc keeps his medi-gun trained on Sasha with a low-powered beam. They RETREAT behind the opposite doorway.

DOC

Maybe we're going the wrong way.

SASHA

All looks same to Sasha.

DOC

(into radio)  
Smith? Where are you?

SMITH

(radio)

Where am I? Where are you? Who tripped the base alarms?

Sasha -

FIRES his pistol around the doorway.

The guards SHOOT back across the room. A bullet strikes Sasha in the arm with a SPURT of blood.

SASHA

Is scratch!

Doc increases the power on the MEDI-GUN and the bullet wound starts to close.

SMITH

(radio)

Is that gunfire? What the hell happened?

DOC

That's not important. We're pinned down. Maybe a hundred paces away from the bunker.

SMITH

(radio)

All right. I'm on my way. Try not to die.

INT. OFFICE - SECRET BASE - DAY

Dell's guard enters the opulent office. The base alarm is muffled.

HEAD GUARD

Sir? We're experiencing a major incursion. I recommend that you evacuate.

UNKNOWN MAN

Can't your men deal with it?

HEAD GUARD

These soldiers are professional, sir. I assume they're after Conagher but it could just as well be you.

The Unknown Man rises, the medical equipment from Dell's workshop rattling.

UNKNOWN MAN

Oh, very well. Prepare the helicopter.  
Destroy all of our records and  
databases. We'll join my nephews at  
the trade summit.

INT. CAFETERIA - SECRET BASE - DAY

Several GURGLES emanate across the cafeteria.

Sasha peeks around the door.

Smith appears opposite, wiping his KNIFE on a cloth.

SMITH

I've found located Monsieur Conagher.  
Let's move.

INT. WORKSHOP - SECRET BASE

The door opens and Dell swivels in his chair.

HEAD GUARD

We're moving you.

DELL

Is that why there's such a ruckus?

HEAD GUARD

None of your business.

He tosses over a pair of handcuffs.

HEAD GUARD

No tricks this time. Make them nice  
and tight.

Dell shakes his head and tosses them back.

DELL

You first.

HEAD GUARD

Just what do you think -

SASHA

He says you first. You go first.

HEAD GUARD

(turning)

What the -

Sasha's UPPERCUT lifts him into the air. The guard lands a short distance away.

SASHA

Ouch. Hard chin.

Sasha rubs his knuckles as Doc and Smith appear.

DELL

You lot took your time.

DOC

Didn't know it was a race.

Dell gathers his meagre belongings.

Smith ushers them out.

SMITH

Wrong way.

DELL

What do you mean?

SMITH

Our extraction point is that way.

DELL

Fine. But do you want to walk?

INT. VEHICLE BAY - SECRET BASE - DAY

Sasha and Smith BARGE through.

Sasha's MINI-GUN savages the area and scatters enemy troops. Smith takes pot-shots with his REVOLVER, covering Sasha's flanks.

Dell and Doc rush forward and steal an ATV.

DELL

I'll drive!

DOC

Ugh. Fine.

Sasha blasts the doors as more guards appear.

The ATV SKIDS around.

DELL

Get in!

Sasha and Smith hop aboard and Dell -  
GUNS the ATV towards the bay EXIT.

EXT. SECRET BASE OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Dell floors the pedal, HURTLING the ATV over a ridge.  
Two enemy ATVs appear in pursuit.

SMITH

Incoming!

SASHA

They're mine.

Sasha lifts his mini-gun and starts FIRING.  
The pursuing ATVs swerve and dodge.

SMITH

(to radio)

Pauling, come in. Do you copy?

(beat)

Miss Pauling, do you copy?

INT. HELICOPTER - SECRET BASE - DAY

In the co-pilot seat, Miss Pauling taps her ear-piece.

MISS PAULING

Smith! I copy. What is your location?

INTERCUT WITH SMITH'S ATV:

SMITH

We're outside the base, heading towards  
extraction.

MISS PAULING

We're circling the extraction. We have  
no visual!

SMITH

What?

MISS PAULING

We have no visual!

EXT. SECRET BASE OUTSKIRTS - DAY

The pursuers fire a rocket.

Dell SWERVES to the left, the rocket exploding to the right.

SMITH

We're going the wrong way!

DELL

Impossible! I have the co-ordinates right here!

DOC

I don't recognise any landmarks.

DELL

Hey, do you want to drive?

DOC/SMITH

Yes!

Sasha continues FIRING at the pursuers.

Bullets riddle the enemy ATV and tire BURSTS.

The pursuing ATV SKIDS -

TUMBLES OVER with its momentum.

SASHA

Yes! Ha ha!

SMITH

(into radio)

Miss Pauling - can you get a lock on my signal? Or Monsieur Conagher's computer?

MISS PAULING

(radio)

I can try.

(beat)

All right. You're showing up on the scanners.

SMITH  
What's your ETA?

MISS PAULING  
(radio)  
Fifty seconds.  
(beat)  
Smith?

SMITH  
What is it?

MISS PAULING  
(radio)  
You have incoming.

REVERSE ANGLE ON:

Their ATV. Behind them, more vehicles and buggies in PURSUIT.

SMITH  
Merde.

DELL  
What do we do?

SMITH  
Keep driving.

DOC  
Are you sure?

SMITH  
No.

SASHA  
I will keep shooting!

Sasha continues SHOOTING, casings spitting everywhere.

DELL  
Guys?

Ahead, the Dam CLIFFS LOOM.

MISS PAULING  
(radio)  
Don't slow down! They'll catch you.

SMITH

Don't slow down?

DELL

I should slow down!

DOC

I think we should turn around.

SASHA

Sasha is running low on ammo!

MISS PAULING

(radio)

Keep going, you bastards!

SMITH

Bastards?

DELL

Now is not the time for name-calling,  
Smith.

SMITH

She said to keep going.

DELL

Who said?

SMITH

Miss Pauling.

DELL

Is she aware of the lack of terrain  
ahead? Although this is an all-terrain  
vehicle, it requires some terrain!

MISS PAULING

(radio)

Keep going!

SMITH

Keep going!

DELL

Shit.

The pursuing vehicles CLOSE in. Bullets fly through the  
air.

The RAVINE -

approaches at speed.

Dell grimaces and the ATV -

PLUNGES over the edge.

The pursuing vehicles pull up at the ravine. TROOPS fan out, searching, peering over the edge -

A HELICOPTER -

RISES and its GUNS AND ROCKETS FIRE. Doc, Sasha, Dell and Smith CLING to a rope-ladder underneath.

The enemy troops scatter and the helicopter veers away.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Dell HAULS Smith aboard, air rushing past.

MISS PAULING

Good to see you, Mr. Conagher.

DELL

You too, Miss Pauling. Just for the record, I never doubted you.

MISS PAULING

Is that so?

Dell grins and nods.

MISS PAULING

Did you boys find out who owns that dam? There were an awful lot of troops out there.

Doc, Sasha and Smith shake their head.

DELL

I think I have a fair idea.

(beat)

Silas Mann.

INT. DOC'S LAB - DAY

Sasha and Doc clean their gear, reloading mags and checking for damage.

Miss Pauling sits next to Dell as he works on Smith's WATCH.

MISS PAULING

I thought Silas Mann was dead.

DELL

Everyone did.

(beat)

My grandpa worked for them, you know. For Silas and Zepheniah, back when Zepheniah was the owner of Mann Co and TF Industries.

MISS PAULING

It's a bit before my time. What did he do?

DELL

Inventions and research. All sorts of contraptions. Kept them alive longer than mother nature intended.

(beat)

Then, Zepheniah died but Silas kept on living. My grandpa was always curious as to why Silas suddenly disappeared. I guess we know now - he was always there, pulling the strings attached to Blutarch and Redmond.

MISS PAULING

So, Zepheniah gives away Mann Co to Saxton Hale's father, and TF Industries to an Administrator. Leaving the dregs for his sons, Blutarch and Redmond.

DELL

Who remain in contact with their lost uncle Silas, who received nothing.

MISS PAULING

But, why did Zepheniah do this? To his own family?

DELL

Perhaps because he knew his companies could become something great, something world-changing, but not under the leadership of Blutarch, Redmond or Silas.

(beat)

You can take a measure of a man if you work with him for a while, side-by-side

in a foxhole or dodging bullets in a fire-fight. Imagine what a father would know about his sons, his brother, their whole lives.

Dell tosses the WATCH to Smith.

DELL

I'm sorry, Smith. I can't fix the hologram projector with these tools. You have the invisibility cloak but it's all I can do in the time we have.

SMITH

All right. I'll manage.

DELL

Where's Tavish? And Jane?

SMITH

They went looking for Mundy. Apparently, they found a way into Blutarch's operations.

(beat)

We haven't heard from them since.

DELL

Do we fear the worst?

SASHA

No! Is not possible.

DOC

They haven't checked in since then.

MISS PAULING

I'm sorry, Sasha. We can't wait - we have to stop the trade summit.

SASHA

Understood.

SMITH

There's just one more thing we need to do first.

He types on a computer and a set of blueprints appears.

SMITH

Monsieur Conagher, take a look at these.

DELL

What is it?

MISS PAULING

Hey, those aren't...?

DOC

They are.

MISS PAULING

You were paid to steal it, not copy it for yourself.

SMITH

We would be the worst kind of mercenaries if we didn't do both.

SASHA

What is it? What does it do?

DELL

Looks like some sort of capacitor system. Military-grade, very high energy.

He glances at Doc's power-pack for the MEDI-GUN.

DELL

We are short on time.

MISS PAULING

Correct.

DELL

I can do something with this.

(to Doc)

I'll have to pull apart the charging station.

DOC

All right.

DELL

And some of your scanning equipment. The X-ray machine and what not.

DOC

All right.

DELL

And your first-born child.

SASHA

No, don't do it!

DOC

All right. When that day comes.

A security panel BEEPS.

SASHA

Is not good sound.

MISS PAULING

What is it?

DOC

Weight sensors and image recognition  
analysis on the street.

Smith steps to the tall windows.

Outside -

several PERSONNEL CARRIERS trundle down the road. The  
troops are visible, bearing RIFLES, a couple FLAME-THROWERS  
and a few heavier ordnances.

Lead THUDS against the bullet-proof windows.

DOC

Sasha, press that red button next to  
you, please.

SASHA

Yes? Has glass.

DOC

That's the one.

Sasha breaks the small glass casing with the handle of a  
pistol. He presses the RED BUTTON.

Metal SHIELDS slide over the windows.

MISS PAULING

How did they find us?

DOC

I don't know. Did we pick up a bug?  
Did we...

ANGLE ON:

The assassin's DOGTAGS sitting on a laser scanner.

SMITH

Merde!

He strides to the dogtags, drops them on the floor.

Smith -

CRUSHES the tags, revealing electronics inside.

DELL

Too late.

The shields SHAKE with explosions outside. The walls SHIVER, dust puffing out.

SASHA

Okay. So we fight?

The entryway EXPLODES inward and troops flood in.

Sasha grabs his MINI-GUN and starts firing.

SASHA

Oh, yes, we fight!

DOC

Dell! Miss Pauling! Get to the back.

Doc busts open a compartment underneath a bench and tosses a shotgun each to Dell and Miss Pauling.

Smith taps his WATCH and fades from view.

INT. DOC'S LAB - SURGERY - DAY

Dell and Miss Pauling retreat to the Surgery, opposite the entryway. They stay low, under cover.

Glass windows SHATTER and bullets pock-mark the walls.

MISS PAULING

Are these Silas' troops?

DELL

I believe so. Is it me or do they seem angry?

Dell sneaks a look into the main LAB.

A burst of FIRE from a flame-thrower drives Sasha and Doc towards the shielded windows.

Another squad of RIFLEMEN enter and SHOOT.

Sasha and Doc take cover.

INT. DOC'S LAB - DAY

Smith -

REAPPEARS behind the troops. Three fall to his knife before he turns INVISIBLE again.

The troops spin around in confusion.

Sasha fires his MINI-GUN, the enemies drop to cover.

After a few seconds, he's out of ammo.

Enemy troops -

RETURN FIRE, wounding Sasha, who falls to the ground.

Doc fires up the medi-gun, the bullet wounds close slowly.

EXPLOSIONS tear up the street-side wall.

INT. DOC'S LAB - SURGERY - DAY

Smith appears amidst the dust.

SMITH

Move! Move!

DELL

Where?

SMITH

Outside.

Dell and Miss Pauling follow Smith to the gaping hole in the wall.

Enemy FLAMETHROWERS IGNITE.

Miss Pauling and Dell fire their shotguns, covering their escape.

EXT. CITY STREET - DOC'S LAB - DAY

Dell and Miss Pauling SCRAMBLE behind a truck.

Smith and Doc appear -

DRAGGING Sasha and returning fire into the lab.

Enemy troops -

EMERGE from the side of the building.

MISS PAULING

Look out!

She aims with her shotgun and fires, taking down the lead soldier.

Smith shoots his revolver and more enemies fall, grenadiers, flamethrowers alike.

He and Doc drag Sasha to an opposite dumpster.

Enemy troops exit the lab through the hole.

DELL

Now what?

MISS PAULING

Cover me.

DELL

Wait! Oh, shit.

Dell FIRES his shotgun as Miss Pauling SHOOTS her pistol and dashes to the fallen enemies.

Miss Pauling -

SCOOPS up a FLAMETHROWER and delivers a FIERY breath to the emerging troops.

Smith and Doc -

LEAP FORWARD with their guns and finish off the enemy troops.

Silence, but for a distant police siren.

Doc sighs at the hole in his lab's wall.

DOC

This will take some fixing.

MISS PAULING

The Administrator will help relocation costs.

DOC

Thank you.

DELL

All your stuff.

DOC

I know. Ruined.  
(to Miss Pauling)  
It suits you.

Miss Pauling hefts the flamethrower.

MISS PAULING

It's not as heavy as I thought it would be.

(beat)

We have to get to the trade summit. We must stop Redmond and Blutarch.

SMITH

We?

MISS PAULING

Oui.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Dell intently working on the MEDI-GUN and POWERPACK.

SMITH

(V.O.)

I transferred a copy of the blueprints to your servers.

DELL

(V.O.)

My servers? You have access to my computers?

SMITH

(V.O.)

Well, the important thing is that you can fix the medi-gun, improve it.

DELL

(V.O.)

Yes, that I can.

INT. HELICOPTER - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - DAY

Redmond Mann and his guards keep watch on Jane, Tavish and Mundy.

Ahead lies the Trade Summit Centre, a mega-complex with a GLASS PYRAMID at its heart.

REDMOND

Stunning, isn't it? You'd never be able to tell that it was built over nothing more than an old gravel-pit.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Sasha suits up in full tactical gear, a shotgun strapped to his back. He hefts his mini-gun.

INT. HELICOPTER - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - DAY

TAVISH

Redmond, you should just kill us now.

MUNDY

Wait a second, mate. Let's not be so hasty.

REDMOND

Ha! Don't worry. If I wanted you dead, you would've been thrown into a vat of molten metal back at the refinery.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Doc suits up in full tactical gear. He slips on his gloves and lifts his new medi-gun. Dell's modifications are rough but sturdy.

INT. HELICOPTER - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - DAY

REDMOND

Oh, we have a much better fate for you three. I think you'll like it.

JANE

I think you'll be eating your own words.

REDMOND

Oh, give it up, Doe! My family is taking back our companies, whether you like it or not! You're done! You're all done!

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Dell suits up in full tactical gear. He holsters a pistol on his belt and folds a SENTRY-GUN with twin machine-guns into a tight portable box.

INT. HELICOPTER - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - DAY

The chopper lands in a secluded service area controlled by Redmond's security forces.

REDMOND

(to guards)

Take them to the prepared area in the basement.

GUARDS

Yes, sir!

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Smith suits up in full tactical gear. He pulls a balaclava over his head and checks his revolver. He covers his watch with a sleeve and reaches for his cigarettes.

INT. BASEMENT - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - DAY

The guards chain Tavish, Jane and Mundy to manacles wrapped around rusty pipes. Crumbled walls surround them.

GUARD

More than you mercenaries deserve.

TAVISH

Like, you're any different?

GUARD

We're employed, we have loyalty. You  
lot go where the money is.

INT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Miss Pauling suits up in full tactical gear. She dons a  
protective, see-through mask and picks up her flamethrower.

INT. BASEMENT - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX

Redmond and Blutarch enter, their business suits a stark  
contrast against the dingy room.

REDMOND

I suppose we should say our goodbyes.

BLUTARCH

Goodbye. Good riddance to you pains in  
our asses.

REDMOND

Well said, brother.

Blutarch shrugs and smiles.

REDMOND

It's almost a shame that the world is  
losing the talents of you three  
gentlemen. Under other circumstances,  
I'm sure we could've come to an  
amicable agreement, perhaps even an  
alliance.

MUNDY

Who's to say we can't?

REDMOND

So, you parley now?

(beat)

Did you think one of us would approach,  
get close enough for you to tackle us  
and use as a hostage in your triumphant  
escape?

BLUTARCH

We're not that stupid.

TAVISH

That remains to be seen.

Blutarch lunges forward but Redmond restrains him.

REDMOND

Tsk, tsk, Blutarch. That's exactly what they want.

BLUTARCH

Oh, of course. But we have a better plan.

REDMOND

Indeed.

(to Jane)

An old school soldier, known only as Jane Doe. Confused and overwhelmed from living in a world where there are no world wars, what does an old vet do?

(to Tavish)

And a drunkard so drunk that he wears an eye-patch over a perfectly healthy eye. Obsessed with explosives, he finds no other outlet except in the criminal underworld.

(to Mundy)

And one of the finest marksmen in the world, a strange loner, known as the ultimate gun for hire, a mercenary of the highest order.

(beat)

Between you, no one will have trouble believing that you have the resources and motivation to steal much of the world's Australium.

(beat)

Not to mention all the death and destruction that you're going to cause. What a damned shame.

EXT. CONAGHER'S WORKSHOP - EVENING

A heavy personnel carrier rolls up as Dell and the others exit the workshop.

Saxton Hale emerges and waves.

SAXTON

Gentlemen and - Miss Pauling?

MISS PAULING

Yes?

SAXTON

Nothing, it's just a surprise. Does the Administrator know about this?

MISS PAULING

She doesn't need to. What we're doing concerns us all.

SAXTON

You're not a contractor. I hope you're getting danger money.

MISS PAULING

It's either that or the love of the job, right?

They approach the carrier.

DELL

Is this for us?

SAXTON

Certainly is, Mr. Conagher. Fully decked out in armour plating, a roof-mounted machine-gun, the latest in navigational technology and it even has flares. For the occasions when you're under infra-red missile lock.

SASHA

Nice!

SMITH

It's a little situational, isn't it?

SASHA

Still, is nice!

SAXTON

You'd rather have it but not need it, right?

Smith shrugs.

SAXTON

(continued)

It'll withstand a direct hit. Maybe two.

DOC

Isn't it a bit much?

SAXTON

How do you mean?

MISS PAULING

We're not heading into a war-zone.

Sasha pops up behind the mounted machine-gun and grins.

MISS PAULING

(continued)

At least, it's not one yet.

INT. PERSONNEL CARRIER - NIGHT

Sasha drives with the others in the back.

Dell takes photos of Miss Pauling with his wrist-computer.

MISS PAULING

What is that for, Dell?

DELL

Image recognition routines for the sentry gun. So you don't get shot.

MISS PAULING

So, not for your collection.

DELL

Oh, what? No, Miss Pauling! I mean, I don't have a collection. Not that I wouldn't be happy to have you in it. I just don't have that sort of collection.

Doc studies the controls on the medi-gun. One of the buttons is recessed and out of the way.

DELL

That's part of the modifications, Doc.

DOC

What does it do?

DELL

It's an over-charge of sorts. It uses up a bit more juice but it should heal your patient a bit faster. I call it the Quick-Fix button.

DOC

So, it's only good for a few times?

DELL

Two, three, maybe four times. It's all the capacitors can hold. Save it for when you need it.

DOC

All right.

INT./EXT. CARRIER - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The personnel carrier approaches the outer PERIMETER of the COMPLEX.

An EXPLOSION rocks the main building and plumes of fire shoot up.

SASHA

What was that?

MISS PAULING

The Australium negotiations aren't going so well.

DOC

Sasha, get onto the machine-gun. I'll drive.

They continue into the complex.

INT. BASEMENT - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX

The walls shake and the single light-bulb flickers.

JANE

Hm.

He pulls on the chains and the pipe's bolts rattle ever so slightly.

INT./EXT. CARRIER - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The personnel carrier trundles along the main avenue.

Blutarch and Redmond TROOPS are everywhere, surrounding the main building, escorting dignitaries and other security forces.

MISS PAULING

Are we sure about this?

DELL

Absolutely not.

MISS PAULING

There are so many of them.

DOC

Don't worry, they're like little animals. They're more scared of you than you are of them.

SASHA

Also, we have bullet. Lots of bullet.

INT. TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Redmond Mann PEERS through the window of the hotel room. Opposite, the glass PYRAMID and below, troops continue rounding up VIPs and AUSTRALIUM.

He notices the PERSONNEL CARRIER and recognises Sasha behind the machine-gun.

REDMOND

Blutarch! You said your people took care of them.

BLUTARCH

What do you mean?

REDMOND

Look! Out there!

BLUTARCH

That's impossible. I don't understand.

REDMOND

Honestly, do I have to babysit you all the time?

INT./EXT. CARRIER - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Miss Pauling points to the pyramid's entrance.

MISS PAULING

Look! Most of the attendees must still be inside. The Australium must be in there too.

DOC

Then, we are there.

DELL

Someone disagrees.

Several ATVs appear, packed with ENEMY TROOPS.

GUNFIRE peppers the air, bullets ping against the carrier.

Sasha FIRES the mounted machine-gun.

Doc -

GUNS the carrier towards the main building.

The troops near the building scatter.

The PERSONNEL CARRIER -

SMASHES into the pyramid's LOBBY, SKIDDING to a halt.

INT. MAIN PYRAMIND - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The VIPs are hiding in the ballroom beyond.

Sasha continues SHOOTING at the troops from the mounted gun.

Miss Pauling -

exits the carrier, FLAMETHROWER hurling fire.

ENEMY TROOPS retreat outside.

MISS PAULING

Go! Go!

Smith -

SPRINTS out, picks up a SUBMACHINE-GUN and SHOOTS at the troops hovering at the doors.

Dell -

SLIDES behind a column with his SENTRY-GUN. He begins unpacking as -

Doc appears, MEDI-GUN trained on Miss Pauling as she continues clearing out the lobby.

INT. BASEMENT - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX

As one, Jane, Tavish and Mundy RIP the piping from the damaged walls. The manacle chains slip free.

JANE

All right, boys. Let's make them regret this.

INT. MAIN PYRAMIND - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Enemy HEAVY TROOPS appear outside. ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADES slam against the building.

GLASS shatters and the walls shake.

Dell's SENTRY-GUN -

TARGETS and SHOOTS enemy troops close to the building.

Sasha and Smith continue covering fire from their positions.

DOC

Hold them off!

Doc and Miss Pauling move to the ballroom doors.

VIP WOMAN

Are you here to help us?

MISS PAULING

Yes. What did they do? What did they take?

VIP WOMAN

They took our access keys.

MISS PAULING

Access to what?

VIP WOMAN

Our vaults.

VIP MAN

Do you know how much Australium is down there?

MISS PAULING

Doesn't matter. It's not there anymore.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Redmond and Blutarch direct the troops loading AUSTRALIUM into the specialised carriage.

The train has several other carriages, full of troops.

BLUTARCH

(to troops)

You four squads. Stay here and guard us.

TROOPS

Yes, sir!

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX

JANE

Yoohoo!

The guards spin at the noise.

GUARD

Hey!

They RUN towards Jane.

Halfway, Tavish and Mundy emerge from shadows and LOOP CHAINS around the guards.

EXT. TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Jane, Tavish and Mundy emerge from a side-entrance to -  
The TRANSPORT HUB. Directions point to the helipad, bus station, train platform and monorail.

Explosions and gunfire are muffled in the distance.

MUNDY

Which way, mates?

In the distance, a pair of troops head around the corner.

JANE

Towards the action.

INT. MAIN PYRAMIND - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Miss Pauling and Doc SPRINT to the personnel carrier.

MISS PAULING

Smith! Dell! We're going!

A BULLET takes Miss Pauling in the leg.

Doc -

GRABS Miss Pauling and they stumble into the carrier.

He switches on the MEDI-GUN and the wound slowly heals.  
Miss Pauling grimaces.

MISS PAULING

I didn't know it hurt more than the  
wound itself.

OUTSIDE -

Dell packs up the SENTRY-GUN and Smith begins his retreat  
to the carrier.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mundy aims down the rifle muzzle and SHOOTS the troops  
heading to the platform.

They trot forward.

Jane picks up another RIFLE and ammo while Tavish picks up  
a GRENADE LAUNCHER and spare grenades.

TAVISH

The PK I-4000. Finally, mine.

The three continue and step onto the TRAIN PLATFORM.

Jane STOPS them.

Further down, the troops finish loading the train carriage.  
Redmond and Blutarch direct the troops from the platform.  
GUNSHOTS ring out and the soldiers around Redmond and  
Blutarch fall DEAD.

TAVISH

(whispered)

What the hell?

Redmond and Blutarch raise their hands above their heads.

REDMOND

What is the meaning of this?

SOLDIER

Just business, sir.

(beat)

Don't follow. Even family ties only go  
so far.

The TRAIN -

MOVES past Jane, Tavish and Mundy.

The soldiers aboard continue aiming at Redmond and Blutarch  
but do not fire.

The distinctive AUSTRALIUM CARRIAGE passes.

JANE

The Australium. Come on!

They SPRINT out and -

LEAP aboard a carriage.

INT. COMMUTER CARRIAGE - TRAIN - NIGHT

Tavish, Jane and Mundy SCRAMBLE inside through the doors at  
the end.

JANE

We need to send a message.

TAVISH

Maybe those nice soldiers will lend us  
a radio.

MUNDY

What?

Soldiers appear at the doors to the next carriage.

They FIRE.

Tavish, Jane and Mundy -

TAKE COVER behind seats.

MUNDY

Sometimes, I wish our misadventures  
were less eventful.

He RETURNS FIRE, taking down the soldier. There are plenty  
more but they duck down.

Ominous METALLIC groans emanate from the other end.

TAVISH

They don't need to kill us, only  
disconnect us.

JANE

He's right. Come on!

MUNDY

Ugh. Again?

EXT. TRAIN - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Mundy climbs to the ROOF, joining Tavish and Jane. Signals  
and poles whip past.

They move forward.

A soldier POPS up -

Jane FIRES, forcing the soldier to drop down.

JANE

Go, go, go!

Mundy reaches the GAP and sprays the carriages with  
GUNFIRE.

The three cross to the next carriage's roof.

JANE

Keep going!

MUNDY

What? Why?

JANE

They wanted to disconnect us, we'll do it to them.

TAVISH

Oh, I like that very much.

Bullets SPRAY out from internal gunfire.

Jane -

FIRES back into the carriage.

Mundy and Tavish -

DROP into the next gap.

Mundy SHOOTS into the carriage and Tavish -

DECOUPLES the carriages.

Jane and Mundy enter the new carriage as the other one SLOWS behind.

TAVISH

I wish I had something witty to say.

Tavish -

LAUNCHES a GRENADE into the separated carriage.

The soldiers flee to the rear as it EXPLODES.

INT./EXT. PERSONNEL CARRIER - TRADE SUMMIT COMPLEX - NIGHT

SMITH

I'll drive this time.

DELL

All right, all right.

The carrier TEARS out of the lobby and back into the surrounding complex.

Enemy troops are shooting at each other.

DOC

What on earth is happening?

MISS PAULING

They're attacking each other?

SASHA

Australium is expensive?

MISS PAULING

Yes, and very useful to the right people.

SASHA

So, now Redmond and Blutarch have much Australium. Maybe now they find out they can't share.

SMITH

Greed. It surpasses all boundaries.

MISS PAULING

But where has it all gone?

WOMAN

(radio)

Miss Pauling? Do you read me? Miss Pauling? Damn it, where is that girl?

SASHA

Who is that?

MISS PAULING

Oh no. My boss. Can you hand me the transmitter?

Miss Pauling removes her protective mask, takes the RADIO HANDSET from Dell.

MISS PAULING

Ma'am? It's Pauling here.

ADMINISTRATOR

(radio)

Miss Pauling? Where are you? Are you okay?

MISS PAULING

I'm fine. I'm sorry, I didn't let you know where I was.

ADMINISTRATOR

(radio)

What? Don't worry about that. I'm issuing a recall of all personnel and contractors, effective immediately.

MISS PAULING

What's going on, ma'am?

ADMINISTRATOR

(radio)

This installation is under attack, Miss Pauling. We need all hands to return immediately!

(beat)

If your guys are as good as you keep telling me, they damned well better turn up!

MISS PAULING

Yes, ma'am! We're on our way!

ADMINISTRATOR

(radio)

Good. Out.

SMITH

What are our new co-ordinates?

MISS PAULING

I'll add it to the navigator. Firstly, get us out of here!

Smith -

GUNS the CARRIER past battling soldiers and -

THROUGH the complex's EXIT.

The CARRIER hurtles down the STREET.

INT. TRAIN - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Tavish rummages through a rucksack, one amongst several in the carriage.

MUNDY

(picking up a sniper rifle)

Whose supplies are these?

JANE

Probably the soldiers we disconnected. With enough resupplies for a small war.

TAVISH

Ah, found one.

He produces a PHONE and dials.

INT./EXT. PERSONNEL CARRIER - DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Smith SPEEDS through a red traffic light, cars SKIDDING in the carrier's wake.

Dell's wrist-computer beeps: INCOMING CALL.

DELL

Hello?

TAVISH

(phone)

Dell?

DELL

Tavish?

INTERCUT WITH THE TRAIN:

TAVISH

I thought I dialled Doc.

DELL

His lab is under reconstruction.  
Diverted his phone to my workshop and  
from there to my computer.

TAVISH

So, they found you? Are you all right?

DELL

I'm fine. Where are you, pardner?  
Jane and Mundy with you?

TAVISH

Aye, we're all here. On a train.

DELL

A train?

MISS PAULING

A train? What train?

TAVISH

Miss Pauling? A train from the Trade  
Summit. I need you to tell me where  
it's going.

MISS PAULING

I think I can guess.

Dell taps on his computer, SCHEMATICS AND MAPS popping up.

DELL

Well, there are a few possibilities -  
the metro system, maintenance yards -  
but really only one plausible  
destination.

The carrier SPEEDS past city night-life, scraping off a  
parked car's side-mirror.

INT. TRAIN - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

TAVISH

Oh, hell.

He puts the phone away.

JANE

What is it?

MUNDY

Where is this thing going?

TAVISH

A disused freightyard. Apparently, the  
secret headquarters of our employer.

MUNDY

If it weren't for all the Australium,  
I'm sure it would be a right friendly  
visit.

TAVISH

Aye, and also not for the fact the  
installation is already under attack.

JANE

That explains all of these supplies and  
gear.

MUNDY

So, what do we do? Go in, all guns  
blazing?

TAVISH

Let's try stopping the train. If they

can't get the Australium in place, they don't get their bomb. Well, whoever this person is who double-crossed Redmond and Blutarch Mann.

**EXT. TRAIN - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT**

Tavish, Jane and Mundy -

SKULK over the roof of the carriage.

Ahead lies the special Australium carriage, decked in peculiar plating.

Tavish -

DROPS into the gap, tries the door to the Australium carriage but it's sealed tight.

Jane motions for them to continue.

On the roofs again -

in front of the AUSTRALIUM is another commuter carriage, full of SOLDIERS.

Tavish -

gently DROPS into the gap. The coupling system is locked down.

He returns to the roof and they continue with care.

Only the LOCOMOTIVE remains. Jane and Mundy stay on the roof as Tavish -

DROPS into the gap.

In the commuter carriage, the soldiers remain oblivious.

The door to the locomotive is LOCKED.

Tavish examines the coupling system but it's also locked.

He returns to the roof.

**JANE**

Well?

**TAVISH**

No go. The doors and the coupling system are both locked. Someone has

ensured this payload reaches its destination, no matter what.

MUNDY

We could try explosives.

JANE

Bad idea. If the train derails, who knows what will happen to the Australium.

MUNDY

So, we go to the end of the line.

Jane and Tavish nod.

EXT. FREIGHTYARD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Explosions and gun-fire in the distance, Tavish, Jane and Mundy drop from the slowing train.

Mundy separates, heads towards stacked shipping crates.

EXT. FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Tavish and Jane climb to the roof of an empty carriage.

In the distance, Redmond and Blutarch soldiers fight against Silas' troops amongst the trains and freight cars.

Sentry-guns -

SHOOT from the roof of the disused FACTORY, a semi-circle of dead soldiers in front of it. TF Industries troops take pot-shots from the factory windows.

TAVISH

What do you think?

JANE

I think we should let them kill each other first.

TAVISH

I'm thinking the same. Except for that.

Jane follows Tavish's gesture -

the faintly glowing AUSTRALIUM sits in a large metallic

crate near Silas' soldiers.

A fresh batch of TROOPS arrive in ATVs. Amongst them, Redmond and Blutarch Mann.

TAVISH

Does that change things?

JANE

Not sure. But I'll say this - I do like me some revenge.

From opposite the factory -

a heavily armoured PERSONNEL CARRIER rolls into the battle.

Its MOUNTED MACHINE-GUN fires into the enemy troops.

JANE

Is that?

TAVISH

Yes.

JANE

I guess that changes things.

TAVISH

Aye.

EXT. MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Jane and Tavish -

MOVE into COVER, firing at enemy troops. Tavish's GRENADE blasts a door from a freight car.

EXT. FREIGHTYARD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Mundy -

atop a stack of shipping containers, a vantage point into the BATTLE.

He sees Jane and Tavish heading in.

MUNDY

All right, lads. Let's do this.

He aims through his sniper rifle scope, trains it on an

enemy's head.

PULLS the trigger.

INT./EXT. PERSONNEL CARRIER - MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Smith stops the vehicle as Sasha continues FIRING the machine-gun above.

MISS PAULING

You've stopped. What's wrong?

SMITH

There's nowhere else to go. Too many trains.

DOC

We're taking a lot of -

An EXPLOSION rocks the carrier. Dust, confusion.

DOC

(coughing)

Dell! Miss Pauling! Sasha! Smith!

MISS PAULING

What was that?

SMITH

RPG.

(beat)

Where's Sasha?

DELL

He's here.

Sasha slinks down from the roof, covered in cuts and ash.

SASHA

Sasha is okay.

DELL

We're sitting ducks here.

SMITH

Agreed. We need to establish a perimeter.

Miss Pauling picks up her FLAMETHROWER as the others also grab their weapons.

MISS PAULING

All right. Ready?

EXT. MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

The carrier door opens and Sasha -

BURSTS out, MINI-GUN FIRING.

Miss Pauling follows, BLASTING the area with FLAME.

Smith -

exits, DISAPPEARS.

Enemy troops fall to their attack, or retreat and find cover.

Doc and Dell exit the vehicle. A short distance away, the AUSTRALIUM glows in the night.

DOC

Miss Pauling?

MISS PAULING

I see it.

EXT. MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

The RPG smashes into the personnel carrier.

JANE

Damn.

TAVISH

They all right, you think?

JANE

Don't know. We have to take out those RPG squads.

TAVISH

Let's do it.

They move out from the cover of the freight car.

An RPG launches against the FACTORY.

A roof Sentry-gun -

SNAPS its aim to the propelled grenade and FIRES.

The grenade EXPLODES in MID-AIR.

Jane -

SHOOTS as they move from cover to cover.

Tavish -

LAUNCHES GRENADES into groups of enemies, scattering them.

EXT. MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Miss Pauling -

SCRAMBLES behind the PERSONNEL CARRIER.

In the distance, Redmond and Blutarch direct their troops against Silas' soldiers protecting the AUSTRALIUM.

Sasha stands up and FIRES his MINI-GUN into the fray. Doc switches on his medi-gun.

The enemy TROOPS -

FIRE on Sasha.

Doc flicks the switch on the Quick-Fix and Sasha BELLOWS.  
Bullets -

SLAM into Sasha's unprotected arms and legs, healing almost as quickly. His MINI-GUN growls.

Dell -

DEPLOYS his SENTRY-GUN as all attention stays with Sasha.

Sasha -

DUCKS behind cover, injured and sweating.

The sentry-gun takes over, SNAP-AIMS at enemies and SHOOTS.

EXT. FREIGHTYARD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Mundy spies a squad attempting to FLANK the PERSONNEL CARRIER.

He SNIPES the first two.

Miss Pauling whips around, FLAMES the rest of them.

MUNDY

Miss Pauling?

EXT. MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Doc peeks at Silas' troops. More squads arrive and begin moving the AUSTRALIUM crate.

DOC

Scheiße.

SASHA

Must continue fighting.

DOC

There are too many of them.

DELL

We should retreat.

SASHA

No, we must fight!

EXT. MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Tavish and Jane take cover as an RPG EXPLODES nearby.

TAVISH

Perhaps we could've planned this better.

JANE

Oh, now you say so.

Tavish fires a grenade blindly against the RPG squad.

As the DUST clears, Jane peeks around the freight car.

Smith -

DECLOAKS behind the RPG squad, revolver in one hand, knife in the other. Like a WHIRLWIND, he kills the six soldiers.

TAVISH

Whoa.

JANE

Glad he's on our side.

TAVISH

You like him now?

They see Silas' reinforcements making their way towards the factory.

JANE

We need more of him.

EXT. FREIGHTYARD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Mundy sees the new arrivals moving towards the factory. Redmond and Blutarch troops FALL in their advance.

TF Industries troops continue FIRING from the factory windows but their numbers dwindle.

Mundy -

AIMS through his scope at Silas Mann, at the rear of his company.

Too much DUST and intervening freight cars.

MUNDY

Damn it.

EXT. MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Sasha, Doc, Miss Pauling and Dell slowly RETREAT from the new TROOPS ADVANCING.

Sasha's MINI-GUN clicks empty and he reluctantly drops it.

SASHA

Ah, poor Sasha.

As they pass Dell's SENTRY-GUN, Sasha picks it up and aims it at their enemies, FIRING.

They continue retreating.

EXT. FREIGHTYARD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A GUN cocks behind Mundy's ear.

A pair of Silas' troops are on the shipping crate with him, another squad below.

MUNDY

Wallaby cock.

SOLDIER #1

Look through your scope, mercenary.

(beat)

See that gentleman in the balaclava.

Smith, decloaked, stalking a machine-gun team.

The other soldier -

FIRES his sniper rifle.

A burst of BLOOD explodes from Smith's shoulder and he crumples to the ground.

MUNDY

No!

SOLDIER #1

Nice shot.

SOLDIER #2

(laughing)

High five, bro.

EXT. MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Doc and Sasha -

SEPARATE from Miss Pauling and Dell.

DELL

What are you doing?

SASHA

Drawing their fire. You two, keep going!

MISS PAULING

Dell, let's go!

DOC

We'll be fine!

The SENTRY-GUN runs out of ammo and Sasha tosses it aside, draws his SHOTGUN.

Dell and Miss Pauling -

SPRINT away.

EXT. FACTORY - MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

The SENTRY-GUNS on the FACTORY roof click, out of ammo.

A SALVO of RPGs -

SLAM into the factory windows, eliminating the last of the TF Industries soldiers.

Jane, Tavish, Dell and Miss Pauling -

HIDE behind the last of the freight-cars. On the other side,

Smith -

DRAGS himself behind a pile of rubble.

Doc and Sasha -

HIDE behind another freight car.

Silas strides forward, his men carrying the Australium crate forward.

SILAS

And here we are.

(to the factory)

Helen! Can you hear me? Answer me!

(beat)

Oh, I suppose it doesn't matter. From dust to dust.

A squad of his soldiers appear, marching Mundy between them.

SOLDIER #1

Sir, we found another one sneaking around.

SILAS

Kill him.

SASHA

No!

Sasha RUSHES out and LEAPS into a tackle.

Silas spritely CATCHES Sasha, turning his momentum into a JUDO throw.

Sasha CRASHES into the AUSTRALIUM CRATE, dust and nuggets

spraying into the air.

SILAS

Oh, how bothersome. Just put him with  
the others.

The soldier SHOVES Mundy -

towards the factory and he STUMBLES over to Jane, Tavish  
and Miss Pauling.

Sasha -

SITS up, coughing in the AUSTRALIUM DUST.

ANGLE ON:

Dell -

CREEPING out towards Sasha.

SOLDIER #1

Stay where you are, asshole.

DELL

But, my friend.

SOLDIER #1

Leave him.

The soldier points his SHOTGUN at Dell.

Dell STARES back. STEPS forward.

The soldier -

BLASTS Dell -

his HAND AND FOREARM SPLATTERED into a red mist.

Dell stumbles back in agony.

All of Silas' troops take AIM at the hiding spots - Doc,  
Jane/Tavish/Miss Pauling, Smith.

SILAS

Everyone stay where you are.

Tavish and Miss Pauling BANDAGE Dell's arm with torn  
sleeves.

TAVISH

I will kill them.

MISS PAULING

(to Dell)

It will be okay.

Silas sniffs.

SILAS

Now, did you capture my dear nephews?

SOLDIER #2

Yes, sir. Alpha squad is bringing them down.

Another squad of soldiers appear, Redmond and Blutarch between them.

SILAS

Hello, nephews.

The soldiers sit the Mann brothers down, opposite the factory.

REDMOND

You betrayed us, uncle. How could you?

SILAS

I didn't betray you, Redmond. Didn't I always tell you that blood is thicker than water? That our family had built something grand, something that would last the ages?

(beat)

Well, at least my brother did. Back then, they were different times. Family meant something. There was tradition and honour. There were such things as heirlooms and you could count on your family to support you in times of need.

BLUTARCH

We're your family too.

SILAS

Indeed you are. But so was your father, Zepheniah. Don't blame me for this whole mess. Start with Zeph. If only you could ask him - why didn't his companies simply transfer to the next logical person. His two sons were far too young to take over. Why - wouldn't

it make more sense for another adult family member to run his companies? Say, his own brother?

REDMOND

We're adults now. We all are.

SILAS

You'll always be my little nephews. But I won't hold it against you.

(beat)

I used to believe in family and tradition. The old way. But times change. Money talks. Just look at these mercenaries - even against insurmountable odds, they came back for their employer. Why? Money.

(beat)

I'm sorry, nephews. I can't share the companies with you two. But, rest assured, they're in good hands with me.

Silas waves at his troops and they RETREAT from the factory and the freightyard.

SILAS

I think we can agree that no one here truly needs TF Industries and its weapons and mercenaries.

DOC

You're going to detonate the Australium?

SILAS

Yes. Don't really need it. And it will even the field for a lot of other companies.

REDMOND

But it's worth millions!

SILAS

So? It's worth more as a smoking crater. I'd say there's enough to penetrate into the underground base underneath this factory.

(beat)

All of you stay where you are. Or you can die with a sniper bullet in your

head. Your choice.

Dell removes the clasps from his WRIST-COMPUTER.

MISS PAULING

What are you doing?

DELL

Everyone, cover your ears.

Dell -

THROWS his WRIST-COMPUTER at Silas. It hits the ground, rolls a short distance from Silas.

SILAS

What is -

The computer EXPLODES.

Silas and his troops are sent sprawling in the FIREBALL.

SILAS

(dying)

Ha! Still fighting for the money, the contract. You damned mercenaries just want your money.

He flicks a switch.

ANGLE ON:

The sky. A blue glow appears, twinkling, brightening.

FACTORY:

ADMINISTRATOR

(radio to Miss Pauling)

Miss Pauling.

MISS PAULING

Yes, ma'am?

ADMINISTRATOR

(radio to Miss Pauling)

It's been a pleasure.

MISS PAULING

Yes, ma'am. Me too.

DELL

Oh, no.

From the other freight-car:

DOC

(shouting)

What is it?

DELL

Orbital laser!

Sasha gets to his feet.

SASHA

Not always about money!

He STUMBLES to the AUSTRALIUM crate, where most of it still remains.

The sky GLOWS almost like the sun.

SILAS

Ha! Ha!

ANGLE ON:

The orbital laser satellite. FIRES.

FACTORY:

Doc sprints out, MEDI-GUN in hand.

DOC

Sasha!

Doc aims the MEDI-GUN at Sasha and flicks the switch for the QUICK-FIX.

SILAS

(coughing blood)

Kill him, you idiots!

The ORBITAL LASER -

BEAMS down, incinerating the air.

The Quick-Fix FLOW -

HITS Sasha.

SPARKLES as the healing beam meets the AUSTRALIUM dust coating Sasha's body.

Silas' troops -

SHOOT at Sasha.

The healing beam encompasses Sasha's body, the Australium flickers in tiny lightning. Scintillating.

UBER-CHARGE.

The bullets PING against Sasha. Doc's power-pack STEAMS.

SASHA

I am bulletproof!

The ORBITAL LASER -

SLAMS into SASHA. Blue light SPLINTERS into shards against the Uber-charge SHIELD.

Sasha ROARS.

Everyone ducks behind cover. Tavish, Jane, Miss Pauling, Smith, Dell, Mundy. The azure is inescapable.

The LASER ceases.

Silence.

EXT. FREIGHTYARD OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Police enter the freightyard, rounding up Silas' soldiers.

EXT. FACTORY - MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Sasha COLLAPSES.

Doc switches off his medi-gun and rushes to Sasha.

DOC

Sasha!

He checks Sasha's breathing, pulse.

DELL

Doc! How is he?

MISS PAULING

Is he breathing?

DOC

No. Help me with CPR.

They remove Sasha's vest and gear. His chest and arms are burned.

Doc -

begins CPR with the help of Tavish and Jane.

The others look on.

Mundy helps Smith forward.

SMITH

Here.

He offers the SAPPER.

Doc takes it with a nod. He plants the SAPPER'S WIRES into Sasha.

DOC

What do I press?

SMITH

The red button.

Doc ACTIVATES the sapper and it ELECTROCUTES Sasha.

Sasha -

GASPS for breath. He frowns at Smith.

SASHA

You try to stab me again?

SMITH

What? No, it was just that one time!

SASHA

Ha! Sasha joking.

(beat)

Is true, though.

DOC

What is true?

SASHA

We are mercenaries. Definitely not police.

In the distance, the police are closing in.

MISS PAULING

He's right. We have to get out of here!

EXT. FACTORY - MAIN FREIGHTYARD - NIGHT

Police SURROUND the area. Silas' troops are handcuffed and escorted into trucks.

Police arrest Blutarch and Redmond.

REDMOND

We're innocent!

COP

We'll see what the district attorney thinks.

REDMOND

What? We've done nothing wrong!

INT. FACTORY ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jane and Tavish hold up Sasha. Mundy and Doc support Smith.

Brodie manually CLOSES the elevator door, a secret panel CONCEALING them.

Miss Pauling taps her COMMS UNIT.

MISS PAULING

Pauling here.

SAXTON

(radio)

Miss Pauling! How are you?

MISS PAULING

Tired. And you?

SAXTON

(radio)

Splendid.

(beat)

Am I to assume that your team made it out before the police arrived?

MISS PAULING

Yes. Am I to assume that you sent the police to our location?

SAXTON

(radio)

Perhaps. Maybe it was a concerned citizen.

MISS PAULING

Thanks, Saxton.

SASHA

Thank you, Mister Saxton.

SAXTON

(radio)

Was that Sasha? Tell him that I have tickets to the fight next weekend.

MISS PAULING

I will.

The elevator continues descending.

DOC

Wait. Where's Dell?

EXT. FACTORY - MAIN FREIGHTYARD - DAWN

Train cars are MANGLED and FLATTENED. Stone and rails are SCORCHED from fire and explosions.

A wrinkled but strong hand -

RISES from the rubble.

Silas Mann -

EXTRACTS himself from the rock and dust.

He chuckles. He LAUGHS.

CONK!

Silas CRUMPLES to the ground.

DELL

(holding wrench)

Nope.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE: TEAM FORTRESS

END