

TB

THE VAULT

by

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TB

EXT. ARCTIC TUNDRA - MORNING

All alone in the middle of a frozen wasteland, an honest-to-god REINDEER buries its snout deep into the densely packed snow as it hunts for moss.

Hearing something, the animal lifts up its heavy antlers...
just as THREE U.S. MILITARY HELICOPTERS COME ROARING
OVERHEAD. Looks like they're in a hurry.

INT. CHINOOK HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Inside the center chopper, a lithe female soldier is double-checking her assault rifle. This is MAXINE, a 30-something Marine whose long hair is pulled back into a pony tail as severe as her expression.

HODGE (O.S.)
You should really eat something.

Maxine looks over to see HODGE, a male soldier who, like Maxine, is dressed in a clashing combination of camouflage: some jungle, some desert. Hodge holds out an open M.R.E. BAG with a spoon stuck in it.

HODGE (CONT'D)
An army runs on its stomach.

MAXINE
That's why I joined the Marines.

HODGE
I'm serious, Maxine. Eat.

Maxine reluctantly takes a spoonful. It looks like frozen dog vomit.

MAXINE
Jesus. When did this expire?

Hodge gives the bag a once-over, frowns.

HODGE
January. 2009.

MAXINE
(under her breath)
I hate this job.

And that's when a TITLE CARD comes on screen to tell us that this is actually: **MARCH, 2050**

That's right, we're FORTY YEARS IN THE FUTURE.

SERGEANT (O.S.)
Eyes forward, gang.

Maxine, Hodge and the other marines turn to look at their SERGEANT, a silver-haired man dressed in arctic cammo.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
We'll be on top of the target in
just under two minutes.

Sarge holds up his iWATCH, which projects a strikingly realistic HOLOGRAM of the target in question, a massive steel VAULT embedded in the side of a snow-capped MOUNTAIN.

HODGE
That's the Doomsday Vault? There's
not even a guard posted out front.

SERGEANT
Don't let her exterior fool you.
What we need to get our hands on is
a few hundred yards inside that
mountain, and the stakes are
nothing less than the fate of the
free world. Any questions?

MAXINE
No offense, but how come you're the
only one with arctic cammo?

SERGEANT
Because I outrank you, Maxine. A
lot. But for what it's worth, this
ain't a stealth mission. The Royal
Navy tried that already and paid
the price. Only chance we got is
to hit these bastards before they--

KRAKOOM. The helicopter is suddenly ROCKED by a nearby
blast. The soldiers look out their windows just in time to
see one of their escort helicopters EXPLODE. As warning
sirens BLARE in the back of this chopper, Maxine dryly hands
her spoon back to Hodge.

MAXINE
Some last meal.

EXT. ARCTIC TUNDRA - CONTINUOUS

Outside, we follow a SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE as it bursts out
of the frost and soars into the sky, soon IMPACTING against
the rear rotor of the second gunship chopper that's escorting
the Chinook troop transport carrying Maxine.

INT. CHINOOK HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Back inside, Sarge barks orders into his futuristic watch...

SERGEANT

Command, we're taking flak and
multiple SAMs! How the hell--

...when a stray piece of shrapnel SCREAMS into this cabin and
right THROUGH the Sergeant, killing him instantly.

Just as suddenly, this Chinook begins to LOSE ALTITUDE. A
terrified Hodge states the obvious:

HODGE

We're going down!

EXT. ARCTIC TUNDRA - CONTINUOUS

The Chinook's pilot valiantly fights to keep his damaged
copter aloft, but the craft slowly PINWHEELS down, down,
down, before finally BELLY FLOPPING onto the tundra.

After a moment of complete silence, this troop transport's
rear ramp is KICKED OPEN by Maxine, who leads Hodge and
whatever other soldiers survived this impact into the cold.

We can now see that they've crash-landed less than a hundred
yards from the ominous DOOMSDAY VAULT.

HODGE

Well, any landing you can walk away
fr--

BLAM! Before Hodge can finish that thought, he's interrupted
by a BULLET TO THE HELMET, followed by the sound of OLD-
SCHOOL GASOLINE ENGINES.

Maxine and the others turn to see the Vault's main door
spitting out A DOZEN TRICKED-OUT SNOWMOBILES, which are being
driven by a multi-ethnic band of ARMED EXTREMISTS.

As these terrifying men and women speed right for Maxine, she
calmly raises her MACHINE GUN.

MAXINE

(matter of fact)
Light 'em up.

The shell-shocked soldiers OPEN FIRE, but the snowmobiles are
too fast and maneuverable to be easy targets. They're soon
on top of the Marines, SLICING RIGHT THROUGH THEM.

Maxine KEEPS FIRING until she's the last American soldier standing. As the extremists SURROUND her, Maxine drops her empty machine gun and begins firing her SIDEARM, taking out a few more incoming enemies.

THWACK. Finally, Maxine is felled by a BLOW to the back of the head. It comes from the handle of an old-school BATTLE AXE being wielded by a hulking man named AJAX.

And just as Ajax is about to DECAPITATE Maxine with the bladed edge of his weapon...

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Don't.

...Ajax and the others turn to see an approaching figure cracking a whip from the back of a SLED. It's being pulled by what at first looks like a team of dogs... but on closer inspection, is actually a PACK OF WOLVES.

This is the extremists' leader, a dark-skinned African man known only as BARON. Clad in an all-white cape and other regal attire, Baron casually DISMOUNTS his sled and lovingly PATS his wolves before approaching the semi-conscious Maxine.

BARON

I'd like to hold onto this one.

As Baron's shadow falls over her, Maxine SCREAMS. A sudden squall spares us from seeing what happens next as the screen FADES TO WHITE.

After a beat, another TITLE CARD tells us that it's now:
THREE MONTHS LATER

EXT. FORT KNOX - NIGHT

Several heavy American M1 ABRAMS BATTLE TANKS rumble past a large sign that advises visitors: **"WELCOME TO FORT KNOX - TRESPASSERS SHOT"**

Located in the heart of Kentucky, the United States Bullion Depository is conveniently surrounded by an active military base populated with thousands of soldiers.

At the rear of this fenced compound, a GUARD with the United States Mint Police confidently marches these fortified grounds, absentmindedly waving his flashlight at the shadows.

But the guard nearly TRIPS when his right foot suddenly SINKS six inches in the dirt. The young man tries to pull himself free... when something begins PULLING BACK.

Stunned to find himself playing tug-of-war with his own leg, the guard is about to call for help, when his whole body is promptly YANKED UNDERGROUND.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Falling more than ten feet, the guard LANDS on the earthen floor of a SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL, whose freshly dug walls are supported by a series of crude wooden supports.

Still getting his bearings, the fallen guard then looks up to see the man who's spent the last two weeks digging this tunnel with the simple COLLAPSIBLE SHOVEL in his hands: our hero, the undisputed King of Thieves: SEBASTIAN CARD.

A wiry rogue in his early 40s, Sebastian smiles down at this guard like a man who actually loves his job.

SEBASTIAN

I know this is a little forward,
but would you mind getting naked
for me?

The guard reaches for his SIDEARM, but Sebastian points the sharpened edge of his shovel at the young man's throat.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

What, do you bank here? 'Cause
your money's insured, you know.

GUARD

My uniform won't get you inside.
There are fingerprint readers...
retinal scans!

Sebastian thinks about this, cleans under one of his fingernails with the tip of the sharpened shovel.

SEBASTIAN

Guess I'll need a thumb and an
eyeball from you then.

GULP. The guard's brow is beaded with sweat.

GUARD

Please... it doesn't have to be
like this.

Sebastian digs into his pocket, pulls out a PIECE OF PAPER.

SEBASTIAN

I agree. Which is why I want you
to get on your radio and say this.

The guard takes the paper, unfolds it to read a NOTE scrawled in terrible handwriting. He frowns.

GUARD
It'll never work.

SEBASTIAN
What are you, my editor? Just say
it exactly like it's written.
(gesturing with shovel)
Any funny stuff, I start excavating
vital organs. Dig?

The guard nods, reluctantly KEYS HIS RADIO as he reads aloud from Sebastian's script.

GUARD
Um, Interior, this is
Groundskeeper, over.

FROM RADIO
What's up, Frank?

GUARD
Sorry to bother you, but, uh, my...
my irritable bowel is acting up
bad. I'd go through the main gate,
but if the computer records me
taking two breaks in one hour...

FROM RADIO
*Relax, Squirts. I'll open up
loading dock two for you.*

GUARD
(dismayed)
Seriously? You will?

Sebastian GRABS the radio and SMASHES it.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Did... did I do all right?

Using his shovel, Sebastian then KNOCKS OUT this guard.

SEBASTIAN
Don't quit your night job.

EXT. FORT KNOX - NIGHT

Moments later, Sebastian pops his head out of the hole he just pulled the guard down. Seeing that the coast is clear, he climbs out dressed in his newly acquired UNIFORM.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
Took you long enough.

Startled, Sebastian wheels around to see a FEMALE who wasn't there moments ago.

This alluring young woman is GLORIA. Not a day over 21, Gloria looks completely out of place at a late-night heist in her BRIGHT YELLOW SUNDRESS... but Sebastian seems relieved to see her.

SEBASTIAN
Half a mile in two weeks? That's some *Great Escape* shit right there.

Gloria follows after Sebastian as he tugs his cap low and moves for the loading docks at the rear of this facility.

GLORIA
A dirt tunnel? No offense, Sebastian, but it's not exactly Operation Grand Slam.

SEBASTIAN
Yeah, well, you're not exactly Pussy Galore.

Gloria smiles at him warmly.

GLORIA
That was our second date, remember? *Goldfinger* at the Revival?

SEBASTIAN
Uh-uh. Second date was *How to Steal a Million*.

GLORIA
The Audrey Hepburn one? We'd been dating for a month by then!

SEBASTIAN
You're high, Gloria. First I took you to *The Italian Job*, then--

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
Frank?

Sebastian looks up to see a SECOND GUARD waiting by a rear loading dock that's just started to OPEN.

SECOND GUARD
Who the hell are you talking to?

And when we cut back to Sebastian, sure enough, Gloria is nowhere to be seen.

SEBASTIAN

Dude with a dart in his neck.

Squinting now, the Second Guard realizes that this man is decidedly NOT Frank.

SECOND GUARD

Hey, you're not--

PAFT. That's when the guard is STRUCK IN THE NECK with a DART fired from the small BLOWGUN Sebastian's just pulled out of his pocket.

As the unconscious guard COLLAPSES, Sebastian turns to speak with the suddenly returned Gloria.

GLORIA

A blowgun? Really?

While Gloria just watches, a defensive Sebastian starts DRAGGING the guard's heavy body into Fort Knox.

SEBASTIAN

What? It's quiet.

GLORIA

And manly! You totally blew that guy into submission!

SEBASTIAN

I hate you so much.

INT. FORT KNOX - CONTINUOUS

Deeper inside Fort Knox, TWO MORE HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS march past the imposing MAIN VAULT.

Sebastian waits for the coast to clear before dragging the unconscious guard down this hallway. Gloria follows after, WHISTLING with awe as she studies the vault door.

GLORIA

Twenty-two tons of steel and a lock that can only be opened by six guards entering six different combinations simultaneously.

SEBASTIAN

That's to get inside the vault. You only need one code to get out.

GLORIA

Yeah, but... wait, huh?

SEBASTIAN

Plans I stole said there should be
a ventilation shaft in here.

And as Sebastian hauls his captive into a nearby RESTROOM, we
UPCUT TO:

INT. FORT KNOX BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE "VENTILATION SHAFT," which we can now see is
only six inches by four inches, way too tiny for even the
smallest human being to fit inside.

Widen to reveal that Gloria and Sebastian are inside of this
men's restroom, where the unconscious guard has been
unceremoniously dumped on the tile floor.

As Sebastian carefully removes the ventilation shaft's metal
grate, Gloria looks at the tiny opening with disappointment.

GLORIA

I think you may have overestimated
the amount of ventilating these
shafts have to do.

Undeterred, Sebastian reaches into his bag of tricks and
pulls out a small REMOTE CONTROLLED CAR.

SEBASTIAN

Ehn, Plan B is always more fun.

Placing this car inside the shaft, he then takes out its
remote control, which has a small VIDEO SCREEN displaying
everything this car "sees" through its headlights.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

And away we go.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

We follow this little vehicle INSIDE the ventilation shaft as
Sebastian expertly STEERS it through this labyrinth.

The toy car finally comes to a stop in front of a second
grate that overlooks the MAIN VAULT, which we can now see
contains THOUSANDS OF METAL CRATES.

INT. FORT KNOX BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back in the restroom, Sebastian smiles as he sees this treasure on his remote control's viewscreen. Using a little METAL CLAW attached to the front of his toy car, he then guides the vehicle into YANKING OPEN this second grate. But just as Sebastian is about to drive the miniature car out of the vents and into the vault, Gloria cautions him.

GLORIA

Wait! Vault's floor is pressure-sensitive, remember?

SEBASTIAN

O ye of little faith.

Sebastian then points to a little red button on his remote labelled "SUCK."

INT. FORT KNOX MAIN VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the cavernous vault, the brave little car noses over the edge of the open ventilation shaft.

And just when it looks like it's about to TUMBLE onto the floor far below... VERRRRRRRR, a little VACUUM whirs to life on the car's underside, allowing it to CLING TO THE WALL.

This real-world Radio Shack toy looks positively science-fictional as it races across the vault's granite sides before finally stopping at a KEYPAD next to the interior of the heavy vault door.

INT. FORT KNOX BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian excitedly thumbs his remote.

SEBASTIAN

And now we're just one password away from Open Sesame.

GLORIA

Honey, every interior guard gets a ten-character alphanumeric that gets changed daily.

SEBASTIAN

So?

Gloria frowns down at the still-unconscious guard.

GLORIA

So, shouldn't you have gotten that from this guy before you sent him to Slumberland?

SEBASTIAN

You really think these meatheads memorize a new code every day?

Sebastian then reaches down and turns up the guard's PALM, on which we can see he's written the following code in blue ink: **t65Fw30K4f** As Sebastian uses the car's little metal arm to punch in this password, Gloria smiles at him with pride.

GLORIA

You're such a rock star.

SEBASTIAN

It's a glamorous life...

With that, Sebastian deposits the drugged guard onto one of the stall's FILTHY TOILETS.

INT. FORT KNOX MAIN VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The toy car finishes punching in its code, deactivating the floor sensors and causing the vault's heavy door to SWING OPEN just long enough for Sebastian to dash inside.

As the door then SEALS SHUT behind him, Gloria again appears at Sebastian's side. She stares at the thousands upon thousands of METAL CRATES inside this vast facility.

GLORIA

Which ones have what we're after?

SEBASTIAN

All of 'em.

Sebastian pulls out his collapsible shovel, uses its edge to PRY OPEN the first crate directly in front of them.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Few years back, the feds cleared the last of the bullion out to make room for the real valuables.

As the crate cracks open, Sebastian drops the shovel to the floor. He reaches inside, tears past sheets of FOIL and PLASTIC, and eventually pulls out his prize... A LARGE BLOCK OF CHEESE.

Salivating, Sebastian closes his eyes and is about to lovingly bite into this invaluable treasure...

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Drop it.

...when he looks up to see a suit-wearing FBI SPECIAL AGENT aiming a handgun down at him from several crates up. This is CROWFOOT, a Native American who's in surprisingly excellent shape despite being close to retirement age.

CROWFOOT

Afraid that's government cheese.

Sebastian looks up at this man, FROWNS.

SEBASTIAN

Crowfoot. How?

CROWFOOT

After you gave me the slip in Indiana, you hit three food banks in Ohio and another two in the Dustbowl. Felt like you were sniffing around one last score.

As Crowfoot approaches, Sebastian sets down the cheese, looks over to see that Gloria has once again VANISHED.

SEBASTIAN

What's my bounty up to these days, anyway?

CROWFOOT

Bureau is offering meals for life to the first Special Agent to get you in bracelets. But that's nothing compared to the price Eddie Wallace is offering for your head.

Sebastian looks FRIGHTENED by the very sound of this name.

SEBASTIAN

So what, now you're a bounty hunter?

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Relax, unlike you, I've still got morals.

Sebastian starts subtly reaching for something at the small of his back, when Crowfoot loudly COCKS his handgun.

CROWFOOT

You're welcome to try it... but you'll die. I may be old, but I've spent the last month eating three squares a day in here. When's the last time you ate your spinach?

As he raises his hands in surrender, Sebastian's stomach RUMBLES.

SEBASTIAN

You guys have real spinach?

CROWFOOT

It's canned, but heat it up and--

As Crowfoot gestures at a nearby crate, Sebastian KICKS his shovel at Crowfoot, KNOCKING the gun out of the agent's hand.

Sebastian then reaches for his BLOWGUN and presses it to his lips, but in the blink of an eye, Crowfoot is on top of him. Before Sebastian can fire, Crowfoot places HIS lips on the OTHER end of the blowgun.

Both men frantically puff up their cheeks as they struggle to BLOW this dart down the other guy's throat. Suddenly, Gloria materializes at Sebastian's side.

GLORIA

Is it wrong that I find this kind of hot?

Distracted by this woman who apparently only he can see, Sebastian pulls away from the blowgun just in time to DODGE the dart that WHIZZES past his neck.

Crowfoot then BLUDGEONS Sebastian with the bamboo blowgun, snapping the hard weapon in half across Sebastian's SKULL. With the thief dazed and confused, Crowfoot then delivers a devastating UPPERCUT.

For a moment, Sebastian looks like he might battle back... but then his eyes gradually roll into the back of his head, and he collapses to the floor with a sickening thud.

BLACKNESS.

INT. JEEP - MORNING

Hours later, Sebastian finally opens his eyes, squints against the harsh sunlight.

He's surprised to find himself sitting in the open-air passenger seat of an old-school military JEEP currently being driven by Agent Crowfoot. Sebastian is now BOUND with more chains than Houdini.

Gloria leans forward from the backseat to look at Sebastian.

GLORIA

You and that glass jaw.

SEBASTIAN

(sotto)

I'm a lover not a fighter.

Hearing this, Crowfoot looks over at his prisoner.

CROWFOOT

You say something?

Sebastian dummies up. In the backseat, Gloria has VANISHED.

Crowfoot, meanwhile, looks out at the long stretch of Route 80 ahead of them. It's surrounded by a vast and arid DESERT WASTELAND.

CROWFOOT (CONT'D)

You know, my family was farming this land before the Pilgrims even set sail. They knew this was coming. Tried to warn folks when the bees started dying. Tried again when a third of their flowers never bloomed one summer. By the time it spread to the crops...

SEBASTIAN

"...the Blight had already won."
Yeah, we had plants in Jersey, too.
You've heard of the Garden State, right?

Crowfoot looks out at a long line of EMACIATED MEN AND WOMEN who've lined up by the side of the road to fight over the limited BAGS OF GRAIN being handed out by nervous young AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

CROWFOOT

These men and women worked this earth their whole lives to feed city folk like you, people who never once thought about where their food came from.

The grizzled older agent turns to stare at Sebastian.

CROWFOOT (CONT'D)

I know you fancy yourself some kind of Robin Hood who steals from the rich, but every time you take more than your fair share, these are the people you're taking it from.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, right. And who decides what everybody's "fair share" is?

CROWFOOT

The gentleman I'm taking you to see right now.

With that, Crowfoot turns the jeep onto a long dirt road that leads to a quaint old FARMHOUSE next to a big red BARN.

INT. FARMHOUSE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Crowfoot then escorts the bound and confused Sebastian to the porch of this farmhouse, where he begins to UNLOCK the prisoner from his heavy manacles.

CROWFOOT

He's waiting inside whenever you're ready.

SEBASTIAN

Where the hell are you going?

CROWFOOT

Into the sunset. The current administration and I don't see eye-to-eye on much, so I'm bartering my reward rations for a little retirement place just outside Lexington. Figure I'll get back to the land, maybe take a stab at farming myself.

Sebastian looks at this man like he's insane.

SEBASTIAN

This country hasn't produced an edible crop in years.

CROWFOOT

Then I guess you better not fail.

With that, Crowfoot departs with a sly wink, leaving a baffled Sebastian alone on the porch with Gloria.

GLORIA
What the hell did that mean?

But Sebastian is already sniffing at the air, having just SMELLED something inside the house.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Sebastian?

Hearing SIZZLING, Sebastian pushes INSIDE this shadowy home.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We're close on a delicious HUNK OF MEAT, red and raw. It's just started cooking on top of an old iron skillet.

Widen to reveal that we're in the farmhouse's charming KITCHEN, which a famished Sebastian now enters.

SEBASTIAN
Um, hello? Is anybody...?

That's when Sebastian sees the huge chunk of unguarded meat. Like a moth to the flame, he's drawn to the stove, where he stares at this rare, mouth-watering delicacy with disbelief.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
Like yours a little raw, huh?

Sebastian WHEELS AROUND to find a heavysset man, easily 300 pounds and certainly the largest human being Sebastian has seen in ages.

This is HEINRICH, a Falstaff-like figure with ruddy cheeks and an easy smile.

SEBASTIAN
What... what are you?

Heinrich extends his hand, and Sebastian reluctantly SHAKES.

HEINRICH
Secretary Heinrich.

SEBASTIAN
Secretary of what?

HEINRICH
Agriculture. It's a cabinet level position and I answer directly to the President.

SEBASTIAN

Sorry to stare. Been a long time since I've met anyone this...

HEINRICH

(cutting him off)

...famous? Hell, I feel the same way meeting the mighty "King of Thieves." You really as good as they say?

Sebastian just holds up his left wrist, which is adorned with a CHEAP GOLD WATCH. Heinrich's confused.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

Is that supposed to impress me? I have one just like...

But when Heinrich looks down at his own wrist, he finally notices that his watch is MISSING.

The big man GRINS, returns to cooking steak at the stove.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

Guess I deserved that.

(beat)

Tell me, Mr. Card, you ever heard of a place called Svalbard?

Sebastian shakes his head, settles in at the kitchen table.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

Little island in the Arctic, halfway between Norway and the North Pole.

Heinrich picks up a hi-tech REMOTE CONTROL. Hitting a few buttons, he summons another HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION OF THE DOOMSDAY VAULT, which hovers above the kitchen table, inches from Sebastian's face.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

Way back in 2008, a bunch of eggheads got together and decided it would be a swell idea to keep samples of every seed on the planet somewhere safe, in case of nuclear war, natural disasters...

SEBASTIAN

(catching on)

...or pestilence.

HEINRICH

So these guys designed something called the Doomsday Vault, a big-ass storage facility that could hold more than a million different types of seeds. When it came time to break ground, they needed to find somewhere cold enough to store the things, high enough not to drown if the icecaps melted, remote enough to be totally secure...

SEBASTIAN

Smorgasbord.

HEINRICH

Svalbard. More specifically, inside one of its mountains.

SEBASTIAN

And? We've got plenty of seeds here. But the Blight still kills any plants that grow out of 'em.

HEINRICH

That's because we've got the wrong seeds.

Heinrich flips his steak.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

This country used to grow 14,000 different varieties of apples. By the time I was born, we were growing three. Because we Americans like comfort food. We want the same burger in every town we visit, right? But what we now know is, lack of diversity can lead to... complications.

SEBASTIAN

You don't say.

HEINRICH

Whatever, that's the past. I'm here to talk about the future.

Heinrich presses another button, replacing the image of the Doomsday Vault with that of an enlarged CORN KERNEL.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

This is Bloody Butcher, a corn seed that used to be all the rage back in the 1800s. The simulations we've been running in the lab suggest there's an excellent chance it's immune to the Blight. If we could start growing this again, we'd finally have flour, livestock feed, a cash crop for trading. And the Vault has a few kernels on file.

SEBASTIAN

I'm guessing there's a catch.

Pressing one last button, Heinrich summons a three-dimensional holographic image of the man known as BARON.

HEINRICH

Baron. Don't know if that's a name or a title, but we do know he was born somewhere in Africa, probably educated in the West. Baron's some kind of anarchist loon who's spent decades assembling a small army of like-minded assholes from all over the globe. After the Blight first hit, he and his goons had the foresight to seize control of the Doomsday Vault, which is where they've been holed up ever since.

SEBASTIAN

We've got an army, too, don't we?

HEINRICH

Shock and awe has proved... ineffective. Which is why I've suggested something with a little more finesse.

Sebastian finally realizes what Heinrich is getting at.

SEBASTIAN

Hold on. You seriously want me to break into something called the Doomsday Vault?

(beat)

What do I get if I say yes?

HEINRICH

My watch.

SEBASTIAN
And if I say no?

HEINRICH
Life in prison.

SEBASTIAN
Three hots and a cot? Sold.

HEINRICH
Mr. Card, prisons ain't what they
used to be. We don't have enough
federal food reserves left to feed
all of our law-abiding citizens,
much less reprobates like you.

SEBASTIAN
So what, you just let prisoners
starve to death?

HEINRICH
Actually, we fatten them up.

With that, Heinrich finally takes a BIG BITE of the hunk of
meat. Meat that we now realize isn't from a COW.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
(chewing)
For a while, anyway.

Horrificed, Sebastian gets to his feet and RUNS out of this
room. But that's when someone JAMS the heavy stock of a
RIFLE into his stomach, DROPPING him to his knees.

The winded Sebastian looks up to see that his attacker is
none other than MAXINE, the female soldier from our
opening... only now, Maxine is completely BALD, her trademark
long locks having been brutally shorn off.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
Allow me to introduce Maxine.
She'll be your handler.

SEBASTIAN
My...? Okay, let's get a few
things straight. One, I haven't
taken your job. Two, if I did, I
only work alone. And three, the
day I do pick a partner, it's not
going to be some crazy bald bitch.

Maxine aims her rifle at Sebastian's FACE.

MAXINE

You like my haircut? I got it from the monster who lives inside that Vault. Baron did this to me during the three months he and his men... brutalized me in captivity.

Hearing this, Gloria reappears to GLARE at Sebastian.

GLORIA

Sebastian. Tell her you're sorry.
Now.

SEBASTIAN

I'm... I'm sorry.

HEINRICH

Maxine here was the only survivor of our last military incursion. Baron kept her alive so he could send her back with a message:

MAXINE

Unless the United States meets his demands in forty-eight hours, he'll make the same offer to other Blight-ridden superpowers, starting with our old friend Russia.

SEBASTIAN

And the demands?

HEINRICH

Our nuclear submarines.
(beat)
All of them.

SEBASTIAN

So? Hand 'em over.

MAXINE

We do that, we turn an isolated warlord into a global terror. Stealing this seed is our only shot, Sebastian. You in or out?

Sebastian inhales, looks at Heinrich still stuffing his face, then at the intimidating woman staring him down. And by the time he exhales, he's resigned to his fate.

SEBASTIAN

One last score.
(beat)
When does that ever go wrong?

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Outside, a rifle-toting Maxine keeps an eye on Sebastian as Heinrich leads them towards the big red barn.

HEINRICH

You leave for Hollywood within the hour.

SEBASTIAN

(suddenly excited)
Hollywood? California?

HEINRICH

What's left of it, anyway.

SEBASTIAN

I thought you said this thing was in Santa's zipcode.

HEINRICH

It is, but there's no way you're hitting it blind. The Army Corps of Engineers and a few out-of-work Tinseltown kids built an exact replica of the Vault out west. Maxine will be able to fill you in on any... modifications Baron's made over the years.

SEBASTIAN

But, I thought our deadline was in less than two days. We really have time to fly 2,000 miles in the opposite direction of our target?

Dabbing his brow with a pocket square, Heinrich SMILES.

HEINRICH

You do when you fly with us.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Silhouetted by the high noon sun behind him, Heinrich SLIDES OPEN the barn's huge double doors.

Sebastian stares at what's inside this dark structure with absolute disbelief.

SEBASTIAN

The hell is that?

As Maxine and Heinrich follow him inside, we reverse to reveal what Sebastian is looking at: a SUB-ORBITAL SPACECRAFT with strange porthole windows on its sides and two massive, retractable tail fins at its rear.

It's like a next-gen model of the VIRGIN GALACTIC SPACESHIP ONE.

HEINRICH

This, Mr. Card, is the Starling.

SEBASTIAN

It looks... alien.

HEINRICH

Close. British. Before the global economy went in the shitter, the Limeys started building commercial ships for sub-orbital spaceflight. This girl can take you up at about Mach 4 to sixty miles above sea level before dropping you like a rock onto your final destination.

Petrified, Sebastian looks to Maxine for reassurance.

SEBASTIAN

And you know how to fly it?

MAXINE

I don't know how to fly a kite.

Just as Sebastian is about to ask who the hell IS going to fly this thing, he hears a terrible HACKING NOISE from elsewhere within the barn.

Everyone turns to see a figure emerge from the shadows, still zipping up from having just taken a leak. This is DOCK, a young Irish guy with an ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE perpetually dangling from his lips.

DOCK

Bloody hell, that fake grain alcohol goes right through me.

Gloria again appears at Sebastian's side, looks at the clearly drunken Dock with concern.

GLORIA

Well, this is another fine mess.

SEBASTIAN

(an aside)

Shut up.

Out of the corner of her eye, Maxine spots Sebastian apparently shushing HIMSELF. She makes a mental note of this oddness as Dock continues complaining.

DOCK

And these stupid e-cigarettes are gonna give me cancer! When do I get my real fags, Heinrich?

HEINRICH

When you finish the job, Dock.

SEBASTIAN

He's a doctor?

DOCK

Dock, with a "k." My old man named me after Dock Ellis, pitcher who threw a no-hitter high on LSD.

Sebastian tries to process everything wrong with this story.

SEBASTIAN

I... didn't think they liked baseball in the UK.

DOCK

We don't.
(taking out a FLASK)
Chin chin.

As Dock takes a SWIG, we cut up into the RAFTERS high overhead, where a hulking figure dressed entirely in black spies on the proceedings below.

It's AJAX, Baron's right-hand muscle, who is whispering into a small EARPIECE.

AJAX

(sotto)

You catch all that, Baron?

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elsewhere, a HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE of Ajax floats over a hi-tech SILVER WRIST GAUNTLET.

Widen to reveal that this gauntlet belongs to BARON, who's now seated in the opulent THRONE ROOM deep within the Doomsday Vault.

BARON

Message received, Ajax.

AJAX

You want me to engage?

BARON

Not yet. But stay with them. I need to know exactly how much they know.

AJAX

Understood. Out.

Baron switches off his gauntlet and turns to see that SEVERAL MEN have just entered this room, led by a lanky Frenchman named VINCENT.

BARON

Trouble, Vincent?

VINCENT

You tell us. Sounds like the Americans are already making an end run around your offer.

BARON

You're surprised?

VINCENT

Yes, that you didn't slice this American whore's throat when you had her chained up in your quarters.

BARON

I only let her go so that Ajax could follow her up the food chain.

VINCENT

And? What happens now?

Baron rises to his full height and glares down at the Frenchman, whose hands have started to TREMBLE.

BARON

I'll tell you if and when you need to know.

VINCENT

I'm sorry, Baron... but that is no longer good enough.

Vincent then pulls out a DAGGER, as does each of his cohorts.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
My brothers and I, we have worked
too hard and too long to risk you
throwing it all away now.

Baron looks at Vincent's blade with indifference.

BARON
So. Is your Brutus moment
everything you dreamed it would be?

VINCENT
You were a good leader, before it
went to your head. I... I promise
to make it quick.

BARON
Well. Get on with it then.

As the others watch nervously, Vincent then STABS Baron in
the gut. Blood pours out of Baron's stomach and onto his all-
white attire... but the wounded man doesn't flinch.

BARON (CONT'D)
Some advice, Vincent. Next time
you plan to attack an unarmed
man... make sure he's unarmed.

Baron then raises his SILVER WRIST GAUNTLET.

Its small lights HUM WITH POWER, but rather than generating
another harmless hologram, they focus into a SINGLE INTENSE
LASER BEAM, which Baron casually FIRES THROUGH VINCENT'S
HEAD.

The Frenchman drops to the ground, DEAD. The other would-be
assassins look at their brother's smoldering skull with shock
and confusion.

BARON (CONT'D)
Don't worry, it takes a few moments
to recharge.

Baron then YANKS Vincent's dagger out of his own gut.

BARON (CONT'D)
I'll do the rest of you the old-
fashioned way.

The remaining men all look at each other, then simultaneously
POUNCE on the wounded Baron. As they frantically try to stab
him again, Baron unleashes a TIDAL WAVE OF VIOLENCE, snapping
necks and breaking bones... but there's just no way he can
overpower them all, right?

EXT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

Outside the locked doors of this throne room is the Vault's GRAND HALL, where endless rows of FRUITS and VEGETABLES provide the first glimpse of green since our story began. These plants are being hydroponically tended by countless ARMED WORKERS, oblivious to the attempted coup going on behind closed doors.

Nearby, a TEENAGE GIRL is preparing dinner while watching a life-sized HOLOGRAPHIC NEWS FEED of several JAPANESE SCIENTISTS applauding a NEBBISH AMERICAN SCIENTIST.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
*--in Tokyo, where holographic
pioneer Eddie Wallace recently
hinted at a major breakthrough in--*

Suddenly, Baron's SCREAMS echo through this hall, like the roar of a wounded beast. Two SPANISH GUARDS race to open the throne room's doors, only to find them BARRICADED SHUT.

They're about to smash their way inside, when VINCENT'S LIFELESS BODY is hurled RIGHT THROUGH THE LOCKED DOORS.

After a beat, an exhausted but alive Baron EMERGES, his all-white attire now stained with the blood of each of his attackers. The wounded Baron looks down at his faithful subjects, who are staring up at him with AWE.

BARON
Anyone else have a complaint they'd
like to put in the suggestion box?

The great hall is deathly silent, except for the teenage girl, who races up the stairs to be at Baron's side. The young subject looks at her leader with reverent admiration.

GIRL
Baron, you're... you're hurt.

Baron looks down at the seeping gash like it's a paper cut.

BARON
I can patch myself up fine, Janey.
(then, matter of fact)
What's for supper?

JANEY
Um, vegetarian chili, sir. And...
and cornbread?

BARON
Lovely. I'm famished.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

Back in the States, the Starling sub-orbital craft is now idling on a long dirt RUNWAY behind the barn.

Secretary Heinrich watches Dock load a large crate labeled "RATIONS" into the cargo hold at the rear of the craft.

HEINRICH

Every calorie in priceless, Dock,
so you better conserve--

DOCK

No offense, Mr. Secretary, but you
don't need to tell an Irishman how
to behave during a famine. We've
been to this dance before...

And as Dock pushes the crate into the hold, we can see that Ajax has already STOWED AWAY inside. Baron's loyal spy is clinging to equipment directly ABOVE an oblivious Dock, who electronically reignites his ever-present e-cigarette.

Heinrich, meanwhile, walks to the nose of the craft, where a waiting Maxine is zipping up her SKINTIGHT BLACK FLIGHTSUIT. Cradled under her arm is a next-gen crash helmet with a gold reflexive visor.

HEINRICH

You comfortable?

MAXINE

Fits all right, I guess.

HEINRICH

With the mission.

MAXINE

I know the stakes.

HEINRICH

Then you understand that the only
thing you absolutely need to bring
back alive is that seed. The rest
of your crew...

MAXINE

I said, I know the stakes.

Heinrich grins, playfully slaps her face with his meaty paw.

HEINRICH

That a girl.

INT. STARLING - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian is already inside the craft's cabin, which looks not unlike the interior of a newer model Gulfstream executive jet. As his ever-present companion Gloria watches, Sebastian reluctantly changes out of his stolen guard's uniform and into the tighter flightsuit he's been given.

GLORIA

Don't.

SEBASTIAN

Don't what?

GLORIA

Think about running.

SEBASTIAN

Why not? They didn't put a tracking chip or shit like that in me. No explosive collar around my neck.

GLORIA

No, but they put her on you. You try to run, she'll kill you dead.

(beat)

But if you stick around, maybe you and Maxine will become... friends?

Sebastian SIGHS. He's clearly been through this before.

SEBASTIAN

I can't tell you how much I hate it when you try to set me up with other women.

GLORIA

But she's your type! Attractive, feisty, emotionally damaged...

SEBASTIAN

I don't care. I have you.

Sebastian reaches out to GRAB Gloria... but his hands go right THROUGH her.

GLORIA

You sure?

MAXINE (O.S.)

Sebastian?

Shirtless now, Sebastian turns to see Maxine, who's just entered the cabin. Naturally, Gloria has already vanished.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Who are you talking to?

SEBASTIAN
Harvey. My invisible pet rabbit.

Maxine just stares at him.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Not a film buff, huh? Figures.

Ignoring this, Maxine instead notices something at the top of Sebastian's spine, a HI-TECH METAL IMPLANT fused to the back of his neck.

MAXINE
What is that?

SEBASTIAN
Oh, this old thing?
(then, harder)
It's a mind-your-own-damn-business machine.

Sebastian finishes zipping up his flightsuit, as Maxine starts to soften.

MAXINE
Look, we got off on the wrong foot.
(beat)
I hate you and everything you do.

SEBASTIAN
This is us getting on the right foot?

MAXINE
But I'm not too proud to admit that I can't get back inside that Vault on my own.

Maxine absentmindedly runs a hand over her shorn scalp.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
If you can really help get me face-to-face with the man who... if you can get me to Baron, then I'm proud to serve at your side.

This moment of bonding is interrupted by Dock, who climbs into the Starling and pulls the cabin door shut behind him.

DOCK

Get your brain buckets on. We're
airborne in T-minus thirty seconds.

Dock then steps into the COCKPIT, while Maxine straps in to a seat across from Sebastian, who looks at his CRASH HELMET with confusion.

SEBASTIAN

We need these things to breathe?

MAXINE

No, you need it to not get your
skull caved in by floating luggage
when we go zero-g.

SEBASTIAN

Zero who now?

And that's when Sebastian is THROWN BACK against his seat by the craft's sudden and unexpectedly powerful THRUST.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Heinrich gnaws on a piece of jerky-like substance as he watches the Starling ROCKET DOWN the long dirt runway before finally LIFTING OFF at an insanely sharp angle into the heavens.

The heavy man watches the craft go until it's just a SPECK high in the yellow sky.

INT. STARLING - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the ship's state-of-the-art cockpit, Dock casually takes a sip from his HIP FLASK with one hand while pulling alllllll the way back on the ship's controls with the other. He addresses his passengers over a radio headset:

DOCK

All right, lads and lasses. The
vomit comet has just left the
mesosphere, which means you're
officially space cadets. Hold onto
your wigs and keys.

INT. STARLING - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

In the back of the plane, Sebastian is impressively calm. Gloria materializes and looks at him with surprise.

GLORIA

I can't believe you're not puking.

SEBASTIAN

(under his breath)

This is a cakewalk compared to that salmon heist we pulled in the Atlantic. What kind of lightweight can't handle a little--

HWUH! Sebastian looks across the aisle to see Maxine aggressively PUKING into a little AIRSICK BAG. The soldier wipes her mouth with embarrassment.

MAXINE

That... that's never happened before.

And even though Gloria has again disappeared, Sebastian tries to be nice to this other young woman anyway.

SEBASTIAN

Probably something you ate.

As blinding white SUNLIGHT fills the cabin, Sebastian and Maxine both pull down their GOLDEN VISORS. Dock's voice comes over the ship's tinny speakers:

DOCK (OVER SPEAKERS)

Ladies and gentlemen, your dashing captain has turned off the seat belt sign, which means you're now free to roam the cabin. And I mean really free...

Unbuckling his safety harness, Sebastian immediately begins to FLOAT up to the craft's ceiling. Completely WEIGHTLESS now, he starts pin-balling around the cabin like a hyperactive child.

SEBASTIAN

Are you kidding me? I'm... I'm flying!

(beat)

This is the best thing ever!

Still in her seat, the visored Maxine shakes her head at him.

MAXINE

You're gonna get yourself killed.

SEBASTIAN

Inevitably. Which is why I try to enjoy life while I can.

Soaring over to her, Sebastian UNCLICKS Maxine's belt, causing her to float along with him.

MAXINE

You think this is all fun and games? Take a look out that window.

Sebastian propels himself over to the starboard side of the ship, opens his visor, and looks down out one of the large portholes at PLANET EARTH floating far below.

SEBASTIAN

Oh my god. It's so...

Surprisingly, Sebastian isn't awestruck by what he sees; he's HORRIFIED.

MAXINE

...ugly. I know.

And as we reverse to reveal exactly what Sebastian is looking at, we can tell why he seems so distraught. What was once the fertile green continent of North America is now a hideous BLACK AND TAN, bruised and battered like an aged prizefighter.

Sebastian scans the vast wasteland, then looks at Maxine.

SEBASTIAN

Where were you when it hit?

MAXINE

See that black splotch up north?

SEBASTIAN

Oregon?

Maxine nods.

MAXINE

Back before the Blight turned all the trees to kindling. My parents died in the fires when I was a kid. I got to "choose" between an orphanage or boot camp.

SEBASTIAN

And you really think one little seed can fix all this?

But Maxine just keeps staring out the porthole, unable (or unwilling?) to respond.

DOCK (OVER SPEAKERS)
*Fun time's up, little fliers.
We're just about over the drop
zone, so best buckle up on the
double.*

Maxine and Sebastian comply, as the craft starts orienting itself for descent.

SEBASTIAN
Cross-country in three minutes?
Why the hell didn't these things
ever catch on?

MAXINE
Probably because they kept blowing
up on reentry.

Sebastian starts to LAUGH... until Maxine's nervous silence confirms that she wasn't kidding.

SEBASTIAN
("We're fucked.")
Awesome.

EXT. STARLING - DAY

In the cold void of space, the Starling hangs in the silent blackness for a beat... before entering a sudden and violent NOSEDIVE towards the blue orb below.

HELLFIRE crackles around the cockpit as the craft makes a harrowing FACE-FIRST PLUNGE back into the atmosphere.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

A SONIC BOOM echoes high above Los Angeles, which is now experiencing a bit of a SANDSTORM, the town having been long ago reclaimed by the desert.

The Starling comes ROCKETING down out of the sky and over what's left of Santa Monica Boulevard, which is flanked on either side by flaccid husks of long-dead PALM TREES.

The hypersonic ship then zooms past the remaining tall white letters of a once-iconic sign that now reads "OLLYWOO."

EXT. BRONSON CANYON - DAY

In the heart of GRIFFITH PARK, the Starling finally comes to a SMOOTH LANDING on a makeshift runway next to several CAVES dug into the side of a craggy old STONE CLIFF.

INT. STARLING - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Inside the craft, Sebastian and Maxine remove their helmets. They both look grateful to be alive.

SEBASTIAN

I used to think it was corny when
people would applaud at the end of
a flight, but that was--

Sebastian starts to stand, when his legs suddenly GIVE OUT ON HIM. Maxine rises and CATCHES Sebastian on his way down. For a moment, they just look into each other's eyes.

MAXINE

Easy, big guy. You okay?

Held up by this strong woman, Sebastian looks UNCOMFORTABLE, like it's been too long since he's had real physical contact.

SEBASTIAN

I'm... I'm fine.

MAXINE

It'll take a few minutes to get
your bearings back, but you'll
live.

She helps the wobbly Sebastian to the front of the craft.

SEBASTIAN

This Dock guy. He military, too?

MAXINE

Civilian. Heinrich said he used to
be a crop duster. After the Blight
hit, I guess he had to start taking
gigs as a test pilot.

She knocks on the cockpit door.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

We clear to deplane, Dock?

But there's no response.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Dock...?

Finally, Maxine pushes her way into the cockpit... where she and Sebastian are horrified to find a seemingly lifeless Dock SLUMPED OVER THE CONTROLS.

SEBASTIAN

Jesus. Is he...?

But as Maxine pulls his head back, Dock lets out a deafening SNORE. He's not dead, merely FAST ASLEEP.

MAXINE

Nah, just passed out.

This isn't exactly comforting to Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

But... when the hell did he fall asleep?

Maxine pushes open the cabin door, as a small STAIRCASE descends to meet terra firma.

MAXINE

Some things are best left unknown.

As Dock continues to saw logs in the background, Sebastian follows Maxine out of the craft... but we linger in the cabin just long enough to see a floor panel in the cabin's aisle CLICK OPEN, as the gloved hands of AJAX ominously emerge.

EXT. BRONSON CANYON - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Maxine leads Sebastian to the MOCK VAULT, which has been built into the side of this mountain. It's eerily ABANDONED, guarded only by tumbleweeds.

SEBASTIAN

This thing to scale?

MAXINE

More or less. The only thing that's not accurate is the temperature. It'll be about fifteen below zero outside the actual Vault.

SEBASTIAN

Delightful. And I'm guessing we won't be able to park this close at the real deal?

Maxine gestures to either side of the Doomsday Vault.

MAXINE

Baron installed surface-to-air missile launchers and other anti-aircraft artillery on a perimeter all around the Vault.

Sebastian inspects the lone entryway.

SEBASTIAN

And this is the main entrance?

MAXINE

No, it's the only entrance. No loading docks, no fire exits. All the power comes from internal generators. Even waste gets recycled.

SEBASTIAN

Digging an option?

Maxine shakes her head.

MAXINE

Bedrock is too thick and permafrost is too cold. You'd need a hundred pounds of dynamite just to blast halfway in.

Sebastian is clearly feeling daunted, but he tries to project a little confidence.

SEBASTIAN

Well, I like a challenge.

MAXINE

You haven't seen shit yet...

INT. MOCK VAULT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Maxine pushes open the vault's metal front door and leads Sebastian down an impossibly long TUNNEL lined with REINFORCED CONCRETE.

MAXINE

This bottleneck is protected by a half-dozen heavily armed soldiers at all times. They're well-fed and well-rested, and they rotate shifts randomly.

SEBASTIAN

These guards, where do they come from?

MAXINE

Baron hand-picks new recruits from all over the globe. He's got doctors, soldiers, you name it.

SEBASTIAN

What about an inside man? Can one of them be bought?

MAXINE

With what? Food? Shelter? Protection? Baron already provides everything they need and more. His people are all loyal to a fault, and anyone who isn't gets... weeded out.

INT. MOCK GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Reaching the end of the long concrete tunnel, Maxine leads Sebastian into a mock-up of the GREAT HALL, looking much like the real deal, minus the people and vegetation.

MAXINE

This is where Baron's people live and work. They've got a hydroponic grow operation, even raise some animals. This area is surrounded by individual living quarters, but at least half of the staff is awake and in here at all times.

SEBASTIAN

This is where the seeds are kept?

MAXINE

You wish. Follow me.

INT. MOCK SEED VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Sliding open a large AIRLOCK, Maxine escorts an awestruck Sebastian into the mock version of the actual SEED VAULT. It's the size of a large WAREHOUSE, with hundreds of rows of METAL CABINETS, each of which holds multiple SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX-STYLE DRAWERS. Sebastian is awestruck.

SEBASTIAN

It's as big as the Federal Reserve!

Widen to reveal that Gloria has again materialized next to Sebastian.

GLORIA
Bigger, actually.

MAXINE
Each row contains 500 drawers.
Each drawer contains 200 different
seeds. They're naturally
refrigerated by the surroundings.

SEBASTIAN
So we'll need some kind of cooler
to get 'em out?

Maxine again shakes her head.

MAXINE
This temperature is just for long-
term storage. Anything we steal
should transport just fine. Seeds
are pretty durable. Most can
survive being eaten by birds and
then shat back out.

GLORIA
Great, why don't you guys hire some
birds to do this for you?

Sebastian ignores this accomplice only he can hear, as Maxine again opens the airlock.

MAXINE
There's one more thing you should
see.

INT. MOCK THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finally, Maxine leads Sebastian into a mock-up of Baron's THRONE ROOM. This version is sparsely decorated and inexact.

MAXINE
He calls this his "throne room."

SEBASTIAN
Doesn't look like much.

MAXINE
That's because I didn't see much.
He kept me blindfolded most of the
time I was his prisoner.

Sebastian shakes his head with disgust.

SEBASTIAN

This Baron animal... why is he
doing this?

We're tight on Maxine, as her expression DARKENS. Whatever horrors she experienced in this room, she's not ready to talk about them yet.

MAXINE

You'd have to ask him.

On that note, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

A beautifully painted PORTRAIT of a stunning young AFRICAN WOMAN, standing by herself in the middle of a fruited plain.

Widen to reveal that we're in the ACTUAL throne room in the Arctic, where Baron is staring at this painting as he casually STITCHES UP the nasty wound in his own gut. Behind him, several ACOLYTES are MOPPING UP the earlier bloodshed.

But when his silver gauntlet begins to BEEP, Baron shoos away the others with a subtle flick of the wrist. Alone now, he summons the holographic projection of AJAX, who's got his trusty BATTLE AXE strapped to his back.

AJAX

*I'm at their staging ground, Baron.
It's impressive.*

INT. STARLING - CONTINUOUS

Back in the States, we can see that Ajax has crawled out of his hiding spot and is using a futuristic CAMERA to SCAN the mock vault through one of the Starling's portholes.

AJAX

Looks like they got the bones of
the Vault right... but I don't
think they know about her heart. I
scanned the--

KLINK. Ajax FREEZES as he hears something. The cockpit door starts to OPEN.

AJAX (CONT'D)

Gotta run.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of this cockpit door, a hungover Dock struggles with the knob.

DOCK
Oi, which one of you assholes
locked me in the shitter? This
isn't...

Putting his shoulder into it, Dock finally SHOVES the door open...

INT. STARLING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

...and finds himself in the cabin of his ship, where Ajax has managed to quickly MAKE HIMSELF SCARCE.

DOCK
...funny?

Dock looks around, gradually gets his bearings.

DOCK (CONT'D)
Oh, right. I'm flying this thing.
Brilliant.

EXT. MOCK VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Sebastian and Maxine exit the fake vault's entrance as Dock staggers down the plane's ramp.

DOCK
What's the good word, villains?
You gonna be able to crack this
safe or what?

SEBASTIAN
I won't lie, it'll be a bitch and a
half. We'll have to hit in the
middle of a moonless night just to
make it as far as the front door.

Hearing this, Maxine suddenly looks DESPONDENT.

MAXINE
Yeah, about that. It's polar day
in Svalbard right now. For the
next two months, the sun never
sets.

Fed up with this bullshit, Sebastian gets in Maxine's face.

SEBASTIAN

Then how the hell do you expect me to pull this off?! The only person who can get inside that thing is a goddamn...

That's when Sebastian looks over at GLORIA. And suddenly, his mood BRIGHTENS.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

...ghost.

GLORIA

Sebastian, no! You can't!

SEBASTIAN

You two ever heard of Eddie Wallace?

MAXINE

'Course.

DOCK

He's the holo inventor, yeah? Guy revolutionized wanking for me.

GLORIA

If you're caught, Wallace will never stop torturing you!

SEBASTIAN

(ignoring Gloria)

He builds crap other than 4D projectors, including something that might be able to get us into the Doomsday Vault.

DOCK

You used to work for this geek?

SEBASTIAN

No, I used to steal from him. Hit his Silicon Valley joint a few years back, saw blueprints for exactly the kind of gizmo we need.

MAXINE

Great, so let's go get it.

SEBASTIAN

Unfortunately, Wallace left the States recently, bought himself citizenship in Tokyo.

DOCK

Japan? Mate, I've flown past there before. The whole country is a goddamn fortress!

SEBASTIAN

Good.

(beat)

I know how into get into one of those.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKY - DAY

Later that same day, a flock of VULTURES lazily circles over Bronson Canyon, when they're suddenly SCATTERED by the Starling BLASTING OFF through their formation.

EXT. STARLING - DAY

The sub-orbital craft again pierces the upper atmosphere, but instead of being greeted by tranquility like last time, the small craft is very narrowly STRUCK by something that WHIZZES right past its hull.

And as this object rushes past us, we can see that it's the damaged remains of an old BROADCAST SATELLITE.

INT. STARLING- COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the cockpit, Dock is gripping his controls with white knuckles as he nervously SCANS THE HORIZON. The ship has just entered zero gravity, and Dock's FLASK lazily drifts by as he speaks to his passengers through his headpiece.

DOCK

Sorry, kids, gonna need you to stay seated for the duration of this ride.

SEBASTIAN (OVER SPEAKERS)

What, why? It's not like we're gonna run into turbulence up here.

DOCK

No, but we might run into the Hubble. Space is lousy with old junk in decaying orbits, and a longer flight means I might have to pull off some tricky moves to avoid getting creamed.

INT. STARLING - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

In the back of the ship, a helmeted Sebastian is clearly disappointed.

SEBASTIAN

So what, we're just supposed to sit here?

DOCK (OVER SPEAKERS)

Well, back of your headsets have in-flight entertainment. I thought Ocean's 11 would be appropriate.

SEBASTIAN

Which one did you upload? 1960 or 2001?

DOCK (OVER SPEAKERS)

I dunno. One with the dead geezer in it. Clooney.

Sebastian is visibly OUTRAGED.

SEBASTIAN

Uh-uh! No way! It's Sinatra or nothing!

Across the aisle, Maxine gives Sebastian a dirty look.

MAXINE

Maybe you should relax and let Dock fly?

Like a petulant kid, Sebastian folds his arms.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Man, you don't do well with stillness, do you?

A smug Gloria reappears, but this time, she's next to MAXINE.

GLORIA

It's like she can see right into your soul!

SEBASTIAN

Gloria...

Sebastian catches himself, but it's too late.

MAXINE

All right, I give up. Who the hell is Gloria?

GLORIA

It's time, Sebastian. If you're really going through with this, she deserves to know.

Sebastian takes a deep breath.

SEBASTIAN

Gloria was my wife.

MAXINE

She's your ex?

SEBASTIAN

She's my widow.

Maxine softens.

MAXINE

I'm sorry. When?

SEBASTIAN

A long time ago. We got hitched right after college. A few months before the Blight first hit.

MAXINE

Did she...?

SEBASTIAN

Starve? No. No, it was an airdrop riot. There were just so many of us. Like a stampede. And she...
(beat)
Anyway.

MAXINE

I get it. I do. I still talk with my father sometimes.

SEBASTIAN

Really? Because that's insane.

MAXINE

But--

SEBASTIAN

I don't talk at some invisible spirit, I converse with my wife.

Maxine just stares at him, not quite comprehending things.

So Sebastian tugs down the back of his collar, again shows us the MECHANICAL IMPLANT at the top of his spine.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

This is the biggest hard drive ever built. But instead of holding memory, it holds memories, human ones, ripped right out of Gloria's gray matter and stitched together to form a pretty good approximation of her personality.

GLORIA

"Pretty good?"

MAXINE

That's... that's impossible.

SEBASTIAN

Not for Eddie Wallace. This was his life's work, a one-of-a-kind prototype. He built it so he could upload his own personality, maybe live forever. I boosted it before he could. So now Wallace wants me dead...

(tapping his head)

...and Gloria lives up here.

Maxine is clearly having trouble digesting all this.

MAXINE

And a simulation of your late wife is going to help us break into the Doomsday Vault?

SEBASTIAN

Actually, it's what Wallace built next that will--

KRAKOOM! Suddenly, the entire craft SHUDDERS.

MAXINE

Dock, what the hell was that?!

INT. STARLING - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Dock is GNAWING on his ever-present e-cigarette as he tries to guide the ship through a MASSIVE DEBRIS FIELD.

DOCK

We just got dinged by a piece of the goddamn space station you knobs abandoned!

INT. STARLING - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Maxine holds onto her armrests as the ship continues to TREMBLE.

MAXINE

That was an international thing!
You can't blame Americans for--

KAWHAM. Before she can say another word, a SECOND DEBRIS IMPACT causes the heavy storage compartment directly above Maxine to COLLAPSE ONTO HER, knocking her UNCONSCIOUS.

SEBASTIAN

MAXINE!

As dislodged supplies fill the zero-gravity cabin, Sebastian bravely UNBUCKLES himself and soars over to help Maxine... when all of a sudden, ANOTHER IMPACT loosens a floor panel in the aisle, bringing AJAX tumbling up into view.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Um. Dock, you don't keep a copilot
in storage, do you?

DOCK (OVER SPEAKERS)

What?!

A floating Sebastian slowly backs away from a disoriented Ajax, who's still taking stock of the situation.

SEBASTIAN

We've got a stowaway.
(then, sadder)
With a battle axe.

EXT. STARLING - CONTINUOUS

Out in the debris field, the damaged ship masterfully DODGES an impossible maze of potentially lethal projectiles.

DOCK (V.O.)

I'm kinda busy here! Just take
care of it!

INT. STARLING - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Hearing Dock's words over his helmet, Sebastian scans the cabin and spots the RIFLE Maxine stored in the collapsed overhead FLOATING nearby.

Ajax sees him eyeing the weapon, and grabs the double-edged BATTLE AXE strapped to his own back. Sebastian dives for the rifle, catches it and is about to FIRE... when GLORIA suddenly materializes BETWEEN the two men.

GLORIA

Dummy! Do you know what'll happen
if you put a hole in this thing?!

Sebastian frowns, lowers the rifle. And that's when a battle axe-wielding Ajax comes leaping right THROUGH Gloria!

SEBASTIAN

SHIT!

Panicking, Sebastian swings the rifle like a baseball bat, STRIKING Ajax in the head with enough force to CRACK the weapon in half.

Ajax DROPS his razor-sharp battle axe, which goes SPINNING across the zero-g cabin before EMBEDDING itself in a bulkhead. But the big man isn't down for the count yet.

Soaring across the cabin, Ajax POUNCES on an unarmed Sebastian and begins CHOKING the helpless thief.

Sebastian SWATS at the big man, but it's no use.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(choking)

Please! I... I got no beef with
you. Do I...?

Ajax says nothing, just continues to SQUEEZE THE LIFE OUT OF SEBASTIAN.

But as the spaceship begins to ROTATE through the debris field, Sebastian reaches up to his helmet and quickly lowers its GOLD VISOR.

Just then, the craft fills with WHITE-HOT SUNLIGHT, temporarily BLINDING a screaming Ajax, who lets go of Sebastian to press his palms against his aching eyes.

Realizing this might be his only opportunity, Sebastian KICKS the brute in his barrel chest, and the impact sends both men FLYING apart with equal but opposite force.

And while Sebastian crashes back against a row of seats, Ajax is less fortunate.

SHINK. The big man lands on his own double-edged BATTLE AXE, still embedded in the bulkhead. One of its razor-sharp edges SLICES right through his spine, killing him instantly.

Globules of crimson blood dance in the air as the life drains out of the big man's eyes.

Sebastian slowly rises, lifts up his visor, and looks at his handiwork with resigned sadness.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(genuine)
Sorry.

But Gloria reappears just in time to remind her husband that there are still other matters to attend to.

GLORIA
Honey. Maxine.

Hearing this, Sebastian SPRINGS over to the still-unconscious woman. Gently removing her helmet, he can see that the soldier has a nasty GASH on her bald head... but at least she's still breathing. After a few gentle slaps, she starts to COME TO.

MAXINE
What...?

Opening her eyes, Maxine sees Ajax's CORPSE impaled in the background. She looks DISGUSTED to be in his presence.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Ajax.
(then, to Sebastian)
Thank you. For killing him.

SEBASTIAN
You knew this guy?

MAXINE
One of Baron's dogs. He... he must have shadowed me back to the States after they cut me loose.

SEBASTIAN
(despondent)
Terrific.

Sebastian reaches down and yanks the hi-tech EARPIECE from a lifeless Ajax.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
So much for the element of surprise.

And as Sebastian CRUSHES this small communicator in his fist, we CUT TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Baron, who daintily eats his supper with elegant ebony chopsticks, while watching the hologram of a lifeless Ajax suddenly cut to STATIC.

BARON

Hmph.

Widen to reveal that we're back in the throne room, where Baron is being served by Janey, his young female subject.

JANEY

Is Ajax...?

BARON

I'm afraid so. But he died for the cause.

JANEY

Baron, if you need someone else to trail these bastards...

BARON

I appreciate the offer, Janey, but a contingency is already in place.

And on that ominous note, we HARD CUT TO:

INT. STARLING - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

DOCK, whose brow is damp with sweat. He's still puffing away at his ever-present E-CIGARETTE.

DOCK

I don't know what's going on back there, but if anybody's still alive, I'd highly encourage you to assume the crash position. We're coming in on a wing a prayer.

(then, an aside)

And I'm agnostic, so my prayers are shit.

INT. STARLING - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

As blood and debris continue to drift throughout the cabin, Sebastian and Maxine STRAP IN and prepare for the worst.

SEBASTIAN

The job's off, right? Baron knows we're coming.

MAXINE

Not when. Not how.

SEBASTIAN

Maxine, we can't just--

MAXINE

No. Giving up now would be treason.

SEBASTIAN

So we lam it to a country that doesn't extradite!

Maxine glares at him. She's wounded, but clearly still capable of extraordinary violence.

MAXINE

Nothing's changed, Sebastian. You help me finish this... or I finish you.

As Sebastian weighs his options, the Starling begins to SHAKE with terrifying force as it REENTERS THE ATMOSPHERE.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A full moon dances across still water as several HUMPBACK WHALES quietly surface and then submerge in the middle of this boat-less stretch of ocean.

This tranquility is soon shattered by the arrival of the Starling, which RIPS into this airspace belching BLACK SMOKE from both engines.

Dock is somehow able to get the nose up just as the craft SMACKS the water at a shallow angle, then BOUNCES several times like a well-skipped stone.

And then it SINKS like one.

The black water SWALLOWS the big white ship, and then there are a few beats of TERRIFYING SILENCE. Finally...

SEBASTIAN

HWUH!

Sebastian SURFACES, gasps for air, then looks around for other survivors.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Maxine? Dock?!

On cue, Dock is next to surface, his e-cigarette still dangling from his lips. He's amazed to see that its electronic tip hasn't stopped GLOWING a bright orange.

DOCK

Will you look at that? Still lit!
Maybe these things aren't a
complete waste.

SEBASTIAN

Where the hell is Maxine?! I
thought I saw her swim out after
me?

DOCK

I... I didn't see a thing, mate.

SEBASTIAN

We gotta go back for her!

DOCK

Be my guest, but our bird's already
on the bottom of the drink.

(beat)

I'm sorry. She's gone.

SEBASTIAN

No! There's still time! We can't
just--

But right as Sebastian is about to DIVE back under, another
voice calls out.

MAXINE (O.S.)

I'm flattered.

Sebastian and Dock spin around in the rolling water to see
MAXINE, who's kicking towards them while clinging to a decent-
sized piece of WRECKAGE.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

But I'm all done playing damsel in
distress today.

Sebastian sighs with relief, while Dock tries to play it
cool.

DOCK

See, I told you she was okay!

MAXINE

You manage to drop us anywhere near
Japan, Dock?

Dock turns to his left and looks at what they're about a half-mile offshore from.

DOCK
So close, and yet...

And as we BOOM AROUND our heroes, we finally see what they're staring at: Honshu, the main island of Japan, is completely encased in the largest DOME you've ever seen, a semi-transparent hemisphere that completely encompasses everything from MOUNT FUJI to the TOKYO SKYLINE.

It's breathtaking in scope, daunting in its complete impregnability.

MAXINE
My god.

DOCK
The isolationist bastards started working on it even before the Blight hit. But once crops started dying out west, they sealed up their rice paddies tighter than a nun's... you know. Nobody gets in or out.

MAXINE
(to Sebastian)
I thought you said Eddie Wallace bought his way inside.

SEBASTIAN
You got a spare 600 billion yen on you?

GLORIA (O.S.)
I think I might be able to help.

Sebastian looks up to see Gloria, who's materialized on the ocean waves, making it look like she's literally WALKING ON WATER.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Follow me.

As Gloria water-walks towards the vast, glowing dome, Sebastian starts paddling after her.

SEBASTIAN
"Follow me."

Dock looks confused, but Maxine processes what's going on here. She swims up next to Sebastian.

MAXINE

Your wife. What did she do before she...?

SEBASTIAN

Engineer.
(beat)
Third in her class.

GLORIA

Second! That Indian kid killed himself before graduation.

Maxine gives Sebastian a knowing grin.

MAXINE

I knew you couldn't be the brains of this operation...

And as the trio continues to wade through the darkness, we
UPCUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Later that same evening, Sebastian, Maxine and Dock STUMBLE ASHORE on a sandy beach that lies just OUTSIDE the containment field of the Japanese dome.

Also on this shoreline is what appears to be some kind of large PROCESSING PLANT, which has several towering smokestacks belching smoke into the night sky.

Sebastian grins.

SEBASTIAN

Now that is a proper ventilation shaft.

DOCK

Come again?

SEBASTIAN

This plant scrubs the air before it enters the dome. If we stand any chance getting inside, it's--

MAXINE

(sotto)

Down.

Spotting THREE JAPANESE SOLDIERS patrolling this facility, our heroes promptly drop to their bellies.

DOCK

Three of us, three of them. Sounds like a fair fight.

MAXINE

Yeah, right. You two strongmen stay put.

Maxine stands, pulls down the zipper of her flightsuit to reveal a little gratuitous CLEAVAGE.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I got this one.

Dock and Sebastian shrug at each other, and dutifully hold their ground as they watch the alluring woman with the shaved head confidently approach the three armed guards.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

Startled, the three Japanese men TRAIN THEIR WEAPONS on this strange bald woman. They start shouting at her in Japanese to put her hands up, but Maxine just bats her eyelashes.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Please, my boyfriend's yacht capsized last night. I... I think he's dead.

Giving this unarmed woman the once-over, the soldiers slowly LOWER THEIR WEAPONS.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'm cold and scared and not at all surprised you fell for this.

With that, Maxine WHEEL KICKS the first soldier in the face, dropping him to the ground.

Before the second guard can even respond, Maxine SPINS AROUND and drives the heel of her palm into the man's HEART, snapping his ribcage and felling him instantly.

But the third soldier has already JUMPED on Maxine's back. He's got her in a SLEEPER HOLD, and he's reaching for a KNIFE at his belt.

Fighting not to pass out, Maxine reaches behind her and casually grabs the soldier's throat, CHOKING HIM BACK with only the strength of her left hand.

Both fighters struggle to remain conscious, but in the end, Maxine wins out, and this last soldier COLLAPSES.

Sebastian and Dock race towards her, as a winded Maxine calmly collects the men's GUNBELTS, checks their clips.

DOCK

Jesus wept! That was a thing of beauty!

MAXINE

(all business)
Everybody grab a uniform.

SEBASTIAN

This is the worst part of the job.
Wearing other people's clothes.
Why do all guards sweat so much?

Dock looks down at the three unconscious men with concern.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Right. Three roundeyes wearing ill-fitting disguises. We should blend right in...

EXT. PROCESSING PLANT - NIGHT

Minutes later, our trio is now wearing the aforementioned ill-fitting uniforms. Sebastian keeps an eye out for closed-circuit cameras as the crew approaches a LOCKED DOOR.

Seeing a CARD SCANNER, Maxine goes through the pockets of her uniform and pulls out an ID CARD. She's about to swipe it when Sebastian GRABS her wrist.

SEBASTIAN

Don't.

MAXINE

Why not?

SEBASTIAN

Oldest trick in the book: dummy reader wired to trip an alarm if it's so much as touched.

Pressing a button just BENEATH this reader, a SECRET PANEL slides open, revealing the ACTUAL access port.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Try this one.

Maxine does, and the locked door OPENS. Impressed, she looks at him with respect, but a modest Sebastian just shrugs.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Not my first rodeo.

INT. PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Dock follows Sebastian and Maxine into this structure. They tug their helmets low over their eyes as they walk along a GANGPLANK over a CONTROL ROOM staffed by no less than FIFTY ENGINEERS, all of whom are being protected by another DOZEN SOLDIERS.

DOCK
(hushed)
We're dead.

SEBASTIAN
Just pipe down and keep walking.
We're almost out of the frying pan.

MAXINE
And into what?

The trio then rounds a corner, where they're greeted by a SPECTACULAR VIEW OF DOWNTOWN TOKYO, shimmering beneath the dome like a futuristic snow globe.

SEBASTIAN
That.

Unfortunately, they're taking in this view through a GLOWING RED FORCE FIELD. There are warning signs all around written in Japanese, but we can instantly recognize the familiar symbol for RADIATION.

MAXINE
How do we bypass this one?

SEBASTIAN
We don't. This isn't an alarm,
it's a sterilization gate. We have
to walk through this thing to burn
off any pathogens we might be
carrying before we can get inside
the dome.

Maxine looks at the ominously glowing field, then at Sebastian.

MAXINE
After you then.

Shit. A suddenly unsure Sebastian looks to Gloria, who's just appeared on the OTHER SIDE of this force field.

GLORIA
I know it looks scary, but it's probably totally safe.

Catching the troubling word there, Sebastian GLARES at her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Come on, one small step and all that. On the count of three?

SEBASTIAN
Right. One... two... THREE.

Sebastian springs into action... but rather than jumping himself, he PUSHES Dock through the radiation field!

As Dock passes through the semi-permeable gate, it makes a disconcerting SIZZLING noise... but the pilot is alive, though deeply offended.

DOCK
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

On the other side of the field, Sebastian shushes him.

SEBASTIAN
You're a test pilot, right? That was a test. You passed!

An annoyed Dock brushes himself off.

DOCK
(to himself)
Thing better have cleared up whatever I caught in Thailand...

On our side of the field, Sebastian looks at Maxine.

SEBASTIAN
You need a push, too?

MAXINE
Like hell.

Instead, Maxine TAKES SEBASTIAN'S HAND IN HERS.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
We go together.

Gloria observes this moment with a smile, though one tinged with just a hint of LONGING.

Hand in hand, Maxine and Sebastian both LEAP through the crackling field...

EXT. PROCESSING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

...and triumphantly LAND on their feet outside.

SEBASTIAN

Well, that wasn't so...

That's when they notice that Dock is now DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES. Uh-oh.

MAXINE

Dock? You okay?

DOCK

Grass.

(beat)

It ain't astroturf. This is real
grass.

An impressed Sebastian looks down at his feet to see that, sure enough, they're standing on a freshly cut LAWN under the dome just outside this processing plant.

SEBASTIAN

God, I... I almost forgot what it
looked like.

Dock starts STUFFING HIS POCKETS with clippings.

DOCK

We could sell this stuff for a
fortune on the outside! We could--

But Maxine puts a hand on his shoulder.

MAXINE

It'll all die the second we leave
the dome. Let's keep our eyes on
the prize.

Dock reluctantly stands, looks at Maxine like a kid who's just been told Santa Claus isn't real. His ever-present e-cigarette dangles limply from his lips.

DOCK

But... if this overgrown greenhouse
has got grass, maybe they've got
tobacco, too. I could score a
carton of genuine Silk Cuts!

But Sebastian shakes his head.

SEBASTIAN
Japanese outlawed smoking the
second they locked themselves
inside Tupperware.

He then SNATCHES the e-cigarette from the mouth of Dock, who immediately PANICS.

DOCK
No, ah, please, listen, I actually
really, really need that to--

SEBASTIAN
Relax, Dock...

EXT. ARCTIC TUNDRA - DAY

MATCH CUT to the same image of Sebastian, though this one is a small HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION.

SEBASTIAN
...we'll help you find a new vice.

And as Sebastian presses a button that EXTINGUISHES the e-cigarette's electronic glow, the holographic image also DISAPPEARS in a short burst of static.

Widen to reveal that we're in the Arctic Tundra, just outside of the real Doomsday Vault, where a heavily jacketed Baron has been watching this holographic projection on his hi-tech WRIST GAUNTLET. As the image vanishes, Baron exhales a heavy burst of condensation.

BARON
Well, there go our eyes and ears.

Baron then lifts up what's in his other hand. It's the SEVERED HEAD OF VINCENT, the lanky Frenchman who tried to assassinate his leader. Baron talks to this lifeless head like it's an old friend.

BARON (CONT'D)
But that's about all you have left,
eh, Vincent? Tell me, what do you
think our spy and friends are up
to?

Naturally, Vincent is pretty quiet.

So Baron TOSSES the severed head onto the snow... where it's soon POUNCED ON by Baron's famished PACK OF WOLVES.

As they finish their meal, the grateful animals lovingly LAP BARON'S HANDS while he tenderly strokes their matted fur.

BARON (CONT'D)
Don't get too full, girls.
Something tells me there's more
food on the way.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

We're close on a RAT, as he nibbles on a bit of filth. The animal scurries away upon hearing the sound of splashing FOOTSTEPS. Widen to reveal that we're in the SEWER SYSTEM beneath Tokyo, where Sebastian, Maxine and Dock are trudging through knee-deep sludge.

DOCK
Come to beautiful Tokyo, see the
sights...

SEBASTIAN
Sorry, but something tells me we'd
stand out on the subway.

MAXINE
I don't suppose we'll be lucky
enough to follow one of these
tunnels right into Wallace's joint?

SEBASTIAN
No, but we just have to get to the
same block. After that, we charge
in through the front door.

DOCK
Say again?

SEBASTIAN
This job is gonna be less *Thomas
Crown Affair* and more *Point Break*.

DOCK
You do realize no one ever has any
clue what you're talking about?

SEBASTIAN
Look, we come in armed with the
guns Maxine lifted, no one's going
to give us any trouble. Trust me,
Wallace will have minimal security.

MAXINE
What the hell makes you think that?

SEBASTIAN

The crime rate is zero out here.
Why would anyone risk stealing
something in paradise when the
punishment for a misdemeanor is
banishment? Besides, outside the
military, no one's allowed to carry
guns in Tokyo, not even cops.
Everyone will fold the second they
see we're packing. We'll be in and
out without firing a shot.

Maxine then checks her belt, which we can see holds ALL OF
THEIR AMMUNITION CLIPS.

MAXINE

Good, because both of your guns are
unloaded.

SEBASTIAN

What?

DOCK

Why?

MAXINE

Because, I don't want to get shot
in the back during this heist.
Accidentally or on purpose.

SEBASTIAN

Seriously? Still with the lack of
trust?

MAXINE

I'd trust you more if you told me
exactly what we were risking our
necks for.

SEBASTIAN

You'll see.

(beat)

Or if it works, you won't.

And off Maxine's look of utter bewilderment, CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

AN APPLE.

Specifically, a Fuji apple. It's seemingly LEVITATING about
five feet in the air inside of a sterile white room.

The floating apple is soon joined by a Japanese PERSIMMON and a small NETTED MELON. All of this fruit floats in the air for a beat before beginning to SPIN AROUND EACH OTHER, like a miniature solar system.

Widen to reveal that we're in a laboratory with SEVERAL JAPANESE SCIENTISTS, who are gathered in a circle around the gravity-defying food.

One scientist is recording this on INFRARED VIDEO, another is recording AUDIO, and still another is taking X-RAY STILLS. NOTHING but the flying fruit shows up on any of their instruments. In silence, the scientists keep watching with nervous anticipation.

Finally, we see that this fruit isn't flying, but rather being JUGGLED by an INVISIBLE FIGURE who gradually RESOLVES into view.

The scientists all start to APPLAUD as a man wearing a SILVER SUIT OF FUTURISTIC ARMOR fully appears. When this sweat-drenched man finally removes his HELMET, we can see that it's young American uber-genius EDDIE WALLACE.

Despite his colleagues' enthusiasm, Wallace doesn't look too happy.

WALLACE

What the hell are you mongoloids
clapping about?

Chagrined, the LEAD SCIENTIST hangs his head. He speaks in hushed Japanese.

LEAD SCIENTIST

(subtitled)

*Mr. Wallace, your Emperor Suit
finally masks you from every
conceivable spectrum of detection.
Visual, thermal, auditory...*

A petulant Wallace THROWS his helmet at this poor guy's FACE.

WALLACE

For five goddamn minutes! I
couldn't even jerk off in a girls'
locker room in that short a window.

Wallace finishes removing his suit and places the pieces of armor on an examination table next to an IDENTICAL SECOND SUIT.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Start prepping the second suit for testing. If that one comes in under six minutes, I'm having you all deported to China.

With that, Wallace STORMS OUT OF THE LAB.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I'll be in the harem.

The lead scientist watches him go, waiting until Wallace is out of earshot to curse him under his breath.

LEAD SCIENTIST

(subtitled)

Americans.

(beat)

Lower than whale shit.

EXT. STREETS OF TOKYO - NIGHT

Speaking of which, back underground, Maxine and Dock look at Sebastian with incredulity.

DOCK

"Emperor Suits?"

SEBASTIAN

You know, like the Emperor's New Clothes?

MAXINE

And you're sure this cloaking tech isn't just a bullshit concept?

Sebastian starts climbing up a long LADDER.

SEBASTIAN

The plans I saw said he'd have three working models finished six months ago, and Wallace is a tyrant for timetables. Anyway, once we get our hands on the things, we'll be able to waltz right out of the joint.

Maxine and Dock follow Sebastian up towards the surface.

DOCK

Fair enough, but then how do we get out of Japan?

Huh. Sebastian clearly hasn't thought that far ahead.

SEBASTIAN

Look, Dock, overthinking a job will get you killed. You need to be flexible, improvise. A good heist is like jazz--

DOCK

No, it's not! The only thing that's like jazz is jazz! People who compare their jobs to jazz are just wankers too lazy to plan ahead.

Frowning, Sebastian pushes open a MANHOLE COVER, only to find a smiling Gloria already waiting outside for him.

GLORIA

Seriously, your new friends are the best.

EXT. STREETS OF TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian is the first to CLIMB OUT, as we pull wide to reveal that he's just emerged in the center of SHIBUYA CROSSING, a comically busy intersection crowded with pedestrians, neon and HOLOGRAPHIC BILLBOARDS.

Following him out, Dock (still wearing his stolen military uniform) looks at a group of TEENAGE GIRLS wearing glow-in-the dark green miniskirts and WEREWOLF MASKS.

DOCK

Least we're not the oddest-looking folks in town.

As Sebastian helps her out, Maxine closes her eyes and takes a DEEP WHIFF of their surroundings.

MAXINE

God, smell those dumplings.

SEBASTIAN

Now now, no big meals before a heist. You'll cramp up.

DOCK

You know where this boy genius lives?

SEBASTIAN

There, I'm guessing.

Sebastian points up at a SKYSCRAPER across the street, one adorned with a MASSIVE PLATINUM LETTER W.

As they cross the street, Sebastian subtly readies the (unloaded) handgun at his side.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
"Let's get rambling."

Gloria follows after them.

GLORIA
Reservoir Dogs! Remember when you
passed out in the ear scene?

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Our trio marches into the cavernous lobby of Wallace's building, which is populated by HOLOGRAPHIC ANIME CHARACTERS who welcome them in Japanese.

Sebastian waves past these intangible cartoons and approaches the one real human stationed down here, a cheerful FEMALE RECEPTIONIST sitting behind a large platinum desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Konbanwa, oai-deki-te ureshii-desu!

SEBASTIAN
Yeah, hi, do you speak English?

The receptionist frowns, apologizes in Japanese.

RECEPTIONIST
Iie, gomennasai.

SEBASTIAN
No problem, I brought my universal translator.

He then pulls out his SIDEARM, aims it at the receptionist's face. She instantly raises her hands in surrender.

RECEPTIONIST
(perfect English)
Please don't hurt me.

SEBASTIAN
I won't. Long as you tell me which floor R&D is on.

RECEPTIONIST

Every floor is research and development. Mr. Wallace--

Sebastian calmly COCKS THE HAMMER of his gun.

SEBASTIAN

The Emperor Suits. That's all we're after.

The receptionist keeps her mouth shut, until Dock and Maxine ALSO train their guns on this young woman.

RECEPTIONIST

(quietly)

137.

SEBASTIAN

Cool.

(not a request)

Mind showing us the way?

And as the frightened receptionist RISES, we CUT TO:

INT. HAREM - CONTINUOUS

Elsewhere in this same building, a reclining Eddie Wallace is fed a PEELED GRAPE by a MECHANICAL ARM.

WALLACE

Mm, thank you, Peaches.

Widen to reveal that this arm belongs to a FEMININE ANDROID, a mechanical automaton partially coated in PLASTIC SKIN.

Dressed like a SEXY FRENCH MAID, this android has the somewhat convincing face of a perpetually smiling Asian girl. The robot's motions are fairly fluid, but it still seems more creepy than passably human.

As we pull back even more, we can see that this room is filled with TEN OF THESE ANDROIDS, each clad in cheesily seductive attire (SCHOOLGIRL, FAIRY PRINCESS, etc.).

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Who wants to rub daddy's feet?

Suddenly, the eyes of PEACHES, the android feeding Wallace, begin to BLINK RED.

PEACHES

My dearest love, unauthorized visitors have breached the lobby.

Totally unconcerned, Wallace just keeps eating grapes.

WALLACE

More groupies? Whatever, just kill
the elevator banks.

PEACHES

We have, most handsome, but that
command has been overwritten.

And now Wallace SITS UP, suddenly worried.

WALLACE

Show me.

The android's eyes now project a floating HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE
of an elevator's interior, where Sebastian, Maxine and Dock
are riding with their HOSTAGE RECEPTIONIST.

Wallace SNEERS when he sees Sebastian.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

The balls on this guy...

He SPITS OUT his grape seeds with disgust.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Girls.

(beat)

Grab your swords.

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Back in the R&D lab, the Japanese scientists are frantically
prepping the second identical Emperor Suit for their boss,
when the lone elevator on this floor unexpectedly DINGS.

The doors open, and the Receptionist is prodded out by
Sebastian, who's standing behind her with his handgun pressed
to the back of her head. Maxine and Dock follow with their
weapons at the ready.

SEBASTIAN

Just give us the Emperor Suits and
no one gets hurt. And don't bother
with the gift wrap. We'll just
wear 'em out.

The Lead Scientist nervously bows in submission.

LEAD SCIENTIST

I am afraid each Emperor Suit
requires twenty-four hours of
charging for each five minutes of
use.

Close on Sebastian. Uh-oh. That's not great news.

SEBASTIAN

And none of the three suits have
been recharged yet?

LEAD SCIENTIST

Three? Forgive me, sir, but the
third suit burst into flames during
beta testing.

DOCK

"And all that jazz...!"

DING. The elevator doors suddenly OPEN AGAIN... and inside
are ALL TEN ANDROIDS, each of which is now wielding a razor-
sharp KATANA BLADE.

The receptionist and scientists RUN FOR COVER as these agile
robots come CARTWHEELING out, their appendages SPINNING with
blinding speed.

BLAM BLAM BLAM. Without missing a beat, Maxine OPENS FIRE,
taking down three androids with lethally precise HEADSHOTS.

Sebastian is still slack-jawed when Maxine reaches over and
SNATCHES the unloaded gun out of his hand. Then, in one
fluid motion, she RELOADS it and fires both guns
simultaneously, OFFING another two droids.

Nearby, Dock is WRESTLING with one of the incoming robots,
and it's taking all of his strength to PUSH its katana away
from his face.

DOCK (CONT'D)

Maxine, luv! Share the wealth?

Maxine reluctantly TOSSES her last clip at Dock, who LOADS it
on the fly into his previously empty gun before FIRING at his
attacker's chest. Huh, he's surprisingly handy with the
thing.

Sebastian, though, is completely defenseless.

SEBASTIAN

Right, you two hold 'em off, and
I'll... do something else.

Sebastian runs to the back of the lab, and rips a TRASH BAG out of a nearby bin. He then begins FILLING IT with the various pieces of the two uncharged Emperor Suits resting on the examination table. Nearby, the Lead Scientist watches this with interest.

LEAD SCIENTIST

What you are doing, it will make
Mr. Wallace very, very unhappy.

SEBASTIAN

So?

LEAD SCIENTIST

(quietly)

So, I just wanted to say... thank
you.

Sebastian nods with understanding, decides to press his luck.

SEBASTIAN

You really want to thank me,
actions speak louder than words.

Hearing this, the Lead Scientist taps a switch on his wristwatch, causing a hidden panel behind them to SLIDE OPEN, revealing a SECOND ELEVATOR.

LEAD SCIENTIST

I wish I could tell you that you
were going to live long enough to
get away.

At the other side of the lab, the rest of the scientists all SCATTER as Maxine and Dock EMPTY THEIR CLIPS into one of the two remaining androids.

DOCK

I'm out!

MAXINE

Fall back!

SEBASTIAN

Fall here!

Sebastian waves them towards this second elevator, but Maxine and Dock are pursued by the one remaining android: PEACHES, the fastest, strongest and most tenacious of the killer bots.

Much to Sebastian's dismay, Peaches LEAPS over these two and brings her katana blade SLASHING towards his head.

Just as this android is about to DECAPITATE HIM, Sebastian pulls out one of the Emperor Suit's platinum BREASTPLATES from inside the trash bag. He holds it up defensively... and that's when the android HALTS in mid-swing.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Huh...?

Gloria suddenly appears to offer Sebastian some guidance.

GLORIA

Hey, Einstein! They're programmed
not to hurt the suits! Use it like
a shield!

And as the android swings for his chest, Sebastian does just that. Wielding the breastplate like Captain America, he forces the confused android to impale its katana sword in the GROUND instead of Sebastian's heart.

Going on the offensive now, Sebastian starts using his makeshift shield like a BATTERING RAM, repeatedly STRIKING the robot in the face until its metal skull EXPLODES in a shower of sparks.

DOCK

Christmas Christ...

Dock is impressed, but Maxine just YANKS the fallen robot's sword out of the ground and keeps moving.

MAXINE

Let's just hope you didn't bust
your suit pounding that thing's
face in.

SEBASTIAN

My suit? That was your suit.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As our trio hurries into this second elevator, Sebastian notices a button labeled "H" at the top of the control panel. He hits it and the elevator ASCENDS with frightening speed.

SEBASTIAN

Helipad. You know how to fly a
chopper?

DOCK

Out of a dome?!

DING. The elevator doors open.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

Our trio starts to exit...

SEBASTIAN

We'll cross that bridge when we--

...when a panicked GLORIA again materializes in Sebastian's path.

GLORIA

WATCH OUT!

SVISSH. But it's too late, as Sebastian is suddenly HIT high in his shoulder by an ARROW!

Maxine pivots to find inventor Eddie Wallace, who's already loaded another arrow into his hi-tech CROSSBOW.

WALLACE

It's over, dicks. Show me some hands.

But without hesitating, Maxine THROWS her pilfered samurai sword at Wallace. Its hilt PUNCHES the inventor right in his FOREHEAD, causing him to wildly MISFIRE his crossbow before falling backwards.

Meanwhile, an agonized Sebastian tries to YANK the arrow out of his shoulder. But he only succeeds in causing more PAIN.

SEBASTIAN

SON OF A BASTARD!

MAXINE

Come on, we'll get it out once we're inside the... chopper?

Reverse to reveal the only vehicle on this helipad, the V-69 ROTORCRAFT, a futuristic helicopter/jet HYBRID that combines vertical takeoff abilities with long-range speed.

DOCK

What the hell is it?!

DING. Behind them, the elevator doors OPEN, and out pour a DOZEN MORE SWORD-WIELDING ANDROID GIRLS.

Sebastian takes the E-CIGARETTE out of his shirt pocket and hands it back to Dock.

SEBASTIAN

A getaway or our coffin. Your call.

As the androids rush over to their fallen master, our trio SCRAMBLES for the Rotorcraft's open rear ramp.

INT. ROTORCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the V-69, Dock charges into the cockpit while Sebastian collapses inside the large cargo hold. Maxine PULLS SHUT the rear ramp just as one of the android's blades come SLICING THROUGH THE HULL.

MAXINE

Dock, what's the holdup?!

INT. ROTORCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Sitting behind a dizzying array of HOLOGRAPHIC CONTROLS, Dock is trying to operate his e-cig and flask simultaneously.

DOCK

Just prepping for takeoff.

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the V-69 awkwardly LURCHES off of the roof, DIPPING FORWARD as its spinning rotors TWIST to forward position.

As the craft then SPINS AROUND a few times, these whirling rotors HACK THROUGH a few more incoming androids.

INT. ROTORCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

As Dock struggles with the intangible controls, Maxine bounds into the cockpit and takes a seat next to him.

MAXINE

What's the word?

DOCK

Effed! All the controls are backwards! It's like trying to paint left-handed!

MAXINE

Is that hard?

DOCK

YOU ARE A TERRIBLE CO-PILOT!

But as Maxine stares out the cockpit window, she notices something directly ABOVE THEM.

MAXINE

Heads up.

It's a rectangular OPENING at the very top of the dome, one protected with another glowing red RADIOACTIVE FIELD to keep out pathogens. This hole is JUST BARELY large enough for the Rotorcraft to squeeze through.

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

Below, Wallace rubs his aching head as ANOTHER FEMALE ANDROID helps him to his feet. The young inventor looks up to see his stolen aircraft rocketing towards freedom.

WALLACE

Sugarplum, be a dear and close the sunroof, will you?

INT. ROTORCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Dock's eyes go wide with fear as the opening above them NARROWS as two SOLID METAL GATES begin to CLOSE over the radioactive field.

MAXINE

Bank right! You gotta bank right!

DOCK

You're not making this any easier!

MAXINE

Your other right!

INT. ROTORCRAFT CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

In the back of the V-69, Sebastian GRIMACES with pain as the wildly rocking craft turns the arrow sticking out of his shoulder into a painfully vibrating tuning fork.

SEBASTIAN

Gahh! Gloria... any advice... for getting out this splinter?

But this time, Gloria FAILS TO APPEAR. Sebastian frowns, grabs the shaft of the arrow tight.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Nothing is ever easy.

A determined Sebastian then YANKS the arrow out of his own flesh and blood, leading to a bloodcurdling SCREAM.

INT. ROTORCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Up front, Dock and Maxine are ALSO screaming, but for an entirely different reason.

MAXINE

Pull out! We're not gonna make it!

DOCK

Then I'll ram through!

MAXINE

The dome was built to withstand a nuke!

DOCK

Then shut up and fire the afterburner!

MAXINE

Where's that?!

DOCK

If I knew, I would have used it already!

Maxine spots a holographic BIG PURPLE BUTTON glowing in front of her. It's got something written in JAPANESE on its face.

MAXINE

What does purple suggest to you? Speed? Or ejector seat?

DOCK

JUST HIT IT!

EXT. DOME - CONTINUOUS

And right as the steel doors are about to CLOSE SHUT at the top of the dome, the V-69 FIRES its afterburners, and the Rotorcraft TWISTS just in time to barely SQUEAK THROUGH.

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

Below, Wallace frowns up at the departing craft, as it escapes the surly bonds of the dome and ROCKETS into the night sky. One of the female androids bows her head with shame.

SUGARPLUM

Forgive us, master. We have failed you.

But Wallace grabs his crossbow and hits a button that transforms the weapon into some kind of long-range ANTENNA.

WALLACE

It's all right, dear. Sometimes,
plans fall through. And when that
happens, we improvise.

He then unwinds a CORD from the hi-tech crossbow, and plugs in into a mechanical IMPLANT in his arm.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Like jazz.

INT. ROTORCRAFT CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Back inside the V-69, Sebastian looks out the window at the rapidly retreating dome far below. Whew.

He then turns his attention to the ARROW he just pulled from his shoulder. Studying the razor-sharp arrowhead, Sebastian sees that it's covered in something not unlike CIRCUITRY.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Yep, it was poisoned.

Startled, Sebastian WHIRLS AROUND to find Eddie Wallace standing RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

SEBASTIAN

JESUS!

Sebastian tries to STAB Wallace with this arrow... but the weapon passes right THROUGH him.

WALLACE

You've been infected with a virus,
Card. A computer virus. I'm in
your head now...

Suddenly, GLORIA materializes, but this time, Wallace is holding a DAGGER to the captive girl's neck.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

...and it looks like I'm not alone.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

You all right?

Sebastian turns to see MAXINE walk out of the cockpit. Wallace and Gloria are still here, but Maxine obviously can't see them.

MAXINE

Thought I heard you screaming.

Sebastian is clearly troubled, but he tries to put on a brave face. He holds up the arrow.

SEBASTIAN

Surgery.

Maxine then tosses him a WHITE METAL BOX.

MAXINE

Found this in the cockpit. Looks like a first aid kit, but I don't read Japanese so it might be a box of hissing cockroaches.

SEBASTIAN

(flatly)

Thanks.

MAXINE

You... need a hand dressing that wound?

Sebastian just shakes his head. Maxine seems confused by Sebastian's sudden terseness.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Okay then. Well, I'm gonna help Dock plot a course for Svalbard. If you can find an outlet back here, start charging our suits? We hit the Vault first thing tomorrow.

Sebastian just GRUNTS in the affirmative, and a concerned Maxine finally retreats back to the cockpit.

The second she does so, Sebastian turns his attention back to Wallace and the captive Gloria.

WALLACE

Where were we?

SEBASTIAN

What do you want, Wallace?

WALLACE

Restitution. Your girl's R.A.M. tells me you're trying to get your hands on a Bloody Butcher kernel. In the off-chance you succeed, I want you to bring it to me.

SEBASTIAN

You own everything. What the hell
do you need corn for?

WALLACE

Same thing as this Baron character.
For winning friends and influencing
continents.

SEBASTIAN

And if I refuse?

Wallace PRESSES his dagger harder against Gloria's throat.

WALLACE

I wipe your hard drive and delete
your little screw-toy for good.

GLORIA

Don't listen to him, Sebastian!
You've got Maxine! Just forget
about me and do the right--

Wallace SNAPS HIS FINGERS, and Gloria is immediately MUTED.

WALLACE

Your call, "King of Thieves."

With that, Wallace and Gloria VANISH, leaving Sebastian all
by his lonesome.

He collapses to the floor and stares at the empty cargo hold,
silently weighing this terrible choice.

And as the Rotorcraft knifes through the darkness, we CUT TO:

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

A HOLOGRAPHIC GLOBE, on which a PULSING FLASH is departing
Japan... and heading NORTH with impressive speed.

Widen to reveal that we're back in the GRAND HALL, where
Baron is standing next to this large projection, addressing
his HEAVILY ARMED DISCIPLES.

BARON

As you can see, our guests are
headed this way. Word from the
field is that they plan to visit us
tomorrow morning, so I want those
of you not on guard duty tonight to
get your rest. Understood?

In unison, the acolytes loudly offer their unwavering support.

BARON (CONT'D)

The wicked think they can come here
and steal what the righteous have
earned. Are we going to let that
happen?

The huddled masses then ROAR their inevitable response.

BARON (CONT'D)

Then eat well, and dream of the new
world that's about to blossom from
your labor.

As the troops CHEER their leader, Baron quietly retreats to
his throne room.

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Baron returns to the PAINTED PORTRAIT of the
beautiful African woman. He stares longingly into her eyes.

JANEY (O.S.)

They're confused, Baron.

Baron turns to see JANEY, his young female follower.

JANEY (CONT'D)

The thief who's coming here. Some
of the others say he's the best
alive. They don't know why you've
let him come this far.

BARON

They'll know soon, Janey. For now,
it's enough that they still believe
in the cause.

JANEY

But, if this man makes it inside.
If he gets his hands on that seed--

BARON

Then I'll do what I have to.

Baron turns back to the painting, and PULLS IT ASIDE to
reveal a hidden CONTROL PANEL.

BARON (CONT'D)

I've only shown this to my most
trusted advisors.

JANEY

What is it?

BARON

The heart of the Vault. When we first arrived here, Ajax and I spent six months installing explosives throughout this facility. If worse ever comes to worst, I'll sacrifice everything to make sure that our treasure never falls into the wrong hands.

Janey's eyes begin to WELL WITH TEARS.

BARON (CONT'D)

Did I frighten you?

But Janey shakes her head as she stares at her leader with CULTISH AWE.

JANEY

No, Baron. You inspire me.

Hearing this, Baron SMILES a sinister grin.

EXT. SVALBARD HOT SPRINGS - DAY

Later that same, perpetually sunny day, the V-69 Rotorcraft finally descends into view directly over a series of gorgeous GEOTHERMAL HOT SPRINGS. The aircraft is swallowed up by billowing bursts of STEAM as it lands next to the smoldering groundwater.

INT. ROTORCRAFT CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Dock and Maxine walk out of the cockpit and into the cargo hold, where they find an alert Sebastian, who's done a decent job of DRESSING HIS OWN WOUND.

SEBASTIAN

We here?

MAXINE

Close enough. I had Dock hide us in the thermal hot springs, about half a mile from the Vault. We should be safe here until the suits finish recharging.

Sebastian gestures at the two Emperor Suits, which he's jacked into a power source in the craft's ceiling.

SEBASTIAN

If I'm reading the meters right,
they'll be ready for action in
about sixteen hours.

MAXINE

Then you should get some sleep.

Maxine presses a button, opening the Rotorcraft's rear ramp
to the HUMID AIR outside.

SEBASTIAN

Where are you going?

MAXINE

To take a bath. These assholes
might not be able to see me coming,
but they could sure as hell smell
me.

With that, Maxine makes a dash for the springs, peeling off
articles of clothing as she runs. Dock watches her DIVE into
the warm water, then turns to look at the dour Sebastian.

DOCK

Go on. She wants you to follow.

SEBASTIAN

I'm fine here.

Dock takes a drag of his e-cigarette, and intimidatingly
EXHALES the synthetic smoke in Sebastian's face.

DOCK

Captain's orders.

Not looking for a fight, Sebastian finally RELENTS.

EXT. SVALBARD HOT SPRINGS - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Maxine is already luxuriating in the clear warm
water. With steam protecting what little modesty she has,
Maxine washes the fresh peach fuzz on her shorn head.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

Anything in there gonna eat me?

Maxine looks up to see Sebastian, who's shyly approaching the
natural steam bath wearing only his boxers.

MAXINE

You wish.

Sebastian climbs in. He's relieved to find how genuinely WARM it is in here.

SEBASTIAN
Hell of a planet we have.

Maxine shrugs.

MAXINE
She gives, she takes away.

Sebastian washes his own back, pauses thoughtfully when he reaches the IMPLANT at the top of his spine.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
I know, Sebastian.

Sebastian FREEZES.

SEBASTIAN
Know what?

MAXINE
Why you do what you do. Steal.

SEBASTIAN
(relieved)
That right?

MAXINE
The world takes away the one thing
you ever loved, so you figure it's
only fair to take something back.

Sebastian shakes his head.

SEBASTIAN
You give me way too much credit.
I've been shoplifting since I was
four. I steal because I'm good at
it. Nothing deeper than that.

MAXINE
(dubious)
You say so.

SEBASTIAN
But as long as we're head-
shrinking... you know it won't
change the past, right?

MAXINE
Sorry?

SEBASTIAN

Look, Baron deserves to die for what he did to you, but killing him's not gonna make everything right.

MAXINE

Won't make it worse.

SEBASTIAN

You positive?

MAXINE

Look, the whole "let go of your past" lecture would sound a lot more convincing coming from a guy who doesn't have his dead wife stuck in his head.

Ouch. That hits Sebastian HARD. Instantly feeling guilty, Maxine wades towards him.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Sebastian, I'm sorry. I didn't mean--

SEBASTIAN

No. You're right. I've never let go of a damn thing I ever got my hands on. And it's too late to start to now.

And now Maxine is just inches from Sebastian's face. She looks into his eyes as she throws his earlier question to her back at him:

MAXINE

You positive?

As mist rises off the spring, these two just stare at each other for a long beat. And just when it looks like they're about to KISS...

WALLACE (O.S.)

Not interrupting, am I?

A startled Sebastian SPINS to see EDDIE WALLACE standing on the shore. Oblivious to this intruder, Maxine is confused by Sebastian's sudden discomfort.

MAXINE

Is... is that Gloria? If so, tell her I would never--

SEBASTIAN

Quiet.
(then, to Wallace)
What do you want?

WALLACE

I thought you might like to know
that I just detected an unusual
signal. I think someone inside the
ship you borrowed from me has been
broadcasting to a third party.

SEBASTIAN

You mean...?

WALLACE

You rats may have a mole in your
midst.

Hearing this, Sebastian BOUNDS out of the water, grabs his
clothes, and runs THROUGH the holographic Wallace on a
beeline for the parked Rotorcraft. A baffled Maxine is left
all alone in the drink.

MAXINE

Sebastian...?

INT. ROTORCRAFT CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Dock is checking on the Emperor Suits when a soaking wet
Sebastian comes marching back inside the ship.

SEBASTIAN

Get the hell away from the suits.

DOCK

Relax, I'm just seeing if I can--

SEBASTIAN

What, sabotage them? Where is it?

Dock acts OFFENDED.

DOCK

(icy)
Not quite sure I know what you're
getting at, friend.

Noting the glowing e-cigarette dangling from Dock's lips,
Sebastian GRABS it.

DOCK (CONT'D)

Oi! The hell are you--

Sebastian CRACKS the electronic cigarette in half, and seems to RECOGNIZE a component inside.

SEBASTIAN

Bastard.

Sebastian CRUSHES this small diode in his hand.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

A transmitter?! You've been spying
on us? This whole time?!

Dock subtly REACHES for something at the small of his back...

DOCK

Look, mate, I, ah--

...when Sebastian picks up the metal FIRST AID KIT and
promptly BRAINS Dock with it, knocking him unconscious.

MAXINE (O.S.)

What the hell?!

Sebastian turns to see Maxine, who's just stepped inside the ship. He THROWS the broken e-cigarette at her feet.

SEBASTIAN

This is why I work alone.

MAXINE

What are you--

SEBASTIAN

Dock. He's a plant. He's been
working for Baron all along.

Maxine looks down at the unconscious Dock and frowns, like she knows deep down what Sebastian says is TRUE.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

It's over.

MAXINE

No. Not after we've come this far.

SEBASTIAN

Baron knows we're here! He knows
our whole plan!

Maxine grabs some nearby ELECTRICAL CORDS.

MAXINE

And he thinks we're coming
tomorrow.

She then begins to TIE UP the unconscious Dock.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Which is why we strike now.

SEBASTIAN

Our suits barely have a half a charge! We'll get less than three minutes of cloak apiece! Even if that were enough time to get us inside, it won't be enough to get us out. Not alive, anyway.

MAXINE

So what, we give up? Is that what Gloria would want you to do?

A holographic Wallace now appears directly behind Maxine. He still has his DAGGER pressed to the throat of a helplessly muted Gloria.

WALLACE

Yes, Card, what would she want?

Sebastian sighs, look at Maxine.

SEBASTIAN

Fine.

(beat)

Let's go *Bonnie and Clyde* this shit.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

From the P.O.V. of high-powered BINOCULARS, we watch as a GUARD cups his hand to light a CIGARETTE, a real one, not a cheap electronic approximation.

The binocs widen to reveal that this machine-gun toting man has just stepped outside THE DOOMSDAY VAULT, leaving the stronghold's lone door open behind him as he confidently takes a smoke break.

Reverse to reveal that these binoculars are being held by Maxine, who's lying on her stomach next to Sebastian atop a perilously steep CLIFFSIDE that overlooks the Vault.

We can see that they're both now dressed head-to-toe in the armored platinum EMPEROR SUITS.

Maxine lowers her binoculars as a BLIZZARD kicks up, severely limiting visibility.

MAXINE

Least this storm will give us a little cover.

SEBASTIAN

Not enough. Baron's goons will spot us coming if we take one step closer to the Vault. We'll have to activate our suits here.

MAXINE

But, it'll take us forever to trudge that far. We'll burn through all our fuel before we even hit the front door.

SEBASTIAN

Not necessarily. You ever watch luge? At the Olympics?

MAXINE

Last Olympics were in 2030. Little before my time, Gramps.

Sebastian stands, and we can see that the dirt and snow just SLIDE off of his glistening armor.

SEBASTIAN

Whatever, you've been sledding before, right?

Maxine rises, looks over the horrifically steep cliffside.

MAXINE

Oh. Oh, no. I'm gonna throw up.

SEBASTIAN

Look, these suits don't just bounce light off them. They're almost completely frictionless. If we aim ourselves right, we'll be able to slip inside at a pretty good clip.

MAXINE

And if we hit something at that speed, we're dead!

SEBASTIAN

So, don't hit anything.

(then)

We'll be the only ones who can see each other, so just keep an eye on me and do what I do. Cool?

Sebastian then JUMPS feet-first over the incline just as he ACTIVATES his Emperor Suit. By the time he hits the snow, he's become completely INVISIBLE.

MAXINE
(despondent)
Cool.

Maxine then activates HER suit and bravely FOLLOWS AFTER SEBASTIAN.

EXT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The next two minutes of SILENT ACTION are why 3D was invented.

Through MAXINE'S P.O.V., we watch as she RACES AFTER Sebastian on the most terrifying first-person thrill ride of all time.

We can see Sebastian using his arms to try to STEER the near-frictionless suit DOWN the impossibly steep cliffside and then ACROSS the frozen tundra.

We're headed right for the fast approaching ENTRANCE to the Vault, where the smoking guard just cocks his head at the two SWISHING sounds that blow right past him.

INT. VAULT - MAIN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Now for the hard part.

We can see over Maxine's carefully pointed feet as, up ahead, the invisible Sebastian ROCKETS into the Vault's long, circular, concrete main corridor.

It's populated with SEVERAL MORE ARMED GUARDS, who the inertia-rich Sebastian and Maxine must carefully DODGE by twisting their armored bodies left and right.

Just when it looks like Sebastian is going to smash into a BIG WOODEN CRATE placed directly in their path, he zooms UP AND AROUND this blockade, using his incredible forward momentum to briefly loop up onto the circular corridor's CEILING, a daring trick that the trailing Maxine then has to perfectly DUPLICATE.

INT. VAULT - GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

Maxine miraculously EXECUTES this loop... only to then be LAUNCHED out of the corridor and OVER a guard railing.

Her appendages FLAILING, she then goes SOARING over the vast GRAND HALL, where a DOZEN MORE OF BARON'S SOLDIERS are sleeping peacefully FIFTY FEET BELOW.

But just when it looks as if Maxine is going to land RIGHT ON TOP OF THEM, she's CAUGHT in midair by SEBASTIAN, who's already hanging by one hand from another guard rail on the far side of this room.

And while Maxine is alive, the ensuing stress on the metal railing above this pit causes a terrible CREAKING NOISE.

A few of the sleeping men below STIR... but when they look up, they CAN'T SEE the two cloaked intruders dangling directly over their heads.

Maxine breathes a sigh of relief, while above her, Sebastian is clearly STRUGGLING to hold onto the woman inside this second heavy suit.

So Maxine CLIMBS up Sebastian and then uses her considerable upper-body strength to LIFT her invisible partner up and over the guard railing.

The two nod at each other in mute appreciation, then RUN for their final destination.

INT. VAULT - SEED BANK - CONTINUOUS

Deeper within the Doomsday Vault, we're now inside the cavernous SEED BANK, whose endless aisles of carefully refrigerated containers are dimly lit by overhead lamps.

A LONE GUARD is posted in this room, and he's about TWICE AS BIG as the late Ajax. This imposing Nordic bruiser wields TWIN MACHINE GUNS as he patrols the quiet room.

The eerie silence of this storage area is broken by the sound of an AIRLOCK hissing open. The lone guard turns and aims both of his weapons at this entryway, only to watch it SHUT, seemingly of its own accord.

BRUISER

Jeg skjønner ikke...?

And that's when some invisible force RIPS ONE OF THE MACHINE GUNS out of the Bruiser's hand. All he can do is stare with frightened disbelief as his weapon HANGS IN THE AIR BEFORE HIS EYES... then CRACKS against his skull.

And as the Bruiser COLLAPSES, Sebastian finally DE-CLOAKS. A relieved Maxine immediately follows suit.

MAXINE

That was almost... fun?

SEBASTIAN

Best is yet to come. My readout says we've got about... twenty seconds of juice left.

MAXINE

We're gonna have to break some sprinting records to get out of here in one piece.

SEBASTIAN

One catastrophe at a time. You keep a lookout here, I'll go grab our loot.

Maxine nods and takes a sentry position at the airlock as Sebastian BOOKS down the seed bank, checking the arcane system of TRACKING NUMBERS labeled at the end of each row of refrigerated seeds.

Alone now, Sebastian WHISPERS TO HIMSELF:

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Wallace, you there? I... I need Gloria for this part. I can't make sense of this Dewey Decimal bullshit.

But when Wallace appears with the hostage Gloria, their joint hologram is FUZZY and INDISTINCT.

WALLACE

(crackling through static)
--tian, speak up. Too much fu--
kzzt--interference inside the
mountain. You'll have to--tssssss--

And then the hologram FIZZLES OUT COMPLETELY in one last burst of static.

Frustrated but out of other options, Sebastian runs down a random aisle and starts frantically SCANNING the cabinets for a familiar name.

SEBASTIAN

Beets... tomatoes... hemp... I should never shop on an empty stomach.

But then he BRIGHTENS when he finally sees a drawer labeled "BLOODY BUTCHER 00965."

He opens it, and takes out a small FOIL PACKET. He tears it open, and finds inside several PERFECTLY PRESERVED KERNELS.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Well, that wasn't so--

KA-KLUNK. Before he can finish jinxing himself, Sebastian hears a NOISE from elsewhere inside this vast chamber.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(faintly)

Maxine?

There's no response.

Carefully resealing the foil packet, Sebastian clutches the seeds close to his chest as he nervously rounds the corner.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Maxine? You okay?

And that's when a figure steps out of the shadows.

IT'S BARON.

BARON

(matter of fact)

You're early.

Sebastian is briefly frozen with shock when he sees this imposing man, now dressed in his battle garb. Collecting himself, Sebastian AIMS his stolen machine gun at Baron and begins slowly BACKING AWAY from him.

SEBASTIAN

Maxine? If you're still in here,
run! Just get the hell away and--

WHUMP. That's when Sebastian backs RIGHT INTO SOMETHING.

Startled, he spins around to find... Maxine, who SNATCHES the weapon out of his hands.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

What are you--

MAXINE

Shh.

She then takes the SEED PACKET away from him.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

It's over.

Sebastian is ADRIFT. What the hell is going on here?

SEBASTIAN

No. This... this isn't right.

MAXINE

I know how confused you must be,
but Baron is going to make
everything clear. I promise.

SEBASTIAN

Baron?! You mean... you're a spy,
too?

MAXINE

The only one. I planted the
tracker in Dock's cig. Figured
he'd take the fall if anyone ever
found it.

Sebastian looks at Baron with disbelief.

SEBASTIAN

This is insane. If you just wanted
to stop me, why the hell didn't you
have Maxine kill me back in the
States?

BARON

Mr. Card, this was about putting my
defenses to the most strenuous test
possible. I never dreamed someone
would get this far, and now that I
have my hands on these lovely suits
you brought me, no one will again.

(beat)

Besides, I never wanted to kill
you. I wanted to recruit you.
Just like I recruited Maxine.

SEBASTIAN

You tortured her!

Maxine smiles, shakes her shorn head.

MAXINE

All he did was trim my locks. And
that was after he spent three
months taking care of me. Opening
my eyes.

SEBASTIAN

He brainwashed you!

MAXINE

No. He educated me.

(beat)

Tell him, Baron. Tell him about
your wife.

A somber Baron looks at Sebastian with understanding.

BARON

Her name was Kiana. She was the
best friend I ever had. I lost her
to starvation, Sebastian. I did
unspeakable things to collect
enough scraps just to keep her
breathing... but it wasn't enough.

But Sebastian clearly isn't moved.

SEBASTIAN

Boo hoo. There's not a person
still alive who didn't lose
somebody they loved to the Blight.

BARON

That's the thing, Sebastian. My
wife perished ten years before your
plague.

Wait, what? Sebastian is suddenly INTRIGUED.

BARON (CONT'D)

She died in a famine that swept
across my homeland, not unlike the
one my ancestors endured in
Ethiopia decades before. And while
my country was wasting away,
Americans were also dying... from
morbid obesity. When I lost Kiana,
I vowed to do everything I could to
help balance the scales.

SEBASTIAN

Sure, just like Gandhi. With
nuclear submarines.

MAXINE

We'll rule fairly, Sebastian.
Baron's offered me a chance to lead
his military, and unlike the
commanders I had to serve under,
I'm gonna make sure that my
peacekeepers are treated as human
beings, not cannon fodder.

BARON

The Blight has given us an
opportunity to reshape the world,
to see that all nations are equal.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, equally under your boot.
Please, you're not a humanitarian,
you're just another tin-pot
dictator.

Maxine is understandably disappointed.

MAXINE

If that's really how you feel,
there's nothing left for you to do
but go back to the States and tell
Heinrich it's over. He's got no
choice but to answer our demands.

That's when Baron charges up his WRIST GAUNTLET... and aims
it at Sebastian's head.

BARON

I'm afraid that's no longer an
option, Maxine.

MAXINE

What... what are you doing?

BARON

Mr. Card has seen too much. He's a
threat to our security.

MAXINE

That's bullshit! You said we'd
only take in willing volunteers.
We... we can't just execute
everyone who refuses to join us!

SEBASTIAN

Wait and see, Maxine.

BARON

I thought you might be one of us,
Sebastian. I truly--

BANG. That's when Maxine fires a round into the CEILING,
then turns her still-smoking weapon on BARON.

MAXINE

I love you, Baron... but I won't
let you kill him.

BARON

I'm sorry to hear you say that.

Before Maxine can squeeze off another shot, Baron aims his gauntlet at HER, firing a single concentrated laser beam right THROUGH her armored CHEST.

SEBASTIAN

MAXINE!

Maxine looks at Baron with betrayal as the life DRAINS OUT OF HER EYES. She COLLAPSES, and the foil packet she took from Sebastian FALLS to the ground, SCATTERING seeds everywhere.

Baron then turns his weapon on Sebastian, but the thief activates his EMPEROR SUIT, becoming completely INVISIBLE before Baron can open fire!

The airlock again hisses open as JANEY and a few other ARMED GUARDS enter this seed bank, drawn here by the sound of Maxine's gunshot.

They arrive just in time to see their leader be PUNCHED IN THE FACE by some UNSEEN FORCE. As the invisible Sebastian POUNDS AWAY on him, it looks as if Baron is having some kind of SEIZURE.

JANEY

Baron...?!

But Baron just stands there, TAKING THE VICIOUS BEATING as he runs out the clock on Sebastian's remaining invisibility.

BARON

It's -- uhn! -- fine. This will --
uhf -- all be over... shortly!

Seeing his opening, Baron delivers a devastating UPPERCUT to mid-air. And though it looks like he's just shadow boxing, Baron's fist CONNECTS with a loud TWANG, and the armored Sebastian CRACKLES BACK INTO VIEW as he's knocked on his ass.

JANEY

Is that him? The King of Thieves?

But Baron waves off these guards as he GRABS the beaten Sebastian by the throat and LIFTS him to his feet.

BARON

I'll take care of his highness.
The rest of you can dispose of...

Baron looks down to where Maxine fell... only to find that the young woman has VANISHED.

BARON (CONT'D)

No.

Panicking, Baron stands behind the helpless Sebastian and PRESSES HIS GAUNTLET to his prisoner's temple.

BARON (CONT'D)

Show yourself, girl! Or I kill the thief slowly!

JANEY

Baron!

Baron looks over at Janey, who's spotted a trail of BLOODY FOOTPRINTS leading to the airlock and out of the seed bank.

Fuming, Baron PUSHES a hostage Sebastian in the direction of these prints.

BARON

March.

As he's forced out of the room, Sebastian looks back at the corn seeds scattered on the ground, JUST OUT OF REACH.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Inside the otherwise empty throne room, Maxine CRACKLES into view, her invisibility suit finally out of juice.

The mortally wounded soldier moves aside the painted portrait of Kiana, just as the door to this room OPENS. Baron and his guards SHOVE the hostage Sebastian inside.

BARON

Get away from the detonator, Maxine.

MAXINE

(strained)

No... Sebastian leaves... with the seeds.

BARON

We both know I'm not going to let that happen. Now please, don't do anything stupid.

Maxine looks at Baron with heartbroken disappointment.

MAXINE

I think... I already have.

With that, she calmly FLIPS A SWITCH.

KRAKAKOOM. The entire vault TREMBLES as multiple planted charges DETONATE above them.

The ensuing CAVE-IN causes giant rocks to FALL on Janey and the other guards, PINNING them to the ground.

Taking advantage of the confusion, Sebastian HEADBUTTS the back of his skull into Baron's face. The big man drops to his knees as BLOOD gushes out of his nose.

As the structure continues to CRUMBLE around them, Sebastian rushes to Maxine, who's already SLUMPED TO THE GROUND.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I'm so... so sorry. Thought you
and I... could make a life here...

Sebastian tries to help her up, but she waves him off.

SEBASTIAN

Come on.

MAXINE

No. I deserve... to go down...
with the ship.

SEBASTIAN

Just shut up and--

But before Sebastian can say another word, Maxine lunges forward and KISSES HIM PASSIONATELY.

MAXINE

Wanted to steal one of those... for
the road...

Maxine's eyes roll white. She's gone.

For a beat, a devastated Sebastian just HOLDS the lifeless Maxine, when--**WHAM!**--he's KICKED IN THE FACE.

Knocked to the ground, Sebastian looks up at the bloodied BARON, who's now looming over him. More EXPLOSIONS continue to echo through the Vault, but Baron is much more focused on Sebastian than he is the ongoing cave-in.

BARON

You did this to her. I would have
given you two anything you wanted.

Enraged, Sebastian leaps up and TACKLES Baron, knocking the bigger man back into a wall.

Baron just laughs this off before PUNCHING Sebastian in the stomach. Doubled over in pain, Sebastian is then hit AGAIN, this time right to the jaw, dropping him to the ground.

BARON (CONT'D)
I already beat you when I couldn't
even see you. It's finished. Just
lay down and...

But when Baron raises his arm, he sees that his ever-present wrist gauntlet is now GONE.

BARON (CONT'D)
...oh.

And that's when we reveal that the weapon is now on SEBASTIAN'S WRIST. He STOLE it, just like he stole Heinrich's watch back in the States.

No cute one-liners or sarcastic quips, Sebastian just raises this weapon and FIRES IT at Baron, slashing the laser from left to right rather than in one straight-ahead beam.

A stunned Baron looks down at his seemingly unharmed chest... and at first thinks the beam must have MISSED. But then he notices a thin line of BLOOD appear diagonally across his chest.

And that's when Baron literally FALLS APART, having been SLICED IN HALF by his own weapon.

Before Sebastian can even think of celebrating this gruesome victory, a final set of charges DETONATES, bringing the rest of this throne room's ceiling TUMBLING DOWN.

Sebastian takes one last look at the late Maxine before BOLTING for the exit, DODGING raining debris as he runs.

INT. VAULT - GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

Outside this room, Baron's frightened and confused FOLLOWERS are all STAMPEDING towards the bottlenecked lone exit.

Sebastian comes TEARING into the area, and is about to make a run towards the SEED BANK, when a BACKDRAFT from one of the explosions engulfs this hallway in FLAMES, cutting off his only path to the seeds.

Reluctantly changing directions, Sebastian runs across the ELEVATED WALKWAY above the Grand Hall... when a falling boulder SMASHES into this suspended bridge, sending Sebastian TUMBLING down to the hydroponic pit below.

A piece of this metal walkway then PINS Sebastian to the ground. As the cave-in continues, more FLAMES fill the room.

Sebastian struggles to stay conscious, but the smoke and pain eventually prove overwhelming... and his eyes soon FLUTTER SHUT.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
Sebastian! Rise and shine!

Sebastian squints one eye open, sees a BLURRY FIGURE looming over him.

SEBASTIAN
Maxine...?

But as the woman comes into view, we can see that it's actually GLORIA, Sebastian's late wife.

GLORIA
Remember that DeNiro line? About
leaving when you feel the heat
around the corner?

SEBASTIAN
Gloria? Where... where's Wallace?

GLORIA
Not the time! Now sack up and
move!

SEBASTIAN
But I thought... the signal wasn't
strong enough for your program to--

GLORIA
Hey! Moron!

SLAP! And that's when the once-intangible Gloria hauls off and SLAPS Sebastian's face as hard as she can.

Sebastian is equal parts stunned and baffled by feeling his former lover's touch in this unexpected fashion.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
I don't live in some computer.
(beat)
Got it?

As his eyes well with tears, Sebastian NODS.

Gathering up what little strength he has left, Sebastian STRAINS until he finally PUSHES the heavy expanse of walkway off of his body.

But when he gets to his feet, Gloria is again NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

Still, there's no time to make sense of this ghost story. The ceiling continues to COLLAPSE, and the falling debris is smashing into ELECTRICAL GENERATORS, which EXPLODE in showers of sparks.

It's hell on earth in here, and there's only one way out. Seeing a faint light at the end of a smoke-filled tunnel, Sebastian makes a run for it.

EXT. VAULT - DAY

Outside, the SMOKING GUARD is waving his arm like a third base coach as he barks orders to Baron's REMAINING SOLDIERS, all of whom are FLEEING through this structure's only exit. Those who aren't on foot are in SNOWMOBILES.

SMOKING GUARD
Keep moving! Before this whole
place--

MMMMMBBBL. The last snowmobile comes SHOOTING out of this tunnel, and we can now see what it's trying to OUTRUN: a huge CLOUD OF DUST, SNOW AND DEBRIS that's being FUNNELED out of this one exit by the Vault's TOTAL COLLAPSE!

SMOKING GUARD (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
God.

With that, this man is BURIED by the WINTRY EXPLOSION that comes bursting out of the man-made cavern.

As the other warriors SPEED AWAY through the blizzard, an EERIE CALM falls over this outpost.

The Doomsday Vault has been DESTROYED, and Sebastian is nowhere to be seen.

But suddenly, a HAND comes shooting out of the snow. Like a horror-movie villain back from the dead, a bruised and battered Sebastian CLAWS his way out of the icy rubble, GASPING for air as he digs to freedom.

GRRRRR. But it's out of the frying pan, as Sebastian looks up to see that he's SURROUNDED by Baron's man-eating WOLVES, who hungrily circle our hero.

A terrified Sebastian aims his WRIST GAUNTLET at the approaching predators... but the weapon was obviously DAMAGED in the cave-in, and now SPUTTERS a few sad sparks.

But just as the beasts are about to ATTACK, a GALE-FORCE WIND suddenly kicks up from directly ABOVE.

It's DOCK, who expertly pilots the V-69 ROTORCRAFT just feet above the wolves, FRIGHTENING OFF the ferocious animals.

As the pack RETREATS into the whiteout, Dock's ship LANDS next to what's left of the collapsed Vault.

The rear ramp OPENS to reveal Dock, who's managed to bandage his own still-aching head. With his arms crossed in none-shall-pass fashion, he GLARES down at Sebastian.

DOCK

Maxine.

Sebastian just shakes his head.

DOCK (CONT'D)

She's the one who was working for Baron, yeah?

Sebastian nods.

DOCK (CONT'D)

Then why the hell should I play chauffeur to the idiot who brained me?

Sebastian considers this. Eventually, he reaches down and brushes snow off the fallen SMOKING GUARD. Pulling a small CASE out of this unconscious man's pocket, Sebastian then holds up the lone remaining HAND-ROLLED CIGARETTE inside.

SEBASTIAN

World's last smoke?

Dock stares at this item for a beat.

Finally, he gives us an amiable SHRUG.

DOCK

Right, bygones under the bridge.

Dock makes a "welcome aboard" gesture, and a grateful Sebastian complies.

DOCK (CONT'D)

So, you got the seed on you then?

SEBASTIAN

No.

(beat)

I've got it in me.

Dock looks at him askance.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Before she died, Maxine slipped a
kernel into my mouth.

DOCK
And you swallowed it?

Sebastian shrugs.

DOCK (CONT'D)
So the fate of humanity... lies in
your next shite?

TSSSSSHHHHHH! Before Sebastian can respond, the two men hear
a terrible HUSHING sound, like television static played at
full volume.

Still standing on the Rotorcraft's open rear ramp, Sebastian
looks up to the very TOP of the mountain that housed the
Doomsday Vault. The multiple explosions have finally
triggered an AVALANCHE, sending hundreds of tons of snow
RACING down the mountainside right towards Dock's plane!

SEBASTIAN
(weary)
Figures.

As Dock BOLTS for the cockpit, Sebastian quickly CLOSES the
rear ramp.

EXT. ROTORCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

The Rotorcraft starts TAXIING away from the Vault, as the
avalanche approaches like a goddamn TIDAL WAVE.

And just when it looks like this tsunami of snow is going to
BURY our heroes, the plane's massive rotors SPIN TO LIFE and
narrowly LIFT the vehicle out of danger and into the bright
morning sky.

INT. ROTORCRAFT CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Alone in the back of the ship now, a melancholy Sebastian
looks out his window at the WHITEOUT below.

WALLACE (O.S.)
Well?

He turns to see a holographic EDDIE WALLACE, who's still
holding GLORIA hostage at dagger-point.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Did you get it?

SEBASTIAN
I got it.

WALLACE
And? You ready to trade that magic
bean for your cow here?

A beat.

SEBASTIAN
No.

WALLACE
Excuse me?

Sebastian looks at Gloria with eyes that beg forgiveness.

SEBASTIAN
I'm sorry, baby. I can't turn this
asshole into another Baron.

GLORIA
Thank god! You're making the right
choice! You--

Wallace again PULLS her close.

WALLACE
I'll kill her, Card. And make no
mistake, dead means dead. Once I
corrupt her file, there's no
recovering it. Ever.

Sebastian says nothing.

Wallace PUSHES Gloria towards him.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
I mean it. Say goodbye, bitch.

Sebastian reaches out to touch Gloria, but of course, his
hand goes right through her. What else is there to say?

SEBASTIAN
I love you! I love you, I love
you, I--

Through tears, Gloria rushes out her last words.

GLORIA
Remember what I said in there.

SHINK. Gloria looks down to see the tip of Wallace's long dagger come right through her HEART. She SCREAMS in pain as her body COMPRESSES until it's TWO-DIMENSIONAL, and then DISINTEGRATES into a billion pixels that waft to the floor like ashes.

Sebastian is now all alone with the dagger-wielding Wallace.

SEBASTIAN
(through hot tears)
I promise you'll suffer for this.

The holographic Wallace just SMILES.

WALLACE
Your threats were more convincing
when you had that soldier girl in
your crew.

Wallace looks around the empty cabin, smirks sarcastically.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
But you seem to have misplaced her.

SEBASTIAN
Look at me, Wallace.
(then, slowly)
I am going to make you pay.

WALLACE
You and what army?

Sebastian thinks about this, then reaches back to the top of his spine and RIPS the mechanical implant out of his body.

Wallace instantly DISAPPEARS.

Realizing what he now has to do, Sebastian heads for the front of the craft.

INT. ROTORCRAFT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the cockpit is filled with a choking amount of SMOKE.

Dock is in ecstasy, taking slow drags on the world's last cigarette as the auto-pilot does the hard work. He doesn't even look up as a heartbroken Sebastian enters and takes a seat in the copilot chair.

DOCK
You know why people used to smoke
after sex?
(beat)
(MORE)

DOCK (CONT'D)
Because if they smoked first,
screwing would be a total let...

Dock trails off when he finally notices how DEVASTATED
Sebastian appears to be.

DOCK (CONT'D)
You all right?

SEBASTIAN
Get me a secure line to Heinrich.

Dock checks his holographic instruments, punches in a few
numbers on the intangible popup screen.

DOCK
Yeah, no prob. I'm sure he'll be
thrilled to hear from you.

SEBASTIAN
I doubt it.

Suddenly, a holographic image of the heavyset HEINRICH
appears above the console directly in front of Sebastian.
Finishing breakfast, the big man talks with his mouth full.

HEINRICH
Card.
(beat, swallow)
Status?

SEBASTIAN
Mission accomplished.

Heinrich licks his lips, smiles.

HEINRICH
How soon can we expect you back in
the States?

SEBASTIAN
Never.

Dock looks over at Sebastian with concern.

DOCK
Um, what?

HEINRICH
Yes, would you mind repeating
yourself?

SEBASTIAN
I found a better offer.

HEINRICH

Listen to me, boy. My girl is authorized to snap your neck if you don't--

SEBASTIAN

"Your girl" was working for Baron all along. Which is one of the many reasons something this important can't be trusted with you.

HEINRICH

I don't know what kind of scam you think you're running, but there's nowhere you can hide.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, I'm not hiding. Eddie Wallace is putting me up in his penthouse.

HEINRICH

Wallace?! You think living inside some fishbowl will stop us? I'll send the entire goddamn United States military to burn that nerd's castle to the ground!

SEBASTIAN

(actually meaning it)

Good luck with that.

Sebastian then SWITCHES OFF the link, causing Heinrich's hologram to DISSIPATE into static.

Dock looks over at Sebastian, who's just staring out the cockpit window.

DOCK

We're not really going back to Japan... are we?

Sebastian shakes his head.

DOCK (CONT'D)

Then, where are we taking the seed?
To a fence?

Sebastian thinks about this.

SEBASTIAN

No...

EXT. ROTORCRAFT - DAY

Cut outside as the V-69 ROARS over snow-capped mountains on its way back to the UNITED STATES.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
...to a farmer.

And as the futuristic aircraft passes by the morning sun, we
FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

After a beat, another TITLE CARD tells us that it's now:
SIX MONTHS LATER

Fade up from white to GREEN. We're close on tall STALKS OF CORN, swaying gently in the breeze. Soon, a SHADOWY FIGURE emerges from deep within the long rows.

It's CROWFOOT, the older FBI AGENT who first captured Sebastian. His trademark black suit has been replaced by rugged civilian attire.

CROWFOOT
Not a bad first harvest, huh?

Reverse to reveal who Crowfoot is talking to: SEBASTIAN,
who's again SHOVELING, this time in a beautiful open field.

SEBASTIAN
It's a start.

CROWFOOT
I just got off the horn with an old colleague of mine, used to work in the crime lab. She thinks we might be able to splice whatever makes our corn immune to the Blight with soybean seeds, wheatgrass--

Concerned, Sebastian DROPS his shovel and approaches Crowfoot.

SEBASTIAN
We had a deal, Crowfoot. No one person gets their hands on anything. These plants--

CROWFOOT
--belong to the people, I know. Relax, I've only approached folks who share our philosophy.

Comforted by this, Sebastian takes a deep breath.

SEBASTIAN

Did you ever think the day would
come when the two of us would share
a "philosophy?"

CROWFOOT

Yeah, well, retirement mellows a
man.

SEBASTIAN

I haven't retired from shit.

CROWFOOT

Whatever you say, Johnny Appleseed.

Sebastian smirks.

SEBASTIAN

"Louie, I think this could be the
beginning of a beautiful--"

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Oi! Sebastian!

The two men turn to see DOCK, who's just come running out of
the quaint HOUSE next to this vast field of corn.

DOCK

Can I borrow you for a second?

SEBASTIAN

You finally figure out the ethanol
pump?

Dock shoots an uneasy glance in Crowfoot's direction.

DOCK

Er, actually, this is somewhat
more... sensitive.

Crowfoot nods at Sebastian. "Go on." Sebastian obliges. He
and Dock walk away from Crowfoot and towards the distant
farmhouse. It's MAGIC HOUR, and the sun is just starting to
set in the distance.

SEBASTIAN

I told you, we can trust him.

DOCK

Yeah, with plowing. But this ain't
about that. I've got a lead on a
new job.

Sebastian cocks an eyebrow.

SEBASTIAN

A heist?

DOCK

Come on, you can't really tell me you're gonna spend the rest of your days with a green thumb up your arse. Not when the score to end all scores is out there.

Sebastian just stares at him, cautiously intrigued.

DOCK (CONT'D)

While you boys have been tilling the fields, I've been scanning the shortwaves. And I just overheard two Russkies talking about the final resting place of the world's greatest treasures.

SEBASTIAN

(skeptical)

Right. And exactly where on Earth is this mythical stash?

DOCK

That's the thing, mate.

(beat)

It ain't on Earth.

As the sun sets, Dock points up at the HARVEST MOON that's come into view.

Sebastian just LAUGHS, starts walking towards an old FILM PROJECTOR set up outdoors on a stand across from their little farmhouse.

DOCK (CONT'D)

I'm serious! I know it sounds like an urban legend, but the Lunar Vault is--

SEBASTIAN

Dock, can we maybe discuss this in the morning?

(beat)

It's showtime.

Sebastian starts up the film strip, which is PROJECTED onto a large white sheet tacked to the side of the farmhouse. Tonight's film is the classic French heist movie *Bob le Flambeur*.

Dock frowns.

DOCK
Blech, black and white.

As the pilot departs, Sebastian watches the flickering images of a FRENCH THIEF trying to seduce a BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS.

We can see a hint of sadness in his eyes.

Reaching beneath the projector stand, Sebastian pulls out a large bowl of FRESHLY POPPED POPCORN.

He holds it under his nose, takes a deep whiff.

Picking out a single piece, he looks at it the way a prospector might study a solid nugget of gold.

As GUNSHOTS ring out from the off-screen movie's soundtrack, Sebastian CLOSES HIS EYES.

And right as he tosses this first taste of the future into his mouth, we...

SMASH TO BLACK