

ARMISTICE RISING

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EXT. SPACE

A starscape. The smallest point of light moves slowly across the night...

The Magellan. Up-close: an ugly, angular metallic hulk-

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small, windowless medical exam room. A few metal tables hold various instruments around table tilted at a steep angle. On the table is strapped-

MURDOCH

70s. Bald. Unkempt grey beard. Gaunt and horribly thin. All his limbs are missing. Smiling.

A Doctor is examining Murdoch - his face unseen.

MURDOCH

So, what? You been ordered not t'
talk to me or some'in'?

The Doctor works on in silence. Murdoch chuckles.

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

Yeah. Wouldn't want to pick up
any bad habits from the mean ol'
Augment.

DOCTOR

You're not an Augment.

As Murdoch glances, forlorn, at the stump of his right arm-

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Not anymore.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A cramped control room. A collection of consoles - operated by standing, uniformed crewmen - face a raised platform at the centre.

Around the central platform are a collection of holographic images - including a course chart. In their midst-

CAPTAIN ALISON DECKARD

30s. Tall. Stunning. Expression dark. 2 batons on her belt.

She watches the course map, expectant-

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - MEANWHILE

The Magellan cruises along.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

MURDOCH
 (threatening)
 Is that right?

DOCTOR
 Your augments were removed.

MURDOCH
 Funny. I don't recall havin' much
 of a choice 'bout that.

DOCTOR
 You should not have chosen to
 have them in the first place.

MURDOCH
 Y' know, that's wha' I never got.
 Why'd we threat'n you so much?
 All we wan'd was t' do wha' we
 wan'd. We weren't hurtin' no one.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

Deckard watches the course map-

STONE (O.S.)
 You look troubled, Captain?

Deckard spins to see a man standing in the doorway-

ADMIRAL WILLIAM STONE
 50s. Broad-shouldered. Imposing. 1 long baton. Expression
 passive, betraying nothing.

Deckard snaps a salute-

DECKARD
 Admiral on deck!

The other Crewmen leap to attention and echo her salute-

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - MEANWHILE

The Magellan. Now more distant...

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

DOCTOR
 I wouldn't know.

Murdoch laughs - a private joke.

MURDOCH
 (irony)
 But why would you?

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

Stone returns the salute - the crew return to work - and walks to join Deckard at the Command Platform-

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - MEANWHILE

The Magellan. More distant still...

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

DOCTOR
 I was eight when the war ended.
 And barely even born when-

MURDOCH
 -An' it never 'ccurred t' you t'
 ask. Never ev'n 'ccurred t' you
 t' think!

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

Deckard watches the map. Stone joins her-

STONE
 Relax, Captain. There's nothing
 to look for.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

MURDOCH
 So wha' is it, doc? Ya jus'
 believe everythin' yer daddy
 tells ya?

The Doctor jerks stiffly upright-

JOHN STONE
 Late-20s. Handsome. Well-presented. Black waistcoat over
 white shirt. Prim.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

STONE
 (to Deckard)
 It means; we won't see them. Even
 if they're there. Not until it's
 too late.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

John walks away from the table, Murdoch chuckling at him-

JOHN
I'll ask you not to impugn my
father.

MURDOCH
Impugn? An' how - pray tell -
'ave I impugned the great Admiral
Stone?

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

Deckard closes the map with a wave of her hand-

DECKARD
I hate pirates.

STONE
I fully expect the feeling to be
mutual.

DECKARD
Good.

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - MEANWHILE

The Magellan. Yet more distant.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

JOHN
My father is not a liar.

MURDOCH
Really? So who ended the war? Eh?
Who made peace? - 'Cause it sure-
as-'ell wa'n't "daddy".

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

DECKARD
How's our bargaining chip?

STONE
Mister Murdoch is being examined
as we speak.

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - MEANWHILE

So distant the craft is nearly a speck once more.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

MURDOCH

-Who brokered the Armistice?!

John advances on him-

JOHN

You are going to stop-

MURDOCH

-I'm goin' 'ome, doc. I've spent the last 3 decades tied t' a metal bed. I'm your dad's las' bargainin' chip - the las' prisoner. So, tell me... wha're ya gonna do t' me?

Off John's impotent rage-

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

DECKARD

And how is John?

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

John turns away from Murdoch and walks to one of the tables - pretending to study one of his implements - grimacing.

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - MEANWHILE

Another point of light moves towards the Magellan at speed.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

STONE

He's fine. He'll be fine.

Deckard nods, not convinced. Stone notices-

STONE (CONT'D)

Relax, Captain, he may be the runt of the litter - but I always knew I'd find the means to turn John-

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

STONE (V.O.)

-into the man he should be.

John looks up at a poster - a hideously deformed man with rusted, mechanical limbs dripping with oil. Captioned: "Your body is Sacred" "Don't Augment".

JOHN

You want to know why we hate you?

He turns back to Murdoch-

JOHN (CONT'D)

You cheat.

(holds up his arm)

I broke my arm last month - did I replace it with a mechanical monstrosity? No. I let nature take its course, I let it heal.

Murdoch studies him for a moment...

MURDOCH

There weren' many injuries in the war... mos' people jus' died. Those tha' lived use'ly foun' 'emselves missin' somethin'. An arm. Maybe a leg. Use'ly both. Ironic, really, 'cause that was all the families o' the dead ever got back. Nothin' else left of 'em-

BOOM. The room shakes wildly. John barely stays standing-

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - CONTINUOUS

Above the Magellan, a ship of equal size fires magnetic harpoons onto the hull. One of the harpoons hits - silently - and holds. A blue light on it turns red-

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

BOOM. Every console in the room explodes or switches off. Deckard and Stone hold onto the rails around the Command Station for support. Deckard looks to Stone-

STONE

Go.

Deckard sprints for the door-

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - CONTINUOUS

The other ship begins retracting the lines - pulling the Magellan inwards, aiming an airlock on the Magellan towards an airlock on its prow.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The ship creaks as it is pulled. Smoke fills the bridge from numerous fires - being frantically fought by some of the crew. Deckard grabs one of them-

DECKARD

Man the turrets! Shoot those lines free-!

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

John stumbles out of a doorway and holds himself up on the wall as the ship shakes again-

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - CONTINUOUS

Three turrets on the Magellan's hull begin firing ineffectually at the magnetic lines. The airlocks connect-

INT. NEW SHIP, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A small, thin room with a Command Platform at the front and three consoles. On the platform and two of the consoles-

CAPTAIN LENNA ORZANE

Early-40s. Serious. Attractive. All-business.

DENVER MUNROE

20s. Cute. Very long hair. Eternal optimist.

KYLE MILLS

30s. Glasses. Fretful.

DENVER

Sealed-

Lenna speaks apparently to the air-

LENNA

Hanks - you're up.

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Two heavy, metal doors cover the airlock. Three corridors lead away into the ship.

BANG. A series of sparks cascade around the doors and they slide open. Three figures stride onto the Magellan-

FREDERICK HANKS

Late-40s. Sneering. Rapier thin. Grey-haired.

TITUS BELL

30s. Eager. Crooked-smile. Lithe. A real cowboy.

ELLISON TRANTER

40s. Cold. Stoic. Well-muscled. Distinctly non-feminine.

Each carries a black baton - the tip of each sparking blue - a "shockstaff".

HANKS

Find him.

Each takes a corridor and strides away-

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

John rounds a corner at speed. He sees something on the ground ahead and approaches, wary-

A Crewman lies in the floor. Unmoving. His shockstaff lies at his side. John quickly kneels beside him, concerned-

Further down the corridor, another crewman comes into view duelling Titus. The crewman's shockstaff sparks red.

Titus dodges a swing and jabs his baton into the Crewman's ribs. The loser yells briefly and collapses, twitching.

Titus looks up and sees John. He smiles.

TITUS

There you are.

Titus walks towards John, prowling, raising his shockstaff-

TITUS (CONT'D)

Don't worry. A shot to the head'll knock you out nice and painless.

He begins to take aim-

TITUS (CONT'D)

Wouldn't want you to suffer-

Titus swings-

-and John sweeps up the fallen crewman's shockstaff, blocking Titus' blow and pushing him backwards.

John leaps to his feet and locks staves with Titus. The pirate is outmatched and quickly driven back further.

They pause, each waiting for the other to strike...

Titus' expression is filled with surprise. John cocks his head - "Oh yeah. That's right." - and lunges-

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, MEDIBAY - MEANWHILE

Murdoch looks up from the table as he hears the doors slide open. Rapid footsteps approach and his brow furrows, confused and wary. Suddenly, his eyes spring wide-

-and a red-sparking shockstaff is driven into his neck-

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, CORRIDOR - RESUMING

John and Titus fight through the corridors.

John catches Titus' leg. Titus yells and falls to the floor - leg twitching uselessly.

Titus' shockstaff is quickly knocked from his hand and John stands over him - baton aimed at Titus' throat...

JOHN

Never underestimate your
opponent.

HANKS (O.S.)

Good advice.

Hanks stands behind John-

John spins, but he's too slow - Hanks jabs his shockstaff into John's chest and follows up with a blow to the side of the head.

John slumps to the floor-

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

Fewer fires. Some consoles working. Others being repaired.

STONE

Seal off the bridge!

INT. TSF MAGELLAN, AIRLOCK - MEANWHILE

Hanks and Titus approach the airlock - Titus carrying the unconscious John - to find Tranter waiting.

They step through as Tranter quickly checks their retreat and follows, closing the airlock behind them.

INT. NEW SHIP, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DENVER

Sealed.

LENNA
 (to Mills)
 Cut the lines.

Mills bends back over his console. Lenna speaks to the air-

LENNA (CONT'D)
 Sasha - prepare for Burn.

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - CONTINUOUS

The harpoons release the Magellan and quickly retract into the new ship. Thrusters firing, the pirate vessel disconnects from the airlock and begins to turn away-

The name on the ship's hull moves into view - "ARMISTICE".

INT. THE ARMISTICE, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Hanks and Tranter enter - Tranter hurrying to the spare console, Hanks approaching Lenna. He nods to her - mission accomplished - and she speaks to the air-

LENNA
 Sasha - get us out of here.

INT. THE ARMISTICE, PILOT POD - MEANWHILE

A girl's face illuminated by blue light-

SAHSA ORZANE
 20s. Pretty. Cheeky smile. Impudent. She smiles-

EXT. TSF MAGELLAN - CONTINUOUS

The Armistice: a long, sleek torpedo of a ship; four arms - holding the engines - protrude from the middle.

It turns gracefully to face away from the Magellan, rising above it. And BURNS - engines emitting a blinding, brilliant white light-

Leaving just the title, black text on white-

ARMISTICE
RISING

EXT. SPACE

A small asteroid floats alone. In the distance, a pin-point of light moves approaches at speed-