

TANK GIRL

by

Tedi Sarafian

Based on the comic book

by

Jamie Hewlett & Alan Martin

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FOR NINE YEARS THE WORLD HAD BEEN AT
PEACE.

THIS ENDED WHEN THE COMET TAYLOR,
THE LARGEST TO HIT EARTH IN RECORDED
HISTORY, STRUCK ATCHISON, KANSAS.

THE RESULTING DUST CLOUD ENSHROUDED
THE GLOBE, CREATING ECOLOGICAL
HAVOC.

AUSTRALIA 2033

TANK GIRL

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT SKY - SUNSET

Ferocious winds. A funnel cloud turns. A blood-red moon looms on the horizon. A lightning bolt spears the side of a dune. We could be on Mars if it wasn't for a street sign, half-buried in the sand, which reads: SYDNEY, 50 KILOMETERS.

A machine floats across the sky. A cross between a helicopter and a U.F.O. Turbo thrusters pointed toward the ground keep this metallic monster afloat. Printed on the side is a logo: DWP (Department of Water and Power); below this, a rendering of a DROP OF WATER. This aircraft is called a FLYER.

INT. FLYER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

High-tech data is projected by laser across the sightwindow.

PILOT

Homeplate, this is Condor Five. I'm detecting possible water in sector C-2-5. My scan indicates fifty to sixty thousand liters.

TECH (VO)

Confirmed. Any sign of Ripper activity?

The Pilot checks his scope.

PILOT

Negative.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER (DWP) - CONTROL ROOM

High-tech equipment forever. Two TECHS sit before terminals, wearing head-sets.

TECH

Land and run a full scanner.

PILOT (VO)

Roger that.

INT. DWP FLYER

The aircraft lowers like a helicopter, lands.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE

Inhuman eyes lurk in the darkness. They glow red and yellow.

INT. FLYER

The Pilot works a computer, running a scanner. A strange howling is heard. The Pilot, terrified, checks his scope. Several blinking lights suddenly appear on his scope.

PILOT

Homeplate! I'm showing Ripper activity! They came out of nowhere!

TECH #1 (VO)

Get out of there!

Before the Pilot can. CRASH! Glass sprays as something reaches through the sightwindow and rips the Pilot from the cockpit. Inhuman strength.]

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NOT FAR FROM THE WRECKAGE - DUSK

The Sydney opera house jets out of the desert floor along with broken skyscrapers. On a high dune, a silhouetted RIDER on HORSEBACK galloping across the sand.

Moving in closer WE SEE that it's not a horse, but a WATER BUFFALO.

Both buffalo and Rider wear protective goggles, filtered mask over nose and mouth. Their camouflaged gear blends with the desert.

The Rider dismounts the buffalo, walks close to a pile of junk. The Rider grabs a large CHUNK OF WOOD, ties a rope around it.

The buffalo groans! The Rider turns toward camera. She has blond hair. Full lips. Arched brows. A pair of sapphire eyes. Early twenties. This is REBECCA BUCK.

Rebecca sees smoke spiraling upward in the distance.

Rebecca ties the rope's free end to the buffalo, rides toward the smoke. The big chunk of wood drags behind.

EXT. FLYER - DUSK

Rebecca's riding boots follow a bloody path of footprints across the desert that lead to the Pilot's body lying half-buried in the sand.

Rebecca kneels down. Removes the pilot's military BOOTS and a gunbelt which holsters various items: a GRENADE and a golfball-shaped metallic grey weapon called a DANGEROUS BALL.

A high-pitched turbine is heard as something approaches.

Rebecca signals her buffalo with a whistle. The animal immediately lies on the ground.

Rebecca drops the holster, reaches into the leather saddlebag, removes a camouflage-cover and drapes it over her buffalo. Climbs beneath.

Through blankets of sand and wind another FLYER hovers overhead. Printed on its side: DWP.

INT. FLYER

On a laser monitor -- the wreckage below is clear. Magnification increases, centering on the dead Pilot sprawled out across the sand.

PILOT

Rippers got him. Terminating site.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE

A missile launched at the grounded Flyer EXPLODES! Shakes the earth. Flames engulf the wreckage.

The grenade is knocked loose from the holster which lies near Rebecca.

It rolls down the dune...BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Its detonator, triggered, begins counting down. 10...9...8...

Rebecca tries to grab the grenade. It's out of reach.

The Flyer hovers closer. 5...4...3...

Another explosion of sound. The Flyer's thrusters ignite, rocketing it out of sight.

Rebecca rolls to the grenade. Throws it...EXPLOSION!

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DUSK

This old, once prosperous, farmhouse, rebuilt to withstand the storms, sits in the center of a desert landscape.

INT. FARMHOUSE - STABLE - NIGHT

A man enters. Thirties, good-looking -- RICHARD. A buffalo GROANS! He spins around, sees the buffalo. A red laser dot crawls up his torso, centers between his eyes.

RICHARD

Oh shit...

Rebecca steps out of the shadows. In her grips is a make-shift pistol with a laser targetor wired on the barrel. Richard raises his hands.

REBECCA
Take your clothes off.

RICHARD
I'm not armed.

Rebecca waves the gun. Richard reluctantly begins undressing. His chest is a map of battle scars.

REBECCA
The war do that to you?

RICHARD
No, my ex-wife.

Rebecca watches Richard step out of his underwear.

REBECCA
Now. Salute me.

Rebecca aims down at Richard's groin, cocks her weapon.

RICHARD
I'm not too good under pressure.

REBECCA
Well, you'll learn then, woncha?

Two children burst inside: A 10 year old girl, tomboy haircut, jovial -- SAM. And her 11 year old brother -- MAX.

SAM
Gross out.

Max covers Sam's eyes.

MAX
Come on. They're being weird again.

Max pulls Sam out the exit.

Richard pulls up his pants. Rebecca lowers the make-shift pistol. The moment ruined.

REBECCA
Damn, I was just startin' to get into that one.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER (DWP) - HEADQUARTERS

Laser projected maps of the desert. The familiar DWP insignia is posted against a large banner. It's like being in a coal mine: structural beams hold up the ceiling; the sand walls are crystallized. Large laser screens project fake views: on one side of the room, snow capped mountains; the other, a jetliner city view.

Standing behind the laser maps is KESSLEE. Chairman of the DWP. Charismatic. Deadly.

Seven high rank soldiers stand at attention before the laser maps. A SERVER steps close to Kesslee. She has a black eye, swollen lip, scars across her face. Her hands shake as she offers serves Kesslee ice water. She is ultra careful not to spill any.

KESSLEE

Very good. You didn't spill a single drop. You see how you learn?

The Server nods, goes to her post.

KESSLEE

You've all done a fine job. Ninety-five percent of the desert and all the water it holds now belongs to our Department of Water and Power. D-W-P.

The soldiers smile, happy of their success. A female SERVER enters with a silver tray of ICE WATERS. Each of the soldiers take a glass.

KESSLEE

A toast! To Captain Derouche...

The soldiers toast a white haired man with an intimidating build -- CAPT. DEROUCHE.

KESSLEE

(approaching the Capt.)
For securing most of the desert.

They all drink. Kesslee only takes a sip, he examines Derouche who guzzles the whole glass.

CAPT. DEROUCHE

The Rippers are proving difficult to eliminate in that zone. Those mutants...you can't see them coming. It's like they're ghosts, they just disappear. But I'll secure that final crack of land, Mr. Kesslee.

KESSLEE

Shhhhh.

Captain Derouche quiets. Kesslee turns to one of the glass laser-projected maps which reads: "The Blue Dunes."

KESSLEE

This crack of land?

Kesslee hits the map with his fist. A small crack appears.

KESSLEE

It's just a small crack. Doesn't matter, we'll let that go.

(turns to the troops)

Let me show you what happens when there's a small crack.

Kesslee removes an ICE-GUN, sprays the glass map down. The small crack spreads and spreads until...

KESSLEE

The crack gets bigger, and bigger until...

CRASH! The glass map explodes into pieces.

KESSLEE

We lose the Denib Flats...

He sprays another glass map! CRASH!

KESSLEE

...the Tenelson Ridge...

Kesslee continues destroying the glass maps. CRASH! CRASH! Glass spills everywhere.

KESSLEE

And so and so on... Do I make myself clear, gentlemen?

The soldiers acknowledge with a "YES SIR!" Kesslee turns to Captain Derouche from the other end of the room.

KESSLEE

Remove your boots, Captain.

Captain Derouche examines the glass-covered floor that leads to Kesslee. He removes his boots. Begins toward Kesslee. Although we don't see it, we hear the glass crunching beneath his feet as he walks.

Captain Derouche's face winces from the pain. He stiffens, gritting his teeth as he continues toward Kesslee.

KESSLEE

Jump up and down, Captain. Show me
how excited you are that you've
learned.

The Captain does what he's told. Crunch, crackle, pop. He
gets all the way to Kesslee. Sweat covering his face.

In Kesslee's hands is a RUSHIWA. Japans futuristic version of
Tarot cards. Kesslee manipulates the Rushiwa until a fan pops
up. On the fan a Japanese Fool.

KESSLEE

The Fool. Foolish not to carry out
my order...properly.
(a slight smile; to the soldiers)
And foolish to walk across a floor
of glass.

The other soldiers chuckle.

KESSLEE

If I were you, I wouldn't have done
it. I would have killed me first.
But you lack that courage, don't
you, Captain?

Captain Derouche tenses with pure hate. Screaming, he goes to
kill Kesslee. Bad move. Kesslee steps into Derouche with a
series of deadly moves. A split second later. Captain
Derouche lies dead on the floor.

KESSLEE

Sergeant Small. It's your show now.
Don't let me down.

Kesslee kicks off his shoes, walks across the shards of glass,
like it was carpet; his face filled with pleasure.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - DUSK

A wooden sculpture. The feet, clawed; the legs, over-
muscular; the torso, skeletal; the head and face of a dragon;
shark-like teeth; long spider web hair.

Carving the sculpture is the ten year old Sam. Pictures of Elvis Presley cover the walls. Rebecca steps up behind Sam, examining the sculpture.

REBECCA

You were supposed to do my Elvis Bust. I didn't trade you my necklace straight from Graceland for nothin'.

Rebecca pulls on Sam's Elvis necklace.

SAM

I know, but the wood talks to me. It didn't say Elvis. It said...Ripper.

Sam's brother, Max, enters the room.

MAX

How would you know what one looks like?

SAM

(indicates Subrina)

Subrina told me. She says they live close to her shack.

SUBRINA is sleeping in a bean bag chair. Wild dreadlock hair. Dark skin. Glasses perched on her nose.

MAX

Yeah, she also says God is a fat Jamaican woman that sings reggae to her. Face it, no one here's ever seen one.

Max smirks as he moves to exit.

SAM

No one here's ever seen your peanut dick either.

MAX

(storms out of the room)

I'm telling dad!

SAM

Go ahead.

REBECCA

What about that chunk of wood? You hear "The King" hiding in there?

Rebecca steps aside, revealing the chunk of wood she hauled in.

Sam's eyes light up. A smile from ear to ear. She goes to the wood, runs her hands over it.

SAM

Wicked.

INT. STAIRS TO BASEMENT

A vicious punk rocker-type named TOWN descends the stairs, comes to a wall of boxes. He pushes on the boxes. A secret door opens.

INT. BASEMENT - THE GARDEN

A makeshift pumpjack sits beside a well. Artificial sunlight shines onto rows of crops. Several gardeners are tending to rows of vegetables, sprinkling water on them.

TOWN

Richard, where the hell's your girlfriend? It's her turn to cook.

RICHARD

I don't know. And cut her some slack, she's been out looking for water all day.

TOWN

I doubt that.

Town exits, slamming the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE REBECCA'S ROOM

Rock music blares from inside. A punk song called "Screaming In The Rain." Town moves toward Rebecca's door.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM

Holographic rock-n-roll posters everywhere. Lava lamps. Electric guitar in the corner. A street sign: "highway 69". Handcuffs hanging on her bedpost. Bottles of scotch. Beer cans. Comic books.

Rebecca sit on her bed in her underwear, a joint between her lips. Purple sunglasses on. A tee-shirt which reads "I snogg for drugs."

Town bursts in, yells above the music:

TOWN

You get off your ass, you get downstairs, and you start cooking! It's your turn, you shoulda been down there a half hour ago!

Rebecca picks up a vibrator and turns it on. She places the vibrator against her throat. Speaks like those people who need to artificially vibrate their vocal chords to be heard:

REBECCA

I'm too cooked...to cook.

TOWN

Tough shit. It's your turn!

Rebecca places the vibrator against her throat:

REBECCA

(too stoned to speak)

Okay, but if I poison accidentally all the everyone, I can't warn I didn't say so to you.

Rebecca drops the vibrator, struggles to her feet, having much difficulty. Town watches her as she struggles to get into her jeans. She gets one leg in. Town rolls his eyes, disgusted with her.

Rebecca tries to get her other leg into the jeans, that's when she notices they're on backwards.

REBECCA

Whoops.

She loses balance, falls. Hits her head on the side of a make-shift dresser.

REBECCA

Ow.

TOWN

You're pathetic.

Town, giving up on her, moves for the door. He turns back to Rebecca before he exits.

TOWN

You know, it ain't hard to see why your parents ditched you when you were a kid. If I were them, I'da dumped your pathetic ass too.

Rebecca's expression sinks; hurt.

TOWN

Can I ask you something? You sit here, you don't do anything but get stoned all day... You're asleep, you know that? Fast asleep.

REBECCA

Wake me when the world ain't so
fucked up.

Town slams the door as he exits. Rebecca looks down, hurt.

INT. DINING ROOM

Richard sets a plate of vegetables on a table. Longhairs, Skinheads, Rappers... Everyone is eating. Some at the table, others are in the background, making make-shift weapons.

RICHARD

The DWP...they're gettin' closer.
They're catchin' on to us. We
continue stealing water from here,
we're dust. Now, what I'm saying is
we relocate. I know it's a hassle,
but --

LONGHAIR

Screw relocating. Look. the Rippers
steal water, the DWP can't catch
'em.

RICHARD

The Rippers...you're talking about
an army of organized, militarily
trained rebels. With Johnny Prophet
as their leader.

A. Rapper putting together a funky handgrenade speaks up:

RAPPER

They're just a bunch of mutants.
(to his buddy)
Hand me that baking soda.

Rebecca enters. There's immediate tension. Everyone looks down. Conversation stops dead.

TOWN

Got the munchies, huh?

Town slops some food down, licking his lips. Making Rebecca drool.

TOWN

Mmmmm. Mmmmm. I tell you, these
peas...you don't even need to chew
'em up, they melt in your mouth.

REBECCA

(hungry eyes)

Please...

TOWN

No - chance - in - hell. Now since your boyfriend was kind enough to cover for you, you're just in time to take his guard duty tonight.

REBECCA

I'll take guard duty every night this week. For that last bit of corn there.

TOWN

You mean, this last bit of corn?

Town picks up the plate, scoops the rest down his throat. Rebecca holds her stomach in pain.

INT. STABLE

Rebecca moves up to her buffalo. She reaches into a bucket and grabs an old carrot. The animal groans.

REBECCA

You don't understand. I need this.
(the buffalo snorts)
We'll split it in half. That's fair, isn't it?

Hands cover Rebecca's eyes.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Guess who?

REBECCA

I'm not talking to you. You didn't stick up for me. I'm even thinking about taking back the present I got you. The one that's sitting on your bed right now as we speak, with a cute little bow around it.

RICHARD

You got me a present? You know how much I hate presents --

Richard grabs Rebecca to kiss her; but she resists.

RICHARD

Figured we pick up where we left off.

Rebecca moves close to Richard, gives him a sexual kiss. Rubbing his hands over her breasts. Suddenly, she stops.

REBECCA

(smiles)

It's a shame I got guard duty.
Think of how much fun we could be
having. Oh well...

Richard cringes, pure frustration. Rebecca's smile trails off
when she sees the buffalo eating the carrot.

REBECCA

(glaring at the animal)

Thanks!

EXT. FARMHOUSE - GUARD TRENCH - NIGHT

Rebecca sits in the trench, a homemade zip-rifle in her grips.
Subrina rides up to Rebecca on a motorcycle. She lights a
smoke.

SUBRINA

My ark is nearly complete. You
should come over and see it. God
has told me to save you. Just so
you know.

REBECCA

That's really nice of Him.

SUBRINA

Her.

(leans in)

Only fish can breathe underwater.

Subrina does a wheely. Rides off. Rebecca shakes her head.
Just then Sam sneaks up behind Rebecca, jumps into the trench.

SAM

BOOOOO!

Rebecca grabs her heart in pain. She's having a heart attack.

SAM

Rebecca!? REBECCA!?

REBECCA

(smiles)

Gotcha!

SAM

You butt smear...

REBECCA

Don't say butt smear. It's not
becoming. Say asshole or dickwad.

SAM
Make you a deal? I'll sneak you
some food...you give me...that
dangerball you found.

Rebecca holds up the dangerball. She palms it. It turns into
knifed knuckles. A vicious weapon.

REBECCA
You know how to work it? Let me
show you, 'cause if you hold it
wrong, you're steak tartar.

The ball changes into a grenade with timer.

SAM
I know, I know. I'm not stupid.

REBECCA
Okay. First you get me the food.

Sam holds up a lunch sack, bounces her eyebrows.

REBECCA
You butt smear.

INT. FARM HOUSE - RICHARD'S ROOM

Richard enters. On his bed are a pair of military boots with
a paper bow wrapped around them. Richard lights up with
delight as he moves toward his gift.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Low angle on military boots as they move across the sand.

Rebecca sits in her trench, alone. An empty plate of food by
her side. She looks up, sees a silhouetted figure approach.
Rebecca smiles when she sees the military boots.

REBECCA
I knew you couldn't resist.

Rebecca holds up a pair of scissors, smirks.

REBECCA
Snip. Snip.

She begins slicing the skirt up her leg.

REBECCA
Don't move any closer. You have to
stay there and watch.

Rebecca continues cutting off her clothing.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - LOW LIGHT

A Longhair creeps up to the refrigerator. Opens it. He reaches in, grabs some leftovers. When he closes the refrigerator door...

A DWP Trooper stands leveling a strapper. Liquid fires out the end of his weapon, spraying the Longhair's face.

SLOW MOTION

as the Long hair falls back. On impact, his head shatters like glass.

A lone eyeball rolls up to the Trooper's foot like a marble. The Trooper steps on it. Crunch.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Rebecca's scissors slice off more skirt, exposing her upper thigh. Stockings peel down her leg.

REBECCA

Okay. You can come a little closer.
But you're not allowed to touch.

The silhouetted figure steps closer. It's not Richard, it's a DWP TROOPER. His expression, filled with lust. The Trooper aims his strapper at Rebecca. A red laser dot centering between her eyes. She cringes.

REBECCA

How you doin'?

The Trooper steps inches from the girl.

TROOPER

Keep going.

Rebecca sees a team of paramilitary troops move through the darkness, toward the farmhouse entrance.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - GREENHOUSE

A four member paramilitary team burst inside. They are fully decked out: nightvision goggles, strappers, gas masks.

They find the water pump, acknowledge each other with looks.

TROOPER

(into walkie-talkie)
Confirmed. They've been looting
water.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Rebecca cuts off the last piece of her stockings. She smiles as she gets down on all fours and MEOWS like a cat.

TROOPER

Are you a little kitten? That what you are? I'm gonna make you purr.

The Trooper moves closer to Rebecca. She rips her nails across the Trooper's face. Head-butts him. The Trooper goes down. Rebecca grabs sand and forces it down his throat. Then runs away.

The Trooper coughs out the sand, rubs his eyes clean. Enraging, he grabs his strapper, aims at Rebecca. BEEP! BEEP! The Trooper notices the grenade on his gunbelt is un-pinned.

TROOPER

Oh shit.

KA-BOOOOM! No more Trooper.

REBECCA

Flicks the handgrenade pin. She begins to climb onto the roof of the farmhouse.

INT. BEDROOM - UPPER LEVEL

Rebecca appears outside the window. Gunshots echo from downstairs.

REBECCA

RICHARD!!!

Richard glances at Rebecca as he moves to the other side of the room where a zip-rifle leans against a wall. Close on Richard's bare feet.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

A black-eyed trooper -- WAYNE -- aims his strapper at the ceiling, looks through an attached:

HEAT SCOPE:

which tracks Richard's feet marks across the ceiling. The strappers have a distinct high-pitched sound: REEEEEEEEEEE!

INT. UPSTAIRS

Richard's blood paints the ceiling as bullets shred up through him, wood splintering into the air.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

THROUGH A HEAT SCOPE: We see the silhouette of Richard's dead body as it sprawls out against the ceiling. Dead.

INT. UPSTAIRS

Rebecca runs to the dead Richard.

REBECCA
(crying out)
Richard! Richard! No!

Richard is dead. Rebecca screams out with a maddened burst of adrenaline, grabs the zip-rifle, exits through the window.

EXT. UPSTAIRS ROOF - NIGHT

Rebecca hustles to a window, slides it open. Max and Sam are frozen with terror.

REBECCA
Stay where you are!

REEEEEEEEEEEE! Bullets shred the shingles beside Rebecca. She dives into the...

INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM

...lands on a bed.

REBECCA
Stay off the floor until you get
your shoes on!

Rebecca leans against the wall beside the doorway.

Rebecca sees a can of bugkiller. She sprays some outside the door. The mist picks up the red laser beam of a strapper's targetor. Rebecca the aims against the wall...fires a single shot!

A Trooper, hiding behind the wall, falls flat on his face in the doorway. Rebecca grabs the Trooper's strapper, moves for the children.

SAM
Watch out.

Rebecca spins around, sees the Trooper struggling to aim his pistol at her.

Rebecca spin-cocks the Strapper, switching the weapon to ICE-RIFLE mode. Ice, spraying the Trooper's entire body. The Trooper stands, frozen solid, a dumb look painted on his face.

Rebecca spin-cocks to NORMAL MODE, fires. The Trooper explodes into pieces.

Sam puts her shoes on. Max hops off the bed, makes a quick dash for his boots.

REBECCA
STAY OFF THE! --

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

Wayne looks through his HEAT SCOPE:

a pair of footprints moving across the ceiling. REEEEEEEEEEE!
Seconds later, a silhouette of a smaller body sprawls out.

INT. UPSTAIRS

Sam screams!

CLOSE ON Rebecca's face. Utter devastation! She aims the strapper at the floor: REEEEEEEEEEE!

More gunfire explodes up through the floor.

SILENCE. Gunfire stops.

Sam looks up at Rebecca, tear-stained eyes. CRASH! The floor gives out. Sam's begins to fall below. Rebecca grabs the girl's hand.

SAM
Rebecca!

REBECCA
Hang on! HANG ON!

Their sweaty hands slide off each other. Sam falls below.

REBECCA
SAAAaaaam!

A Trooper appears in the doorway, spraying fire into the room.

Rebecca dives out the window.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Rebecca jumps to the ground.

REBECCA
SAAAM!

Rebecca runs back toward the house. Just then...

EEEEEEEEEE! Bullets shred the side of the house. Three Troopers step through the newly created hole, their strappers leveled.

Rebecca whistles for her buffalo. Landing lights roll up to Rebecca as a Flyer rises from behind the farmhouse and hovers close.

The buffalo appears, moves to Rebecca's side.

TROOPER #1

You've been stealing water. Not smart.

Wayne circles Rebecca, checking out her stuff.

WAYNE

Lucky for you, you're a sexy little thing or we'd have no use for you.

REBECCA

You're just saying that 'cause I remind you of mom.

Wayne doesn't see the humor. He runs his pistol against the buffalo's head.

WAYNE

Don't you know you shouldn't own animals? There's a water shortage.

BANG! The buffalo jerks back. Stumbles to the ground. A pathetic sound before the animal dies.

Rebecca burns with hate and pain. Tears fill her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYER - NIGHT

The craft races across the sky at a dizzying speed.

INT. FLYER - CABIN

Four Troopers sit securely strapped to the seats. They are dressed in DWP military uniforms: each one decorated differently. Unshaven, dirty, some wearing bandannas.

Rebecca sits opposite the Troopers, handcuffed. Her head lowered, her eyes wet from crying.

One of the Troopers indicates to Rebecca there's something above her eye. Rebecca touches the indicated spot, finds blood. Touches her tongue and sucks the blood off. Sexy.

WAYNE
That painful?

REBECCA
I like pain.

In her underwear, Rebecca's looking pretty tasty to the Troopers.

WAYNE
What else you like?

REBECCA
Licking. Sucking.

WAYNE
Oh yeah?

Rebecca smiles, nods.

REBECCA
Which one of you wants an oil change?

The Troopers are taken off guard a beat. Rebecca eyes all four, awaiting a response. Wayne releases himself from the seat, approaches Rebecca.

TROOPER #1
Don't be stupid, Wayne, she'll bite it in half.

Wayne removes a pistol, places it against the top of Rebecca's head.

WAYNE
The moment I feel teeth, you feel lead.

Wayne cocks the pistol.

INT. FLYER - COCKPIT

The Pilot lowers the Flyer for landing.

INT. FLYER - CABIN

Wayne stands before Rebecca, his pants opened.

WAYNE
Well, what are you waiting for?

REBECCA
Pass me a magnifying glass and some tweezers.

WHACK! Wayne knees Rebecca in the face.

Rebecca hits the ground. Before her face is the SIDE-HATCH RELEASE. She pulls it open.

Violent winds churn inside the cabin.

Wayne grabs Rebecca. Rebecca snatches his gun, forces it against his gut. BANG! The bullet cuts right through Wayne and kills the Trooper sitting behind him. Rebecca turns Wayne, shoots through his torso and kills the other two.

The cockpit door opens. The Pilot levels his pistol. Too late, Rebecca fires first. The Pilot flies back. Dead.

INT. FLYER - COCKPIT

Rebecca grabs the controls. It's obvious by her actions that she has no idea how to fly this craft.

She turns to the sound of a KA-CHANK. Trooper #1, half-dead, stands in the cabin, struggles to level his Strapper at her.

Rebecca cranks the control to the left.

INT. FLYER - CABIN

Trooper #1 is forced out of the side-hatch.

INT. FLYER - COCKPIT

The Flyer heads straight for a dune.

EXT. FLYER

CRASH! The machine barrel rolls end-over-end across the desert. It plows to a stop, sending a wave of sand into the lens.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. DWP - MED BAY - LOW LIGHT

ON A MONITOR: Rebecca lies unconscious on an operating table. Strapped down. Hi-tech medical equipment surrounds her.

DR. NIKITA -- a painfully thin woman with razor sharp features looks through a hi-tech scope.

DR. NIKITA
Sergeant. On her right
arm...there's a military stamp.

SGT. SMALL -- A compact soldier with a buzzsaw haircut checks the monitor. Rebecca's arm is clean. No marks.

SGT. SMALL
I don't see anything.

DR. NIKITA
An inner tattoo, sir. Look through the scope.

Sgt. Small does what he is told. On Rebecca's arm: The tattoo is now clearly seen. The design travels halfway up her arm. A seven pointed star, surrounded by diamond stripes. A serial number.

INT. DWP - HEADQUARTERS

Sgt. Small inserts a computer card into the laser projector. The Map of the desert is wiped clean. Now the Blackstripe insignia is projected. Kesslee walks behind the laser map, letting the projection light his face.

SGT. SMALL
The military stamp belongs to a group of assassins that call themselves Blackstripe. Basically they took on a bunch of kids, high Iqs, good genes... Trained 'em for outer intelligence.

KESSLEE
A spy...

SGT. SMALL
This one's gonna be hard to saddle. I recommend we kill her.

KESSLEE
Bring her to me.

SGT. SMALL
Yes, sir.

INT. DWP - HALLWAY - LOW LIGHT

Rebecca, out of it, is led by Sgt. Small down the hallway. She's in manacles. Several troopers march behind, jabbing her in the back with their strappers.

Sgt. Small comes to the security door. A horizontal laser light quickly travels up his body. The door open.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - LOW LIGHT

Rebecca is shoved forward. Because of her manacled feet, she stumbles to the floor.

Boots step up to Rebecca's face. She looks up at:

KESSLEE

How many of my men did you kill?

Rebecca is silent. Defiant.

SGT. SMALL

Eight. Sir.

KESSLEE

"Eight, eight, the burning within
hate. Between Sunday, Monday hangs
a day so dark it will devastate."

Kesslee kneels down, brushes Rebecca's hair from her eyes.

KESSLEE

"Abandon all hope, ye who enter
here."

REBECCA

Look, you want to torture me, fuck
me...do it. But if the poetry shit
continues, shoot me now.

KESSLEE

And waste a Blackstripe?

(beat)

No...I've been searching for a good
spy to infiltrate the Rippers.

REBECCA

Not interested.

KESSLEE

Not yet.

Kesslee walks to a corner of the room. Troopers drag Rebecca
to where Kesslee walks. Rebecca sees a corpse hanging from a
sort of medieval torturing devise. The victim is Town.

KESSLEE

But you will be. If you're smart,
unlike your friend...

Kesslee manipulates the Rushiwa until a fan pops up. A
picture of a rat.

KESSLEE

I hate rats.

Kesslee turns to Sgt. Small.

KESSLEE

Put her to work.

INT. DWP - DIG SITE - LOW LIGHT

The Workers in this hell-hole are covered in mud and grease. Uniformed in red suits, flashlight helmets, gas masks and face shields, they fit and repair the water-pipelines.

Rebecca is chipping away at the rock with a large modern power tool called a GRINDER. This intimidating piece of machinery turns rock into sand.

A Worker's hand is trapped while guiding a pipe onto a connector. Blood spews. The Worker screams, falls back writhing in pain. Rebecca puts down her Grinder, moves to help but the foreman shoves a strapper in her face.

The Foreman takes his strapper and kidney-rams Rebecca. She goes down in pain.

FOREMAN

Back to work.

INT. FLYER - COCKPIT - DAY

ALL IS SEEN THROUGH THE SIGHT-WINDOW:

A PILOT speeds across the sky at mach two, chasing three ENEMY planes. The Pilot closes in, firing missiles. EXPLOSION. One down. The remaining enemy planes split up, nose-diving into a maze of skyscrapers. The Pilot stays tight on the enemy planes, weaves through buildings, performs a series of hair-raising maneuvers. Missiles fire.

The Pilot guns down the enemy plane. One remaining! A warning signal! On The Pilot's rear view monitor we see the last enemy plane barrel across the screen. The Pilot rotates the jet forty-five degrees. The controls freeze. The Pilot loses control. EXPLOSION!

COMPUTER (VO)

ELECTRICAL MALFUNCTION IN THE
STARBOARD STABILIZER.

INT. DWP - HANGER

Halogen lights illuminate various aircraft and tanks parked inside, several mechanics work in the background.

The hatch of the flyer opens. The Pilot steps down from the cockpit of the flyer. A woman. Shy. Hair hanging in front of her face. She hides her beauty behind a pair of wire-rimmed glasses. Her name is JET.

SGT. SMALL

Hey, Jet. How's the jet, Jet?

Jet, nervous, stands before the sarge like a beaten dog.

JET

I ran a simulator card. The right stabilizer freezes up on this one. I could have it fixed by Wednesday.

SGT. SMALL

You'll have it fixed by morning. I don't care if you're up all night.

Sgt. Small moves close to Jet, invading her space.

SGT. SMALL

Unless, of course, you make me change my mind. Whadaya say?

JET

(timidly)

I'll have it fixed by morning.

Sgt. Small flares. Ego burn.

INT. DWP - LOCKERS

Rebecca, exhausted, covered in mud, undresses. A sign above the lockers reads: SHOWER WITH UNDERWEAR ON, WE ONLY WASH WORK CLOTHES.

Rebecca watches a Trooper slide his security card through a slot, exit through a security door. She looks up at a security camera.

INT. SHOWERS

Rebecca, in boxer shorts, black bra and shoes, moves up to the shower nozzle. "RECYCLED WATER" is printed above the nozzle. Rebecca pumps the nozzle, brown water sprays for three seconds, cuts off. She keeps pumping the nozzle.

Rebecca hears voices, looks:

Sgt. Small is harassing Jet, pinning her against the tile wall.

SGT. SMALL

What's your problem, huh!? I have gone out of my way being nice to you. If it wasn't for me, you'd be another whore around here! Now, all I'm asking is...a little in return.

Sgt. Small moves his face toward Jet's, forcing himself on her. But Jet turns her head, revolted by the man.

Rebecca steps up to Jet.

REBECCA

Quit picking on my girlfriend.

Rebecca gives Jet a passionate kiss right on the mouth.

Sgt. Small's eyes go wide.

SGT. SMALL

Un frickin' real...

Sgt. Small storms off.

JET

Thanks. It worked.

REBECCA

What worked?

Jet steps back.

JET

Oh my God...

Jet wipes her mouth. Exits the scene.

INT. DIG SITE

Rebecca, half buried in mud, struggles to stay awake. She sets down her Grinder, removes a SMALL STONE, secretly pockets the rock.

FOREMAN

Back to work!

REBECCA

I was taking a break.

FOREMAN

You don't take breaks. You don't sleep. You don't eat. Until I say.

REBECCA

Well, then the hell with it. I quit.

The Foreman rib-crunches Rebecca with his strapper.

EXT. LOCKERS

Rebecca nurses her wounded side. She removes her stone, scrapes the rock against the floor so the all the edges are round.

A Trooper moves to the security door. Just as he walks through, Rebecca rolls the marble-like stone across the floor. It gets stuck in the security door, keeping it from closing.

INT. DWP - HANGER

The place is dark. Empty. A security door opens. Rebecca appears, sneaks through. She looks up at a security camera. When the camera pans away, she hustles inside.

Rebecca stops. Eyes go wide. We push in on her face as she examines a:

VECTOR X-5 BEAR. Class A tank. Equipped with 1 Prat & Whitney F-200 turbo fan. 1 anti-aircraft vulcan cannon. Two pop-up chain guns located on the turret.

Rebecca runs her hand along the cannon, from the tip to the base as she moves to enter the vehicle.

INT. TANK

Rebecca steps down, gets behind the controls. A 3-D laser projected screen appears. Lights reflect off Rebecca's eyes as the control panel comes to life.

COMPUTER
PLEASE ENTER SECURITY SIGNATURE
CODE.

REBECCA
Shit.

Rebecca shuts off the computer. A beat later, the computer turns itself back on.

COMPUTER
YOU HAVE TEN SECONDS TO ENTER
SECURITY SIGNATURE CODE BEFORE
LETHAL GAS IS INJECTED INTO CABIN.

Rebecca reacts to the sound of the hatch air-locking. She types a random code into the computer.

COMPUTER
SECURITY SIGNATURE CODE. INVALID.

SSSSSSSSS! Gas ejects into the cabin. Rebecca covers her nose and mouth. She tries to open the airlock hatch. It doesn't budge.

INT. DWP - HANGER

Low angle on boots approaching. A Trooper steps close to the tank. Notices the fog lights are on.

EXT. TANK - TURRET

Fingers punch in the security code. The airlock hatch releases.

INT. TANK

Trooper's POV -- sees Rebecca sprawled out over the seat. Hands slaps Rebecca's face. Nothing.

Fingers pull Rebecca's eye-lid back, no iris...only white and pink. Suddenly, Rebecca's eyes fall into place!

Rebecca shoves the Trooper against the control panel; pokes her thumb up underneath his mandible. The Trooper is Jet.

REBECCA

You know the security code to this thing?

(Jet nods)

Good. Then you're getting me out of here.

Rebecca grabs Jet's pistol, keeps the weapon leveled at her head. Lets her go.

Jet rubs the circulation back into her neck. She speaks in her usual timid fashion, her head lowered.

JET

This tank isn't operational.

REBECCA

How would you know that?

JET

I built it. But I'm not quite done. It still needs a turbo pump.

REBECCA

You're lying.

JET

If I was lying, your lungs would be full of cyanide gas.

A BEAT.

REBECCA

Then we use another tank.

JET

Nobody gets in or out of here unless they have clearance. It's impossible to escape. And if they catch you trying --

REBECCA

Don't tell me they'll take away my TV privileges.

Jet covers her mouth to hide a subtle smile.

INT. DWP - HANGER

Jet is beneath the underbelly of a flyer, removing some of the machinery. Sgt. Small approaches.

SGT. SMALL
How's your lover?

Jet nervously looks off, refusing to respond.

SGT. SMALL
Well guess what...you're off sky patrol. And you just lost your simulator time.

Jet spins around, devastated.

SGT. SMALL
That's right. As of now, you're on guard duty. I want you close to your girlfriend. She's not gonna be around much longer.

Sgt. Small moves off.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

In the background, several Troopers remove the dead Town from the room. Kesslee sits at his desk, staring at his monitors. He switches all the monitors to view the locker room:

Rebecca is seen undressing. Kesslee zooms in.

INT. DWP - BATHROOM - STALL

Jet sits in one of the stalls. Not to relieve herself, but to cry. She grabs some toilet paper, wipes her tears.

Suddenly Rebecca, on her back, scoots under the stall, staring up at Jet.

REBECCA
Missed me?

JET
What are you doing?

REBECCA
I was thinking about leaving this place. It's been swell, but the swelling's gone down.

Jet covers her smile with her hand.

REBECCA

I know it's scary, escaping and all.
But just think of it like the first
time you've been laid. You just got
to say... "Daddy? You sure this is
right?"

Jet laughs, covers her mouth.

JET

You're sick.

REBECCA

Only mentally. Why do you do that?
Cover your mouth when you smile.
Whadaya have bad teeth or something?

JET

I don't know...

REBECCA

So whadaya say we bolt?

Jet turns away, avoiding eye-contact. Suddenly, Rebecca is
yanked out from the stall.

The Foreman slams Rebecca against the wall.

Jet exits, watches the Foreman brutally shove Rebecca forward.
Rebecca spins around toward Jet.

REBECCA

You know, I'm really startin' to
like it here. The people are nice.
The food is great. I can see why
you want to hang around.

FOREMAN

Back to work!

The Foreman slams Rebecca into the door. Brutal.

REBECCA

And I love my job.

INT. HALLWAY

The Foreman prods Rebecca in the back with his strapper,
forcing her forward.

Again, the Foreman prods Rebecca's back. Rebecca stops,
pissed off.

REBECCA

You poke me with that thing one more
time, and I'm telling mom.

The Foreman goes to prod Rebecca. But this time, she dodges the strapper. The Foreman flares with anger. He goes to crack her across the face, but Rebecca ducks out of the way.

FOREMAN

Big mistake.

The Foreman removes his jacket. Exposing his musclebound body. The man is ripped.

FOREMAN

I think I should warn you. I'm a third degree.

REBECCA

Burn victim?

FOREMAN

Blackbelt.

REBECCA

No shit. You know how to make those really cool Bruce Lee sounds?

The Foreman steps into Rebecca. Swings at her.

CRACK! Rebecca shoves her palm into the Foreman's nose, sending his cartilage into his brain.

The muscle-bound Foreman falls back, stiff as a board, hits the concrete floor. Dead!

Just then, a bevy of armed Troopers approach Rebecca from both sides.

REBECCA

Quick! he's had a heart attack!

Strappers touch Rebecca's temple.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - COLD CHAMBER - DARK

Metallic, frost-covered pipes run across the walls and ceiling. The floor is grated. Water drip-drops against the shit-stained porcelain sink. Rebecca wears a straight jacket. A chain link leash fastened to her back is anchored to the rear wall. A half-eaten plate of food at her feet.

A shaft of light walks across the rear wall as the cell door is opened. She squints through the invading light to see:

A silhouetted Kesslee enters with several of his men.

KESSLEE

The abandoned child. Interesting.
You know, your whole life you'll
never be happy. Because no one will
ever love you as much as your
parents never did.

Kesslee exits. Rebecca's eyes fill with blood.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - SUNSET

Large, modern PUMPJACKS lie broken across the desert.
Twisted steel scattered about. Workmen lie sprawled out on
the sand. Dead! The DWP insignia printed across their
worksuits.

Sgt. Small walks up to Kesslee. Sgt. Small picks up a
strapper, checks the clip.

SGT. SMALL

Full metal. They didn't even have
time to squeeze off a bullet. No
way the Rippers could have hit this
fast without being seen first. This
valley has good visibility factor,
even in bad weather.

KESSLEE

I want this area searched for a
subgate. They're coming up from
underground.

SGT. SMALL

I'll get right on it.

Sgt. Small walks right through Kesslee (a hologram) and toward
several of his men, instructing them on the new mission.

CUT TO:

INT. COLD CHAMBER

Rebecca is convulsing. Like she's being electrocuted. Her
breathing is labored. Her eyes swollen and yellow with dark
rings. Her skin a pasty, greenish white.

A HOLOGRAPHIC MAP of Australia floats inside the room.
Rebecca sees Kesslee standing on the other side of Australia.

KESSLEE

Water. Right now, everything is
water. But the world has a way of
correcting itself, the drought won't
last forever. And it'll be land
again. By that time...

(MORE)

REBECCA
It's really hard for me to play with
myself in this thing.

KESSLEE
That's a shame.

REBECCA
Is it possible for me to get some
juice and a croissant?

Kesslee smiles as he removes a DART PISTOL from his holster
belt.

KESSLEE
You didn't like your lunch?

REBECCA
Steak could of used more fat.

KESSLEE
Then you should have fed your
buffalo more.

Rebecca looks down at her plate. The half-eaten steak.

KESSLEE
Look. You want to play? I'll play.
And I'll win.

REBECCA
Not if it's Monopoly. I kick ass at
that game. But I get to be the
shoe.

Kesslee steps closer.

KESSLEE
I'm going to ask you again. You
want to help me unite the desert,
defeat the Rippers?

REBECCA
Sounds groovy, do I get a cool
uniform like yours?

Kesslee shoots Rebecca. The dart hits her stomach.

KESSLEE
Ever hear of Cholera? It's an old
virus. It's not fun.

Kesslee manipulates the Rushiwa. A fan pops up: little child
with a sad expression.

KESLEE (cont.)
 (gazing at Australia)
 ...I'll own my first country.
 Petit a' petit l'oiseau s'il fait
 son nit: little by little the bird
 builds its nest.

REBECCA
 Water...

KESLEE
 You want water?

Kesslee removes the lid of his canteen.

KESLEE
 So do I. Beneath the Blue dunes,
 there's about a forty million
 liters. But every time a try to get
 to it, the Rippers stop me.

Kesslee holds the water beneath Rebecca's nose.

KESLEE
 I could use a spy like you to
 infiltrate their camp.

Kesslee some water on Rebecca's lips.

KESLEE
 See how nice I can be?
 (beat)
 So. Are you with me?

Rebecca spits the water into Kesslee's face. Kesslee
 stiffens, wipes off the water. Veins bulging in his forehead.

INT. DWP - BOILER ROOM

Kesslee watches a Trooper crowbar a drain cover open.
 Two other Troopers hold Rebecca upside-down over a drainage
 pipe one meter in diameter. Jet stands back, watching.

KESLEE
 The pipe. You're going to like
 this. It goes down forty meters.
 It gets smaller and smaller the
 deeper you go. About half way down
 you get stuck. There's barely
 enough room to wiggle your toes.

REBECCA
 (weak; raspy)
 Sounds wild. Can I go first?

Kesslee signals the Troopers. They drop her, head first.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE

Rebecca slides down...down...down. The pipe closes in tightly against her shoulders. She stops. Stuck. Rebecca quivers, sick with claustrophobia. She gasps for air...difficulty breathing. Closing her eyes tightly, she struggles to maintain.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK. A BIZARRE DISSOLVE OF IMAGES:

-- A small girl, four years old, moves toward a car which is loaded with luggage. The mother and father kneel down before the girl and explain that they'll be back for her once they have filled the car with gas.

-- The car drives off, leaving the girl behind, holding her doll.

-- Richard (Rebecca's boyfriend) is riddled with bullets. His son, Max, is killed. Rebecca's buffalo is killed. Sam slips from Rebecca's grasp, fall through the opened floorboards.

-- Rebecca on her knees, crying out. Her face morphs into the face of the little girl, waiting on the sidewalk, clutching her doll, crying.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE

Rebecca opens her eyes. Gasping. Quivering. Drenched with cold sweat.

INT. DWP - BOILER ROOM

Jet sticks her head into the drainage pipe, whispering loudly:

JET

All he wants is to hear you beg for
your life! Just do it!

No reply. Jet, frustrated with Rebecca, leaves her post.

INT. HEADQUARTERS

Jet enters, approaches Kesslee. She keeps her head lowered, speaks in her usual timid fashion.

KESSLEE

Yes?

JET

Sir. The girl, she's uh...screamed
for help all last night. Begging to
be let out.

Kesslee lights up.

INT. DWP - BOILER ROOM

Sparks fly from a metal-saw. A section of the drainage pipe is cut. It falls two meters to the concrete floor below. Rebecca, stuck inside, is catatonic.

Rebecca now lies freed of the pipe. Kesslee nudges her face with his boot. Jet and Sgt. Small are present.

KESLEE

I knew it was just a matter of time before you caved in. I'm glad you see things my way now.

REBECCA

(raspy; labored)
You know what I see?

KESLEE

What?

REBECCA

I see a major wedgy hanging in your left nostril. And if I were you, I'd use

(flips Kesslee off)
this finger to pick it.

Kesslee grabs a strapper from a Trooper, shoves the barrel against Rebecca's forehead. His finger itches the trigger.

REBECCA

(smiling)
I win.

Kesslee hesitates. He regains his composure. Shoves the strapper back in the trooper's grip.

KESLEE

No...not by a long-shot.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - DAY

High winds blast several Troopers/Scouts as they walk across the desert. A SCOUT looks through a high-tech:

SCANNER POV

The desert now glows fluorescent colors. The sky, orange; the canyon rock, ultraviolet; the sand glows purple except for a glowing RED CIRCULAR RING the size of a manhole -- A SUBGATE -- a passageway leading beneath the ground.

The Scout scoops sand into a duffle bag. He tosses the weighted duffle bag toward the subgate.

The bag hits the sand. Slowly, it sinks below the surface.
The Scout calls out to several other Scouts in the distance.

SCOUT

FOUND IT!

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - HEADQUARTERS

Sgt. Small and Kesslee stand before the plexiglass, laser projected map.

Sgt. Small circles the spot on the map. Kesslee's face appears at the other side of the plexiglass map.

KESSLEE

Ready the troops.

Sgt. Small nods, moves to exit.

KESSLEE

Include Miss Blackstripe.

Sgt. Small turns, baffled.

SGT. SMALL

Sir? I don't think that's --

KESSLEE

Don't question me, Sergeant

EXT. DWP - LARGE DUNE - SUNSET

The face of the dune opens up, revealing the inside of the DWP hanger.

INT. DWP - HANGER

Troopers, geared up, enter flyers, tanks, F-30s. Ready for battle. In the background, the large GATE continues to open.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE -- SUNSET

A vicious storm! High winds. An orange, bloated sun colors the sky. Two flyers scream past. Two tanks rise over a dune.

INT. FLYER

Seated inside are fifteen Troopers, geared up and ready. Each wears a helmet with a plexiglass, laser projected faceplate. Sgt. Small stares at Rebecca seated across from him.

SGT. SMALL

Your job is to penetrate the subgate.

REBECCA

I'll need a weapon. Whyn't you toss me that strapper.

SGT. SMALL

Can't do that.

REBECCA

Look, we'll do much better if we're all packin'.

SGT. SMALL

Whadaya mean "we"? You're going in alone.

REBECCA

Alone? Unarmed?

SGT. SMALL

Most of the Subgates are boobytrapped. Once we know it's safe, we'll be right behind you.

REBECCA

What about a small pistol?

TROOPER #1

If you cross a Ripper, shootin' 'im would only piss him off.

The Troopers smile. Rebecca begins to realize her fate.

SGT. SMALL

Like cheese at the end of a fishing hook, that's you.

EXT. DESERT CANYON - NIGHT

High winds blast the troops as they move across the desert. All wear protective eye and face gear except Rebecca who shields her face with her arm.

Microflares outline the subgate. The small fires burn blue.

Kesslee shoots her in the leg with a dart pistol. He moves close to her.

KESSLEE

It's only a locator. In case you try to escape.

Strapped around Kesslee's forearm is a WRIST-SCOPE. A red light blinks at the center of the scope. The wrist-scope BEEPS in sync with Rebecca's pulse.

KESLEE

Now, I'll always be close to your heart.

THE SUBGATE

Rebecca stands just outside the ring of microflares. Sgt. Small and Kesslee flank her. The Troopers level their strappers at Rebecca -- like pirates forcing a seaman to walk the plank.

Kesslee hands Rebecca NIGHTVISION GOGGLES.

KESLEE

Nightvision! Wouldn't want you to miss your own death!

Rebecca steps onto the subgate. Her body is lowered through the sand. Like an elevator.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE TUNNEL - DARK

Rebecca is lowered under the ground. Sound of the hydraulic machinery filling the subgate with sand, closing the hole.

Rebecca quickly looks around. Everything is quiet. Too quiet. She dons her nightvision, moves forward.

Rebecca's feet trigger a primitive TRIPWIRE made out of shoelace strings. The TICKING of a bomb is heard.

REBECCA

Oh shit...

Rebecca takes off running!

EXPLOSION! The force blows Rebecca through the tunnel like a bullet.

Rebecca hits a cave wall. Falls back. Out cold.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

The tank rolls forward...then abruptly comes to a dead stop.

INT. TANK

The Tank Pilots react as their computer shuts down.

TANK PILOT #1
What the hell's going on!? You
doing this?

TANK PILOT #2
Shit no.

COMPUTER
YOU HAVE TEN SECONDS TO ENTER
SECURITY SIGNATURE CODE BEFORE
LETHAL GAS IS INJECTED INTO CABIN.

A Tank Pilot types in the code.

COMPUTER
SECURITY SIGNATURE CODE. INVALID.

The hatch airlocks. The Tank Pilots go ballistic...

INT. F-30 - COCKPIT

The Pilot checks his DETECTOR SCOPE: anomalous readings begin
blinking.

JET PILOT
Soup Dragon, this is Condor one.
I'm detecting Ripper activity in
the --

The Pilot is ejected! A rear compartment door is opened.
Hiding inside is Jet. She takes the controls. Closes the
sightwindow hatch.

EXT. THE CANYON

Sgt. Small speaks into his head-set.

SGT. SMALL
Come back, Condor one! We lost your
signal! You say we have Ripper
activity!?

INT. F-30 - COCKPIT

Jet lowers her voice, creates false static.

JET
Negative, negative. Computer error.
No Ripper activity.

SGT. SMALL (VO)
Confirmed. No Ripper activity.

ON COCKPIT'S MONITOR: the Tank Pilots are seen choking on the
cyanide gas.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

Through gusts of wind and bad visibility, large inhuman silhouetted figures approach. Their eyes glow through the darkness.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

A Trooper stagger up to Kesslee and Sgt. Small.

SGT. SMALL
What's the problem, soldier?

The Trooper falls flat on his face, his back, a bloody mess. Kesslee reacts as a strange HOWLING shatters the silence.

INT. F-30 - COCKPIT

Jet watches the activity below which is seen clearly on a:

MONITOR: Traces of Troopers firing at the large, disfigured silhouettes. Static breaking up the view. Troopers scream out as they are attacked. Troopers fire their strappers. For brief moments the Rippers are seen. Large creatures. Hideous. The creatures leap over the advancing troopers, doing amazing, spinning flips. Landing, and killing their victims.

A Ripper runs across the desert at forty miles an hour. Hits a trooper in the back. The Trooper flies forward. Dead.

Jet watches the monitor, horrified at the sight of the mutants.

INT. CAVE TUNNEL - DARK

Rebecca comes to. Feels the back of her head. She dons her nightvision. Coast clear.

Rebecca cautiously walks back. She steps beneath the subgate.

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

Rebecca is elevated to the desert floor. The winds clean the sand off her.

REBECCA

moves forward. She barely hears something beeping above the wind. She steps past a wall of canyon rock, follows her ears to the beeping:

Kesslee's severed forearm lays on the sand, his wrist-scope beeping. Rebecca smashes the wrist-scope with the heel of her boot.

Rebecca pans around, checking out the area. Blood paints the canyon walls! Several dead Troopers are sprawled on the sand.

A low growl is heard in the distance, or is it the wind?

Rebecca grabs a strapper from a dead Trooper, cocks it, circles. She moves to exit the canyon. More dead Troopers litter the desert. Mangled.

With gritted teeth, Rebecca cuts into her leg, removing the PROBE. She then tears her shirt, ties a bandage around the wound. The low growling, catches Rebecca's attention.

Something large approaches! Its form silhouetted. Gusts of wind and sand reduce visibility. Rebecca levels her strapper.

A long skinny neck stretches forward.

Rebecca squeezes off several rounds. Bullets spark off the neck, ricocheting.

The long neck is the cannon gun of a TANK. The vehicle drives past Rebecca, right up to a wall of rock. Stops.

EXT. TANK

Rebecca looks inside: The dead Tank Pilots are sprawled out on the floor. Ghastly expressions choked across their faces.

A thundering rumble shakes the ground. Landing lights shower Rebecca. An F-30 hovers to a landing twenty meters from the tank.

EXT. F-30

A silhouetted Trooper, carrying a strapper, exits the craft. Rebecca levels her strapper, ready to kill.

JET (OS)

Don't shoot!

As the Trooper moves closer, we see that it is Jet.

JET

I thought the Rippers got you!

Rebecca shakes her head. Jet steps close to Rebecca.

JET

We better get out of here. They'll be coming back.

REBECCA

I'm not going back there. You're gonna have to shoot me.

JET

No, I'm not.

Rebecca is baffled.

JET

'Cause I'm not going back there
either.

INT. TANK

Rebecca and Jet sit inside. Jet types into the terminal.

JET

Now give me the signal to call the
tank.

Jet pushes the RECORD button. Rebecca whistles.

JET

A whistle?

Rebecca nods.

JET

Now to make it shoot.

Rebecca blows a different whistle. Jet hands Rebecca a
necklace with a mike on it.

JET

This is your caller. And that's the
mike. You use this if the tank's
out of range and can't hear you.
Inside's a tiny locator, so it'll
know where to find you.

Rebecca dons the necklace with an electric smile.

REBECCA

We're free.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - DAY

CLOSE ON THE TANK

Rock-n-roll music blares from a radio.

The tracks of a tank's tread marks. The tank speeds past,
right over its old tracks.

Shredded clothing falls out of the sky.

Moving back, it is revealed that the tank is traveling in
large circles.

A line is attached to the rear of the tank. We climb up the line into the sky...higher...higher...we find Rebecca, high up in the air. Parasailing.

CLOSE ON REBECCA

Headphones blasting music into her ears. Sunglasses on. A cigarette between her lips. She rips the arms and midriff of her uniform off, customizing the outfit.

EXT. DOWN BELOW

Jet is working beneath the F-30, tightening a bolt. She glances up at Rebecca, concerned.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE - DAY

POV THROUGH MONOCULARS

SOMEONE watches Rebecca parachute down from the sky.

EXT. F-30 AND TANK - DAY

Music grows in volume as Rebecca lowers from the sky, parachute flapping above her. She lands beside the F-30, detaches the parachute.

REBECCA

This thing's a blast, you should try it.

JET

We shouldn't be here. They're gonna come for us.

Rebecca whistles. Her tank drives up to her. Rebecca climbs up onto the gun, straddling it.

REBECCA

If they do, we'll deal with it.

JET

Just doesn't seem right. Us just sitting here. Doing nothing.

REBECCA

You think I'm gonna let those bastards get away with what they did, you're sadly mistaken. But right now, I'm gonna grab myself a tan. Have some fun. You should do the same.

Rebecca lays on the long gun, her face to the sun. Jet looks through monoculars, searching the sky for intruders.

JET

You know, we're sitting ducks here.
We're right in the middle of an open
clearing.

REBECCA

You know what your problem is. You
don't know how to relax. You're too
tense. You go solo?

JET

Solo?

REBECCA

You know, let your finger do the
walking.

Jet blushes, totally embarrassed. She covers her smile with
her hand.

JET

No. Of course not. God...

REBECCA

See, that's your problem.

SAND HERMIT (O.S.)

Get your hands in the air!

Rebecca and Jet are stunned to see a Rastafarian SAND HERMIT
standing before them with a two barreled ROCK-BLASTER in his
grips. A junk bag in his left hand. He wears blue swimming
goggles, sandal/boots, beige leathers.

JET

Oh shit... I knew this'd be a
mistake.

Rebecca jumps up, fearlessly walks toward the Sand Hermit.

REBECCA

(approaching)

Oh, cool gun... You make that?

SAND HERMIT

Hands in the air.

Rebecca raises her hands. Her short-cut t-shirt exposes the
lower part of her breasts. The Sand Hermit finds himself
staring. Aroused.

SAND HERMIT

Remove your shirt.

REBECCA

You want to see my tits? Just say
so, you don't need a gun.

From Jet's POV, she sees Rebecca's bare back as the girl
flashes the Sand Hermit.

REBECCA

There, see. No big deal. I don't
see why guys get such a thrill from
these things. They're just two big
ol' squishy mounds of flesh, that
get in your way when you run.

The Sand Hermit is turned on.

REBECCA

Want to feel 'em?

The Sand hermit is cautious.

The Sand Hermit approaches Rebecca. He slowly reaches out and
touches her breast.

REBECCA

Quit screaming so loud, you're
hurting my ears.

SAND HERMIT

(baffled)
I'm not screaming.

Rebecca grabs the Sand Hermit's gun; dislocates his shoulder.
The Sand Hermit hits the ground, SCREAMING.

REBECCA

Now you are, you perverted piece of
shit.

Rebecca cocks the rock-blaster, aims it at the Hermit's face.

SAND HERMIT

(eyes closed)
Please don't hurt me. I don't want
to die! I don't want to --

Rebecca shifts aim and blows his junk bag. Junk flies out all
over the desert.

The Sand Hermit opens his eyes, happy to be alive.

SAND HERMIT

Thank you. Thank you!

Rebecca's eyes widen as something catches her attention. An
ELVIS BUST lying on the sand. She reaches down, picks it up.

Rebecca studies the workmanship. Definitely in the style of her young friend, Sam.

She grabs the Sand Hermit by the collar, eyes flaring, dead serious tone:

REBECCA
Where'd you get this?

SAND HERMIT
At, at the gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION

In the middle of the desert. A sign out front: GAS 5.69/liter -- WATER 108.99/liter. The Tank drives right up to the pump. The Jet lowers and lands on the other side of the pump.

The ATTENDANT approaches, wide-eyed, jaw dropped.

REBECCA
Fillerup. And check the tires, I think I need air. Oh, by the way, this yours?

Rebecca props the Elvis Bust on the pump.

ATTENDANT
My Elvis. Where'd you get that?

REBECCA
I was gonna ask you the same thing.

Jet steps close, in her hands a mechanical device with a digital display.

ATTENDANT
None of your business where I got it. It's mine. It was stolen. And I want it back.

Rebecca pulls out a gun and places against the Attendant's head.

REBECCA
I asked you a question, where'd you get it?

The Attendant stiffens, fear-stricken.

ATTENDANT
I found it.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Jet holds up a black box with a computerized display screen. Shuts off the alarm signal.

JET
(re: tank and jet)
We can't go into town with stolen hardware.

Rebecca sees several mechanics inside the warehouse, doing body work on a car. Sparks flying from laser saws. Rebecca reaches into Jet's satchel, grabs some money.

REBECCA
I'll take care of that. By the way, you could sell those lie detector things, make a good living.

JET
I doubt that.

Jet holds up the black box, hits a button. The familiar alarm goes off, then the sound of a dog barking, a rooster crowing...

JET
It's just a toy.

REBECCA
You sly little shit.

JET
Learning from the best.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - MED BAY - LOW LIGHT

Kesslee lies on a hospital mount. He's plugged into all kinds of medical machinery. He looks bad. His right arm, severed below the elbow. His face is completely bandaged except for small slits which allow him to see and breathe.

Dr. Nikita turns to her NURSE.

DR. NIKITA
Give him seven cc's of --

Dr. Nikita approaches Kesslee with a hypodermic needle.

KESSLEE
No pain killers, no drugs. When you operate. I will be awake. Do I make myself clear, doctor?

Dr. Nikita nods nervously.

KESSLEE
Now. What is your prognosis?

JET

He's lying.

REBECCA

How do you know?

JET

It's a little something I designed.
It detects lies.

ATTENDANT

That's bullshit. I ain't lying.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Jet shuts off the alarm signal.

ATTENDANT

Okay. I got it from this girl.

REBECCA

Where can I find her?

ATTENDANT

North. She was heading North.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

REBECCA

See this here tank. Does whatever I
tell it to. I'll show you.

(to her tank)

Next time this man lies. Kill him.

The cannon gun turns, staring the Attendant right in the face.

ATTENDANT

Wait a minute! I'll tell you where
she is! You tell me what the DWP
wants with her!

JET

We're not with the DWP. We escaped.

REBECCA

The girl's name is Sam. She's a
friend.

ATTENDANT

Well why didn't you say so in the
first place?

EXT. WAREHOUSE BESIDE GAS STATION

Jet pulls Rebecca aside.

DR. NIKITA

Not good, sir.

Sgt. Small enters the room, at his side, a well-dressed Chinese man with short white hair -- MR. CHE'TSAI.

SGT. SMALL

This is Mr. Che'tsai. He specializes in cybergenic reconstructive surgery.

Mr. Che'tsai immediately begins examining Kesslee's condition.

KESSLEE

Well?

Mr. Che'tsai speaks through a TRANSLATOR. A state-of-the art devise that does just that. A split second after Mr. Che'tsai speaks in Chinese, we hear a synthesized voice speak out louder in English:

MR. CHE'TSAI (translator)

All the King's horses and all the King's men...wish they had the technology I have.

(beat)

You want my services. The fee will be one hundred thousand liters.

Kesslee and Sgt. Small share a look. A beat as Kesslee thinks about it.

KESSLEE

About those pain killers. I suggest you take them for yourself.

Dr. Nikita is baffled. Kesslee levels a pistol. BANG! The woman drops. Kesslee turns to Mr. Che'tsai

KESSLEE

We have a deal, Mr. Che'tsai.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rebecca, wearing a face protector, works on her tank with a laser saw.

Close on Jet as she grabs a canister of "ACID WASH".

Rebecca grabs a METAL GUN. This device sprays colored metal onto steel like frosting on a cake. Rebecca works feverishly, like an artist.

The mechanics are dumbfounded as they watch the girls work.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Rebecca whistles, calling her tank. The vehicle exits with a whole new look: Wild streaks of colors across the turret. Names of punk groups across the side. Acid washed metal...vintage Cadillac emblems on the gun. Harley Davidson logos. Chrome on it everywhere. It's now a funky-up, Bohemian twisted, rock-n-roll relic of a war machine.

The F-30 hovers outside. The designs are much more symmetrical and intelligent. Like M.C. Escher designed it. A perfect expression of the scientific mind.

REBECCA

Mental.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - HEADQUARTERS

Medical equipment beats to the sound of life. Mr. Che'tsai oversees a group of Surgeons working on Kesslee. A Doctor grabs a synthetic arm covered with tiny cyberblades -- a deadly weapon. Kesslee remains awake for the operation.

SGT. SMALL

They're on their way to Liquid Silver. In Chutney.

Mr. Che'tsai pokes a scalpel into Kesslee's chest, cuts. Sgt. Small is spooked that Kesslee doesn't seem to feel it.

KESLEE

Bring me the little girl.

SGT. SMALL

Yes sir.

EXT. CHUTNEY - DUSK

A cross between an old western town and Arabian flea market. Vendors are selling whatever they can. Old rickety saloons... Funked up military vehicles drive down the street. Tank converted cars, jeeps with missile launchers are parked about.

Rebecca's tank drives through, even amongst the other funky military vehicles, hers sticks out -- a work of art.

Children beggars surround Rebecca and Jet, crying out for water. Rebecca and Jet are generous.

EXT. LIQUID SILVER

The nicest place in town. Security entrance. DWP logo out front along with a Vegas-like sign: "LIQUID SILVER."

INT. LIQUID SILVER - BATH PALACE

Marble floors. Large saunas, steam rooms, jacuzzis. Servers carrying trays of ice water, fruit, chocolates.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Close on hands washing soiled sheets in a dry chemical cleanser. Camera creeps around to reveal Sam -- the little girl from the farmhouse. She looks exhausted, overworked. Her expression, devoid of hope.

INT. LIQUID SILVER - LIVING ROOM

Very high-class. Vaulted ceiling. Tastefully decorated. Provocative art everywhere. Beautiful table dancers stripping for the customers. Suited men at tables with bottles of purified water.

A MADAM wearing an expensive black skirt suit, black hair pulled back tightly, is approached by a PROSTITUTE.

PROSTITUTE

I got a guy who wants the school girl thing...for real.

MADAM

Introduce him to Sam.

PROSTITUTE.

She's just a girl.

MADAM

Not for long.

EXT. LIQUID SILVER - SECURITY ENTRANCE

Two armed GUARDS stop Rebecca and Jet.

GUARD

Sorry, but this is a male only club.

JET

We're looking for a friend.

GUARD

Can't help you.

REBECCA

No, what she means is a friend told us there might be work here.

The Guards examines the two girls.

MODEL (VO)

You have now finished creating your look. If you have followed directions properly, you should appear as so...

ON THE MONITOR: A model with a red dress, black high heels, black belt, long hair...beautifully put together.

INT. LIQUID SILVER - OUTSIDE DRESSING ROOM

The door opens. Low angle on boots, as they step forward. Climbing up Rebecca...riding pants with knee pads...sleek black gloves...her wrists filled with bracelets...a bustier top...strands of bead necklaces hanging to her belly button...hair, shaved in certain areas, long and braided in others. A cigarette dangling between her lips. Her ears, filled with earrings. Blood from the wounds dripping onto her shoulders.

REBECCA

Nice place you got here.

MADAM

(disgusted)

Your outfit...!

REBECCA

You don't like it? It's the new look.

MADAM

Guard!

A GUARD bursts in, strapper aimed at Rebecca.

GUARD

Drop the gun!

REBECCA

It's not a gun. See?

Rebecca shoves the earpuncher against the Guard's face, punches a bunch of earrings into his cheeks.

INT. WATERFALL SUITE

Rat Face pins Sam down on the bed.

SAM

Please, sir. Don't take my silver. It's all the money I got.

RAT FACE

Silver...? Lemme see that!

Rat Face finds the Dangerball in Sam's left hand. He grabs it. CRUNCH! The Dangerball mangles Rat Face's hand. He hits the ground, screaming.

EXT. LIQUID SILVER - DAY

Jet spies on the place from across the street. A gun is placed against her head. Jet turns. Two DWP Troopers stand over her.

INT. WATERFALL SUITE

Rat Face writhes on the floor, the dangerball mangling his hand. Sam moves toward the door, pauses.

SAM

That's what you get for being a perv'.

RAT FACE

I'll kill you!

Sam stiffens. She claps her hands twice. "The Clapper."

The dangerball turns into a grenade. KA-BOOM! No more Rat Face. Sam turns to exit. Rebecca stands in the doorway.

REBECCA

You're gonna get fired if you keep treating the guests like that.

Sam latches onto Rebecca. They embrace.

INT. DWP FLYER - CABIN

Jet is handcuffed to a seat in the rear. She kicks off her shoes. Using her feet, she opens a box of C-5 explosives. With her toes she grabs a tube, manages to get it to her hands. She smears the explosives into the keyhole of the cuffs.

JET

(calling out)

Hey, can I have a cigarette?

The cockpit door opens. The PILOT steps up to Jet.

PILOT

You want a cigarette?

The Pilot pops a smoke in his mouth, lights it. He blows on the cherry; burns Jet's arm with the glowing tip. Jet winces.

PILOT

It's all yours.

The Pilot exits. Jet grabs the cigarette with her toes. Passes it to her hands, then places it in her mouth. She sucks on the cigarette, struggling to keep it lit. The cherry glows -- cigarette saved.

INT. LIQUID SILVER - BATH PALACE

Jacuzzis, saunas, cool dips, steam rooms. Prostitutes bathing with rich old men. Rebecca and Sam move to exit. They run into the Madam and several of her guards.

MADAM

Get that bitch!

The guards approach. Rebecca grabs the Madam, holds a knife to her neck.

REBECCA

You do and I'll scrape off all her makeup. It'll take me a while, but I'll do it.

The Madam gives her Guards a look that says -- comply.

REBECCA

Now, toss me your gun clips.

The Guards reluctantly do so. Rebecca whistles into her caller necklace.

EXT. CHUTNEY ROAD

Rebecca's tank jolts forward.

INT. LIQUID SILVER - BATH PALACE

MADAM

What do you want?

REBECCA

Ask her.

Rebecca points to Sam. Sam steps close to the Madam.

SAM

I want you to sing me a song. You know "Screaming In The Rain"?

The Madam shakes her head, terrified. Looking outside the window, Rebecca sees her tank approaching.

REBECCA

Oh, it's easy as you are. It goes "I'm screaming in the rain, I'm screaming in the rain...what an orgasmic feeling I'm happy again."

The Madam does her best to sing along.

REBECCA

Everybody.

The Guards start singing.

Rebecca dances around the room with Sam, singing -- like in "A Clockwork Orange."

The Madam grabs the Guard's pistol off the floor, jam in new clips.

Rebecca whistles into her necklace caller.

EXPLOSION! The Guards and the Madam are blown off their butts. Rebecca's tank drives through the wall.

GUNFIRE! Rebecca jumps beneath her tank for cover.

A bevy of Troopers enter.

Rebecca ducks behind her tank.

REBECCA

(to her tank)

Kill 'em.

Two CHAIN GUNS on the tank's turret pop up. The guns take aim at the Troopers. Rebecca sees the Troopers take Sam as their hostage.

REBECCA

(to her tank)

No! Don't fire!

The tank does as it is told.

The Troopers exit with Sam.

REBECCA

Shit. Shit...

INT. DWP FLYER

Using her mouth, Jet lowers the cigarette and ignites the C-5 which is smeared inside the lock of her handcuffs. A small EXPLOSION. The handcuffs pop open.

INT. COCKPIT

The Pilot, hearing the explosion, grabs his pistol, exits his seat. He opens the door to the cabin. Jet stands before him with a fire extinguisher. WHITE foam sprays his face.

EXT. LIQUID SILVER

A bevy of Troopers shove Sam inside a DWP flyer.

The Flyer rockets off into the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - HEADQUARTERS

Sam's wrists and ankles are belted to straps which are connected to the ceiling. She hangs above a large tin pan stained with blood. Sam screams and kicks, terrified.

Low angle on the boots of a soldier. Camera rises to reveal one human arm, one synthetic, covered with deadly cyberblades. A black plexiglass mold shaped to a generic face stares at Sam. This is the rebuilt Kesslee. When Kesslee speaks, a hologram of his old face is projected onto the black plexiglass mold. His expressions are exaggerated -- ala Max Headroom. Occasional bursts of static wipe through the projection. His voice, slightly synthesized:

KESSLEE

"Is death a window to brighter
skies, severing souls from mortal
flesh? Is pain a hellish sentinel,
warding off those too curious?"

Sam doesn't reply. Kesslee manipulates his Rushiwa. The fan that opens is two Japanese making love.

KESSLEE

The lover.

Kesslee strokes Sam's hair with his human hand. Sam sickens.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Rebecca marches across the junk, toward an OLD SHACK, her expression a mask of determination. Jet follows, worriedly. And following the girls is the tank. The F-30 remains parked in the background.

JET

What do you think they're gonna do
to her?

Rebecca doesn't answer.

JET

Where're we going? What're we
doing?

Jet pulls on Rebecca's arm, stopping Rebecca. The tank also stops.

JET

Stop. Okay. Just stop. Talk to me.

REBECCA

We're gonna hook up with a friend of mine.

JET

Why?

REBECCA

Because she can tell us where we can find the Rippers.

JET

The Rippers!? Why the hell do we want to find the --

REBECCA

Because, we're gonna join up with 'em.

JET

Are you crazy!? Those things are from hell!

(beat)

You're kidding, right...? You're not kidding.... You know what those things do!? They skin you and eat you alive!

Rebecca stops, turns to Jet square.

REBECCA

Look. I'm gonna do whatever it takes to get Sam back. Okay?

Rebecca continues forward.

REBECCA

So just kick back and relax.

JET

Relax...with you that's an impossibility.

Rebecca knocks on the door.

The door opens just a crack. SUBRINA -- Grease splotches on her face, dressed in a mechanic's jumpsuit.

JET
Hi. 'You Subrina?

SUBRINA
I inhabit her body, yes.

Rebecca sticks her face in front of Jet's so Subrina can see her.

SUBRINA
Rebecca! Come in.

As the girls step inside the tank also moves forward. Rebecca turns back to her tank, sending the machine a hard look.

REBECCA
You don't fit in here. Okay? Now go.

The tank's turret moves back and forth, as if to say "no." Rebecca shakes her head, enters.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD SHACK - NIGHT

Rebecca and Jet are seated at a table. Subrina is searching through drawers, looking for something.

SUBRINA
I'm sorry about what happened. God will punish them.

REBECCA
With my help.

Subrina slaps an old map down. Indicates a spot.

SUBRINA
The Blue Dunes. At the center of this rock formation, you'll find the Ripper subgate. When you get into the underworld, there's a passageway to the right, and one to the left.

Suddenly the long cannon barrel of Rebecca's tank enters the room through an opened window. Conversation stops. Rebecca, piqued, speaks to her tank without taking her eyes off the map.

REBECCA
You got five seconds to get out of here. Five, four, three...two...

The Tank quickly exits the room.

REBECCA

You were saying.

SUBRINA

When you get into the underworld, there's two passageways, one to the right, one to the left. One leads to their hideout. The other leads to God.

JET

Which one do we choose?

SUBRINA

The right one.

JET

I have a very bad feeling about this.

SUBRINA

But I'll tell you right now, you're wasting your time.

JET

What?

SUBRINA

The DWP will soon be under water. The rains are near.

JET

Rain? It hasn't rained since the comet.

SUBRINA

I have room on my ark. You'll be safe there. Remember, only fish can breathe underwater.

EXT. SHACK - NIGHT

Rebecca and Jet exit. Subrina stands at the door.

SUBRINA

Tell them you want to speak with Johnny Prophet. He's their leader.

JET

How do you know him?

SUBRINA

We used to get spiritual.

Subrina shuts the door. Jet turns to Rebecca with that worried look of hers.

EXT. BLUE DUNES - NIGHT

The F-30 hovers to a landing. The tank follows the girls as they walk slowly across the sand.

REBECCA
Should be right in this area.

An eerie HOWLING echoes with the wind. Jet spins around, spooked.

JET
You hear that?

Jet turns back to Rebecca. But she's gone!

JET
Rebecca? Rebecca?

Jet takes a step back.

JET
Oh shit...

Jet steps onto the subgate.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - LOW LIGHT

Jet is lowered to meet Rebecca. A hydraulic hiss as the subgate fills the hole with sand.

The blood drains from Jet's face as her eyes lock on something behind Rebecca.

REBECCA
What?

Jet is wide-eyed. Spooked.

REBECCA
What?

Jet points. Rebecca turns to look behind herself. A RIPPER!
Glowing eyes. Seven feet tall. Lurking over her. Jet
SCREAMS. The Ripper grabs her!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND RIPPER HIDEOUT - STORAGE ROOM - LOW LIGHT

The girls are bathed in darkness. The only way out is a thick wooden door. Jet looks through a slit in the door.

JET'S POV

She sees a Ripper clearly for the first time: The creature stands over seven feet tall. Legs, very muscular; torso, thin but ripped. Triple jointed arms. Long metallic claws. Spiderweb hair. Demon-like eyes which glow in the dark.

Jet backs off, spooked.

REBECCA

Handsome devils, aren't they? I got dibs on the one with the hunchback.

The girls watch the Ripper remove a black bullet proof torso cover which cosmetically accentuates its muscular structure. The creature continues to dismantle its battle suit. Removing headgear which contains its spiderweb hair. Removing its demon-like face shield with glowing eyes. Removing its long metallic claws.

The creature is now much less intimidating. Half man, half kangaroo. Although still deformed and hideous, now the genetically altered human possesses a pathetic quality. Sad dog eyes, deformed skeletal structure.

REBECCA

Hey! Elephant Man! We're hungry in here!

The Ripper whips his head toward the girls. Storms toward them. Rebecca and Jet scoot back, scared.

JET

Now you did it.

A hose is poked through the eyehole. Sound of gas being turned on. SSSSSSSSS!

JET

(covering her nose and mouth)
They're poisoning us. That's it.
We're dead. Nice move.

REBECCA

If they wanted us dead. We'd be dead. I think they got something else in mind.

JET

(sick to her stomach)
That's encouraging.

TIGHT ON THE HOSE

More gas sprays out. Rebecca and Jet are now seated in different positions.

After a few beats... Jet lightly chuckles.

REBECCA
What's so funny?

JET
I don't know. How come you're
smiling?

Rebecca has a grin from ear to ear.

REBECCA
Because you're smiling.

JET
Okay, I'll try to stop.

Jet makes a serious face. She struggles to hold a laugh.
Finally she lets the laugh burst out. Rebecca also laughs.

REBECCA
Stop it!

JET
I can't help it!

Jet tries to hold it. Rebecca loses it first. Jet bursts out
with laughter. Both girls are in hysterics.

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - THE CHAPEL

Candles illuminate old maps of the desert which line the
walls. As a military headquarters, it's crude, but efficient.
This is also a place of God. Strange artwork is carved into
the stone walls.

In the back of the room. A makeshift pumpjack works
constantly, sucking water from the underground spring.

Rebecca and Jet are stoned out of their minds, each seated in
a chair. Twelve Rippers (out of battlesuits) hover around
them; among them are:

T-SAINT -- paranoid, aggressive, no bullshit. Deadly.

DEETEE -- the hippie, Bohemian, intelligent.

BOOGA -- big, intimidating, but lacking in brain cells.

DONNER -- the tech head Treky. Small, nerdy.

DEETEE
What are you doing here?

REBECCA

Are you guys really this ugly, or
are we just hallucinating?

Jet and Rebecca break out with laughter.

DEETEE

Who are you working for?

Rebecca leans forward, looks down Deetee's pouch.

REBECCA

Is it true what they say about guys
with big feet?

T-Saint gets in Rebecca's face, livid.

T-SAINT

HE ASKED YOU A QUESTION. ANSWER IT!

Rebecca winces from T-Saint's bad breath.

REBECCA

I got two words for you. Oral.
Hygiene.

The girls giggle incessantly. T-Saint pulls Deetee aside for
a private talk.

T-SAINT

They're spies. They got the DWP
logo on all they're gear!

DEETEE

If they were DWP, I don't think
they'd come here advertising it.

T-SAINT

That's exactly what they want us to
think.

BOOGA

Or better yet...that isn't what they
want us to think, that way we'll
think what they think we might
think, but actually --

T-SAINT

Booga?

BOOGA

Huh?

T-SAINT

Make yourself useful and choke on
something.

Rebecca and Jet are given another dose of gas. The Rippers remove the gas masks, and then resume the questioning.

DEETEE

How much are they paying you to spy on us?

Jet speaks with her eyes closed, stoned beyond joking.

JET

We told you. No one's paying us anything. All we want is to join your fight.

REBECCA

Just let us speak to Johnny Prophet. That's all we ask.

Booga lowers his head.

REBECCA

All I want is five minutes with him.
(to Booga)
Are you Johnny Prophet?

Booga begins crying gently. Rebecca puts it together.

REBECCA

He's dead, isn't he?

Booga cries even harder. T-Saint glares at the big thug.

T-SAINT

You're a real blow it, you know that?

T-Saint shoves the gas mask in Rebecca's face. She passes out.

DEETEE

Great. Now look what you did.

T-SAINT

I'm tired of asking 'em questions anyway. I say we just kill 'em.

BOOGA

I say we get crumpets and tea.

RIPPER #1

Let's vote on the crumpets and tea. All in favor say aye.

Most of the Rippers say "aye!" Booga is still crying.

T-SAINT

Shut up! Everyone shut up! We're not getting crumpets and tea. We're gonna take these girls out, and waste 'em.

BOOGA

(emotional)

I think they're nice. I say we let 'em go.

T-SAINT

Let 'em go!? They're spies! I'm gonna do 'em right now.

T-Saint grabs Rebecca around the throat.

DEETEE

I don't remember anybody putting you in charge, T-Saint?

DONNER

He's right. We're a committee now. We vote on it.

T-Saint rolls his eyes, removes his claw.

DEETEE

All in favor of killing 'em, raise your hand.

Six hands go up, including T-Saint's.

BOOGA

All in favor of not killing 'em, raise your hand.

Six hands go up. It's a tie.

DONNER

Coin toss time!

T-SAINT

Bloody pathetic...

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

Tick, tick, tick... Jet awakens. She lies in the sand, handcuffed to Jet. Her eyes focus on a Mickey Mouse clock converted into a BOMB which lies several feet from her head. The detonator counts down 16...15...14...

JET

Wake up.

Rebecca stirs in her sleep. Jet shakes her. 12..11..10...

JET
WAKE UP! REBECCA! WAKE UP!

REBECCA
(eyes closed)
You go ahead, I need a few more
hours.

Jet kicks Rebecca, but the girl is out cold. She tries to drag her away, but Rebecca's too heavy.

JET
WAKE UP!!!

Rebecca sits up. Looks at Jet. With a yawn, she rubs the sleep from her eyes.

REBECCA
What?

Jet looks at the detonator. 7...6..5..

JET
Forget it. Go back to sleep.

Rebecca's eyes focus on the bomb. She carefully pops open the rear cover, exposing the intricate wiring inside. She cuts the blue wire with her teeth. The detonator stops. Rebecca resets the timer to four minutes.

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - CHAPEL

The Rippers are in the middle of an argument.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Excuse me!

The Rippers turn, feasting their eyes on Rebecca, holding the bomb. Its detonator beeping: 00:29...00:28... Jet appears behind Rebecca.

REBECCA
I'm trying to figure out what wire I
should cut. Is it the red one or
the blue one?

The Rippers are all scared to death, sweating.

DONNER
(nervously)
Blue. The blue! Be very careful,
that bomb's a touch sensitive.

Rebecca goes to pull the wire, then stops herself.

REBECCA

You know, I'm feeling very depressed
right now. Maybe it's because I'm
coming off the drug, maybe it's
'cause I'm feeling rejected by you
guys. I don't know.

The Rippers are sweating, watching the detonator count down.
00:18...00:17...00:16...

T-SAINT

Cut the God damn wire!

DONNER

Blue! Blue wire.

REBECCA

Why should I? I have no reason to
live? Especially since you won't
let us join your fight.

(to Jet)

You want to live?

JET

What's the point? They just think
were spies. I say you cut the red
wire and get it over with.

REBECCA

My thoughts exactly. Nice knowing
ya'll.

Rebecca goes to pull the red wire.

DEETEE

Okay! Okay! Okay! We get your
point! You're in!

00:09...00:08...00:07...

REBECCA

We're in?

DEETEE

You're in, you're in. Cut the wire!

DONNER

The blue one!

JET

You guys really mean that?

T-SAINT

CUT THE WIRE!

Rebecca and Jet share a look of glee. Rebecca throws the bomb on the ground, right smack center of the Rippers. The detonator counts down...2...1...0...

The Rippers dive for cover. But the bomb never goes off. A few beats go by before they get up, approach the bomb. Donner picks up the explosive device, the guts are missing.

Rebecca tosses the guts to Donner, bounces her eye-brows. T-Saint marches toward Rebecca.

REBECCA

So you guys are gonna stay good on your deal?

T-SAINT

After that bullshit!?

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - CONFERENCE ROOM

A seven-by-three crate is placed onto a large conference table. Troopers immediately begin to open the crate. Expensive black wrapping foil is removed. Inside the crate is something that looks like a futuristic suit of armor. Micro cyberblades cover the suit from head to toe. DS-70 is printed across the manual.

MR. CHE'TSAI (translator)

With the DS-70. I highly doubt the Rippers will give you any more trouble.

KESSLEE (translator)

What's your price?

MR. CHE'TSAI (translator)

The suit costs ten thousand. For a dozen, I will give you a deal. One hundred thousand. With your past balance due. The sum you know owe me is three hundred thousand liters.

Kesslee runs his human hand over the suit. The cyberblades cut him. He sucks the blood off his finger.

KESSLEE (translator)

Order the shipment. You'll be paid half now. Half...after the Rippers are extinct.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - GEAR ROOM

Donner, surrounded by makeshift computers and radios, listens closely to static-filled voices coming over the comline.

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - CHAPEL

Donner approaches Deetee and T-Saint.

DONNER

The DWP's getting some kind of shipment in.

T-SAINT

A shipment? Of what?

DONNER

All I know is it's coming through Club Red Sands...tonight.

DEETEE

What if it's an arms shipment?

T-SAINT

What if it's a trap?

BOOGA

What if they want us to think it's a trap, but it's really not; that way when we get there, it could still be one... Or better yet, what if --

T-SAINT

Booga?

BOOGA

Huh?

T-SAINT

Try not to think.

Booga exits, head lowered.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Rebecca and Jet, chained to the wall, look through the eye-hole. They see Booga approach.

REBECCA

Can I ask you something? How come you guys look like elephant men?

BOOGA

The army wanted to build the ultimate soldier. They messed with kangaroo NDA and --

JET
You mean DNA?

BOOGA
Yeah...and created fifty of us. And
then the war ended. They tried to
kill us but they --

T-Saint appears, grabs Booga.

T-SAINT
Does she need to know that!? She
doesn't need to know that!

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - OUTSIDE STORAGE ROOM

The Rippers open the door, peer in at the girls.

DEETEE
Okay. We're gonna give you a chance
to prove yourselves. Call it an
initiation.

T-SAINT
You fail. You die.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

The Rippers stand around Rebecca and Jet. In the distance, a
red light glows on the horizon.

DONNER
Just keep walking toward the red
light. You can't miss it. Club Red
Sands. You confirm the shipment
with this.

Donner hands Rebecca a CAMERA.

DEETEE
Booga, you go on ahead, and post
yourself outside the club. Report
to us from there. And don't let
anyone see you.

BOOGA
Got it.

T-Saint fastens a small microphone to Rebecca's shirt.

DEETEE
If you need to speak to us, the mike
will be on the whole time. The
code will be..."Light My Fire".

JET
Light My Fire...?

T-SAINT
(re: Deetee)
He's Jim Morrison incarnate.

Jet and Rebecca stare at the Rippers, incredulous.

BOOGA
We're all reincarnated.

REBECCA
(to T-Saint)
So who were you in your last life?

T-SAINT
Charles Manson.

REBECCA
Makes sense.

BOOGA
I was a dog. But because I was real
good, I got moved up to human being
status.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

Rebecca straddles the large gun of her tank as it drives
across the desert. Jet sits on the turret.

In the distance, a giant red holographic pyramid slowly
rotates in the middle of the desert. A glowing purple
holographic sign which reads: RED SANDS.

Rebecca whistles. The Tank stops.

REBECCA
We better walk from here.

Rebecca and Jet dismount the tank. They start toward the club
on foot. The tank follows. Rebecca turn to her tank.

REBECCA
Go back.

Rebecca and Jet continue forward. The tank follows. Rebecca
turns toward the tank.

REBECCA
Now! I mean it.

A large hydraulic beam tips the tank over on its back. It's
as if the tank is playing dead.

REBECCA
I'm not feeling sorry for you.

Rebecca and Jet leave the tank. The large machine groans, asking for sympathy.

REBECCA
It's not working!

Jet smiles.

REBECCA
How come you don't have problems like this with your jet?

JET
It's all in the way you train 'em. Discipline. That's the key.

EXT. RED SANDS - NIGHT

Parked within the red glow: strange funky up military vehicles of every shape and color.

Rebecca and Jet enter the club.

INT. RED SANDS - SUB-LEVEL ONE

SMACK! John Wayne punches Bruce Lee in the face. Bruce Lee does a spinning-round-kick. Nails Wayne on the chin!

Cheers and Boos from the audience who stand gathered around the LIFE-SIZED HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION.

Bruce Lee knocks John Wayne down. He jumps high in the air and comes down on The Duke's face, letting out his patented high-pitched karate sounds.

COMPUTER
NEXT FIGHT BEGINS IN THREE MINUTES.
MIKE TYSON VERSUS ROCKY MARCIANO.

Holographic strippers step onto the ring. The new odds are posted. Money is exchanged. Some gamblers rip up their tickets stubs, annoyed -- like at the racetrack.

Rebecca and Jet step up to:

THE BAR

REBECCA
Two mind erasers.

BARTENDER
Got a special on crumpets.

REBECCA

No thanks.

The Bartender nods, moves to make the drinks.

JET

So now what?

REBECCA

Look for something suspicious.

A sweaty, unshaven, lumberjack-type steps up to Rebecca.

RAZOR RAY

Blow me if I'm wrong but is your
name Lisa.

Rebecca doesn't see the humor.

RAZOR RAY

The name's Razor Ray, how come
you're not smiling?

REBECCA

I'll be smiling when you leave.

ON THE STAGE

The actual 70's group Led Zeppelin appears. The band begins to play "Stairway To Heaven." An occasional flicker of static travels through the holographic projection of the group.

Rebecca and Jet take a seat at a table with their drinks.

REBECCA

Sixty years of civilization and
we're still stuck listening to this
shit.

JET

Look.

Rebecca looks in the direction Jet indicates. She sees a Trooper standing stiffly in the corner of the room.

JET

Oh shit.

Rebecca watches the Trooper exit into a back room.

REAR OF CLUB

Rebecca opens the back door, peers inside. Jet checks the coast. Clear.

REBECCA

Stay here.

Jet nods. Rebecca enters the back room.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR

Rebecca moves down to the end. She turns the corner and sees Troopers all over the place.

TROOPER

Do a double, make sure all the suits are loaded.

TROOPER #2

The suits are in. I just checked.

Rebecca takes a picture.

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - GEAR ROOM

Donner watches as the image appears on his computer screen.

DEETEE

That's it, man. The DWP's there. Tell her we're on our way.

T-Saint stops Donner from speaking into the comline.

T-SAINT

I don't think so. All I see are a couple of DWP men. What does that tell us? Jack shit. Tell her to get a picture of the shipment.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SANDS - SUB-LEVEL TWO

Rebecca slips back into the crowd, speaking into her mike.

REBECCA

A picture of the shipment? You know what I say to that?

Rebecca shoves the camera down the front of her pants, takes a picture.

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - GEAR ROOM

On the computer monitor, a tight shot of Rebecca's panties. The Ripper's react.

INT. RED SANDS - SUB-LEVEL ONE

Rebecca searches for Jet. No sign of her.

Another celebrity fight begins to play in the background.

REBECCA

Where are you...

EXT. RED SANDS - DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

Jet is being held down by Razor Ray and his friend. The red holographic pyramid paints the dusty air crimson.

JET

(hand over her mouth)

Help me! Help!

RAZOR RAY

Shhhh. Shhhh. Just relax.

Jet scratches the sand, trying to free herself. Tears stream down her face.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Whatever happened to the days when
men wooed women?

Razor Ray and his friend turn toward Rebecca. She stands backlit, a beer in one hand.

RAZOR RAY

Oh, good. You're just in time for
the party.

Rebecca finishes the beer, tosses it.

REBECCA

Tell you what, how about an old
fashioned fight? You win, you'll
have your party. You lose, you let
her go.

Razor Ray's friend steps forward. He's big, mean like a grizzly -- ZACK.

ZACK

I'll take you up on that.

RAZOR RAY

Go easy on her, Zack. We want to
keep her pretty.

Just then, Booga, in full gear, steps out from the darkness. The creature stands two feet over Zack. Glowing eyes, snarling expression. In the red light he looks Satan.

REBECCA

Say hello to my little friend Booga.

Zack's jaw drops.

RAZOR RAY

Holy shit...

REBECCA

I hope you don't think I was going to fight you.

Booga steps up to Zack, eyes boring into him. The beast lets out an intimidating low growl.

REBECCA

Sic 'im.

Booga spins around, tripping Zack with his tail, breaks his back over his knee.

RAZOR RAY

W-wait a second. N-now, now just... We weren't gonna kill her. We were just havin' some fun.

BOOGA

Really. Booga wants to have fun too.

REBECCA

Your sexual preference is men, isn't it, big guy?

Booga nods. Rebecca smiles, turns to Razor Ray.

REBECCA

Your turn.

Razor Ray makes a fast escape. Booga sprints off, lightning fast.

As Rebecca gives Jet a hand up:

JET

You never let me have any fun.

REBECCA

What can I say... I get jealous.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

Razor Ray sprints across the sand. He hears howling in front of him.

Razor Ray changes direction. He sees Booga's glowing eyes lurking the distance.

Razor Ray turns, runs back in the direction he came.

Booga jumps over Razor Ray like a phantom.

Razor Ray stops, runs a different direction. SMACK! Razor Ray is knocked down. He grabs the sand with his hands, struggling to get to his feet.

Booga's large feet rise above Razor Ray's face. The man screams!

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

Red Sands can be seen in the distance. All the Rippers (suited in their battle gear) are gathered around Rebecca and Jet.

DEETEE

Suits? They're shipping suits?

T-SAINT

What...we're gonna risk our lives hijacking this shipment so next time there's a formal event, we can go in style?

JET

I think that it's a vernacular term for --

T-SAINT

We don't care what you think!

Jet recoils, thwarted. The Rippers pace, nervous. Deetee turns to T-Saint.

DEETEE

If she's right, we gotta stop 'em.

T-SAINT

You're buying this shit?! It's a setup! The whole thing's a -- they're spies, man! I'm telling you!

JET

Yeah, and what if we aren't?

BOOGA

Or better yet...what if they want us to think they're spies, but in actuality, they aren't, that's why they --

T-Saint stops Booga with a glare.

Donner lays flat on the sand looking through a:

MONOCULAR:

We see a Semi with the DWP logo on the side. The Semi exits onto the dirt road. Surrounding the Semi, Ten Troopers on motorcycles, armed with flame throwers and strappers.

DONNER

It's got a security escort.
Something's going down.

DEETEE

Let's vote on it. All in favor of
going, raise your hands.

Six rippers raise their hands. T-Saint rolls his eyes.
Another tie.

RIPPER #1

Coin toss time!

REBECCA

Come on, Jet.

Rebecca exits the scene, Jet following.

Gusts of wind and sand reduce visibility greatly.

INT. SEMI - CAB

Two Troopers, a driver and his sidekick, strain to see the road in front of them. The visibility clears for a second! A jet speeds toward them!

The driver hits the brakes.

EXT. SEMI - FRONT

The Motorcycles wipe out as the jet comes within feet of buzzing them. The Semi skids to a stop.

REAR OF SEMI

The motorcycles wipe out into the back of the truck.

INT. TANK

Rebecca drives up from behind. The Troopers fire their Strappers at the tank.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY

A series of quick shots as a team of Rippers lift up out of the sand and sprint toward the Troopers! Their muscular legs kick them into a speed of forty miles an hour!

ON THE TROOPERS

They look around, hearing HOWLING echoing with the wind.

WHACK! A Trooper is knocked off his bike, slides across the road.

A Trooper goes to shoot T-Saint. T-Saint runs and jumps, thirty feet into the air. Disappearing.

The Troopers fire above. More Rippers invade them from the side.

Gunfire is constant. But the Rippers fight like heros in a video arcade game: flying through the air with countless flips. Crushing troopers. Etc...

INT. SEMI

The Driver shoves it in gear, cranks the wheel. Escaping.

INT. TANK

Rebecca chases the Semi as the Troopers and the Rippers battle it out.

INT. F-30

Jet hovers along the right side of the Semi, fires!

INT. SEMI

Bullets ricochet inside. The Trooper in the passenger seat is shot. More bullets invade the Semi. The steering wheel is shot off! The Trooper driving keeps his foot on the gas.

EXT. TANK

It trails ten feet behind as the Semi speeds down the desert flat.

Rebecca, wearing a headset, lifts herself onto the turret. She climbs up the tank's cannon barrel and leaps onto the:

EXT. ROOF OF SEMI

An orange moon on the horizon silhouettes Rebecca as she walks along the roof, the wind ripping through her clothing.

Rebecca aims her pistol down onto the roof of the Rig. Pumps off several shots.

INT. SEMI

The Trooper driving is killed.

EXT. SEMI

Rebecca holds onto the sideview mirror, reaches in to open the door, and climbs in.

INT. SEMI

Rebecca shoves the dead Troopers aside as she gets in the driver's seat.

EXT. ROAD - RIPPERS AND TROOPERS

All the Troopers are dead.
Deetee looks off, sees the Semi in the distance.

DEETEE

Let's go!

The Rippers run for the Semi. Booga leading the way.

INT. F-30

On a digital display screen. Jet sees the Semi heading straight for a three hundred meter drop.

JET

(into headset)

Shit. Rebecca, you hear me?

INT. SEMI

REBECCA

(into headset)

Loud and clear. I'm in the Semi.

JET (VO)

I know. Hit the brakes. You're coming up on a cliff.

INT. SEMI

Rebecca's foot stomps on the brakes. A loud SNAP!

EXT. BEHIND SEMI

The brakes, on fire, tumble behind.

INT. SEMI

REBECCA

Brakes aren't working.

INT. F-30

JET

Then turn left.

INT. SEMI

Rebecca grabs the steering wheel off the seat and places it back on the column. That doesn't work either.

REBECCA
Steering's gone too.

JET (VO)
Jump! Get out of there!

Rebecca hits the trailer release.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE

The Rippers' run out of gas. Exhausted from running. They slow to a stop. Panting hard.

EXT. SEMI

Rebecca climbs onto the roof, down the ladder between the trailer and cab. She tries to unhook the trailer. She unplugs the wires, uses her gun to knock the connecting bolt.

OVERVIEW

The Semi heads straight for the cliff. One hundred meters away.

EXT. SEMI - BETWEEN TRAILER AND CAB

Finally, the trailer releases. Rebecca hangs onto the ladder as the front end of the Trailer hits the ground. Dirt sprays upward as the trailer plows the desert floor!

EXT. SEMI

The cab flies off the cliff.

EXT. TRAILER

Rebecca hangs onto the ladder as the Trailer plows forward, carving up the ground. A tidal wave of dirt and sand arches upward, blanketing Rebecca.

The Trailer skids off the edge of the cliff and stops. Rebecca looks down. Below her dangling feet, the three hundred meter drop. She exhales, relieved.

Just then, the trailer lurches forward.

REAR OF TRAILER

Booga runs up. Sinks his teeth and claws into the rear tires. Popping them. The rims dig into the ground, stopping the trailer inches of toppling over the cliff.

ROOF OF TRAILER

Rebecca climbs the ladder and carefully lifts herself onto the roof. She sees Booga at the other end.

BOOGA

(out of breath)

I kept up with you the whole way.
The others didn't, but me, I kept up
with you the whole way.

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - LOW LIGHT

The Rippers carry crates into a:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM

Rippers begin to open the crates. Neatly packed in each case are weapons of all kinds: Strappers, Shredders, smart bombs, etc...

BOOGA

This is like Christmas, isn't it? I
love opening things -- specially
when you don't know what's inside.

T-Saint rolls his eyes.

BOOGA

I remember the first Christmas I got
to open something. It was a book.
I don't know the title 'cause the
cover was ripped off. But it had
these cool pictures and --

T-SAINT

Booga?

BOOGA

Okay. Okay. I'm done.

JET

You got enough weapons to last you a
lifetime now.

DEETEE

We don't use weapons.

REBECCA

You don't use weapons?

T-SAINT

Prophet taught us to fight without
the corruption of guns. We don't
like unnecessary violence.

REBECCA

You used to be Charles Manson and
you don't like unnecessary violence?

T-SAINT

That was that life. This is this
life.

Donner exposes the contents of a crate: a DS-70. Diggersuit.
The shiny cyberblades sparkle. Jet reads the cover of the
Chinese manual:

JET

DS-70.

REBECCA

How many more are there?

DONNER

This is it.

REBECCA

Just one?

DONNER

One's better than none. Let's try
the thing out.

DEETEE

Tomorrow morning. We all could use
some rest.

BOOGA

I'll get on the crumpets and tea.

DEETEE

You do that. Who's turn is it to
cook?

None of the Rippers raise their hands.

REBECCA

I'll do it.

DEETEE

You sure?

REBECCA

Yeah. I want to do it.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - HEADQUARTERS - LOW LIGHT

Kesslee steps near Sam.

SAM
In my bag. The silver. You can
have the silver. Just let me go.

Kesslee grabs Sam's bag, looks inside.

KESSLEE
Silver?

Kesslee grabs the dangerball, holds it above Sam.

KESSLEE
When I was your age. I was a lot
like you. Pathetic. Scared. Poor.
I had nothing. And I was given
nothing.

(beat)
But I'm glad I endured the pain.

Kesslee manipulates the weapon into a grenade, knifed
knuckles. Kesslee runs the knifed knuckles gently over Sam's
skin.

KESSLEE
Charles Lamb once said: "Pain is
life -- the sharper, the more
evidence of life."

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - BLUE DUNES - DAY

POV FROM INSIDE A DIGGERSUIT:

We see Rebecca and Jet staring into the sighthelmet. The
Rippers stand in the B.G. We hear Donner's voice from inside:

DONNER (O.S.)
It's hard to breathe or hear in this
thing.

REBECCA
(barely heard)
That's 'cause it's not on. Pull the
lever on your right index finger.

Just then. Light's flicker on as a projected 3-D screen
illuminates the sighthelmet -- data is printed out. A low hum
reverberates. Rebecca's voice is now loud and clear:

REBECCA
Is it working?

DONNER (O.S.)
Yeah. And I can hear you great now.

SEVERAL RIPPERS

dump the weapons into a hole, burying them.

REBECCA AND JET

talk to Donner:

JET

Here's how you activate the
cyberblades. But first you need to
run a check on the --

T-Saint rudely shoves Jet aside, taking over. Rebecca sees
Jet's frustration with T-Saint.

T-SAINT

The lever on your right thumb turns
it on. Turns off the same way.

DONNER

Okay. Here's goes nothing.

CRACK! the diggersuit is activated. SCREEAAAM! Donner cries
out in pure agony. The cyberblades screech, tearing flesh.

REBECCA

SHUT IT DOWN!

Blood splatters the sighthelmet, washing out Donner's face.

Donner falls, screaming! The cyberblades spew sand upward
when he hits the ground. The suit shuts down. QUIET.

T-SAINT

Jesus Christ, man! They're booby
trapped!

ON THE RIPPERS

as the weapons and ammo EXPLODE!

The girls dive for cover as the explosions continue. The Tank
drives to cover Rebecca and Jet, protecting them between the
treads.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

Sgt. Small approaches Kesslee who stands on a dune, staring
out at something which we do not see yet.

SGT. SMALL

Sir. Just got the word. Only four
percent of the Rippers were killed.

KESLEE

Well, that number is going to increase, Sergeant.

Keslee turns toward twelve troopers standing in diggersuits. One-by-one the Troopers turn on their metallic suits of deadly armor. The cyberblades screech loudly. Sparks occasionally shower the sand.

Keslee turns to Sgt. Small, then disappears. A hologram.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - CHAPEL

The Rippers are bandaging their wounds. Morale is low. Rebecca and Jet are trying to salvage what weapons they can.

REBECCA

We can only assume that they know where we are now. The weapons were booby trapped. Who's to say they didn't wire the shit with locators too?

RIPPER #3

Then we're screwed. Right now they're sitting on probably two dozen DS-70s. And they're gonna be marchin' in here any day, any minute, to wipe our asses.

T-SAINT

Yeah, that's the attitude. Let's just give up now.

JET

I got an idea.

DEETEE

So do I.

T-SAINT

No offense. But I'd much rather hear his.

Jet backs off frustrated. She exits. Rebecca follows her out.

INT. BOOGA'S ROOM

The place is filled with junk. Posters of robots on the wall. Broken toy robots everywhere, most of them made from old cans, bottles, plastic, etc...

Rebecca finds Jet, standing with her arms crossed, staring at the wall. She steps up behind her.

REBECCA

Don't let that jerk get to you.

Jet sighs with frustration.

REBECCA

You got to stand up to that asshole.
If you don't, he'll push you around
forever.

JET

I've got a good idea too. And he
won't listen to me.

REBECCA

Then make him! Get angry.

Jet turns, facing Rebecca. A moment of friendship. Rebecca notices Booga in the doorway.

BOOGA

He never listens to me, either. But
I never have smart ideas so...I
can't really blame him.

Booga enters his room, picks up one of his robots with a missing arm.

BOOGA

This is my room. If you want, you
can hide from him in here. I always
do.

REBECCA

You like robots, I take it.

BOOGA

Sometimes I wish I came back as one.
Then I'd show everyone how smart I
was.

Booga sits at a makeshift desk, gluing a robot's arm back on its body. Rebecca and Jet share a look.

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - CHAPEL

The Rippers are all gathered around a map of the desert, discussing a plan. Rebecca, Jet and Booga storm into the room.

JET

Booga just came up with a great
plan.

T-SAINT

Tell him to write it down we'll take a look at it later.

REBECCA

Shut up and listen. This underground spring. We know Kesslee's hooked into it in a big way.

DEETEE

So?

REBECCA

So...instead of storming Kesslee by foot, worrying about the mines. We swim there.

(beat)

We get into the spring, travel underwater, and come up right inside his fort. He'll never expect it.

A pause as the Rippers think about it. It's obvious they like the new plan.

T-SAINT

You thought of this?

Booga plays it up, acting all cool.

BOOGA

Seemed logical.

REBECCA

You see? He's not just a pretty face.

(beat)

Alright, we need to make scuba gear. You, you, and you...we're gonna take a trip to a junkyard, gather up some air tanks.

T-SAINT

Wait a minute! What's going on here!? We're gonna take orders from her?!

The Rippers pause.

T-SAINT

We're a committee now. We're supposed to vote on it. All in favor her pathetic plan, raise your hand.

All the Rippers raise their hands. T-Saint smolders.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

EXT. JUNKYARD - SUBRINA'S SHACK

Rippers find fire extinguisher tanks, place them in a large shopping basket.

INT. SUBRINA'S SHACK - GARAGE

Subrina looks out a small window, watching the Rippers gather what they need. She then flips her welding mask into place and begins welding something together. Sparks illuminate her face. But we never see what she's working on.

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT

The girls and the Rippers have created a production line.

Rebecca attaches tubing to the gas masks.

Jet is manufacturing respirators.

Booga's connecting the respirators.

T-Saint hooks up a tank to an air compressor.

Deetee connects the respirator to the tanks.

A Ripper, cutting thin plastic strips, is creating flippers.

Another Ripper removes laser targetors from strappers.

END MONTAGE.

INT. RIPER HIDEOUT - CHAPEL

Everyone is present.

INT. CHAPEL

Booga is testing the scuba tank, breathing through it. Jet is timing him. Booga removes the regulator, gasping.

REBECCA

How long?

JET

Forty-two minutes.

REBECCA

That isn't enough to get us there.

JET

We need another twenty minutes air, minimum.

T-SAINT

I knew this idea wouldn't work.

REBECCA

Simple. All we need is to find a closer point of departure.

Rebecca points down to a map, indicates a spot.

REBECCA

There's a water line right here. I figure it's roughly thirty minutes difference. That'll give you guys ten to spare.

BOOGA

She's like Prophet, isn't she?

T-SAINT

Shut up.

(to Rebecca)

What do you mean "you guys"? And where are you going to be?

REBECCA

Up top, creating a diversion, triggering some mines, making them think we're making a land assault.

T-SAINT

This wasn't in the plan. This is bullshit.

REBECCA

With her jet, she can spot the mines. With my tank I can trigger 'em. We're the ones on the death mission. You don't like it, you're more than welcomed to join us.

T-SAINT

I will. And I won't be alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The place Rebecca lived before the DWP took her prisoner. Even more rundown than before. Collapsed walls and roof.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LOWER LEVEL - THE WELL

The Rippers are drilling into the well.

INT. UPSTAIRS - BEDROOM

Everything has been cleaned out. Rebecca walks around. The memories are painful. S.O. of echoing gunfire, Rebecca screaming for Richard. The moment is broken by --

JET (O.S.)

You okay?

Rebecca spins around, slightly stunned.

REBECCA

(staring down; morose)

Yeah. This place screws with me.

JET

I'll leave you alone.

REBECCA

It's okay.

A moment of silence.

JET

You know, I wanted to tell you that
...whether we make it or not,
hanging out with you's been... well
it's been...

REBECCA

...absolute hell?

JET

To put it mildly.

A moment between the girls. Rebecca throws her arm around
Jet.

REBECCA

Come on, let's see how the elephant
men are doing.

JET

You hear music?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - LIVING ROOM

Rebecca and Jet descend the stairs. Only to find the Rippers
jamming to music which plays from a ghetto blaster.

They're all dancing wildly. Jumping up and down. Doing
flips. Bouncing around.

Rebecca steps up to Booga.

REBECCA

What the hell's going on?

BOOGA

We're praying.

Rebecca and Jet share a look.

REBECCA
You're praying...?

DEETEE
To the spirit of freedom. Prophet
taught us to pray to the spirit of
freedom before we fight.

Rebecca nods, pretending to understand.

BOOGA
Come on. It's called Stomping.
It's easy.

REBECCA
You go ahead. I'm not religious.

Rebecca turns, sees Jet dancing with a Ripper. Jet gives
Rebecca a look, shrugs. Jet begins stomping.

REBECCA
Ah, what the hell.

Rebecca joins Booga in the ritual. The Rippers grab Rebecca
and Jet, toss them from partner to partner. Rebecca and Jet
are pushed into each other. Jet has a smile from ear to ear.

REBECCA
So that's what your teeth look like.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The long cannon of Rebecca's tank moves up and down, joining
in the dance.

Jet's F-30 begins to lower and raise its flaps to the music,
following suit.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - HEADQUARTERS

The Ripper's dance music can be HEARD over the speaker system.
Kesslee turns to Sgt. Small with a confident look.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPPER HIDEOUT - WELL

The Rippers, all geared up, repel down a rope and out of
frame. Their shoulder laser lights illuminate their way.

INT. UNDERGROUND SPRING

The Rippers splash into the water. Their laser lights
illuminating the spring red.

UNDERWATER

The Rippers don their regulators.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - GEAR ROOM

Kesslee's face appears on a monitor.

KESSLEE

Ready the men for battle.

SGT. SMALL

Yes, sir.

Twelve Troopers, in their diggersuits, stand at attention. They look like demon knights.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

Quiet. Until Rebecca's tank emerges out of a dip. The F-30's landing lights pierce the black night as it hovers overhead.

Sheets of sand and wind cut across the foreground. A poisoned moon on the horizon.

INT. TANK

Rebecca drives. T-Saint rides shotgun. A Rippers sit in the rear.

REBECCA

(into headset)

How's it looking?

INT. F-30

Jet is examining her laser projected plexiglass screen, reading the data. Riding in the rear is another Ripper.

JET

Mines up ahead! About five miles.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SPRING - UNDERWATER - LOW LIGHT

Red laser lights penetrate the darkness. Bubbles rise as the Rippers swim past.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - TANK - NIGHT

The tank drives forward, the F-30 hovering above.

INT. DWP - CONTROL ROOM

The Techs are alerted by a blinking signal on the scopes.
Sgt. Small stands behind them.

TECH
(smiling)
Sector C-2-niner, sir.

SGT. SMALL
Here they come.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SPRING

The Rippers swim forward. Their red laser lights illuminating their way.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

The F-30 lowers, lands. The tank comes to a stop.

Rebecca and T-Saint exit the tank.

Jet steps up to Rebecca, a DETECTOR-SCOPE in her hands.

REBECCA
Anything on your scope?

JET
Nothing. It's like they don't care
we're here. I don't get it.

REBECCA
Let's start triggering some mines.

JET
There's a field just over that ridge
about a kilometer.

REBECCA
(to her tank)
Set off four or five mines, then
return.

Rebecca whistles. The tank speeds off, heading for the ridge.
The F-30 hovers upward, follows the tank.

JET
(to her F-30)
Who told you to go anywhere? Get
back here.

The F-30 hesitates.

JET

Now!

The Jet returns to its spot. Rebecca laughs.

REBECCA

(mimicking Jet)

"It's all in the way you train 'em.
Discipline. That's the key."

JET

I never had this problem. It's that
tank of yours. It's a bad
influence.

REBECCA

Yeah, yeah...

JET

(shaking her finger at the F-30)
Bad. Very bad!

Rebecca speaks into a walkie-talkie:

REBECCA

Light My Fire, what's your status?

DEETEE (VO)

So far, so good.

T-Saint yanks the walkie-talkie back from Rebecca, bothered by her.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Jet looks down at a detector-scope.
Several blinking lights indicate intruders.

REBECCA

Oh shit.

JET

They just came out of nowhere!

The Rippers ready their weapons.

REBECCA

Where are they!?

Jet points directly ahead. Nothing in front of them but empty desert.

JET

A hundred meters North, North
West...

The Rippers face the indicated direction.

JET
East. South East.

The Rippers turn around.

T-SAINT
Well, what is it!?

JET
They're surrounding us.

REBECCA
Can't be right.

JET
Seventy-five meters.

T-SAINT
You're scope's busted.

REBECCA
Let me see that.

Rebecca checks the scope. Blinking lights enclose. But the
desertscape is barren. Not a trooper in sight.

JET
Fifty meters.

T-SAINT
I don't see jack shit.

REBECCA
QUIET!

Everyone stands dead quiet. Rebecca tilts her head, listening
hard. A slight rumble fills the silence.

REBECCA
Get off the sand! Head for the
rocks.

The Rippers hesitate.

REBECCA
NOW! MOVE!

Everyone rushes toward a rocky area.

A METALLIC CRY!

A Ripper explodes like a tomato in a blender! A Trooper
wearing a diggersuit flies up out of the sand, through a
Ripper, turning the mutant into severed flesh.

The scream of the diggersuit is loud and ugly. The Digger dives back into the sand like a dolphin into the ocean. Silence...

T-SAINT
What the hell was that!?

T-Saint and the Rippers spin around, freaked. Shivering.

ON A RIPPER

as he sprints across the desert. Fast!

ON JET AND T-SAINT

They run toward the jet for safety.

ON THE RIPPER

BLOOD and FLESH spray the air as the Digger flies up out of the sand, right through the Ripper's body.

ON REBECCA

A Digger flies up out of the sand before her.

Rebecca levels a strapper and blows bullets into the Digger. The onslaught of bullets only knock him off balance.

Rebecca continues firing until her clip is empty.

She turns. Another Digger flies up out of the sand behind her.

C-CRACK! The sound of the lower-half of their diggersuits turning off. The cyberblades, from the waist down, are clearly seen. Above that, they're a blur. Occasional sparks shower to the sand.

INT. F-30

Jet and T-Saint climb inside. Jet sees Rebecca facing the Diggers. Trapped.

JET
REBECCA!

Several Diggers jump onto the wing, causing damage.

T-SAINT
Forget her! Let's go!

JET
If I can get close enough, I can waste those -- !

The Diggers are ripping up the wing. Pounding on the sightwindow.

T-SAINT
FORGET IT! SHE'S SURROUNDED!
NOTHING WE CAN DO!

Jet lines up her targetor. To kill the Diggers would be to kill Rebecca. Jet hits the switch, emotional. The hatch airlocks shut.

JET
(tears)
GOD DAMMIT!

Jet cranks the thrusters. Flying upward.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE

Rebecca looks up as the jet hovers overhead. Its landing lights walk across her face for a second. The jet flies off.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Each of the Diggers shuts off their cyberblades. Silence except an eerie breeze.

Rebecca whistles into her tank caller.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - OVER THE RIDGE

The tank stops, turns around, speeds back in the direction it came from.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - REBECCA AND THE DIGGERS

Four Diggers close in, surrounding her. The sound of the DS-70s is painful. Like fingernails against a chalkboard.

One of the Diggers steps right up to Rebecca. Removes his sighthelmet, revealing a black face mold. Kesslee's projected face appears. Glowing in the darkness.

KESSLEE
Miss me?

Rebecca just stares at him, quiet, unaffected.

EXT. TANK

The machine speeds to where Rebecca was. A DWP flyer rockets from the site. The Tank drives around, finding dead Rippers. The machine lowers its large cannon gun, gently nudges a dead Ripper as if to awaken it.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - HEADQUARTERS - LOW LIGHT

Rebecca, chained in manacles, is thrown onto the floor like an animal. Several Troopers keep strappers trained on her.

TIGHT ON a laser recorder as Kesslee's finger pushes "PLAY":

REBECCA (recorded)
...instead of storming Kesslee by foot, worrying about the mines. We swim there. We get into the spring, travel underwater, and come up right inside his fort. He'll never expect it.

(continues to repeat)

Kesslee's boots step up to Rebecca's face.

KESSLEE
Brilliant idea.

Rebecca rolls over, looking up at Kesslee.

REBECCA
Jet. She's working for you...this whole time.

KESSLEE
No. You were. You're a walking microphone.

Kesslee opens a small case before Rebecca. Inside, in a glass case, is a microphone the size and appearance of a freckle.

KESSLEE
It looks like a freckle, doesn't it? You have 'em all over your body.

Rebecca drills Kesslee with a look of hate.

KESSLEE
I figure if I couldn't force you to infiltrate the Rippers. I'd manipulate you to do it. Why do you think I took your little friend and not you?

Kesslee kneels down before Rebecca, his projected face glowing.

KESSLEE
Speaking of your little friend. Sam, I think her name is.

Kesslee grabs Rebecca by the hair and drags her to the corner of the room.

Kesslee jabs Sam who still hangs from her arms and legs.

KESLEE

Wake up.

Sam sees Rebecca.

SAM

Rebecca...

Rebecca drops her head, defeated. Kesslee removes his knife, flings the blade around in his usual fashion.

KESLEE

You remember the last guy I had up here, doncha? A friend of yours I think.

Rebecca shakes, hate and adrenalin pumping through her.

Kesslee whispers in her ear.

KESLEE

I might not kill Sam now. Might not kill her tomorrow. But when I do...

Kesslee moves his face millimeters from Rebecca's, as if to kiss her. He whispers ever-so-gently:

KESLEE

...you'll be here watching.

The Troopers drag Rebecca out of the room. Rebecca is a maniac the whole way out. Fighting, screaming.

SAM

REBECCA!!!

EXT. DESERT SKY - NIGHT

Two jets scream overhead -- in the midst of a dogfight, missiles firing.

INT. F-30

Jet centers her targetor, fires.

EXT. ENEMY JET

It EXPLODES!

INT. F-30

Shrapnel flies past the sightwindow. Jet looks down at her scope. A jet is tailing her. A warning signal BEEPS.

T-SAINT
You got one behind you!

JET
I know! Hang on!

Jet hits the reverse thrusters.

EXT. DESERT SKY

The enemy jet speeds past.

INT. F-30

Jet fires a missile. The enemy jet blows up. Jet and T-Saint jerk as shrapnel rocks their craft with a sudden jolt. A warning light blinks.

T-SAINT
What happened!?

JET
One of our engine's choking on some debris.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

The F-30 crash-lands. Sleds across the sand. Shoots over a dune... crashes to a stop.

INT. F-30

T-Saint pulls Jet back.

T-SAINT
You okay?

JET
(pained)
Yeah.

INT. DWP - COLD CHAMBER - LOW LIGHT

Rebecca is again wearing a straight jacket which is anchored to the rear wall. She struggles to free herself.

INT. DWP - SUB-LEVEL SIX - WATER WELL #1

Thirty armed Troopers circle the pool. Waiting for the Rippers to swim up. Sgt. Small checks his watch.

INT. UNDERGROUND SPRING - UNDERWATER

A LIGHT in the distance. The Rippers swim toward a LARGE CYLINDRICAL PASSAGEWAY which leads up into the DWP.

INT. CYLINDRICAL PASSAGEWAY

The Rippers swim upward. Bullets shred the water! Killing a Ripper.

Deetee reacts; a myriad of bubbles race past his mask. The Rippers swim back, away from the light and out of danger.

INT. DWP - SUB-LEVEL SIX - WATER WELL #1

Sgt. Small gives the orders to cease fire.

INT. UNDERGROUND SPRING - AIR POCKET

The Rippers rise to the air pocket. Quickly strip off their regulators and gulp down the fresh air. Their red laser light painting the water electric red.

RIPPER #1

Jesus Christ, man! What the hell was that!? We're done, man! We're done! Over and out!

DEETEE

Look, that type of shit's not gonna help us. Right now, we gotta think of a way out of this.

BOOGA

Can't we just swim back?

DEETEE

We'd only make it halfway before we run out of air. Only way out is forward.

RIPPER #2

Well "forward" don't work!

INT. DWP - SUB-LEVEL SIX - WATER WELL #1

Kesslee turns to Sgt. Small.

KESSLEE

Pump a few hundred thousand gallons back down there. Flush 'em out.

INT. DWP - COLD CHAMBER - LOW LIGHT

Rebecca, gritting her teeth, struggles to dislocate her shoulder. She swings her arm around hard, pushes. It dislocates. POP!

Fighting the pain, she contorts her torso. Struggles to slide the straight jacket off -- a nearly impossible task.

INT. DWP - CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE COLD CHAMBER

Two Troopers approach. They open the cell door.

INT. DWP - COLD CHAMBER

The Troopers step inside. Rebecca is still wearing the straight jacket. Her face is lowered. Tears swim down her cheeks.

TROOPER

Check it out. Miss Blackstripe is crying.

A Trooper kneels down before Rebecca. Grabs her by the necklace, rips it off her. Steps on it.

TROOPER

I thought you were supposed to be tough.

Rebecca shows the Troopers that her arms are free.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE COLD CHAMBER

Rebecca exits. Behind her, the two Troopers, sprawled out on the floor. Dead.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SPRING - AIR POCKET

All the Rippers are off the airtanks, using the oxygen from the air pocket.

RIPPER #1

There's only one thing we can do.
If we double up on the airtanks,
half of us can make it back.

RIPPER #2

Oh, that's an idea. You one of the
ones stayin' behind?

Ripper #1 doesn't reply.

DEETEE

One thing we got on our side is
time, right? So we wait here as
long as we can. Then, we catch 'em
off guard.

The Ripper nod. A glimmer of hope.

BOOGA
Is it me, or does it seem like the
ceiling's getting lower?

The Rippers look up. The water table has been slowly rising.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - CORRIDOR

Rebecca hustles down. She comes to a hatch door, enters.

INT. DWP - CHECKPOINT BOOTH

Security monitors line the high-tech room. Rebecca steps up to a locked hatch door. A security code panel is positioned beside the hatch. Rebecca types in a random code. The rear hatch door slides shuts, trapping her inside the booth.

Rebecca levels her strapper, shoots the window. Sparks ricochet. Bullet proof glass. Rebecca switches to ice-rifle mode. Sprays the glass down. The glass crystallizes, but does not shatter. Rebecca shoots the glass with more bullets. The glass does not break.

REBECCA

Shit!

Rebecca's eyes widen as one of the monitors reveal her tank parked in the hanger. She switches on the comline, whistles into the microphone.

INT. DWP - HANGER

Rebecca's whistle is heard over the PA. The tank's engine cranks up. The machine moves to the rear of the hanger! But it stops when it comes to a speaker on the wall. The source of the whistling.

INT. DWP - CHECKPOINT BOOTH

Rebecca cringes, defeated.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - F-30 - NIGHT

Only bursts of static are heard. The jet's detector-scope begins to BEEP!

JET

Oh shit.

T-SAINT

Now what?

JET

We got five Troopers comin' at us.
Underground. We're dead in four
minutes.

(beat)

I got a plan.

T-SAINT

I'll tell you what we should do --

Jet grabs T-Saint's shirt, shoves on him, irate.

JET

No! You listen to me for a change!
(pounding on his chest)
I GOT A GOOD IDEA, GOD DAMMIT! AND
YOU'RE GONNA LISTEN TO EVERY WORD OF
IT! YOU GOT THAT?! EVERY SINGLE
WORD!

T-Saint examines Jet. The girls is hyperventilating with
adrenalin. Blood behind her eyes.

T-SAINT

Alright, alright. I'm listening.

JET

The diggersuits must have thermal-
detector capability. They can
detect your heat. That's how they
can come up through the ground and
kill you. They can detect where
you're standing.

T-SAINT

I'm with you.

JET

So we're gonna play a little game
called decoy.

INT. DWP - CHECKPOINT BOOTH

Rebecca whistles a different command.

INT. DWP - HANGER

The tank fires, blowing the speaker and the wall into
smithereens. Continues forward.

INT. DWP - CHECKPOINT BOOTH

The hatch doors open on their own. Several troopers stand
over Rebecca, aiming their strappers at her.

TROOPER

Freeze!

REBECCA

Funny. I was about to ask you to do
the same.

Suddenly, the tank crashes through the wall, its long gun
aiming at the troopers. Two nasty chain guns rise up from the
turret. The Troopers, intimidated, drop their guns.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - JET - NIGHT

T-Saint stands alone, twenty meters in front of the F-30.

INT. F-30

Jet looks at her scope: The Diggers are moving closer.

T-SAINT (VO)

(over comline; static)

Where are they?

JET

Close. Less than a hundred meters.
now. Keep still.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE

T-Saint nervously looks around. He feels the ground shaking.

T-SAINT

(into walkie-talkie)

Now?

JET (VO)

Almost...

The rumbling grows louder.

T-SAINT

Now!?

JET (VO)

Almost... Almost...!

(beat)

NOW!

T-Saint jumps to the side!

Just then, a Digger flies out of the sand where T-Saint was
standing. Cyberblades screeching loud!

INT. F-30

Jet fires a missile.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

A missile blows the Digger to pieces. Explosion!

INT. F-30

JET

Got 'em!

EXT. DESERTSCAPE

Another Digger flies out of the sand. As the action continues, we:

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Rebecca exits her tank. Comes to a hatch door.

INT. DWP - SUB-LEVEL SIX - WATER WELL #1

Rebecca peeks inside. She sees the army of troopers, strappers aimed down at the cylindrical pipe.

INT. CORRIDOR

Rebecca ducks back, hiding herself. She moves down another corridor.

INT. DWP - SUB-LEVEL SIX - WATER WELL #2

This room is identical to Water Well #1, except it is empty of Troopers. Rebecca hustles toward the pool. A large steel hatch door covers the pool. Rebecca turns the hatch wheel. It doesn't budge.

Rebecca grabs a long pipe, wedges it into the hatch wheel, uses the leverage to open the hatch.

She flips back the steel hatch so that the water is exposed.

TROOPER #4

FREEZE! RIGHT THERE!

Rebecca drops to her knees. Deeming the situation hopeless, she places her pistol against her head and squeezes the trigger. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Out of ammo.

The Troopers step closer to Rebecca, weapons leveled.

TROOPER

Get up!

Rebecca quickly snaps the clip all the way into the pistol. A trick! Blows away the Troopers.

REBECCA

(to the dead Troopers)

Always make sure the clip is fully in the gun.

Rebecca grabs the long pipe, plugs her nose, drops into the water. Splash.

INT. CYLINDRICAL PIPE #2

Rebecca swims downward until she reaches the bottom. She comes to a sealed hatch door at the bottom of the cylindrical pipe. She uses the pipe to open the hatch wheel.

INT. UNDERGROUND SPRING

Rebecca swims around, searching. She sees red glowing laser lights of the Rippers in the distance.

Rebecca fires her gun a few times into the floor.

ON THE RIPPERS

They pause just as they are about to swim up the cylindrical pipe that leads to sure death. Deetee turns, barely sees Rebecca in the murky water.

Deetee swims close to Rebecca. Rebecca indicates another direction. Deetee nods.

The Rippers swim past Rebecca, in the direction indicated.

Rebecca grabs Deetee by his spider-web hair. Points to her mouth. Deetee places his regulator on her face. Rebecca takes a few lifesaving breathes of oxygen.

INT. DWP - SUB-LEVEL SIX - WATER WELL #2

Deetee grabs Rebecca, lifts her out of the pool with his inhuman strength. He then plants a kiss on her lips. Another Ripper bear hugs her. And another.

REBECCA

Alright, alright. You're killin' me.

DEETEE

Just so you know. There's a lot of love in this room.

The Ripper finish removing their scuba gear.

RIPPER #1
(with evil)
Okay boys. Let's get dinner.

The Rippers go into attack mode. They move quickly toward the exit door.

INT. SUB-LEVEL SIX - WATER WELL #1

The Troopers wait for the Ripper's arrival.

SGT. SMALL
(checks his watch)
Where the hell are they...?

An EXPLOSION shakes the ground! Another EXPLOSION sends a wall tumbling down onto a team of Troopers.

SGT. SMALL
(into walkie-talkie)
What the hell is that?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The Techs check their screen.

TECH
Something's firing at us from
underground!

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

A PERISCOPE pokes up from the sand. Travels across the desert at thirty miles an hour.

INT. SUBMARINE - UNDERGROUND

Subrina is behind the controls. She fires another missile.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - SUB-LEVEL SIX - POOL #1

The Troopers are left in darkness.

SGT. SMALL
(screaming into walkie-talkie)
What happened to the goddam lights!?

REEEEEEEE! A Trooper to Sgt. Small's side is killed. Tracers light the darkness.

For very brief moments, we see the Rippers jump out of the pool. The strobing lights give the illusion that they're moving in slow motion.

GUNFIRE is constant.

Troopers shoot blindly at the sound of the Rippers' growling. Water lines burst, emitting mist. With red laser crosshairs moving back and forth in the foggy air, it's like a laserium show.

A Trooper screams out as a Ripper jumps on him. Kills him.

A Trooper spins around, sees a Ripper's glowing eyes. The Trooper is killed!

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - HEADQUARTERS

The Rope tied around Sam's left hand is frayed from her biting it. She manages to slip her hand free. She reaches for her dangerball, switches it to the knifed knuckles, cuts herself free.

Sam turns to the sight of a Trooper aiming his strapper at her. She picks up her hands, surrendering. But the Trooper falls forward, flat on his face. His body shatters on impact.

Standing behind the Trooper. Rebecca, a strapper in her grips.

REBECCA

Let's get out of here.

INT. CORRIDOR - TANK

Rebecca helps Sam inside the tank.

REBECCA

(to the tank)

Get her out of here.

The tank's hatch closes, forcing Sam inside. Rebecca moves to exit.

INT. BOILER ROOM

Rebecca walks cautiously, searching the area. She finds a Ripper sprawled out on the ground. The mutant's back is blood soaked. Rebecca kneels down before the Ripper.

RIPPER

(dying words)

Run...

CRACK! Sound of a diggersuit turning on. Rebecca spins around. Kesslee's projected face stares at her a beat as he dons the sighthelmet. Blood stains the cyberblades of his suit.

Rebecca fires the strapper. It's no use, the suit kicks the bullets off.

Kesslee moves between Rebecca and the tank. Rebecca exits through a door.

INT. CATWALK ABOVE DIG SITE

Just as Rebecca enters. WHACK! A Trooper pistol-butts Rebecca in the head. She falls back.

The Trooper aims the pistol at Rebecca. Rebecca smiles, holds up a pin to a hand grenade.

The Trooper checks his weapon belt. His grenade is without the pin.

TROOPER

Give it back or we both go.

REBECCA

Take it.

Rebecca holds the pin for the Trooper. The Trooper cocks his pistol, goes to shoot her.

A sudden SCREECH from behind the Trooper. Kesslee approaches.

Rebecca kicks the Trooper back. The soldier falls back into Kesslee's deadly diggersuit.

Rebecca sees the pistol on the floor behind Kesslee as he marches forward. Unable to retrieve the gun, she runs back.

END OF CATWALK

Rebecca looks down. A forty meter death drop. She's trapped; her only way out, blocked by Kesslee.

The feet of Kesslee's diggersuit sparks against the metallic floor as he approaches Rebecca.

KESSLEE

Where's that wit of yours now?

ON THE DEAD TROOPER BEHIND KESSLEE

leaning propped up against the wall. Gravity finally tips the Trooper over. The armed grenade on his gunbelt hits the floor. KA-BOOM! Shrapnel flies.

Rebecca is blown off the catwalk. Falls...

INT. DIG SITE

SPLAT! Rebecca lands on a thick blanket of mud. She rolls herself over, struggles to get up.

Above Rebecca, a flash of sparks from Kesslee's diggersuit as he dives off the catwalk, into the muddy ground. Disappearing from site.

Realizing she is seconds from being hamburger, Rebecca quickly moves toward the exit, limping slightly. She tries to activate the door switch, but the power outage keeps her locked in.

Rebecca looks around. Trapped by four walls of mud and rock. No weapons in site.

SCREECH! Kesslee rockets up from beneath the mud. Dives back down, like a dolphin in the ocean.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP - HANGER

The gate opens. The desert landscape can be seen past the large steel doors. Wind carries sand into the hanger. Sgt. Small runs up to a Flyer.

INT. FLYER

Sgt. Small ignites the thrusters.

INT. DWP - HANGER

The flyer hovers, propelling itself toward the exit.

Three Rippers run up, strappers leveled. They empty several rounds into the rear of the flyer as it exits. Annihilating the rear thruster. An explosion of FIRE.

EXT. DESERT SKY - NIGHT

Fire sprays out of the rear thruster of the flyer.

INT. FLYER

A warning alarm flashes.

COMPUTER
REAR THRUSTER ON FIRE.

Sgt. Small lowers the craft.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - NIGHT

The hovering flyer lowering, until it touches the sand.

Sgt. Small exits, runs as fast as he can from the machine and hits the sand. EXPLOSION!

He rolls over, sits up. Saved. Then, a red laser traveling along the sand crawls up his chest.

SGT. SMALL

Fuck me...

The Sergeant looks up at:

JET

(pointing the targetor)

How many times do I have to tell you. I don't want to.

REEEEEEEEEE! No more Sergeant Small.

T-Saint steps up beside Jet. The ground begins rumbling. Jet turns, scared.

T-SAINT

Not again.

A periscope pokes out of the bulging sand, moves up to Jet and T-Saint and stops.

INT. DWP - DIG SITE

SCREECH! Cyberblades spark as Kesslee appears before Rebecca. CRACK! He deactivates the suit, backhands Rebecca hard! The cyberblades, although no longer spinning, still cut into her.

Rebecca hits the mud, scoots away from the approaching Kesslee.

REBECCA

Did you come from a dysfunctional family?

Kesslee kicks Rebecca! Thin blood-scratches paint her arms. Rebecca scoots her back into the corner -- there is no way out for her.

KESSLEE

Goodnight.

Kesslee turns on his cyberblades. He gently nudges Rebecca's leg. She screams out in agony.

INT. DWP - SUB-LEVEL THREE

Sparks fly from a lasersaw as the Rippers weld the cover back on the drainage pipe.

REBECCA

Leave some air holes. It'll take longer.

EXT. DESERTSCAPE - SUNRISE

The Rippers, led by Tank Girl and Jet Girl move across the sand toward the jet. The tank is parked off to the side. Suddenly a rumble shakes the earth. Tension grows.

T-SAINT

Not again...!

An explosion of sound as the SUBMARINE bursts up from beneath the sand. The machine is amazing. Cyberblades whirring.

REBECCA

Holy shit...

CRACK! The cyberblades shut off. The hatch door opens.

Sub Girl (Subrina) exits.

SUB GIRL

Did we win?

Rebecca and the rest of the gang are amazed. A Ripper steps close to the submarine, touches the cyberblade hull.

REBECCA

Yeah.

A CLAP OF THUNDER. It begins to rain. Subrina holds her hand out, catches some of the drops of water.

SUB GIRL

Here comes the flood.

TANK GIRL

Great. Story of my life.

JET GIRL

Now what?

T-Saint turns to Booga, smiles.

T-SAINT

I say we get crumpets and tea.

Booga smiles. Electric.

Tank Girl lifts her face to the rain. Thunder echoes!
Lightning.

TANK GIRL
(singing)
I'm screaming in the rain!

CAMERA rises and rises...the Tank, Jet and Sub parked in the
middle of the desert. Rebecca's singing echoes.

FADE OUT.

A fast shot of Kesslee in the pipe, screaming. Terrified.

THE END