

# GB2: Dark Summer

Written by Sean Gilbert and  
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A  
Cooler Than You  
Production

**EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON**

**THE G MOBILE CRUISES DOWN THE HIGHWAY ON ITS WAY HOME.**

**INT. VAN**

**MICHAEL DRIVES, CHASE IS ON THE PASSENGER SIDE WITH CAMPTOWN AND SAMMY IN THE BACK. SAMMY SLEEPS.**

**CHASE**

Man, it's too bad Daniel's not goin' back with us. I'm gonna miss that bitch.

**MICHAEL**

It's not like it's forever, man; he'll be back. We just need to give him some time to get his shit together.

**CHASE**

I hope so, man. *I*, for one, can't wait to get back home.

**MICHAEL**

Me, either. Think of the possibilities.

**CAMPTOWN**

I'm thinkin' about it, man, but maybe *I* should've stayed in Savannah, too. I kinda liked it there.

**MICHAEL**

It'll always be there, man.

**CAMPTOWN**

That's true, and at least now I get to see what happens next.

**CHASE**

What's that?

**CAMPTOWN**

Y'all are the craziest motherfuckers I've ever met; I can't wait to see what you do next.

**MICHAEL**

Yeah! We crazy!

**CHASE**

Hey Michael! I'm feelin' a little adventurous tonight! Wanna go rent a movie!

**MICHAEL**

No way, man! I say we go *out* to the movies!

**CHASE**

You a wild man, Raleigh! Thass how you got that nickname ... "Wild man Raleigh".

**SAMMY STIRS.  
CU DASHBOARD  
THE FUEL GAUGE REGISTERS LOW; THE NEEDLE RIDES THE "E".**

**CHASE  
(LOOKING DOWN AT THE GAUGE)  
Oh man. We're gonna have to stop for gas.**

**MICHAEL  
I'll jump off at the next exit.**

**SAMMY  
(GROGGY)  
We almost there?**

**MICHAEL  
We will be soon enough.**

**EXT. OFF RAMP  
THE VAN PULLS OFF THE HIGHWAY AT THE EXIT.**

**SAMMY  
How far is it to ... ?**

**THE WHOLE VAN JARS WITH A MIGHTY CRASHING SOUND.**

**CHASE  
What the hell was that?**

**MICHAEL  
(LOOKING BACK TO ASSESS DAMAGE)  
Maybe some kind of --**

**CAMPTOWN  
(POINTING TO THE WINDSHIELD)  
Look out!**

**THEY LOOK AHEAD INTO THE GAPING CELESTIAL MAW OF A TRANSDIMENSIONAL RIFT IN TIME AND SPACE. ISN'T THAT ALWAYS JUST THE WAY?**

**MICHAEL  
(SHOUTING OVER THE THUNDEROUS ROAR)  
Hang on!**

**THE VEHICLE PLOWS THROUGH THE ENERGY CONDUIT, SPARKLES AND SURGES OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY CRACKLING ALONG ITS SURFACE.**

**EXT. ASPHALT BATTLEGROUNDS - DAY  
WITH A BURST OF LIGHT IN THE SKY ABOVE, THE VAN PLUMMETS DOWN TO THE GROUND WHERE IT IMPACTS WITH A CRASH. ABOUT IT, A COW ALSO FALLS. A CHICKEN, TOO, WITH A CONFETTI BURST OF STRAY FEATHERS. NO, REALLY.**

COW  
(CONFUSED)

Moooooooooooo!!!

CAMPTOWN  
(WATCHING THE COW'S DESCENT)

That's fucked up!

SAMMY  
(IN ASTONISHED FEAR)

No ...

(POINTS OUT THE WINDSHIELD)

*That's fucked up!!!*

**THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD THEY SEE THE BATTLE AS IT ENSUES: MAN VS. MONSTER, A PITCHED ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN WHAT SEEM TO BE HUMANS AND WHAT APPEAR TO BE SOME KIND OF MUTANT SHARKMEN. IN THE SKY ABOVE, SOME SORT OF FUTURISTIC-LOOKING AIRCRAFT BUZZES PAST THE VAN WHILE ON THE GROUND LASER BLASTS LET FLY AND EXPLOSIONS ROCK THE EARTH.**

**ONE OF THE SHARKMEN NOTICES THE VAN AND BREAKS AWAY FROM THE FRAY TO CHARGE IT.**

MICHAEL

Oh shit ...

CHASE

Get us out of here, Michael ...

MICHAEL

It's not responding!

CHASE

Get us *out of here*, Michael ...

MICHAEL

I'm trying! We're stuck!

SAMMY

Get us *unstuck*, then!

MICHAEL

I'm trying! It's not my fault!

**EXT. VAN**

**CU BACK TIRE**

**STUCK IN THE MUD, THE TIRES SPINS MADLY, KICKING UP DIRT BUT GETTING NO TRACTION.**

**THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, THEY CAN SEE THE SHARKMAN BITING THE FRONT OF THE VAN.**

CAMPTOWN

Think of something, dude! We're about to die!

MICHAEL THROWS THE VAN IN REVERSE AND IT KICKS BACKWARD, WRENCHING THE SHARKMAN FREE OF IT. SHIFTING BACK INTO DRIVE, MICHAEL TARGETS THE SHARKIE DEAD ON.

MICHAEL

Okay, wanna play *now*?

THE VAN SPEEDS AHEAD, SMASHING INTO THE SHARKIE AND RUNNING OVER IT COMPLETELY.

CHASE

Oh yeah! You like that?

THE VAN CUTS STRAIGHT THROUGH THE BATTLE AT HAND, STRAY BLASTS JUST BARELY GRAZING IT AND EXPLOSIONS ROCKING IT AS IT RAMBLES ON.

SAMMY

What do we do? We can't stay here; we'll be killed for sure!

MICHAEL

I'm open to suggestion! Got any bright ideas?

CHASE

We can't just leave! There are *people* here!

CAMPTOWN

And they're gettin' their asses kicked, too!

MICHAEL

How can we just take sides? We don't know which side is which!

CHASE

We know which side is human!

SAMMY

And we know which side attacked us first, don't we?

MICHAEL

All right ... let's do it.

THE VAN SWINGS AROUND AND BARRELS INTO AN ATTACHMENT OF SHARKMEN JUST AS THEY CORNER A COUPLE OF HUMAN SOLDIERS. THE SHARKIES GO DOWN LIKE BOWLING PINS.

CAMPTOWN

(VICTORIOUSLY)

Suck it, fuck boys!

THE SOLDIERS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT AS THE G-MOBILE CHARGES ONWARD INTO THE

**CHAOS. IN THE SKY ABOVE, ONE OF THE AIR CRUISERS COMES IN AT THEM ON A STRAFING RUN.**

**CHASE**

**Holy shit!**

**MICHAEL**

**Any other bright ideas?**

**CAMPTOWN**

**Let's get the fuck outta here!**

**MICHAEL  
(SARCASTICALLY)**

**Great suggestion! Why didn't I think of that? Thanks for the tip, buddy!**

**SAMMY  
(POINTING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD)**

**Head back to the interstate!**

**CHASE**

**What's left of it ...**

**THE VAN TEARS ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD WITH THE AIRSHIP RIGHT ON ITS TAIL, ITS LASERS SCORING BURN SCARS ALL OVER IT AND RICOCHETING OFF OF IT. THE G-MOBILE HITS A BUMP THAT SENDS IT IN THE AIR. IT COMES CRASHING DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ENGAGEMENT WHERE SOME OF THE FEW REMAINING HUMANS ARE MAKING THEIR LAST STAND. THE VAN LANDS ON THE SHARKMEN AND WIPES OUT A BUNCH OF THEM. WITH A CHEER, THE HUMAN SOLDIERS CHARGE AHEAD TO TAKE CARE OF THE REST. THE VAN SWIFTLY APPROACHES THE BRIDGE OVERPASS THAT WAS ONCE PART OF THE INTERSTATE EXIT. A SHARKIE ON A MASSIVE LASER CANNON SEES THEIR APPROACH AND TRIES TO BRING HIS WEAPON ABOUT TO BEAR DOWN ON THEM, BUT HE HAS NO TIME BEFORE THEY PLOW THROUGH HIM, REDUCING HIS CANNON TO RUBBLE. THE CANNON ERUPTS INTO A MASSIVE EXPLOSION WHICH SENDS THE VAN LURCHING FORWARD, BUT CATCHES THE SHARKIE AIRSHIP AS IT PASSES OVER. THE SHIP IS SENT REELING OFF BALANCE AND CRASHES INTO THE BRIDGE - JUST AS THE G BOYZ PASS UNDER IT - WITH A MASSIVE FIERY EXPLOSION.**

**MICHAEL**

**Yeeeeeeee - haa!**

**CHASE**

**Whoa, dude; that guy's still alive!**

**MICHAEL**

**Okay, hold on ...**

**THE VAN PULLS UP NEXT TO HIM AND STOPS. SAMMY GETS OUT AND WALKS UP TO HIM.**

**SAMMY**

**We'll have to hurry; it's not safe here. Can you walk?**

**PLOT GUY**

**Too late ... for me; I'm done for. But get this ... to Coyote. He'll help you ...**

**HE HANDS HIM A MINIDISC.**

**SAMMY**

**I don't know what to do with this! Who's Coyote?**

**PLOT GUY**

**The fate ... of the resistance ... is up to you, now! Find Coyote ... Give him the disc ...  
He'll know ... what ... to do ...**

**HE DIES.**

**SAMMY**

**No, no, no. Don't do this! Come on, you can make it! You can't leave the fate of  
the resistance in *our* hands, we don't even know what the hell it is! Come on, man!  
Hang in there!**

**MORE AIRSHIPS APPROACH FROM THE HORIZON.**

**CAMPTOWN**

**(CALLING FROM THE VAN)**

**He's dead, Sam! We've gotta go!**

**CHASE**

**Come on, Sam!**

**THE SHIPS GET CLOSER.**

**MICHAEL**

**Let's go!**

**SAMMY RIPS THE SOLDIER'S DOG TAGS OFF AND RUNS BACK TO THE VAN. IT SQUEALS OFF  
BEFORE THEY EVEN GET THE DOORS SHUT. THE AIRSHIPS BEGIN TO FOLLOW, BUT SOME  
GROUND TROOPS FIRE AT THEM FROM BELOW, AND THEY BREAK AWAY TO REMAIN IN THE  
BATTLE. THE VAN ESCAPES TO SAFETY.**

**CHASE**

**What the hell is goin' on here?**

**MICHAEL**

**Don't ask me, I'm just tryin' to maintain an uneasy foothold on my sanity.**

**CAMPTOWN**

*Where* are we?

**MICHAEL**

**It's crazy, but I'm pretty sure we're still on North 75.**

**CAMPTOWN**

**How can that be?**

**CHASE**

**Don't aske me.**

**(LOOKING BACK AT SAMMY)**

What've you got there, Crusoe?

SAMMY

That soldier gave me this minidisc, said the fate of the resistance depends on our getting it to someone called "Coyote".

CAMPTOWN

Resistance? Resistance from what?

MICHAEL

Evil Sharkmen, apparently! That'd be my guess, Camptown!

CAMPTOWN

Oh yeah.

CHASE

What do the dog tags say?

SAMMY

Nothin'; just a bar code. I didn't want him to go unremembered, but I don't suppose it did any good to take them.

CHASE

I don't suppose it did any harm, either. What's the plan now, by the way?

MICHAEL

Plan is, we get some gas somewhere.

CHASE

I'm not sure we're gonna find any working gas stations in the middle of this.

MICHAEL

That could be a problem.

SAMMY

Oh God ... I don't to walk around in this!

MICHAEL

We may end up walking, anyway; who knows if the roads will hold out?

CAMPTOWN

That's not a comforting thought, Michael.

MICHAEL

I'm doin' my best here. We'll take exit 107 and see what's there.

SAMMY

If there's *anything* there at all ...

**EXT. DEVASTATED INTERSTATE - EVENING**

**THE VAN RIDES OVER THE RUBBLE, PULLING ONTO THE EXIT 107 ON RAMP. DESTRUCTION IS EVERYWHERE: THE FAST FOOD PLACES ARE ALL BOARDED UP, THE BANKS AND BUSINESSES ALL BUT DESTROYED, FIRE AND SMOKE FILLING THE AIR LIKE SO MUCH ... FIRE**

**AND SMOKE ... FILLING THE AIR, REAL WRATH OF GOD TYPE STUFF.**

**THEY HEAD DOWN A STRETCH OF ROAD AND PULL INTO A GAS STATION WHICH LOOKS TO BE IN DECENT SHAPE. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, ANYWAY.**

**THE VAN STOPS AND SAMMY AND CHASE GET OUT. CHASE CHECKS THE PUMP, SAMMY WALKS AROUND BACK.**

**CHASE  
(SQUEEZING IT TO NO AVAIL)  
No good on the pump! Maybe just shut off.**

**MICHAEL  
Go inside and check.**

**CHASE  
(HEADING TO THE BUILDING)  
Why don't I just do that? Don't trouble yourself, though; you stay here.**

**OUT BACK, SAMMY LOOKS AROUND THE GARAGE. HE FINDS A HUGE GAS CAN.**

**SAMMY  
(PICKING IT UP)  
Here we go.**

**HE LOOKS UP, AND A MASKED MAN IN A PARAMILITARY JUMPSUIT AND A HOOD IS HOLDING A RIFLE ON HIM.**

**SAMMY  
Uh, well ... look, I can see how you might misinterpret this, but really ... I didn't mean ...**

**THE MAN MOTIONS HIM TO WALK ON. HE COMPLIES, AND HIS CAPTOR FOLLOWS.**

**OUT FRONT, SAMMY WALKS WITH HIS HANDS ON HIS HEAD, GUIDED BY HIS CAPTOR. OTHER RIFLEMEN, SIMILARLY CLOTHED, HAVE ROUNDED UP THE REST OF THE G BOYZ.**

**SAMMY  
I've got a bad feeling about this ...**

**HE IS USHERED TO REGROUP WITH THE OTHERS. SOME RIFLEMEN BEHIND THEM INSPECT THE DAMAGE TO THE VAN.**

**CHASE  
Look, we didn't mean anything, we just needed some gas!**

**MICHAEL  
Play it cool, Chase. We're all on the same side here! We're human, just like you!**

**THEY STARE IN SILENCE.**

**MICHAEL  
Okay ... So how's that neighborhood watch comin', guys?**

THEY COCK THEIR WEAPONS MENACINGLY.

CHASE

Real cool, Mike! You're about to get us killed!

THE CONCENTRATION OF RIFLEMEN PARTS AND THEIR LEADER, A MAN IN A LONG COAT, APPROACHES. HE IS UNARMED. ANALYSING SAMMY FOR A MOMENT, HE REACHES UP AND PULLS AWAY THE VEIL COVERING HIS FACE, THEN THE VISOR FROM HIS EYES, AND FINALLY THE HOOD HANGING OVER HIS WHOLE HEAD, REVEALING HIMSELF TO BE WILL BRODY, THEIR OLD FRIEND. NOW WILL SPORTS A THICK BEARD AND A LONG SCAR ALONG THE SIDE OF HIS FACE.

SAMMY

(IN SHOCK)

Will!

WILL

(EMBRACING HIM HAPPILY)

I thought you guys were dead!

HE GREETES THE OTHERS IN SIMILAR FASHION.

MICHAEL

This is all going way too fast! We go to Savannah for a few days, we come back and not only is Atlanta a warzone, but everybody thinks we're *dead*?

WILL

A few days? Naw, man, *five years*!

CHASE

What?!

WILL

Five years, man! You've been gone five years!

CAMPTOWN

That's not possible!

WILL

What are you talkin' about?

SAMMY

I'm tellin' you, for us it was more like five *seconds*! One minute everything was normal, the next minute there was this flash of light, and poof! Here we are!

ONE OF THE OTHERS APPROACHES AND PULLS OFF HIS NINJA HOOD. IT'S FUHD, HIS HAIR CUT IN A MOHAWK AND HIS FACE DECORATED WITH WAR PAINT.

FUHD

Sounds like a dimensional shift to me.

MICHAEL

(CONFUSED)

Fuhd?

**FUHD**

Only the sharkies use the dimensional rifts. Who are you really?

**MICHAEL**

Hey man, I've been through too much shit already to have you tellin' me --

**FUHD**

(INTERRUPTING)

*You've* been through shit? Look around you! This is the world I've been livin' in for the past five years while you were off -- !

**WILL**

(INTERCEDING)

That's enough! We'll let the doc decide what we need to do with them.

**CHASE**

Do with us! Who says we're goin' with you at all?

**THE RIFLEMEN RAISE THEIR GUNS.**

**WILL**

Sorry it has to be this way, guys. We just can't take any chances, that's all.

**CHASE**

Chances? Why you -- !

**HE MOVES IN ON WILL AND THE RIFLEMEN TRAIN THEIR WEAPONS ALL ON HIM SUDDENLY, BUT CAMPTOWN HOLDS HIM BACK.**

**CAMPTOWN**

Chase! Now's not the time, man! We'll get our chance, but we've gotta get out of here *alive* first!

**ONE OF THE RIFLEMEN GASES UP THE VAN WITH THE GAS CAN.**

**SAMMY**

Come on, Will! You know it's us!

**WILL**

I'm pretty sure, but I've been through too much to take the risk. Just trust me, okay?

**THE RIFLEMEN WHO GASED UP THE CAR GETS IN AND STARTS IT UP.**

**CHASE**

(ANGRILY)

That's my van, motherfucker!

**WILL**

It's still your van; we're just gonna escort you to the base, that's all. Everything will be okay, I promise. Just trust me.

**SAMMY**

You're with the resistance, aren't you?

**WILL**

**What do you know about --**

**WILL IS INTERRUPTED BY THE EXPLOSIVE SOUND OF ENEMY FIRE.**

**SCOUT**

**(BELLOWING A WARNING)**

**Shark attack!**

**SHARKIE SHIPS SOAR OVERHEAD, BLASTING THEIR POSITION. CHASE USES THE DISTRACTION TO GRAB HOLD OF THE RIFLEMAN AT THE WHEEL OF THE VAN AND THROW HIM OUT.**

**CHASE**

**Come on, guys!**

**WILL**

**(DISTRACTED)**

**What the Heck -- ?!**

**THE OTHERS LOAD INTO THE VAN. THE RIFLEMEN FIRE INTO THE AIR AT THE SHIPS. WILL DRAWS A PISTOL FROM HIS BELT AND FIRES, AS WELL, HELPING HIS FALLEN COMRADE TO HIS FEET AS THE VAN PULLS AWAY.**

**WILL**

**(BARKING ORDERS)**

**Evac! We'll regroup at the rendezvous point!**

**(HE LOOKS BACK TO SEE THE VAN SPEEDING AWAY)**

**Stupid idiots!**

**HE RUNS AFTER THE VAN, DEFTLY AVOIDING ENEMY FIRE IN THE MIDST OF THE MASSIVE ASSAULT. HE JUMPS TO THE TOP OF A STACK OF TIRES, THEN ANOTHER HIGHER ONE UNTIL HE IS IN POSITION TO LEAP FROM THE TIRES TO THE TOP OF THE VAN.**

**INT. VAN**

**THE VAN SHAKES WITH A LOUD THUD AS WILL IMPACTS ON THE TOP.**

**CHASE**

**What the fuck?**

**CHASE BANKS SHARPLY TO THE RIGHT TO AVOID A SHARKIE STRAFING RUN, AND WILL CLINGS TO THE TOP OF THE VAN FOR DEAR LIFE, SWINGING AROUND AT THE SUDDEN SHIFT IN DIRECTION.**

**CHASE**

**(CALLING BACK TO THE OTHERS)**

**Shut those doors!**

**THE BACK DOORS STILL OPEN, WILL SWINGS INTO THE BACK OF THE VAN BEFORE SAMMY AND CAMPTOWN HAVE A CHANCE TO CLOSE THEM.**

**WILL**  
**(ANGRILY MAKING HIS WAY TO THE FRONT)**

**Shut those doors!**

**HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FRONT, SEIZES CHASE BY THE SHOULDERS AND THROWS HIM INTO THE BACK OF THE VAN WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO SLAM HIS HEAD INTO THE SIDE OF IT. HE THEN LEAPS BEHIND THE WHEEL AND STARTS TO DRIVE.**

**MICHAEL**  
**(QUITE NERVOUS)**

**I've got an idea: Why don't *you* drive?**

**CHASE ANGRILY TRIES TO MAKE HIS WAY BACK TO THE FRONT, BUT SAMMY AND CAMPTOWN HOLD HIM BACK.**

**WILL**  
**(HOLDING UP HIS PISTOL)**

**Don't make me shoot somebody, Chase! Stupid peckerheads! Actin' like you're tryin' to get killed! Just hang on and we'll all get through this in one piece! Been forever since I drove one o' these ... !**

**MICHAEL**

**We're dead.**

**THE VAN SPEEDS DOWN THE HIGHWAY, SHARKIE CRUISERS BLASTING AT ITS TAIL. WILL REACHES OUT THE WINDOW AND BLASTS AT THEM AS BEST HE CAN WHILE DRIVING.**

**MICHAEL**

**You can't shoot and drive at the same time! You're going to get us killed if you don't start to trust us!**

**TOMMY**  
**(CONTEMPLATING IT)**

**You're right ... *you* drive!**

**AT THIS HE CLIMBS HALFWAY OUT THE WINDOW, PULLING ANOTHER PISTOL FROM INSIDE HIS COAT, AND LEAVING THE WHEEL UNATTENDED. REFLEXIVELY, MICHAEL GRABS THE WHEEL.**

**LEANING OUT THE WINDOW, WILL BLASTS OUT AT THE CRUISERS, WHO ARE SLOWLY MOVING IN. THE VAN SPEEDS DOWN WEST PACES FERRY, AND THE CRUISERS NARROW THEIR FLIGHT PATH TO ADJUST FOR THE TREES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ROAD. WILL'S BLASTS CLIP ONE OF THEM IN THE WINGS AND IT FALTERS, BUT REMAINS IN THE AIR.**

**CHASE**  
**(LOOKING OUT THE BACK WINDOW)**

**They're still on us! If you don't think of something, we're not gonna last much longer!**

**MICHAEL**

**All right ... Hang on, everybody.**

**MICHAEL JERKS THE WHEEL AND THE VAN VEERS OFF THE ROAD INTO ONE OF THE YARDS. WILL HANGS ON FOR DEAR LIFE AGAIN, ALMOST LOSING HIS BALANCE AT THE SUDDEN SHIFT. THE CRUISERS STAY RIGHT WITH THEM, DOING THEIR BEST TO NAVIGATE AROUND**

**THE TREES IN THE YARD WHILE MAINTAINING PURSUIT.**

**INSIDE, MICHAEL DOES HIS BEST TO AVOID THE TREES, AS WELL, CRASHING INTO A BIRDBATH. WITH ANOTHER SHARP TURN, THEY HEAD THROUGH A PICKET FENCE ON INTO THE NEXT YARD. LOOKING AHEAD MOMENTARILY, WILL SEES A TREE WITH A LOW-HANGING BRANCH. HE HUNKERS DOWN AS CLOSE TO THE VAN AS HE CAN GET AND IT PASSES RIGHT UNDER IT. THE BRANCH BRUSHES UP AGAINST HIM AS IT GOES BY. AS SOON AS THEY CLEAR IT HE BLASTS THE CRUISER RIGHT BEHIND THEM. MOMENTARILY THROW OFF BALANCE, IT CAREENS INTO ONE OF THE TREES WITH A CRASH. THE OTHER BURSTS THROUGH THE FIERY WRECKAGE OF THE FIRST AND MAINTAINS PURSUIT.**

**LEANING OVER THE FRONT OF THE VAN, WILL LOOKS IN AT MICHAEL.**

**WILL  
(ANGRILY)**

**What are you doing!?**

**MICHAEL**

**Improvising!**

**SAMMY**

**Michael ... tree!**

**THE VAN SWERVES TO BARELY MISS A TREE.**

**SAMMY**

**Clothes line!**

**HE SWERVES AGAIN TO MISS THE LINE, HEADING RIGHT FOR A CHAIN LINK FENCE.**

**SAMMY**

**Fence!**

**MICHAEL**

**Sorry, everybody ... !**

**THE VAN SMASHES THROUGH THE FENCE, FALLING A FEW FEET FROM THE BANK TO THE STREET. IT IMPACTS WITH A FLASH OF SPARKS FROM THE FRONT FENDER AND DRIVES ON ACROSS THE ROAD AND INTO SOMEONE'S BACK YARD.**

**SAMMY**

**Oh, this just isn't good ...**

**MICHAEL**

**Watch out, Will!**

**THE VAN CRASHES THROUGH THE WOODEN FENCE AROUND THE BACK YARD AND WILL TRIES HIS BEST TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM THE FLYING DEBRIS AS IT PUMMELS HIM.**

**SAMMY**

**I don't like this at all ...**

**CAMPTOWN**

**I think I'm gonna be sick!**

**THE SHARKIE CRUISER TRIES TO KEEP UP, FIRING POINTLESSLY AT THE VAN AS IT CONTINUES ITS ERRATIC COURSE.**

**WILL**

**I'm gonna kill you, Raleigh! I'd forgotten how terrible your driving was!**

**MICHAEL**

**Hold on, Will! You ain't seen nothin' yet!**

**HE HANGS A SEVERE LEFT, HEADING STRAIGHT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE HOUSE'S GARAGE.**

**EXT. FRONT LAWN - EVENING**

**THE VAN COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE GARAGE AND BLAZES DOWN THE DRIVEWAY TOWARD THE ROAD.**

**THE CRUISER COMES UP OVER THE HOUSE TO PURSUE, DIPPING DOWN AND RUNNING DIRECTLY INTO A BUNCH OF POWER CABLES. ELECTRICITY SURGES THROUGH AS IT GETS TANGLED UP, ITS SPEED CAUSES IT TO SLINGSHOT TOWARD THE ROAD. IT CRASHES INTO THE ASPHALT, DRAGGING THE POLE DOWN ON TOP OF IT.**

**KA-BLOOEY!**

**THE G BOYZ CHEER. WILL MAKES HIS BACK INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT, SHOVING MICHAEL BACK INTO THE PASSENGER'S SIDE.**

**MICHAEL**

**(RECOVERING)**

**Your welcome, asshole!**

**WILL GLANCES IN HIS DIRECTION; DUBIOUSLY AT FIRST, THEN HIS EXPRESSION MELLOWS.**

**WILL**

**Well ... I guess you did all right.**

**MICHAEL**

**All right? *That* was Racer X, man! You kiddin' me?**

**WILL**

**(WITH A FRIENDLY CHUCKLE)**

**I missed you guys. I can't tell you how much.**

**INT. SHIFT GENERATOR**

**THE INSTALLATION WOULD ALMOST BE GIGERESQUE IF IT WERE AT ALL AESTHETIC, INSTEAD IT IS COMPOSED OF ALIEN TECHNOLOGY THAT IS ORGANIC TO A UTILITARIAN EXTREME. ON THE EXPANSIVE CONTROL ROOM FLOOR, SHARKIE DRONES ARE EVERYWHERE, SOME OF THEM MANNING BIZARRE ELECTRONIC WORK STATIONS, OTHERS NAVIGATING CRUISER FLIGHT PATTERNS ON HUGE SCREENS, STILL OTHERS MILL ABOUT SURVEYING THE OPERATION. LARGE AQUIDUCTS SURROUND THE ROOM, WATER FLOWING THROUGH THEM. IN THE WATER SWIM EARTH SHARKS, THEIR FINS PENETRATING THE SURFACE.**

GENERAL GORGE, ONE OF THE GREAT SHARK LEADERS, STRIDES TOWARD THE TOWERING GENERATOR POWER SUPPLY. ITS ONCE VIBRANT LIGHT NOW WAVERS, FLICKERING WEAKLY. ANALYSING THE POWER SUPPLY, AS WELL, IS DR. CUTTER, ONE OF THE SHARKMEN'S CHIEF SCIENTISTS.

GORGE  
(SPEAKING SHARKIE; BUT SUBTITLED)

What progress on the generator, Doctor?

SHARKIE TALK SOUNDS A LOT LIKE WHALE SONG FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON.

CUTTER  
Not good, General; if my calculations are correct, the power supply will be completely inert by the end of the week.

GORGE  
Megaladon will not be pleased to hear that. If we lose the generator, we lose our foothold on this dimension.

CUTTER  
You don't have to tell *me* that! Perhaps if you were better able to suppress this human resistance, we wouldn't have to worry about these constant power-syphon runs of theirs. Constant engagements with the humans is what's causing such an awesome power drain! I doubt Megaladon is pleased about *that*!

GORGE  
Megaladon asks the impossible! I need more *fish*! Brody and his rebels are more resourceful than he gives them credit for!

IN SHARKIE, IT'S GRAMMATICALLY SOUND TO END A SENTENCE WITH A PREPOSITION.

CUTTER  
That may well be true, but perhaps he also expects you to be more resourceful than you have been thus far!

GORGE  
I have accounted for this. Even now, preparations are being made to track the resistance and destroy them once and for all!

DRAMATIC PAUSE; MUSIC BUILDS.  
DISSOLVE.

INT. LENOX BASE  
ONCE A SHOPPING MALL, IT HAS NOW BEEN CONVERTED INTO THE RESISTENCE'S HIDDEN REBEL BASE. THEIR FORCES GATHER ABOVE THE FOOD COURT FOR A BRIEFING. WILL STANDS BEFORE THEM WITH DR. ALTO, THE SCIENTIFIC LEADER OF THE RESISTENCE.

WILL  
I'm glad to see so many of you made it here all right. As you know, the Sharkies have been wearin' us down lately, but we have reason to believe the power core to their dimensional shift generator is almost depleted. If this is true, the time for our attack has come. Dr. Alto?

**ALTO**

**It is true that we have reason to believe the dimensional shift generator is malfunctioning, and this accounts for the recent random sightings of transdimensional rifts all through this sector.**

**CAMPTOWN  
(CALLING OUT)**

**Is that what happened to us?**

**EVERYONE LOOKS UP AT HIM IN SILENCE.**

**CAMPTOWN  
(TO CHASE)**

**Was I supposed to raise my hand, or somethin'?**

**WILL PUTS HIS FACE IN HIS HAND, SHAKING HIS HEAD.**

**ALTO**

**It is true that the temporal rift which brought you to our time was probably caused by a random instability wave given off by the weakening power supply of the Sharkmen's dimensional shift generator. It is for this reason that I have theorised we can take advantage of this and use their vulnerability to finally defeat them for good.**

**CHASE**

**That's all well and good, but how do we get back to our own time?**

**ALTO**

**That's the best part: I have also theorised that if we attack the shift generator at its source and destroy it, the rift that brought you here will open back up, as well as the rift that brought the Sharkmen, and we can send you and them back the way you came, completing the temporal loop, ridding the world of the Sharkmen, and sending you home!**

**THE RESISTENCE MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE APPLAUD.**

**ALTO**

**If you would continue, General Maitlin ... ?**

**GENERAL MAITLIN IS DECKED OUT IN A RIDICULOUS SCI-FI GET-UP, COMPLETE WITH CAPE. IT'S ACTUALLY JOHN RHYS-DAVIES; HE LOOKS UNENTHUSED.**

**MICHAEL  
(WHISPERING TO SAMMY)**

**What's John Rhys-davies doing in this movie?**

**SAMMY**

**Shhh. I wanna hear this.**

**MAITLIN  
(UNHAPPILY)**

**Well, as you know, since the world was dominated by ... the mutant Sharkmen ... We were forced to form this band of resistance and fight back with the most advanced technology ... the last five years had to offer ...**

**(WITH A DEFEATED HUFF, HE PUTS HIS FACE IN HIS HAND)**

ALTO

Go on!

MAITLIN

(WITH A DEEP, UNHAPPY SIGH)

Now the moment is critical ... we must defeat ... the *sharkmen* ...

(FORCING HIMSELF)

For the sake of all humanity.

ADMIRAL SHARKBAR STEPS OUT ON SCREEN TO CONTINUE THE BRIEFING. HE'S A MUPPET THAT LOOKS LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN CHARLIE THE TUNA AND THE COOKIE MONSTER.

SHARKBAR

As you can see from this schematic ...

THE G BOYZ FREAK OUT AT THE SIGHT OF SHARKBAR, CLIMBING UP ON THEIR SEATS.

CHASE

What the hell is that?!

CAMPTOWN

It's one of them!

CAMPTOWN GRABS A RIFLE FROM ONE OF THE RESISTENCE FIGHTERS NEXT TO HIM. SHARKBAR LOOKS UP AT THE DISTURBANCE IN FEAR AND CONFUSION. WILL RUNS IN TO INTERCEDE.

WILL

Guys, it's all right! Admiral Sharkbar is on *our* side! The Tuna People are the natural enemy of the Sharkmen!

MAITLIN

(PUSHED TO THE EDGE)

*Tuna People?* That's it, where's my agent?

(HE WALKS OFF; TO HIMSELF)

He never said anything about puppets!

CAMPTOWN LOWERS THE WEAPON, AND THE SOLDIER FROM WHOM HE STOLE IT RECLAIMS IT ANGRILY. THE OTHER SETTLE DOWN, STILL CONFUSED.

SHARKBAR

(CONTINUING NERVOUSLY)

As I was saying, as you can see in this schematic, the rifts have all been sighted within this contained area. Dr. Alto has studied the pattern of their occurrence and has pinpointed their origin point to be *this central location!*

THE SCHEMATIC HE REFERENCES IS A MALL DIRECTORY WITH A HAND-DRAWN SLIDE IN IT.

WILL

It's our belief that this nexus point is the location of the failing dimensional shift generator. A small strike force, if properly briefed, could be sent in to attack the power supply at its source and destroy it before they have a chance to restore its power.

**FUHD**  
**(CALLING OUT FROM THE AUDIENCE)**

**How are we supposed to brief this team if we don't know anything about the dimensional shift generator?**

**WILL**

**We were contacted by an informant claiming to have information vital to this mission, but the meeting turned into an ambush. We lost a lot of good men at the battle of Moore's Mill, a lesson we'll not soon forget.**

**SAMMY**  
**(STANDING UP)**

**We were at Moore's Mill! It couldn't have been an ambush!**

**FUHD**

**What do *you* know about it?**

**SAMMY**

**I saw the informant! He couldn't have sold you out!**

**WILL**

**How do you figure?**

**SAMMY**

**He died, that's how! But not before he gave me *this*!**

**SAMMY PULLS OUT THE MINIDISC AND DISPLAYS IT.**

**ALTO**

**Bring that to me!**

**SAMMY**

**I was told to take it to someone called "Coyote". Do you know who that is?**

**THERE'S A LOW SHUDDER IN THE AUDIENCE.**

**WILL**

**Coyote's a myth! He doesn't exist.**

**SAMMY**

**That's not what this guy thought.**

**WILL**

**If that's the information we need to destroy the power supply, it's in everyone's best interest for you to give it to us.**

**SAMMY**

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

**A GREAT ALARM SOUNDS. THE MALL SHAKES WITH A MIGHTY BLAST AND PLASTER FROM THE CEILING RAINS DOWN FROM ABOVE.**

**SHARKBAR**  
**(FRIGHTENED)**

**It can't be!**

**WILL**

**Sharkies! Everyone get to your transports! We'll regroup according to plan  
Bravo!**

**MICHAEL**

**What's plan Bravo?!**

**THE SOLDIERS DISPERSE. SHARKIE CRUISERS BURST IN THROUGH THE CEILING AND  
DESCEND UPON THEM, LASERS BLASTING.**

**FUHD**

**(GRABBING HOLD OF MICHAEL)**

**Let's go!**

**MICHAEL**

**Where?**

**FUHD**

**Just come on!**

**MICHAEL AND CAMPTOWN RUN OFF WITH FUHD; SAMMY GETS CAUGHT UP IN A WAVE OF  
FLEEING RESISTENCE FIGHTERS. SHARKIE FOOTSOLDIERS CHARGE IN FROM ALL SIDES.  
WILL DRAWS HIS PISTOLS ONCE AGAIN, BLASTING AT THEM LIKE CRAZY TO HOLD THEM  
OFF. CHASE RUNS UP TO HIM.**

**CHASE**

**Let me help!**

**WILL TOSSES HIM A GUN AND THEY STAND SIDE BY SIDE, DEFENDING SHARKBAR AND ALTO  
FROM THE SHARKIES.**

**EXT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT**

**FUHD, MICHAEL AND CAMPTOWN FLEE FROM THE MALL.**

**CAMPTOWN**

**What about the others?**

**FUHD**

**They'll have to find their own way out! We can regroup later, but for now we have to  
get out of here alive!**

**INSIDE, SAMMY RUNS WITH THE CROWD TOWARD THE DOWN ESCALATOR TO THE FOOD  
COURT. SHARKIE SHIPS SWARM THE INSIDE, TEARING THROUGH THE COMPLEX AND  
BLASTING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. SHARKIE FOOTSOLDIERS RUSH THEM AS THEY HEAD  
FOR THE DOWNSTAIRS. RESISTENCE FIGHTERS FEND THEM OFF HAND TO HAND, BUT ONE  
OF THEM RUSHES SAMMY. SAMMY DRAWS UP TO ENGAGE, BUT A CYBERNETIC ARM  
SMASHES INTO THE SHARKIE, DETERRING HIM FROM HIS COURSE. SURPRISED, SAMMY  
LOOKS TO SEE THAT IT'S DIRK!! ENHANCED WITH AN ARRAY OF CYBORG APPENDAGES, HE  
IS NOW PREPARED TO ENGAGE THE SHARKIES IN BRUTAL MELEE'.**

**SAMMY**

**Dirk! I can't believe it!**

**DIRK**

**Damn Sharkies made a mistake when they thought they could take *my* town and get away with it!**

**TWO MORE FOOTSOLDIERS COME AT HIM. DIRK CLEAVES THE FIRST WITH A BLADE ATTACHMENT ON HIS RIGHT ARM. THE SECOND HE BLASTS WITH A LASER ATTACHED TO HIS LEFT WRIST. ABOVE THEM, ONE OF THE SHARKIE CRUISERS DESCENDS TOWARD THEM. AIMING HIS ARM HIGH UP AT IT, DIRK LOADS UP A MISSILE CONCEALED IN HIS FOREARM AND FIRES IT UP AT THE SHIP. THE SHIP EXPLODES IN A FIRESTORM, BUT MORE SHIPS AND FOOTSOLDIERS APPROACH.**

**SAMMY**

**(STILL MYSTIFIED AT THE CARNAGE)**

**Shit!**

**DIRK**

**No good trying to get out this way! Sharkies've got us bottlenecked!**

**WITHOUT HESITATION HE FIRES A CONVENIENT GRAPPLING HOOK ACROSS THE GAP AND ANCHORS IT TO A RAIL ABOVE THE LOWER LEVEL.**

**DIRK**

**Grab on to me!**

**(SAMMY COMPLIES; HE BRACES HIMSELF TO JUMP, THEN TURNS BACK TO SAMMY)**

**How much do you weigh?**

**SAMMY**

**(NERVOUS)**

**What?**

**DIRK**

**Never mind!**

**DIRK LEAPS THE RAIL AND SWINGS ACROSS, SAMMY WAILING LIKE A MADMAN OUT OF FEAR AND SURPRISE. THEY LAND ON THE FOOD COURT LEVEL BELOW, BARELY WEAVING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BARRAGE OF STRAY LASER BLASTS FILLING THE AIR. DIRK RELEASES THE CABLE ATTACHED TO HIS ARM AND SCRAMBLES THROUGH THE CHAOS TOWARD THE RESTROOM AREA.**

**SAMMY**

**Where are we going?**

**DIRK**

**To the escape pods!**

**SAMMY**

**We've got escape pods?**

**DIRK**

**Just come on!**

**THEY RUN TOWARD THE MALL OFFICE THEN CUT THROUGH A MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR AND DISAPPEAR.**

**ABOVE, CHASE AND WILL MAKE THEIR STAND AGAINST THE SHARKIES WHILE ALTO AND SHARKBAR ATTEND SOME KIND OF CONTROL PANEL ON THE DIRECTORY.**

**CHASE**

**We can't hold out forever like this!**

**WILL**

**We won't have to! Give them some time!**

**CHASE**

**Time for what?**

**WITH A FEW EXTRA KEY COMMANDS, SHARKBAR PUNCHES IN THE SECRET EMERGENCY CODE AND THE DIRECTORY BEGINS TO RISE UP OUT OF THE FLOOR, A HIDDEN DOORWAY BENEATH IT.**

**SHARKBAR**

**Got it!**

**ALTO**

**Let's go!**

**CHASE**

**What now?!**

**WILL**

**(FLEEING INTO THE DOORWAY)**

**Come on!**

**LASERS BLAZING, CHASE BACKS UP INTO THE DOOR, AS WELL. IT SEALS UP AND RETRACTS BACK INTO THE FLOOR.**

**OUTSIDE, FUHD & CO. FACE OFF WITH SHARKIES IN THE PARKING DECK. THEY SPURT ACROSS THE PAVEMENT TOWARD THE VAN.**

**MICHAEL**

**It should be right here!**

**CAMPTOWN**

**It better be!**

**IN THE DISTANCE, A SHARKIE CRUISER SWEEPS DOWN INTO THE PARKING TUNNELS. THEY REACH THE VAN, BUT IT'S LOCKED.**

**MICHAEL**

**Shit! Chase took the keys!**

**CAMPTOWN**

**Do somethin' fast!**

**FUHD**

**Step back!**

**HE MOTIONS MICHAEL TO GET OUT OF THE WAY, THEN SMASHES THE DRIVER SIDE WINDOW WITH HIS ELBOW AND UNLOCKS THE DOOR.**

**FUHD**

**Go around and get in! I'll have to hotwire it!**

**MICHAEL**

**You can do that?**

**FUHD**

**Get in and find out!**

**MICHAEL**

**(RUNNING AROUND THE VAN)**

**Great plan!**

**INT. VAN**

**THEY JUMP IN AND FUHD GRABS THE WIRES UNDER THE WHEEL. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD THEY SEE THE CRUISER COMING IN FOR A STRAFING RUN.**

**MICHAEL**

*Anytime, Fuhd ... !*

**FUHD**

**(CONCENTRATING)**

**Almost got it!**

**CAMPTOWN**

**Hurry up, Fuhd!**

**FUHD**

**Just a second!**

**MICHAEL**

**We'll be broiled in a second!**

**FUHD**

**Got it!**

**THE VAN STARTS. THE CRUISER BEGINS ITS STRAFING RUN, COMING RIGHT AT THEM WITH WEAPONS FIRING. FUHD KICKS IT IN REVERSE AND THE VAN PEELS OUT INTO THE EMPTY PARKING DECK WITH THE CRUISER RIGHT BEHIND ... OR, IN *FRONT*, DEPENDING ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT.**

**FUHD**

**How we doin'?? I can't see shit!**

**CAMPTOWN RUSHES TO THE BACK TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.**

**CAMPTOWN**

**You're clear ... make a left!**

**FUHD TURNS AND THEY HEAD FOR ONE OF THE CEMENT PILLARS.**

CAMPTOWN  
(URGENTLY)

I mean right! Right!

FUHD SWERVES AGAIN AND THEY JUST BARELY MISS IT.

CAMPTOWN  
My bad; I was thinkin' of *my* left!

MICHAEL  
We're going to die ...

INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFT  
SAMMY AND DIRK MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CORRIDOR.

DIRK  
It should be right around this corner.

SAMMY  
How weird! It's hard to believe the world could ever come to *this*!

DIRK  
Things change, Sammy; sometimes in ways you'd *never* expect.

SAMMY  
I don't know, I'm coming to expect just about anyth--!

BEFORE HE FINISHES HIS SENTENCE, THE WALL JUST BEHIND THEM BURSTS AND A SHARKIE HOVER-BUBBLE ENTERS THE TUNNEL.

DIRK  
What the hell is *that*!?

SAMMY  
I was hoping you would know!

DIRK  
Get around that corner!

SAMMY RUNS AROUND THE CORNER, BUT IT'S A DEAD END! DIRK COMES UP BEHIND HIM.

SAMMY  
Dead end, Dirk!

DIRK  
We've must've taken a wrong --

SAMMY  
(INTERRUPTING)  
Get down!

THE HOVER BUBBLE SPEEDS PAST THEM, A PIVOT GUN ON ITS UNDERBELLY TAKING POT SHOTS AS IT ZOOMS BY. SAMMY AND DIRK HIT THE DIRT, AND WHEN SAMMY LOOKS UP, HE NOTICES THAT THE BUBBLE MANAGED TO BLAST A HOLE IN THE WALL BIG ENOUGH FOR

**HIM TO GET THROUGH.**

**SAMMY**

**Come on, Dirk! Here's our chance!**

**DIRK**

**Go on! Get to the pods! I'll hold him off!**

**SAMMY**

**But -- !**

**DIRK**

**(INTERRUPTING)**

**No time to argue! Get that disc to Coyote! The fate of the resistance depends on it!**

**SAMMY**

**Good luck, Dirk!**

**HE RUNS OFF INTO THE NEW TUNNEL. THE HOVER-BUBBLE COMES AROUND FOR ANOTHER PASS.**

**DIRK**

**(DRAMATICALLY)**

**God speed, Sammy ...**

**INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY**

**WILL AND CHASE ACCOMPANY DR. ALTO AND ADMIRAL SHARKBAR.**

**CHASE**

**You've got an underground *subway*?!**

**WILL**

**It's a last resort escape plan. Only the three of us knew about it.**

**CHASE**

**And the rest just take their chances with the Sharkies, huh?**

**WILL**

**We're all takin' our chances, Chase. At least this way we can salvage the data we've gained and rebuild. They knew the risks involved. I don't like runnin' out, but I've gotta protect Alto and Sharkbar; they're our best hope of defeating the Sharkies.**

**CHASE**

**Doin' an excellent fuckin' job so far!**

**ALTO**

**Patience, Mr. Thomas. Soon victory will be ours.**

**CHASE**

**Patience my ass! My friends are up there!**

**WILL**

**Mine, too, in case you forgot. We just have to hope they made it to safety.**

CHASE

I guess! What now?

THEY ENTER THE SUBWAY CAR.

ALTO

We get out of here, set up base and regroup elsewhere, while the Sharkies are still sifting through the rubble!

CHASE

Rubble? Holy shit! What'd you do?

WILL GETS THE TRAIN CAR MOVING, AND BUILDS UP CONSIDERABLE SPEED.

WILL

The only thing we could do, Chase! We can't allow the Sharkies to access our database, and this way we might just take a few of them down at the same time!

CHASE

Or a few of *us*!

ALTO

All our people knew the evacuation procedure; they won't stick around!

CHASE

And what about *my* people? How are they supposed to know you're gonna blow the place to Kingdom Come?

WILL

We'll just have to hope for the best, won't we?

INT. GORGE'S WAR ROOM

SIMILAR TO THE CONTROL ROOM, THIS HALL HAS A MASSIVE TABLE SPREAD WITH MODELS AND BATTLE PLANS. ON A SCREEN IN THE TABLE'S CENTER, GORGE WATCHES AN OVERVIEW OF THE BATTLE WITH HIS MINISTER OF WAR, COMMANDER RAZE.

GORGE

(ANGERED)

How were they able to so quickly mobilise?

RAZE

The humans have always been resourceful, General. Perhaps they had a contingency plan prepared in advance.

GORGE

Perhaps. Luckily, I've a few ... contingencies accounted for, as well.

INT. PARKING DECK

THE VAN BLAZES THROUGH THE DECK WITH THE CRUISER BLASTING AT ITS PATH.

CAMPTOWN

Left!

**(THE VAN SWERVES TO MISS ANOTHER COLUMN)**

**Right!**

**(THE VAN SLALOMS BETWEEN ANOTHER PAIR OF THEM)**

**Left!**

**THE VAN PULLS OUT OF THE DECK THROUGH A LOADING DOCK. THE CRUISER MATCHES ITS MANEUVERING AND COMES OUT AFTER IT.**

**CAMPTOWN**

**Level out!**

**THE VAN STRAIGHTENS OUT AND SHOOTS STRAIGHT ACROSS THE STREET AND INTO THE SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT ACROSS FROM THE MALL. NEGOTIATING THE DECLINE INTO THE PARKING LOT, THE VAN DROPS TO THE PAVEMENT AND SKIDS WITH A SPRAY OF SPARKS.**

**FUHD**

**How we doin' back there, friend?**

**CAMPTOWN**

**Lookin' good! Now hang a left before we crash into that brick wall!**

**FUHD**

**Thanks for the warning!**

**THE VAN HANGS A NEAR NINETY-DEGREE TURN AND ROCKETS THROUGH THE LOT. THE CRUISER ABOVE FIGHTS TO MAKE THE SAME MANEUVER, ITS WING SCRAPING THE BRICK OF THE NEARBY BUILDING AS IT DOES. SET OFF-BALANCE, THE CRUISER CORRECTS ITSELF AND CONTINUES PURSUIT, LOSING A LITTLE GROUND IN THE PROCESS. THE G MOBILE IS A BLUR OF MOTION, HOPPING OVER A CEMENT MEDIAN WITH A CRASH.**

**INSIDE, MICHAEL FUMBLES FOR THE SEATBELT.**

**CAMPTOWN**

**Hang on!**

**THE VAN FLIES THROUGH A SMALL CEMENT WALL AND INTO THE DRIVE OF A HOTEL STANDING NEXT TO THE SHOPPING MALL. THE VAN SPED UNDER THE CANOPY OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ENTRANCE AND THE CRUISER BEGAN TO CATCH UP.**

**INSIDE, FUHD LOOKS BACK AT WHERE THEY'RE HEADED.**

**FUHD**

**Here we go!**

**MICHAEL**

**What?**

**THE VAN SWERVES SUDDENLY AND CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS DOUBLE DOORS OF THE HOTEL AND TEARS THROUGH THE LOBBY. UNABLE TO KEEP UP, THE CRUISER ZIPS UNDER THE CANOPY, BUT PLOWS THROUGH ONE OF ITS SUPPORT POSTS AS THE VAN SLIDES SWIFTLY OUT ITS WAY.**

**INSIDE, THE VAN SWIPES THE MAIN DESK AND KNOCKS IT OVER AS IT ROLLS DOWN ONE OF THE MASSIVE HALLS TOWARDS THE MAIN BALLROOM.**

**MICHAEL**

What the hell do you think you're doing!

**FUHD**

Improvising!

**MICHAEL**

(TO HIMSELF)

Where've I heard *that one* before?

**THE CRUISER BLAZES IN THROUGH THE ENTRANCE, DOING ITS BEST TO NAVIGATE A PATH IN THE CLOSE QUARTERS THE HOTEL CONFINES HAVE TO OFFER.**

**IN THE VAN, CAMPTOWN LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW NERVOUSLY.**

**CAMPTOWN**

(UNCERTAIN)

Uh ... I guess this'll be okay ...

**FUHD**

(CONCERNED)

What?

**THE VAN CRASHES THROUGH THE WOODEN DOUBLE DOORS OF THE MAIN BALLROOM AND IT ROLLS INTO A DINING SET, SMASHING IT TO SPLINTERS. IT ROLLS OVER A FEW MORE TABLES AND CHAIRS, UNTIL THEY BUILD UP INTO A PILE UNDERNEATH IT AND IT CAN NO LONGER MOVE.**

**CAMPTOWN**

Uh-oh ...

**FUHD**

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all, huh?

**MICHAEL**

(IN OUTRAGE)

What?!

**THE CRUISER ZOOMS IN THROUGH THE SMASHED DOORS AND MAKES AN UPSWEEP TO BRING ITS CANNONS TO BEAR ON THEM. AS IT DOES SO, IT SMASHES INTO THE MASSIVE CHANDELIER HANGING FROM THE CEILING AND GETS TANGLED IN ITS WIRES AND CHAINS. AS IT STRUGGLES TO FREE ITSELF FROM THE ENTANGLEMENT, FUHD THROWS THE VAN INTO "DRIVE" AND IT SQUEALS OUT THE DOORS THE WAY IT CAME.**

**CAMPTOWN**

Holy fuck, we're alive!

**FUHD**

For now, anyway!

**MICHAEL**

**That's it, sugar-coat it!**

**THE VAN KICKS IN THE HYPER-DRIVE AND BOOKS IT BACK TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE. CLEARING THE CHANDELIER, THE CRUISER MOVES IN HOT PURSUIT.**

**CAMPTOWN  
(STILL LOOKING OUT THE BACK)**

**He's gaining on us!**

**FUHD**

**Four more seconds!**

**THE CRUISER FIRES WILDLY AT THEM DOWN THE HALL.**

**CAMPTOWN**

**Oh shit!**

**MICHAEL**

**Get up here, Camptown! You can't do any more good back there!**

**CAMPTOWN MAKES HIS WAY BACK UP TO THE FRONT.**

**THE CRUISER'S BLASTS ROCK THE VAN AS THE IMPACT ON ITS SURFACE.**

**FUHD**

**Check out time!**

**CUTTING BACK THROUGH THE LOBBY, THE G MOBILE ROCKETS THROUGH WHAT'S LEFT OF THE DOUBLE DOORS AND KNOCKS DOWN THE REMAINING SUPPORT POST FOR THE CANOPY. THE CANOPY COLLAPSES ON THE CRUISER AS IT COMES THROUGH THE ENTRANCE. THE CRUISER SMASHES BLINDLY THROUGH THE CANOPY AND SKIDS INTO THE PAVEMENT BELOW. EXITING BACK ONTO THE ROAD, THE VAN PEELS AWAY TO SAFETY.**

**INT. BRIEFING AREA - MALL BASE**

**ON THE DIRECTORY, THE CONTROL CONSOLE SHARKBAR ACCESSED HAS A DIGITAL TIMER COUNTING DOWN.**

**CU TIMER**

**IT READS 0:59 SECONDS REMAINING.**

**INT. LOADING DOCK**

**SAMMY DISCOVERS THE FEW REMAINING ESCAPE PODS.**

**SAMMY**

**I'm guessing these are the escape pods ...**

**(HE OPENS ONE UP)**

**Okay, I guess I'll just get in and start flying it. Yeah sure, whatever.**

**(HE CLIMBS IN AND SEATS HIMSELF; IT'S A LOT LIKE AN ENCLOSED MOTORCYCLE)**

**What am I, Tron?**

**THE CONTROL PANEL IS DIM; SAMMY EXAMINES IT. HE SEES AN ACCESS SLOT LABELED "AUTHORISATION CODE KEY".**

**SAMMY**

Now what? Code key?

(HE PULLS OUT THE DEAD SOLDIER'S DOG TAGS)

Worth a shot ...

**HE SLIDES IT IN AND THE PANEL LIGHTS UP. IT READS "AUTHORISATION CONFIRMED".**

**INT. WAR ROOM**

**RAZE OBSERVES A BLINKING LIGHT ON HIS MONITOR.**

**RAZE**

A very familiar power signature is emanating from the rebel base, General!

**GORGE**

Which part of the base is it coming from?

**RAZE**

Deep within the lower levels.

**GORGE**

Keep tracking it! This is the chance we've been waiting for!

**INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MALL BASE**

**THE TIMER READ-OUT SAYS 0:37 SECONDS REMAINING.**

**INT. LOADING DOCK**

**SAMMY'S POD SLOWLY AND CLUMSILY LIFTS UP OFF THE GROUND.**

**SAMMY**

Just relax, Sammy-boy; it's just like a video game: Nose up, hold her steady ...

Where are the guns?

**THREE OF THE HOVER-BUBBLES COME IN FROM THE OPPOSITE END OF THE DOCK. THE POD MANEUVERS THROUGH ONE OF THE MAINTENANCE CORRIDORS AND THE BUBBLES LOCK INTO PURSUIT. TEARING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR, SAMMY KEEPS THE LEAD WHILE THE**