

ARENA

by

Toby Wagstaff & Darren Howell

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SUMMIT ENTERTAINMENT
1630 Stewart Street, Suite 120
Santa Monica, CA 90404

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

A MAN (30's) drives, focused, his breath coming out in short, nervous bursts. His hands shake slightly on the wheel as rain lashes the windshield outside.

His PASSENGER (50's) notices, disapprovingly. They sit in silence. Both wear 1940's British army officers' uniforms.

EXT. MILITARY CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

The truck approaches a heavily fortified road block. ARMED BRITISH TROOPS huddle out of the rain.

SUPER: ALLIED-GERMAN FRONTIER, NORTHERN FRANCE, 1944

A GUARD steps into the road and motions for the truck to stop. The Driver rolls down his window and leans out, a hint of forced casualness in his voice.

DRIVER
Evening, Corporal.

GUARD
(salutes)
Captain. Mind if I ask what you're doing out in no man's land, sir? We didn't send any patrols.

DRIVER
We're from the 42nd Engineers, supposed to be tidying up a bridge near Abbeville but it's not there anymore. Mind if we come through here?

A SECOND GUARD walks up the side of the canvas-topped truck to inspect its contents.

GUARD
One minute, sir.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

The Driver's hands are really shaking now. The Passenger whispers sharply at him -- in GERMAN.

PASSENGER
(subtitled)
Keep it together, you'll give us away.

DRIVER
This is suicide.

INT. REAR OF TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Eight tense SOLDIERS (also in British uniform) sit around a large wooden CRATE. One whispers to his neighbor in German:

WHISPERING SOLDIER

We should just kill them and go through.

A tough-looking SERGEANT glares at him and hisses.

SERGEANT

Shut up!

The canvas is pulled away from outside and the Second Guard shines his flashlight in. The Sergeant (KRIEGER, 30s) plasters on a wide grin and calls out in gruff Cockney:

SERGEANT/SGT. KRIEGER

Awright, mate! You don't have a hot water bottle do you? Or a good glass of scotch'd do the trick.

He gives a loud laugh, which his companions join in with. The Second Guard shines his light on the crate.

SECOND GUARD

What's in there?

A Soldier subtly starts to raise his rifle. The Sergeant stops him with a look, fake smile still plastered on.

SGT. KRIEGER

Engine parts for a Lancaster bomber.
Wanna have a look?

The Second Guard shakes his head and moves along.

I/E. TRUCK CAB/CHECKPOINT - MOMENTS LATER

The two Guards on the ground exchange a couple of words, then the first Guard turns back to the Driver.

GUARD

All done, sir. Have a safe--

He sneezes. The Driver -- HAUPTMANN (CAPTAIN) DIETER WEISS -- responds automatically, without thinking:

DRIVER/CPT. WEISS

Gesundheit.

GUARD
What did you say?

The Guard looks sharply at Weiss. He knows something's not right. As the color drains from Weiss's face the Passenger -- OBERST (COLONEL) GUNTHER STEINHAUSER -- reaches across him and SHOTS the Guard dead.

PASSENGER/COL. STEINHAUSER
GO! GO!

Weiss plows through the road block, and is forced to swerve off the road as a pair of Jeeps speed towards them.

He turns up a steep hill. The Jeeps give chase, ARMED SOLDIERS within firing at them.

As the Jeeps close in the truck manages to crest the hill. The Jeeps are met with a CRACKLE of WHITE ENERGY as they approach the ridge. They traverse it to find...

Nothing. The truck has completely vanished. The only sign of it is tire tracks leading to a patch of scorched earth. The rain sizzles and steams as it hits this patch of ground.

As the Guards gape in confusion, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. US MILITARY OUTPOST - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A Chinook helicopter swoops down and hovers near a cluster of tents and trucks making up a mobile command center.

Black leather boots land through the dust kicked up from the downwash. Seconds later the chopper's gone and eight SPECIAL FORCES TROOPS are moving towards one of the tents.

SUPER: AFGHANISTAN-PAKISTAN BORDER, 2010

CPL. KARL JENNER (27), an unflappable black man with a sniper rifle slung across his back, turns to the guy next to him.

JENNER
Ali. Any day of the week.

DEACON
Are you shittin' me? Bruce Lee'd snap your wrists before you can blink. Ali's just a fat dude with the shakes.

PFC. MATT DEACON's a 24 year-old redneck who joined up as soon as he was old enough to leave the family farm.

Up front SGT. LEO PETROVSKY (38), the grizzled bastard who's seen it all before, rolls his eyes.

PETROVSKY

Here we go...

LEVY

"Who's toughest" again?

CPT. JACK LEVY (32) is the leader of the group. He's about as sharp a professional soldier as you're likely to find, and his affection for his men shines through his eyes and voice.

PETROVSKY

How does it never get old? I swear to God, I get more interesting conversation from my four-year-old.

LEVY

Let 'em have their fun. Last chance they'll get for a while.

PFC. SHAWN RAWLINS (19) pipes up. The baby of the group, he's not good at hiding his hero worship for Jenner.

RAWLINS

Ali's fist is twice the size of Bruce Lee's head. One good hit and that bitch goes down, right Karl?

VALERIO

Pussy draft-dodger. I could take him.

BRICKLAND

You could take him out for dinner and buy him flowers.

Meet PFC. GIUSEPPE VALERIO (23), the wannabe Italian-stallion explosives specialist packing a rocket launcher; and CPL. JOSH BRICKLAND (27), the tattooed beast with a huge belt-fed machine-gun who's always bringing him back down to Earth.

VALERIO

Listen, *paisano*, I got something Muhammad Ali don't: combat experience.

BRICKLAND

No, you got a bazooka, dipshit.

He pulls out a massive, serrated BOWIE KNIFE.

BRICKLAND (CONT'D)

With this you never run out of ammo.

PFC. HENRY NORMAL (25) grins. Tech Specialist, he's too smart to be in this conversation, but he's a born trouble-maker.

NORMAL

You know Muhammad Ali's a Muslim.

JENNER

Shut up, Normal.

DEACON

Yeah, what the hell's that got to do with anything?

NORMAL

I'm just saying. You should have this conversation with the locals, maybe they'd stop shooting at us.

DEACON

Whaddaya think, Sarge? Bruce Lee, Muhammad Ali, back in the day, straight up fist fight?

PETROVSKY

Daddy's got a headache, leave me alone.

NORMAL

(sarcastic)

Ooh, what about Muhammad Ali vs Batman?

VALERIO

How bout you, Cap?

LEVY

I'm sitting at the grown-ups' table with Sergeant Petrovsky.

DEACON

Does that make you mommy?

Levy gives him a raised-eyebrow "excuse me?" look.

BRICKLAND

Oh, you're gonna get a spanking now.

LEVY

You wanna know who wins? It's whoever's got nothing to lose.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Levy's unit wait for their orders from a Blackwater-type operative in civilian clothes -- PRITCHARD (40s). He opens a sealed 'TOP SECRET' file and empties its contents (maps, photos etc.) onto a table.

PRITCHARD

Your target is a political dissident named Assid Malouf.

JENNER

Looks younger than usual.

PRITCHARD

Age twenty-seven, Pakistani national, graduate student turned radical activist. We have intel that he will be entering the country through these mountains... (indicates on a map) ...ahead of the Afghan elections next week. You are to intercept and eliminate him and anyone traveling with him.

LEVY

What is he, a bomber, strategist? We got background, MO's?

NORMAL

Wait, I've read about this guy. He just gives speeches and stuff, right?

PRITCHARD

He's a threat to the democratic process and the stability of the country.

NORMAL

Right, but I mean he's not blowing people up, he just doesn't like the candidates, thinks they're puppets.

LEVY

That's enough, Normal...

NORMAL

I can't imagine where he got that idea.

PRITCHARD

Let's get something straight here. I make decisions, and you execute them. This team is a weapon, and as long as the U.S. (MORE)

PRITCHARD(CONT'D)

government sees fit to loan it to my company, you all belong to me. Are you gonna have a problem with that?

LEVY

No. Sir.

PRITCHARD

Good. Now hand over your dog tags.

He holds out a MANILA ENVELOPE. The men stare at him for a second, a little stunned. They look to Levy for a reaction.

Levy gives Pritchard a look that could kill, but calmly takes off his tags and puts them in the envelope. His men reluctantly follow suit.

LEVY

Move out.

I/E. HUMVEE (MOVING)/AFGHAN MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The unit goes through equipment checks as they ride through rocky terrain. Brickland watches nervously as Valerio rigs fuses to landmines while the car jostles and shakes.

BRICKLAND

What happens if one of them goes off?

VALERIO

Relax, I could do this blindfold while bungee jumping.

Petrovsky sits up front studying Malouf's file. Levy drives.

PETROVSKY

Why are those private contractors always such assholes?

LEVY

Orders are orders.

PETROVSKY

That they are. I just miss getting them from a guy in uniform, you know?

LEVY

We don't have to trust him, we just have to do what he says. We're soldiers, that's our job.

(he pulls to a stop)

Alright boys and girls, get the climbing gear. We're going vertical.

BRICKLAND

Hoo-rah.

EXT. AFGHAN MOUNTAIN RANGE - LATER

Levy rappels the last few yards down a cliff-face to a ledge where the rest of the unit are taking their attack positions.

LEVY

How's it look?

PETROVSKY

I'd rather have guys on both sides of the canyon, but it'll work.

The unit sets up firing positions along a ledge overlooking an enclosed pass thirty feet below. Levy walks along to Brickland, who's prepping up his big, belt-fed machine-gun.

LEVY

You like the angle of fire?

BRICKLAND

It's a shooting gallery. Get 'em in here, no-one's coming out.

Levy pats him on the shoulder and moves along the ledge.

LEVY

Normal, how're my eyes in the sky coming?

Normal's just starting to assemble a small DRONE PLANE with a four foot wingspan from flat-packed parts in his pack.

NORMAL

Be quicker if the army didn't buy their equipment from Ikea.

LEVY

That's why they pay you the big bucks.

He continues along the ledge to Jenner, Rawlins and Deacon. Jenner's quietly calibrating the sight on his sniper rifle while the other two anxiously check and re-check their kit.

JENNER

(quietly)

Hey, Cap, I think the kids are about to shit their pants.

LEVY

Deacon! Van Damme versus Chuck Norris?

Deacon's tension melts away as he considers this conundrum.

DEACON

Norris. Easy.

RAWLINS

What?! Have you seen Bloodsport?

DEACON

Hey, I'm sure Van Damme's totally the toughest guy... in Belgium. Bet he can beat the shit out of a waffle.

They start bickering away. Levy turns back to Jenner.

LEVY

How's Valerio getting on?

Jenner looks twenty yards along the ledge to see Valerio suspended from a rope planting mines into cracks in the rock.

JENNER

He's always happy, long as you give him enough C-4 to play with. This is gonna be like fish in a barrel.

Levy looks out over the landscape, uneasy.

LEVY

I wish I knew these hills like they do.

FURTHER ALONG THE SAME RIDGE...

We dangle with Valerio as he plants mines, singing an Italian song, "*Tu vuo fa l'Americano*", to himself. Suddenly he stops.

He cocks his head, listening. He pushes away from the cliff, straining to look. Nothing. He turns and looks the other way: two PICKUP TRUCKS approach, loaded with MEN.

VALERIO

Shit. Cap! CAP!

He scrambles up the rope to the ledge, clutching the DETONATOR BOX for the mines. Levy hurries over.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

They're early. And they're coming from the other direction.

LEVY

Everyone one-eighty, they're coming from the left!

Everyone locks and loads. Normal grabs the half-assembled drone as they regroup and re-position over by Levy and Valerio. Not a moment too soon -- a PICKUP with FIVE MEN in the back appears around the bend below.

VALERIO

(re: detonator box)

We're right on top of the mines. If they hit us we'll be blown to shit.

LEVY

Jenner, the driver.

Jenner squints through his scope and FIRES. The pickup's windshield spider-cracks and it skids out of control, crashing into the cliff face perilously close to the mines.

VALERIO

Shit, that was close!

The SECOND ARMED PICKUP appears. The Men from the crashed truck point up at the ledge and open fire with their AK-47s.

PETROVSKY

DOWN!

Rock and dust rain down around Levy's men. They return fire at the trucks, but then spot the real danger -- one of the attackers below pulls out a rocket launcher.

NORMAL

RPG, eleven o'clock!!!

Suddenly there's a weird BUZZING NOISE, and we WHITE OUT.

EXT. GRASSY PLATEAU - DAY

For a few seconds there's nothing but silence and white. Slowly shapes start to emerge, resolving themselves into the eight members of the unit.

RAWLINS

Are we dead?

They look at each other. They seem to be intact.

DEACON

What happened? Did they miss?

JENNER

Hey, Cap... where'd the mountains go?

They look around: they're not on a ledge any more. Instead they're on a rolling plain surrounded by hills and gorges.

Levy's dumbfounded. His men are looking at him for an answer.

LEVY

I... I don't know.

Without warning, their radios all crackle to life. A hollow, metallic voice rings out:

METALLIC VOICE

This is Arena. Defeat seven armies and you will be returned home. Refuse and you will be eliminated. Fight or die.

The radios cut themselves off.

PETROVSKY

What the hell did that mean?

NORMAL

Anybody else feel something?

Normal, still clutching the half-assembled drone, crouches and presses his ear to the ground: rumbling.

BRICKLAND

What're you doing?

Suddenly a SPEAR thunks into the ground in the middle of the group. Everybody jumps, startled.

VALERIO

Jesus Christ!

There's a whistling, then another spear lands. Then another.

They look for the source of the attack and see three half-naked BLACK MEN in loin cloths on the crest of the hill.

DEACON

What is this shit?! Who are they?

Then the source of the rumbling becomes clear: the three attackers are joined by hundreds of similarly-attired ZULU WARRIORS, all armed with spears and ox-skin shields.

JENNER

Son of a...

LEVY

FALL BACK!

Spears start to rain down as they grab their gear and haul ass. The Zulu give chase, accompanied by a deafening war cry.

Deacon glances back. A spear SLAMS into his pack, knocking him down. Levy and Petrovsky stop to help.

They open fire with their M-16's, taking down the front line of attackers, but there are so many...

DEACON

There's no cover, what do we do?

LEVY

Split firing pattern, go, go!

He, Deacon and Petrovsky run on, as ahead of them Valerio and Brickland peel off and turn back to cover them.

Valerio lobs a couple of grenades, while Brickland unleashes hell with his belt-fed machine gun, cutting a hole in the Zulu forces. The grenades explode in a shower of dirt...

But still they come.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Keep moving!

Next Petrovsky and Jenner peel off to cover the rest. We see Jenner's deadly accuracy as he puts down a series of Zulu midway through throwing their spears.

But Petrovsky takes a spear right in the thigh.

PETROVSKY

Ahhh, shit!

Levy and Brickland grab him under the arms and help him run, but he's hobbled and they're moving dangerously slowly...

LEVY

Come on, Leo!

They take out Zulus at close quarters as the fastest catch up. It's messy and scary. Up ahead, they're approaching a narrow gorge with a steep, almost vertical drop off.

Normal and Valerio reach it first, and immediately start setting up ropes to rappel down the fifty foot canyon.

Behind them, Jenner takes a spear in his kevlar vest.

RAWLINS

Karl!

Jenner's winded, but pulls the spear out - no blood.

JENNER

I'm okay.

All eight of them reach the gorge, hook up their harnesses, and start rappelling down, sharing the two available ropes.

Deacon helps the injured Petrovsky with his rope while Levy does his best to hold off the attacking horde alone.

PETROVSKY

Jack, come on!

Levy finally hooks himself in just as the Zulu reach the canyon. He's the last man on the ropes, but Petrovsky's the slowest, wincing in pain from his bleeding leg.

PETROVSKY (CONT'D)

Go on ahead!

LEVY

Shut up!

Levy stays right next to him, firing on the attackers above -- who are flinging spears at them -- with one hand, while he holds the rope and rappels with the other.

They finally reach the bottom. Some of the team help Petrovsky hobble away along the canyon floor, while others cover them as spears continue to clatter down around them.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Move move move!

Eventually they find a passage in the rock which snakes away out of range of the Zulu.

EXT. CANYON PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

They reach relative safety. Petrovsky is losing blood, but they keep going, putting as much distance between themselves and the Zulu as possible.

VALERIO

What the hell just happened?

RAWLINS

Who were those guys? They had spears!
They were throwing spears at us!

LEVY

We gotta take a look at this leg.

PETROVSKY

I'm fine, let's keep moving.

LEVY

No, put him down.

They lay Petrovsky down. Brickland slices open his pant leg with a knife. The cut's pretty big. A lot of blood.

Deacon washes it with water from his canteen as Levy grabs a medikit and pours a packet of antiseptic powder in the wound. Petrovsky grimaces as it fizzes.

LEVY (CONT'D)

You okay?

PETROVSKY

Oh yeah, I've had worse cuts shaving.

LEVY

That doesn't inspire a lot of confidence.
Deacon, stitch him up.

Deacon gets to work with a suture kit as Levy gets up.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Alright, let's figure this out.

NORMAL

They weren't Afghans. Or Pakistanis. They looked African.

VALERIO

What was that radio message? Something about 'Arena'? You think it's some kind of war game or exercise or something?

PETROVSKY

We killed a bunch of them. It's not an exercise. And no way that message came from HQ.

JENNER

Guys, we're sitting in the mountains one minute, the next we're on a plain. Something big time weird's going on here.

VALERIO

Could it be nerve gas or something, we're hallucinating?

NORMAL

Sarge, Valerio says you're hallucinating.
Think you can walk it off?

PETROVSKY

It'll be hard with my foot up your ass,
but I'll give it a shot.

LEVY

Okay, focus. We need answers if I'm gonna
get Deacon back home in time for tater
tot night at the barracks.

DEACON

(defensively)
Hey, Rawlins likes 'em too.

LEVY

Jenner, get on the horn. Normal, Rawlins,
find out where we are. The rest of you,
gimme a 360 perimeter, I don't want any
more surprises.

Everyone moves quickly and efficiently to his task. Jenner
grabs the long-range radio headset from his pack:

JENNER

(into radio)
Bravo Two, Echo One, we are off-route,
requesting medevac, over?

The radio hisses back static at him. He tries again as Normal
pulls out a map and Rawlins checks his GPS locator: the read-
out shows all zeroes. Rawlins taps it.

RAWLINS

What the hell? I can't get anything on
the GPS. Normal, you got a compass?

Normal checks his compass -- the needle spins in circles.

NORMAL

We appear to be somewhere in the Bermuda
Triangle.

Levy sighs and rubs his temples.

PETROVSKY

We gotta keep moving or those guys'll
catch up eventually. I'll be okay.

LEVY

(beat, concerned)

Alright. Once we're out of this canyon
we'll try the radio again. Let's go.

EXT. FURTHER ALONG THE CANYON PASSAGE - LATER

The unit marches in silence. Petrovsky's leg is cleaned up, but Levy and Deacon still help him walk. Suddenly Jenner stops and holds up his hand. Everybody freezes.

Jenner creeps forward. Up ahead, the passageway starts to open up. As he inches forward we see what's got him spooked: a dead foot sticking out from behind a boulder. It's wearing a very old-fashioned leather sandal.

Jenner crouches behind the boulder and peers cautiously out into the open ground beyond.

JENNER

Jesus Christ...

He signals for the rest of the unit to come and look.

As they approach they get a view of the dead body: it's outfitted in a red tunic, leather breast-plate, and bronze tasseled helmet, a splayed arm clutching a short sword.

DEACON

What the hell...

Out in the open the ground is littered with dead bodies like this one -- ROMAN SOLDIERS. There must be nearly a hundred.

LEVY

Jenner, Rawlins, Normal, come with me.
(to the rest)
Cover us.

EXT. GRASSY TERRAIN - CONTINUOUS

They cautiously pick their way into open ground. Levy examines bodies as they go. They all have clean, precise, fist-sized burn holes in them.

RAWLINS

What kinda weapon makes a hole like that?
You seen anything like it before, Cap?

LEVY

No. Jenner, anything? We clear?

Jenner does a 360 degree sweep with his sniper scope.

JENNER
Far as I can tell.

Normal, unlike the rest, is staring up into the empty sky.

LEVY
Normal, you got something?

NORMAL
No birds. Gotta be a hundred bodies here,
but there's no birds. Or flies. Weird.

Suddenly there's movement from a pile of bodies on the ground and a ROMAN CENTURION jumps up, grabs Rawlins from behind, and holds a sword to his throat.

RAWLINS
Shit!

Levy and Jenner spin to face them, weapons raised, as the other members of the unit quickly emerge from the canyon, rifles aimed at the attacker.

The Roman shouts at them in an unfamiliar language.

RAWLINS (CONT'D)
What's he saying?!

LEVY
Take it easy, Rawlins.

RAWLINS
Karl, can you get him?

Jenner's got his rifle aimed, eye glued to the scope.

JENNER
Just say the word, Cap.

LEVY
Stay cool, nobody move.

The Roman continues to shout.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Alright, when I give the--

VALERIO
Wait a minute, wait a minute!

LEVY

What?

VALERIO

I think... I think I understood something. Fire... Black... I think he's speaking Italian.

The Roman's still shouting. Normal tilts his head, thinking.

NORMAL

Latin. He's speaking Latin.

PETROVSKY

You speak Latin?

NORMAL

No, but it makes sense, look at his clothes. It's kinda like Italian, right? Valerio, try talking wop to him.

RAWLINS

Can you guys hurry the hell up!

LEVY

Valerio, go.

VALERIO

I dunno what to... Um, okay... Hey! *Mi puoi capire? Parli italiano?*

The Roman stops shouting and looks quizzically at Valerio.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

Noi siamo amici. Vogliamo aiutarti.

ROMAN

Amici?

VALERIO

Amici! He understands 'friend'. Okay...
(in Italian)
Please let him go. We won't hurt you.

The Roman responds, still tense.

LEVY

What'd he say?

VALERIO

He says we look like the others.

LEVY

What others?

VALERIO

I dunno, he keeps talking about warriors dressed in black with "fire sticks". That's all I can get.

The Roman points at Valerio's rifle.

LEVY

Guns. Everybody lower your weapons.
(quietly)
Not you, Jenner.
(to the Roman)
We just wanna talk, ok? Valerio...

Valerio translates. Slowly, cautiously, the Roman lowers his sword and releases Rawlins, who breathes a sigh of relief.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Take him.

Deacon and Brickland grab the Roman, disarm him and cuff him with a plastic zip tie. He struggles, but they keep him under control.

Levy walks up to the Roman and points to himself.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Levy.

He gestures to the Roman "and you are...?". The Roman looks at him angrily, but he gets it.

ROMAN/ADEODATUS

Adeodatus.

LEVY

(to Valerio)
Ask him who he is, where he comes from.

Valerio asks Adeodatus and translates his answer.

VALERIO

Says he's a Centurion from Gaul. Where's Gaul?

NORMAL

It's what the Romans called France.

BRICKLAND

Romans like in Gladiator?

NORMAL
 (re: the bodies)
 Look around you, man.

LEVY
 How did he get here?

Again, Valerio translates.

VALERIO
 They were in battle. They were losing,
 many dead. There was a light like
 lightning. Big. Then they were here.

LEVY
 Does he know where 'here' is?

VALERIO
 (translating)
 No. It looks like home, but the air
 doesn't smell right.

PETROVSKY
 (to Levy, aside)
 I don't like this, we're exposed.

LEVY
 Yeah. Normal! How's the drone? Can you
 get it up?

NORMAL
 Never a problem for the men in my family.

He shrugs off his pack and gets to work finishing his
 interrupted assembly of the drone plane.

LEVY
 Okay, HQ was south of our last position,
 so that's where we'll head. We can
 navigate by the sun.

BRICKLAND
 You think we're even in Afghanistan any
 more, Cap?

LEVY
 Anybody have a better idea? Seriously.
 I'm not being an asshole, I really wanna
 know. I hate to break it to you guys, but
 I don't have a secret officers' manual of
 what to do when you find a bunch of dead
 Romans. I'm just trying to get us home.
 (no one responds)

(MORE)

LEVY(CONT'D)

Normal, get her in the air, I don't want any surprises. Jenner, lead off.

Normal switches on his remote control/LCD monitor and hand-launches the drone like an oversized paper dart. It relays video images to the monitor.

NORMAL

We're online.

The unit moves off. Valerio shoves Adeodatus's sword into his pack, takes him by the shoulder and leads him along.

VALERIO

Come on.

Adeodatus looks sadly at his fallen comrades, muttering to himself in Latin as he joins the march.

EXT. GRASSY TERRAIN - LATER

The drone buzzes quietly overhead as the unit plus Adeodatus march up a rolling hillside.

DEACON

You think this guy's really a Roman? Like a Roman Roman? From Roman times?

JENNER

Could be from a movie set for all I know.

RAWLINS

Sword's real enough, I can tell you that.

Normal squints into the LCD monitor for the drone, which has flown ahead over the hill.

NORMAL

Hey, Cap? I think we got a problem with the drone. I'm getting static.

He shows Levy the monitor -- just a mess of fuzzy white dots.

LEVY

Damn. Get it back here, we'll--

JENNER (O.C.)

Cap?

Jenner, Rawlins and Deacon have stopped at the top of the hill.

JENNER (CONT'D)

You better take a look at this.

As the others join them, we glide over the crest of the hill to get a clear view of the other side.

It's as though a dead straight line has been drawn on the ground, stretching to the horizon in both directions. On their side is a grassy meadow. On the other, thick snowflakes silently fall to form a deep white carpet.

DEACON

I'd like to formally request to wake up now, please.

Valerio cautiously steps over into the snow. He gasps.

VALERIO

Son of a bitch! It's cold!

BRICKLAND

It's snow, dipshit.

VALERIO

No, the air. It's cold here...
 (sticks his hand back over
 the line)
 ...but here it's still warm.

One by one the others step into the snow.

PETROVSKY

There's definitely not a manual for this.

Levy thinks for a second.

LEVY

Normal, switch the drone to thermal imaging.

Normal fiddles with the remote. The screen goes from snow to a cluster of red, human-shaped dots on a blue background.

NORMAL

Whoa, we got something. Dozen or so guys, about four hundred yards ahead.

LEVY

Weapons up, eyes peeled!

EXT. SNOWSCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

Nine WORLD WAR II-ERA SOLDIERS in British uniform huddle around a canvas-topped truck, trying to get it working.

A shivering SENTRY patrols a perimeter thirty yards out.

He pauses to blow on his freezing fingers, then looks up to find himself staring at the business end of Deacon's M-16.

DEACON

Hi.

MOMENTS LATER...

Among the men shivering by the truck we recognize CPT. WEISS, COL. STEINHAUSER and SGT. KRIEGER.

SGT. KRIEGER

(in German)

The men are freezing.

CPT. WEISS

We could siphon some fuel for a fire?

COL. STEINHAUSER

No, the truck is more important than --

LEVY (O.C.)

Don't move! We have you covered!

They turn to see Levy and his team, weapons trained on them. Deacon holds the captured Soldier at gunpoint.

A WWII Soldier reaches for his rifle.

BRICKLAND

(points machine gun)

Don't do it.

LEVY

Step away from your weapons!

Weiss and Steinhauser step forward, hands up.

CPT. WEISS

Don't shoot. We won't resist.

LEVY

Who are you?

COL. STEINHAUSER
We're British. Royal Engineers.

LEVY
Don't lie to me. You were speaking German
back there.

COL. STEINHAUSER
We were separated from our unit on the
front. We weren't sure if--

LEVY
The front of what?

CPT. WEISS
The front. The western front.

NORMAL
Wait a second!
(he runs over. To Weiss:)
What year is it?

Weiss and Steinhauser look at each other. Is this a trick?

CPT. WEISS
Nineteen forty-four. Who are you? Where
are we?

The Americans exchange incredulous looks. Some are starting
to shiver in the cold.

PETROVSKY
This doesn't make any sense...

LEVY
I think we gotta let go of things making
sense for the time being.

NORMAL
Right, and if they think it's nineteen
forty-four and they're speaking German,
that means they're Nazis.

The atmosphere shifts at this. Levy moves decisively.

LEVY
Down on your knees, hands behind your
backs. Rawlins, cuff'em.

The Germans reluctantly kneel. Rawlins starts cuffing them.

COL. STEINHAUSER
You're making a mistake.

The Americans' radios suddenly crackle to life:

METALLIC VOICE

This is Arena. Defeat seven armies and
you will be returned home.

A second later the radio in the truck does the same thing,
the metallic voice spitting out instructions in German.

LEVY

Who the hell is tha...?

He stops. There's shouting in the distance. Everybody looks
around. We see movement. Silhouettes in the blizzard...

Then all hell breaks loose as sixty VIKING WARRIORS charge at
them through the snow with a spine-chilling BATTLE CRY.

PETROVSKY

What in God's name...

We're talking huge, muscular men, wrapped in furs and leather
armor and wielding swords, axes and warhammers.

The Americans switch their attention and firepower away from
their prisoners and onto the new attackers.

LEVY

Defensive formation!

His men move and open fire as the first wave of Vikings
arrive, but they quickly discover it takes a few shots to put
down one of these brutes.

The cuffed Germans look on, terrified and helpless.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Cut us free!

A GERMAN Rawlins didn't get around to cuffing grabs his
rifle, only to have a Viking war-hammer SLAM into his face
with bone-crunching force.

Brickland unleashes with his massive machine gun, taking down
a whole line of attacking Vikings. But there are so many that
they swarm around the group, attacking from all sides.

LEVY

Rawlins, two o'clock!

Rawlins turns just in time to blow away a Viking attacker.

NORMAL

I'm out!

Levy tosses him a clip, leaving himself open to a big, angry Norseman, but just as he's about to be decapitated, the Viking suddenly grows a hole in the forehead.

ZOOM BACK to find Jenner at his sniper scope...

JENNER

I count fifty-four total...

(BANG... BANG...)

Fifty three... fifty two...

...but he's shivering in the cold, and soon his unerring accuracy starts to break down as his hands shake.

Adeodatus -- still with his hands bound -- is knocked to the ground as Valerio struggles to fend off the attackers.

He manages to use a fallen Viking's battle-axe to cut his wrists free from the plastic zip-tie. He immediately gets up and grabs his sword out of Valerio's pack.

Valerio turns, alarmed, expecting to get stabbed in the back. Instead Adeodatus cuts down a raging Viking attacker about to hack Valerio to bits. Adeodatus gives him a nod.

ADEODATUS

Amici.

Valerio nods back "thanks", then both turn back to the fight.

Meanwhile, Deacon's in trouble:

DEACON

Damn frost keeps jamming my rifle!

Ice has started to form on the firing mechanism, freezing it up. He tries to clear it, but quickly finds himself overwhelmed by two attackers.

One uses a sword to disarm him while the other swings a giant AXE into his chest.

JENNER

Man down!

Levy runs over, takes out the attackers, and drags Deacon's body out of the fray. He looks at the Germans, cuffed and kneeling, rifles nearby. The Americans are in trouble; if they don't do something different they're all gonna die.

LEVY

The hell with it...

He pulls out his knife and starts cutting the Germans free.

CPT. WEISS

Thank you.

Steinhauser gets up just as a wounded Viking lurches towards him. He deftly dodges, and caps the attacker with his pistol.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Krieger, get on the Bren gun!

Krieger and another SOLDIER pull a massive, tripod-mounted machine gun from the truck as another VIKING breaks the line.

Petrovsky's injured leg is slowing him down. He's BARGED to the ground by the Viking attacker, and uses his M-16 to block an axe blow, which leaves it bent totally in half.

He scrabbles for something to defend himself, and comes up with a massive broadsword. But he's out of his element, and the Viking swats it easily out of his hands.

He's about to get hacked up when -- RATATATAT -- the Viking is blown away as the Germans get their high-calibre tripod-mounted machine gun working.

SGT. KRIEGER

Don't play with them; kill them.

The Germans joining in makes the difference, and with a few more shots the remainder of the Viking force is wiped out.

Petrovsky picks up a discarded battle-axe and uses it as a crutch to help him limp through the devastation to Levy, who's hunched over Deacon's body, desperately attempting CPR.

LEVY

Get a medi-kit.

PETROVSKY

It's too late, Jack.

LEVY

I need a goddamned medi-kit!

PETROVSKY

He's gone. There's nothing you can do.

Levy gets up and stares at the bodies strewn all over the ground, numb. He's jolted out of it by a shout:

JENNER

Cap, I got a live one!

Jenner stands, gun aimed, over a particularly big fella with blonde dreadlocks. The NORSEMAN has a flesh wound on the arm and a bloody face, but is still conscious.

Levy turns to head over to him, but finds himself looking down the barrel of Steinhauser's pistol.

LEVY

What the hell are you doing?

The Americans point their guns at Steinhauser. The seven remaining Germans grab their rifles and point them at the Americans. It's a full-on Mexican stand off.

COL. STEINHAUSER

I will not allow you to jeopardize our mission again. Put down your weapons.

Weiss looks uneasy. Krieger points his rifle at Petrovsky with cool determination. Adeodatus doesn't know what the hell's going on, and doesn't like it.

Finally, Levy lowers his rifle.

LEVY

Whoever brought us here wants us to kill each other. Only chance we've got of surviving is to work together. So let's all lower our weapons and figure this out.

Steinhauser looks at his fallen men and the dead Vikings.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Very well.

He lowers his pistol. The rest of the men on both sides cautiously follow suit. The radios all crackle to life:

METALLIC VOICE

This is Arena. Defeat six more armies and you will be returned home.

LEVY

Somebody shut that thing off.

PETROVSKY

Never seen you ignore an order from the radio before.

LEVY

Never seen you limping around with a
Viking battle axe as a cane. First time
for everything.

Our viewpoint starts to drift up into the air. We fly back
and back, higher and higher, until suddenly the screen
FLICKERS and we are in...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...watching some kind of 3-D holographic display. The room is
clean and high-tech, but most of it is cloaked in shadow.

In the background we glimpse more holographic displays:
Spartans, Samurai, the Zulu, Kamakura Ninjas fighting Spanish
Buccaneers...

A shadowy figure -- a CONTROLLER -- moves to the Levy
display. We don't see his face, and he speaks in a totally
unfamiliar language.

CONTROLLER #1

(subtitled)

Something troubling has occurred.

(another Figure joins him)

*They ignored the messages. They have made
peace.*

CONTROLLER #2

Curious. They are natural enemies.

CONTROLLER #1

Shall I eliminate them?

CONTROLLER #2

No. Observe. Give them a challenge.

EXT. SNOWSCAPE - LATER

The men shiver in the wind and snow. Some collect fur wraps
from dead Vikings. Levy approaches Steinhauser, Weiss and
Krieger.

LEVY

We're not gonna last long in this cold.
That truck work?

CPT. WEISS

It won't start.

LEVY

Jenner, Normal! Take a look.

They hurry over. Several Germans guard the crate in the back of the truck. Steinhauser tries to block Normal's way.

COL. STEINHAUSER

My men can handle the repairs.

NORMAL

We can help. I've probably got better tools.

COL. STEINHAUSER

I don't think so.

NORMAL

Well just let me look, and--

COL. STEINHAUSER

As a superior officer, I must insist.

NORMAL

You're not a superior officer, you're a member of a defeated army, but nice try.

COL. STEINHAUSER

What?

LEVY

The Nazis lost. In forty-five. Didn't you notice how none of us is speaking German?

Normal carries on to the truck. Steinhauser looks like he's been slapped in the face.

COL. STEINHAUSER

You're lying.

Levy looks at him curiously. Is this guy for real?

LEVY

You really don't know?

Steinhauser exchanges a look with Weiss and Krieger -- they also look like they've been gut-punched -- then turns and walks slowly away by himself, staring into the blizzard.

PETROVSKY

He always this moody?

SGT. KRIEGER

You just told him everything he believed in and fought for was for nothing.

PETROVSKY

What, Nazi boy doesn't get to have his fun? Pass me the kleenex.

SGT. KRIEGER

Colonel Steinhauser is a first class officer.

PETROVSKY

My mother-in-law's a first class bitch, but I wouldn't follow her into battle.

SGT. KRIEGER

You're a lucky soldier if you agree with everything you're told to fight for.

(he starts to walk away)

But I would follow the Colonel anywhere.

Krieger walks past Valerio, Rawlins and Brickland, who are trying to control the Norseman as they patch up his and Adeodatus's wounds.

BRICKLAND

(restraining the Norseman)

Stay still!

The Norseman BELTS Rawlins in the jaw as he tries to stitch up a cut on his arm, shouting at him incomprehensibly.

RAWLINS

Ah! Jesus, man, we're trying to HELP you.

He prods the Norseman in the gut with the butt of his rifle.

VALERIO

Hit of morphine should calm him down.

The Norseman flinches and grunts as Valerio sticks the needle in, but after a second his features relax into a smile.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

Yeah, you like that!

The Norseman starts to giggle. He gives Valerio a friendly pat on the back, almost knocking him over.

BRICKLAND

Congratulations, Valerio, you just created the first Viking junkie.

EXT. SNOWSCAPE - BY THE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Levy checks on Normal's progress.

LEVY

How's it going?

NORMAL

They're being real cagey with that crate.
I don't trust 'em. Why're they wearing
British uniforms?

LEVY

Just get the truck working.

He turns around to find Weiss standing there.

CPT. WEISS

I believe you.

LEVY

You what?

CPT. WEISS

You say you're from the future. Your
weapons, your radios... I've studied my
adversaries, and I've never seen anything
like them.

LEVY

Yeah, well... We're not lying.

CPT. WEISS

I'm not a Nazi. You should know that.
There was a war, I had a wife and son,
and I wanted to defend them.

LEVY

Well, you picked the wrong side.

CPT. WEISS

Are things so simple where you come from?
It was easier to be persuaded than
resist. Do you have a family?

Levy watches his men going about their work.

LEVY

You're looking at them.

The truck sputters to life.

I/E. TRUCK/SNOWSCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

The Germans pile into the back of the truck and huddle protectively around their crate.

PETROVSKY
(checking his kit)
I'm running kinda low on ammo.

VALERIO
Me too, Cap. It's not all gone, but if we carry on like this...

LEVY
Understood. Conserve what you've got.
Don't shoot unless absolutely necessary.

Brickland slings his machine gun onto his back and picks up a Viking broadsword. He actually looks quite at home with it.

BRICKLAND
Could always take these. Just in case.

NORMAL
Look, Sarge, Brickland found a bigger knife.

LEVY
Alright, let's get moving.

The men get in the canvas-topped truck with the Germans, Adeodatus and the Norseman. Normal checks the drone feed on his LCD monitor/remote as he helps Petrovsky up.

Levy heads for the truck cab, and finds Weiss and Steinhauser already inside.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Mind if I drive?

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

The truck skids through the snow, blizzard still raging.

COL. STEINHAUSER
Where are we going?

LEVY
See that?

He points up out the windshield. Weiss and Steinhauser crane their necks and can just make out the drone overhead.

LEVY (CONT'D)

We've got it on a constant bearing. Keep going long enough in a straight line, we're bound to run into something.

Steinhauser notices something outside on the passenger side.

COL. STEINHAUSER

What's that?

The view seems as white and featureless as everywhere else. But then we notice something different. Something brighter, shimmering... and moving towards them.

Levy bangs on the back wall of the cab and shouts:

LEVY

Normal! We got something, nine o'clock!
You see it?

IN THE BACK -- squeezed in with the others, Normal makes an adjustment on the remote and studies the monitor. The thermal image shows a fluid mix of indistinct colors.

NORMAL

Dunno what it is, but it's coming in fast!

UP FRONT -- the officers look on in alarm at as a huge wall of bright energy rushes at them from the side.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Do something!

But there's no time. The wall of energy sweeps over them. But it doesn't do any damage. Instead, something much stranger:

On the other side of the energy wall the landscape is completely different: rocky, arid, mountainous -- just like the Afghan landscape Levy's men were in earlier.

The snowscape disappears as the sheet of energy speeds past, erased and replaced by the new environment.

Levy slows the truck to a stop. The three officers just sit there for a moment, staring. Then, wordlessly, they get out.

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

They look around at the newly-appeared mountains in wonder as the rest of the men cautiously climb out of the back.

Levy bends down and picks up a rock. He stares at it, feels its weight in his hand.

PETROVSKY

Is it real? What happened?

Levy just shrugs. A couple of Germans mutter to each other. The Viking picks up a handful of sandy dust and smells it.

Normal is fiddling with the drone remote/monitor.

NORMAL

Cap?

LEVY

Not now, Normal.

RAWLINS

You think they sent us back? To Afghanistan?

NORMAL

Cap, I--

LEVY

Just give me a second, okay?
(he turns to Weiss)
You have any idea what that was?

CPT. WEISS

No, we've only--

He's interrupted by a BANG as Normal fires a round from his barrel-mounted grenade launcher straight up in the air.

LEVY

Normal, what the hell are you--

About a hundred feet up, the grenade seems to hit the sky, and explodes. The sky at the impact point flickers, revealing what looks like industrial scaffolding right above them.

A second later the blue returns.

NORMAL

I switched the drone to radar mode. It detects solid surfaces.

(MORE)

NORMAL (CONT'D)

(he points up where he shot)
We're inside something.

COL. STEINHAUSER

If it's got a ceiling, it's got walls.

LEVY

If we can find a wall, we can find a way
out.

NORMAL

I'm on it.

He uses the remote to fly the drone in a slow circle above
their heads, studying the radar data on the monitor. Finally:

NORMAL (CONT'D)

Looks like it's totally enclosed.
Whatever this place is, it's big. I make
the closest wall about twelve miles in
that direction.

He points. There's, flat, drivable terrain for a few hundred
yards, before it starts to zig-zag through the mountains.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

The truck bumps along, surrounded by tall cliffs and steep
drop-offs. The men in the back stare out at the scenery.

VALERIO

How the hell could someone build this?

NORMAL

My money's on aliens.

BRICKLAND

Maybe God made it.

JENNER

Or the other guy. It's hell for soldiers.
You just wander round fighting over
nothing till somebody kills you.

Levy's muffled shout from the cab snaps them out of it.

LEVY

Make ready, we got company!

I/E. TRUCK/MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The truck skids to a halt, as we reveal three BLACK-SUITED SOLDIERS standing casually in the road, blocking the way.

CPT. WEISS

What do we do?

The radio blares out the metallic voice:

METALLIC VOICE

This is Arena. Defeat six more armies and you will be returned home.

LEVY

To hell with that.

He opens the door, steps outside, and addresses the soldiers.

LEVY (CONT'D)

I'm Captain Jack Levy, US Army Rangers, stationed in Afghanistan... in 2010.

The middle soldier's helmet retracts mechanically into a high metal collar, revealing a tough-looking MAN (30's) who speaks with a confidence that comes from not being afraid of anyone.

MAN

Hi, Jack. My name's Bates. I'm the guy who's gonna be killing you today.

The other two Black-Suited Soldiers stand there impassively, helmets still on, weapons slung loosely at their sides.

LEVY

We don't want to fight you.

MAN/BATES

That's too bad, cuz we want to fight you.

LEVY

We haven't done anything to you. Why fight for no reason?

BATES

I have a reason. Warren, go see what we're dealing with.

The tallest soldier -- WARREN -- walks round the side of the truck. Levy watches, but doesn't turn his back on the others.

LEVY

We got one coming down the right side!
Stay cool!

In the cab, Weiss edges over into the driver's seat.

Warren gets to the back of the truck and looks inside, his helmet retracting.

WARREN

Hello, hello. Look what we have here.

Adeodatus recognizes him immediately and starts freaking out, babbling in Latin as he tries to move away from him.

VALERIO

Shit, I think these are the guys that
wiped out the Romans.

Warren nods at a German.

WARREN

Hey, you. Catch.

He tosses something that looks like a metal tennis ball. The German catches it, but it immediately splits open and shoots out little blue bolts of lightning, electrocuting him.

RAWLINS

Holy shit!

Krieger cocks his tripod-mounted machine-gun.

SGT. KRIEGER

Go!

He unloads at Warren, who is blasted backwards to the ground.

Weiss throws the truck in gear and hits the gas. Levy just has time to jump and catch the driver's door as the truck accelerates forward and PLOWS right over Bates.

It bounces as he's dragged under the wheels.

The third soldier -- VICKERS -- side-steps the truck as it speeds past, grabbing onto the side of the canvas.

The truck pulls away, leaving Warren and Bates on the ground, but after a moment they both get to their feet. Neither shows any major signs of damage.

They split up. Bates turns, scuttles up a rock face as if he was Spider-Man, and disappears out of sight.

Warren starts to RUN AFTER THE TRUCK at incredible speed. The men in the back of the truck watch, flabbergasted.

VALERIO

Jesus, they're still going!

BRICKLAND

Not for long.

He swings up his massive, belt-fed gun. Warren hits a button on the chest of his suit, and is instantly surrounded by a shimmering, translucent magnetic field.

Brickland unloads on him as he runs after the truck, but all the bullets are bent around him by the magnetic shield, kicking up dust as they slam harmlessly into the ground.

MEANWHILE...

On the side of the truck, Vickers raises a futuristic-looking rifle and fires a plasma pulse -- a sort of laser, but wet and hot like molten lava -- through the canvas.

The plasma burns a neat hole straight through the chest of one of the Germans, who collapses, dead.

PETROVSKY

Right side, everybody down!

They all hit the deck as more plasma blasts tear through the side of the truck. Each blast ignites the canvas, slowly burning wider and wider holes in the side.

Vickers leans in and grabs a German, flinging him out of the truck, his body smashing into a cliff-face.

The Norseman gets up and SLASHES with his broadsword, almost knocking Vickers loose. But she manages to hold on.

The truck starts to fill with smoke as the canvas burns around them. It's getting hot.

RAWLINS

I can't see anything!

Normal takes a lead from the Norseman and grabs an axe, swinging wildly. Vickers catches the blade, wrenches the axe out of his grasp, and tosses it easily away.

Brickland continues to shoot out the back. Warren is gaining.

BRICKLAND

We gotta go faster!

I/E. TRUCK CAB (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Still dangling from the driver's door, Levy manages to pull himself up into the open doorway.

LEVY

Let's dump the crate, we need more speed.

COL. STEINHAUSER

No! The crate stays.

LEVY

They're slaughtering us, we've got to shed weight!

COL. STEINHAUSER

That crate is worth more than our lives.

Exasperated, Levy looks up to see Bates sprinting along a ledge above. Bates jumps and lands with a THUNK on the hood.

He PUNCHES through the windshield, grabs Steinhauser by the jacket and starts to pull him out.

COL. STEINHAUSER (CONT'D)

Do something!

Weiss SLAMS on the brakes. Bates flies off the hood and onto the ground in front of them, taking some of Steinhauser's uniform with him.

EXT. REAR OF TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the back is thrown off their feet as the truck skids to a sudden stop. Warren immediately catches up and JUMPS up onto the back-board.

RAWLINS

Shit!

Rawlins fumbles for his rifle, but he's too slow -- Warren swings his gun up and fires a blast of hot plasma straight through his chest.

Rawlins stares numbly at the hole in his body. With his dying ounce of strength he lifts his rifle and blasts Warren in the chest, point blank, with the barrel-mounted grenade launcher.

Warren is blown backwards clean out of the truck. Which jerks forward again suddenly, accelerating.

Jenner catches Rawlins as his eyes roll up into his head.

JENNER
Hey, kid, hold on!

I/E. TRUCK CAB (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Weiss hits the gas and heads for Bates dead ahead.

The truck SMASHES into him with a THUNK, and he disappears underneath it.

CPT. WEISS
I think we got him that time.

CRUNCH. Bates's fist punches up through the floor of the cab.

COL. STEINHAUSER
Jesus!

Bates punches again and again, making more holes, reaching, grabbing at them, but he can't make a hole big enough to climb through.

The truck swerves as the men squirm to avoid his grasp.

EXT. TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Vickers is still clinging to the side, firing off plasma blasts, one of which punches through the floor and blows out one of the rear tires. The truck fishtails, throwing everyone from side to side.

Another blast hits the side of the crate, damaging it.

SGT. KRIEGER
No!

He swings the tripod-mounted gun around, unloading at Vickers, who dodges, but the tattered remains of the canvas are torn away.

Vickers manages to catch the side of the truck, holding on.

SGT. KRIEGER (CONT'D)
(calling to the cab)
Colonel, hard left, against the rock!

I/E. TRUCK CAB (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Steinhauser yanks the wheel to the left. The truck side-swipes the cliff-face with a crunch. Vickers is knocked free, bouncing onto the ground. Two down...

Bates suddenly stops punching up through the floor.

LEVY
(still dangling on the door)
Where did he go?

Suddenly a hand reaches out from under the cab and grabs Levy's foot. It's Bates, climbing out onto the side of the truck from underneath.

Levy clings to the door for dear life, but the hinges weren't built to take this strain. One of them SHEARS off.

Weiss FIRES at Bates with his pistol. Bates lets go of Levy for a second.

CPT. WEISS
Here! Take my hand!

Levy grabs Weiss's arm and pulls himself into the cab. But Bates is still coming. He grabs the drooping door and starts to climb up, his feet dragging through the dirt.

Levy sees the disintegrating hinge, and grabs Weiss's pistol.

LEVY
Give me that!

He fires at the one remaining door hinge, and it gives way. The door tumbles to the ground, taking Bates with it, SLAMMING to a quick stop against a boulder.

As the truck speeds away, Bates pulls himself to his feet. He's too far back to give chase, but still alive and kicking.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Who the hell are those guys?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE/TRUCK - LATER

The truck sputters to a stop, blown-out rear tire and mangled wheel filling the frame. The officers get out.

COL. STEINHAUSER

We shouldn't be stopping. They could catch up.

LEVY

It's five miles. Besides, we're not gonna get far on three wheels and an empty fuel tank.

The men climb out of the back.

PETROVSKY

Jack...

He waves Levy over and shows him Rawlins's dead body. Krieger pushes past to report his losses to Steinhauser.

JENNER

Kid didn't deserve it.

He picks up Rawlins's M-16. Brickland pats him on the back, but he shrugs it off.

PETROVSKY

He was a soldier. He signed up to fight.

LEVY

He didn't sign up for this.
(he stares at the body)
Start changing the wheel.

Levy marches over to the Germans. Weiss and Steinhauser are taking stock of their dead while Krieger refuels the truck from a Jerry can. They are the only three Germans left alive.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Alright, no more bullshit. Who are you, why have you got those uniforms, and what the hell is in that crate?

COL. STEINHAUSER

That's not your concern.

LEVY

The hell it's not. I lost a man back there!

COL. STEINHAUSER

You lost one man?! I lost four!

LEVY

Soon as we fix this wheel, you're going
in the back with the rest. I'm in
command, end of story.

COL. STEINHAUSER

(pulls his pistol)

If you want this truck you'll have to
take it, *JUDE*.

LEVY

(gets in his face)

Fine by me. I should've known better than
to trust a bunch of goddamn Nazis.

Krieger moves to Steinhauser's side, Petrovsky picks up his
battle-axe-crutch and stands by Levy.

There's a tense moment. It's broken by:

NORMAL

Cap, something's up with the drone!

Levy stares down Steinhauser, then turns to Normal.

LEVY

What is it?

NORMAL

It's all over the place, I've lost
guidance.

JENNER (O.C.)

Something's stuck in the tail.

Jenner's squinting through his scope. They follow his eye-
line: the drone lists unsteadily as it cruises over a nearby
ridge. A JAVELIN protrudes from the tail section.

PETROVSKY

Is that a--?

Suddenly another javelin flies up from behind the ridge and
hits the drone in the wing. It spirals out of sight.

NORMAL

Shit! It's going down!

LEVY

Brickland, that wheel ready?

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The truck rolls to a stop. The men emerge cautiously.

About twenty yards ahead a BLACK-SUITED FIGURE lies motionless on the ground, a javelin sticking out of its back. The crippled drone lies in pieces nearby.

They edge towards the Figure, weapons aimed.

CPT. WEISS

Is it one of them?

BRICKLAND

Looks just like the others.

VALERIO

Is he dead?

As soon as the words are out of his mouth, the figure leaps up and pulls out an extendable BATON, sticking it end-first into the ground in one fluid motion.

The baton sends out a shockwave which knocks everybody onto their asses -- stunned, but not injured.

PETROVSKY

I can't move!

The figure pulls the javelin out of its back, tosses it casually away, and retracts its helmet to reveal a beautiful, shaven-headed woman: BECCA (20's).

BECCA

Now then, what've we got here? American, early 21st century... Brits, 1940's... Is that a viking?

She speaks with a crystal-cut British accent. There's a world-weariness about her, and a dry sense of humor to go with it.

LEVY

What did you do to us?

She ignores him and strolls among the helpless men, pausing to search through their packs and combat webbing, examining weapons, sniffing bits of food...

BECCA

Jackpot!

She's searching through Steinhauser's pockets and pulls out a small HIP FLASK. She takes a long drink, then smiles.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Oh I have missed that.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Let us go!

She walks back to her baton, grabbing Normal's rifle and one of his MRE food packs as she looks at this strange group.

BECCA

Working together, eh? That's actually kind of sweet.

LEVY

Who are you?

BECCA

Becca Harris, TelePhar security, Calgary, 2156.

BRICKLAND

You're from the future?

BECCA

That shouldn't sound so ridiculous coming from a guy who's wandering through fake mountains with a Roman Centurion. Who is cute, by the way. Who knew they really had those tassels on their hats?

LEVY

You look like the people who just tried to kill us.

BECCA

That'll be my unit. Worst kinds of bastards. We don't talk much these days. Now you seem like nice boys. If I let you go will you play nice?

She pulls the baton out of the ground. The men all twitch, suddenly un-paralyzed, and get to their feet.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Good luck.

With that she just walks off towards what looks like a huge boulder. The men stare after her, mouths open. After a beat:

NORMAL

Nice ass.

LEVY

Jenner, Normal, keep an eye on the truck. The rest of you, cover me.

Levy follows Becca as she approaches the oddly shaped boulder.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Wait! Do you have any idea where we are?

BECCA

Not the slightest. All I know is the seven armies thing they tell you is a lie. We did it. They didn't send us home. Enforcers came and grabbed Bates, my C.O., took him somewhere and when he came back he was acting all weird. Said we just had to keep killing. That's not my idea of a great time, so I took the tank and left. He's probably a bit annoyed.

PETROVSKY

Enforcers?

BECCA

Robotic soldiers. Eight feet tall, tough as hell, and someone's left them on 'pissed off' mode. Far as I can figure, this whole thing's a game. The rules are simple: fight or die. If you won't fight, the Enforcers come. You'll run into them soon enough.

COL. STEINHAUSER

You seem to have avoided them.

The boulder they were approaching suddenly shimmers, revealing it's not a boulder at all, but actually some kind of VEHICLE about the size of a school bus, camouflaged chameleon-like to fit in with the surroundings.

BECCA

They leave me alone since they shot down the tank. I guess Bates does enough killing for both of us.

INT. BECCA'S TANK - MOMENTS LATER

Consoles and instruments line the walls -- some broken, all of them futuristic-looking. The rest looks like someone moved into a war museum: every kind of axe, spear, shield, bow and arrow, tomahawk and gun you can imagine, all neatly arranged.

BRICKLAND

Damn, how many people have you killed?

BECCA

Most of this stuff's scavenged. Finding weapons is easy. Food's the hard thing. They don't do days and nights, but I figure I've been here getting on three months. Eaten my fair share of horse.

Levy trips over the remains of a campfire on the floor.

LEVY

Do you have any weapons from your time we can use? We'll give you food, whatever we've got.

BECCA

What, to fight the Enforcers? I don't think you quite understand what you're dealing with. Besides, Bates has all the guns. I've just got the stick, and it doesn't work on them.

(she waves the baton)

Oh, and the nukes I guess, but they're not much good to you.

VALERIO

Did you say nukes?

COL. STEINHAUSER

What's a nuke?

BECCA

Nuclear bombs. After your time.

Steinhauser and Weiss exchange a meaningful look, which isn't caught by any of the others.

BECCA (CONT'D)

We had a few small ones -- tactical, eighty kilotons each -- but when we got here all the cores were missing.

(MORE)

BECCA(CONT'D)

They must have taken them out somehow when they transported us. Detonators are still intact though.

She points to three football-sized bomb casings on a shelf.

LEVY

They disarmed your nuclear weapons?

BECCA

Right.

LEVY

Then they're scared of them. Right? If they don't want us to have them they must be a threat.

BECCA

What's your point?

LEVY

If we can get the cores back, we've got something we can use against whoever brought us here.

BECCA

Great. You got any plutonium in the back of your truck?

Weiss and Steinhauser share a look. Levy notices.

LEVY

What?

CPT. WEISS

There's no use lying any more.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Shut up or I'll have you court-martialed.

CPT. WEISS

The mission is over! How many more men can we stand to lose?

COL. STEINHAUSER

We swore an oath! We were given a mission. We have a duty to see it through.

CPT. WEISS

It's too late.

Steinhauser PUNCHES Weiss in the face, knocking him down. Levy grabs him, pulling him away, struggling.

COL. STEINHAUSER
No! Not while we're still alive.

CPT. WEISS
How much longer is that going to be?
 (turns to the others)
 My name is Dieter Weiss. We are a special
 reconnaissance mission from Hamburg,
 Germany. We have a nuclear weapon.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Controllers watch the tank. Controller #1 adjusts the display settings, but they can't see or hear inside it.

CONTROLLER #2
I can't get anything from inside. It's shielded. What are they up to?

CONTROLLER #1
Put the Enforcers on standby. We must re-initiate combat.

CONTROLLER #2
Who's the closest army to their position?

EXT. REAR OF TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Krieger sits in the truck guarding the damaged crate. He stands warily as Petrovsky, Becca and Weiss approach, followed by Levy, who's still holding Steinhauser.

LEVY
 Open it.

Krieger looks to Steinhauser for approval, but Weiss pushes forward to the crate, and starts to open it.

PETROVSKY
 Wait a sec. Are... 'they' watching?
 (he looks up at the sky)
 Shouldn't we try and keep this on the QT?

CPT. WEISS
 They probably heard us already.

BECCA
 No, he's right. The tank's designed for counter-surveillance. No sound, radio, radiation... nothing gets in or out.

LEVY

Then we better move this thing. Valerio!
Give us a hand.

INT. BECCA'S TANK - LATER

The crate sits open on the floor. Valerio is dismantling the enormous, complex bomb. We can see where it was damaged by Vickers's plasma blast.

VALERIO

And there she is.

He lifts out a small sphere of shiny metal.

LEVY

Will it work?

VALERIO

As a bomb? No. The detonators are screwed. But the core's intact. Isn't it beautiful? Never thought I'd get to play with one of these.

PETROVSKY

Hang on, aren't we all gonna die of radiation poisoning now?

VALERIO

Not unless you inhale it. You could try not to breathe, I guess, but the alpha particles can't penetrate skin.

LEVY

They didn't take the core. That means they don't know about it, right?

BECCA

Why would they? It was never recorded in history that the Nazis had the bomb.

(to Weiss)

Where the hell did you guys get this?

Steinhauser stares at Weiss silently, with utter contempt.

CPT. WEISS

We have spies in the American Manhattan project. It's a prototype. Top secret. Our mission was to smuggle it to London and detonate. The High Command didn't want to waste one testing it and lose the element of surprise.

VALERIO

Well that part of the plan worked.

LEVY

Can you make a bomb out of it?

VALERIO

Sure, gimme a lab and five years. Are you kidding? I mean this is great, but the detonators have to be precision machined.

Becca hands him one of her football-sized bomb casings.

BECCA

Like these?

Valerio studies it for a moment.

VALERIO

You're serious? Look, even if I could, the plutonium's been exposed to the air. It's already started to oxidize. See?

He holds it up. The shininess on the sphere has started to tarnish in a couple of places.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

It's expanding, and it'll lose its shape. Even if I pull off the mother of all DIY jobs with the detonator, I give it nine, maybe ten hours tops before the core loses fissile potential. Then it's just a lump of metal.

LEVY

Then you'd better hurry.

EXT. TANK - LATER

Levy gathers his men around the crashed drone plane.

BRICKLAND

Where's Valerio?

LEVY

He's got work to do. We sit tight 'til he finishes, so now's a good time to eat.

NORMAL

Didn't you just promise her all our food?

LEVY

So you'd better eat while you can. She hasn't made up her mind yet if she's gonna help us. Brickland, Rawlins, set up a perimeter, Jenner make sure --

PETROVSKY

Jack...

They're all looking at Levy. Rawlins is gone. He forgot. The pain registers on his face.

LEVY

Right. Brickland, I guess take those two.
(nods at Adeodatus and the Norseman)
Everyone else... just do what you're doing. We're gonna get out of this.

He walks off, lost in thought. Weiss approaches Petrovsky.

CPT. WEISS

Is he alright?

PETROVSKY

Man's a born leader, but he prefers taking orders to giving them. Seven mens' lives is a lot of responsibility.

CPT. WEISS

(beat)

What's it like, where you're from? What is your war about?

PETROVSKY

Oh man, who knows anymore. Religion, politics, security, revenge... Far as I'm concerned it's just about winning so we can go home. Here.

(pulls out a photo of his wife and toddler)

Four years old. I've seen him a total of seventeen months of his life.

CPT. WEISS

It's a cruel twist of fate that ending a war should be so much harder than starting one.

PETROVSKY

(looking at his kid)

Yeah.

CPT. WEISS

When people have given so much, they find
it difficult to let go.

Petrovsky follows his eyes -- he's looking at Steinhauser,
talking quietly to Krieger, away from the others.

EXT. NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

Brickland patrols with Adeodatus and the Norseman, eating
from an MRE pack as he goes. The Norseman reaches over, dips
his fingers in, and shoves them in his mouth.

BRICKLAND

Hey!

The Norseman makes a face -- he doesn't like it.

BRICKLAND (CONT'D)

You got anything better?

He makes an 'eating' gesture. The Norseman reaches under his
furs and pulls out a piece of yellowish dried fish. Brickland
takes a sniff and practically chokes.

BRICKLAND (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! You keep that in your
jockstrap or something?

The Norseman takes a big bite of fish and grins. He's
fascinated with Brickland's gun.

BRICKLAND (CONT'D)

Wanna look?

He flicks on the safety catch and hands the Norseman the
machine gun, who holds it with a big smile on his face.

Brickland turns to Adeodatus and gestures "can I check out
your sword?" Adeodatus nods and hands it to him. Brickland
makes a few thrusts and cuts in the air. The other two laugh.

BRICKLAND (CONT'D)

What?

Adeodatus grabs Brickland's shoulder and wrists, and shows
him how to do a proper swing. A couple of tries and Brickland
starts to get the hang of it.

BRICKLAND (CONT'D)

Kick ass.

NORSEMAN
(with machine gun)
Kick ass.

EXT. A LITTLE APART FROM THE REST - CONTINUOUS

Levy sits by himself, eating as he watches Steinhauser and Krieger talk. Becca comes and joins him.

LEVY
I don't trust him.

BECCA
Who, Colonel Klink?
(she cocks her head)
He doesn't trust you either.

LEVY
How do you know?

BECCA
I can hear him. Tactical bionic
enhancement. Implants.
(taps her ear)
Computer chips, bone grafts and stuff. I
can see better, hear better, I'm
stronger, faster, better reflexes...

LEVY
And you understand German?

BECCA
I can speak, read and write any language
that has been spoken on Earth for the
last 3,000 years.
(Levy raises an eyebrow)
I know. I've probably got a bigger dick
than you as well.

LEVY
Is everybody like you where you're from?
I mean... enhanced.

BECCA
Mainly just soldiers.

LEVY
What's it like? The world?

BECCA
Nice if you're rich, shithole if you're
not.

(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)

It's dirty, crowded, and pretty much everyone's at war with each other but nobody really knows why. Armies have been privatized. There's not a whole lot of ideology about. Back in the good old days, if you were a king and you wanted to go to war, you picked up a sword and fought. Now I kill for a pharmaceutical company. You wanna see?

She pulls a folded sheet of plastic from her pocket.

LEVY

What's that?

BECCA

It's a Knowledge. "The complete guide to human experience at your fingertips". Or so say the ads. Here, unfold it.

(he does. A touch screen image appears)

Just type in what you want to know.

Levy stares at what resembles a large, paper-thin iPhone. He starts typing.

BECCA (CONT'D)

So you're really gonna do it? Build a bomb, take on the Arena?

LEVY

Beats sitting around waiting to die.

BECCA

Ouch! Is that supposed to spur me into action?

LEVY

I mean I hate to interrupt your busy schedule, but we could use your help.

He's hit a nerve. Petrovsky limps over.

PETROVSKY

Jack, something's happening.

Levy follows Petrovsky's gaze. Over the mountains he can see the white wall of bright energy coming.

LEVY

Shit. Brickland, get back here! Valerio!

The wall of light sweeps over them, changing the landscape. The mountains are erased and replaced with a misty forest.

EXT. TRUCK/TANK/FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Steinhauser starts giving orders in German. Weiss and Krieger grab their guns and make ready. Levy's men run over.

LEVY

No shooting till we know what we're dealing with.

Brickland grabs a broadsword out of the truck.

BRICKLAND

No problem.

The others follow suit, grabbing swords and axes from Becca's tank, whose camouflage is changing to greener, earthier tones to match its new surroundings. The Norseman looks at the blade-wielding Americans and chuckles.

They hear sounds of movement -- hoofbeats, twigs breaking...

NORMAL

There!

We see vague shapes moving off to one side. They advance until we can just about make them out: eight MEDIEVAL KNIGHTS on horseback -- clad in full suits of armor -- accompanied by about thirty FOOT SOLDIERS armed with pikes and crossbows.

One of the knights advances, raises his visor and pulls his sword from its sheath.

KNIGHT

I am Sir Guy de Villiers! I claim these lands in the name of King Richard!

The Footsoldiers raise their crossbows and FIRE off a volley. The Americans and Germans hit the ground as a forest of crossbow bolts flies towards them. Normal's knocked to his knees as he takes a bolt in the flak jacket.

Before they can regroup, the Knights CHARGE, armed with swords, lances and morning stars. Our guys are in deep shit.

Becca runs to meet the first Knight. As he swings his morning star she catches it and wrenches him brutally off his horse.

Levy sprints into the open, throwing down his weapons.

LEVY

Stop! We don't want to fight you!

Sir Guy (the Knight in charge) regards him curiously. He lifts a hand, signalling to his men.

KNIGHT/SIR GUY

Hold!

LEVY

We are not your enemies! We're the same as you. We've all been brought here to kill without knowing why.

(alright, they're listening)

I'm not a chess piece. I'm not cannon fodder. I'm a soldier. And soldiers need something to fight for. Whether it's our country, our families, or our honor. Someone has taken that reason away from us. That's my enemy, not you. So make a choice: do we die, here, now, for no reason? Or do we fight that enemy together, and find a way home?

His words echo off the trees. Then silence. Finally, Sir Guy slides his sword back into its sheath. He motions to the Footsoldiers to lower their crossbows, and dismounts.

SIR GUY

There is truth in your words. However strangely you may speak them.

He holds out his hand. Levy shakes it.

BECCA

I hate to interrupt the man-love, but we're in a bit of a pickle.

LEVY

What are you talking about?

Then he notices deep thumping sounds and weird mechanical noises drifting through the woods towards them. The Footsoldiers murmur nervously. Some start to run.

BECCA

I told you the rules... Fight or die.

Two hulking ROBOT ENFORCERS emerge through the mist. They are at once humanoid and insect-like, about eight feet tall, and appear to be designed specifically to scare the living shit out of anyone they encounter.

ENFORCER ONE grabs a fleeing Footsoldier and flings him into a broad tree-trunk with bone-shattering force.

VALERIO

Holy shit!

SIR GUY

What in God's name are those creatures?

LEVY

Everyone back to the truck!

One of the knights on horseback bravely charges ENFORCER TWO, but is brutally clothes-lined to the ground.

The Footsoldiers defend themselves with swords and pikes. In response, three-foot-long BLADES extend from the Enforcers' arms, hacking them down.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Brickland, Jenner, man your guns, we need covering fire down the left flank.

BECCA

No, wait!

Brickland swings up his machine-gun and lets out a quick burst at Enforcer One.

The bullets bounce off the robot in a shower of sparks. It immediately spins around. The blade on its right arm retracts and is replaced by a spinning MINI-GUN.

Brickland and Jenner barely have time to dive behind a tree before it's torn to shreds by bullets, splintering apart.

BRICKLAND

Goddamn!

BECCA

Don't shoot at them!

They all race for cover behind a line of thicker trees, along with the Germans. Levy hooks his arm under Petrovsky's shoulder and helps him run.

PETROVSKY

Son of a bitch!

LEVY

Everybody keep it together!

The Enforcers are blocking the path to the truck.

CPT. WEISS

We need a diversion.

SIR GUY

I will go.

LEVY

No, you'll be too slow in that armor.

SIR GUY

I cannot leave my men to fight and die while I flee.

BECCA

I'll go.

SIR GUY

A woman??

BECCA

You wanna arm wrestle?

LEVY

Alright, count of three.

BECCA

Wait a sec. There's a sensor array on their backs, just below the head. It's hard to hit, but it's their only weakness.

NORMAL

Valerio, gimme your RPG.

Valerio takes the ROCKET LAUNCHER from around his neck and grudgingly hands it over.

NORMAL (CONT'D)

Okay, when you get to the truck, try and lead him underneath this tree.

He grabs a low-hanging branch and swings himself up.

BECCA

I like that guy. So, on three then? Oh sod it, let's just go.

She runs into the open. Enforcer One takes the bait, giving the rest a chance to head for the truck. Levy again helps Petrovsky hobble away. They look back.

PETROVSKY

Shit. She's screwed.

Enforcer One lumbers towards Becca, closing in. It reaches out a long arm, but Becca suddenly speeds up threefold, zooming away in a superhuman blur.

SIR GUY
What kind of woman is that?

I/E. TRUCK/FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

They reach the truck and pile in, Levy taking the wheel. It makes a loud grating noise as he tries to start the ignition.

LEVY
Come on, come on...

A hundred yards away Enforcer One, now with nothing to chase, turns at sound of the engine and stomps towards them.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Shit.

CPT. WEISS
Stay calm, it'll start.

Enforcer One is closing the gap. Fifty yards... Forty...

LEVY
Come on, you bastard!

Thirty... twenty... ten...

VROOOOOOOM! Levy slams it in gear and wheel-spins away.

The Enforcer closes in as the truck swerves around trees and bumps over roots. Its blades swipe at the men in the back.

SGT. KRIEGER
(bangs on the truck cab)
Faster, faster!

As soon as there's a break in the treeline Levy jerks around the wheel, pulling the truck into a wide U-turn.

COL. STEINHAUSER
What are you doing?

LEVY
We have to get back to Normal.

EXT. TREE - CONTINUOUS

Normal straddles a high branch, watching Enforcer One chase the truck towards him. He preps the rocket launcher.

NORMAL

Come to daddy.

He lines it up. The truck tears past underneath. As Enforcer One follows Normal pivots and fires a rocket into its back.

BOOM. The explosion knocks it to the ground. It twitches and convulses, unable to stand up again, then freezes.

A few yards away, the truck skids to a stop.

EXT. UNDERNEATH TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Levy and the others jump out of the truck as Normal drops from the tree.

NORMAL

Nice driving, Cap.

PETROVSKY

(stunned, but sincere)

Good job, Normal.

Normal smiles proudly, but the moment is interrupted by sounds of carnage and death coming through the trees.

LEVY

Becca...

EXT. ANOTHER CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

Enforcer Two slices and dices its way through Footsoldiers. Becca moves with astonishing speed, pulling men out of harm's way. She dives to save a Knight and catches a robot backhand to the face, knocking her ten yards.

As she sits up, dazed, human hands help her to her feet. She turns to find herself face to face with Levy.

BECCA

Hello, stranger.

The others are all there too. They simultaneously raise their weapons at the advancing Enforcer. It stops in its tracks. The metal blades retract and are replaced by mini guns.

LEVY
 (to the men)
 Freeze!

Nobody moves. The Enforcer hesitates.

LEVY (CONT'D)
 Put your guns down. Do it!

They reluctantly drop their guns. The Enforcer responds by retracting its mini guns. Cogs are turning in Levy's head.

LEVY (CONT'D)
 Everybody stay still.

He slowly picks up a discarded sword from the ground. As he comes up with it, a blade extends out of the Enforcer's arm.

Levy drops the sword. The blade retracts.

LEVY (CONT'D)
 Now we're getting somewhere. Becca,
 Normal, Valerio, take the Viking and go
 right. Everyone else, left. Jenner, hang
 back. You know what you're aiming for?

JENNER
 Sensor array, below the head.

LEVY
 Okay, move!

The group splits in two. The Norseman is the first to engage, raising his massive broadsword with a growling war-cry. Becca and the others pick up swords and pikes and join in.

Levy's team attacks from the other side, but the Enforcer has no problem dealing with them both.

NORMAL
 We've got to turn it around!

INSERT: behind a tree, Jenner raises his scope to his eye.

Levy finds himself scrambling backwards. He trips on a tree root, sprawling onto his back.

BRICKLAND
 Cap, look out!

The Enforcer steps in for the kill, blade thundering towards Levy's face. At the last minute, Adeodatus heroically leaps at the robot from behind, slashing at its head.

In an instant the Enforcer spins and RUNS ADEODATUS THROUGH. His eyes widen, his body starts to sag... but his sacrifice succeeded in turning the Enforcer around.

BANG.

Jenner only needs one shot. The robot jerks and freezes. For a second, it and Adeodatus linger in their entwined death-pose... then Adeodatus's body slumps to the ground.

EXT. THE SAME - LATER

Normal and Becca examine the frozen robot, while Levy, Brickland, Petrovsky and Valerio stand over Adeodatus's body.

VALERIO

We gotta get out of here.

Levy looks around at his men, wishing he had something inspiring to say. Sir Guy approaches.

SIR GUY

He fought bravely. As did you all. We owe you our lives, and our allegiance.

LEVY

No, look, you don't need to...

(Sir Guy kneels and bows)

Please, get up. Go and see to your men.

Sir Guy stands, grasps Levy's shoulder in a gesture of respect, and returns to his group. Levy sighs.

PETROVSKY

What's your problem? We just got a whole new bunch of guys on our side.

LEVY

So now I'm responsible for them too? These people think I have answers, and I don't.

(nods at Adeodatus)

He followed me, hell he saved my life, and look what happened.

PETROVSKY

They don't follow you because you've got answers, Jack. They follow you because you've got hope. Because you're the guy who wants to help them go home. Now sack up and do it.

He smacks Levy on the shoulder. Levy can't help but smile.

LEVY

Yeah.

(moves over to Normal)

Normal, gimme good news.

Normal and Becca have managed to open up part of the neutralized Enforcer's back and head exposing a mess of wires and circuits, intact except for Jenner's bullet hole.

NORMAL

I think we found the guidance chip.

LEVY

Can we use it?

BECCA

It's got a geo-magnetic positioning receiver. Someone's controlling them remotely. Maybe we can find out where from.

NORMAL

Let's open up the other one.

INT. BECCA'S TANK - LATER

Everyone crowds around as Becca studies the two Enforcers' guidance chips with her instruments.

BECCA

Both receivers are intact. The signals trace back to a single point, here.

She indicates a radar/graph-like readout on a console. It flickers a little. She bangs it to stabilize the image.

LEVY

I have no idea what I'm looking at.

NORMAL

It means they both came into the... I guess they call it the 'Arena', right? ... from outside. And they entered at the same place. That's probably our best shot at getting out.

BRICKLAND

Then what?

LEVY

Valerio, how's it looking?

Valerio works in the opposite corner, putting the finishing touches to their makeshift nuke.

VALERIO

Good as it's ever gonna. I figure we got about eight hours.

PETROVSKY

What if they detect the radiation?

VALERIO

The original bomb casing was lead-lined. Seems to have worked so far. We can make a container from it.

BECCA

So we take the bomb, get out, find whoever brought us here and tell them to send us back or we blow it all up. Simple.

LEVY

(smiling)

'Us'?

BECCA

Well as you so kindly pointed out before, I happen to have a free afternoon.

LEVY

(turns to Petrovsky)

What do you think?

PETROVSKY

We're way low on ammo, and these guys are gonna see us coming a mile off. But hey, the one who wins is the one who's got nothing to lose, right?

Levy gives a wry smile, acknowledging the recall.

LEVY

We're gonna need a lot of help.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Then we get it.

(everyone looks at him)

You inspired all these people. You can inspire others. It's like you said -- we are all the same.

Everyone's a little surprised at these hopeful words.

BECCA

Then I guess we've got a plan.

LEVY

Alright, get the truck.

NORMAL

(raises his hand)

Um, I have a small request.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Levy and Normal are in the back of the truck.

LEVY

You think this'll work?

NORMAL

Don't see why not. It's straightforward mechanics. Hey, careful with that!

PULL BACK to reveal Brickland and the Norseman, who are straining under the weight of the truck's ENGINE...

BRICKLAND

Kiss my ass!

NORSEMAN

Kiss my ass!

...which they drop with a CLANG next to one of the Enforcers, splayed out with its circuitry laid bare next to the charred remains of the drone.

NORMAL

Alright, ready when you are.

LEVY

Valerio?!

Valerio sits in the truck cab with a LEAD BOX. He pats it, and sticks his hand out the window with a thumbs-up.

VALERIO

Good to go!

Levy looks up to the roof of the cab...

LEVY

Okay, let's roll!

...where Sir Guy sits holding reins harnessed to four of the knights' HORSES, rigged up to pull the truck like a cart. Jenner rides shotgun, sniper rifle prepped.

SIR GUY

Ya!

He flicks the reins and the horses move off, flanked by two mounted Knights. We PULL UP AND BACK to reveal the truck's also dragging the other two mangled Enforcers behind it.

Rounding out this ramshackle procession, the Germans, Petrovsky, Brickland, the Norseman, and about ten remaining medieval Footsoldiers provide an armed escort on foot.

We continue to pull back, until the screen FLICKERS...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and once more we're watching the holographic display.

CONTROLLER #1

We cannot let this continue. Arena will cease to function.

CONTROLLER #2

We made the Enforcers too easy to defeat. They can be upgraded.

CONTROLLER #1

No. Killing them would be a waste. If they are coming for us, we make them fight to get to us. Send every army we have.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

The convoy makes its way through the woods. Levy sits in the back of the truck with Becca, the Knowledge on his lap.

BECCA

You've had that thing for half an hour. What are you reading about?

Normal's busy working on the robot. Levy lowers his voice.

LEVY

Malouf.

BECCA

What's Malouf?

LEVY

Our mission. He gave speeches our superiors didn't like, so we were sent to take him out. We failed, but according to this they sent another team after us, and they got him. He had a lot of supporters, so there were riots and bombings when he died. Things got bad. A lot of people were killed because he was assassinated.

BECCA

It might've been worse if he hadn't been, you don't know.

LEVY

Yeah, it might. But the thing is I never thought about it. This guy didn't want to fight. He wanted to talk. But I was given a job by some asshole security contractor, and I did it, no questions asked.

(beat)

Can I look up myself on this?

BECCA

Sure, it's got all the public records, births, deaths, marriages...

He types in his name. He gives a little laugh and shows it to Becca: an empty page, just a name and "1974-2010 (MIA)".

LEVY

It's like I was never here. I guess the only people who'd notice if I disappeared, disappeared with me.

BECCA

Jack...

LEVY

No, it kinda makes sense. I'm a soldier. My life doesn't belong to me, really.

BECCA

Tell me about it. I'm half robot. They literally own me.

LEVY

Yeah, well I'm through being someone else's property.

He and Becca share a look. Then Jenner's voice:

JENNER

Cap?

The horse-drawn truck slows to a stop, as up ahead a wall of white energy rushes towards them. Levy sets the Knowledge down on the side of the truck and stands up.

LEVY

Here we go again.

We catch Steinhauser reaching for the unattended Knowledge as the white sweeps over us, revealing:

EXT. ALPINE PASS - CONTINUOUS

It's mountainous, but different from what we've seen before. The mountains are snow-capped, steeper, more dramatic.

NORMAL

It's gonna be someone weaker than us, but there'll be a lot of them.

PETROVSKY

How d'you figure that?

NORMAL

Every time they switch the terrain they're giving someone the home field advantage, right? With the Zulu we had no cover, with the Vikings it was so cold our guns kept jamming... Only time we had a familiar landscape was when we were fighting guys with better weapons than us. There's a pattern.

LEVY

So who fights in terrain like this?

An animalistic trumpeting echoes over, startling the horses.

SIR GUY

(to horses)

Whoa, there!

Another trumpeting sound, this time closer, accompanied by a deep rumbling, almost like an earthquake.

BECCA

I think we're about to find out.

Small rocks and pebbles are shaken loose, trickling down the mountainside.

Seconds later, Levy and co find themselves face to face with five massive AFRICAN ELEPHANTS -- twenty tons of solid grey muscle fronted by gleaming ivory tusks.

Accompanying them are two dozen DARK-SKINNED SOLDIERS armed with primitive swords, shields, bows and arrows. Some ride in wooden battle-nests on the elephants' backs.

CPT. WEISS

Good God.

BECCA

Carthaginians, third century B.C.
Elephants are a dead giveaway.

LEVY

Lot of meat on them. You getting hungry?

She flips him off as they hop down from the truck and advance slowly towards the elephants, hands raised.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Can you translate?

BECCA

I'll give it a go.

LEVY

Friends! We mean you no harm!

BECCA

That it?

He gives her a look. She translates into some strange language, her voice coming out unnaturally loud and metallic.

LEVY

You think they understood?

BECCA

Say something else.

LEVY

Join us to fight those who have taken us
all from our homes.

Becca translates simultaneously. For a beat, nothing happens.

Then the CARTHAGINIAN CHIEF -- wearing decorated armor and a headdress -- climbs down from an elephant and approaches... But he walks straight past Becca and Levy.

They turn and watch him walk to the back of the truck-wagon. He stands for a moment, staring at the mangled Enforcers being dragged behind. He tentatively kicks one of them.

The Chief walks back to Levy. He calls out to his men.

LEVY (CONT'D)

What did he say?

The Chief suddenly falls to the ground in a deep bow. The rest of his army follows suit.

BECCA

Told you this was gonna work. Let's see who else we can get.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- The group comes across twenty MOUNTED SAMURAI in a GIANT BAMBOO FOREST. Two of them unsheath Katana swords and charge. They're met by the Valerio and Brickland with broadswords, but the Katanas slice through them like hot knives through butter. Before the Samurai can deal their death blows, Levy takes a knee and presents a medieval sword to them as a gesture of surrender.

- As Steinhauser marches with the group, we see him reach across to his sleeve and TEAR OFF the British Army insignia.

- In a RAINY MEADOW, Levy shakes hands with the COMMANDER of twenty blue-coated NAPOLEONIC RIFLEMEN. They mingle with Levy's ever-growing army. One of them examines Brickland's huge belt-fed machine gun in awe. Another shows Jenner the features of his 18th century rifle.

- In a MEDITERRANEAN LANDSCAPE A SPARTAN WARRIOR sprints towards the camera. He's CUT DOWN by a plasma blast from behind, which cuts a neat, smoking hole through his chest. He falls to reveal BATES and his two companions as they decimate an army of, oh, roughly 300 more warriors.

- Thirty SIOUX WARRIORS stalk through long PRAIRIE grass. They wear trophy headgear taken from defeated opponents: a British 'roundhead', a beaded Mongol helmet, a bronze-age Persian battle-mask... The CHIEF steps forward, wearing a US Vietnam-era helmet decorated with feathers. He stares in fascination at the huge army, elephants, and armored horses.

- The CONTROLLERS watch as Levy's army swells in size. They turn to another screen, which shows the Enforcers on some kind of factory assembly line. They're being augmented, armor plates welded over the sensor arrays on their backs.

- On a GREEN HILLSIDE Petrovsky ducks as a cannonball SMASHES into the trunk of an exotic tree behind him. REVEAL a unit of twenty medieval CHINESE ARTILLERYMEN clustered around five enormous, smoking CANNONS elaborately decorated as dragons.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. GREEN HILLSIDE - LATER

Steinhauser and Krieger sit alone, away from the army. They have the Knowledge, a photo of HITLER clearly visible.

COL. STEINHAUSER

It's my fault. We were going to turn the tide of the war. I was supposed to bring him victory. And I failed.

SGT. KRIEGER

Sir, no one could have foreseen this.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Germany will be torn apart. Look. They build a wall right through the middle of Berlin! Through our home. Our children will grow up a generation of prisoners. We were going to rule the world.

SGT. KRIEGER

There is nothing you could have done, sir. It was fate.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Perhaps fate has given us a second chance.

He scrolls down to a picture of a MUSHROOM CLOUD.

EXT. NEARBY - LATER

Levy and Becca walk through the makeshift camp, taking in their army of almost a hundred and forty diverse warriors.

BECCA

Congratulations, Jack. You've built your very own United Nations.

LEVY

Great, does that mean everyone's gonna start ignoring us?

They walk past a row of elephants. Jenner is helping a Napoleonic RIFLEMAN climb into one of the nests on top of the enormous animal, where his colleagues are waiting.

JENNER

Good. Best firing position is up high as possible, where you can see everything.

Their Commander shouts an order, and one row of rifleman FIRES, aiming at targets crudely painted on tree trunks.

Levy and Becca continue to walk.

LEVY

We could use some better hardware.

A SIOUX WARRIOR rides past on a medieval-armored horse with a shout, swinging a morning star above his head.

BECCA

Screw the hardware. We've got something much more important.

LEVY

What's that?

Becca stops, looks into his eyes... and grabs his crotch.

BECCA

Balls.

An enormous BOOM makes everybody turn with a start. A nearby tree -- a huge one -- slowly falls over with a CRASH.

LEVY

What the hell was that?

They hurry towards the source of the noise, and find Valerio laughing and high-fiving with the medieval Chinese soldiers around a smoking dragon cannon.

VALERIO

Oh, hey, Cap! I was just showing these guys how to juice up their guns a bit. Wanna see?

They load another bowling ball-sized cannonball into the dragon's mouth. Valerio pulls a blob of plastic explosive out of a disassembled land mine, and adds it to the black powder.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

When in doubt, C-4. Bout ten times as powerful as what they were using.

He sticks in a fuse and moves to light it.

LEVY

Whoa, whoa, I believe you! Let's save what we've got, okay?

VALERIO

Oh. Yeah, sure.

He shrugs to the Chinese. They all give a disappointed sigh.

Normal steps off the truck, the drone's remote control/monitor slung round his neck.

NORMAL

Hey, guys... meet Ralph.

Becca and Levy watch as he pushes buttons on the remote control. The back of the truck shudders as the Enforcer sits up on command.

It's been heavily modified: engine parts and a radio antenna stick out the back, while the camera from the drone has been stuck to the front of its head. Normal makes it wave.

NORMAL (CONT'D)

Aww, look, he likes you!

LEVY

Jesus, Normal, you made this? You can control him?

NORMAL

I don't like to brag, Cap, but yes, I did an awesome job in this instance. What's everyone else been up to?

A shout goes up from a crowd clustered around a nearby tree where the other mangled Enforcers have been unhitched from the back of the truck and strung up for target practice.

A Samurai leader is trying to teach Brickland and the Norseman the correct way to use Katana swords. They brutally slash and hack at the black panel on the back of one Enforcer, but leave little damage.

The Samurai shakes his head and demonstrates a series of sweeping, elegant strokes on the other robot's panel, sword sparking against it. He hardly seems to have tried at all.

Brickland inspects the series of small, scratch like cuts.

BRICKLAND

What're we supposed to do with that?

SIR GUY (O.C.)

Stand aside!

Brickland turns to see a row of Sioux and Footsoldiers with crossbows and longbows aimed at the Enforcer. He gets out of the way as they unleash their arrows.

The cuts from the Katana have weakened the robots' shells enough for the arrows to penetrate; they're turned into pin cushions.

BRICKLAND

Hoo-rah!

NORSEMAN

HOO-RAH!

The shout is picked up by the other men around them, spreading through the group until it echoes across the hillside -- the amalgam army's very own war cry.

BECCA

See? More balls than a Wimbledon final.

Levy notices Steinhauser and Krieger sitting alone nearby. As he approaches he sees that they've got the Knowledge.

LEVY

Hey, I've been looking for that.

COL. STEINHAUSER

You must have dropped it. Here.

Steinhauser hands it over. Levy takes it, suspicious.

PETROVSKY (O.C.)

Jack! Come look at this.

Petrovsky and Weiss sit on the ground nearby. They have cleared a patch of dirt, drawing up battle plans with sticks.

PETROVSKY (CONT'D)

Alright, they're toughest in groups, so we wanna form a long line to spread them out, separate them, and take them down. Artillery covers the right flank --

CPT. WEISS

Left flank.

PETROVSKY

Whatever, and the cavalry -- knights and
Sioux -- pincer in on the other side to
turn 'em round. We bring the elephants --

CPT. WEISS

-- and infantry --

PETROVSKY

-- up the middle here, to get in close
and take down the rest.

CPT. WEISS

How many of the machines do you think
they'll send?

LEVY

All of them.

PETROVSKY

Ammo's gonna be a problem.

LEVY

Their guns are too strong anyway. If we
shoot at them they're just gonna wipe us
out. Let's pool what we've got and use it
for the sniper. Put the rest in the
truck. We do this old school.

PETROVSKY

Then we're gonna need more infantry.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP OVERLOOKING GRASSY PLATEAU - DAY

The army is assembled on a ridge. The landscape is familiar.

PETROVSKY

These aren't exactly the guys I had in
mind.

LEVY

We need all the help we can get.

CRANE UP to reveal the ZULU ARMY in the valley below.

JENNER

And we think they're gonna want to make
friends this time?

Levy unfolds the Knowledge and types in 'Zulu'.

LEVY

If we can figure out how.

VALERIO

(re: the Knowledge)

Is that the thing that tells the future?

BECCA

Actually it's the past.

BRICKLAND

Hey, Cap, can you look and see if the
Cubs ever win a world series?

VALERIO

Sarge, you got a kid, right? Don't you
wanna know what happens to him?

PETROVSKY

I can see myself when we get back home.

NORMAL

Well, actually, the fact that a written
record of the past -- our future -- even
exists means we probably can't change it.

BRICKLAND

What're you talking about?

VALERIO

Haven't you ever seen *Back to the Future*?

NORMAL

I'm just saying, even if we could go
back, we might be creating a paradox that
would destroy the whole universe. Like in
Back to the Future Two.

JENNER

Ouch, Valerio, you just got served.

NORMAL

The real question is, should we even try?

PETROVSKY

You can stay if you want, Normal, I'm
going home.

LEVY

(reading)

Bingo. I got it. Valerio, how much time
left on our little clock?

VALERIO
 (looks at watch)
 Two hours, forty minutes. Give or take.

LEVY
 (to Petrovsky, re: leg)
 Sit this one out. We'll be right back.

The Americans and Becca head down the hill towards the Zulu.
 The Norseman follows, Katana in hand.

Steinhauser watches them go, then heads for the truck.

EXT. GRASSY PLAIN - CONTINUOUS

Levy and co walk towards the throng of about sixty Zulus,
 hands in the air. Spears start to whistle past their heads.

VALERIO
 Bad idea, bad idea!

BECCA
 I've got you covered.

She runs towards them, somersaults through the air, pulls out
 her baton, and PLUNGES it into the ground as she lands.

It sends out a shockwave, knocking all the nearby Zulu to the
 floor, temporarily paralyzed.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 Alright, Jack, you're on!

LEVY
 (Becca translates)
 We don't want to fight you! Too much
 blood has been spilt between us already!
 We challenge you to...
 (refers to Knowledge)
 ...Umshiza.

VALERIO
 What the hell you talking about, Cap?

LEVY
 It's a Zulu honor duel. Two guys fight so
 the tribes don't have to go to war.

Becca pulls the stun baton out of the ground, releasing the
 Zulus from their paralysis. They slowly start to get up off,
 muttering to one another. They form a wide circle around
 Levy, but don't attack.

A ZULU ELDER steps forward, his whole body decorated with war paint. As he speaks, Becca translates.

BECCA

He says they accept.

The circle parts and an ENORMOUS ZULU WARRIOR steps in to face Levy. He must be 6'4" and 250 pounds.

LEVY

Oh shit. I didn't think this through.

He gulps as the giant approaches, towering over him... But suddenly he feels a hand on his shoulder -- the Norseman.

He grins, cracks his knuckles and steps forward. He's even huger than the Zulu warrior, who looks nervously up at him, then sheepishly around at his comrades.

NORSEMAN

Kick ass.

I/E. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Steinhauser and Krieger sit in the truck next to the lead box containing the NUKE.

SGT. KRIEGER

Now? While they're gone?

COL. STEINHAUSER

It's too soon. We'll find our moment.

CPT. WEISS (O.C.)

Moment for what?

They turn to find him standing in the doorway.

COL. STEINHAUSER

*We were told to defeat six more armies.
Now we have them all in one place.*

CPT. WEISS

The woman said that was a lie. What are you planning? These men are our friends.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Our mission is not to make friends with savages and Jews. Her leader, Bates, was taken somewhere, given information. He is the only man in this place who knows what's going on.

(MORE)

COL. STEINHAUSER (CONT'D)

Knowledge is power, Weiss, and we can have it. When the time comes I expect you to do your duty. Remember whose side you're on.

Petrovsky hobbles over.

PETROVSKY

Hey, what're you guys yapping about?

Steinhauser gives Weiss a stern look.

CPT. WEISS

(uneasy)

Nothing.

The screen FLICKERS as we PULL BACK...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The display shows the truck surrounded by the various units making up the amalgam army.

CONTROLLER #1

This is a distaster. They've stalled the game. We have to start again.

CONTROLLER #2

No. We don't have time. The German is playing.

(the display zooms onto Levy)

Isolate the leader, we'll make him fight.

EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE - LATER

The amalgam army, now numbering about 200 (including the newly-recruited Zulus), is camped on an arid plain studded with small cliffs and large boulders.

PAN up and away from them to find Levy, Becca, Petrovsky and Steinhauser on a small plateau.

BECCA

That's where the guidance chips' signal comes from.

A few hundred yards ahead a DOORWAY juts incongruously from the artificial horizon. Its surface is fluid and glimmering.

LEVY

Looks like there's a some kind of shield covering the portal.

COL. STEINHAUSER
Can we break it down?

BECCA
Maybe. If we hit the power source.

Suddenly everything goes dark as night, as if someone just flipped a switch and turned off the sun. They all look around, shocked.

LEVY
I thought you said they don't do nights?

BECCA
They don't. Something's wrong, we need to get back to camp, now.

A blur of motion nearby: something is in the shadows.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Shit, it's Bates. GO!

The four of them scramble down the steep hillside as three barely visible silhouettes -- Bates and co in stealth suits that seem to suck away what little light surrounds them -- stalk them through the unnatural gloom.

LEVY
Come on, Leo!

Petrovsky lags behind, hobbling on his axe-crutch. We can hear movement over his strained breathing, getting closer...

Suddenly he CRIES OUT in pain and falls. Levy whips round, starts to go back to help.

PETROVSKY
No, Jack, keep going!

The mass of shadows overwhelms his body, pummeling him.

LEVY
Leo!

Bates's helmet retracts as his stealth suit disengages.

BATES
Oh I'm sorry, is this a friend of yours?

He lifts the axe-crutch and buries it in Petrovsky's chest with a sickening THUD.

LEVY

NOOOO!!!

Overwhelmed by grief and rage he raises his gun and fires wildly into the darkness.

BECCA

Jack, we gotta get out of here!

Bates and the other two surround them. Becca pulls out her stun baton, their only hope of escape.

Before she can use it, the silhouettes tackle her, knocking the baton out of her hand and across the ground.

Steinhauser runs over and picks it up.

LEVY

Steinhauser, take 'em out!

Steinhauser looks at a beaten and bloody Levy and hesitates...

LEVY (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?!

...before turning and running away into the shadows.

Devastated and betrayed, there's nothing Levy can do as Bates smashes his head into a rock, knocking him unconscious.

EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE - LATER

The amalgam army huddles under the dark sky.

VALERIO

(looking at watch)

We can't wait much longer. Cap said we should roll if they weren't back in fifteen.

BRICKLAND

I don't like our chances against those robots fighting in the dark.

Just then, Steinhauser staggers back towards the camp looking slightly dazed.

JENNER

What happened? Where's Sarge and the Cap?

COL. STEINHAUSER

We were attacked by Bates. They were taken.

BRICKLAND

Taken? Where?

COL. STEINHAUSER

The portal is unguarded. We have to strike now.

He heads for the horse-drawn truck, where Krieger and Weiss are waiting.

NORMAL

Wait, what the hell is going on? Are they still alive? How did you get away?

COL. STEINHAUSER

I don't know if they're alive or not. But we can stand here talking about it, or we can try and get them back.

BRICKLAND

Alright, just slow down for a second.

Steinhauser looks into the truck and checks the nuke and the stash of rifles, grenades and ammo in the back.

COL. STEINHAUSER

We don't have time to slow down.

VALERIO

He's right, we can't wait. We're running out of time.

Steinhauser climbs onto the truck cab. As he does so, Weiss notices Becca's baton holstered in his belt.

CPT. WEISS

Colonel, what happened?

COL. STEINHAUSER

Our moment has come.

He nods to Krieger, who whips the horses. The truck starts moving. As the amalgam army sees this, they arrange themselves in units and follow.

NORMAL

Shit.

INT. DOMED STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Levy wakes up to find himself in a bare cavernous structure about the size of a football stadium. Becca is up already, walking along the walls, examining them.

LEVY

What are you doing?

BECCA

Something funny about these walls.
They're buzzing. Can you hear that?

She reaches out a hand and touches the wall. A LOUD HUM fills the room and the lights dim momentarily.

Becca falls to the ground, spasming and twitching for a seconds before she can get back up.

LEVY

Are you okay?

BECCA

My bionics went offline for a second.

Suddenly a section of wall opens, and two tall, strange-looking MEN enter. The wall immediately closes behind them.

They are human; thin and frail-looking, with artificial eyes, ears and other body parts. These are the CONTROLLERS.

CONTROLLER #2

You have caused us a lot of trouble.

His voice has a hollow, metallic quality, similar to when Becca speaks in a foreign language.

LEVY

Who are you?

CONTROLLER #1

We control Arena.

BECCA

You're the ones who brought us here?

CONTROLLER #2

Yes.

LEVY

Why? Where are we, what do you want?

CONTROLLER #1

You are in a self-contained environmental capsule under the Pacific Ocean.

LEVY

This is Earth?

BECCA

When? What year?

CONTROLLER #2

Our calendar would mean nothing to you.

CONTROLLER #1

We have evolved. All of humanity is connected now.

The circular, domed walls suddenly become a giant holographic display divided up into an immense grid. On each grid square is a face like the Controllers -- frail, artificial. There are millions of them.

LEVY

Connected?

CONTROLLER #2

We do not just watch you. We feel you. You come from a world filled with war and violence. This is gone now. We have taken it out of society and contained it in Arena.

CONTROLLER #1

You are part of a global peacekeeping initiative. We have discovered that we must satisfy certain human impulses. Violent impulses. You fight, and die. Thus we are purged of our destructive feelings.

Becca moves towards him threateningly.

BECCA

How 'bout I purge you right now?

Controller #2 calmly reaches out and touches the wall. The LOUD HUM fills the room again and the lights flicker as Becca falls down, her bionics temporarily fritzed again.

The wave doesn't effect Levy or the Controllers.

LEVY

What gives you the right to play with our lives?

CONTROLLER #2

Your lives were about to end. Your unit was under heavy fire which you would not have survived. The woman would have been destroyed by a surface-to-air missile.

CONTROLLER #1

Every warrior chosen for Arena is taken moments before their death. Thus the timeline of history is preserved, and life is not taken unnecessarily.

CONTROLLER #2

We have given you a longer life. A life with a noble purpose.

The holographic display transforms into a landscape of gleaming architecture, natural beauty and peaceful serenity.

CONTROLLER #1

But our society is in jeopardy now. Because of you.

LEVY

Me? What are you talking about?

CONTROLLER #2

By uniting the combatants you have stopped the game. The masses have been denied for too long. The first violent crime in a generation was committed today.

LEVY

(incredulous)

I'm sorry, the world's going to fall apart because I'm not killing enough people?

CONTROLLER #2

That is a risk we cannot take. We must re-initiate combat, no matter the scale. Return to your unit and lead them against the other warriors. If you do not, your men will perish.

LEVY

They're all my men now. I won't betray them.

CONTROLLER #1

In your time periods you fought for money. Religion. Power. Here you can fight for peace.

LEVY

No... we fight for you pleasure. And that's the most fucked-up reason of all.

CONTROLLER #2

Then you leave us no choice.

A wall of bright energy sweeps through, changing the empty, featureless stadium into a bombed-out urban landscape.

The Controllers exit through the door where they came in, which is still visible, floating near the horizon.

Becca and Levy scan their surroundings: crumbling, half-burnt buildings; smoke fills the air, rubble fills the ground.

LEVY

What is this place?

BATES (O.C.)

Corporal Harris...

Three BLACK FIGURES appear over the rubble from the opposite side of the stadium.

BECCA

Home.

EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The army of 200 stands spread out in a line, ready:

The CANNONS (and Valerio) make up one flank, with the CAVALRY (Knights, some Sioux and Samurai) forming the other.

In between: the ELEPHANTS (carrying Jenner and the riflemen), INFANTRY (Brickland, the Norseman, Zulus, and others), Normal and his robot, and the Germans in the truck.

Only Jenner and the Riflemen have guns. The rest are armed with medieval swords, Viking axes and Katanas.

A couple of hundred yards away the portal's plasma shield shimmers in the darkness.

BRICKLAND

So what, we just go through?

Without warning the SUN suddenly appears back in the sky.
Everyone recoils from the glare. As their eyes adjust...

NORMAL

Oh shit.

...they see rows and rows of ENFORCERS standing between them
and the portal.

BRICKLAND

What now?

COL. STEINHAUSER

Time is short. We fight to the last man.
Death or victory.

Steinhauser raises his arm. Everybody tenses up...

COL. STEINHAUSER (CONT'D)

Ready... CHAAARGE!!!

A great battle cry erupts from the group as everybody
thunders towards the robots.

Everybody, that is, except for the Germans in the truck.

CPT. WEISS

What are you doing? Why aren't we--?

COL. STEINHAUSER

*They will fail. When they do, we strike.
The machines won't attack us if we play
their game. Once we've killed enough
they'll take us to whoever's in charge
like they did with Bates. Then with
this...*

(takes nuke out of its box)

*We will make them send us back, and
complete our mission.*

CPT. WEISS

No. This is wrong!

He turns to Krieger, but he won't meet his eye.

COL. STEINHAUSER

This is war.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ROCKY LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The fight is on. The cavalry are the first to engage,
wheeling around and coming at the Enforcers from the side.

As human and machine clash, warriors are smashed, thrown or slashed from their horses, but the bulk of the group manages to weave through, TURNING the Enforcers.

JENNER

In the elephant nests, prepares the riflemen.

JENNER

They're turning! Look for the weak spot below the heads. Ready...

As he puts his eye to his scope, he sees that the Enforcers have been upgraded -- the vulnerable panel on their backs is covered by a new plate of armor.

JENNER (CONT'D)

Wait!!!

But his shout is misunderstood by the French, who all FIRE.

Their shots PING harmlessly off the reinforced robots, who turn to face them, MINI GUNS sprouting from their arms.

JENNER (CONT'D)

Take cover!

He dives off his elephant as the Enforcers unleash hell at the riflemen, bullets them to pieces.

The elephants -- now untethered and uncontrolled -- start to stampede. One Enforcer is trampled, another flung into the air by an elephant's tusks.

BRICKLAND AND THE NORSEMAN

Race into the throng with the Zulus and other foot soldiers.

BRICKLAND

Infantry, CHARGE!

Both are armed with Katana swords, and Brickland still has his massive machine gun strapped to his back.

He goes for the legs, but is overwhelmed by a combination of blows which leaves him floored, his sword arm pinned.

BRICKLAND (CONT'D)

AAAAH! Eat shit, you son of a --

He reaches back with his free hand and pulls his gun out, but the robot CRUSHES his skull before he can fire.

The Norseman's grief for his fallen friend quickly turns to rage. He SCREAMS, grabs Brickland's machine gun and UNLOADS into the back of the Enforcer.

The bullets ricochet in a shower or sparks, but don't penetrate. The Enforcer turns... the mini guns come out...

WHAM! Ralph the Robot streaks into frame, SMASHING the attacking Enforcer to the ground and saving the Norseman.

NORMAL

Yeah! Go get him, Ralph!

But this little victory pales in comparison to the pummeling the army is taking from the Enforcers -- men are cut down left and right as the robots plough relentlessly through.

SIR GUY

Rides up. He has a huge SLASH in his armor, but appears to be okay. Jenner sits perched behind him.

JENNER

They've been patched-up! Weak point's armored, we're in deep shit.

SIR GUY

We are outmatched, we must fall back!

They watch as the Zulus swarm into action. Their manpower is overwhelming, but they're cut down thick and fast by the robots' blades.

NORMAL

We need Valerio up here, now!

JENNER

Where the hell is Steinhauser?!

INT. DOMED STRUCTURE/BOMBED-OUT URBAN LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Levy and Becca run across the rubble-strewn terrain...

BECCA

Come on!

...only to turn a corner and find Bates, Warren and Vickers blocking their path.

BATES

We meet again.

BECCA

So what now? They're gonna send you back
if you kill us? They lied before.

WARREN

(laughs)

Back?

They slowly converge on Levy and Becca.

VICKERS

(re: landscape)

Why would we want to go back to this?

BATES

If we kill you we get to stay. Forever.

BECCA

What are you talking about?

BATES

(drops his rifle)

No guns...

(takes off grenade belt)

...no weapons... just us, and you.

He gets right up into Levy's face. Levy stares back, eyes
burning with hatred, but controls himself.

LEVY

I'm not gonna play their game.

BATES

Are you a little bit scared, Jack? At
least your friend had guts. I should
know, I stuck an axe in them.

Levy lashes out, but Bates nonchalantly catches his fist...

BATES (CONT'D)

Atta boy!

...and PUNCHES him in the chest, sending him flying.

Warren and Vickers attack Becca. She counters with a
blistering combination of blows. The fight soon develops into
a fast-forwarded two-on-one.

Becca lifts Vickers off the ground, and flings her body into
Warren, sending them both crashing into a pile of debris.

BECCA

Stop! I don't want to kill you, and you don't want to kill me.

Warren and Vickers get up, unscathed.

WARREN

I'd rather kill for something than die for nothing.

Bates strolls over to a dazed Levy, who tries to crawl away, and picks up a block of concrete.

BATES

Mankind is sick. And we're the cure.

Bates smashes the block down onto Levy's back. Levy crumples, but manages to get back up and look Bates in the eye.

LEVY

No. They're just addicts. And we're the drug.

Bates punches him in the gut. Levy falls to his knees, but doesn't retaliate.

BATES

Fight back! If not for your buddy I disembowelled, do it for world peace.
(picks Levy back up)
C'mon, it'll feel good.

BECCA (O.C.)

If they want peace...
(puts a hand on his shoulder)
...why don't they come in here and fight for it themselves?

She PUNCHES Bates on the last word of this, but he just smiles back at her through bloody teeth.

BATES

We're soldiers. That's our job.

Warren and Vickers pounce on Becca from behind, teaming up to BODY SLAM her into the ground.

Bates watches as they lay into her, but the smile is wiped off his face when Levy CRACKS him around the side of the head with a four inch thick piece of broken pipe.

LEVY

You're right. That does feel good.

Bates gets up. That shot rattled him.

BATES

Oh, now you wanna play?

Levy swings the pipe again, but Bates catches it. These guys are in trouble...

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ROCKY LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

...and things aren't much better out in the Arena. The infantry is being literally taken to pieces by the Enforcers. The army's down from two hundred to about fifty men.

JENNER AND SIR GUY

Find themselves backed up by an Enforcer against a huge boulder -- no escape.

JENNER

Normal! We need help over here!

Normal crouches behind a nearby rock with his remote. He has Ralph engaged in a fight with three other Enforcers.

An elephant barges into the group, plowing an Enforcer's legs out from under it, enabling Ralph to decapitate it.

NORMAL

Gimme thirty seconds!

JENNER

We don't have thirty seconds!

The Enforcer advances. The blades come out...

Out of nowhere comes an earth-shaking BOOM, and the Enforcer is BLASTED out of the way by a CANNONBALL.

JENNER (CONT'D)

'Bout time!

We whip round to see--

VALERIO

With a group of Chinese, Zulu and Medieval Footsoldiers pushing an enormous dragon cannon up a hill. It looks like the flag raising on Iwo Jima.

They're followed by the rest of the cannons, which blast at a group of Enforcers, knocking them down like bowling pins.

VALERIO

Sorry we're late, these things are heavy
as shit.

He's reloading the cannon as he talks, adding C4 to the fuse.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

Fire in the hole!

The cannon ROCKS BACK with the blast, and three approaching
Enforcers are toppled.

The cannons don't destroy the Enforcers, but they dent,
crush, tear limbs off, slow them down, and generally do
enough damage to give our guys a fighting chance.

NORMAL

Jenner, get the infantry in there while
they're down!

JENNER

I'm on it!

He and Sir Guy find the Norseman and lead a group of Samurai
and Sioux armed with Katanas towards the weakened robots,
hacking and slashing until they expose the circuitry within.

The Norseman PLUNGES his sword into the heart of an Enforcer,
which twitches, then is still.

VALERIO

We got one!

NORMAL

We have to get to the portal. Can you
make us a corridor?

VALERIO

Comin' up!

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The Germans wait a safe distance from the fighting, watching
the remains of the army re-form.

CPT. WEISS

They're making a second push.

SGT. KRIEGER

Colonel... perhaps we should reconsider.

COL. STEINHAUSER

*No. They're in a tight group and they
only have one gun left. Now is the time.*

He heaves the tripod-mounted machine gun up onto the cab and cocks it while a reluctant Krieger flicks the reins and the horse-drawn truck starts to rumble towards the army.

As the truck gathers speed, Weiss makes up his mind -- he lunges at Steinhauser, trying to wrestle the gun from him.

COL. STEINHAUSER (CONT'D)

No! This is our chance!

Krieger pulls Weiss off Steinhauser, trying to keep the horses under control as they gallop towards the battle...

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Jenner, Sir Guy and a couple of Sioux are on horses while Normal and Valerio stand by the cannons.

VALERIO

FIRE!

The cannons blast a path through the Enforcers straight ahead. Ralph and the elephants immediately charge, trampling and barging their way along the path.

The thirty or so remaining infantry bring up the rear, attacking the weakened robots on the ground.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

We got 'em on the run now, go, go!

The men on horseback charge towards the portal. The plasma shield flickers and shimmers visibly up close.

One of the Sioux makes the mistake of trying to walk through it. His whole body is incinerated in the blink of an eye.

JENNER

Jesus! How do we shut this thing off?

NORMAL

I'm scanning...

He peers at the monitor on his remote as he scans the portal and surrounding wall with the drone camera mounted on Ralph.

NORMAL (CONT'D)

The power source is in the wall.

JENNER

How do we get to it?

Normal thinks. He watches the artillery desperately working to fend off the remaining Enforcers. Something clicks.

NORMAL

Valerio, load up that cannon, as much juice as you can give it!

Valerio complies, stoking his cannon with a fist-sized wad of C-4. He looks up to find Ralph standing over him, waiting.

VALERIO

What're you doing?

NORMAL

Light the fuse, then get outta the way.

He has Ralph pick up the cannon and hold it against the wall next to the portal where the power source is.

NORMAL (CONT'D)

Everybody down!

The cannon FIRES. The recoil blows the both Ralph and the cannon to pieces, but as the smoke clears they see it worked.

Flames billow out from a gash in the wall. The plasma shield flickers and dies, leaving a hole like a rip in the horizon.

VALERIO

Let's get the hell out of here!

Normal looks down sadly at the simmering remains of Ralph.

NORMAL

Sorry, buddy.

As Jenner runs towards the portal he notices something odd -- the Enforcers aren't fighting any more. They've just stopped, frozen, some of them in mid-attack.

JENNER

What's going on? Why have they--

He's cut off by a crackle of gunfire. He spins around as a row of Samurai are CUT DOWN.

Everyone turns to see the TRUCK barrelling towards them, horses galloping flat out, with Krieger and Weiss fighting at the reins as Steinhauser unloads a river of hot lead.

VALERIO

No!

They all dive for cover as the gun swings in their direction.

EXT. TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Weiss trades blows with the other two, struggling for the machine gun as Steinhauser guns down the last of the Zulu.

The truck's radio crackles to life:

METALLIC VOICE

This is Arena. Defeat five more armies
and you will be returned home.

Steinhauser forces an elbow into Weiss's neck, pushing him down onto the edge of the cab.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Krieger, take the gun!

CPT. WEISS

(choking)

You can't... do this.

COL. STEINHAUSER

History will judge us heroes.

Krieger grabs the gun, turning it on a cluster of fleeing Samurai and Sioux. In seconds they are decimated.

METALLIC VOICE

This is Arena. Defeat four more armies...

Weiss grabs the baton stowed in Steinhauser's belt, pulls it out and CRACKS Steinhauser in the face, knocking him back. Unfortunately Steinhauser comes back up with a PISTOL.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Traitor.

He SHOOTS Weiss in the chest, sending him tumbling off the truck to the ground. But Weiss manages to yank the dangling reins as he falls -- the horses veer sharply to the left.

The truck tips onto two wheels, teeters... then crashes onto its side, breaking free from the horses and skidding to a stop in the mouth of the portal.

Steinhauser is thrown to the ground, while Krieger has one of his legs trapped underneath the truck.

A dazed Steinhauser picks himself up, rushes to the cab, and retrieves the football-sized NUKE.

SGT. KRIEGER
Colonel... Help me, please.

Steinhauser is almost inside the portal. The truck is between him and the few survivors left inside Arena, hurrying over with their weapons. The Enforcers are starting to move again.

Steinhauser kneels down next to Krieger and claps his hand...

COL. STEINHAUSER
For the Fatherland.

...then gets up and sprints through the portal.

Krieger coughs -- the truck is leaking gasoline. He looks down at the hand Steinhauser was clasping. He is now holding a grenade... with no pin in it.

SGT. KRIEGER
No...

BOOM. Krieger and the truck EXPLODE in a ball of fire.

The flaming wreckage forms a barrier to the portal from within, leaving no escape for the few remaining survivors, and no way Steinhauser can be followed.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Steinhauser sprints through the increasing darkness, clutching the football-sized nuke tightly as he tries to stem the bleeding from his wounded arm.

He rounds a corner and suddenly the wall in front of him opens up, spilling dazzling light into the tunnel. He dashes through and finds himself in...

INT. DOMED STRUCTURE/BOMBED-OUT URBAN LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

He stares in confusion at the rubble-strewn landscape.

BATES (O.C.)
Well, well, well, what have we here?

Steinhauser whips round to see Bates standing over a beaten and exhausted Levy.

BATES (CONT'D)
 (to Levy)
 Don't go anywhere.

Bates walks over to Steinhauser, who tries to back away, only to find a crumbling wall blocking him in.

Bates grabs the football-nuke. Steinhauser tries to resist and gets an ELBOW in the ribs for his trouble.

BATES (CONT'D)
 (re: nuke)
 This looks like one of mine.

Steinhauser throws a fistful of dust at Bates's face and tries desperately to scramble away.

BATES (CONT'D)
 You know, they still talk about the Nazis where I come from. My old drill sergeant used to say they were heartless bastards.

Bates picks up Steinhauser and SLAMS him against a wall.

BATES (CONT'D)
 Shall we see if he was right?

He winds up...

COL. STEINHAUSER
 No!

...and PUNCHES his fist through the ribs into Steinhauser's chest. Steinhauser's eyes widen as he gasps in shock.

BATES
 There it is. I can feel it beating. Guess old Sarge was wrong.

He squeezes Steinhauser's heart, stopping it. Steinhauser's features go slack, and he drops to the floor, dead.

Bates turns to where he left Levy, and sees him staggering towards the stadium's door, floating eerily on the horizon.

BATES (CONT'D)
 I told you not to go anywhere.

He picks his way casually over, still carrying the nuke.

BATES (CONT'D)
 You know what I think it is? You just haven't seen how bad the world can get.
 (MORE)

BATES (CONT'D)

Look around you. Then imagine this everywhere. That's home for me.

LEVY

You're not fighting for peace. You like it because no one can touch you here. You're just a killer.

Bates tosses Levy onto a heap of rubble right by the stadium door.

BATES

(grins)

Is it wrong to enjoy what you do for a living?

Levy grabs a pipe off the pile of debris. He reaches out and jams it in place against the wall by the 'floating' door.

The LOUD HUM fills the stadium, but doesn't die away this time, pulsing as the lights flicker continuously -- the jammed pipe holding the bionics disrupter on.

Bates is knocked over and twitches and spasms as he climbs back to his feet. He straightens up to find Levy waiting with a concrete block.

LEVY

Hope you enjoy this.

He smashes Bates in the face, knocking him to the ground. Bates drops the nuke and slowly stands up, surprised.

BATES

That... hurt.

LEVY

What's the matter?

He DECKS Bates, breaking his nose.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Bionics on the fritz?

Becca, Warren and Vickers spill out of a crumbling building. No one's moving at super speed now, and every now and then the pulsing HUM knocks them down.

The girls scratch, claw and gouge, the ultimate cat fight, until Becca slams Vickers's face into a wall.

Warren tries to lift an enormous block of concrete to throw at Becca, but he can't lift it.

WARREN

Lieutenant! What's going on?

Becca answers with a crack across the jaw. Meanwhile:

LEVY

(to Bates)

Get up.

Bates spits blood, climbs to his feet... and they go at it. No balletic kung fu, just soldier against soldier.

Even without his bionics, Bates is a big guy. But Levy has something he lacks -- passion, fire, emotion.

Levy starts to get the upper hand, knocking Bates to the ground. But he gets back up clutching the pipe Levy jammed against the wall.

The pulsing HUM suddenly cuts off. The lights stop flickering. Bates swings the pipe, Levy dodges.

BATES

It's funny. You almost beat this place, bringing all those people together. I was impressed.

(he swings, Levy dodges)

Too bad you're gonna die alone.

He twists the pipe into a jagged weapon -- his bionics are back online --and raises it to deliver the killing blow.

KABOOM! An explosion blows a huge HOLE in the wall of the stadium. Through it come Normal, Jenner, Valerio, a badly injured Weiss, the Norseman and Sir Guy.

VALERIO

Cap!

He throws his Katana to Levy. Normal, Sir Guy and the Norseman charge into a crumbling wall. With a great HEAVE they knock it down on top of Bates, burying him under a pile of rubble.

NORMAL/NORSEMAN/SIR GUY

Hoo-rah!

Jenner hangs back with a badly wounded Weiss. He puts Warren in his crosshairs and FIRES.

Clean head shot. Warren goes down, leaving Becca free to sandwich Vickers's head between an elbow and a brick wall, snapping her neck with a CRUNCH.

BECCA

Bitch.

Before they can celebrate, Bates bursts up from the rubble with a furious ROAR, pipe raised.

Levy lifts Valerio's Katana, and in one motion slices Bates's pipe in half and RUNS HIM THROUGH THE HEART.

Bates slides down the sword, his face coming right up to Levy's, a furious death scowl... Then Levy pushes him off onto the ground, dead, and takes a deep breath.

The wall of white energy sweeps over...

INT. DOMED STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

...erasing the derelict landscape and leaving the room bare except for the bodies and the huge hole in the wall.

The survivors converge in the middle of the room.

LEVY

Where are the rest?

JENNER

We're all that's left.

Levy's lost for words. Becca and the Norseman tend to Weiss, clearly on his last legs. He still has Becca's baton.

CPT. WEISS

This is yours.

She takes it, but before she can reply...

CONTROLLER #1 (O.C.)

Congratulations.

A doorway in the wall opens as the Controllers enter.

CONTROLLER #2

You are the most stimulating subjects we have so far encountered.

LEVY

We did everything you wanted. We won. Now send us back home.

Suddenly dozens of identical doors open around the room's perimeter. An Enforcer emerges from each one.

CONTROLLER #1

You are not in a position to make demands.

LEVY

Neither are you.

He picks up the makeshift nuke next to Bates's body. Controller #2's eyes change color as he scans the bomb.

CONTROLLER #2

A nuclear device? It's not possible...

LEVY

Wanna find out?

For the first time the placid Controllers look genuinely alarmed.

CONTROLLER #1

You would take your own lives?

LEVY

I'd rather die fighting for our freedom than live as a slave in your Colosseum.

Levy looks to the others... they each give him a nod of support. The Controllers shoot each other a nervous look.

CONTROLLER #1

We will do as you ask, but we can only send you back to the moment before your death. Your fate is sealed.

The room starts to hum. It gets darker. A pinprick of light appears just above the ground in the middle of the room... slowly expanding into a bright, shimmering globe.

Our group heads over, Sir Guy and the Norsemen helping a badly hurt Weiss. No one says much, each warrior contemplating their impending doom.

NORMAL

Well that kinda takes the excitement out of going home.

JENNER

But they've already changed our fate, just by bringing us here. Right?

BECCA

Right. We know what's gonna happen, we can do something.

(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)

My tank's gonna get hit by a missile, so I just eject soon as I get back. Probably break both my legs, but what've I got to lose?

VALERIO

Too bad we can't eject from being shot at by twenty guys with AK-47s.

SIR GUY

Captain Levy will find a solution. Of that I have no doubt.

(grasps Levy's shoulder)

It has been my privilege.

He turns, strides into the sphere and disappears.

BECCA

Didn't fry him, at least.

Normal and Valerio both offer the Norseman a high five.

NORMAL

C'mon, up high!

The Norseman looks at their hands, then ignores them and pulls them both into a rib-cracking bear hug, before vanishing into the sphere himself.

As Jenner helps Weiss to his feet, Levy turns to Becca.

LEVY

Looks like this is goodbye.

BECCA

Before you get all sentimental and American on me...

Becca grabs him and pulls him into a deep, close kiss, wrapping her arms around him. Her hand discretely slips something in his combat webbing...

BECCA (CONT'D)

I'll be looking up your great-grand kids when I get home.

And with that... she vanishes into the sphere. Weiss hobbles up to Levy.

CPT. WEISS

(quietly)

Give me the bomb.

Weiss coughs up some blood, wipes it from his face. He's clearly not going to make it.

CPT. WEISS (CONT'D)
 I've stood idle in the face of evil
 before. I won't do it again.
 (no one knows what to say)
 I'm not asking. Go. NOW!

He grabs the nuke from Valerio. The Controllers see it.

CONTROLLER #1
 STOP THEM!

The Enforcers converge on the center of the room. The sphere starts to shrink, rapidly. Valerio and Jenner dive in, Normal grabs Levy and pulls him inside before it disappears.

Just as the Enforcers converge on Weiss he hits the detonator -- a shockwave rips through the robots. The Controllers' eyes go wide with fear as they're sent to meet their maker.

WHITE OUT.

Silence. Slowly shapes start to emerge. They resolve themselves into four figures.

As the sound of gunfire ramps up, we realize we are on the ledge back in the...

EXT. AFGHAN MOUNTAIN RANGE - CONTINUOUS

...and we're under attack. Two pickup trucks (one disabled), ten men. Bullets ricochet off the cliff face, sending chips of rock raining onto Levy, Normal, Jenner and Valerio.

NORMAL
 Oh yeah, this is much better!

LEVY
 We need to find cover!

VALERIO
 No shit, we're sitting on a cliff full of mines, remember?!

He points to the detonator box for the mines he was laying.

More gunfire. Levy backs up against the cliff face to avoid it, and feels something odd.

LEVY

What the hell is..?

He reaches behind his back and pulls out Becca's STUN BATON from his webbing. He stares at it, thinking.

LEVY (CONT'D)

The mines! Blow 'em!

VALERIO

WHAT?!

JENNER

Incoming!

Below, a MAN aims an rocket launcher right at them and FIRES. The rocket streaks towards them, bringing certain death...

LEVY

NOW!!!

He dives for the detonator box and hits the trigger. KABOOM!

The entire cliff-face EXPLODES outwards, showering the attackers and trucks below with rock and debris.

The ledge underneath Levy and co collapses, sending them tumbling thirty feet to the ground below. The rocket obliterates the cliff right where they were standing.

The Americans ride a huge rock slide down to the ground, disappearing into a billowing cloud of dust which also envelopes the attackers and their trucks.

For a moment there's total quiet. Then coughing as the dusty but intact Americans pull themselves out of the debris.

NORMAL

That hurt.

JENNER

You're alive, aren't you?

They look up to see themselves surrounded by half a dozen dusty and shell-shocked PAKISTANIS pointing AK-47s.

Without hesitation, Levy grabs the baton Becca gave him and STABS it into the ground. The Attackers are knocked down by a shockwave.

As Levy slowly gets to his feet he spots a terrified MALOUF amongst the paralyzed men.

VALERIO

What now, Cap?

Off Levy, as he considers his options...

CUT TO:

EXT. US MILITARY OUTPOST - AFGHANISTAN - EVENING

Pritchard (the private security contractor) turns as a Humvee approaches... can't believe his eyes.

Levy and the guys emerge from the vehicle wearing pieces of medieval armor and carrying Samurai swords.

PRITCHARD

What the hell happened...?

LEVY

I let Malouf go. He's a bigger threat to us dead than alive.

Levy starts to rifle through Pritchard's bag...

PRITCHARD

Those weren't your orders!

He grabs Levy. Without hesitation, Levy CLOCKS him.

LEVY

We don't belong to you any more.

Levy finds what he was looking for -- the Manila envelope with the dog tags of his fallen comrades... Brickland, Deacon, Rawlins and Petrovsky. He takes the envelope and walks away, his guys right behind him.

PRITCHARD

Where do you think you're going?

LEVY

(re: envelope)

I'm taking these home.

He gets in the Humvee. Jenner hits the gas and they drive off into the night. As the camera glides away, always looking down on our heroes... the screen begins to FLICKER.

SMASH TO BLACK.