

YOUR PLANET OR MINE?

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FADE IN:

EXT. STARFIELD

In the far reaches of the galaxy shines the planet Icondria.

EXT. ICONDRIA - DAY

The skies are a rich crimson. The centerpiece of the planet is Randaii City, a gleaming metropolis. Technologically sophisticated, the Icondrians are a humanoid species.

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - DAY

BANNON, 54, stands on a balcony terrace that overlooks the city. Grey-haired, weathered, his military uniform is embellished with well-earned ranking tags.

Behind him is a private sub-chamber. Past veiled curtains, a physician inspects a bedridden figure. His identity obscured, the incapacitated form lays motionless.

ABERDON steps out of the chamber. He's a slender, handsome bureaucrat. 40 years old. Very distinguished.

In his hand is a jewel-encrusted medallion. He regards it for a moment, then pockets it within his layered tunic.

ABERDON
Sire Ethos is dead.

Bannon faces Aberdon. He's distressed by the news.

BANNON
Then our darkest day has come to
pass. Our leader..friend...

ABERDON
A devastating loss, indeed...

INT. ROYAL PALACE - COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

Icondria's highest-ranking officials are seated around a crescent-shaped dais. Aberdon addresses the gathering.

ABERDON
But the future is now, my friends.
A successor must be named.

The entrance door slides open. In steps TYRUS, a tall, masked figure, clad head-to-toe in black battle armor.

There is an immediate sense of unease amongst the council.

ABERDON (CONT'D)

Tyrus. This is...unexpected.

TYRUS

I'm here to claim what's rightfully mine, Aberdon. If you're finished with the formalities...

Document in hand, Aberdon reads aloud:

ABERDON

In the event of Lord Ethos' passing, it is declared that the throne shall not go to the warlord Tyrus...but to another.

Shocked, the council members chatter amongst themselves.

TYRUS

Silence! --This is an outrage!

ABERDON

It is the last will of Lord Ethos. And your claim is forfeit, Tyrus.

Tyrus draws his sword, and advances on the dais.

Bannon intercedes. He aims a javelin-like weapon at Tyrus' head. A trio of similarly-armed centurions follow.

BANNON

Don't.

Tyrus sheathes his sword, then backs a step.

TYRUS

This isn't over. If I won't inherit Icondria, then I'll take it.

Tyrus teleports away, vanishing in a swirl of light. Bannon looks up at Aberdon.

BANNON

This new successor. Who is he?

ABERDON

It's not a *he*...

INT. PLANET EARTH - HOUSEHOLD BEDROOM - DAY

JESSICA JORDAN, 16, awakens with a start. Sitting upright in bed, awareness sets in. Her eyes take in the teenage decor.

TITLE CARD: *ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO*

Attractive, petite, Jessica's wearing an oversized football jersey. The words *Warren High* --along with the number 25-- are stitched on.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Facing a mirror, Jessica brushes her teeth. She's wearing a pink, hooded sweatshirt and faded blue jeans.

After rinsing out, Jessica leans into her reflection. Her dark hair has thin streaks of cobalt blue running through it.

JESSICA

What the..? Hey, Mom--?!

She glances at the digital clock. It's 7:38.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Arrgh! Late!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Jessica races out of her condominium home. The surrounding neighborhood is a quiet, residential development.

The school bus arrives at the corner stop.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

The bus is full of teenagers. Cheerleaders, jocks, stoners, etc --throw paper balls, jump seats and play-wrestle.

Jessica receives a few passing glances, but is largely ignored. Sitting down, she folds her arms. Chilled.

INT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jessica walks the crowded hallway. Her attention falls upon Matt Baxter, 17, the handsome varsity quarterback.

He's wearing a football jersey. Number 25.

Turning away from his locker, Matt notices Jessica. His expression softens a bit.

Jessica quickly changes direction and heads down a staircase.

EXT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A moped tears onto the school grounds. The rider is DANNY KRAMER, 16. Sandy-haired, average-looking, Danny's wearing aviator goggles. A backpack's slung over his shoulder.

Nearing the school, he sees a couple of girls smoking cigarettes out front. He revs the throttle and smiles, trying to impress them.

Instead, he narrowly avoids hitting a car. The moped bumps the curb and careens into a hedge. The girls laugh.

INT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

The lights are dimmed. Mr. TILLMAN gives an astronomy lesson. Jessica sits in the back of the class.

The slide projector rotates, displaying the image of a gaseous nebula against a starfield. Jessica stares at the photograph, almost in a trance-like state.

MR. TILLMAN

This nebula, the Great Spiral of Andromeda, is about 750,000 light-years away, but it can--.

The door opens. Danny slithers into the room.

MR. TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Nice of you to join us, Mr. Kramer. Overworked from studying, I'm sure. Tell us what this object is...

The next slide image comes up. It's a meteorite.

DANNY

That's...um, one big hunk of rock.

Dead silence. Danny looks around, hoping to get a few laughs. He receives none.

MR. TILLMAN

Perhaps you'd like to share that brilliance with Principal Hensley?

JESSICA

There are two types of meteorite.
Stony and iron. Stony meteorites
are made up of many different
minerals and other particles. Iron
meteorites, like this one, consist
of iron and nickel. Also small
amounts of copper, phosphorous,
carbon and sulfur.

The entire class stares at Jessica. Tillman's sarcasm is at a loss. Danny grins.

DANNY

What she said.

INT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - DAY

A teacher walks the aisle, handing back test results. Jessica receives hers. Circled in red ink is a 62, with the line "*Not Working Up To Potential*" underneath.

Jessica frowns. She slides the paper inside her textbook.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jessica enters. A casserole dish sits atop the counter. She checks her voice-mail. A message from her mother, Irene, states:

IRENE (O.S.)

Hi, hon. Working with a client, so
I'll be home late. Love ya.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - DAY

Jessica trudges upstairs to the second floor.

The side wall's decorated with family photos. Jessica's childhood. Irene Jordan --an attractive, dark-haired woman-- is also featured prominently.

There are no signs of a male father figure.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Jessica snatches a note taped to the mirror. It reads:

Baby-sitting the Prescotts. 7:30 sharp!

Looking at her reflection, Jessica lowers her hood. The blue streaks are more prominent than before.

JESSICA

What the..? Does shampoo go bad?

She inspects her shampoo bottle, then drops it in the trash.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LATER - DAY

Jessica lays in bed. Channel-surfing. She passes a few news programs. Random stories of rail disasters, bioterrorism and economic uncertainty abound. Nothing but bad news. Shutting off the TV, she opens a school textbook.

JESSICA

C'mon, focus... Focus.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica's asleep. Her head resting against an open textbook. Stirring, she notices the time. The clock reads 7:35 PM.

JESSICA

Oh no!

EXT. PRESCOTT HOUSE - NIGHT

Bounding up the front step, Jessica rings the doorbell. She glances over her shoulder. Eyes shifting left to right, as if sensing something amiss. The neighborhood appears normal.

The door opens. Emily Prescott, 7, looks up at Jessica.

JESSICA

Hey, Emily. Sorry I'm late, but
I've got us an awesome night
planned. After we make popcorn--.

Jessica's smile fades. Standing behind Emily is MRS. PRESCOTT, all dressed up for a dinner engagement. Another teenage girl, Samantha Jiminez, lingers in the background.

MRS. PRESCOTT

We won't be needing you tonight. Or
ever again, for that matter.

JESSICA

Mrs. Prescott, please, I--.

MRS. PRESCOTT
Three times I've had to call
another sitter. Sorry, Jessica, but
we just can't count on you anymore.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jessica walks home. Unbeknownst to her, she's being watched.

A spherical robot --no larger than a softball-- hovers some
fifty feet above her. Its camera eye rotates. Recording.

INT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jessica rummages through her locker. Further up the corridor,
her actions are observed by a trio of teenage girls (age 16).

Gossip-queens BRIDGET and MARIA defer to CHERYL PRATT --
beautiful and athletic, with a cascade of blonde hair.

BRIDGET
Weird.

MARIA
More than weird. She even quit the
track team.

CHERYL
And the school band. She's gone
from honor roll to loserville.

BRIDGET
Hey, cut her some slack. We all
used to be friends, y'know.
Remember our slumber parties? And
those crazy pillow fights--?

CHERYL
Ugh, baby stuff. That was so junior
high. --Grow up, already.

MARIA
She stopped returning my calls.
And her hair? --Like whaaaat?

BRIDGET
She's got reason to hate your guts,
Cheryl. You stole her boyfriend.

CHERYL
Duh, I didn't steal anyone.

Danny approaches Jessica.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
This oughta be good. That dorky new
kid's about to hit on her.

ON JESSICA AND DANNY

DANNY
Hey, about yesterday. Thanks for
the save in that dude's class.

JESSICA
Huh? ..Oh, that. No problem.

DANNY
You're the first person to notice
me since I moved here. I'm Danny.

JESSICA
Jessica.

DANNY
So you're a whiz at this science
stuff, huh?

JESSICA
Comes easy to me for whatever
reason. You like astronomy?

DANNY
Nah, I'm a gearhead. NASCAR.
Anything built for speed. By the
way... Funky hair. I like it.

Jessica slams the locker door, then brushes past Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hey, I meant it as a compliment--.

Rounding a corner, Jessica walks right into Matt.

The awkward moment quickly turns tense. Steeling herself,
Jessica tries to get around him, but Matt blocks her way.

MATT
--Wait, Jess. Just... Are you okay?
You look different.

JESSICA
You cheat on me and that's all I
get? --Uh oh, incoming cheerleader.

Cheryl walks over. Both girls exchange icy glares. The school bell rings.

CHERYL
C'mon, Matt. We'll be late.

Taking his arm, Cheryl steers Matt up the hallway.

INT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Volleyball practice. At one end of the gym, the boys play their game. At the other, the girls are split into two teams.

Jessica's on one squad. Cheryl's her opponent.

The match plays out. Very competitive. Jessica's team is scored upon. The GYM TEACHER blows her whistle.

GYM TEACHER
Attagirl, Kimberly. Nice footwork.

As the squads rotate, Jessica takes a long look at Matt. Cheryl notices her interest.

Jessica serves the ball. It clears the net.

Both teams are in sync. A rhythm builds. Cheryl jumps in and spikes the ball. It nails Jessica in the head, flooring her.

GYM TEACHER (CONT'D)
Time out! ...You okay, Jessica?

Gathering herself, she confronts Cheryl face-to-face.

JESSICA
What the hell was that?

CHERYL
Try, you've been served...freak.

Lot's of 'oooo's and 'aahh's' amongst the girls.

GYM TEACHER
Knock it off, ladies.

CHERYL
He's with me now. Deal with it.

Cheryl gives her a push. Jessica snaps. She lashes out.

The fight gets ugly in a hurry. Jessica puts Cheryl in a head-lock. The gym teacher races over to break it up.

INT. NEW MEXICO - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A run-down house. Old furniture. Bland carpeting. Desperately in need of a makeover.

MR. & MRS. RUIZ review the portfolio of an expert interior decorator. Pages and pages of beautifully remodeled homes.

The couple quietly confer; impressed by the sample book.

Standing behind them is the decorator herself, IRENE JORDAN, 45, looking stylish in a designer suit.

MR. RUIZ

Let's say we start with the living room. What's the bottom line?

IRENE

Well, if I'm going to make a creative investment in you, Mr. Ruiz, then you have to be willing to make an investment in your home. For example, your furniture--.

MR. RUIZ

How much?

A photo drops out of the portfolio. Mrs. Ruiz picks it up.

The snapshot shows Jessica at age 14. Very different looking; with shoulder length brown hair and a warm, confident smile.

MRS. RUIZ

Is this your daughter?

IRENE

Oh...yes. Sorry. Forgot I had that in there.

MRS. RUIZ

Lovely girl.

IRENE

Thank you. She's my angel.

Irene pockets the photo. Her cell phone rings.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

(into phone)

Hello? Yes... SHE DID WHAT?!

INT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jessica stands, her face scratched up from the fight. Behind a desk sits PRINCIPAL HENSLEY.

HENSLEY

What are you doing here, Jessica?
You've always been a fine student.
I don't ever recall you raising a
hand to anyone.

Jessica shrugs, keeping quiet. Hensley leans forward a bit.

HENSLEY (CONT'D)

Three weeks detention, effective
immediately. Your mother should be
arriving shortly...

INT. IRENE'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

A tense drive home. Jessica sits in the passenger seat. Slouched. Behind the wheel, Irene breaks the silence.

IRENE

I wish you'd talk to me, Jess.
Sweet sixteen hits, then --Boom,
all hell breaks loose. ...And
what's with the blue hair?

JESSICA

..I..I don't know, I--. Okay, look,
I know my grades are in a slump,
but I always bounce back--.

IRENE

It's more than that. You dropped
out of all your after-school
programs. You don't socialize with
your friends anymore. And now this
fighting? Hon, I know Matt broke
your heart, but boys come and go--.

JESSICA

Don't start! Just drop it, okay?!

IRENE

Watch it, young lady. I taught you
better than this. About being a
responsible person. Which included
your baby-sitting job.

Jessica stares out the window, grumbling.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Yes. Mrs. Prescott gave me a call.

JESSICA
Anything else, Sergeant Jordan?

IRENE
Gil's eating over tonight.

JESSICA
Oh, perfect. The village idiot.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessica shares dinner with Irene and her boyfriend, GIL, 42. Built like a brickhouse, the big man's dressed in a gold track suit with *GIL'S GYM* embroidered on it.

By contrast, Irene's professional attire makes them an odd pairing. Gil scarfs down food as he talks.

GIL
Yer mom's right about gettin' good grades. Hell, look at me. Where would I have gotten in life without graduatin' high school?

Jessica sulks, poking at her food.

IRENE
Something wrong?

JESSICA
Can't shake this chill. Maybe I'm coming down with something.

IRENE
Maybe you should see a doctor.

GIL
Too much TV and junk food. This girl needs to get motivated. Like we do down at the gym. Maybe she could join cheerleaders. ...Mmm, always loved cheerleaders.

JESSICA
Now there's a frightening thought.

IRENE
Gil's only trying to help.

JESSICA
You've been dating him a month. How
does he get a say in my life--?!

IRENE
Jessica, you're being rude.

GIL
Settle down, little girl--.

JESSICA
SHUT UP!
(alien dialect)
K'oomas bactra sa'unswega va! HIIJA
SOOM LAITII--!!!

Jessica covers her mouth. Shocked. As if the words came from
a foreign place.

She races upstairs. Irene and Gil exchange glances.

GIL
She just curse me out in French?

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TRAILER PARK COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Danny works on his moped. Various tools and auto parts are
scattered across the ground.

A car pulls up. Two women, late 30s, are inside. The driver
beeps the horn.

Danny's mother, DEEDEE, 37, steps out of their mobile home.
With frizzy blonde hair, she's wearing a tight, gaudy outfit.
Her jewelry is oversized and excessive.

DANNY
Little late, isn't it?

DEEDEE
Just friends from the restaurant.
We're heading out for drinks.

DANNY
Lucky you.

DEEDEE

If you're hungry, there's more of those hamburger patties in the fridge. And a few ice pops, too.

The 'girls' honk the horn again.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

No wild parties while I'm gone.

Deedee hurries over to the waiting car. She does a little hip-wagging shimmy. The 'girls' hoot and laugh.

DANNY

Not much chance of that.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - JESSICA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Jessica sits by an open window. She looks down at the front steps, where Irene and Gil are talking.

GIL

--And the blue hair thing? She's tryin' to be a rebel. It's just a phase. So don't worry, okay?

IRENE

Thanks, Gil. Good-night.

A kiss follows. Gil backs his truck out of the driveway.

Jessica slides into bed. A glimmer of light catches her eye.

JESSICA

--OMIGOD!

The center of her right hand has become transparent.

Within it is a swirling, gaseous nebula --against the backdrop of a black starfield. Similar to an astronomy map.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Mom! MOM--!!!

Panicked, Jessica leaps out of bed. She gets tangled in the bedsheets and crashes to the floor.

The door swings open. Irene flips on the light switch.

IRENE

What's going on up here?!

Jessica looks at her hand. To her surprise, it's whole again.

JESSICA
I... Bad dream. Just stressed out.

INT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jessica's at her locker. She tests her right hand. Flexing it. Both sides. Nothing abnormal.

Matt touches her shoulder. She jumps, startled.

JESSICA
Ugh, what do you want?

MATT
I heard what happened. You did some number on Cheryl's nose.

JESSICA
Your girlfriend has a real mean streak. You deserve each other.

MATT
C'mon, Jess. I know things went bad between us, but I still...y'know...

JESSICA
What?

MATT
I still care about you.

Jessica shuts the locker door, eying him skeptically.

MATT (CONT'D)
I like Cheryl. But the truth is, I still think about you. Look, I don't know where we stand, but maybe we can hang out sometime.

JESSICA
You serious?

MATT
Strictly friendly. Promise.

JESSICA
...Okay.

Jessica lowers her guard. She warms to a smile.

INT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Detention. Jessica sits in the back, working on an assignment. She notices the SUPERVISOR packing up her books.

SUPERVISOR

5:00, Jessica. You're free to go.

Jessica looks outside. The last school bus is boarding.

EXT. WARREN HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Jessica makes a run for it. Too late. The bus exits the school grounds.

On his moped, Danny zigzags around the parking lot. Noticing Jessica, he pulls up alongside her.

DANNY

I got a spare helmet.

EXT. DANNY'S MOPED - DRIVING - DAY

Danny maneuvers through the suburban side streets. Jessica's sitting behind him; hands around his waist.

DANNY

So just you and your Mom? No Pops?

JESSICA

She got pregnant and he skipped town. At least that's what she says. Never knew him, so screw him.

DANNY

I can relate. So what are you doing this Friday night?

JESSICA

Look, I appreciate the ride and all, but I've already got plans.

DANNY

With a guy, right? Do I know him?

JESSICA

...Matt Baxter.

DANNY
Somebody said you two broke up. Is
he back in the picture?

JESSICA
Maybe.

High above them, the spy robot pursues. Recording.

INT. BLACK FLEET WARSHIP - CONTINUOUS

The bridge of a high-tech starship. Stocky, grey-skinned
aliens --Kordarians-- are stationed at elevated consoles.

A video feed is projected on a viewscreen. It's a birds-eye
view of Jessica and Danny, from the spy robot's perspective.

SPY ROBOT POV: Jessica and Danny continue their moped ride.

CAPTAIN KROOG views the footage. Seated in a command chair,
the grim-faced warrior has a scarred, battle-tested physique.

KROOG
Lieutenant, ready your troops.

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - DAY

The moped stops at the driveway. Jessica removes her helmet.

DANNY
It's a total mismatch. You? Him?

JESSICA
Oh, and I suppose you're my type?

As Jessica climbs off the moped, a couple of her books tumble
to the ground. Danny scoops up a notebook.

DANNY
I'm a lot more fun than some jock.
Let me give you my number.

JESSICA
We barely know each other. Why are
you so interested in me, anyway?

Jessica reaches for her book, but Danny holds it just outside
her reach. He laughs, gently teasing her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
C'mon, Danny. Give it up--.

The spy drone drops down from the sky. It fires a beam of energy. Jessica and Danny are frozen in place. Immobilized.

Suddenly, reality shifts out of focus. It's a bend in time. Every object surrounding the teens becomes blurred.

Four Kordarian soldiers materialize. Wearing battle armor, the stocky creatures inspect their prey.

KORDARIAN & SPY DRONE DIALOGUE IS SUBTITLED

The SPY DRONE scans Jessica from head to toe.

DRONE

Analysis complete. Subject's DNA pattern is consistent with Sire Ethos' recorded matrix.

KORDARIAN LIEUT.

Do all Terran women look so frail?

DRONE

Inconclusive data.

The teens remain in stasis. Danny holds the notebook high above her head. Jessica, arms extended, is in mid-lunge.

KORDARIAN GRUNT

Looks like we've interrupted a mating ritual of some kind. This must be her husband.

DRONE

Inconclusive data.

KORDARIAN LIEUT.

Enough already. The time-lock is short. Let's be done with them.

The Kordarians raise their weapons, taking aim.

A brilliant flash of light interrupts. A black obelisk forms.

From it, Bannon emerges. Armed with his javelin-like pikestaff, he knocks aside two of the Kordarian guards.

KORDARIAN LIEUT. (CONT'D)

NO! Don't let him touch--!

Bannon reaches out, grasping both Jessica and Danny. All three teleport away in a flash of light.

EXT. PLANET ICONDRIA - DAY

Jessica awakens. She finds herself sprawled out on the ground. Dusting herself off, she rises.

Surrounding her is a huge junkyard, full of outdated alien machine parts and starship wrecks. These are the Badlands.

Jessica looks up. The sky is a shock of crimson.

JESSICA

This can't be... Where am I?

She climbs atop an old engine. Looking abroad, the vast alien junkyard stretches for miles around.

DANNY (O.S.)

Yo! Jess!

Danny emerges from one of the many pathways that crisscross through the Badlands. Jessica hops off the engine.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Glad I found you. ...What's wrong?

JESSICA

Just disappointed that it's you who ends up in my dreams.

DANNY

Can you feel this in a dream?

Danny pinches Jessica's arm. She flinches.

JESSICA

Okay, you've made your point. So where are we then?

DANNY

Your guess is as good as mine.

JESSICA

I'm serious, Danny. This place is starting to freak me out.

DANNY

Speaking of freaky, have you seen your hair lately?

Jessica steps over to a pile of machine parts. She sees a distorted reflection of herself against a chrome chassis. Her hair is almost completely cobalt blue.

JESSICA

Oh no. It's worse than ever!

An object catches Danny's eye. It's a discarded pilot's helmet. Very sleek and aerodynamic.

DANNY

Now *this* is a motorcycle helmet.

VOICE (O.S.)

(Subtitled)

Mine, trespasser.

Jessica's reflection vibrates. The chrome chassis is actually the chest plate of a robot. Startled, Jessica backs away.

Emerging from the junk is NINER. Matching Jessica's height, the red-eyed robot is composed of chrome and gunmetal gray parts. Shopworn, scratched and dented, there's a limp to the old robot's walk.

JESSICA

It talked! That thing just talked!

An explosion knocks Niner and the teens off their feet.

A massive, black-armored WARMACHINE emerges from a curl of smoke. It's powered up and armed to the teeth.

DANNY

This looks bad. --MOVE, JESS!

The warmachine fires its gun-batteries. Danny shoves Jessica out of harm's way. Together, they make a run for it.

JESSICA

Why's it after us?

DANNY

--Oh, let me stop running and ask!

They round a corner and arrive at a dead end. The warmachine advances for the kill.

Niner leaps onto the robot's shoulders. He bangs his fists against the killer's insect-like cranium.

NINER

(Subtitled)

Blasted overrated-no-good-pile-of-junk! I'll show you who's obsolete!

Niner loses his grip. He's knocked aside.

Then, a surge of energy strikes the warmachine.

The assassin turns to face Bannon. Armed with his pikestaff, Bannon fires a volley of energy blasts.

The shots breach the warmachine's shielding. It buckles momentarily, then returns fire.

Bannon twirls the pikestaff; deflecting the blasts away.

He drives the weapon straight through the robot's chest plate. A bolt is discharged. The warmachine explodes.

Once the debris clears, Jessica and Danny approach.

JESSICA

That was sooooo amazing.

DANNY

You twirl that thing better than any cheerleader at Warren High.

BANNON

Quam trai ivii sha.

DANNY

Huh? What language is that?

JESSICA

I..I'm not sure how, but I understood him perfectly--.

Bannon activates a wrist cartridge. A tiny dart shoots out, striking Danny in the neck.

Danny's eyes roll over. He drops to the ground, unconscious.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. You killed him.

BANNON

No, he'll be all right. It's just a micro-translator dart.

JESSICA

A what?

BANNON

It will enable him to understand Icori. Our native language.

JESSICA

Our--? Who are you?

BANNON

Bannon. Chief bodyguard of the royal family. I've been sent to locate and protect you. This is the planet Icondria.

JESSICA

Planet? ..No, That's not possible.

BANNON

I assure you, it is. You're no longer in the Terran star system.

Jessica looks skyward, overwhelmed at the concept.

BANNON (CONT'D)

There are questions to be answered. But right now we must leave.

NINER

And good riddance! Your kind's not welcome here in the Badlands.

BANNON

Mind yourself, rob. You're in the presence of royalty.

NINER

...Ethos? Is this is blood-child?

A weary groan interrupts. As the translator dart dissolves, Danny regains consciousness. Jessica helps him up.

BANNON

I've signaled for transport. Come.

Jessica hesitates. She eyes Bannon carefully.

BANNON (CONT'D)

Please, you must trust me.

DANNY

--Whuzzat? What did I miss?

JESSICA

I'll fill you in on the way.

Bannon takes the lead. Jessica guides Danny along.

Several more robots emerge from hiding places. It's an entire subculture of mechanical beings. Niner watches the humans for a moment, then follows them.