

ARENA

by

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Original Content
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FADE IN:

EXT. MILITARY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Rain. Heavy, unrelenting rain.

Two World War II-era British Army trucks splash round the bend of a narrow, shell-pocked lane and approach a heavily fortified road block manned by British troops.

SUPER: ALLIED-GERMAN FRONTIER, NORTHERN FRANCE, 1944

A GUARD on the ground motions for the trucks to stop.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER (30's) and PASSENGER (50's) of the front truck squint out through the rain as they slow to a halt.

The air in the cab is thick with tension. We soon see why.

Despite the fact that both men are wearing British officers' uniforms, the nervous hiss that comes out of the Passenger's mouth is in GERMAN.

PASSENGER
(in German, subtitled)
Ready?

[READER NOTE: From this point, dialogue in italics denotes a foreign language, to be subtitled in English where applicable.]

The Driver replies without looking at him. There's a palpable feeling of dislike between the two.

DRIVER
This is suicide.

PASSENGER
Not unless you fuck up.

The Guard taps the window. The Driver rolls it down, leans out, and speaks in perfect, unaccented ENGLISH.

DRIVER
(in English)
Good evening, Corporal. I seem to have forgotten to pack my swimming costume. You wouldn't have a spare one I could borrow?

The Guard smiles, then notes the rank insignia on the Driver's sleeve and salutes.

GUARD

'Fraid not, Captain. Mind if I ask what you're doing out in no man's land, sir? We didn't send any patrols today.

DRIVER

We're from the 42nd Engineers. Supposed to be tidying up a bridge near Abbeville but it's not there anymore. Hit a spot of bother heading back to HQ. Mind if we come through here?

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

GUARD

One minute, sir.

EXT. REAR OF TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The Second Guard pulls away the canvas flap and shines his flashlight over fifteen nervous, tight-lipped SOLDIERS inside. Apparently satisfied, he moves onto the next truck.

INT. REAR OF SECOND TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Ten more tense SOLDIERS sit around a large wooden CRATE. One whispers to his neighbor.

WHISPERING SOLDIER

Why don't we just kill them and go through?

A tough-looking SERGEANT glares at him and hisses:

SERGEANT

Shut up!

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

SERGEANT

(in English)

Awright, mate! You think we can hurry this up a bit, only Barry here says he's got a turtle's head like you wouldn't believe, and I don't wanna have to smell his shit for the next twenty miles, you know?

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

SECOND GUARD
What's in there?

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

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

The Second Guard shakes his head, apparently satisfied, and moves along.

I/E. FIRST TRUCK CAB - MOMENTS LATER

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

GUARD
Thank you, sir. Have a safe trip.

DRIVER
And you, Corporal.

The Guard pauses, frowns.

GUARD
Sorry, sir?

The Driver does his best to cover up the fact that his heart's just jumped up into his throat.

DRIVER
I mean, uh, not a safe trip, a safe evening... Have a good night. Carry on.

The Guard looks at him oddly for a moment, then motions for the trucks to be let through the checkpoint.

EXT. MILITARY CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

The Guard continues to stare at the departing trucks for a moment, thinking.

He walks over to a nearby Jeep and picks up the radio.

INT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The Driver hastily rolls up his window as he drives off. This is HAUPTMANN (CAPTAIN) DIETER WEISS. Not the kind of man who usually makes mistakes, but we can tell his heart's not in this mission.

PASSENGER

*I'm only going to say this once,
Weiss...*

The Passenger -- OBERST (COLONEL) GUNTHER STEINHAUSER -- doesn't take his cold, calculating eyes off the road.

PASSENGER/COL. STEINHAUSER

*If you jeopardize this mission again,
I'll kill you myself. Do you understand?*

CPT. WEISS

*I don't think either of us is going to
live long enou...*

He looks in the side view mirror as two Jeeps overtake his truck. They pull in front and then both stop, blocking the road.

CPT. WEISS

Shit.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Let me handle this.

EXT. ROAD NEAR MILITARY CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

The Guard gets out of the first Jeep along with several more ARMED GUARDS. He starts to walk over towards the trucks.

Suddenly there is a loud WHOOM and a blinding white FLASH OF LIGHT. The men are knocked to the ground by a rush of air.

As the light fades, the Guard gets up to find that the first truck has completely vanished, along with the front half of the second truck, which has been cut clean in two.

The crate inside the second truck is split in half, exposing some kind of complex device inside.

HALF A DEAD SOLDIER, sliced vertically from head to toe, tumbles out onto the road as the back half of truck collapses.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DESERT TOWN - DAY

A twin-propellered Chinook helicopter swoops down and hovers near a cluster of squat, brown buildings.

Black leather boots thunk down through the dust kicked up from the downwash. Seconds later the chopper's gone and eight U.S. ARMY RANGERS are moving towards one of the buildings with the alert confidence of a tested combat unit.

SUPER: NORTHERN IRAQ, 2007

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

JENNER

Ali. Any day of the week.

DEACON

Are you fucking shitting me?

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

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

PETROVSKY

Here we go...

DEACON

Man, Bruce Lee would snap both your wrists before you can blink. Ali's just a fat dude with the shakes.

PFC. SHAWN RAWLINS (19), chimes in. The baby of the group, his not good at hiding his hero worship for Jenner.

RAWLINS

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

VALERIO

Pussy draft-dodger. I could take him.

BRICKLAND

You could take him out for dinner and a BJ and buy him flowers after.

Meet PFC. GIUSEPPE VALERIO (23), wannabe Italian stallion with a 'Godfather' complex, and CPL.

JOSH BRICKLAND (27), the 6'5" tattooed beast of a man who's always bringing him back down to Earth.

VALERIO

Fuck you, *paisano*. I got something Muhammad Ali don't: combat experience. I could take him.

BRICKLAND

No, you got a gun, dipshit. In a fair fight no one stands a chance against the champ. Back in the day.

PFC. HENRY NORMAL (25) grins. One of two guys in the unit to have gone to college, he's far too smart to be in this conversation, but he's a born trouble-maker.

NORMAL

You know Muhammad Ali's a Muslim.

JENNER

Shut the fuck up, Normal.

DEACON

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

NORMAL

I'm just saying.

BRICKLAND

I think Normal got confused between Army Rangers and Power Rangers and signed up for the wrong one.

VALERIO

Power Rangers, ho!

RAWLINS

That's Thundercats.

NORMAL

I would look good in a yellow jumpsuit.

DEACON

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

PETROVSKY

I think you're not twelve years old and you should shut the fuck up and watch where you're going.

NORMAL
 (sarcastic)
 Ooh, what about Muhammad Ali vs Batman?

VALERIO
 How bout you, Cap?

The sudden silence tells us that, no matter what the subject, every one of these guys listens to what CAPTAIN JACK LEVY (32), the unit leader, has to say.

LEVY
 I think Sergeant Petrovsky's a smart man.

DEACON
 Aw come on!

LEVY
 You wanna know who wins? It's whoever's got nothing to lose.
 (they reach the building)
 Alright guys, business time.

Levy nods as guard salutes him, and leads the unit inside.

INT. FIELD HQ - CONTINUOUS

The men are led down a corridor and into the operations room.

It's a hive of activity -- maps and photographs covering the walls, live satellite images on computers screens, the soft hum of people getting things done with maximum efficiency.

A tired and stressed officer, MAJOR HURST (40's) greets Levy with a handshake.

MAJOR HURST
 Jack, glad you're here. You been briefed yet?

LEVY
 Just the basics, sir -- hostage situation, ticking clock.

MAJOR HURST
 Alright, we've got fourteen hostages, all civilians, part of a UN water treatment programme, being held in a one story building about eight clicks north of here.
 (indicates computer screen with satellite thermal imaging)
 (MORE)

MAJOR HURST (cont'd)
 Satellite intel shows six captors, and
 we've still got a good read on all
 fourteen hostages.

LEVY
 What's that?

He points to a dark, grainy image on one of the screens. The
 hostages -- both men and women -- are visible, tied up and
 cowering in a corner.

MAJOR HURST
 They set up a web feed inside. They say
 they're gonna start executing hostages
 live on the internet if we don't comply
 with their demands by 4 p.m. today,
 which is in...

LEVY
 Sixty-two minutes. Do we have photos of
 all the hostages?

MAJOR HURST
 UN sent us copies of the personnel
 files, Corporal Riggs has them.

LEVY
 Jenner, Rawlins, Deacon, start
 memorizing faces. Brickland, Valerio,
 find someone here who knows about that
 compound. We roll in seventeen. Normal,
 you're on the drone.

NORMAL
 Yesssss!

LEVY
 (turns back to Hurst)
 Captors, what do we know? Demands? Can
 we buy time?

MAJOR HURST
 They don't talk much. "Get out, go home,
 disband the government, convert to
 Islam..." Low on rhetoric, high on
 action.

LEVY
 Who's this guy?

He points to the screen with the web feed. A tall ARAB MAN
 (30's) strides back and forth in front of the hostages. While
 the other captors' faces are all covered, this man makes no
 attempt to hide his sharp, yet eerily expressionless features.

MAJOR HURST
Assid Malouf, the leader. Lebanese
national, we think he came in through
Iran and then Basra about--

LEVY
He's not covered up.

MAJOR HURST
He says he's not afraid of us.

NORMAL
He should be, I'm afraid of us.

Major Hurst casts him a quizzical look.

LEVY
Quiet, Normal. What's our... Oh shit.

Major Hurst turns and follows Levy's gaze to the web feed. Two
MASKED CAPTORS are pulling one of the hostages up and towards
the camera.

Off to one side MALOUF has picked up a large, curved SWORD, and
is walking towards the terrified HOSTAGE.

Silence falls over the Operations Room as everyone stops what
they're doing and watches.

MAJOR HURST
What's he doing?

The Hostage is thrown down and held roughly in place, hands
behind his back, neck exposed. Malouf lines up the sword.

MAJOR HURST
No, no, he's early! He's an hour early,
he can't--

It looks surreal on the grainy screen with no sound as Malouf
brings down the sword on the Hostage's neck.

It takes a second hack to separate the head from the body.

Everyone watches in stunned silence for a moment. Then:

LEVY
Move out.

EXT. FIELD HQ - MOMENTS LATER

The unit piles quickly into two Humvees, which peel away in a cloud of dust.

Away to one side a small, unmanned DRONE SPY PLANE takes off into the air with a soft whine.

INT. FIRST HUMVEE (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Normal sits in the back, piloting the drone with a sophisticated remote control. A small LCD screen relays images from the plane's camera above.

Petrovsky drives with Valerio navigating. Deacon flicks through photographs of the hostages, then lands on one of Malouf, the terrorist leader.

DEACON

You ever think it's funny how you can tell some people are evil just by looking at them?

NORMAL

(childlike whining)
Saaaaarge, why do I always have to sit at the kids' table?

PETROVSKY

Shut up and eat your vegetables.

Levy's voice crackles through on the radio.

LEVY

(on radio)
Bravo Two, what's our ETA, Leo?

PETROVSKY

(into radio)
Bravo One, about a click out, should be less than two minutes, Cap.

INT. SECOND HUMVEE (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Brickland drives while Levy, Jenner and Rawlins study satellite pictures of the compound.

LEVY

(into radio)
Roger, out.

(MORE)

LEVY (cont'd)
 (turns to Jenner, points to
 picture of compound)
 If I can get you here you think you can
 take out anyone who comes onto the roof?

JENNER
 Like fish in a barrel.

INT. FIRST HUMVEE (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Deacon's still into his picture of Malouf.

DEACON
 I wanna get this guy myself, double tap
 on the back of his head, see how evil
 the motherfucker looks then.

Normal looks up from the LCD screen -- showing an aerial view of
 the road ahead -- and rolls his eyes. He's had enough.

NORMAL
 You know Ali didn't fight in Vietnam
 because he said he didn't have a quarrel
 with the Vietnamese.

DEACON
 What?

NORMAL
 You think you wanna get this guy Malouf
 more than he wants to get you?

VALERIO
 What the fuck are you talking about?

NORMAL
 Look, you and I just don't care as much as
 these guys sitting at home cooking up
 bombs in their basements, and all the
 tanks and troop surges and stealth bombers
 in the world aren't gonna change that.
 It's like the Cap said. They've got
 nothing to lose.

VALERIO
 If that's what you think why the fuck
 are you here?

NORMAL
 Oh I just came to party. I dig chicks in
 Burkas, what can I say?

DEACON

Asshole.

PETROVSKY

That's enough, Normal.

NORMAL

Hey, I'm just...

(glances at LCD screen)

AMBUSH, TWO O'CLOCK!

Petrovsky turns and sees a rocket streaking towards them from the side of the road. He slams on the brakes and yanks the wheel round, but he's too late.

BOOM.

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The rocket blows the swerving first Humvee onto its side. The second Humvee slams into it, both skidding to a stop a few yards down the road.

A brief moment of silence... Then Levy, Brickland and Rawlins jump out of the second Humvee and run to the upturned vehicle.

Jenner stays in the truck, sniper scope glued to his eye, scanning the side of the road.

As the others start to help their comrades out of the upturned Humvee, the crackle of gunfire erupts from the side of the road, sending sparks zinging off the metal of the truck.

LEVY

Down! Down! Covering fire, north side!

Back in the second Humvee Jenner calmly sights two insurgents by the roadside, and with two swift shots takes them both out.

Meanwhile Levy and co have pulled the others from the flipped Humvee. Petrovsky is bleeding from a gash on the forehead; Normal and Valerio are banged up but basically OK.

Deacon is unconscious, his body a charred, mangled and bloody lump that seems to be missing several important pieces.

LEVY

Jenner, get on the horn, we need a medevac NOW! Rawlins, take --

BRICKLAND

INCOMING!!!

Everyone kisses the dust as another rocket screams towards them, slamming into the upturned Humvee in a balloon of flame.

Chaos erupts. The unit take up defensive positions as bullets rain in on them.

Jenner manages to dive out of the second Humvee just as a third rocket slams into it.

The men are totally exposed, forced to retreat towards the burning vehicles which are their only cover.

Jenner barks into the radio in between taking pot shots with his sniper rifle.

JENNER

Bravo Two, Echo One, mayday, mayday...

Despite being ambushed and vulnerable, our guys know how to have a firefight, and they're putting down a lot of insurgents.

But just as the tide seems to be turning in their favor, there comes a spine-chilling, high-pitched whistling sound, followed by another.

Everyone looks to the sky with dread.

NORMAL

MORTAR!

The first round lands with an Earth-shaking detonation about twenty feet away, decimating a large section of road and showering our guys with dirt and concrete.

There's no way they're going to survive a direct hit.

As the second whistling sound gets louder, time seems to slow. Levy looks up to see a black dot falling through the sky directly above them, getting closer, closer...

Seconds before impact there's a loud WHOOM, and a blinding white FLASH OF LIGHT fills the screen, taking us to:

WHITE OUT.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

For a few seconds there's nothing but silence and white.

Slowly shapes start to emerge, as if our eyes are adjusting from looking into the sun.

The shapes resolve themselves into the eight members of the unit, lying on the ground, and the two mangled Humvees. The men start to stir. Some of them get up, dazed.

BRICKLAND

What the fuck... What the fuck...

RAWLINS

Did they miss us...?

Jenner picks up the radio.

JENNER

Bravo Two, Echo One, requesting medevac, over?

Nothing but static. The men are still trying to get their bearings until something gets everyone's attention.

VALERIO (O.C.)

He's dead.

They turn to see Valerio crouched over Deacon's crumpled form. The silence is broken after a beat by:

NORMAL

Where did the mountains go?

PETROVSKY

What?

NORMAL

The buildings, the fucking road... Look.

For the first time we get a wide angle on the scene. They're standing in the middle of nowhere. All traces of the town are gone. They are totally alone.

It's a desert landscape, kind of like Northern Iraq, but there's something weird about it, something almost artificial.

LEVY

(quietly)

Defensive positions.

(nobody moves, still baffled)

Now!

The men fan out in a circle, weapons pointed out. Levy crouches in the middle by Deacon's body, map and compass out.

He lines up north with the map. It shows roads, rivers and buildings which just aren't there.

He goes over to Jenner, grabs the radio.

LEVY
 (into radio)
 Bravo Two, Echo One, do you read, over?

Static. He changes the frequency, rattled but still calm.

LEVY
 Bravo Two, Echo One, do you read, over?

More static. He tries more frequencies, always the same.

Meanwhile, Normal spots something shiny off in the distance. He breaks out of formation and starts to walk towards it.

VALERIO
 Normal! Get back here!

Levy looks up from the radio.

LEVY
 Normal! What are you doing?

NORMAL
 (still walking)
 I see something, Cap.

Frustrated, Levy looks at Normal, then around at the men.

LEVY
 Okay, Leo, Rawlins, stay here. The rest
 of you, see what's up.

The men do as they're told. Levy lingers a moment, frowning at the gash on Petrovsky's head.

LEVY
 Hey, you okay?

PETROVSKY
 Been hurt worse clipping my toenails.

LEVY
 That doesn't inspire a lot of confidence.

PETROVSKY
 Go.

Levy gives a concerned half smile then heads out after Normal.

EXT. DESERT/RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Normal reaches the shiny object near the edge of a ridge as the rest of the group catches up with him.

VALERIO
Hey, dickless, what the hell are you...
Mamma mia!

Normal turns around, holding a short metal SWORD.

BRICKLAND
Where'd you find that?

NORMAL
It was just lying here on the ground.

As Levy arrives and the men gather round to look at this strange discovery, Jenner wanders cautiously towards the edge of the ridge, surveying the area.

LEVY
Let me see that.

JENNER
Cap?

Levy ignores Jenner and examines the sword.

LEVY
Doesn't look middle-eastern...

JENNER
Cap!

VALERIO
Aw shit, look, it's got blood on it!

JENNER
CAPTAIN!
(everyone looks over)
I think you'd better take a look at
this.

Levy and the others walk over to join Jenner on the ridge. They stop and stare in slack-jawed astonishment.

BRICKLAND
What the fuck is going on?

Strewn across the hillside below them are the bloodied corpses of at least one hundred ROMAN SOLDIERS, complete with swords, shields, tasseled helmets and Russell Crowe sandals.

EXT. DESERT/HILLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Weapons shouldered and ready, the unit carefully pick their way through what looks like the morgue at the Colosseum.

Jenner passes a decomposing body peppered with BULLET HOLES.

JENNER

They've been shot.

VALERIO

Che puzza. This shit stinks like Brickland's cock cheese!

BRICKLAND

Mama Valerio didn't seem to mind.

Rawlins comes across a pile of fetid bodies and reels from the stench. He notices that several bodies have limbs, heads or chunks of torso missing, with scorch marks on the wounds.

RAWLINS

Goddamn!

Normal, unlike the others, is staring straight up into the empty blue sky. Levy notices.

LEVY

What're you looking at?

NORMAL

There're no birds. Bodies've obviously been here for a while, but there's no flies, no birds... It's weird.

Suddenly a figure lurches up from under the pile of bodies by Rawlins, and before he knows what's happening he's grabbed from behind by a ROMAN CENTURION holding a sword to his throat.

RAWLINS

Fuck!

Everyone spins round, weapons aimed, but the Centurion has Rawlins as a human shield, there's no shot.

LEVY

Whoa, everybody slow down, okay?

The Centurion shouts at them in some indecipherable language.

RAWLINS
What's he saying?!

LEVY
(lowering his gun)
Take it easy, Rawlins.

RAWLINS
Karl, can you get him?

Jenner's pointing his sniper rifle rock steady at the Centurion, eye glued to the scope.

JENNER
Just say the word, cap. Brother's got a big old head.

The Centurion continues to shout.

LEVY
Stay cool, nobody moves until I say.
Leo, can you--

Suddenly the radio crackles to life. A metallic voice:

VOICE ON RADIO
Echo One, Bravo Two, be advised there are enemy units in your area. You are ordered to engage and terminate, over.

PETROVSKY
The fuck was that?

The Centurion continues to shout frantically as Levy slowly reaches for the radio.

LEVY
No sudden moves, okay?
(into radio)
Bravo Two, Echo One, we are off route.
Request medevac, over.

VOICE ON RADIO
Echo One, Bravo Two, be advised there are enemy units in your area. You are ordered to engage and terminate, over.

Levy frowns. The Centurion is getting twitchy.

LEVY

Bravo Two, we are off the map, repeat,
off the map. Request assistance, over.

The metallic voice comes back with exactly the same reply. The Centurion starts shouting again, digging his sword a little deeper into Rawlins's neck.

RAWLINS

Ahh! Stop fucking around, he's gonna
kill me!

JENNER

Cap, I got him, just say the--

VALERIO

Wait a minute, wait a minute!

LEVY

What?

VALERIO

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

The Centurion continues to ramble on. Normal gets a funny look on his face.

NORMAL

Latin. He's speaking Latin.

BRICKLAND

What, like Ricky Martin?

NORMAL

No, fucktard, like Spartacus. Look at his
clothes.

PETROVSKY

You speak Latin, Normal?

NORMAL

No, but it's kinda like Italian, right?
Valerio, try talking wop to him.

RAWLINS

Can you guys hurry the fuck up and do
something?

LEVY

Valerio, go.

VALERIO
 I dunno what... Ah, ok... Hey! *Mi puoi capire? Parli italiano?*

The Centurion stops shouting and looks at Valerio quizzically.

VALERIO
Noi siamo amici. Vogliamo aiutarti.

CENTURION
Amici?

VALERIO
 Amici! Yes, he understands 'friend'. Uh, okay...
 (in Italian)
Please let him go. We won't hurt you.

The Centurion responds, still tense.

LEVY
 What'd he say?

VALERIO
 Uh, something about... We look like the others.

PETROVSKY
 What others?

Valerio and the Centurion talk again.

VALERIO
 I dunno, it's hard, there's words I don't know. Something about black warriors and sounded like... Fire sticks.

The Centurion points at Valerio's rifle.

LEVY
 Guns. Everybody lower your weapons.
 (quietly)
 Not you, Jenner.
 (to Centurion)
 We just wanna talk, okay? Valerio...

Valerio talks to the Centurion again. Slowly, cautiously, the Centurion lowers his sword and releases Rawlins, who breathes a big sigh of relief.

RAWLINS
 Goddammit!

The metallic voice on the radio is still repeating the same phrase.

VOICE ON RADIO
...engage and terminate, over.

JENNER
Something's not right here, cap.

Levy gives him a "no shit, Sherlock" look as he clicks off the radio.

LEVY
Yes, thank you, Jenner.
(walks to Centurion, points
at himself)
Levy.

He gestures to the Centurion "and you are...?". The Centurion still looks at him suspiciously, but he gets it.

CENTURION/ADEODATUS
Adeodatus.

LEVY
Alright, well, now that we're all
friends...

Petrovsky taps him on the shoulder, takes him aside.

PETROVSKY
(quietly)
You know what you're doing, Jack? I mean,
I trust you, we've seen our share of shit,
but turning off the radio like that...

LEVY
Here's what I know: Major Hurst does not
give the order to "engage and terminate",
and wherever we are is not where we were
when we got attacked. These guys are
freaked out and I don't blame them. So
until I figure out where we are, how we got
here and what's going on, I'm thinking the
best thing I can do is stay calm and
pretend that I'm going by the secret
officers' handbook on what to do when you
find an army of massacred Roman soldiers.
You okay with that?

PETROVSKY
(wry grin)
Sounds like a plan.

LEVY

Alright.

(louder, to the group)

Okay, listen up, guys, we got...

He is interrupted by the sound of a distant explosion, followed by the faint but unmistakable crackle of gunfire.

Adeodatus tenses, starts muttering under his breath.

JENNER

Now what?

EXT. DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

The unit marches double time towards the gunfire. Valerio jogs with a reluctant-looking Adeodatus at his side.

RAWLINS

(quietly)

Hey Karl, what about Deacon and the trucks?

JENNER

Trucks ain't much good to us now, man.

RAWLINS

And Deacon?

JENNER

(pause)

We ain't much good to him, neither.

Sgt. Petrovsky calls out from the front of the group.

PETROVSKY

Hold up, hold up!

He skids to a stop. The rest come up level with him.

NORMAL

Now there's something you don't see every day.

It looks as though a dead straight line has been drawn on the ground a few feet in front of them, stretching to the horizon in both directions.

On their side of the line is arid desert. On the other side of the line thick snowflakes silently fall to form a deep white carpet on the ground.

They stare, bemused, at this freakishly unnatural sight.

BRICKLAND

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

Normal cautiously steps over the line into the snow. He gasps.

NORMAL

Fuck!

PETROVSKY

What?

NORMAL

It's cold!

VALERIO

It's snow, dipshit.

NORMAL

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

One by one the others step into the snow.

PETROVSKY

They got a manual for this, Jack?

RAWLINS

Jesus Christ! This is fucked, man, it's
summertime, I thought Iraq was supposed
to be hot!

NORMAL

I hate to break it to you, Toto, but I
don't think we're in Kirkuk anymore.

LEVY

Let's keep moving, guys. Weapons up,
eyes peeled.

As they push through a minor blizzard they're able to make out
the source of the gunfire a few hundred yards away.

VALERIO

Santa Maria...

We fly, off Levy's blank stare of incomprehension, through the
swirling snowflakes, zooming across the frosted terrain to:

EXT. SNOWSCAPE/BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The twenty GERMAN WORLD WAR 2 SOLDIERS who vanished at the start are grouped in defensive positions around their one-and-a-half British army trucks.

They are frantically trying to fight off an attacking horde of at least one hundred VIKING WARRIORS.

We're talking huge, muscular men, wrapped in furs and leather armor and wielding swords, axes and war-hammers that would take two or three normal people just to lift off the ground.

The Germans have guns and grenades, but it takes at least a couple of shots to put down a Viking, and there are just so many of them.

Colonel Steinhauser moves smoothly among the Germans, focussed, organized, in total control.

COL. STEINHAUSER

*Flank them on the right! We have to
force them into a bottleneck!*

GERMAN SOLDIER

Colonel!

Steinhauser turns just in time to dodge an axe as it whistles past his face, swung by an enormous, broken-nosed brute. He caps him twice in the head before he can swing again.

Captain Weiss also hops from group to group. They are an impressively slick unit.

CPT. WEISS

*Man down on the Bren gun! Voller, watch
your back!*

A few yards away one of the Germans is hit in the face with a war-hammer -- obliterating his jaw -- just as he prepares to lob a grenade.

The grenade rolls out of his hand, EXPLODING and taking out another German soldier and two Vikings in a shower of blood, dirt and snow.

Steinhauser helps two soldiers reload a machine gun. As soon as they're done they spray a river of hot lead into a line of Vikings, wiping them out.

Weiss is knocked off his feet as the top half of a German body is flung into him, sending his pistol spinning into the snow.

He desperately scrabbles around for a weapon as a particularly bloodthirsty Norseman lumbers towards him, grinning.

Weiss comes up with a massive broadsword. It's so heavy he totters backwards and forwards as he tries pathetically to swing it.

The Norseman laughs gleefully as he swats the sword from Weiss's grasp with a two-headed battle axe, sending it flying through the air, until it skewers another Viking who was about to decapitate a quivering German soldier.

The quivering soldier's friend turns to him, ashen-faced.

QUIVERING SOLDIER'S FRIEND

You lucky bastard.

Just as the Norseman attacking Weiss swings his axe for the kill, the his head explodes in a balloon of red.

Weiss turns to see his filth-covered SERGEANT -- KRIEGER -- holding a rifle.

SERGEANT/SGT. KRIEGER

Don't fuck about with them, sir. Kill them.

Weiss nods his thanks and retrieves his pistol.

The battle is winding down now. The Germans seem to be the winners, though their numbers have been halved from 20 to 10.

Steinhauser walks among the bodies of dead and wounded Vikings. He kicks a nearby body. It groans and stirs. Without hesitation Steinhauser shoots it in the head.

He finds another, less seriously wounded Viking with blonde dreadlocks. We'll call him RASTA VIKING. Rasta Viking grins up at Steinhauser through a mouthful of blood.

Steinhauser raises his pistol to shoot, but:

CPT. WEISS

Sir!

(comes running over)

We need answers. Killing them isn't the way.

COL. STEINHAUSER

We can't leave any alive, it's a danger to the mission.

His finger tightens on the trigger, but before he can shoot:

LEVY (O.C.)

Wait!

The Germans look around to see that they are being covered by the seven U.S. Rangers and their M-16s.

One of the Germans reaches for his rifle.

JENNER

(eye to the scope)

Don't do it!

The German soldier freezes.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Who are these?

SGT. KRIEGER

(quietly)

They're not Vikings.

LEVY

Put your hands in the air and step away from your weapons.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Americans.

SGT. KRIEGER

What should we do?

CPT. WEISS

(drops his gun)

We don't have much of a choice.

The Americans watch this exchange warily, guns still aimed.

RAWLINS

Is that German?

NORMAL

Yeah, but they're wearing British uniforms. Old British uniforms.

COL. STEINHAUSER

(in English)

Please, don't shoot, we won't resist.

The Americans are a little taken aback at his perfect English and proper British accent.

LEVY

Who are you?

CPT. WEISS

We--

He catches a look from Steinhauser.

CPT. WEISS

We were separated from our unit. Could you tell us... Where are we?

LEVY

We were hoping you'd be able to help us out with that one.

CPT. WEISS

Oh. I see. You are American?

LEVY

Yes. And you?

Before Weiss can answer, Steinhauser steps forward.

COL. STEINHAUSER

We are British. Royal Engineers. We were separated from the rest of our unit.

NORMAL

Bullshit.

(all eyes turn inquiringly as he steps forward)

What year is it?

PETROVSKY

Normal! Can it with the zany questions.

NORMAL

Nah, fuck this, Sarge. Look, English Bob here speaks remarkably good German for a limey, so perhaps he can explain to our Latin-speaking friend how come they just got attacked by a horde of angry Vikings, cuz otherwise I'd say there are very few zany questions I could ask right now.

LEVY

Agreed.

(to Steinhauser)

What year is it?

COL. STEINHAUSER

We... were under the impression that the year is 1944.

A moment of silence. The Americans exchange curious looks. Some are starting to shiver in the cold, though they keep their guns trained on the Germans.

LEVY

That's interesting. Because we were under the impression that it's 2007.

Now it's the German troops' turn to gasp in surprise.

LEVY

(to his men)

Lower your weapons.

(to the Germans)

I'm Captain Jack Levy, 14th US Army Rangers from Baghdad. Who are you?

COL. STEINHAUSER

Levy?

Levy detects a hint of contempt in Steinhauser's voice. Weiss looks at Levy for a long moment, thinking, before answering.

CPT. WEISS

My name is Hauptmann Dieter Weiss. We are a special reconnaissance unit from Hamburg, Germany.

COL. STEINHAUSER

(whispers)

I'll have you court-martialled.

LEVY

So you're German?

COL. STEINHAUSER

(before Weiss can answer)

Yes. I apologize for lying to you, but obviously this is an... unusual situation. We would appreciate any assistance you can give us.

The Americans and Germans stare in mutual suspicion at one another, shivering. Finally Levy breaks it.

LEVY

The men are freezing, we need to get them out of here. That truck work?

CPT. WEISS

It won't start.

LEVY

Jenner, Normal, take a look.

CPT. WEISS

Thank you. It's nice to meet someone who doesn't want to kill us.

BRICKLAND

(under his breath)

Early days yet, pal.

Normal wanders towards the sliced-in-half truck. Steinhauser tries to block his way.

COL. STEINHAUSER

There's no way to get that one working.

NORMAL

We might be able to use the parts.

COL. STEINHAUSER

I don't think so.

NORMAL

Well just let me look and --

COL. STEINHAUSER

As a superior officer, I must insist.

NORMAL

(pats him on the shoulder)

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

COL. STEINHAUSER

(taken aback)

What? Deafeated...

He looks like he's going to throw up.

NORMAL

Well, duh. Didn't you notice how none of us is speaking German?

(Weiss and Krieger also look like they've been gut-punched)

Sorry, guys, you came second. So close.

EXT. SNOWSCAPE - LATER

Jenner and Normal are working on the main truck's engine, cannibalizing parts from the other truck half.

Krieger supervises as German troops transfer the sliced crate from the crippled truck to the main one. Petrovsky approaches.

PETROVSKY
What's in the box?

SGT. KRIEGER
Nothing that concerns you.

PETROVSKY
You guys speak very good English.

SGT. KRIEGER
(edgy)
So what?

PETROVSKY
Just saying.
(sees Steinhauser standing
alone, away from everybody)
He always this moody?

SGT. KRIEGER
He just found out everything he was
fighting for was for nothing.

PETROVSKY
Oh yeah, no genocide, no Aryan super-
nation, no shiny black knee-high boots.
Pass me the fucking kleenex. I don't envy
you, having to take orders from a Nazi.

SGT. KRIEGER
Colonel Steinhauser is a first class
officer.

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

SGT. KRIEGER
You're a lucky soldier if you agree with
everything you're told to fight for.
(starts to walk away, then)
But I would follow the Colonel anywhere.

Krieger leaves Petrovsky pondering this and wanders off to sit with his men, passing Valerio, Rawlins and Brickland who are trying to patch up Rasta Viking and Adeodatus's wounds.

Rasta Viking bellows in pain as Rawlins pulls too tightly.

RAWLINS
 Sorry, sorry, sorry!

VALERIO
 (patching up Adeodatus)
 What a fucking cry-baby.

The Viking picks up Brickland's rifle and peers down the barrel.

BRICKLAND
 (snatches it back)
 Whoa! You gotta be careful with that,
 man, you'll blow your face off.

VALERIO
 Here, hit of morphine should calm him
 down.

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

VALERIO
 Yeah, you like that!
 (to Adeodatus, in Italian)
You want some too?

ADEODATUS
 (in Latin)
What is it?

VALERIO
 (winks)
Trust me.

The Viking giggles and starts chattering away happily. He gives
 Rawlins a friendly pat on the back, almost knocking him over.

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

Meanwhile Levy walks over to the truck to check on Jenner and
 Normal.

LEVY
 How's it going?

NORMAL
 I don't trust 'em, Cap. There's
 something in that crate they don't want
 us to see.

LEVY

Just get the truck working.

He turns around to see Weiss standing there.

CPT. WEISS

It was the eastern front, wasn't it?

LEVY

I'm sorry?

CPT. WEISS

The war. Why we lost. I knew we shouldn't have invaded Russia. He spread us too thinly. I could feel we were losing. Lots of us could. But some...

(he glances at Steinhauser)

...just couldn't let go. They had given too much.

Levy notices that Jenner and Normal have stopped work and are watching Weiss. He gestures for them to get back to it and leads Weiss a few steps away.

LEVY

It must be... hard to fight when you think you're going to lose.

CPT. WEISS

Are you speaking from sympathy or experience?

(Levy smiles wryly)

The Fuhrer is an evil, greedy man. We deserve to lose. I just wish I'd got my wife and son away to Britain or America before the war really got going. It wasn't worth their lives.

Levy looks at him sadly, but can't think of anything to say.

CPT. WEISS

Do you ever get the feeling you're fighting on the wrong side?

Levy thinks for a moment.

LEVY

The people I'm fighting kill indiscriminately. We don't. In theory, anyway. I try to hold on to that.

They both turn as the truck behind them sputters to life.

EXT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The American and German troops, along with Adeodatus and the Viking, pile into the back of the truck.

BRICKLAND

(to Normal and Jenner)

You guys couldn't get this thing going any quicker? I get any colder my dick's gonna drop off.

NORMAL

As women all over the world breathe a sigh of relief.

Valerio helps the fur-clad Viking into the truck.

VALERIO

Hey Cap, how come we don't get fur coats like this guy?

PETROVSKY

Shut your trap, Valerio. Half the guys in Baghdad don't have body armor and you want a scarf and mittens.

Levy opens the cab door to find Steinhauser behind the wheel.

LEVY

Sorry, Fritz, but I think I'll drive.

Steinhauser flushes with anger, but slides over.

I/E. TRUCK - MOVING - LATER

The atmosphere in the cab of the truck is a couple of degrees colder than the arctic landscape outside.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Do you have any idea where you're going?

LEVY

Yes. Forward.

CPT. WEISS

What's that?

Indistinct shapes loom out of the blizzard in front of them. Suddenly the truck passes over another dividing line and the snow disappears, replaced by a bombed-out urban landscape like something out of a futuristic *Saving Private Ryan*.

Levy slows to manoeuvre around the new obstacles.

LEVY

Jesus...

CPT. WEISS

Is this 2007?

LEVY

No, I... I don't know.

There's a banging on the back of the cab from the rear of the truck. Petrovsky's muffled voice shouts:

PETROVSKY (O.S.)

Something's coming!

Levy slows the truck to a halt. The three men in the cab crane their necks to see out the windows.

COL. STEINHAUSER

I don't--

There's a deafening ROAR, and what looks like a FLYING TANK -- think Christian Bale's Batmobile meets the ship from *The Matrix* -- streaks past overhead, smoke billowing out the back.

CPT. WEISS

Holy Shit!

As the 'tank' careens through the sky we can see that it is being attacked by three huge ROBOTS clinging to the hull like spiders.

The robots are about eight feet tall and look like what would happen if Iron Man had a one night stand with a Terminator. They pummel mercilessly on the armor-plating of the tank.

Levy slams the truck in gear and races off in pursuit as the tank zig-zags through the air, apparently trying to throw the robots off.

CPT. WEISS

What are you doing?

LEVY

Following it.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Good, we need answers, go, go!

The tank swerves into a tight curve, swooping back over the truck and then out in front of it again.

As it passes them an escape hatch EXPLODES outwards, taking one of the robots with it. A FIGURE in a black suit and helmet bails out, landing a hundred feet ahead.

CPT. WEISS

What was that?

One of the remaining robots leaps after this escapee.

Levy pushes the truck forwards as fast as it will go.

The remaining robot enters the stricken craft through the newly-opened escape hatch, and the tank suddenly lurches towards the ground and disappears from view.

On the ground, the black-suited figure is cornered by the advancing robot as the truck approaches. Levy makes a split-second decision, revs the engine, and PLOUGHS into the robot, knocking it away from its target.

He skids the truck to a stop and leaps out, running to the figure. The Rangers pile out of the back, weapons ready.

A few Germans start to get out too, but Steinhauser holds a hand up to stop them:

COL. STEINHAUSER

(quietly)

Stay here, cover them.

While Levy runs to the black figure, the Rangers form a defensive line between them and the robot.

The robot stands up to its full height. It's a fearsome sight. It looks at the Rangers, seems to think for a moment, then turns and runs off in the opposite direction.

RAWLINS

What the fuck was that?

Adeodatus grabs Valerio and talks quickly and quietly, ashen-faced, as he points at the black-suited figure.

PETROVSKY

What's he saying?

VALERIO

He says that's one of the guys who massacred his army.

The Rangers all tense up, guns aimed at the black-suited figure, who walks calmly towards them.

LEVY

Stay where you are!

The black-suited figure stops and pulls off its helmet to reveal a beautiful SHAVEN-HEADED WOMAN (late 20's).

BRICKLAND

Whoa.

She speaks with a crystal-cut British accent, her voice full of confidence and authority.

WOMAN

Hello boys. What're you then, American, early 21st century? Afghanistan? Iraq? Syria?

(they just stare at her)

Don't answer all at once.

LEVY

Who are you?

WOMAN

(sticks out a hand)

Corporal Becca Harris, TelePhar security out of Calgary, 2156.

LEVY

(shakes her hand, staring)

Jack. I mean Captain. Levy. US Army Rangers, Iraq 2007.

PETROVSKY

(nodding at Adeodatus)

Jack!

LEVY

(snaps out of it)

Right. This man says you destroyed his unit.

WOMAN/BECCA

Oh. Okay. Sorry about that. Nothing personal.

VALERIO

That's it? 'Nothing personal'??

BECCA

How long have you lot been in Arena?

LEVY

Arena?

BECCA

Not long, I take it. Well, good luck to you.

And with that she turns and starts away towards her APC.

VALERIO

Hey, you slaughtered this guy's entire army!

NORMAL

And in case you didn't notice we just saved your life.

BECCA

Well, gosh, haven't you just got more balls than a Wimbledon final. I must remember to give you all blowjobs next time I see you.

COL. STEINHAUSER

(points his pistol at her)

We need answers. What's going on, where are we?

She stops walking, sighs impatiently.

BECCA

This is Arena. It's a game. The rules are simple: fight or die. If you don't fight, the robots come. If you try and escape, the robots come. If the robots come you run away or you die. Usually both. Did you get a message yet?

LEVY

What?

BECCA

Something from your base telling you there's enemy around and to kill everything you see.

Levy turns on the radio. Immediately a familiar metallic voice cuts through the static, but this time with a slightly different message.

VOICE ON RADIO

Echo One, Bravo Two, engage and terminate all enemy units. When you have destroyed seven units we will send you home, over.

CPT. WEISS

We got something like that too.

LEVY

Wait a minute, it didn't say that last time, about the seven armies thing.

BECCA

We got that one after we won our first fight -- kill seven armies and you get to go home. Congratulations, boys, you've been initiated.

COL. STEINHAUSER

How long have you been here?

She looks him up and down.

BECCA

Long enough to know dead meat when I see it.

NORMAL

But where are we? When are we?

BECCA

When, I don't know. Where...

She grabs a grenade off Normal's belt, pulls the pin, and hurls it high into the air.

They watch it arc up for about fifty feet, until, oddly, it bounces off the sky right before it EXPLODES.

For a couple of seconds they see a shimmering translucent screen stretched over some kind of scaffolding above them.

The screen flickers and then the sky image returns.

LEVY

Jesus. We're inside something.

COL. STEINHAUSER

What is it, why are we here?

BECCA

Beats the shit out of me, mate. But somebody's pulling the strings, so they'd be the person to ask.

LEVY

Pulling the strings?

BECCA

There are armies from all different times. Those with weaker technology get more manpower and some kind of home field advantage -- terrain, weather, whatever. Somebody's trying make the fights longer, fairer.

CPT. WEISS

(to Levy)

We fought the Vikings in the snow.

Levy nods, thoughtfully.

BECCA

Oh shit. Everybody back to the truck, now.

CPT. WEISS

What's going on?

BECCA

Somebody's coming, look.

As she double-times it back to the truck, the soldiers look around, confused. Then they notice.

The piles of rubble seem to be melting. On closer inspection they're disintegrating, dissolving back into the ground.

The men stare around dumbfounded as the landscape literally disappears before their eyes. Normal crouches and looks as small green dots start to appear on the ground.

NORMAL

You see this, Cap?

The dots turn into blades of grass, growing out of the ground at an alarming rate. Within seconds the whole area is filled with waist-deep grass, and it's still growing.

LEVY

Back to the truck! Move, move!

By the time everyone's figured out that they should have been paying attention to Becca in the first place, the grass is over their heads -- they can't see each other or the truck.

JENNER

Where am I going?

PETROVSKY (O.S.)

This way!

JENNER

Sarge?

RAWLINS (O.S.)

Karl? Karl!

PETROVSKY (O.S.)

Follow my voice!

There's a strange whistling sound, followed by a scream. Then more whistling noises, getting closer together.

We find Normal fighting his way through the grass until he almost trips over something.

NORMAL

What the...

He looks down to see a GERMAN SOLDIER writhing on the ground with an ARROW through his neck, blood pouring onto the ground, his mouth open in a silent scream.

NORMAL

Oh fuck.

More screams fill the air, along with the sound of the truck engine firing up. Normal sprints towards the latter sound as arrows whistle past him through the grass.

NORMAL

Shit, wait, wait!

He finally makes it to the truck. A German soldier reaches down from the back to help him up and in.

NORMAL

Thanks.

The German soldier is about to reply when an arrow THUNKS into his right eye socket.

NORMAL

Jesus Christ!

BRICKLAND

That everyone?

All the Americans, Adeodatus, the Viking, and a handful of Germans -- including Sergeant Krieger -- are there. Petrovsky bangs on the wall of the cab.

PETROVSKY

Get us out of here, GO, GO!

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Steinhauser, Weiss and Becca are crammed in next to Levy, who guns the engine and accelerates away. He glances in the side view mirror.

IN MIRROR: following the flattened path left by the truck gallop at least fifty SIOUX INDIANS on horseback.

The mirror SHATTERS as it's hit by an arrow.

Becca leans out the passenger side to look back.

BECCA

Sioux Indians, early nineteenth century!

An arrow whistles towards Becca's face, but she snatches it out of the air with superhuman reflexes.

The men stare at her as she leans back inside.

BECCA

This thing should be able to outrun horses, right?

EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

An arrow pierces one of the rear tires, blowing it out. The truck fishtails, carving a zig-zag through the grass.

Brickland and Valerio are leaning out the back of the truck, firing on the Sioux. The jolt of the blowout almost knocks Brickland out the back.

An arrow thunks into his shoulder, but he's protected by his flack jacket. He looks at the arrow sticking in him.

BRICKLAND

(re: kevlar vest)

Whaddaya know, this shit's good for something.

EXT. FIELD OF ELEPHANT GRASS - CONTINUOUS

From overhead we see that the Sioux on horseback are starting to gain on the fishtailing truck.

I/E. TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Jenner scopes over the riders with his sniper rifle, moving expertly from target to target.

JENNER
I count sixty plus!

THROUGH SCOPE: painted, determined faces bob up and down in their saddles. The scope begins to rise and fall with them.

JENNER
(sings)
*One little, two little, three little
Indians...*

BANG! One of the Sioux flies out of his saddle.

JENNER
*Four little, five little, six little
Indians...*

Another expert shot takes down two, the bullet passing through the first to slam the horse behind -- throwing its rider.

Valerio tosses a grenade casually out of the truck...

Several Sioux ride over it as it explodes, sending shredded human and horse into the air.

Everyone begins to blast away as Jenner reloads. Krieger's 1940's belt-fed machine-gun suddenly locks up.

SGT. KRIEGER
I've got a jam!

EXT. FIELD OF ELEPHANT GRASS - CONTINUOUS

The group of Sioux splits in two, charging up the sides of the truck.

INT. REAR - TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

As Krieger works at the jammed gun, the truck's canvas is cut open in several places along the sides -- Sioux desperately trying to get aboard. A cacophony of gunfire from Rangers and Germans holds them back.

Petrovsky looks over at Krieger.

PETROVSKY

How much fucking longer you gonna be?

SGT. KRIEGER

I'd be quicker if I didn't keep stopping
to talk to you.

Sioux arms flail through a tear in the canvas -- grab Valerio
round the neck.

VALERIO

Fuck!

The Viking swings his broadsword, slicing the Sioux's arms off
at the elbow. He grins at Valerio.

A German soldier screams as a pair of arms pull him through the
canvas.

EXT. FIELD OF ELEPHANT GRASS - CONTINUOUS

The rider drags the soldier out onto his horse, cutting his
throat and tossing away the lifeless body.

I/E. CAB - TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Levy glances in the passenger wing mirror.

LEVY

Nine o'clock, Colonel.

A tomahawk smashes through Steinhauser's window. Two painted
Sioux glare at him.

The closest jumps onto the truck. Steinhauser shoots him
casually in the face and he falls away. He blasts at the second
but misses.

The Indian throws himself at the truck, knocking the gun out of
Steinhauser's hand. Levy swerves left and right to shake the
attacker off. It doesn't work.

BECCA

I'll get him.

She grabs the window frame, and in one fluid movement swings
herself out, feet first, kicking the attacking Sioux off.

He falls and is trampled by the pursuing horses.

Becca crawls along the outside of the cab to the canvas back of the truck, where she starts removing war-painted attackers with skill and ease.

INT. CAB - TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

THUNK! Something lands on the roof. A tomahawk begins to smash at the windshield from above.

CPT. WEISS

They don't bloody give up, do they?

He empties his pistol into the roof. A body slams down onto the hood, disappearing under the front with a bump and crunch.

Suddenly, Levy's window explodes. Hands reach in, thrashing around with a long knife.

Levy struggles to fight off the attacker while keeping the truck under control, but he's pulled halfway out of the broken window.

The door screeches and swings open, Levy and the Sioux hanging from it.

CLOSE UP: the door's top hinge begins to come away from the bodywork of the truck.

Weiss slides into Levy's seat.

COL. STEINHAUSER

I'll take the wheel. Help him!

Steinhausers steers, leaving Weiss free to rain punches onto the Sioux's face.

EXT. FIELD OF ELEPHANT GRASS - CONTINUOUS

Riding at full speed, a group of Sioux converge on their CHIEF -- resplendent in full head-dress -- who lights the tips of their arrows with a flaming torch.

I/E. CAB - TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Levy and Weiss force the Sioux to drop the knife. Enraged, the Sioux screams, head-butting Levy in the face.

CLOSE UP: the middle door hinge begins to twist.

Levy hits him back, but the Sioux grabs his neck, smashing his head into the door frame.

CLOSE UP: the middle hinge gives --

Just as the door comes away, Becca swings down and grabs Levy's wrist, pulling him up onto the roof of the cab.

The unlucky Sioux bounces on the ground, rolls underneath the truck, and is crushed by the back wheels.

LEVY

Thanks.

EXT. FIELD OF ELEPHANT GRASS - CONTINUOUS

Still riding flat out, the Sioux unleash a hail of flaming arrows on the truck. Most of them land on the canvas -- now cleared of clingers-on by Becca -- setting it aflame.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The soldiers are trapped in a minor inferno.

But on the plus side, Krieger leaps up, brandishing the freshly un-jammed machine-gun.

SGT. KRIEGER

Ready!

PETROVSKY

About fucking time.

He notices that the canvas is almost entirely burned away on the right side of the truck -- gets an idea.

PETROVSKY

Jack! Handbrake, ninety right!

EXT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Levy climbs down from the cab roof and stands in the open space where the driver's door used to be:

LEVY

Roger that!

(to Weiss)

When I say so, pull the handbrake, hard.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Petrovsky lines up the men on the right side of the truck.

PETROVSKY
(to Krieger)
You, with your pop gun, here in the
middle.

Krieger offers a grudgingly respectful smile.

SGT. KRIEGER
Ballsy. You think this'll work?

Petrovsky just grins and shrugs.

PETROVSKY
(calls to Levy)
Ready!

I/E. TRUCK/CAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Levy leans through the door hole and grabs the wheel.

LEVY
(to Weiss)
Now!

Levy jerks the wheel hard right as Weiss yanks the handbrake.

The truck skids round ninety degrees, so the full arsenal in the back is pointed through the burnt hole in the canvas.

By the time the truck has ground sideways to a halt, half a ton of hot lead has been unleashed upon the Sioux.

None of them remain standing.

Levy leans over the wheel and blows out a huge puff of air. Weiss slaps his back.

CPT. WEISS
Well done.

Steinhauser, stone-faced, reaches out a hand. Levy pauses, then shakes it. They exchange a thin smile.

EXT. APC - EMPTY LANDSCAPE - LATER

The futuristic Armored Personnel Carrier (the 'flying tank') sits in a small crater in an otherwise unnaturally featureless landscape, ominously silent.

Behind it a deep trough has been carved in the ground by its crash landing.

Levy and co's scorched truck squeaks to a stop nearby, and the soldiers cautiously emerge.

BECCA
Sims?! SIMS?!

COL. STEINHAUSER
Quiet, what if those things are still here?

BECCA
If they're here we're fucked anyway.
Shouting won't make a difference. Sims!

The Americans and Germans cautiously hang back, guns at the ready, as Becca strides over to the APC and crawls in through the escape hatch.

A few moments of silence. Tense faces scan the horizon.

One of them is Normal's. As his gaze passes over the crash-path of the APC he pauses, tilts his head.

VALERIO
Normal, what you got?

Normal ignores him, and starts to wander off.

VALERIO
Normal. Normal! Cap! Normal's... Goddamn I wish he'd stop doing that.

The others turn to see what's going on.

PETROVSKY
Normal, where you going?

NORMAL
(waves them away)
I'll be back in a minute.

BRICKLAND
Has there ever been one time that...

He's interrupted by a loud CLANG from the APC, making everybody jump. They turn to see Becca kicking open the crumpled main entrance hatch.

BECCA
She's dead.

INT. CRASHED APC - MOMENTS LATER

Becca leads Levy and Jenner into the stricken craft, dimly lit by red emergency lights. Steinhauser and Weiss follow.

It's the size of a small bus. Broken futuristic consoles and instruments line the walls.

There are scorch marks and scratches around the interior, and a DEAD BODY lies crumpled in one corner.

CPT. WEISS

How many of you were there, originally?

BECCA

Five. We broke the rules, tried to get out by blowing a hole in the wall, but the robots came. Sims and I... You wanna see?

LEVY

What?

Becca goes to the body -- SIMS -- in the corner and takes off its helmet, revealing another shaven-headed woman (20's).

BECCA

Here.

She puts the helmet over an uncertain Levy's head. We go to his POV as images start to play on the inside of the visor:

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN LANDSCAPE - ARENA - DAY

We're seeing Cloverfield-style shaky-cam images recorded from a camera in Sims's helmet.

We run along with four other BLACK-SUITED FIGURES, two men (BATES and WARREN), one woman (VICKERS) and Becca.

BATES

Who's got the detonators?

BECCA

I do, here.

She hands something to one of the other Figures, who crouches and plants a bomb in the middle of the ground.

VICKERS

Okay, eight seconds, go, go!

They all run away from the bomb. We turn back to see a huge EXPLOSION tear a hole in the horizon -- they have punched through a wall made to look like the landscape goes on forever.

BECCA

Clear!

BATES

Move, double-time!

The Figures all run to the hole. One sticks his head through.

SIMS (O.C.)

What do you see?

WARREN

It looks like--

BECCA

INCOMING, THREE O'CLOCK!

The helmet-cam turns to see five ROBOTS charging towards them.

BATES

Back to the ship!

In the shaky images recorded as Sims sprints back to the APC we catch glimpses of Becca running alongside her and the robots attacking the three unit members behind them.

One is punched in the head and sent crashing into the wall.

We hear screaming coming through the helmet intercoms.

Ahead, Becca makes it into the APC and reaches back to help pull Sims in, just as a robotic foot SLAMS into the hull.

SIMS (O.C.)

Ah, my leg!

We tumble into the APC as the hatch slams shut.

BECCA

We gotta get out of here!

SIMS (O.C.)

What about the others?

The image suddenly cuts off, and we're back:

INT. CRASHED APC - CONTINUOUS

Becca pulls the helmet off Levy's head.

BECCA
You get the idea.

COL. STEINHAUSER
What? What did you see?

LEVY
They blew a hole in the wall, made a way out.

COL. STEINHAUSER
Where?

BECCA
Few clicks north-west. But it's guarded.

CPT. WEISS
What does it lead to?

Becca goes to one of the consoles and hits a few buttons. The screen is cracked, but after whacking the panel a couple of times a complex 3-D building schematic appears.

BECCA
We used our sensors to map what's outside. There's a large complex. This big dome thing is us. There's another smaller one over here, then a bunch of smaller rooms and tunnels. We think this
(points at screen)
...is the way out of the whole thing. But who knows. We were just trying to find someone who knows what the fuck's going on.

The cogs in Steinhauser's head are turning.

COL. STEINHAUSER
Are there any weapons here we can use?

BECCA
Just have a couple of P-grenades.

COL. STEINHAUSER
P-grenade?

She takes a futuristic grenade from her belt.

BECCA

Plasma grenade. Fun stuff.
(points out buttons on the side)
You can set the timer manually and
choose a blast size anywhere from little
pop to big boom. Oh, yeah, and there's
also the nuke.

LEVY & JENNER

Nuke???

Becca goes to a busted storage unit and produces what looks like
a large football with a digital console and strap.

JENNER

That's a nuclear bomb?

BECCA

All the cool kids have one.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Uranium or plutonium?

BECCA

Plutonium, why?

COL. STEINHAUSER

What's the yield?

BECCA

About two hundred mega-to... Wait a
minute, you guys are from 1944, right?
(Weiss looks nervous)
They didn't drop the bombs until '45.
How do you know about this stuff?

COL. STEINHAUSER

(hesitant)
Our... spies were able to--

LEVY

No more bullshit.
(looks at him, thinking)
The crate. In the truck. You've got one.
You've got a fucking nuke.

EXT. CRASHED APC - MOMENTS LATER

The group emerges from the APC to find a bit of a hubbub.

Normal -- together with the Viking, Adeodatus, Petrovsky, and a couple of German troops -- is dragging the mangled remains of the robot Becca crippled by blowing out the escape hatch.

NORMAL

Okay, guys, that'll do it. Nice work.

He moves to high five the Viking. The Viking doesn't get it.

NORMAL

(pats his hand)

C'mon, up here.

The Viking frowns, then smacks Normal's hand, knocking him clean over to the ground.

JENNER

(seeing the mangled robot)

Whoa, what'd we miss?

SGT. KRIEGER

(to Steinhauser)

One of the Americans found the remains of this machine, sir.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Leave them. Something has come up.

Levy brushes past him, headed for the truck, followed by Becca and Weiss. Petrovsky joins them as Steinhauser and Krieger hurry along behind.

PETROVSKY

What's going on?

LEVY

Our friends have been holding out on us.

They reach the truck. A lone GERMAN SOLDIER sits in the back guarding the sliced-in-half crate.

LEVY

Open it.

The German Soldier looks at Weiss, uncertain.

CPT. WEISS

Do it.

The Soldier pulls off the lid, revealing a large NUCLEAR BOMB. Part of the bomb has been sliced away like the crate.

PETROVSKY

Jesus...

COL. STEINHAUSER

The detonators are damaged, but the core still seems to be intact.

LEVY

What does that mean?

COL. STEINHAUSER

It means we have forty pounds of plastic explosive with a lump of plutonium in the middle. It's basically just a large conventional bomb at this point.

PETROVSKY

So are we all radioactive now?

COL. STEINHAUSER

The radiation can't penetrate your skin.

BECCA

But... how? Germany didn't have the bomb.

Weiss opens his mouth, but stops, looks at Steinhauser.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Go ahead. Tell them. No more lies. We need to work together.

CPT. WEISS

It was a secret project. Almost no one knows about it, even in the military. We were to smuggle the weapon to London and detonate it.

There's a long silence as everyone stares at the weapon. Then:

LEVY

Close it up. We need to get moving.

He starts to walk off.

PETROVSKY

(quietly)

Uh, Jack? I think some of the guys are kinda hungry. It's been a long day, y'know?

Levy looks around at the men, wiping sweat from their faces, drinking from canteens -- clearly exhausted.

LEVY
 Right. Thanks Leo.
 (calls out)
 Okay, fellas, chow time!

A small cheer erupts from the group.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We are watching the scene on some kind of futuristic 3-D screen. Levy by the truck, Normal with the mangled robot...

Two strange, throaty voices are in the room, speaking some unrecognizable language.

VOICE 1 (O.C.)
They're not fighting. They're working together.

VOICE 2 (O.C.)
For the moment. Send another opponent. Who's closest?

Slender fingers glide over an elaborate console...

EXT. NEAR CRASHED APC - LATER

Clusters of men sit around eating from ration packs. A few Germans are starting to mingle with the Americans now, chatting, making jokes.

Normal tinkers with the busted-up robot. As he digs around with a wrench, a huge, three-foot-long BLADE shoots out of the robot's arm with a SHUNK.

NORMAL
 Sweet.

We drift over to find Valerio and Rawlins sitting with Adeodatus and the Viking. The Americans are clearly having fun teaching their new friends English.

RASTA VIKING
 (slowly, sounding the words out)
 Yo... mama's got... a glass eye... with
 a fish in it.

Valerio and Rawlins collapse in laughter and high five.

RAWLINS

Okay, okay, make him go.

Valerio says something to Adeodatus in Italian.

ADEODATUS

(again, parrot-fashion)

Yo mamus got... a peg leg... wit a kick-stand.

More laughter.

VALERIO

Okay, all together now this time, right?
Ready?

He waves his hands like he's conducting an orchestra.

VALERIO, RAWLINS, ADEODATUS & VIKING

Fuck you, you fucking fuck!

They all laugh, but the smile falls from Adeodatus's lips as his eyes wander over to see Becca talking to Levy.

LEVY

I don't trust him.

BECCA

Who, Colonel Klink?

She looks over to where Steinhauser and Krieger are talking in quiet, urgent German.

BECCA

You shouldn't. Those two have been yakking away about nukes and all the fun things they could do with them for the last half hour.

LEVY

How do you know?

BECCA

Tactical bionic enhancement.
(off his questioning look)

Implants.

(his eyes instinctively flick to her chest)

Nooo, not that kind. Computer chips, bone grafts. I've been 'upgraded'.

LEVY

From what?

BECCA
 (grins)
 From you.

LEVY
 How do you mean?

BECCA
 I can see better, see at night, hear
 better, filter sound, I'm smarter,
 stronger, faster, better reflexes...

LEVY
 And you can understand German?

BECCA
 I can speak, read and write any language
 that has been spoken on Earth for the last
 3,000 years. Well, 3,000 years from 2156.
 Fuck knows where we are now.

LEVY
 Wow.

BECCA
 I know. I've probably got a bigger cock
 than you as well.
 (they both laugh)
 Anyway, if you're worried about the
 Germans, I'll keep an eye on them, make
 sure they play nice. Or I could just
 snap their necks now and save us all the
 anxiety.

Levy smiles, then grows serious for a moment.

LEVY
 I'm sorry about your unit.

BECCA
 Don't be. We weren't exactly close.

LEVY
 Don't take this the wrong way, but how come
 you haven't tried to kill us? I mean, with
 all those enhancements it can't be too hard
 to beat, what was it, seven armies?

BECCA
 I don't want to play the game anymore. We
 beat four armies -- four big armies, but
 just guys with swords and spears, you know?
 It didn't feel right. It felt like murder.
 (MORE)

BECCA (cont'd)

So we tried to break out. We'd... Well, I'd had enough. Bates -- my C.O. -- would have happily carried on. Enjoys killing a bit too much in my opinion. Still, that's the world we grew up in I suppose.

LEVY

What's it like where you're from?

BECCA

Hmmm. Well, I think it could be best described as a 'fucking shithole'.

LEVY

What, no flying cars and x-ray specs?

BECCA

Oh no, we've got all that, but pretty much the entire world is at war with each other, and nobody really knows why.

LEVY

What do you mean nobody knows?

BECCA

(sighs wearily)

Most armies have been privatized and bought by multinats -- corporations -- so there's not a whole lot of political or religious ideology about. I mean I kill for a pharmaceutical company for fuck's sake. Large chunks of Africa and Asia are totally uninhabitable, which means there's a shitheap of people and not much space for them to live in. Oh, and here's one you'll like: being a man you'd have an eighty-five percent chance of being randomly selected for castration at birth.

LEVY

Well that sounds like something to look forward to.

BECCA

You wanna see?

She pulls what looks like a folded sheet of plastic from her pocket and hands it to Levy.

LEVY

What's this?

BECCA

It's a Knowledge. Unfold it.

He does. A touch screen image appears on the plastic.

LEVY
What do I do?

BECCA
Just type in what you want to know.
Like, I dunno...
(she takes it, touch-types)
... 'War, 2156'. There you go, you can
see the future.

Levy stares at what resembles a very advanced Wikipedia page. By touching the screen he can scroll through text, maps, photographs... He's totally engrossed.

BECCA
(almost to herself)
You know, back in the good old days, if
you were a king and you wanted to go to
war you picked up a sword and fought.
(beat)
I don't even know who my king is anymore.

LEVY
(reading from screen)
Son of a bitch...

BECCA
What?

LEVY
Son of a motherfucking cocksucking
bitch! Look at this!

He points at the screen. It's a picture of a familiar-looking ARAB MAN with sharp but eerily expressionless features.

BECCA
Assid Malouf. Not a nice man. So?

Levy gets up and runs over to Petrovsky with the screen.

LEVY
Leo! You have to see this.

Petrovsky is sitting eating ration-pack baked beans.

PETROVSKY
(mouth full)
What?

Levy hands him the screen. Petrovsky reads for a minute then spits out his food.

PETROVSKY
(standing up)
What the hell is this thing?

LEVY
It's Malouf, the guy with the hostages.
He's the next fucking Bin Laden! Look at
this shit: chemical attack on the Berlin
metro, 2010, bombs the Sears Tower, 2012,
bombs the Houses of Parliament, 2012, the
U.S. and Britain go to war with Pakistan,
2013, nuclear strike on--

PETROVSKY
Wait wait wait, slow down, what am I
looking at?

LEVY
It's the future, Leo! This guy! This guy
we were supposed to get is gonna start
World War 3, do you--

NORMAL
(approaching)
Cap?

LEVY
Not now, Normal!

NORMAL
I think you--

LEVY
Not n...

He suddenly notices that it's gotten darker. All the other soldiers are on their feet, looking around warily as the air thickens into a mist.

VALERIO
Oh fuck.

JENNER
(grabbing rifle)
Here we go again...

Partially obscured by the thick haze, huge, broad oak trees suddenly shoot up out of the ground around them.

RAWLINS
Cap? Whadda we do?

Steinhauser starts calmly giving orders in German to his five remaining men. They grab their guns and make ready.

LEVY
Eyes open. Nobody shoots till I say.

The Rangers lock and load, side-by-side with the Germans.

COL. STEINHAUSER
Perhaps I should move my men into a right flanking position. We don't have to be the aggressors, but it would be prudent to keep our options open.

BECCA
I've got to agree with Bratwurst on this one, Jack.

LEVY
Fine, but we don't attack first, agreed?

The Viking readies his massive broadsword with a grim smile.

BRICKLAND
There!

He points at vague silhouettes moving off to one side.

One of the Germans mutters, terrified, under his breath.

The shapes advance until we can just about make them out, then stop in a long line.

The line is composed of about twenty MEDIEVAL KNIGHTS on horseback -- clad in full, gleaming suits of armor -- and accompanied by another 200 FOOT SOLDIERS in chain mail, carrying swords, spears, bows and arrows.

A few unbearably tense seconds of silence tick by. Each side regards the other, unmoving.

Finally one of the knights on horseback pulls his sword out of its sheath with a loud SHHHHIIING!!

One of the Germans cocks his rifle...

COL. STEINHAUSER
No!

...and FIRES, but the bullet just zings off the knight's armor.

The Knight (early 40's) raises his visor and looks curiously at the new dent in his breastplate, before turning to his opponents and shouting out in a deep, booming voice:

KNIGHT

I am Sir Guy de Villiers. I claim these lands in the name of King Richard. Let no man who is not loyal to his name remain alive on the field of battle this day!

As he raises his sword in the air his men cheer loudly. On the flanks of the line ARCHERS notch arrows onto their bowstrings and pull them taut, ready to fire.

BRICKLAND

Can we shoot now, Cap?

Levy looks around at his men, the Germans, the medieval horde... And then he drops his rifle and strides out into the space between them, hands in the air.

LEVY

Stop!

Both sides watch in curious silence.

LEVY

We don't want to fight! We are not your enemies.

(to the Rangers)

Lower your weapons.

BECCA

Um, Jack...

LEVY

Now!

The Rangers reluctantly obey. The Germans watch nervously, guns still aimed.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Do as he says.

They lower their weapons.

KNIGHT/SIR GUY

Who addresses us?

LEVY

My name is Captain Jack Levy, and I've had enough killing for one day. You are not our enemy and we are not yours.

(MORE)

LEVY (cont'd)

We've all been taken from our homes and brought here to kill for reasons none of us understand. Someone is manipulating us. Someone is using us all for their own agenda. That someone is my enemy. And he should be yours as well. So make a choice: do we die here, now, for no reason? Or do we unite and fight that enemy together?

Another tense silence as Sir Guy ponders this. Finally:

SIR GUY

Very well.

He signals to the archers to lower their bows. Everybody lets out a big sigh of relief.

Becca pats Levy on the shoulder.

BECCA

Nice speech.

LEVY

Thanks.

She gives him a lingering look in the eyes, smiling slightly.

BECCA

You're a good guy, aren't you?

LEVY

I dunno. I hope so.

BECCA

Yeah, you are.

(beat)

Probably just got us all killed though.

LEVY

What?

Sir Guy strides over and grasps Levy's shoulder in an old-timey gesture of respect.

SIR GUY

There is truth in your words, Captain Jacklevy, however strangely you may speak them. Verily am I confounded by these perverse environs and our presence herein. I beg to ask whence did you come to arrive thus before our army?

LEVY

Ummm, yeah... Right. Listen, I just need to--

He turns to find Steinhauser there.

COL. STEINHAUSER

That was a bold move, Captain. But sometimes words are stronger than bullets. I... was impressed.

Levy is a bit thrown by Steinhauser being nice to him.

LEVY

Uh... Thanks?

Becca clears her throat loudly. Everybody turns.

BECCA

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

Sir Guy suddenly notices Becca's a woman, bows deeply.

SIR GUY

My lady! Forgive my distraction.

LEVY

(ignoring Sir Guy)
What do you mean pickle?

As if in answer to this, deep thumping sounds and weird mechanical noises echo through the mist towards them.

PETROVSKY

What's that?

There's a nervous murmuring from some of the medieval footsoldiers on the far flank. A couple start to run towards our group, terror on their faces.

BECCA

I told you the rules...
(a scream in the distance)
... Fight or die.

As more terrified soldiers flee, two hulking, eight-foot-tall ROBOTS emerge through the mist.

ROBOT ONE grabs a passing FOOT SOLDIER, picks him up, and flings him into a broad oak tree with bone-shattering force, killing him instantly.

RAWLINS

Holy shit!

SIR GUY

What in God's name are those creatures?

LEVY

Everyone back to the truck!

One of the Knights on horseback charges towards ROBOT TWO, sword drawn, but is brutally CLOTHES-LINED to the ground.

A few of the braver footsoldiers try to attack with swords and spears. In response, long blades -- like the one Normal saw earlier -- extend from the robots' arms, hacking the footsoldiers to pieces.

The robots are blocking the path from our guys to the truck.

LEVY

Down the left flank. Brickland, Rawlins, covering fire.

BECCA

No, wait!

But it's too late. Brickland and Rawlins shoulder their rifles, take aim, and let out two quick bursts at Robot One.

The bullets bounce off the metal beast in a shower of sparks.

Robot One immediately spins around to face these new attackers. The blade on its right arm retracts with a CHUNK, and is replaced immediately by a three-barreled MACHINE GUN.

Robot One fires. Before he even knows what's happened, Brickland is ripped to bloody pieces by a hail of hot lead.

RAWLINS

No!

BECCA

Don't shoot at them!

Meanwhile limbs are flying as Robot Two slices and dices its way through the medieval forces.

One of the Archers fires off an arrow at Robot Two. The robot snatches it out of the air, spins it round, and hurls it back at the Archer with such force that it shatters his kneecap, coming out the back of his leg.

The Archer drops to the ground, screaming in agony.

EXT. CLUMP OF TREES - WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

The Americans, Germans and Sir Guy manage to edge closer to the truck by taking cover behind a string of trees, but now there's no way past Robot One.

JENNER

Shit.

CPT. WEISS

We need a diversion.

SIR GUY

I will go.

LEVY

Thanks, but you're not gonna break any land speed records in that tin man suit.

SIR GUY

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

RAWLINS

I'll go, Cap.

BECCA

I'll help you.

SIR GUY

My lady, I--

BECCA

Don't even think about arguing with me.

LEVY

All right. We'll try to cover you. On the count of three. One...

NORMAL

Wait a sec, Cap. Sarge, gimme the RPG.

PETROVSKY

What?

NORMAL

Just give it, okay?

Petrovsky takes a compact disposable ROCKET LAUNCHER from his pack and grudgingly hands it over.

NORMAL

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

LEVY

What are you--

NORMAL

There's no time to explain, just trust me, okay?

And with that Normal grabs a low-hanging branch and starts to pull himself up the tree.

BECCA

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

She grabs Rawlins by the arm and they run into the open towards Sir Guy's beleaguered men.

Robot One takes the bait, giving the rest a chance to head for the truck under cover of the trees.

Petrovsky and Levy look back over their shoulders.

PETROVSKY

(re: Becca and Rawlins)
Shit. They're fucked.

Robot One lumbers towards Becca and Rawlins, closing in.

It reaches out a long arm to snatch Rawlins, but just in time Becca grabs him, lifts him bodily into the air, and suddenly increases her running speed threefold, zooming them both away to the cover of nearby trees in a superhuman blur.

PETROVSKY

Whoa.

LEVY

Seriously.

I/E. TRUCK - WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

They reach the truck and all pile in, Levy taking the wheel.

The truck's pretty beat up by this point, and makes a loud grating noise as Levy tries to get the ignition started.

LEVY

Come on, come on...

The engine refuses to catch, coughing and grating.

A hundred yards away Robot One -- now with nothing to chase -- turns to face the sound of the engine.

COL. STEINHAUSER
Stay calm. It'll start.

LEVY
I hope you're right...

Through the windshield they see Robot One start to lumber towards them.

LEVY
Shit shit shit...

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

LEVY
Come on you son of a bitch!

Thirty... Twenty... Ten...

VROOOOOM!

The engine finally roars to life. Levy slams it in gear and wheel-spins the truck away from the advancing robot.

Robot One continues to close in as the truck swerves around trees, bumping over their roots.

Its blades slash into the back of the truck, disembowelling an unfortunate GERMAN SOLDIER.

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

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

COL. STEINHAUSER
What are you doing? We're going back the way we came.

LEVY
We have to get back to Normal.

EXT. HIGH TREE BRANCH - WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

Normal straddles a high branch, watching Robot One chase the truck towards him.

He takes the rocket launcher and extends it to its full length -- SHH-CHUNK.

He lines the sight up with the relentlessly advancing robot.

NORMAL

Come to daddy.

The truck tears past underneath him. As Robot One follows it Normal swivels, aims, and fires a rocket into its back.

BOOM. The explosion knocks Robot One to the ground, where it twitches and convulses, unable to stand up again.

A few yards away the truck skids to a stop.

EXT. UNDERNEATH TREE - WOODLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Levy and others jump out of the truck stand at a cautious distance from the twitching robot, guns aimed.

Steinhauser remains in the truck cab. He notices that Levy dropped something on the seat -- the Knowledge. He picks it up and looks at it curiously.

Outside, Normal drops down from the tree and casually strolls over to it, pulling out his combat knife.

NORMAL

Thought that might do it. Nice driving, Cap.

LEVY

What did... How did...

NORMAL

Hang on a sec.

The others watch, open-mouthed, as Normal climbs onto the body of the twitching robot, searches around for something on its back, and then stabs hard with his knife a few times beneath the robot's shoulder.

The robot gives one final shudder, and then is still.

NORMAL

When I was playing with the other one I found this little black panel behind the shoulder with lots of important-looking circuits in it. Figured it was worth a pop.

PETROVSKY

(baffled, but sincere)
Good job, Normal.

NORMAL

(smiles proudly)
Thanks, Sarge.

But this cuddly moment is interrupted by sounds of carnage and death coming through the trees.

LEVY

Becca...

EXT. ANOTHER CLEARING - WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

Body parts litter the ground as knights and footsoldiers continue to be hacked to pieces.

Becca runs and hops around with astonishing speed and dexterity, pulling soldiers out of harm's way while dodging the whirling blades.

She sees Rawlins about to be turned into shish-kebab, and dives to push him out of danger, catching a hard robot backhand in the face.

She's knocked to the ground ten feet away, stunned. Robot Two turns to pursue, but human hands grab Becca by the shoulders and pull her to her feet.

She looks up to find herself face to face with Levy.

BECCA

(with a dazed smile)
Hello, stranger.

Also there are the remaining Americans, along with Weiss (Adeodatus and the Viking also stand behind). They all simultaneously raise their guns at the advancing robot.

Robot Two stops in its tracks. The metal blades retract, and the three-barreled guns pop out of its arms.

LEVY
 (to the men)
 Freeze!

Nobody moves. It's a Mexican standoff. Robot Two keeps its guns pointed at them, but doesn't fire.

LEVY
 Put your guns down.
 (everyone's hesitant)
 Do it!

They reluctantly drop their guns. Robot Two responds by retracting the gun barrels. Cogs are turning in Levy's head.

LEVY
 Okay, everybody stay still.

PETROVSKY
 Jack, what are you...

Levy bends down slowly and picks up a sword from a hacked off arm lying on the ground. As he comes up with the sword, a blade extends out of Robot Two's arm.

Levy drops the sword. The blade in the robot's arm retracts.

LEVY
 Now we're getting somewhere... Becca,
 take Leo, Normal, Valerio and the Viking
 and go right. The rest of us are going
 left.
 (Robot Two stalks towards them)
 Jenner, hang back. You know what you're
 aiming for?

JENNER
 Black panel, right shoulder.

LEVY
 Good. Okay, move!

The group splits in two, each half going a different side of the robot. The robot pauses, not knowing who to follow.

The Viking is the first to engage, raising his massive broadsword with a growling war-cry.

Becca and the others pick up swords and spears from the ground to defend themselves as the robot charges after them.

The Viking is a stronger swordsman than the medieval soldiers. He parries the robot's blows, steel sparking against steel. It helps that he also has Becca's speed and strength at his side.

The robot's other blade extends as Levy's group charges in from the other side, swords raised, forcing the robot to fight two separate groups with each arm.

Unfortunately Robot Two seems more than capable of doing this, and our heroes frequently find themselves running for cover as their weapons are knocked from their hands.

NORMAL

We've got to turn it around!

INSERT: crouched against a tree, Jenner raises the sniper scope to his eye.

The two groups try to manoeuvre the robot into exposing its back to Jenner.

In the chaos of whirling steel, the robot's blade manages to find a gap. In one brutal slice, Rawlins's head, shoulder and left arm are separated from his body.

VALERIO

Rawlins!

Robot Two definitely has the upper hand now, and is beating back our plucky heroes.

Levy finds himself scrambling backwards, and trips on a tree root. He sprawls on the ground, dropping his sword.

Robot Two steps in for the kill, his blade thundering towards at defenseless Levy until...

BANG.

The robot convulses. The blade stops in mid-air, inches from Levy's throat.

As the blade jerks erratically we RACK FOCUS to see Jenner behind it, thirty yards away, eye to the scope.

He fires again. The robot stops jerking.

Levy breathes a deep sigh of relief.

EXT. THE SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Levy, Petrovsky, Valerio and Jenner stand over Rawlins's body.

VALERIO
Motherfuckers.

PETROVSKY
We've gotta do something, Jack. We gotta
get out of here.

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

Sir Guy approaches.

SIR GUY
Your comrade fought bravely. As did you
all. My men and I owe you our lives, and
our allegiance.
(kneels and bows)
I pledge myself and my army to your
command, Captain Jacklevy.

LEVY
No, look, please, you don't need to--

SIR GUY
You have our loyal and devoted service.

LEVY
Please, get up.
(helps Sir Guy to his feet)
I... Thank you. Go and see to your men.

Sir Guy does his shoulder-grasp friendship thing and goes.

LEVY
Fuck.

He walks off towards Normal and Becca, who are examining the
still-frozen robot. Petrovsky catches up to him.

PETROVSKY
Whaddaya mean fuck? We just got a whole
bunch of guys on our side!

LEVY
You got a whole bunch of guys on your
side. I got a whole bunch more lives I'm
now responsible for.

PETROVSKY
Jack--

LEVY
Normal, any good news?

NORMAL

Yeah, I just saved a bunch of money on my car insurance by switching to Geico.

LEVY

(not laughing)

Can you figure out an easier way to kill these things?

NORMAL

It would help if they came with a manual.
(notices the tense, weary
look on Levy's face)
I'll see what I can do.

EXT. TRUCK (STATIONARY) - WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

The truck sits alone where they left it after the chase. As we move round it we find Steinhauser and Krieger huddled together in the cab.

Steinhauser is holding a flat plastic screen -- the Knowledge -- and reading an article titled "World War Two". We can see he's devastated as he scrolls past a photograph of Hitler.

COL. STEINHAUSER

*He kills himself. After everything he...
I believed in him, Krieger. I believed we
were making a better world.*

SGT. KRIEGER

I know, sir. I'm sorry.

COL. STEINHAUSER

It's my fault.

SGT. KRIEGER

What?

COL. STEINHAUSER

*Our mission. I failed. I was supposed to
bring the Fuhrer victory, and I failed.*

SGT. KRIEGER

*Sir, what are you talking about? No one
could have foreseen this. There's
nothing you could do.*

Steinhauser doesn't seem to hear him, staring at the screen.

COL. STEINHAUSER

But maybe it's not too late.

He scrolls down to a picture of a MUSHROOM CLOUD.

EXT. CLEARING - WOODLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Steinhauser and Krieger approach Levy, Becca and Weiss, who are helping medieval knights patch up their wounds.

COL. STEINHAUSER

I hear the knights have agreed to join us. That's good news, we'll need more men. My unit is almost finished.

LEVY

Right, but more men for what?

Steinhauser's eyes flick briefly to the 'football'-nuke strapped to Becca's back.

COL. STEINHAUSER

If I may?

(he crouches next to Levy,
lowers his voice)

To fight back. If we can convince more armies to join us we could get a real force together.

LEVY

Okay, well, assuming we can persuade another army to join us--

COL. STEINHAUSER

You inspired these men, you can inspire others.

BECCA

He's right. As soon as anyone sees we've taken out a robot -- two robots -- they'll join. Anyone who's been here a while knows what that means.

LEVY

Fine, but even then, what do we do, just wait for them to send fifty of those things, or a hundred?

BECCA

We go to the hole I made. If we get big enough numbers we can storm it, fight our way out.

As Levy ponders this, Normal comes sauntering over.

NORMAL

Any chance we could get the truck over here?

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - WOODLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Levy and Becca drive the truck back over to Normal.

LEVY

I'm not disagreeing, but we need to think this through.

BECCA

What's to think? Uncle Fritz finally came up with a good idea. We get out, find whoever brought us here and get them to send us back.

LEVY

How?

BECCA

(pats the football-nuke)
We tell them that if they don't we'll nuke 'em.

LEVY

Okay, but we'd also be nuking ourselves. You want us to be suicide bombers?

BECCA

I'm sorry, did you have other plans for the evening?

EXT. CLEARING - WOODLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The truck's parked next to Robot Two, which Normal has laid out on the ground next to a dismantled radio.

LEVY

You really think you can do it?

NORMAL

Don't see why not. Just needs a couple of bits of engine and then the radio which, let's face it, wasn't doing us much good anyway.

PETROVSKY

How're we supposed to move the truck if you've taken apart the engine?

Normal turns to one of the knights on horseback.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK (STATIONARY) - WOODLAND - LATER

Sir Guy sits on the roof of the cab holding a set of reins. Hitched up to the cab in front of him are four HORSES to pull the truck along like a wagon.

SIR GUY

Ready!

LEVY

(to everyone)

Alright, let's move out!

Sir Guy flicks the reins and the horses pull the truck forward.

Normal sits in the back, dismantling and tinkering with his radio, the truck's engine and the dead robot like a science project.

The two other mangled robots are dragged on the ground behind.

The rest follow on foot or horseback. Becca looks on proudly and pats Levy on the back.

BECCA

Alright, Jackie-boy, let's go looking for a fight!

As the procession moves off...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Once again we're watching the action on a 3-D holographic screen in some dark, mysterious room.

The familiar strange voices speak once more as slender fingers manipulate controls, allowing them to view the images from different angles.

VOICE 2 (O.C.)

They've done it again. Interesting.

VOICE 1 (O.C.)

Shall I send the robots?

VOICE 2 (O.C.)
No, leave them. Let's see what happens.

EXT. VARIOUS LANDSCAPES - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS showing the procession marching through Arena.

- As they march the trees and mist suddenly stop in a dead straight line, so they find themselves traveling again through the unnaturally empty, featureless landscape.
- The Viking nudges Valerio and points: three VIKING LONGBOATS sit, beached and empty, in the middle of the empty landscape. It's an eerie sight.
- Levy talks to Becca as they share water from his canteen. She checks their heading on a futuristic compass that's grafted onto her wrist like a moving tattoo.
- Normal concentrates intently on attaching pieces of engine and radio to the back of the robot.
- Steinhauser eyes the football-nuke strapped to Becca's back, and the plasma grenades on her webbing.
- In the Control Room, hands move over the console, selecting options from a virtual TERRAIN MAP.
- In the Arena the landscape changes. The ground turns rocky, sinking downwards on one side while shooting up on the other. Soon they're in a narrow Alpine pathway surrounded by snow-capped mountains.

EXT. ALPINE LANDSCAPE - LATER

The horses are starting to have trouble pulling the truck-wagon over the rocky terrain. Becca, Levy, Weiss and the Viking have to help push it over small boulders.

LEVY
 What kind of army fights in a landscape
 like this?

An animalistic trumpeting sound echoes over to them across the mountains. Everybody stops dead, listening.

SIR GUY
 (to horses)
 Whoa there!

Another trumpeting sound, this time closer. There's also a deep rumbling, almost like an earthquake.

BECCA
 (answering Levy)
 I think we're about to find out.

The rumbling grows louder. Small rocks and pebbles are shaken loose, trickling down the mountain.

Everybody stares at the path ahead.

The rumbling is now accompanied by the indiscernible rabble of human voices approaching.

COL. STEINHAUSER
 Captain? Might it not be...?

He makes a 'gun' gesture. Levy nods.

LEVY
 Prudent. Right.
 (calls out)
 Weapons ready! Nobody attacks until I
 give the word.

He pushes his way past the truck-wagon to the front of the group, accompanied by Becca.

The rumbling and voices are really loud now.

BECCA
 Here they come...

As the oncoming army rounds the corner, Levy and co find themselves face to face with dozens of dark-skinned soldiers armed with exotic-looking swords and shields.

Most notable, however, is the fact that they are accompanied by five massive African ELEPHANTS -- twenty tons of grey flesh fronted by gleaming ivory tusks.

SIR GUY
 (under his breath)
 Sweet heavenly father...

PETROVSKY
 (under his breath)
 Fuck me...

Levy and Becca walk out towards them, hands in the air as a gesture of surrender.

LEVY
Any idea who we're dealing with here?

BECCA
Judging by the elephants I'm gonna say
Carthaginians, third century B.C. These
guys are good.

LEVY
You think you can translate?

BECCA
I'll give it a shot.

Up ahead the Carthaginian army slows to a stop, regarding our
motley bunch with curiosity. Levy clears his throat.

LEVY
Friends! We mean you no harm!

He looks at Becca to translate.

BECCA
Is that it?

LEVY
Let's just start there, shall we?

BECCA
Fair enough.

Becca says something in a strange and unfamiliar language, her
voice coming out with a metallic, artificial twang.

There is no movement from the Carthaginians.

LEVY
You think they understood?

BECCA
Say something else.

LEVY
We are not your enemies! Join us to
fight those who have taken us all from
our homes.

Becca translates simultaneously. Again, no reaction.

LEVY
I thought you said this was gonna be
easy.

BECCA
Well, maybe I...

One of the Carthaginians -- wearing decorated armor and a splendid headdress -- starts to approach them.

Levy looks at Becca nervously as he approaches... But the CARTHAGINIAN CHIEF walks straight past them as if they weren't there.

LEVY
What the...

They turn and watch him walk over to the back of the truck. He stands for a moment, staring at the mangled robots.

He tentatively kicks one of them. Then again, harder.

He starts walking back towards Becca and Levy, suddenly shouting something to his companions.

LEVY
What did he...?

The Carthaginian Chief comes right up to Levy, standing almost nose-to-nose with him. He stares intensely for a moment... Then falls to the ground and bows deeply.

LEVY
Um, okaaay.

Immediately the rest of the Carthaginian army falls to the ground in a deep, low bow. Becca grins.

BECCA
See? I always wanted to ride an elephant.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. VARIOUS LANDSCAPES - LATER

Becca sits atop an elephant, leading our ragtag army through different landscapes as it gradually swells in size:

- On a rolling grassy plain Levy gives his speech to a 16th Century CHINESE COMMANDER while Becca translates. We see that the 50-strong Chinese unit is armed with large CANNONS elaborately decorated as dragons.

- In a rainy, tree-studded meadow Levy shakes hands with a FRENCH NAPOLEONIC SOLDIER as his 35 blue-coated men -- armed with muskets -- mingle with the group.

- Steinhauser and Krieger brush past Becca as they march. Steinhauser smiles and apologizes, but we see that Krieger has swiped a PLASMA GRENADE from her webbing.
- In an arid, red desert a group of 20 AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES poke, prod and sniff the mangled robots tied to the truck, one of them tapping it with a sharpened wooden boomerang.
- We see Levy's army grow larger and larger on the 3-D holographic screen in the Control Room.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

Levy and Becca walk through their now nearly 500-strong army: diverse soldiers mingling, horses tied up next to elephants, Viking, Chinese and Napoleonic warriors comparing battle scars.

BECCA

Congratulations, Jack. You've built your very own United Nations. Now we just need a bunch of governments to ignore everything it says.

They walk past Jenner comparing rifles with a gobsmacked Napoleonic musketeer.

Nearby the Aborigines give a display of boomerang throwing and catching to an astonished group of Carthaginians.

LEVY

We could use some better hardware.

BECCA

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

LEVY

What's that?

She walks right up to him so their noses are almost touching, looks deep into his eyes... Then grabs his crotch.

BECCA

Balls.

They both smile. The tension between them is electric. But... it's broken by a polite cough.

They turn to see Weiss and Petrovsky watching them, amused.

CPT. WEISS
Sorry to disturb you.

LEVY
What's up?

PETROVSKY
Just did an ammo count. We're running a
little low.

Levy looks over at a nearby boulder where the two mangled robots have been strung up for target practice.

Valerio oversees as a group of knights, aborigines and Carthaginians all throw spears, most hitting the black rectangular weak spot on the robots' backs dead on.

LEVY
Never mind. I don't think it's gonna be
guns that win this anyhow.

EXT. NEAR THE TRUCK - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Krieger hovers by the sliced crate containing the German nuke. The two remaining GERMAN SOLDIERS stand guard.

Crouched next to the open side of the crate is Steinhauser. He's rigging up the PLASMA GRENADE they stole to the nuke.

SGT. KRIEGER
*You're certain we'll be able to escape
the blast, sir?*

COL. STEINHAUSER
*It won't be a nuclear detonation. The design
is like two bombs. The outer one...*
(points to the sphere of partially-
sliced plastic explosive)
*...explodes, triggering the nuclear
reaction inside. But our trigger is broken.
Still, the bang should be sufficient for
our purposes.*

SGT. KRIEGER
How many will it take out?

COL. STEINHAUSER
*Enough. The Vikings, the Sioux and the
Americans make three. The assault will
weaken them so we can take the rest. When
only need seven to get sent back. The
woman will be our only problem.*

SGT. KRIEGER

(hesitant)

Are you... sure this is the best course of action, sir? They might succeed. If we were to help them...

COL. STEINHAUSER

No. It's a fool's errand. This is the only way.

SGT. KRIEGER

Should we not at least discuss it with Captain Weiss?

COL. STEINHAUSER

I have reason to question Captain Weiss's loyalties. Should I also question yours?

SGT. KRIEGER

No, sir, but--

COL. STEINHAUSER

Do you understand the opportunity we've got here, Sergeant? We have been given a second chance at history, at winning the war. We have been chosen.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two FIGURES -- vague outlines of spindly, humanoid bodies -- stand in shadow, watching the 3-D hologram.

VOICE 1

One of them is playing the game.

VOICE 2

Good. Betrayal is a predictable side-effect of the survival instinct. Let's help him.

VOICE 1

How?

'Voice 2' moves to the console, hits buttons. The 3-D image switches from Steinhauser and Krieger to show rows upon rows upon rows of ROBOTS, neatly in formation, waiting.

Voice 2 hits more buttons. Three robots break out of formation and move off.

EXT. TRUCK - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - LATER

Levy, Becca and Petrovsky watch Normal put the finishing touches on whatever he's doing to his robot.

NORMAL

Anyone else find it odd how it never gets dark here?

PETROVSKY

Fuckin' A. I have no idea how long it's been since I last slept.

BECCA

(to Normal)

You notice the little things, don't you?

NORMAL

I guess. Drives these guys crazy.

BECCA

(re: robot mechanics)

How do you know how to do all that?

NORMAL

Ah, y'know, used to play around in my dad's garage at home. Plus I was a double major in physics and engineering at Stanford, so that helps.

He presses something and machine guns extend out of the robot's arms. He presses it again and they retract.

BECCA

There's no conscription where you guys are from, right? You all volunteered?

(they all nod)

Then forgive me for asking, Normal, but what the fuck's a brainiac like you doing in the army?

NORMAL

(laughs, still tinkering)

Well, I guess three reasons. One, to piss off the Sarge, here.

PETROVSKY

He's good at that.

NORMAL

Two, for the life experience.

BECCA
Okay, bullshit, bullshit. Three?

NORMAL
(grins)
Army's got the best toys.

He takes the Drone Plane's REMOTE CONTROL from his pack and starts pushing buttons. The robot sits up, turns its head to face the other three, and waves.

PETROVSKY
Ho-ly shit.

NORMAL
He likes you.

Levy's been quietly thinking this whole time.

LEVY
Normal, that physics degree teach you anything about time travel?

NORMAL
Not much, but I have seen *Back to the Future* a bunch of times. What's on your mind, Cap?

LEVY
Malouf.

NORMAL
The guy with the hostages?

LEVY
According to Becca's history book Knowledge thing he pretty much fucks up the world and starts a nuclear war, right? So what would happen if we went back and took him out?

BECCA
What are you talking about, Jack?

LEVY
Just for the sake of argument.

NORMAL
Well... I dunno. I guess either it works out and you change the future and everything's sunshine and rainbows and baskets of kittens... Or you create a paradox that unravels the fabric of space-time and destroys the universe.

PETROVSKY

I like the kittens one better.

COL. STEINHAUSER

How are the preparations coming?

They turn to see Steinhauser and Krieger approaching.

LEVY

Fine. Where have you been?

COL. STEINHAUSER

We were wondering how far we are from this hole of yours. I was thinking we should scout the area before we attack, see what we're up against.

BECCA

That's not a bad idea. We're close. Should be just north of here.

Levy grabs up his rifle.

LEVY

Normal, tell the others to get ready.

EXT. ROCKY SLOPE - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - LATER

Becca leads Levy and Petrovsky cautiously up a hill, weaving behind large boulders for cover. Steinhauser and Krieger bring up the rear. They reach the crest of the ridge.

BECCA

(whispers)

There. About fifty meters.

We follow her gaze down the hill to see the charred hole in an otherwise seamless fake horizon. It's guarded by a large group of ROBOTS.

LEVY

That's a lot of protection.

PETROVSKY

I count twenty.

As they scan the area, Steinhauser and Krieger quietly drop back and pull out their pistols. Steinhauser aims at Becca's head and pulls back the hammer with a soft 'click'.

Becca spins round. Before they know what's happened, the Germans are on the ground with bloodied faces, Becca aiming their guns at them.

LEVY

Jesus...

BECCA

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

PETROVSKY

You back-stabbing Nazi piece of shit!

Steinhauser nurses his bleeding lip, then looks up. The color drains from his face.

Petrovsky follows his gaze to see THREE ROBOTS standing right behind them.

PETROVSKY

Fuck!

He tries to go for his gun, but doesn't stand a chance. The first robots slams a metal fist into his forehead.

The second clips Levy round the back of the neck, knocking him out, while the third grabs Becca by the throat and lifts her into the air.

She fires at it with the Germans' pistols, but the bullets bounce harmlessly off. It swats the pistols to the ground.

Then, as quickly as they arrived, the robots run off, disappearing through the HOLE and taking Becca, Levy and Petrovsky with them.

The two baffled and terrified Germans are left just sitting there, alone.

EXT. MAIN CAMP - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - LATER

Everybody hustles and bustles, gearing up for the attack.

Jenner (now sporting a metal breastplate over his fatigues), Weiss, Valerio, Adeodatus and the Viking are gathered around the truck as Normal prepares to unveil his masterpiece.

JENNER

Whenever you're ready, Normal.

VALERIO

That means hurry the fuck up.

NORMAL

Valerio, my friend, you're gonna have to learn to start being nice to me.

VALERIO

Oh yeah, why's that?

Normal picks up the remote control.

NORMAL

Because me and Ralph here aren't gonna take any more of your shit.

VALERIO

Ralph?

Normal fiddles with the remote control. The robot steps down from the truck onto the ground, moves to face Valerio, then extends both blades out of its arms.

ADEODATUS

(in awe, trying some English)

Yo mama's got a peg leg with a kickstand.

NORMAL

You can say that again.

Steinhauser and Krieger walk over to the truck, looking dazed.

NORMAL

Hey, where's the Cap?

Steinhauser calls over the two German Soldiers, and they start loading the sliced crate into the truck.

COL. STEINHAUSER

He was captured, along with the others. We managed to escape.

CPT. WEISS

What?

JENNER

Captured by who?

COL. STEINHAUSER

The robots. They were taken through the exit. We must attack now and rescue them.

NORMAL

How come you guys got away?

COL. STEINHAUSER
They let us go.

NORMAL
(suspicious)
Why would they let you go?

Steinhauser looks right at him and speaks with deep sincerity.

COL. STEINHAUSER
I don't know. But we have lost a leader and
a friend, and we have to get him back. We
have to get all of them back.

With the crate loaded, he climbs onto the roof of the truck cab
and takes the reins of the horses. Krieger starts to get into
the back, but Weiss stops him.

CPT. WEISS
Krieger, what happened?

Krieger isn't as good an actor as Steinhauser, he can't look
Weiss in the eye.

SGT. KRIEGER
It's just as the Colonel said, sir.

He pulls himself up into the back with the other two German
Soldiers and the nuke. Steinhauser flicks the reins and the
truck-wagon rolls off towards the front of the army.

VALERIO
What do we do?

NORMAL
We go get the Cap back.

Remote control in hand he moves off after the enormous departing
army, Ralph the robot following him like a dog.

INT. FEATURELESS ROOM/VARIOUS LANDSCAPES - THE SAME TIME

Levy awakes to find himself in a bare circular room. The first
thing he sees is Petrovsky slumped against the wall, blood
pouring from the re-opened wound on his forehead.

LEVY
Leo?

Petrovsky just grunts. Levy sits up and notices Becca walking
along the walls, examining them.

LEVY

What are you doing?

BECCA

We're in a room with no doors. Neat trick.

Suddenly a tall, strange-looking MAN appears, apparently out of thin air. He's recognizably human, but not like you or I.

He's thin and frail-looking, with artificial eyes, ears and other body parts -- if Becca is an early example of human-bionic hybrid technology, this guy is an advanced case.

We'll call him THE CONTROLLER.

THE CONTROLLER

Hello.

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

LEVY

Who are you?

THE CONTROLLER

I control what you call Arena.

BECCA

You're the one who brought us here?

THE CONTROLLER

Yes.

LEVY

Where are we?

THE CONTROLLER

In a self-contained environmental capsule underneath the Pacific Ocean.

LEVY

So we're on Earth?

BECCA

When? What year?

THE CONTROLLER

Our calendar would be meaningless to you. We are more than one thousand years from your time.

(MORE)

THE CONTROLLER (cont'd)

For centuries we have brought armies from history here to fight so that we may share their experience.

BECCA

Who's we?

THE CONTROLLER

Everyone. Earth's entire population is connected to Arena.

The walls disappear. They're in some kind of stadium. Where the seats would be are thousands -- maybe millions -- of screens stretching up as far as the eye can see.

On each screen is a 'human' face like the Controller's. Each head has some kind of wire going into it.

Suddenly familiar landscapes materialize around them, and they're standing in the middle of a series of 3-D instant replays.

First there's the Sioux chasing the truck through tall grass...

This melts away to be replaced by them fighting the robots in the forest...

This melts away to show their super-army now, live, led by Steinhauser, marching through red desert towards the robots guarding the hole in the wall.

LEVY

What is this? We're a fucking TV show?

THE CONTROLLER

TV show...

(he cocks his head, and is silent for a moment)

Ah. No. You are not entertainment, you are part of a worldwide experiment. A very successful one. We don't watch it. We feel it.

LEVY

What does that mean?

THE CONTROLLER

Everyone here has come from a time when society was filled with war and violence. We have taken those things out of our society and put them in Arena. The outside world is now at peace. But we have found that to maintain this peace we must satisfy the violent urges of the human soul.

(MORE)

THE CONTROLLER (cont'd)

We feel what goes on inside Arena. We bring you here to fight so that the rest of us can live in peace.

BECCA

So what, your lives are more important than ours?

THE CONTROLLER

Your lives were about to end.

The landscape around them changes as The Controller speaks.

THE CONTROLLER

You and your squad were taken before a nuclear detonation was to destroy your vehicle.

Suddenly they're in a futuristic urban landscape, standing next to Becca's APC, which vanishes in a flash of white just before a huge fireball engulfs the whole landscape.

Becca and Levy cower as the flames rush over them, but soon realize they're just standing in a sophisticated hologram.

THE CONTROLLER

(turns to Levy)

Your unit was under heavy fire which you would not have survived.

Now they're on the Iraqi roadside from the start. Levy watches the holographic version of his unit cowering between the Humvees as bullets, rockets and mortars rain in on them.

They disappear in a flash of white just before a mortar explodes right where they stood.

THE CONTROLLER

The same is true for all fighters chosen for Arena.

Different landscapes materialize on all sides. As they turn to try and take it all in we catch glimpses of:

- World War Two: armed British troops approach the GERMAN TRUCK at the road block from the start.
- Three VIKING LONGBOATS sail on incredibly stormy seas. Lightning flashes as a huge wave capsizes two of the boats.
- The CARTHAGINIAN elephant unit marching through the Alps is suddenly engulfed by a massive avalanche.

THE CONTROLLER

We have not taken away life from you. We have given you longer life. Life with purpose. A noble purpose.

LEVY

You're cold-blooded killers and you've talked yourselves out of taking moral responsibility for it.

THE CONTROLLER

You question our morals, and yet you were invading another country and killing its people. You, the Nazis, the Romans, the Vikings, the Crusaders... You are all the same. Fighting for religion, power, wealth. We don't choose you at random. Forgive me if I do not feel guilt for turning invaders into peacekeepers.

BECCA

Peace? You call this peace?

THE CONTROLLER

You're fighting in here so that we don't have to fight out there.

The landscape transforms into a futuristic utopia -- gleaming architecture, peaceful serenity, beautiful, clean environment.

LEVY

(to himself)

Where have I heard that before?

THE CONTROLLER

Surely you can see that our cause is good?

BECCA

Having a good cause doesn't justify killing innocent people.

BATES (O.C.)

Innocent?

Becca turns at the sound of this new voice. The Controller suddenly vanishes. The hologram around them fades. An empty floor extends a couple of hundred yards in each direction.

In the middle of it stand three figures dressed in black combat suits like Becca's.

BECCA

Oh shit. I think we're in trouble.

EXT. THE EXIT - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

The patchwork army forms a long line facing the exit -- elephants, cannons, Napoleonic riflemen, knights, aborigines...

In the middle of it all sits Steinhauser on the truck, Krieger and the other Germans in the back with the crate, the Americans and Normal's robot nearby.

The robot army stands facing them, evenly spaced, waiting.

NORMAL

Could be worse.

VALERIO

(to Steinhauser)

So what's the plan?

COL. STEINHAUSER

Our numbers are our strength. United we can win. We stay in compact formation, don't let them separate us.

NORMAL

Roger that.

(turns to Jenner)

Not such a bad guy, for a Nazi.

Steinhauser raises his arm and calls out to the whole army.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Ready!

(looks up and down the line,
then throws down his arm)

CHAAAAAARGE!!!

A great battle cry rises from the group as everyone thunders towards the robots.

But Steinhauser and the truck don't move.

SGT. KRIEGER

Colonel, shouldn't we--

COL. STEINHAUSER

Let the robots thin them out. No need to take unnecessary risks.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - THE EXIT - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Alright folks, it's time for our epic, sweeping, *Lord-of-the-Rings-meets-300* battle.

The ELEPHANTS are the first to engage the enemy. The robots are big, but they're bigger.

One robot is trampled by two stampeding elephants. Another is flung into the air by an elephant's tusks.

It clatters to the ground like a rag doll, but immediately gets up and slams into the side its attacker, sending the elephant sprawling, legs kicking the air.

As soon as the Carthaginian footsoldiers make it over with their swords and spears, the robots get out their blades and things start to get bloody.

MEANWHILE...

Down the line the Napoleonic RIFLEMEN pull up twenty yards from a couple of robots and shoulder their rifles. They aim as a COMMANDER calls out:

FRENCH COMMANDER

Visez!

Jenner sees what's about to happen, runs over.

JENNER

No! Wait! Don't shoot!

But he's too late.

FRENCH COMMANDER

Tirez!

The riflemen let fly at the robots, but the bullets just bounce off harmlessly.

The robots produce machine guns from their arms and mow down half the French unit as Jenner looks helplessly on.

MEANWHILE...

Weiss, Valerio, Adeodatus and the Viking are rolling with Sir Guy and a mixed group of KNIGHTS and ABORIGINES.

Some medieval footsoldiers let loose a cloud of arrows at the robots, which have little effect.

CPT. WEISS

We need to turn them around!

VALERIO

Right.

(to a knight)

Hey, can you...

He trails off as the aborigines step forward. They all hurl their sharpened BOOMERANGS towards the robots.

The boomerangs fly over the robots' heads, then swing round and come back at them from behind.

Most of the boomerangs clatter off the robots' backs harmlessly, but one manages to find its mark, lodging in the vulnerable circuitry panel.

The robot starts to twitch, spinning around in a circle.

VALERIO

(impressed)

Son of a bitch...

CPT. WEISS

(to the archers)

Now, now! The black panel!

This time, with the robot spinning around, the arrows can hit something useful. Three or four thunk into the black panel, taking the robot down.

Unfortunately this seems to piss off the dead robot's three friends, who charge at the footsoldiers, blades out.

Soldiers flee as their comrades are cut to pieces, but find themselves running straight towards a wall of CHINESE CANNONS.

The Chinese yell to get out of the way as they light the fuses.

Rasta Viking just stares confusedly at these strange metal tubes, not comprehending.

Weiss dives, pulling him to the ground just as the cannon nearest them goes off, sending a huge bowling ball of metal whistling past their heads.

The line of cannon fire SLAMS into the three robots, knocking them down like skittles.

VALERIO

Now that's more fucking like it!

The soldiers swarm over to the downed robots, stabbing at their backs with swords and spears.

Rasta Viking drives his sword through one robot's circuit panel like a hot knife through butter. He grins as it judders and dies, yelling to Valerio:

RASTA VIKING
Fuck you, you fucking fuck!

Valerio grins back, but his smile disappears as he sees another robot charging up behind the Viking.

VALERIO
Look out!

The Viking turns in time to see the robot's blade swing toward his head, but at the last second...

CRASH!

Normal's remote-control robot 'RALPH' streaks in out of nowhere, taking the Viking's attacker down.

VALERIO
Way to go, Normal!

Normal stands off to the side, brow furrowed in concentration as he puts Ralph through primitive robot street-fighting moves.

It's a scrappy fight, but Normal manages to put Ralph's blades through the other robot's circuit panel, taking it out.

In a LONG CRANE SHOT surveying the battle we see that while the field is awash with blood and hacked-off limbs, our weird little army of misfits are managing to hold their own.

INT. STADIUM/IRAQI URBAN LANDSCAPE - THE SAME TIME

The black silhouettes of Becca's unit stride towards her, Levy and Petrovsky as an Iraqi urban landscape materializes.

LEVY
These are your friends?

BECCA
'Friends' is a strong word. Be careful.

The 'friends' stop a little short of them -- BATES and WARREN (male, 30's) -- and VICKERS (female, 20's). They're carrying some kind of rifles.

BATES
Corporal Harris.

BECCA
Lieutenant Bates. I'm glad to see you're
all alive.

A fresh red scar runs down Warren's face.

WARREN
No thanks to you.

The tension between them is palpable.

BECCA
So what now?

VICKERS
Now we kill you.

BECCA
And what, they promised to send you
back?

WARREN
(laughs)
Why the fuck would we want to go back?

BATES
The deal is, if we kill you we get to
stay.

BECCA
You want to stay?

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

BECCA
Well that's very big of you, Warren.

BATES
Enough chat.

He steps towards Becca.

Levy readies his rifle. The landscape around them is now complete. They stand at a crossroads surrounded by rubble and dilapidated buildings.

Becca takes the nuke off her back, drops it on the ground and loosens her shoulders like a boxer preparing for a fight.

BECCA
(to Levy)
Get out of here.

Suddenly Bates puts on a burst of speed and he and Becca are engaged in blistering bionically-enhanced hand-to-hand combat.

Becca's holding her own until Vickers joins in the fight. Warren just looks on, casually holding his rifle.

Levy makes eye contact with Petrovsky as their hands slide towards their triggers.

In a moment Becca is down, kicked against a wall.

LEVY
Now!

Levy blasts away at Warren, bullets putting him on the ground. Petrovsky fires thirty rounds into Vickers, but only succeeds in knocking her back a few paces.

Bates goes for his gun, firing a huge blast of something red and hot, which just misses Levy and DESTROYS the wall of the building behind him, showering him with debris.

Levy fires a round from his barrel-mounted grenade launcher straight into Bates's chest. It explodes, blowing Bates backwards off his feet and clean through a wall.

Vickers marches menacingly towards Petrovsky, but before she reaches him Becca hops up and attacks her from behind, sweeping Vickers's legs out from under her and spectacularly PUNTING her across the intersection.

PETROVSKY
That wasn't so hard.

BECCA
They haven't started yet.

Warren gets to his feet and starts fiddling with his rifle.

BECCA
Come on!

She grabs Levy and Petrovsky and they run as Warren opens fire behind them, tracer bullets whizzing past their heads.

They duck round a corner. Levy and Petrovsky lean back against the wall, panting to get their breath back.

BECCA
Keep moving!

LEVY
What?

We soon see why. Warren continues to fire, his heat-seeking bullets actually curving AROUND THE CORNER and slamming into the wall by Levy and Petrovsky, tearing it apart.

PETROVSKY
Goddamn!

They double-time it along the wall as bullets continue to curve round the corner after them. Soon they reach another intersection, where a dust-covered Bates is waiting.

He throws some kind of electronic grenade, which lands at Petrovsky's feet. Petrovsky moves to kick it away.

BECCA
Don't!

Too late. As he kicks it, the grenade binds itself to Petrovsky's foot. He tries to shake it off...

PETROVSKY
Son of a bitch!

...but to no avail. Small blue lightning bolts explode out of the grenade, electrocuting Petrovsky.

After a moment the lightning stops, leaving him twitching and convulsing on the ground, eyes wide open.

LEVY
Leo!

BECCA
He's just stunned. They're playing with us.

FROM ABOVE: the black-suited warriors converge on our heroes.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - THE EXIT - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

Back in Arena the battle with the robots is still raging. All the different parts of the army have started to work together.

A Carthaginian elephant unit plows a robot into the path of a Chinese cannon, which blows it away.

Aborigines surround Normal's robot, Ralph, taking every opportunity it opens up for them to hurl spears and boomerangs into the robots' circuit panels.

Weiss and Valerio have picked up swords, and take on a robot's swirling blades alongside Adeodatus, the Viking, Sir Guy and another KNIGHT.

SIR GUY

Back, demon! Back!

The robot responds by slicing open the other knight's belly, before suddenly twitching, convulsing, and collapsing.

CPT. WEISS

What happened?

SIR GUY

(crosses himself)

Divine retribution.

But looking across the battlefield, the same happens with the robot Ralph and the Aborigines are fighting -- it suddenly just freezes and keels over.

NORMAL

(calling to Valerio)

Who's doing that?

Two other robots back off for a minute and scan the area. One of them suddenly freezes and collapses. The remaining robot tracks where this mysterious attack came from, and sees...

JENNER, firing from under a pile of dead French soldiers.

The robot charges towards him. Jenner tries to wriggle out from the pile of bodies, but he's slow, and before he can move the robot KICKS, sending him and other bodies sprawling.

VALERIO

Normal, nine o'clock!

NORMAL

(looks, sees Jenner)

I got him!

He sends Ralph sprinting over to tackle the attacking robot.

Jenner watches them wrestle on the ground. He reaches for his rifle, but finds it bent and mangled from the robot's kick.

JENNER

Shit.

His eyes fall on the next best thing -- a Napoleonic musket.

As he raises it he's quite a sight -- sporting modern desert camouflage underneath a steel medieval breastplate and squinting down the barrel of an antique rifle.

He aims and fires. The flaming gunpowder singes his face, but it does the job -- the robot is taken out.

JENNER
 (re: musket)
 Not bad.

EXT. TRUCK - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The Germans watch the battle from a safe distance.

SGT. KRIEGER
*They're winning. There's still time to
 reconsider.*

He's right -- there are only two robots left (plus Ralph), and they're overwhelmed by the manpower and energy of the army.

COL. STEINHAUSER
 (ignoring him)
*They're still tightly packed. We should be
 able to take out all of them. When we drop
 the bomb we have to get out through the
 hole. We still need the woman's nuclear
 weapon.*
 (beat)
Sergeant?

SGT. KRIEGER
 (very reluctantly)
Yes, sir.

The two other soldiers ready their weapons as Steinhauser flicks the reins and the horses lumber forward.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Jenner pats Normal on the back as he disentangles Ralph from the robot that tried to kill Jenner.

JENNER
 Thanks, man.

NORMAL

No problem.
 (looks around)
 Whaddaya know? We beat 'em.

JENNER

So that's it? Mission Accomplished?

The Viking -- standing nearby with Sir Guy -- says something and points.

Normal looks round and sees the truck-wagon rolling towards the main group of warriors about fifty yards away.

NORMAL

Look who decided to join the party.

EXT. NEARBY - BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Steinhauser pulls the horses to a stop next to a large group of exhausted fighters.

Weiss approaches as Krieger and the two German Soldiers shove the crate off the back of the truck onto the ground.

CPT. WEISS

What are you doing?

Krieger can't look him in the eye. He pushes a button on the plasma grenade and hops back in the truck.

A timer on the grenade starts counting down 30 seconds.

CPT. WEISS

(starts to ready his gun)
 Colonel? What's going on?

COL. STEINHAUSER

I'm saving the Fatherland.

He pulls out his pistol and SHOTS Weiss in the heart.

SGT. KRIEGER

(horrified)
 Colonel!

Steinhauser flicks the reins and the horses start galloping away from Weiss's body, the nuke, and the rest of the army, which begins hurling spears and boomerangs at them.

The Chinese scramble to get their cannons into position, but they're cut down by the two German Soldiers firing from the back of the truck.

Soldiers turn and flee in terror, cut down mercilessly from behind by the Germans' guns.

Valerio tries to give covering fire, taking out one of the Germans as Adeodatus is ripped to pieces.

VALERIO

No!

EXT. NEARBY - BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Normal, Jenner, the Viking and Sir Guy watch in horror from a distance as the Germans flee towards the hole, mowing down anyone in their way.

JENNER

What the fuck?!

SIR GUY

That bloodless traitor!

Jenner grabs his mangled sniper rifle off the ground and peers through the scope.

THROUGH SCOPE: the second German Soldier catches a spear through the chest, but the truck's still getting away.

NORMAL

What did they drop on the ground?

THROUGH SCOPE: Jenner PANS DOWN to the crate. The open side is facing them, and he can make out the bomb inside, along with red numbers counting down.

JENNER

Oh shit.

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The truck-wagon reaches the hole. Steinhauser parks it sideways so it's blocking the hole from attack.

He and Krieger leap out and run through the hole.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - RED DESERT LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The timer on the grenade in the crate ticks down to zero.

KABOOM.

A huge fireball rips through the survivors of the army, engulfing soldiers, elephants... Everything.

Valerio is among those who are instantly incinerated.

EXT. NEARBY - BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS

As the crate explodes Jenner, the Viking, Sir Guy and Normal hit the ground.

Normal makes Ralph the robot lie over them for cover as the fireball rips towards them.

INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Steinhauser and Krieger -- running down a dark, industrial-looking tunnel -- dive for cover as a jet of flame shoots through the hole after them, streaking over their heads.

Then everything is quiet. They get back on their feet.

SGT. KRIEGER

You think it worked?

COL. STEINHAUSER

I don't know. We're still here. Perhaps we need to get the others before they send us back.

They jog along until they come to a fork in the tunnel.

SGT. KRIEGER

Which way?

A heavy steel wall slams one of the tunnels shut, leaving them no choice. Steinhauser heads down the open fork.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Hurry!

They race through the maze of tunnels. Every time they have a choice of direction a wall or door seals one of the paths shut, leaving them with only one option.

Finally they reach a dead end.

SGT. KRIEGER

What now?

COL. STEINHAUSER

We go back, find another way.

But as they turn to retrace their steps, another wall blocks their path, leaving them in a small, closed box.

Steinhauser paws over the walls, trying to find a way out. There's a deep rumbling sound and the floor shakes.

SGT. KRIEGER

What was that?

With a lurch, the floor starts moving upwards like an elevator. Steinhauser and Krieger cower, afraid of being crushed against the ceiling, but it disappears at the last moment.

The floor stops moving, and they find themselves in a dark room. They feel around, trying to get their bearings.

COL. STEINHAUSER

Where are we?

Suddenly, a body CRASHES into the room through the ceiling, letting in a broad shaft of light. The body on the floor groans and rolls over, revealing...

COL. STEINHAUSER

Levy?

Levy squints up at Steinhauser. Then his eyes widen.

LEVY

You!

He leaps off the ground, tackling Steinhauser hard against a door, which collapses. They tumble out into...

INT. IRAQI-STYLE STREET - STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Krieger follows as Levy and Steinhauser get to their feet. Levy is already battered and bruised. Hate burns in his eyes.

He starts to beat the crap out of Steinhauser, raining punches on his face and stomach.

COL. STEINHAUSER
 (between punches)
 Krieger!

Eventually Levy knocks Steinhauser to the ground, straddling him and squeezing his neck. Steinhauser gasps for air.

LEVY
 (nose to nose)
 You were going to kill us.

COL. STEINHAUSER
 (wheezing)
 Krieger! Get him off!

Krieger is distracted for a moment by the enormous stadium filled with the on-screen spectators. Levy squeezes harder.

COL. STEINHAUSER
 Krieger!
 (Krieger finally notices)
 Help me!

Krieger stares at Steinhauser, blank-faced, for a long moment.

SGT. KRIEGER
 No.

BATES (O.C.)
 What have we here?
 (the others turn to see Bates
 striding over)
 New toys?

In a burst of speed he barges Levy off of Steinhauser, and picks the latter up by the lapels, studying the uniform.

BATES
 A fellow countryman, no less.

LEVY
 He's a Nazi. A filthy lying Nazi prick.

BATES
 (to Steinhauser, in German)
*Is that true? Have you been a naughty
 boy pretending to be English?*

COL. STEINHAUSER
Fuck you.

He kicks Bates as hard as he can in the crotch, but Bates just laughs and throws him ten feet into a wall. Steinhauser bounces off and collapses to the ground.

BATES

He's not very nice, is he?

Levy tries to slip away, but finds his path blocked by Warren.

WARREN

Someone's trying to go walkies.

BATES

Oh no, no, I think he's gonna want to see this.

(Warren drags Levy over to
Bates and Steinhauser)

See my history teacher told me something interesting about Nazis. He said they had black hearts.

(Steinhauser's eyes widen in fear)

Shall we find out?

He bends over...

COL. STEINHAUSER

Nooo----

...and punches right through Steinhauser's chest, ripping out his heart. Steinhauser stares at it, gurgling, as the life fades from his eyes.

BATES

Looks red enough to me. Guess old teach was wrong. Although...

(turns to Levy)

...he also said that Americans didn't have any balls. Let's give him another chance, eh?

As he steps towards Levy, Vickers's body SLAMS into him, knocking him into a pile of rubble.

We whip round to see that Vickers was hurled across the street by Becca. Next to her is Petrovsky, holding Vickers's rifle.

PETROVSKY

Jack, down!

Levy doesn't need to be told twice. He ducks as Petrovsky fires off a blast of red plasma which incinerates Warren's entire head and shoulders.

Bates bursts out of the pile of rubble, rifle raised.

BATES

Enough!

He fires off a long stream of tracer bullets which arc through to air to Petrovsky, turning his body to Swiss cheese.

Levy dives around a corner as Bates turns the gun on him, ducking, rolling and diving to avoid the homing bullets.

Vickers charges at Becca as Bates stalks after Levy. Krieger tries to block Vickers, but has his back SNAPPED by her knee for his trouble.

Vickers and Becca go at it. It's the ultimate cat fight, each pulling out super-fast moves and blocks.

When either one does land a hit it's devastating, sending the other flying into the nearest solid object.

INT. OTHER STREETS - STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Bates chases Levy through the mock-up Iraqi village with homing bullets and plasma blasts.

Levy -- unarmed -- manages to stay just out of harm's way, until suddenly he finds himself up against the wall of the stadium with nowhere to go.

BATES

No more fun and games.

He hurls a shock grenade. It hits Levy's chest and explodes with blue lightning, sending him convulsing to the floor. Bates strides menacingly towards him.

BATES

I'm gonna put my fist through your face,
yankee boy.

Just then, Normal's robot Ralph BURSTS through the wall of the stadium right behind him, followed by Normal, Jenner, the Viking and Sir Guy.

They see Bates, gun in hand, standing over Levy's twitching and shaking body.

NORMAL

Cap?

Bates turns and points his rifle at them, but before he can fire the Viking HACKS his arm off with one swipe. Bates screams in pain.

Jenner runs over to Levy.

JENNER
Cap, you okay? What's going on?

LEVY
(between spasms)
Kill... him...

As the Viking swings his sword a second time, Bates catches the blade in mid air and wrenches it round, sending the Viking crashing head-first into the stadium wall.

Jenner makes the 'hand-slicing-throat' gesture to Normal, who nods and sees to the remote control.

Ralph the robot takes a long stride forward, pinning Bates under his foot. With a SHUNK-SHUNK his blades extend, and Ralph uses them like scissors to cut off Bates's head.

In the brief moment of calm that follows, the new arrivals take a second to gawp at the spectators in the stadium.

Meanwhile Levy tries -- and fails -- to stand up.

NORMAL
(running over)
Cap!

LEVY
L... Leo...

NORMAL
The Sarge? Where is he?

Levy raises a shaking finger, pointing.

LEVY
Go... Quick...

Normal bends over and helps Levy up.

INT. CROSSROADS - STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Ralph and co come round the corner to find Becca and Vickers's punch-up still going full steam ahead.

Vickers brutally round-houses Becca into a wall.

Sir Guy draws his sword.

SIR GUY

M'lady!

BECCA

Stay back, Lancelot, I've got this one.

VICKERS

You think so?

Becca hops to her feet and delivers a blistering combination of blows, ending in a thundering left hook which twists Vickers's head all the way round, snapping her neck with a sickening crack.

BECCA

Yup.

(out of breath)

Hey guys. What's up?

Levy -- being carried by Ralph -- is starting to regain some control. He notices a smear of blood leading round the corner from where Petrovsky fell. He points:

LEVY

Normal, there.

They follow the smear to find Petrovsky, slumped on the ground near Steinhauser's body, his arm around the football-nuke.

LEVY

Leo!

He jumps down from the robot and limp-runs over.

PETROVSKY

(smiles weakly)

Jack.

LEVY

You're gonna be okay, Leo.

PETROVSKY

(laughs, coughing)

Oh yeah! Been hurt worse than this waxing my ball sack.

Levy can't help but laugh.

PETROVSKY

Hey, look, if things don't work out...

He pats the nuke and gives Levy a meaningful look.

LEVY

Yeah.

Petrovsky's eyelids flutter and close. Levy looks at him for a long moment... Then notices that the Iraqi village landscape around him is starting to melt away.

Soon it's all gone, leaving Levy, Becca, Normal, Jenner, the Viking, Sir Guy and Ralph the robot standing on the empty stadium floor next to Petrovsky's body and the nuke.

The Controller appears.

THE CONTROLLER

Congratulations.

LEVY

Fuck you.

THE CONTROLLER

You have all fought bravely. This has been a successful new experiment.

BECCA

New experiment?

THE CONTROLLER

In past versions we simply pushed each group to fight the others. This time we allowed historical enemies to form alliances to see what would happen. And pitted friends against one another.

(nods to Vickers's body)

But it always ends in death. Very interesting.

LEVY

I'm glad we could amuse you.

THE CONTROLLER

In return we have decided to let you go free.

BECCA

You're going to send us back?

THE CONTROLLER

You really want to return to killing in the name of profit and religion?

LEVY

As opposed to what?

THE CONTROLLER

Stay here. Live in a world of peace. Help us design the next experiment.

NORMAL

You don't have any contestants left.

THE CONTROLLER

We can always find new ones. Mankind's history is full of war.

Becca and Levy exchange a look.

LEVY

No. Send us back.

THE CONTROLLER

Very well. But we will continue to observe you. All of you.

BECCA

I'm not sure I like the sound of that.

Levy turns to her.

LEVY

Looks like this is goodbye.

BECCA

You're not gonna get all sentimental and American on me, are you?

He smiles, and starts to lean in towards her, but they're interrupted by Sir Guy.

SIR GUY

Sir Jack. It has been a blessing and a privilege to fight as your servant.

Levy smiles at him and does the medieval shoulder-grab handshake thing. Off to the side Normal offers his hand to the Viking for a high five.

NORMAL

What can I say? It's been emotional.

The Viking looks at Normal's hand, then ignores it and grabs him up into a rib-cracking bear hug.

THE CONTROLLER

We wish you all good luck.

LEVY

Wait. Let me take my friend's body.
(looks pointedly at Becca,
then at Petrovsky's body)
Will you help me?

She frowns at first, but then gets it.

BECCA

Right.

The move to the body. Becca trips over the nuke and bends down to set it right. Levy grabs the Knowledge, which is sticking out of Steinhauser's pocket.

Together they lift up Petrovsky's bleeding corpse.

LEVY

Okay. Ready.

THE CONTROLLER

Farewell.

Just as the blinding white light fills the stadium, Becca leans in and KISSES Levy full on the lips.

When the light subsides, our heroes are gone. The stadium is silent. Well, not quite silent. There's a soft, regular BEEPING. The Controller sees that it's coming from the nuke.

He bends down to look, and sees a timer counting down.

4... 3... 2... 1... 0.

His eyes widen.

BOOM. The entire stadium is incinerated instantly in a nuclear firestorm.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

There's a brief white flash and Levy finds himself lying on dusty ground by Petrovsky's body. He sits up, rubbing his head, and sees Becca doing the same.

LEVY

What the...

Looking around he sees Normal, Jenner, Sir Guy and the Viking getting up, dazed, against a background of smoke and flames.

A spine-chilling, high-pitched whistle cuts through the air.

NORMAL
(pointing up)
MORTAR!

Time seems to slow. Levy looks up to see a black dot falling through the sky directly towards him, getting closer, closer...

A split second before it hits him, a hand SNATCHES it out of the air -- Becca's. She spins it round and hurls it back where it came from.

The TWO INSURGENTS who fired it barely have time to comprehend what's going on before they're obliterated by the explosion.

One final INSURGENT jumps up by the side of the road and starts firing at them with an AK-47.

They duck for cover. Normal has the only rifle in the group.

JENNER
Gimme that!

He takes Normal's M-16, lines up the shot, and fires. The unlucky insurgent grows a bullet hole in the forehead and drops to the ground.

There's a moment of stillness.

SIR GUY
What manner of place is this?

JENNER
We're back. Why'd they send everybody with us?

He's cut off by a soft whining sound as Normal's now **out-of-control** DRONE SPY PLANE swoops past overhead towards a squat brown BUILDING. *
*

NORMAL
The hostages.

LEVY
Malouf.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A dark, crowded room. Five MASKED GUNMEN guard thirteen terrified, bound-and-gagged HOSTAGES.

MALOUF stands -- sword in hand -- in front of a tripod-mounted camera in a pool the headless FOURTEENTH HOSTAGE'S blood.

He says something in Arabic to one of the masked men, who drags a terrified HOSTAGE from the group over to him.

Malouf kicks the hostage to the ground in front of the camera and raises his sword.

Suddenly, the Drone Plane CRASHES through the ceiling and into the room.

As the dust-covered gunmen pick themselves up, a strange group of people bursts into the room -- three AMERICAN SOLDIERS, a shaven-headed WOMAN in black, a burly VIKING, and an armor-clad KNIGHT.

For a moment gunmen and hostages alike just stare.

LEVY

Nobody move!

Ironically, this is when the gunmen kick into action.

-The FIRST GUNMAN makes the mistake of shooting at Sir Guy. The bullets zing harmlessly off his armor as he charges the man down, slashing his throat open with his sword.

-The SECOND GUNMAN smartly aims for Jenner, but only succeeds in catching him in the arm with a stray bullet. Jenner, on the other hand, catches Gunman Number Two in the right eye.

-The THIRD GUNMAN doesn't even have a chance to get his finger on the trigger before the Viking hurls his broadsword. It sails straight through his chest, pinning him to the wall.

-Becca crushes the FOURTH and FIFTH GUNMEN'S heads together as they try to use a hostage as a human shield.

-Finally, Levy and Normal charge at Malouf. Normal grabs his wrist before he can swing the sword, and Levy tackles him.

Lying on top of him, rage burning in his eyes, Levy digs his forearm hard into Malouf's throat, strangling him.

The others look on, disconcerted by the intensity of Levy's attack.

Levy stares into Malouf's bulging eyes as he desperately tries to fight for breath.

After a few seconds Malouf's struggling gets weaker. His eyelids start to droop. That's when Levy catches himself.

He screws up his face in anger and frustration, and then lets go, just before Malouf loses consciousness.

LEVY

Fuck!

He gets up and storms out of the room as Malouf weakly sucks new air into his lungs.

Everyone else just stands there, panting, letting the tension go as the hostages look curiously at Sir Guy and the Viking.

EXT. THE SAME BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Becca walks out of the building to find Levy staring off into the distance.

BECCA

You did the right thing, Jack.

LEVY

Did I?

She puts a hand to his face and turns him to look at her.

LEVY

If I'd killed Malouf maybe we could have stopped a nuclear war. If we stopped the war then maybe your world won't be a fucking shithole, and if we change the future enough then maybe--

BECCA

Arena will never happen. Right. But that's a lot of maybes. Maybe it's enough that we caught him. Maybe killing's not the answer. Maybe it's more important that you're a good man.

Levy turns away and watches a convoy of US Army trucks and Humvees approaching in the distance.

LEVY

Maybe.

He turns back to Becca. She leans in to kiss him. There's a blinding white FLASH OF LIGHT.

THE END