

JOURNEY OF THE ENUMA ELISH  
1x01 Return to the Free Lands  
by Jon Van Pelt

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**EXT. SOLAR SYSTEM - NEAR MARS**

The vast ocean of SPACE in front of us.

Just as the peaceful serenity of the scene starts to descend on us...

SHOT ON: a STARCHASER - a space born fighter-jet - drops into view. Half blinded by the red glowing exhaust of the engine, we follow its course as we...

...arrive at a BATTLEFIELD near the planet MARS. The starchaser accelerates and heads up for ONE OF THE DOZEN SHIPS that are coming our way.

SHOT ON: the starchaser as it fires two missiles.

We follow the missiles as they speed up to their target. One missile misses the mark by just a few meters. The other one hits hard. A MASSIVE EXPLOSION tears A HOLE in the ship's hull.

Now that we finally get a closer look at these ships, we see they weren't built for warfare at all. They are just simple cargo ships with CANONS mounted on their hull.

SHOT ON: the starchaser as it fires another barrage of missiles.

SHOT ON: one of the refitted cargo ships. Full impact! The vessel explodes in a thousand pieces.

SHOT ON: the starchaser as she barely manages to evade the debris coming from the explosion. It turns round and sets course for...

... TWO MASSIVE BATTLESHIPS.

We spear towards one of the battleships.

SHOT ON: GIGANTIC CANONS on the upper deck of the ship. As the canon turns towards us...

BOOM! A flash of light. A torpedo warps by. We turn away from the battleship and follow the path of the torpedo as it hits...

... the starchaser, obliterating it to nothing more than space dust.

The thousands of FLOATING PIECES OF DEBRIS, remnants of the starchaser, are pushed away by the BOW of the battleship that just fired the fatal shot.

Hundreds of GREY WELDED PLATES pass before our eyes.  
Monotonous, until...

...big, white bold letters forming the name:

**S.M.S. INVINCIBLE**

Slowly the starry sky takes over the grey hull of the ship.  
As we are almost dragged over the bow of the ship, we are  
impressed to see the vast deck with at the end the  
dominating COMMAND TOWER.

2

**INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - COMMAND TOWER - BRIDGE**

ESTABLISHING: the bridge of the battleship looks a lot like  
that of a 21st century aircraft carrier. The crewmen wear  
grey uniforms.

SHOT ON: ZHENG HE, First Officer, looks across the flight  
deck of the ship.

ZHENG HE  
(concerned)  
Are all decks under our control?

CREWMAN  
Yes Sir.

ZHENG HE  
And the Captain?

CREWMAN  
Safely locked up in the brig with  
security officer Aydin Sir.

ZHENG HE  
(smiling)  
Contact our friends.  
(confident)  
The Invincible now sails under the  
flag of Red Dawn.

On his proud look:

3

**INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - BRIG**

ESTABLISHING: a long corridor with on either side 10 holding  
cells.

A GUARD walks down the corridor, looking up at the NUMBERS  
above the cells. He stops at HOLDING CELL 6. He pushes one  
of the two keys next to the door. The steel grey door of the  
holding cell turns transparent.

In the cell we find Captain Nathan STORME, sitting on one of the two ledges. With him, Lieutenant Muhiddin AYDIN, standing at the door.

POV GUARD:

AYDIN  
You son of a bitch! You'll pay for this.

He smacks his balded fist against the door.

POV STORME AND AYDIN:

The guard doesn't utter a word. He keeps staring at the two men.

STORME  
Calm down Muhdi. Spare your strengths.

Aydin turns away from the door. He bites his lip, letting Storme's advice sink in before:

AYDIN  
Calm down? When the men I've served with for the last 5 years mount a mutiny? When they've taken over our ship. Your ship?

The guard walks off. The door turns back to metallic grey as before.

STORME  
You are.  
(correcting himself)  
Were our security chief. Tell me...  
(looks around)  
... is there any way we can break out of this holding cell?

AYDIN  
(taken aback) )  
No.

Acknowledging this cold fact, he quietly takes a seat across Storme.

STORME  
(a smile)  
I thought as much.

AYDIN  
(subdued)  
More than half the crew turned  
against us.

STORME  
Not against us. If they were  
against us we would be dead now.  
Not locked up in this cell.

AYDIN  
Makes no difference to me.

Their conversations halts when they hear the locking  
mechanism of the door CLICK TWICE.

As they lock eyes, trying to figure out what is going on,  
but before they can react, the DOOR RISES UP INTO THE  
CEILING.

They jump to their feet. From their POV: the guard, laying  
unconscious on the ground.

An OFFICER steps into the door frame, holding a gun.

STORME  
(at Aydin) )  
Looks like our time here has ended.

OFFICER  
(at Storme)  
Our fight is with the Directorate  
of the Forty Cities. Not the Space  
Marine Corps. Or you for that  
matter.  
(at Aydin)  
Some of us seem to have forgotten.

STORME  
But not you?

OFFICER  
You've saved my life before Sir.  
Now is my chance to repay that debt  
to you, *Captain*.

AYDIN  
How do we know we can trust you?  
For all we know you could be  
staging this escape as an excuse to  
shoot us in the back.

The officer reaches out his hand, offering his gun to  
Storme.

Storme walks over to the cell door. He seems to hesitate for a moment but then takes over the gun.

The officer smiles, until:

Storme's face turns cold. He aims the gun at the officer. BANG! He shoots the officer straight through the head. The officer DROPS DEAD ONTO THE FLOOR. His eyes still full of fear and disbelief.

Storme walks out of the cell. He looks at the officer and then at the guard -still unconscious. He raises his gun a second time and PUTS TWO BULLETS into the guard's head. BLOOD RUNS OVER THE FLOOR.

Aydin steps out of the cell trying not to stumble over the two corpses. He looks at Storme, then at the two dead men, clearly not able to fathom what just happened here.

AYDIN  
(disbelief)

Why?

STORME  
They are mutineers. Rebels. You know regulations. It is my duty to execute them.

AYDIN  
You just shot two men through to head and you're giving me shit about regulations and duty? What about showing some fucking mercy, huh?

STORME  
Did they show mercy to the people of Earth when they took our ship? If the rebels succeed in claiming Mars for their own, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children on Earth have no future. This rebellion will end here. On this ship.

He kneels next to the guard and searches his pockets. He takes out a BADGE and offers it to Aydin.

STORME  
You free the others.

AYDIN

What's our plan? Reconquer the ship? We haven't got enough men.

STORME

No. You and the men will head over to the flight deck, take the shuttles and put as much distance between you and the ship as possible.

AYDIN

What about you?

STORME

I'm gonna make sure the ship's canons don't blow you up in a million pieces.

AYDIN

One man against an entire crew of mutineers?

STORME

I've beaten the odds on more than one occasion. Now is no different.

AYDIN

Well..

He reaches out his hand to Storme.

AYDIN

...it was an honor serving with you Captain.

STORME

The honor was all mine.

SHOT ON: their handshake.

STORME (V.O.)

See you in hell.

On these final words:

4

**INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - CORRIDOR**

ESTABLISHING: a long, round shaped corridor. Pipelines running down the ceiling. Illumination comes from spots build into the honey degree structured metallic floor.

Aydin and a few DOZEN MARINES run into view, coming from an adjacent corridor. We follow them as they take a sudden turn to the right. As they run off into another corridor, leaving our view one by one, our attention is drawn to...

SHOT ON: FLIGHT DECK with an ARROW pointed right, painted in bold letters on the corridor wall.

5

**INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - FLIGHT DECK**

Aydin and the other marines arrive on the flight deck, weapons in hand.

A HANDFUL OF REBEL MARINES look up in surprise, barely realizing what's taking place.

AYDIN

Ok guys. We can do this the easy way...

A click from his weapon, signaling the rebels he's ready to fire. The other marines follow his lead and take their aim.

AYDIN

... or in a body bag.

The rebel marines look at each other. Realizing there's no other option than to surrender, they raise their hands.

AYDIN

(confident)

That's more like it.

He waves his weapon to the EXIT DOOR.

AYDIN

We're a bit in a hurry guys, so move it!

The rebel marines take a run for the exit.

As the last one is out, one of the marines seals the exit door.

AYDIN

Listen up: I'll take a starchaser. The rest of you spread across the space shuttles. More targets for Zengh He means more chances for some of us to get off this ship alive. I'll try to cover you guys.

The marines run off to the various shuttles parked on the flight deck.

Aydin picks up a helmet and climbs a ladder to a starchaser.

6

**INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - COMMAND TOWER - BRIDGE**

Same as before.

CREWMAN

The hangar doors are opening!

Zengh He looks at the crewman with disbelief.

ZENGH HE

On screen.

LIFE FOOTAGE of the hangar deck appears on the WINDOW SCREEN.

ZENGH HE

(furious)

The captain and Aydin?!

The crewman brings up FOOTAGE FROM THE BRIG, now displayed next to the images from the hangar deck.

Zengh He touches the screen to zoom in.

SHOT ON: the TWO DEAD OFFICERS.

ZENGH HE

How is this possible!!

The crewmen stand dumbfound. None of them answers, making Zengh He even more furious.

ZENGH HE

Put me on their speakers!

A crewman pushes his controls to make the connection.

ZENGH HE

This is First Officer Zengh He. I order you to turn off your engines.

On his cold eyes:

7

**INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - FLIGHT DECK - STARCHASER**

Aydin works the control panel as we hear Zengh He yelling through the comm.

ZENGH HE(O.S.)

I repeat stand down are we will  
blow you out of the stars one by  
one.

Aydin contacts the others on the comm.

AYDIN  
Don't worry guys...

8      **INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - COMMAND TOWER - BRIDGE**

Same as before.

AYDIN (O.S.)  
Let them take their best shot.  
Rather die for the uniform than  
give in to those rebel bastards.

Zenghe He signals his crewman to cut off the transmission.

9      **INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - ARTILLERY STARBOARD SIDE**

ESTABLISHING: a cramped room, filled with computers and screens relaying all sorts of targeting data. Four CREWMAN are manning their posts.

SHOT ON: a DOOR OPENS.

Only one of the crewmen looks up. The other three continue their work.

Storme steps into the artillery room. His demeanor is calm and relaxed. He is in control.

CREWMAN  
(calm)  
What the f-

Storme raises his gun and fires a bullet right between the crewman's eyes.

As the dead crewman drops to the floor, chaos ensues. The other three crewmen duck for cover, shouting in panic.

Storme fires again.

A few bullets ricochet, hitting some of the consoles -causing crisps and sparks- but he manages to take out two more men.

The last surviving crewman, realizing there is no way out, raises his arms in surrender.

As Storme keeps his gun pointed at the crewman:

STORME  
Any last words marine?

SURVIVING CREWMAN  
Pleas Sir. They didn't leave me no  
choice. I've a wife and 3 kids.

Tears start running down his face.

SURVIVING CREWMAN  
Please Sir. I beg you.

STORME  
You should've thought about that  
before joining this mutiny.

A click from the trigger. He is ready to fire the final  
shot.

STORME  
Just close your eyes. It'll be over  
before you can feel anything.

The crewman lowers his arms. He shakes, in complete shock.  
He can't stop crying. As he closes his eyes... BANG! The  
fourth crewman is out.

Storme steps up to one of the consoles and starts tapping on  
the keyboard.

SHOT ON: a COMPUTER SCREEN as Storme enters a DECRYPTION  
CODE.

All kinds DIAGRAMS appear on his screen. Storme continues to  
work through the computer program with the obvious intent to  
hack the system.

10     **INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - FLIGHT DECK**

The hangar doors open up.

In the distance we see A BATTLE raging above Mars.

11     **INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - FLIGHT DECK**

The starchaser and the shuttles leave flight deck, exiting  
the INVINCIBLE.

12

**INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - COMMAND TOWER - BRIDGE**

Same as before.

ZENGH HE

Ready cannons on starboard side.

SHOT ON: the crewman as he accesses a program to activate the artillery.

CREWMAN

(confused)

The artillery room is not responding sir.

ZENGH HE

(irritated)

How not responding?

He walks over to the crewman, pushing him away from his console.

As he tries to bring up a link with the artillery himself, he arrives to the same conclusion: they're shut out of the system.

As he reflects on the situation:

ZENGH HE (CONT'D)

Can we reach the men through the comm system?

The crewman tries to execute Zengh He's suggestion, but fails.

CREWMAN

(panicking)

Negative Sir!

Zengh He keeps trying to link with the artillery systems. Meanwhile we see crewmen around him stepping up to the window. We hear murmurs of disbelief, mixed with panic.

Zengh He finally notices something is not right. As he looks up, his eyes widen as he sees:

SHOT ON: the CANONS ON THE STARBOARD SIDE are aimed at the command tower.

We hear static over the intercom until a familiar voice comes through:

STORME (V.O.)  
You should have killed me Zengh He.

Zengh He stands there, as if nailed to the floor.

STORME (V.O.)  
Mercy will be your undoing. And  
with you your rebel cause.

Crewmen start running away, leaving the bridge and Zengh He behind. But it is too late...

13     **EXT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - ARTILLERY STARBOARD SIDE**

The canons fire a BARRAGE OF SHOTS at the command tower.

14     **INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - COMMAND TOWER**

The fierce command tower CRIPPLES under the continuous attacks.

Fire and explosions everywhere!

15     **INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - ARTILLERY STARBOARD SIDE**

SHOT ON: Storme, standing at the porthole.

A look of sadness as he realizes the finality of his actions. He seems to find himself in a bubble of tranquility amidst a blaze of horror. All is silent.

In the background we see flashes of red emergency lights, signaling the remaining crew to abandon the ship.

Finally, the SHRIEKING SOUND of klaxons shake him out of his meditative state.

He runs over to a hatch in the floor.

SHOT ON: as he opens up the hatch we look into:

16     **INT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - ESCAPE POD**

ESTABLISHING: the escape pod is cramped and circular in shape. There is only room for 4 crewmen. In the middle a console to fly the pod.

SHOT ON: Storme as he enters the escape pod, coming from the artillery room.

He closes the hatch, sits down and buckles up. As he activates his console, we hear a loud PUFF before:

17     **EXT. S.M.S. INVINCIBLE - ARTILLERY STARBOARD SIDE**

The ESCAPE POD leaves the INVINCIBLE. The thrusters pushing her away from the ship.

18     **EXT. SOLAR SYSTEM - NEAR MARS**

The S.M.S. INVINCIBLE, the once proud battle cruiser, succumbs to the devastating impacts of her own fire. It breaks down IN HALF, and drifts apart in another HUNDRED PIECES.

As we take in the bigger picture of the scene;

- the INVINCIBLE destroyed,
- the CARGO SHIPS fleeing back to Mars,
- the other BATTLE CRUISER firing at the remaining rebel ships

We realize the rebels have lost the battle.

19     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - SOMEWHERE IN THE SAVANNA - MORNING**

A brown HIKING BOOT sets down onto the ground. The dusty orange sand twirls up in the air.

We follow the boots as they continue their path.

We slowly pan up, revealing the back of a MALE HIKER wearing a sand colored outfit with a brown weathered cotton fedora on his head, carrying a heavy rucksack. A survival knife dangles from his belt.

20     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - SOMEWHERE IN THE SAVANNA - MIDDAY**

The male hiker climbs a small hill of rocks. As he reaches the top of the hill, he takes off his hat and takes in the view.

SHOT ON: the beautiful vista of the African savanna.

We return back to the hiker, revealing his identity: Nathan Storme.

A smile on his face as he puts back on his hat and continues his hike.

21      **EXT. EAST AFRICA - SOMEWHERE IN THE SAVANNA - AFTERNOON**

Storme walks through a grass plain. His head is barely visible above the long grass.

Suddenly, through the grass, we see a DARK SHADOW moving in front of him. He freezes for a moment, evaluating the risks laying ahead of him. Knowing there is no way back, he takes out his knife and defiantly continues his way.

He arrives at an open spot in the grass field. As he crosses it we see the dark shadow move behind him. He turns round revealing:

a LION as it proudly stares down its prey.

Storme readies readies himself for a fight to the dead...

... but nothing happens. Both Storme and the lion seem to be staring each other down. Who will attack first?

Then, for some inexplicable reason and with one big growl, the lion retreats back to the grass plain.

For a second Storme remains all statue-like. But as soon as he realizes that he's out of danger, there's a sigh of relief.

He puts back away his knife and continues the hike.

22      **EXT. EAST AFRICA - SOMEWHERE IN THE SAVANNA - NIGHTFALL**

Storme walks up a small slope. As he arrives at the top, we get a clear view of the LUSH GREEN VALLEY below.

Amidst the grassy fields we notice small PUFFS OF SMOKE, tracing back to the chimney of a SMALL WOODEN FARM.

His lips curl up in a warm felt smile. This is HOME.

23      **EXT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME FAMILY**

ESTABLISHING: the FARM consists out of TWO STABLES, a BARN and a CABIN. A sight dating back to the 19th century.

Storme walks down the moonlit courtyard, up to the steps leading up to the cabin's front door.

Just as he places one foot on the first step:

The DOOR of the cabin sways open. A small but robust FEMALE FIGURE appears in the doorway. This is JACKY, Nathan Storme's mother.

JACKY  
That's far enough boy.

She raises her RIFFLE.

STORME  
I haven't been called a boy in a  
very long time.

A CLICK from the trigger. She is ready to fire.

JACKY  
I'll give you to the count of ten  
to turn around and walk away.

Storme takes a step back.

STORME  
Now I didn't expect a warm welcome  
after all these years...

As he takes off his hat to reveal his face:

STORME  
... but I doubt you'd put a bullet  
into your own son.

She takes a closer look at him, trying to recognize the face  
of her child in this stranger that is now standing in front  
of her.

JACKY  
(firmly)  
My son is dead.

STORME  
Is that what you've been telling  
yourself all these years mother?  
(as he opens up his arms)  
Then take another good look at me.  
Some say I look just like dad.

She lowers her gun and takes a few steps down the stair to  
take another closer look.

Her eyes WIDEN, her skin turns PALE as she suddenly  
recognizes the son she thought lost.

Taking a step back, she loses her balance and falls on her  
back.

Storme picks up her rifle and runs up the stairs to help  
her get up.

As he wraps her arm around him for support:

STORME  
Let's get you back inside.

As they walk back up to the door:

24     **INT. HOME STORME FAMILY - LIVING ROOM**

ESTABLISHING: the same 19th century feel runs through the living room. Everything inside seems to be handmade.

Storme sits at the table with an empty plate in front of him. He takes a sip from a glass of cold water. Meanwhile Jacky is stirring some pots on the kitchen stove.

STORME  
(sniffing the air)  
Mmmmm... That smells delicious.  
Real cooked food.

Jacky looks up in surprise.

JACKY  
Don't tell me you came up here  
after 20 years just to have another  
taste of my cooking.

STORME  
(smiling)  
After 2 weeks of hiking and nothing  
to eat but vitamin bars?

JACKY  
So your it's your empty stomach and  
soar legs that led you back home?

As Storme seems to ponder on bigger issues:

STORME  
No.

Jacky picks up one of the pots and walks over to the table.

JACKY  
I almost shot you.

Storme raises his plate. Jacky smacks a heap of mashed potatoes on his plate.

STORME  
I knew you wouldn't pull the  
trigger.

Another smile on his lips.

As she walks back to the stove:

JACKY

Your dad would've. He never forgave  
you for leaving us.

STORME

All this...

(waving his spoon in the air)

... was his dream mother. Not mine.

His spoon dives into the mashed potatoes and he starts  
eating.

JACKY

I never should have bought you that  
telescope for your 10th birthday.

STORME

(mouthful)

You really believe things would've  
been different?

(pointing his spoon to the  
ceiling)

That I wouldn't have ended up in  
the great black above?

She takes the seat across him.

JACKY

Even the smallest of rock can  
change the course of a river.

STORME

Maybe.

(ponders)

But what's done is done. I chose to  
leave. You chose to stay out here.  
In the wilderness.

JACKY

(affronted)

The wilderness? 20 Years have  
passed and you still don't  
understand what we're trying to do  
out here, do you?

STORME

Sure I do. You want to be free and  
independent. Live a life away from  
the Directorate.

JACKY  
True freedom.

STORME  
No man can be truly free. Not in  
the Cities. Not even here, in the  
Free Lands.

JACKY  
(driven)  
At least out here we've got the  
chance to build our destiny with  
our own two hands.

He puts down his spoon. This discussion is no good for his  
appetite.

STORME  
Out here, there's nothing but the  
struggle to survive. Where's the  
freedom in that?

JACKY  
Then why did you come back?

He leans back, reflecting on what made him come back.

STORME  
I've been asking myself that  
question over and over again for  
the last couple of weeks.

On his watery eyes:

25     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME FAMILY - MORNING**

The sun rises above the eastern African plains.

A rustic image of the Storme farm. All is peace and quiet.

26     **INT. HOME STORME FAMILY - NATHAN'S BEDROOM**

Storme lays asleep on his childhood bed. It's way too small  
for him.

We hear the SOUND OF BIRDS singing and the morning GROANS OF  
CATTLE down at the stables.

BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT punch through the wooden planks, reaching  
his face.

He wakes up by the light warming up his face, but it's not  
easy. Eyes are blinking. Every bone and muscle in his body  
seems to ache.

The morning calm is abruptly halted by a MECHANICAL SOUND closing in on us.

Storme JUMPS out of bed and runs up to his window. As he rolls up the shutter:

POV STORME: a HELICOPTER is heading towards the farm.

Storme turns round, picks up his pants and runs out of his bedroom.

27

**EX. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME FAMILY**

Jacky is already outside, riffle in hand.

The helicopter hovers menacingly above the courtyard.

Storme runs out of the cabin in only his pants.

STORME  
(at Jacky)  
Are you crazy?

He lays his hand on his mother's riffle.

STORME  
Do you wanna get yourself killed?

Jacky realizes the insanity of her action and lets loose of her riffle.

The helicopter lands in the courtyard.

As the deafening sound of the rotors die out, two ARMED MARINES jump out of the helicopter immediately securing the area by aiming for Storme and Jacky

Storme throws the riffle onto the ground. One of the marines tabs his earpiece.

MARINE  
Site is secure.

Admiral SOMVERVILLE steps out of the helicopter. As he walks past his marines towards Jacky:

SOMERVILLE  
I'm sorry for the intrusion madam.

She looks at her son, not trusting the stranger in front of her.

JACKY  
Are you in some kind of trouble?

She picks up the riffle and points it at the admiral.

JACKY  
If so; you can take your trouble  
elsewhere.

The trigger happy marines are ready to intervene, but  
Somerville raises his hand in time to stop them.

SOMERVILLE  
No troubles whatsoever madam. I'm  
just hear to talk to your son.

She lowers the riffle.

STORME  
It's OK mother.

As she turns round to head back to the cabin, she spits on  
to the ground, showing she has zero respect for these men.

JACKY  
(to Storme)  
I'll be inside.

As she walks away:

STORME  
You sure know how to make an entry.

SOMERVILLE  
Well...  
(looks around)  
... you never know what to expect  
out here do you? It's to see you  
again Nathan.

Somerville holds up his arms for a warm felt embrace. They  
are old friends. Comrades in arms.

28 **EXT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME FAMILY - CORN FIELD**

Admiral Somerville and Storme walk through the fields, the  
farm in the backdrop.

SOMERVILLE  
This is my first trip into the free  
lands you know.

STORME

So. Everything you expected and more?

SOMERVILLE

Looking at all this...

(waves his hand around)

... I still don't understand why people deny themselves the opportunities the Cities have to offer.

STORME

Every choice has its price I guess.

SOMERVILLE

Do I sense regret in your voice?

STORME

About leaving this life here behind?

SOMERVILLE

And where that choice led you. To the Space Marine Corps. To the Battle of Mars.

STORME

The Battle of Mars.

(a cynical smile)

Looks I finally made it into the history books.

SOMERVILLE

Don't cut yourself short Nathan. I doubt that there are many officers in the Corps who could single-handedly end a revolution.

(proudly)

They call you the Victor of Mars.

STORME

Is that why you came out here for? To retrieve the poster boy for the Space Marines?

SOMERVILLE

*Retrieve.*

(a sigh)

Out here in the Free Lands, it's associated with brute force. I assured the Admiralty force would not be necessary to bring you back home.

STORME

Home...

(wondering of)

... I don't know where that is  
anymore.

Somerville stops and looks Storme straight in the eye:

SOMERVILLE

Your home is with your brothers and  
sisters at the Corps.

STORME

I once thought Marines were family.  
A bond stronger than flesh and  
blood. But after what happened on  
board the Invincible...

He looks away. His body language betrays discomfort at the  
thought of going back to the Space Marine Corps.

SOMERVILLE

We all understand you need time to  
deal with what happened out there.

(a pause)

I had to call in a lot of favors,  
but I managed to buy you 4 more  
weeks to find some peace of mind  
out here.

A moment of silence as they both gaze across the corn  
fields.

STORME

Right now it feels it might take me  
a lifetime.

Somerville picks out a small device from his pocket. Storme  
looks up.

SOMERVILLE

Here. Take it.

STORME

A ComVice.

SOMERVILLE

I know you left yours behind on  
purpose.

He hands the ComVice, looking much like a smartphone, over  
to Storme.

SOMERVILLE

But in case you need a friend to  
talk to.

STORME

Thanks.

The Admiral gives him a pad on the shoulders. They both  
smile in understanding.

SOMERVILLE

See you soon.

Storme only nods. The Admiral then turns round and walks  
back the road to the farm.

29     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME FAMILY - MEADOW**

A lush green meadow.

COWS grazing in a fenced field.

Storme, with a blade of grass between his teeth, sits on one  
of wooden piles of the field fence. As he looks across the  
fields, he sees the helicopter heading his way.

As the helicopter storms over his head, he looks over his  
shoulder, following the helicopter's silhouette until it  
ends as a small dot above the mountain range.

JACKY (O.S.)

If you're planning on staying, you  
might as well make yourself useful.

Storme turns round, facing his mother.

JACKY

We've still got a few acres to  
plough.

STORME

Some things never change.

A big smile on his face as he jumps off the wooden pile.

30     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME - FIELD - AFTERNOON**

The sun is burning hot. The ground dry and full of rocks.

Storme, stripped to the waist and glistening from sweat,  
leads two oxen as they plow the field.

A hellish job.

31

**EXT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME - FIELD - EVENING**

The evening has fallen.

The field has been plowed. The oxen are grazing next to the field as if nothing happened.

Storme picks up his shirt from the ground.

His mother walks up to him.

As he puts his shirt on:

JACKY  
(mockingly)  
Not bad for a city boy. Not bad at all.

STORME  
I'll take that as a compliment.

He walks up to the oxen.

STORME  
I'd almost forgotten how tough these beasts can be.

He pats one of the oxen on the back. The animal looks up for a moment before continuing grazing.

JACKY  
And they make a great steak too.

He walks back up to his mother.

STORME  
Talking about steak. Dinner ready?

She nods.

JACKY  
First bring the oxen to the stable.  
And take a shower.

STORME  
(surprised)  
We've got a shower?

JACKY  
Nothing fancy as you're probably used to. But it'll do.

She turns round and heads back to the farm.

Storme walks up to the oxen to lead them to the stables.

32     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME FAMILY - SHOWER - NIGHTFALL**

Storme, fully soaped, stands underneath a wooden shower bucket.

He closes his eyes and pulls the chain. As the bucket tips over, liters of cold water rush down over him.

Shivering from tip to toe:

STORME

Fuck!

The shower bucket has refilled itself. He gives another yank on the chain. Another clash of water drops down on him.

33     **INT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME FAMILY - LIVING ROOM**

Storme, wearing shorts and tank top, sits at the table.

Jacky serves him a plate with steak and potatoes.

STORME

Thanks.

As he cuts his steak and takes a bite:

STORME

This is *delicious*.

Jacky shines with pride.

JACKY

Better than those re-sequenced proteins they make you eat in the city, right?

STORME

I'd almost forgotten how real meat tastes like.

JACKY

Steak and potatoes. Your sister's favorite dish.

She freezes for a moment. Realizing she brought up a subject she'd rather not discuss, she turns round and walks back up to the kitchen counter.

STORME  
Talking about my little sister.  
How's Bekka doing?

Her back still turned to Storme, she starts doing the dishes.

JACKY  
OK I suppose.

STORME  
You don't know?

JACKY  
She left 9 months ago. Haven't  
heard her since.

STORME  
And you're not worried?

She ignores his question before answering.

JACKY  
I raised two children in this  
house. I cared for them. I fed  
them. I loved them. And what did I  
get in return? They both leave in  
the middle of the night. No  
goodbye. Not even a farewell  
letter. I stopped worrying 'bout my  
children a long time ago.

STORME  
Someone must have seen her? In the  
village perhaps.

Jacky walks back up to the table, her kitchen towel in hand.

JACKY  
The postman told me she joined a  
group of anarchists from the  
Cities.

STORME  
From the Cities?

JACKY  
I don't know much about them. Most  
of it is hearsay anyway. They say  
these anarchists want to return to  
the old ways. Before there were  
Cities and Free Lands.

STORME

I don't get why Bekka would want to get involved with these people.

JACKY

She never gave up hope to see you again. I guess she saw these anarchists as her ticket out of here.

STORME

I'm going to the village first thing tomorrow.

JACKY

To do what?

STORME

To bring her back home.

He takes another bite from his steak.

34     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - HOME STORME FAMILY - MORNING**

Storme leaves the farm on an old motorcycle.

He halts for a moment, taking in the beautiful vista of the MORNING SUN rising above the mountains.

35     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - VILLAGE - POST OFFICE**

ESTABLISHING: the village is a chaotic mixture of various architectural styles. Some buildings are pulled up out of bricks. Others are wooden constructions. Other are made out of clay.

Storme rides up the main road, zigzagging between the bumps and holes in the ground.

He stops at a 3 storey building. He looks up at the sign above the revolving door reading POST OFFICE.

36     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - VILLAGE - POST OFFICE**

BOONE, station chief, is sorting out files behind his desk.

Behind him, on the back of the wall, hangs a digital clock reading the date and hour:

**12-15-2560 10:20 A.M.**

A KNOCK on the door. Without looking up:

BOONE

Enter.

As Storme walks in:

STORME

(surprised)

So it is true after all.

Boone freezes for a second. He recognizes the voice, but a part of him seems to be thinking that it's all a dream.

As he looks up from his files, he sees it IS Nathan Storme closing the door of his office.

STORME

Daniel Boone working for the Postal Services. And a desk job no less. Never thought they'd trap you into a life of dullness.

Boone drops his files on the desk.

BOONE

Nathan? Is that really you?

STORME

(as he opens up his arms)

In the flesh.

Boone walks up to him. He shakes his head. But then an almost boyish joy takes over. He grabs Storme by the shoulders as to feel if it's really him.

Storme seems to hesitate for a second, but closes his arms around his friend.

As the embrace ends.

BOONE

I thought I'd never see you again!

STORME

But here I am.

Boone takes a seat at his desk and signals Storme to do the same.

BOONE

We've got so much catching up to do. Tell me, did you end up in the Marine Corps like you always dreamed?

STORME

Yes I did. You're looking at a Captain.

BOONE

Hah! Captain! I knew it!

STORME

(looking around, somewhat disappointed)

Well, I for one never imagined you ending up here.

Boone remembers the adventurous lives they dreamed of when they were both kids. But he soon lands down with two feet on solid ground.

BOONE

When you have a wife and 3 kids all you want is a steady paycheck.

STORME

(surprised)

3 kids?

BOONE

(proud)

A boy and 2 girls.

STORME

(curious)

So who's the lucky Misses Boone? Do I know here?

BOONE

(as he blushes)

Cassandra.

STORME

Noooo?

(laughing)

Fat Sandy?

BOONE

(annoyed)

Don't call her that.

STORME

Ok, ok. I'm sorry. I guess this is all a bit too much for me to take in at once. But I'm happy for you Boone.

He gives him a friendly pat on the shoulder.

STORME  
Really. I am.

BOONE  
(more seriously)  
So what brought you back to the  
Free Lands?

Storme gets up from his chair and walks up to a window overlooking the street.

STORME  
I guess you could say work lead me  
back here.

Boone stands up. Defiant.

BOONE  
You're not working for a Retriever  
party are you?

Storme is a bit startled by Boone's reaction. But he quickly understands the confusion.

STORME  
No. No, I'm not a Retriever.  
(pondering)  
But I am looking for someone.

BOONE  
Bekka. Right?

STORME  
(surprised)  
How'd you guess?

BOONE  
Wouldn't know who else you'd seek  
out here.

Storme walks back. As he leans on the chair.

STORME  
Mother said she joined a group of  
anarchists from the Cities. But I  
don't understand how that's  
possible. Citizens aren't allowed  
to travel to the Free Lands. Unless  
they get special dispensation from  
the Directorate.

Boone gets up from his chair and walks back to the other side of his desk. As he stares into the wall.

BOONE

A lot has changed since you left  
Nathan.

STORME

You sound serious.

Boone looks him back in the eye. His body language betrays a sense of hesitation. Can he trust his childhood friend?

BOONE

Only because these anarchists mean  
serious business. We are not  
supposed to talk about them with  
outsiders.

STORME

(wryly)

Since when did I become an  
outsider?

BOONE

Maybe not an outsider. But you've  
spent the last 20 years on the  
other side of the fence. People  
over here won't trust you.

STORME

But you do. I hope.

BOONE

(smiling)

I know you didn't snitch on me when  
I set old Robert's barn on fire.

STORME

First time you smoked a cigarette.

BOONE

And my last.

They both laugh, thinking of better times.

BOONE

You'd always find a way to get us  
into trouble.

STORME

But I always found a way to get us  
out of it.

BOONE

True. Not without some bumps and bruises.

He sits back down behind his desk.

BOONE

Look. I really want to help you find your sister. But like I said; people out here aren't eager to talk to a city boy.

STORME

But you know someone who will?

BOONE

Perhaps.

He starts playing with a pen that lays on his desk. For a second it seems he wants to keep the information to himself. But then the pen drops. As he sinks deeper into his chair:

BOONE

We have a Refuge House out here in the village.

Storme frowns. The name 'Refuge House' doesn't ring a bell. Boone notices.

BOONE

It's a place where they take in Citizens when they arrive in the Free Lands.

STORME

And you think they'd help me?

BOONE

There's a doctor there. Elisabeth. Elisabeth Collins. She might give you more information about this group Bekka's involved in.

STORME

Thanks Boone.

He reaches out his hand.

STORME

I owe you one.

As they shake hands:

BOONE

Just be save. And give my regards  
to your mother.

STORME

I will. See you around.

As Storme walks out, Boone leans back into his chair  
-clearly worried about something.

37     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - VILLAGE - REFUGE HOUSE**

Storme walks up to the front door of the REFUGE HOUSE.

It's one the more stylish buildings in the village.

It's clear that whoever built this house had vast resources  
at their disposal.

38     **INT. EAST AFRICA - VILLAGE - REFUGE HOUSE - RECEPTION**

Storme walks into the RECEPTION. Unlike we've seen so far in  
the Free Lands, this building has a very clean and  
futuristic interior.

A few dozen MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN are sitting in the  
waiting-room with their trunks and backpacks. They all look  
exhausted and worried.

Storme approaches the young female DESK CLERK.

STORME

Good afternoon Miss.

She hands him a clipboard and pen.

DESK CLERK

Just fill in these forms and take a  
seat in the waiting-room. The nurse  
will call for you.

Storme looks at the clipboard, not making sense of it all.

STORME

I'm not here to...

He realizes he doesn't understand what he's supposed to do  
here.

STORME

...fill in paperwork.

The desk clerk finally inspects him thoroughly and notices  
that he isn't packed like the rest of the refugees.

DESK CLERK

Oh. I'm sorry sir.

She takes the clipboard off his hands.

DESK CLERK

It was just. Well. You stroke me as a Citizen. My apologies.

STORME

No need to apologize. But I'm not here to do... whatever it is you people do around here.

DESK CLERK

(suprised)

You've never heard of the Refuge House before?

STORME

(playing dumb)

Well, pardon me Miss, but I'm just a simple farmer. I don't visit the town that much.

She straightens herself, proud to tell him more about this important place.

DESK CLERK

The Refuge House is where we process the Citizens after they've successfully fled the Cities. First they're submitted to an extensive medical exam. If they're proven healthy and strong enough, their transponder is removed. After that, if they survive surgery of course, we relocate them throughout the Free Lands.

STORME

And they live happily ever after.

DESK CLERK

(confident)

We like to believe so, yes.

STORME

(leaning in)

Listen. A friend of mine told me I could find a doctor named Collins here.

She's startled. Storme claims he doesn't know the Refuge House yet he knows doctor Collins' name. That seems to worry her.

DESK CLERK

Yes doctor Collins works at the Refuge House. But she's not here at the moment.

STORME

Well. Do you know where I can find here.

DESK CLERK

(uncomfortable)

I'm sorry sir. I've told you too much already.

STORME

You don't trust me do you?

Her worrisome expression says all.

STORME

Well do I look like a Retriever to you?

DESK CLERK

No. You're too handsome to be a Retriever.

STORME

So why won't you tell me where I can find here?

She gazes into his eyes, trying to find some truth or credibility.

STORME

It's an emergency. My mother is terribly ill.

A look of compassion fills her eyes as she gives in to his plea.

DESK CLERK

You can find her two blocks from here. It's a small wooden cabin with a big red rod of Asclepius painted on the door. You can't miss it.

STORME

Thanks.

As he turns round to walk off.

DESK CLERK

Hope your mother will get well  
soon. I'm sure doctor Collins can  
help her.

He smiles and gives her a polite nod before continuing his way.

39 **EX. EAST AFRICA - VILLAGE - MEDICAL PRACTICE**

Storme arrives at the small WOODEN CABIN. It is clearly more of a makeshift medical practice.

Like the desk clerk informed him, it has big red rod of Ascepius roughly painted on the door.

There's a waiting line outside. Young MEN and WOMEN, ELDERLY and CHILDREN are all waiting there turn.

Storme sighs as he realizes it's going to be a long wait.

40 **EXT. EAST AFRICA - VILLAGE - MEDICAL PRACTICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Storme sits on a bench. There are only a few patients left before it's his turn.

He watches some KIDS playing a ball game in the street.

41 **EXT. EAST AFRICA - VILLAGE - MEDICAL PRACTICE - EVENING**

The sun is setting.

A MAN is walking down the street, igniting the street lights manually one by one.

The kids continue their play in the street.

Storme is the only one left on the waiting bench.

As an elderly couple opens the door of the cabin, Storme gets on his feet and straightens himself up.

STORME

(to himself)

Finally.

As he holds the door open for the elderly couple to come out, he reaches out his arm to help the woman down the three steps.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh. Thank you sir. So very kind of you.

ELDERLY MAN

See Suzanne. Some of them youngsters still know how to be a gent.

STORME

Guess my mother did teach me some manners.

As he helps them of the stairs.

STORME

Now you all have a nice evening.

ELDERLY WOMAN

May you walk your path in freedom young man.

He looks at the elderly couple as they walk away. He smiles. A feeling of warmth.

He then turns round and runs up the steps.

42

**INT. EAST AFRICA - VILLAGE - MEDICAL PRACTICE**

Establishing: it's a one-room-cabin with a desk, an examination table and a curtain screen divider for patients to undress in private. The wooden walls are painted off white. A very basic impression.

Behind the desk we find doctor Elisabeth COLLINS reading medical documents.

As Storme walks in, she looks up from her desk. As their eyes meet, Storme freezes in his step. He definitely didn't expect such a sophisticated woman as a doctor in the Free Lands.

She continues reading the documents.

COLLINS

Are you just going to keep standing there like a frozen man or are you going to sit down?

STORME  
(a bit embarrassed)  
Of course. I'm sorry doctor.

As he takes a seat across her desk, she puts the documents away in a folder and stores them into a files sorter.

Unlike Storme, she feels very much at ease. With folded hands on the desk she continues the conversation.

COLLINS  
Well Mister ... ?

STORME  
Storme. Nathan Storme. But you can call me Nathan if you want.

COLLINS  
Well Mister Storme. I haven't seen you here before. So that means you must come from the outlands.

She leans forward, trying to get a better look at him. She sniffs the air. It's almost sensual.

COLLINS  
Hmmm.

STORME  
Hmmm. What?

COLLINS  
(playfull)  
You don't smell.

STORME  
(confused)  
Is that meant as a compliment?

COLLINS  
It means you are a Citizen. And a Citizen who doesn't appear to feel out of place here. Which means something's not quite right.

She opens one of the drawers, picks out a REVOLVER and puts it on her desk. She closes the drawer.

COLLINS  
Tell me, Nathan. Why shouldn't I just put a bullet into your head?

STORME  
(uncomfortable)  
I thought doctors swore an oath to  
do no harm.

COLLINS  
People's lives here are my primary  
concern. And you may pose a threat  
to those lives. Call it ...

She picks up the revolver.

COLLINS  
... preventive care.

STORME  
Might want to tell me your story  
before you shoot me?

COLLINS  
What about me?

STORME  
You're not from around here either.  
I saw it the moment I walked in.

COLLINS  
Oh. So that's why you stood in my  
doorway all statue-like.

STORME  
You sound disappointed.

She smiles and puts the revolver back on her desk.

COLLINS  
I am a Citizen when I reside in the  
City. I am a Freelanders when I am  
here. You could say I enjoy the  
best of both worlds.

STORME  
How is that possible? The  
Directorate holds tabs on every  
Citizen.

COLLINS  
Or so they think. The transponder  
they've put into our brain is just  
another piece of technology that  
can be tampered with.

STORME

And your people have found a way to remove it?

COLLINS

Yes. But you understand I can't reveal any details about the procedure.

STORME

(playfully)

Does that mean you're not going to kill me?

COLLINS

Maybe. I still don't now why you walked into my practice.

STORME

Someone told me you could help me find my sister. Rebekka.

COLLINS

I don't know anyone named Rebekka.

STORME

My mother thought she might have joined a group of anarchists.

COLLINS

The Radicals.

STORME

Maybe. I don't know. My mother didn't know their name.

COLLINS

There's only one group in these parts of the Free Lands. It must be them.

STORME

What do you know about these Radicals.

COLLINS

Well. They're radicals for one. Obviously. They believe the future of Earth lays in the unification of humanity. No more Cities or Free Lands.

STORME

I've lived on both sides of the fence. The system has its flaws. True. But it has kept us alive for the last 200 years. To destroy it, would mean ...

COLLINS

(interrupting)

Chaos? A return to the Dark Ages?

STORME

Something like that. Yeah. You don't support them?

COLLINS

No. But that doesn't mean I believe in the system either. The Cities offer us a life in relative comfort. They make sure we have work and a proper meal every day. And they should be lauded for that. But we paid it with our freedom. The highest price.

STORME

There's no much use for freedom when you're out here starving.

COLLINS

You know as well as anybody else out here that's just Directorate propaganda.

STORME

Maybe. But if you're working your ass off all day just to put a few potatoes on your plate. You call that freedom? I'll tell you; you'll never find true freedom here on this Earth.

STORME

Only amidst the stars you can truly feel free.

(looking up)

There are no Cities or Free Lands up there. No Directorate. Just you and your crew.

COLLINS

So you're a Space Cowboy?

STORME

I know you City folk like to call us that. But you know there're no cows out there, do you?

COLLINS

Look. I'll take you to the Radical's base outside town. But once we get there you're on your own.

STORME

A wise choice. You might wanna bring that gun with you.

She picks up her revolver, letting his advice sink in.

43     **EX. EAST AFRICA - SOMEWHERE IN THE SAVANNA - NIGHT**

Night has fallen.

We see TWO HEADLIGHTS finding their way through the night.

44     **INT. EAST AFRICA - JEEP**

Doctor Collins sits behind the wheel with Storme riding shotgun.

It's a very bumpy road.

STORME

So you haven't told me yet how you got here.

COLLINS

Well. I guess you could say I've always had this kind of adventurous spirit.

They hit a big bump. The jeep tilts to the right before slamming back onto four wheels.

STORME

(shocked)

That was a close one.

Collings keeps driving as if nothing happened.

COLLINS

As a kid I always heard all these wild stories about the Free Lands. My fascination only grew stronger as I got older.

She takes a sharp turn to the left.

COLLINS

I learned about the Refuge House  
when I was in Medical School. And  
when my professor told me they were  
looking for a doctor. Well, I  
didn't really need to think twice.

STORME

A real humanitarian then.  
Interesting.

Storme seems fascinated by the doctor's story.

45     **EXT. EAST AFRICA - COMPOUND RADICALS - NIGHT**

The jeep stops at A ROCK FORMATION.

46     **INT. EAST AFRICA - JEEP**

The engine of the car is still running.

Storme looks through the windshield window at the massive  
rocks in front of them.

STORME

So this is it?

COLLINS

Not very impressive for a rebel  
camp is it?

STORME

Not really. Though I guess that's  
part of their plan.

Their conversation halts as they hear a big CLUNK on the  
roof.

STORME

What the ...

Another CLUNK as they see a PAIR OF BOOTS land on the  
bonnet.

The DOOR on the driver's seat is opened.

Collins lets out a yelp.

A MAN steps into frame, holding a gun. This is ZAPPATERO.

Storme wants to get out, but the door opens before he can act. Another MAN stands next to him, holding a gun to his head.

ZAPPATERO  
Doctor Collins. I didn't know you  
made house calls at this late hour.  
And I see you brought a colleague.  
(at Storme)  
A new face.

STORME  
Is this how you welcome all your  
guests?

As he looks up at his assailant:

STORME  
I'm not comfortable answering  
questions with a gun to my head.

Zappatero smiles mysteriously. He nods in the direction of the henchman standing next to Storme. The henchman nods back in understanding and grabs Storme by his jacket.

ZAPPATERO  
Let's talk in more comfortable  
surroundings, shall we?

He looks up at the HENCHMAN standing on top of the jeep:

ZAPPATERO  
(playfully)  
It's getting cold out here.

He offers doctor Collins a hand to guide here out of the driver's seat.

Meanwhile Storme is being dragged out of his.

He tries to fight his way out, but the henchmen beats him with the grip of his gun. Storme falls down onto the ground. He's pulled back up again by the henchman. His face covered in dusty sand.

ZAPPATERO  
(at Storme)  
There's no need for foolish  
actions. Unless it's your intention  
to get yourselves hurt.  
(at the henchmen)  
Vamanos!

Zappatero pulls Dr. Collins to his side.

ZAPPATERO  
Hold on tight doctor.

Collins puts her arms around his waist.

Zappatero pushes a combination of SMALL BUTTONS on the BUCKLE of his belt. His BOOTS IGNITE, launching them slowly up in the air.

The two henchmen on the jeep follow his lead.

The henchman looks at Storme. Storme wipes the dust of his face. He then puts one foot on the henchman's boot, followed by folding his arms around the henchman's waist.

STORME  
Let's go.

The henchman lifts off, following Zappatero and the other two.

Collins looks down.

POV COLLINS: we're already hovering a couple of meters up in the air.

She tightens her grip around Zappatero and closes her eyes.

ZAPPATERO  
No worries doctor. You'll feel  
ground beneath your feet in no  
time.

POV GROUND: Zappatero and the henchmen disappear in the black of night leaving behind the jeep with open doors and headlamps burning.

47

**EXT. EAST AFRICA - COMPOUND RADICALS**

Zappatero and his team, still carrying doctor Collins and Storme, land upon the top of the rocks.

As Collins and Storme let loose of their respective rides.

ZAPPATERO  
Follow me.

Storme looks at Collins. His expression reads he's ready to put up a fight. Collins signals to cool down and follow her lead as she follows Zappatero to a DEN between the rocks.

Storme follows her advice, with the 3 henchmen in his back.

48      **EXT. EAST AFRICA - COMPOUND RADICALS - CAVERN**

Fragments of moonlight are the only source of illumination.

Storme and Collins walk through the narrow cavern, still following Zappatero's lead.

49      **EXT. EAST AFRICA - COMPOUND RADICALS - CAVERN - CONTINUOUS**

Zappatero arrives at a small TUNNEL LIFT. He turns round to address the rest of his following.

ZAPPATERO

Hope none of you is claustrophobic.

He opens the elevator door and steps into the car. He signals Collins to follow. She does, as do Storme and the 3 henchmen.

The last henchman to step in closes the door and works the CONTROL PANEL.

With a big JOLT the car starts its descent down the elevator tunnel.

50      **EXT. EAST AFRICA - COMPOUND RADICALS - OPERATIONS CENTER**

The elevator stops at the heart of the OPERATIONS CENTER. It is a spacious cave, lit up by big industrial lights. It has the look of a small high tech complex. A few dozen MEN and WOMEN are at work.

The elevator door OPENS.

Zappatero steps out, followed by Collins, Storme and the 3 henchmen.

Storme stops in awe. Zappatero notices.

ZAPPATERO

Quite impressive, isn't it?

STORME

Impressive. Yes.

COLLINS

Looks like you've got a bigger sponsor than the Refuge House.

STORME

Jealous?

COLLINS  
Wouldn't you be?

Zappatero continues.

ZAPPATERO  
Come. I'll take you to our  
Commander.

The group follows.

51     **INT. EAST AFRICA - COMPOUND RADICALS - COMMAND**

The command room is located on one of the higher levels of the compound, giving a panoramic view of the action down below.

A HANDFUL OF RADICALS are working at their computer stations.

Zappatero walks in, Collins and Storme in his trail. Only one of the 3 henchmen is left to guard them.

The henchman positions himself at the door.

Zappatero walks over to a SHADOWY FIGURE standing at the window. Collins and Storme halt.

As the shadowy figure starts to speak, we recognize HIS VOICE:

BOONE  
You've really disappointed me  
doctor. Bringing the Victor of Mars  
to an anarchist base. Not the  
smartest move a doctor can make.

As he walks over to them.

BOONE  
(at the doctor)  
I never would've guessed a stranger  
could gain your trust so  
easily. But then again the girls  
always had trouble resisting his  
charm.  
(at Storme)  
Didn't they Nathan?

Storme ignores the suggestive question.

BOONE

It's good to see that some things  
never change.

As Boone walks back to join Zappatero at the window.

STORME

What the hell is going on here  
Boone?!

BOONE

Calm down Nathan. As you can see  
you're in no position to demand  
anything.

Doctor Collins looks surprised that the two men know each  
other.

COLLINS

He came to me, looking for his  
sister.

ZAPPATERO

Rebekka. Or Bekka as she likes to  
be called.

STORME

Do you know where she is? Is she  
here?

BOONE

Life can be ironic don't you agree?

STORME

I'm not in the mood to be played  
with Boone. Just tell me where I  
can find here.

BOONE

We have sent your sister on an  
important mission Nathan. She is  
very much like her older brother.  
But then again, how would you know?  
You haven't seen her in what? 20  
years?

STORME

That doesn't mean I don't care  
about her.

BOONE

Touching. Really. But I'm not going  
to reveal her location to you.

On his sinister smile:

52      **EXT. SPACE YARDS BAIKONUR - DAY**

An enormous CONSTRUCTION SITE.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE at work.

We can distinguish the silhouette of a SPHERE.

                    BOONE (V.O.)  
Her mission is vital to the success  
of our campaign.

CONTINUOUS:

A WOMAN -with her back at us- looking at other WORKERS  
welding grey plates to the spherical hull.

Suddenly we hear a MALE VOICE from behind us.

                    MALE VOICE  
Bekka! Get your lazy ass over here.

The woman turns round, facing us. This is REBEKKA STORME.

                    REBEKKA  
I'm coming.

Putting on her hardhat, she walks over to the MAN who just  
called her name.

We pull out of this scene, now seeing the silhouette of the  
SHIP more clearly.

WORKERS are painting the name of the ship in black, bold  
letters:

**ENUMA ELISH**

On this we:

FADE OUT TO **BLACK**