

GAMES OF '98

by

Jerry Hansen

BLACK SCREEN

TYPING on an old-style typewriter. Fast. Furious. Focused.

STICKS KAYRUN (VO)

The Earthers are unhindered by any rules. So hold on Martians: three days till the tourists are gone. Meanwhile, a Martian Gold medal in Full-Contact female Figure Skating, is delayed five years - unless the Earthers change that rule again.

Typing stops.

STICKS (VO)

Let the games begin.

FADE IN:

EXT - ARCTIC CANYON FLOOR - DAY

HULK stands before us. A Norse God: a huge, blonde, blue-eyed hunk. He wears a tight, BLUE skating outfit. His muscles ripple. His ego ripples.

He holds up a pair of long-bladed skates. He smiles to us: cheesy. His teeth and skates SPARKLE in unison.

HULK

When I'm on the move --

EXT - ARCTIC CANYON FLOOR - MOVING

Hulk speeds along an iced-over Grand Canyon look-a-like.

FLAMES jet from his feet: he skates at well over 300 kph.

HULK (VO)

I use HULKblades - fastest skatewear in the universe.

EXT - ARCTIC CANYON FLOOR - AERIAL

Hulk jetskates from one side of a long horizon to the other in the time it takes to say:

NARRATOR (VO)

Take it from Hulk, Earth's 12-time Westlander skate champ. When you want to go fast, go HULKblades.

FADE OUT

MUSIC: Hank Williams singing "I'm so Lonesome I could Cry"

EXT - MARTIAN SPORTS BAR - "LITTLE GREEN MEN"

An old country swill-house: fresh paint hides a humble origin.

NARRATOR (VO)

The Official Skate of the Martian Winter Olympics. Hulk keeps going and going and going -- GONE.

INT - MARTIAN SPORTS BAR - LITTLE GREEN MEN

NEON FIGURES of LITTLE GREEN MEN dance along the walls and fire laserpistols.

STICKS KAYRUN walks in: shorts, thongs, a dirty T-shirt with Commander X-2, Marvin the Martian bearing a raygun. The shirt's lettering: "Earth Must Be Disintegrated" .

There's a packed house of: LOCALS - dusty farmers and ranch hands with denim and worn leather; and EARTHER TOURISTS with Cashmere "I was there" Olympic T-shirts.

An older woman, CALAMITY "CAL" KAYRUN, in dusty leather, chaps, and a beat-up RED sports cap, steps behind Sticks.

CAL

Sticks?

He turns. She BELTS him - sails him backward on his ass.

CAL (CONT'D)

Welcome home, Sticks Kayrun.

STICKS

Hi Cal.

CAL

That was for -

STICKS
 - not making Dad's funeral.
 (beat)
 You're still a Calamity I see.

They're distracted by a MONITOR - Hulk holds up a bizarre SKATE.

HULK (ON MONITOR)
 Hey kids, for real speed, try my
 new HULKrocketblades.

A caption flashes below monitor Hulk: MUST BE 21 TO PURCHASE.

BACK TO SCENE

CAL
 Hulk's a lousy cheat. And so are
 you, Sticks. Shar won't even speak
 your name.

A bearded EARTH TOURIST walks over.

EARTH TOURIST
 Cal - you know Hulk will stomp your
 Martian plow boy into manure.

Cal gets in the tourist's face - YANKS his beard.

CAL
 That plow boy is my baby. I'll get
 the Border Patrol in your shorts if
 I hear anymore outta you.

Sticks springs between them; frees the tourist.

STICKS
 Easy girl.

The Earther tourist escapes.

Cal relaxes - laughs at the tourist.

CAL
 Like any Martian can yank the
 Border Patrol's chain.
 (to Sticks)
 I wasn't expecting you.

STICKS
 I'm working across the street in
 the network booth.

CAL
 I meant at the funeral.

Pained silence. Sticks notices a BETTING TOTEBOARD.

STICKS
(indicates toteboard)
Why'd you let that in?

CAL
Had no choice. The network forced
it or no live feed.

STICKS
The usual. Blackmail.

CAL
At least I get 1% of the take.

STICKS
The usual deal is 5%. They're
stealing your money.
(beat)
They own the refs.

LOCALS in the wager line give a look at Sticks.

STICKS (CONT)
They cheated Mars out of that
female Figure Skating as sure as
they will for the Team Most Gold.

CAL
Son, you got no faith in our
Martian kids. They can take these
Earthers.

STICKS
Earthers play to win. By cheating.

Long silence.

CAL
How long you in town for?

STICKS
Couple days - close out the last of
the Games. Real busy - I'm here,
I'm gone.

More silence.

CAL
I'll just spit it out. Stop on out
at the ranch for a visit.

STICKS
Why do you keep that ranch?

Cal pulls out a simple KODAK PHOTOGRAPH - a passing glimpse of green forest.

CAL
Mars has changed since you left.

Sticks ignores it.

STICKS
Dad died for that worthless chunk of rust. I got work.

CAL
Your usual excuse.

Cal forces the photo on him. He stuffs it in a pocket.

Sticks heads for the toteboard.

Cal pulls out some receipts, tears them up, and tosses them.

CAL
(laughs)
Martian Full-Contact female Figure Skaters!

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - BETTING COUNTER

A BOARDMARKER adjusts odds. CLERKS take money from bar patrons, provide receipts, etc. Gold medal count: Westland 8, Mars 6, Eastland, Pacland, others.

Sticks steps up to LOUIE RUUKIE, an older man who makes the skin crawl: ill-fitting grimy suit, pasty-white skin; an unkempt flap of silver hair misses his bald spot.

STICKS
Don't take any more bets from Cal.

LOUIE
Hey! You're that writer?! Her son?
Who said she made any bets?

Sticks gives Louie a look.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
Long term financial planning is my specialty. Cal should be planning for her retirement years.

STICKS
She's IN her retirement years. Her husband died recently. It's been tough.

LOUIE
 Mars has had it rough, but I don't
 make unwanted investment
 recommendations.

MONITOR: A PAT SAJAK CLONE and Louie stand before the
 toteboard.

PAT SAJAK CLONE
 Martians, time is getting short.
 Out of Work? Owe the company money?
 Own your own land? We guarantee a
 chance to win. Support your Martian
 team to take the Team Most Gold.

NARRATOR (VO)
 Bet now and save: limited time
 offer.

Sticks glares at Louie.

LOUIE
 Hey - just doing my job.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS ESCARPMENT - THARSIS RIDGE - DAY

Olympus Mons, with a landmass the size of Arizona, towers
 22 kilometers high and terminates in a 8 km high cliff:
 Tharsis Ridge.

A small village, the PAVILION, rests at the foot of Tharsis
 Ridge and is surrounded by a snow-sprinkled forest of
 redwoods and pine.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - DAY

ASPEN with a crimson sky.

The Peninsula Mons Hotel dominates a trendy downtown
 shopping district. Quaint shops dot a cobblestone walkway
 embellished with wroughtiron lamplights and potted azaleas.

Custom homes - chalets and shops elegantly lace the
 district - being built; a Terra Forma Inc. billboard
 pronounces: OLYMPUS MONS HOUSING - FOR SALE!

Graffiti, over the FOR SALE sign, implores "SELL MARS
 STEEL, NOT MARS."

EXT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - DAY

Sticks, with typewriter case and briefcase, walks toward a CROWD outside the Peninsula Mons Hotel.

He gawks at the nouveau Pavilion's trendiness.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - COLONIAL OLYMPIC TEAM

The MARTIAN OLYMPIC TEAM, in RED Colonial space suits, waits near a podium.

Sticks walks up to a big-strong-simple-local-farm-boy: DUKE "ICEMAN" KAYRUN.

STICKS

DUKE! Little Bro, grats on the big day!

DUKE

Sticks!?!

Duke is stunned. He excitedly hugs Sticks - who hesitantly returns the hug. They disembrace and look each other over.

STICKS

The three day Martian Iditarod. And against Hulk.

(beat)

Watch yourself, he'll be nasty.

DUKE

I'll take care of him just fine. I'm skating for a personal record today: this gold's for Pa.

STICKS

(rubs his bruised chin)

I talked to mom about the funeral. I was busy work-

DUKE

Shar took it worst. She's still not over it.

STICKS

Did they ever find his body?

DUKE

No. Clarke's Cliff swallowed him for good.

The One-True-Star-On-The-Team, JOHN DOE, strides up. A tall, built, handsome guy - success oozes from John's pores.

A FAN gets an autograph from John and leaves.

JOHN DOE
Duke, we're counting on you.

DUKE
(self-consciously)
Thank you, Sir. I'll try.

JOHN DOE
Don't try. DO. Every gold counts.
How's Cal?

DUKE
She's still taking Dad's death
pretty hard.

JOHN DOE
Sorry to hear that. Keep up the
good work and hang in there -
things will work out.
(to Sticks)
Loved your article this morning.

STICKS
Thanks, John. You two need to be
careful. Earthers are pulling out
all the stops to win this.

JOHN DOE
Always have to be cautious in the
Drop. Fly high!

DUKE/STICKS
Fly high!

John strides away. Another FAN steps up.

FAN
The one and only John Doe!
(to Sticks)
Is it true what they say about him?

STICKS
Yep - he's a helluva nice guy.

FAN
Amazing!

Several BORDER PATROL guards clear a path. They wear distinctive TERRA FORMA CORPORATION uniforms.

Director KATHIE LEE TRAMM, dressed to the nines and in a conniving smile, steps to the podium. Her speaking style suggests self-fulfillment: she is full of herself.

TRAMM

I am Terra Forma Corporation
Director Kathie Lee Tramm. But
today, I'm also your Number One
fan. Now is the time for Martian
athletes to step forward and do
their duty. Things will pick up
again! I applaud you all. On to
VICTORY.

She steps off the podium and walks toward the Peninsula
Mons hotel; her lead Border Patrol bodyguard THUG 1 knocks
down a KID. She steps over the kid.

Sticks goes to help the kid - THUG 1 pushes Sticks back.

THUG 1

I like your style, Tramm.

TRAMM

(glares)

Director Tramm. And I'll step on
you if -

THUG 1

I'm on it. I'm on it.

TRAMM

Or I'm on you.

Duke helps the poor kid up.

STICKS

She's an hour late and that's all
she had to say.

DUKE

I seen that bodyguard around our
ranch.

STICKS

When was that?

DUKE

Pa and me chased him off a couple
times. The O-G-E happened not long
after.

A HORN BLARES.

DUKE (CONT'D)

I gotta race to catch.

STICKS

This race is for Dad - I'll quote
you on that.

Duke gives a thumbs up as he heads off.

DUKE

Nice to have you back, Bro.

STICKS

I'm only here for a couple-

Duke didn't hear it - he's already gone.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH - DAY

A panoramic window view onto the Olympus Mons Pavilion.

Two sports announcers settle into chairs and put on mics:
the best broadcast team around.

RON BLADDERN, a tough-guy ex-jock, always ready to
un-retire on a whim's notice.

DICKIE TAKKIE is renowned and reviled for his ponderous
on-air vocal emphasis and tacky toupee.

Ron notices as Sticks walks across the Pavilion and enters
the Peninsula Mons.

Disgusted, Ron throws down the EARTH OBSERVER sports
section.

RON

Dickie, this rag is krunko.

Dickie picks it up - it's folded to an ARTICLE.

DICKIE

Ron, that the overnights? Prod
folks said word of mouth was great.

RON

No, Dickie, this god-damn Martian
writer: Sticks Kayrun. How
distorted can he get a simple
story? We saw the Full-Contact
Figure Skating.

Dickie rolls his eyes and glances over the article.

DICKIE

(offhand)

Yes, Ron - the Eastlander pounded some serious shit. Kayrun used to be Martian, but he's been an Earther freelancer for years.

RON

Of course, Earth beat these wimpy Martians - but it was very exciting.

DICKIE

Ron, we didn't beat them, we -

RON

Fucking whiny Martians - next they'll want to vote.

Ron indicates a section of Sticks' newspaper article.

RON (CONT'D)

I don't consider myself vack-us.

DICKIE

That's vac-U-ous.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Visually adjacent to ANNOUNCER BOOTH with Ron and Dickie.

BROADCAST PRODUCTION PEOPLE includes two women: PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS, PA 1 and PA 2, who work a futuristic broadcast network mixing board.

A MAN, HOLLYWOOD, directs the broadcast: dark shades; Armani suit; manicured hands; The Perfect Tan+Hair.

EARTH SPORTSWRITERS, laptops deployed, fill several rows of desks with monitors before them.

Sticks sits next to TWO COUCH POTATO SPORTSWRITERS. The writers giggle to each other as Sticks sits. PA 2 checks Sticks out.

STICKS

(to himself)

Stupid Earther tricks.

Sticks sets down his typewriter case and pulls out the typewriter. Opens the briefcase and removes blank paper, pencils, etc. Sportswriter 1 stands there; does nothing.

SPORTSWRITER 1
 You ever hear of technology,
 Martian?

STICKS
 You ever hear of Martian power
 outages, Earth-boy?
 (beat)
 We get two-year dust storms.

SPORTSWRITER 2
 That hasn't happened for years on
 Mars - get with the times, local
 boy.

STICKS
 Old habits die hard.

PA 2 stares at Sticks. Hollywood puts a manicured hand on
 PA 2's shoulder - she gets back to work.

PA 2
 Sorry, Hollywood. Sir.

LARGE PROJECTION MONITOR - THE MAIN EXTERNAL FEED

A still of a skier surrounded by deep, virgin snow and tall
 pine trees. The letters MTA, a phone number, and a strange
 address appear over the still shot.

NARRATOR (OS)
 (fine print fast)
 Paid for by Martian Tourism Agency.
 Stiff penalties for illegal
 immigration. Travel Visa required.

HOLLYWOOD
 FADE IN - it's SHOWTIME!

BROADCAST MONITOR

Fade in on title: TBC's WIDE UNIVERSE OF SPORTS (with
 jingle).

Dissolve to a shot of empty, starry space.

NARRATOR
 Spanning the sports universe: as
 vast as space, and as timeless as
 infinity.

Superimposed over the starry background: two armored
 FIGURES, on a chintzy flat Earth map, swords flail away.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 Middle ground of pain and sweat;
 between the pit of man's fears -

One feints, then slides a foot under his opponent and trips him. The winner rests a foot on the loser's chest.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 And the sunlight of his knowledge.

A sun "dawns" over the winner's shoulder. A sunbeam shaft envelopes him in a glowing radiance.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 This is TBC's Wide Universe of
 Sports - Olympic Edition.

Superimposed above the winner are the Olympic Rings - SIX rings - and the title: TBC's WIDE UNIVERSE OF SPORTS.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Production people watch the BROADCAST MONITOR:

RON
 Hello, everybody. Welcome to the
 historic, first-ever Universal
 Winter Olympics. This is Ron
 Bladdern.

DICKIE
 And I'm DICK-ie Takkie. Folks -

EXT - MARTIAN DESERT LANDSCAPE - VIKING 1 FIRST SHOT

The first picture sent back from Mars shows a big rock dubbed "Big Joe" amidst a wasted, desolate red desert.

DICKIE (VO)
 This was many, many years ago, and
 this is now -

EXT - LUSH REDWOOD FOREST

A forest with gargantuan redwoods reminiscent of Northern California. "Big Joe" is still here, with ferns and colorful plants sprouting around it.

DICKIE (VO) (CONT'D)
 Mars isn't what it used to be.
 Redwoods grow over 1000 feet high,
 thanks to point 4 gravity. They
 grow to 400 feet on Earth. The
 gravity difference makes for
 exciting speeds in these Martian
 events.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - DAY

A beautiful shot of the beautiful people milling about
 amongst the quaint town square. The Peninsula Mons Hotel
 looms large to one side.

RON (VO)
 We're live from the Pavilion at the
 Olympus Mons Olympic Village
 located in the beautiful Peninsula
 Mons resort complex.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Dickie and Ron on a monitor as Sticks and the production
 staff watch.

DICKIE
 Everybody is EXC-ited about the
 Colonial team giving WEST-land a
 RUN for the MOST O-LYM-pic GOLD.
 (beat)
 Amidst tough economic hardship, the
 Martian settlers are pulling for
 their Cinderella home team.

PA 1 holds a headphone to her ear.

PA 1
 Oh my God - HULK - it's AWFUL!

DICKIE (OS)
 The powerful, rich, and famous are
 ALL on Mars - even the President of
 Earth. HULK himself will be HERE
 for a LIVE interview.

The production staff fix their attention on Hollywood.

PA 1
 Hulk can't do his interview!

HOLLYWOOD

Fix it.

Hollywood storms off.

PA 1 grabs a phone.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - MONITOR CLOSE UP - PAT SAJAK CLONE

MONITOR: PAT CLONE and Louie stand before the toteboard.

PAT SAJAK CLONE

Remember Martians; Now is your chance to win a fortune. Out of work? Owe the company money? Own your own land? We guarantee a chance to win!

NARRATOR

(inaudibly fast)

Odds are based upon standard Earther and Terra Forma gambling regulations relaxed for Olympic -

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - BETTING COUNTER

Cal stares at the Pat Sajak commercial.

Cal has a wad of cash - hands a stack to Louie.

LOUIE

Calamity Kayrun! Sticks said -

CAL

Shut up. You here for a reason or what?

LOUIE

I'm here to serve your investment needs.

CAL

Me too. Shar to --- Mars to win the slalom -

Hands over another wad of cash.

CAL (CONT'D)

and Duke to win.

LOUIE

Martians say the silliest things.

EXT - ARCTIC CANYON FLOOR - VALLES MARINERIS - DAY

The setting from the Hulk commercial: a huge, arctic Martian Grand Canyon; but much wider and deeper than in Arizona.

FANS and PRESS surround a start line with ATHLETES behind it. The athletes wear streamlined spacesuits and ice-skates.

Duke is with COLONIAL COACH, who wears a big diamond ring, huge gold chains, and a luxurious mink coat.

COLONIAL COACH

Concentrate on Hulk. He's the best in the universe, and the craftiest. Look out for him, boy.

DUKE

Look out? I'm going to win. I've got to set a personal record - win this for Dad.

Coach playfully punches Duke lightly on the chin. Coach's big diamond ring carves an imprint in Duke's skin. Duke gives an "Ow" expression, but Coach continues on, oblivious.

COLONIAL COACH

Yeah - yeah. Try your hardest. Stay away from Hulk.

(beat)

Just do respectable.

DUKE

Thanks.

COLONIAL COACH

You didn't tell anyone else this "win it for Dad" thing, did you?

Duke gives an incredulous look to Coach, then leaves. Coach watches him leave - shakes his head.

COLONIAL COACH (CONT'D)

(affectionately)

You big dumb farm boy.

EXT - ARCTIC CANYON FLOOR - VALLES MARINERIS - ELSEWHERE

HULK'S COACH, an older muscle-bound guy with an eye patch, Fu Manchu beard, and muscleman sleeveless shirt - chain-smokes cigarettes.

HULK'S COACH

The Network cuts to commercial
after the first turn.

HULK

I know, I know.

Hulk, in a BLUE WESTLANDER suit, drinks from a water bottle
- like a God - since he knows he's being broadcast.

RON (VO)

Hulk, in the blue Westlander Eagle
outfit, is the clear favorite. He's
been the champ for years and is on
record as saying he'll BE the champ
for years.

(beat)

Tough to disagree.

Duke, in his RED COLONIAL suit, gazes over the crowd.

DICKIE (VO)

Duke Iceman Kayrun is the local
favorite - he used to deliver
oxygen from his dad's ranch along
Valles Marineris. Duke has
dedicated this race to his Father,
who died recently in an O-G-E
avalanche. Oxygen Gas Eruption -
Mars is still getting used to its
new atmosphere.

(beat)

His sister Shar is a favorite in
the Saturn slalom.

RON (VO)

Duke is far from the favorite here.

Duke walks up to Hulk, offers his hand.

DUKE

Good luck, Sir. I'm going to do my
best to beat you.

HULK

Plow off, Martian.

Hulk and Duke put helmets on as other athletes line up.

The REF points the starting gun up.

REFEREE

3 - 2 - 1 - GO.

BLAM - OFF THEY GO!

The skaters are a BLUR - OUT OF SIGHT within seconds.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DUKE'S POV

We hear the skates strike the ice WHISH-WHISH as the terrain rapidly zips past.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - AERIAL

Looking down - starting line off to one side: the racers are blurry streaks across the smooth ice.

They continue along a straight expanse, with a distant sharp curve fast approaching. Duke is slightly ahead of Hulk, the others trail further behind.

RON (VO)

They're off - on a grueling 8000 kilometer roundtrip trek. Splendid role models of honor, training, and endurance.

DICKIE (VO)

JUST them and MARS, NO tech, help, or even OUTside contact, allowed.

RON (VO)

Three days from now, after hours of skating and sleeping as they can, we'll meet them as they loopback to the finish line.

STICKS (VO)

Come on Duke. That's a boy!

DICKIE (VO)

And speaking of ROLE models, let's take a ROLE-model COMM-ercial.

MONITOR cuts to a HULK close-up.

He smiles; there's a glint off one of his teeth. Pulling back, he's on the beach at Moorea. He holds up a string bikini as a topless blonde grins to us and juts her ample chest out proudly. Hulk's still smiling.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

The Earther Sportswriters cheer. Sticks stares at them.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS

Duke is in a rhythm - elegance and grace.

HULK'S COACH (VO)
They've cut to commercial. Over.

Hulk, far behind Duke, also has an established pace - then he breaks it: pours on the steam.

Hulk closes in on Duke.

Duke slows as he enters the first curve.

Hulk's skates STRIKE the ice - WHISH-WHISH - getting closer to Duke.

Hulk catches up to Duke. He sidles near Duke, smiles - and SMASHES A FOREARM into Duke's throat.

Duke sprawls flat backwards on his ass - SHATTERS his helmet on the solid ice.

Duke is motionless.

Hulk takes the lead.

HULK
(via helmet radio)
Message delivered. And received.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

A smaller MONITOR, NOT LIVE FEED, captures Hulk as he smashes his forearm into Duke.

No reaction from the production staff.

SPORTSWRITER 1
Take THAT, Martian scum!

The sportswriters laugh. Sticks BELTS Sportswriter 1.

STICKS
Take WHAT?
(to Hollywood)
I won't let you doctor these events.

HOLLYWOOD
What are you talking about?

STICKS

Hulk nailed him - illegally.

Hollywood looks to PA 1, who shrugs and nods. PA 2 smiles seductively towards Sticks.

PA 2

Writers can be so sexy.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS

Duke is still motionless, blood trickles from his mouth. All the skaters are ahead of him.

Duke stirs. His eyes bulge. He groans, chokes, and holds his throat: he can't breathe.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

A TOWERING WOMAN sits between Ron and Dickie: 6'6" with two black eyes, assorted fresh facial stitches, five o'clock shadow, hair seemingly glued on, and body by Gold's Gym.

She's in a BROWN Eastlander uniform: stares intently at Ron.

Ron squirms like live bait: the main entree.

RON

We're - fortunate - to have a live interview with the women's Full-Contact Figure Skating champ. We never really wanted anyone else. Miss Br-

He looks his notecard over - no help.

RON (CONT'D)

Miss Brx-
(beat)
Miss Gold medalist, pleased to meet you.

Ron smiles. She gives him a big honey-love grin: toothless. He defensively looks her over.

That distinct glimmer in her eye - for him.

MISS GOLD MEDALIST

(thick slavic accent)
Da - fuool cuoon-tact.

RON
Yeah. The Eastlanders have
dominated this for years.

MISS GOLD MEDALIST
Martian very tough. She could ween.
Me talk Ref - Martian out, me
happy. Me talk you, me happy.

She grins, SMACKS her fist into her hand, and leers.

Sheer terror fills Ron's face.

RON
I - I see. Thank you very much.

Ron shoves a notecard at Dickie - motions Dickie to
proceed. Dickie gives Ron a puzzled look, then reads the
notecard.

DICKIE
(reading)
Meanwhile -

Miss Gold scoots closer to Ron - he scoots away from her.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
- the Colonists are just behind
Westland in the Most Gold.

Miss Gold gives another leer to Ron.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
But if the Saturn Sla-

Miss Gold drops a hand on Ron's crotch - SQUEEZES.

RON
(voice up an octave)
Take it away, Rip InBorg.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Everyone, save Sticks and Hollywood, laugh. Headset on,
Hollywood grabs a microphone.

HOLLYWOOD
What the hell are you doing, Ron?

RON (OS)
(falsetto-screams)
GET ME OUT OF HERE.

Pained, Hollywood flings his headset off.

Ron bursts out of the announcer booth, Miss Gold hot on his heels. The production people hoot and jeer.

Sticks watches without reaction.

Hollywood, deadpan, shakes his head as he observes Ron.

HOLLYWOOD

What price art?

EXT - SATURNIAN SPACE

The Saturn orbital station is just outside the farthest Saturnian ring belt. The ring belt can be seen nearly edge on - appears razor thin.

INT - SATURN ORBITAL STATION - STATION VIEWING LOUNGE

RIP INBORG is a wild-eyed, excitable sports reporter.

RIP

(startled)

Thanks, Ron. The Westlander has experience: this should be a breeze - no pun intended. Let's look.

MONITOR SHOWS SATURN'S RING

The rings are full of rocks and ice chunks that vary from tiny pebbles up to huge boulders many times the size of a ship.

Two small SPECKS fly through the rings. Two Jaguar-like spaceships come into view: they dive, shuck, and jive at incredible speeds around the ring rocks and ice.

RIP (VO)

The Saturn Slalom is a million kilometer race through Saturn's ring system. The Cassini Division challenge: you must stay IN the dense ring system the whole race. The ring is less than 5000 kilometers thick.

A BLUE and RED ship lead the pack; others far behind.

RIP (VO) (CONT'D)

These spaceships are powered by the new R-XJS Quantum Ramjet engines. The latest in technology at over a hundred thousand KPH.

The two lead ships fly tight - the BLUE pulls ahead. The BLUE lead ship pulls a wicked twist and curly-cue through a tight group of boulders.

The RED second ship follows the leader.

RIP (VO) (CONT'D)
 Looky that sucker go - the
 Westlander Eagle ship pulls ahead.

The BLUE lead ship slams head-on into a massive boulder. An electro-magnetic shield FLASHES and SHIMMERS as the ship barrels on through; SHATTERS the boulder to bits.

RIP (VO) (CONT'D)
 Ooohhh - My left nut to fly one of
 these fuckers.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Hollywood frowns.

HOLLYWOOD
 God-damn act- ... announcers. Let's
 do cleanup.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

The Earther tourists CHEER the BLUE lead ship maneuver.

RIP (OS)
 The Westlander Eagle ship pulls
 ahead.

MONITOR

cuts to a BLUE Quantum Ramjet racer diving around asteroids in space.

CLOSE on the cockpit, the pilot is -

HULK
 Asteroids really suck.

MONITOR CUTS TO

Hulk lies comfortably in a sumptuous bed - a babe beside him.

HULK (CONT'D)
 That's why I leave the flying to
 Quantums.

From exterior space, a huge spaceliner rumbles by us.
There's a kangaroo painted on the ship.

Over the screen appears: QUANTUMS MARTIAN VACATION PACKAGES
START at 49999.

NARRATOR (VO)
We still haven't had an accident.
The Official Spacecruiser of the
Martian Winter Olympics.

Cut back to the spaceliner interior and Hulk. The babe
rolls off him and settles in on her side of the bed.

NARRATOR (VO) (CONT'D)
(quietly)
He keeps going and going.

The tourist crowd goes wild on Monitor Hulk.

CROWD
HULK! HULK! HULK!

The Martian locals are silent.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS

Duke lies prostrate - skaters in the distance grow smaller.

Duke stands up. He skates wobbly a couple strides. Duke
clutches his throat, coughs uncontrollably, goes back down.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM - LATER

Ron and Dickie casually walk towards their booth: Miss Gold
is gone.

Ron hands a RE/MARS OLYMPUS VACATION REAL ESTATE GUIDE to
Dickie. The cover picture shows a redhead skiing down
Olympus Mons: bottoms-only in a RED bikini.

The issue's title is: "MINDY MAVEN: Agent of the Month."

RON
(crackling falsetto)
You should hurry.
(coughs voice back
to normal)
Martian vacation homes are dirt
cheap. Still not much of a market
for them.

DICKIE

Yeah, but how easy is a Martian visa to get?

RON

No trouble for you. The visa requirement keeps out the riff-raff.

They walk by Sticks. Sticks glowers at Ron.

STICKS

No - it doesn't.

RON

They let you back in, dirt-digger?

Sticks stands; Ron steps closer.

STICKS

I was born on a family homestead. Back when we had to get our oxygen out of red rock.

RON

You whining colonists don't appreciate how much Earth spends on your asses. Terraforming ain't cheap.

STICKS

You arrogant, vacant Earthers just push your weight around. We could win these games - if they were fair.

RON

How much you want to bet? 50, 100 thousand?

STICKS

They're rigged. I'm not stupid enough to gamble.

RON

Arrogant Colonial parasite. You get scholarships to our finest journalism schools but Earth isn't good enough for you.

Sticks steps up to larger, somewhat older Ron.

STICKS

Earther journalistic integrity leaves -
 (imitation falsetto)
 - a lot to be desired.

Ron grabs Sticks; pulls him in close.

RON

Big shot reporter. Your articles are typical Martian dirt - just slam everything from Earth. You should thank us for getting you off this rust heap.

HOLLYWOOD

Ron, Dickie, it's showtime.

Dickie pulls Ron away.

MONITOR: Rip InBorg stands ready in the Saturn Station.

HOLLYWOOD

(into mic)

Rip, special effects are labor-intensive. For my staff, please, control yourself.

RIP (OS)

Sorry, Captain, you didn't give me any warning when you cut to me.

HOLLYWOOD

That was Ron being cute.

RIP (OS)

Imagine that.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - LATER

The terrain is different - the valley edges are higher. This, and a low sun, make for long shadows.

Duke speeds along with an occasional painful grimace.

Duke's eyes are different: tear-streaked, an innocence-lost intensity.

Duke closes on a skater.

The other skater picks up his pace.

DICKIE (VO)

Hulk has a COM-manding LEAD in the IDIT-arod now.

Duke continues to grind to his tempo - passes the skater, puts distance between them: Duke looks straight ahead.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Food wrappers and empty cans clutter the room. Everyone has loosened clothing: ties and jackets off.

Except Hollywood: still fresh and polished.

MONITOR: SHAR KAYRUN, a determined pilot focused on her RED vehicle.

RIP (VO)

The Martian pilot is ex-Spaceforce. Colonel Shar Kayrun brings a canny discipline, grace, and finesse to her dangerous sport. And ferocity - she refuses interviews to non-Martian press.

MONITOR: Rusty Dimbow pilots his BLUE ship; eats a twinkie.

RIP (VO) (CONT'D)

Against her is the ex-spacetug pilot Rusty Dimbow.

STICKS (VO)

A space-age garbage truck driver.

RIP (VO)

His style is to plow straight through any obstacle. His rallying cry is: SHIELDS UP.

The BLUE lead racer flies into a particularly thick storm of rocks and pebbles.

The ship and shield take a tremendous battering - the RED ship in second place closes fast.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - LATER

Cal gloomily stares at the broadcast monitor.

DICKIE

NO surprise folks: HULK LEADS the IDIT-arod as we end day 1 coverage.

Cal shakes her head. Louie is behind the bar, a BLUE LIGHT flashes above him.

LOUIE

Attention shoppers - last call for discount Most Gold bets. Last call.

Cal pulls a sheet of rolled vellum from a pocket. It's tied with a red ribbon. She stares at it.

CAL

I can only lose you once.

Cal walks up to Louie.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS

Duke pours it on.

DICKIE (VO)

Duke is CLEAR-ly exhausted. He's been skating for HOURS. Re-MEM-ber the BEST time to complete the 8000 kilometer roundtrip TAKES IDIT-arod GOLD!

Duke breaths heavily and holds his throat - collapses. He lies there motionless.

RON (VO)

Duke Iceman Kayrun, the simple Martian farmboy looks hurt. Any medical help and he's immediately disqualified.

DICKIE (VO)

True - but only Hulk is ahead of him now: he should be very proud of himself. I'm sure his colony is.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

Cal brings a round of Duff beers and sits down with friends.

MONITOR shows a prostate Duke on the ground.

FRIEND 1

Thanks, Cal.

CAL

What's happened to Duke? Is he hurt?

FRIEND 2

Probably nerves. He's never skated against the likes of Hulk before.

FRIEND 1

Hulk has never been beaten -

CAL
 Duke can do it.
 (beat)
 Duke will do it.

MONITOR CUTS: a caped Hulk smiles and waves - a sparkle glints off a tooth.

He flies through the air like Superman, and descends out of sight in the time it takes to say:

NARRATOR
 Duff's - the Official Brew of the
 Martian Games. Hulk keeps going and
 going and going -- GONE.

Cal and friends give each other somber looks - and glance suspiciously at their beers.

CAL
 I bet the farm on this.

FRIEND 1
 You're not the only one.

FRIEND 2
 Cal, that's not saying much anymore.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - LATER

Sticks walks over and sits with Cal.

MONITOR: BLUE WESTLANDER SHIP blasts through a large set of boulders. The RED ship dodges the same boulders.

RIP (OS)
 The slalom is winding down -
 Westland using brute force and the
 Martian using precision finesse.

MONITOR: A handsome MAN cuddles a BABY, two little GIRLS in elegant dresses beside him.

RIP (OS) (CONT'D)
 Shar Kayrun's beautiful kids -
 future pilots maybe!

CAL
 Makes a mother proud.

STICKS
 Shar's done all right for herself.
 (MORE)

STICKS (CONT'D)

Maybe I will stop by one of these days. That old ranch has been through some changes.

RIP (OS)

It's getting down to the wire - only 70,000 kilometers to go.

An errant fragment off BLUE Westlander smashes into RED's shields.

RED goes out of control. Spins wildly.

CAL

It's too late. I put the deed down today.

STICKS

Huh? You bet the ranch against the Earthers?!

Cal pulls out a receipt. Sticks sees it, jumps up, and runs to Louie.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - BETTING TOTEBOARD

Sticks runs up to Louie behind the counter.

STICKS (CONT'D)

What kind of scum are you? Stealing a lady's home.

LOUIE

Stealing? I'm fully licensed and Board-Certified.

The RED ship, still spinning, successfully deflects - via side shield - off a rock.

The spin slows; the RED ship stabilizes.

INT - RED SHIP

Shar grins, relieved.

EXT - RED SHIP

Shar makes her final revolution.

A speeding BOULDER, another off the BLUE Westlander ship, flies in front of her.

INT - RED SHIP

Shar wrenches the control stick hard.

EXT - RED SHIP

The AFT END - the quantum ramjet exhaust - is PERFORATED by the stray BOULDER.

The engine goes NUCLEAR.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

MONITOR shows the explosion.

CAL
Oh my God! NO - NO!

Sticks runs back - puts a hand on Cal's shoulder. Cal ignores his hand.

CAL (CONT'D)
Go - go do your thing.

Cal's friends console her. Sticks hesitates - hits the exit.

EXT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - DAY

Sticks runs across the street to the Peninsula Mons Hotel.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Sticks comes through the door.

PA 1
(horrified)
Oh my God.

There is a pause of several beats: everyone is shocked, with no reaction in the room.

Everyone watches the MONITOR.

RIP (OS)
WOW! INCREDIBLE!

PA 1
I haven't seen that before!
Couldn't script that better.

Sticks, horrified, looks at the production people.

HOLLYWOOD
The ratings! The ratings!

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

Cal is holding back tears. Her friends console with her.

The local crowd groans.

The tourist crowd goes wild.

RIP (VO)
This Rusty Dimbow is a CRUSHER!

TOURIST CROWD
CRUSHER! CRUSHER! CRUSHER!

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

MAIN MONITOR: BLUE SHIP - DIFFERENT VIEW

Crusher flits ABOVE the gap - the Cassini Division -
between the 2 large primary rings and kicks in afterburners
and glides on to victory.

HOLLYWOOD
Effects.

The production staff busily punches buttons.

SPORTSWRITER 1
What's he doing above the Division?

PA 2
The what?

STICKS
He's cheating - he's out of the
Cassini Division.

SPORTSWRITER 2
(snide)
Ok.

PA 1

I'm on it - spatial correction -
burn some time delay.

HOLLYWOOD

I cannot impede artistic expression.

MONITOR: Crusher dives back into the Cassini Division, as
he crosses the finish line.

STICKS (OS)

What? How did -

HOLLYWOOD (OS)

Excellent. Get me Kayrun's husband
and kids on the set - NOW.

(beat)

PLEASE tell me she has kids. Let's
sell some R-XJSs.

MONITOR - GRAVEL COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

WITH A JINGLE:

(scratchy black & white image) A stressed-out nuclear
family of four in a Model T putzes down a muddy rural road.
A horse easily passes the car.

NARRATOR (VO)

Remember back to the early days of
motorized travel?

(clean black & white image) The same stressed-out family in
a Lexus cruises a 5 lane autobahn.

They slow as heavy traffic jams the road ahead.

NARRATOR (VO)

That cross country drive with Mom
and Dad?

STICKS stares at the family scene on the monitor.

(in color) A sleek flying car cruises towards a heavily
clouded red planet.

That same family are relaxed and happy. The R-XJS descends
upon Olympus Mons; the land dotted with bucolic cow
pastures and pine forest as the eye can see.

NARRATOR (OS)

R-XJS: The Official Transport of
the Martian Winter Olympics.

DICKIE
Hollywood, why show a family
commercial after an accident?

HOLLYWOOD
Product tie-in.
(beat)
If anyone wants to LEAVE this rock
at company expense, get busy.

Production people scramble like their jobs depend on it. PA
2 indicates MONITOR.

PA 2
Hey, check that out.

Everyone looks.

MONITOR: a gaping HOLE in Saturn's rings.

DICKIE (OS)
The explosion decimated a chunk of
Saturn's ring. That hole may last
for centuries.

PA 1 (OS)
Cool.

STICKS (OS)
A beacon. I see a BEACON!

MONITOR - NOT NETWORK LIVE FEED - a speeding explosion
fragment pulsates.

STICKS (OS)
It must be her shielded cabin.

PA 2 (OS)
She's probably plenty sick, but OK.

HOLLYWOOD (OS)
(disappointed)
Let's keep on the explosion for
now. Talkers - talk it up!

MONITOR: RED ship spins, rock impacts exhaust, explosion.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

Ron faces, on MONITOR: a grief-stricken husband and kids.

RON
Live from Saturn - we have Martian
Pilot Shar Kayrun's family.

(beat)
How are you feeling after this
awful incident?

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Production staff watches.

Sticks clenches his fists.

MONITOR: cut back to the RED ship spinning, rock perforation, ship explosion.

HUSBAND (OS)
We're devastated.

RON (OS)
Let me extend the network's deepest sympathies at your family's tragic loss.

The production people laugh; give each other high-fives.

They turn to Hollywood - and fall silent.

Tears stream down Hollywood's face like a baby.

HOLLYWOOD
I can't recall when I felt this fulfilled with my craft.
(beat - to PA 1)
CUT to the explosion!

MONITOR: RED ship spins, rock impacts exhaust, explosion.

HOLLYWOOD (OS)
Think of the Nielsens!

PA 1 (OS)
We could use that explosion in a new intro.

Hollywood smiles - nods his head. Sticks comes up behind Hollywood and PA 1.

STICKS
What is with you people?

PA 1
What is with what?

Sticks is speechless; he looks around - everyone casual, laughing, a party atmosphere.

HOLLYWOOD

We're creative, spontaneous. We're
ARTISTS.

STICKS

She's OK - broadcast that she's OK.

Sticks leaps on Hollywood and grabs him forcefully by the collar. Production people leap to Hollywood's defense.

STICKS (CONT'D)

Why do you do this? It's one thing
to cheat and ridicule. It's another
to torment.

HOLLYWOOD

You're out of here. Your pass is
grass.

STICKS

Who's paying you to fix these games?

HOLLYWOOD

Fix? Me? I'm just doing my job.

Production people break Sticks off Hollywood.

Hollywood instantly has a mirror out as his stylist
appears. His eyes never leave the mirror.

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)

Remove him.

Production people yank Sticks' press pass; drag him to door.

RON (OS)

I don't see how these upstart
Colonials can recover from this
drubbing.

DICKIE (OS)

Westland has added SIZE-ably to its
GOLD MEDAL LEAD.

MONITOR on:

DICKIE

To EARTH from the REMOTE MARTIAN
TUN-dra, this is Dickie TAK-kie for
Ron BLAD-dern. See you tomorrow
folks. GoodNIGHT.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - NIGHT

Duke tries to start a fire rubbing sticks - fails.

DUKE

Hands too cold - can't use matches.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DIFFERENT LOCATION - NIGHT

Hulk stands before an odd-shaped boulder; gives it a kick:
CLANK - metal on metal.

The boulder top slowly rises. Inside is a small box.

Hulk pushes a button on the box. Several beats - BEEP.

Hulk removes a steaming filet, lobster, & asparagus. He
removes a glass of wine - and Bananas Flambe.

Hulk blows out the flaming banana.

HULK

Mmmm, banana flamees!

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS - DAY

Sunrise. Martian version.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - DAY

Sticks sips water with Cal as a morning crowd straggles in.

STICKS

Shar will be back soon.

CAL

I'm glad for escape hatches.

Sticks watches Louie and his employees. The blue light
FLASHES. Bettors flash cash or plastic; local farmers
occasionally pull out vellum deeds as payment.

A boardmarker adjusts the odds of various events: ROCKET
LUGE, LAVA LEAP, SOP DROP, ROCKET SLED, IDITAROD, others.
Gold medals: Westland 10, Mars 7 are the leads.

Louie hits a switch - that BLUE LIGHT shuts off.

LOUIE
Attention shoppers. Last call for
rocket-luge. Last call.

Sticks finishes his water, looks toward exit, and gets up.

STICKS
I'm off to work.

THUG 1, Tramm's Lead Bodyguard, steps to the counter and sets out papers.

Louie is filing papers in a CABINET.

LOUIE
May I help you?

THUG 1
A margin account.

LOUIE
(chirpy cheerful)
Right away, Sir. Name?

Sticks stalls his exit as he notices THUG 1.

THUG 1
E. M. Dill. And your blue light
special on luge - Westlander to win.

LOUIE
I'll need some personal information
for that margin account.

THUG 1 / DILL
(indicates papers)
ID card, cashier's check, and Terra
Forma employment records are right
here.

Sticks stops, strains to hear Dill and Louie, sees a wall poster: the RE/MARS Agent of the Month Mindy Maven, a bikini-clad redhead, bottoms-only - chuckles to himself.

LOUIE
Good. How much margin on that?

DILL
What's the maximum?

Sticks scrutinizes Dill.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH - DAY

Ron sits with Director Kathie Lee Tramm.

RON
Here's your PSA.

MONITOR

An incredible splendor: Olympic-sized pool, hot tubs and wet bars, atop a tall, marbled building.

Tramm stands before a Martian team decked-out in shiny RED spacesuits.

TRAMM
I'm Kathie Lee Tramm, Director of the Martian Colonial Terra Forma Corporation. I'm proud of my efforts to colonize Mars, and even more proud of my Olympic kids to make our team the very best.

(beat)
But there's one thing we would like to ask of you, our loyal fans -

TRAMM/TEAM
SAY NO TO KRUNK.

SAY NO TO KRUNK fills the monitor - overlays the Martian team picture.

BACK TO SCENE

RON
A wonderful public service, Ma'am.

TRAMM
I couldn't give a flying fuck about these moronic sports.

(into camera)
I WANT my interview broadcast at PEAK viewing.

HOLLYWOOD (OS)
(exasperated)
Yes, Director Tramm, peak prime time.

PA 2 hands Ron a NOTECARD.

A STAGEHAND gives Ron a cue.

RON
Welcome, Director Tramm.
(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Your Terra Forma Corporation has graciously supported the Colonial Olympic team. Your "SAY NO TO KRUNK" campaign was a huge success.

TRAMM

Thanks Ron, but you know I couldn't do it without the warm support of TBC.

RON

Thank you, Director Tramm, we appreciate that very much here.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Everyone is stone quiet. A snicker cuts through the room. Then a couple more.

Hollywood has a shit-eating smirk.

HOLLYWOOD

Please, let's be professional.

BACK TO ANNOUNCER BOOTH

RON

(reads NOTECARD)

I have a hard-hitting question for you first.

TRAMM

Fire away.

RON

(jovial)

There's a crazy rumor that Terra Forma is squeezing the Martian settlers: forcing indebtedness, foreclosures, and bargain basement land sales - since only Terra Forma can sell land to Earthers.

She BELTS him off his chair.

TRAMM

Why the fuck are you asking me a question like that?

(beat)

Who the fuck do you think you are, Bladderbrain?

(to camera)

Get me someone else.

She storms out.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM - DAY

Everyone turns to stoic Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD
(deadpan)
Edit.

MONITOR: Ron gets up, hand cups his eye, looks into camera.

DICKIE
Good tact - you'll have a shiner
for the final broadcasts.

RON
That woman is bat-shit crazy. No
more fucking female interviewees.

DICKIE
But you have such a WAY with WOM-en.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - DAY

Sticks still on Dill and Louie.

LOUIE
Here's your receipt, Mr. Dill.
Congratulations on boldly asserting
your high-risk financial goals.

Dill gives Louie an incredulous look, leaves.

Sticks, after a discreet pause, heads for the door.

Cal meets at the entrance with the RE/MARS REDHEAD COVER
AGENT, MINDY MAVEN: dressed in a stylish business suit.

MINDY
Thanks for inviting me over Cal.

CAL
Sticks, you remember Mindy.

Sticks, frowns, tries to get past them. Cal blocks him.

Bar patrons make furtive gestures to Mindy and her poster.

INSERT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - STICK'S POV

Dill walks quickly down the crowded street.

BACK TO SCENE

Sticks tries to get around Cal; she stops him.

STICKS
 (eyes Dill)
 I'm in a hurry -

CAL
 Mindy helped with the assessment on
 the ranch.

Sticks looks past them for Dill.

STICKS
 Need to ... see - where -

INSERT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - DAY

Dill is gone in the crowds.

BACK TO SCENE

Sticks is speechless with frustration.

STICKS (CONT'D)
 It's not that, Cal.
 (to Mindy)
 I don't like your livelihood.

He cuts past them - ditches out the door.

MINDY
 Since the Agent of the Month issue
 came out... Martians are prudish,
 traditional folk.

CAL
 It's my fault. He's pissy I bet on
 Most Gold.

MINDY
 Like many Martians, you think with
 your heart -

CAL
 I should've bet on John Doe in the
 SOP Drop -

MINDY
 You didnt read what Sticks wrote -

CAL
 I did.

(beat)
Sometimes my oldest annoys the shit
out of me.

MINDY
Yeah. Grats - you're first in a
very long seemingly never-ending
line.

Cal grins at Mindy.

INT - TRAMM SUITE

Large sterile office suite. 20 foot ceiling - all glass
walls display a stunning panorama: Olympus Mons immense in
one direction; in another: the deep rift of Valles
Marineris.

Tramm and Dill enter.

TRAMM
Well? Did you max out on the
rocketlog?

DILL
That's rocket-luge. Louie thinks
we're over-extending and -

TRAMM
MAX out the rocket race thing. DO
your JOB - DAMMIT.

Tramm glares - Dill relents, heads for the door.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

PA 2 walks through the door - holds it open.

Sticks walks in - covert wink to PA 2.

Hollywood pointedly notes the entry of Sticks and PA 2.

STICKS
Thanks for the reprieve.

PA 2
(glances at
Hollywood)
I smoothed it over, but don't piss
him off again. Watch your temper.

STICKS

I would - if I had a temper. How was my suggestion for Ron's Tramm question?

PA 2

You are going to get me fired.

STICKS

Hasta la vista, Hollywood.

MONITOR fades in on TITLE: TBC'S WIDE UNIVERSE OF SPORTS (with jingle).

The title dissolves to empty, starry space.

NARRATOR (OS)

Spanning the sports universe -

STICKS

Not the intro again?!

Hollywood glowers at PA 2.

PA 2

Sticks!

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM - LATER

Lunch left-overs lay about.

MONITOR: a REFEREE stands watch over a BLUE Westlander as he prepares a rocket-luge - an elongated sled with rocket nozzles on the back.

The Westlander laser-torches the luge blades: they are INCANDESCENT BLUE.

PA 2

What's he doing?

STICKS

Lasertorcing his rocket-luge blades - they'll melt through the ice - and go much faster. It's illegal.

PA 1

God, you're a walking rule book.

PA 2

Sticks? Remember our deal?

Sticks looks exasperated at PA 2.

Hollywood, listening in, regards the main monitor.

HOLLYWOOD
Ladies - don't broadcast this stuff
- the "lasertorching."

PA 1
Shit - should I edit?

HOLLYWOOD
(to Sticks)
Nobody would know the difference
anyway - just cut away.

The monitor cuts to Ron Bladdern, his finger nasally embedded. He looks into the live camera: gets that deer-in-the-headlights look.

PA 2
(imitating Ron)
Ron Bladdern - the star of his own
production of "Discoveries of the
Left Unknown."

Production staff and Sticks crack up.

But not Hollywood. Hollywood's production staff stops laughing. Several beats.

HOLLYWOOD
(deadpan)
I take no joy from another's
failures.
(to PA 2)
Respect the power of broadcast.

PA 2
I'll pass the word, Hollywood. Sir.

HOLLYWOOD
You do that. Somewhere else.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

The crowd mass-gags at the Ron Bladdern nasal excavation.

CROWD
OOOOooooooo.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS SUMMIT - LATER

The shield volcano Olympus Mons has a smooth level grade - for several hundred kilometers.

Gentle curves built into the luge track as far as the eye can see. A RED rocket-luge is in a starting gantry.

RON (VO)

The Westlander did respectably, but the field is open for a rocket-luge team take the gold.

REFEREE (VO)

3 - 2 - 1 - GO.

Rockets FLARE and the luge is gone - literally.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS SLOPE - AERIAL

The rocket-luge jet-glow is easily traced against the snowy-white backdrop and pine forest. It jets down the entire mountain side.

DICKIE (VO)

Olympus Mons - at 22 kilometers high - is still the area of Arizona.
(beat)
Doesnt take long - at 300+ kph - to close.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM - MAIN MONITOR

The luge cruises along.

STICKS (OS)

Yes, GO baby GO.

SPARKS fly off the luge blades - it brakes considerably.

STICKS (OS) (CONT'D)

WHAT? NO! NO!

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS SLOPE - AERIAL

The rocket-luge, sparks flying, approaches a SHEER DROP of several kilometers.

It flies off the cliff: the sparks abruptly end.

DICKIE (VO)
 And ends with an 8 kilometer sheer
 drop - Tharsis Ridge.

The luge flies through the air and gracefully deploys a
 parachute. Begins a slow, gentle descent to a bullseye near
 Olympus Mons Pavilion.

DICKIE (VO) (CONT'D)
 Landing right where we are - in the
 beautiful Olympus Mons Pavilion.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Sticks is dumbfounded:

MONITOR: Dickie/RON:

DICKIE (OS)
 AMAZ-ing! Ron.

STICKS
 Yeah.

DICKIE (OS)
 The lugeman AC-cidently tripped his
 own BRAKE.

STICKS
 Bullshit.

RON (OS)
 Tough break for the Martians; maybe
 next time - they can spend time -
 on their own hill.

Sportswriter 1 looks Sticks over - says nothing.

EXT - PINE FOREST - DAY

Sticks walks through a beautiful forest.

EXT - BABBLING BROOK - DAY

A small river gently flows into a placid pond.

INT - LIVING ROOM

A warm, homey setting: a doily bomb went off here years before. Sticks looks about this family room; he dwells upon pictures of a handsome family: a father, mother, teenage son-daughter twins, and a baby boy.

EXT - SNOW COVERED FIELD - DAY

Sticks, lost in thought, as snow crunches to his steps.

MINDY (OS)
It's beautiful, isn't it?

Sticks, startled, turns about. Mindy stands behind him.

MINDY
It's changed alot since you left.
Less cold, remote.
(beat)
Mars, at least, is more temperate.

STICKS
What are you doing here?

MINDY
I used to be here often.

STICKS
You haven't been here since we
broke up - have you?

She grabs his hand and flies up, pulling him along.

EXT - SNOW COVERED FIELD - AERIAL

Sticks and Mindy fly. No equipment or ship, just them.

MINDY
Cal had me assess the ranch. Put a
price tag on it.

STICKS
But Terra Forma wouldn't pay fair
market pr -

MINDY
They never do. Dill made inquiries.
Your Dad - and Cal - always refused
to sell - even just the mineral
rights.
(beat)
Tramm doesn't like "no."

STICKS

There's just no witnesses to Dad's death - or murder.

They fly above a huge crater - one side has caved in - exposes deep red crust.

MINDY

Clarke's Cliff. That crater wall collapsed at the time your Dad disappeared.

(beat; whisper to
Sticks)

The O-G-E -- I found gunpowder residue.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

Sticks yanks his thumb from the "KODA-PHOTO" of the Kayrun ranch.

Mindy sits beside him: her thumb on the PHOTO also. Sticks looks grimly at Mindy.

CAL

You two are having a Kodak moment; just like way old times!

STICKS

It's not-

The crowd SHOUTS at monitor: Westland gets another gold for a total of 11 to Mars' 7.

CAL

If that ain't Martian krunk, dammit.

Mindy gives Sticks a "CALM" look.

MINDY

Cal, don't let a bad day brood.

CAL

We need more Martian winners.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - LATER

Duke skates quickly along as the shadows grow long. The BLUE Hulk is a half kilometer ahead. Duke closes.

RON (VO)

Hulk took an early lead but young
Iceman is determined. Something's
gotten into this Martian kid.

HULK'S COACH (OS)

The charges were put in last week.

HULK

(panting, via
helmet radio)

They better work.

HULK'S COACH (OS)

You there yet?

HULK

(panting, via
helmet radio)

Almost.

Hulk skates through a narrow section of the valley - and
out the other side. Duke enters the narrow section.

HULK (CONT'D)

Ok. I'm through.

HULK'S COACH (OS)

Over.

Hulk stops and turns.

HULK'S POV

The valley section blows up.

BACK TO SCENE

Hulk cracks up laughing.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

Sticks, Cal, and Mindy are stunned.

RON (VO)

A tremendous avalanche in Valles
Marineris threatens Duke Kayrun!

DICKIE (VO)

An O-G-E caught on CAM-era! MAY-be
a first?

The bar patrons are silenced.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - HULK'S POV

Carnage, as ice and rubble settle.

Duke, like a bullet, plows out of there.

HULK is shocked.

HULK

Huh?

HULK'S COACH (OS)

What happened?

HULK

You missed. He's right behind me.

Hulk turns - to skate for all he's worth.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DUKE'S POV

Duke's skates hit the surface hard and fast: WHISH-WHISH, back and forth, picks up speed, left and right WHISH-WHISH.

Duke closes on Hulk.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS

Hulk pumps in earnest. Duke in background is comes up fast.

HULK'S COACH (OS)

Plan B, dammit. Plan B.

HULK

No sweat.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

Sticks, Cal, and Mindy cheer Duke along.

Lots of dusty locals at the betting counter.

Sticks notices the Colonial Coach come in; a quick, chummy chat with Louie.

Coach heads for exit.

MINDY
 (to Sticks)
 Sticks, you were never quite an ass
 like this.

Louie puts a stack of DOCUMENTS in a CABINET; makes a call.

LOUIE
 (hushed, into phone)
 I'm - we're - in deep. Start this
 fucker NOW.

Sticks, intent on Coach/Louie, is startled by Mindy.

STICKS
 What - an ass?

MINDY
 You've been disapproving of me. I
 bared my ass on that cover to save
 my family's farm.

STICKS
 Cover?

MINDY
 RE/MARS Agent of the Month paid
 good money. Our farm is out of hock.

Coach exits.

STICKS
 Your cover is fantastic.
 (indicates boorish
 tourists)
 But how can you sell our land - to
 Earthers?

MINDY
 What?

STICKS
 Selling Martian land to Earthers.

CAL
 Martians don't take kindly to
 strangers buying settler property.

MINDY
 So only Martians should be allowed
 to buy Martian land? The Martian
 economy sucks right now.
 (beat)
 We dont NEED kids skating oxygen to
 remote farms anymore.

Cal and Sticks look at each other.

STICKS

Of course not - but settlers can't
legally sell direct to Earthers.
Only Terra Forma can.

MINDY

Sticks, I only handle residential
properties. Our broker handles the
large property sales - through
Terra Forma.

Sticks glances to the exit - Coach is gone. Sticks gets up.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Dill is RE/MARS' best customer -
always buys large tracts -
preferably only underground -
mineral. And tonight is Terra
Forma's big bash.

STICKS

They forgot to invite me. Excuse
me, I need to talk to someone.

(beat)

What made you check for gunpowder?

MINDY

Doing real estate - I've learned to
check for alot of things.

(beat)

Some would give Jackson Pollock
ideas. Or nightmares.

STICKS

Thanks for the imagery.

CAL

Jackson who? Is he a neighbor?

MINDY

You're welcome.

(beat - nods at Cal)

"His" wasnt the first/only
"convenient" O-G-E lately. Instead
of sportswriting - maybe you
should've gone investigative.

STICKS

(indicates wall
poster)

Me - investigative? I didn't notice
your ass bared.

MINDY

A figure of speech.

STICKS

Nice figure - nice bikini.

Sticks gets up - heads for exit; Mindy catches him.

MINDY

Look at my poster again.

Sticks looks at it - foreground Mindy in a topless bikini - skiing down Olymous Mons through an idyllic forest.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Terra Forma - Tramm - are very dangerous: their job is done.

(beat)

Tramm lives in a past now long gone.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE - DEIMOS ORBITAL FACILITY

The Martian moon Deimos - a big ROCK in space.

A large building and a silent smokestack out of place.

A tiny R-XJS appears; flies toward the building.

RON (VO)

Just now receiving word that the SOP transport has arrived at the Deimos Orbital Facility.

INT - DEIMOS ORBITAL FACILITY - PREP AREA

A locker room. John Doe and several other ATHLETES enter.

Two grease monkey TECHS arrange strange spacesuits: extra underarm fabric. SPACE HELMETS. Colorful, flowing capes.

The TECHs wear similar Terra Forma outfits as Tramm's bodyguards and the Border Patrol.

John Doe carefully picks out, examines his suit.

TECH 1

Mr. Doe, honor to have you here again.

JOHN DOE

Nice to see you again. Your kids like that stuff I sent?

Techs-in-Bromance: both nod.

TECH 2

Always strange to have the launcher
pointed at Mons - not up.

JOHN DOE

(laughs)

I bet. Thanks for your efforts,
guys. I gotta get ready.

John dons his suit. Techs leave - do a downlow high five.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - BETTING COUNTER

Local miners, farmers - some tourists - line up at the
counter. Louie motions his workers to go slow.

LOUIE

Sorry shoppers, the investment
window will be closing soon.

Disgruntled MURMUR runs through the crowd.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

We can open a Diamond fast service
window - for only a small 5% fee.

Louie motions a staff member - opens a new betting line.

INT - DEIMOS ORBITAL FACILITY - SOP LAUNCH ROOM

Two techs prepare an egg-shaped vehicle that sits on rails.

Tech 1 moves by a single viewport - shows inky blackness of
space.

TECH 1

This view gets better all the time.

TECH 2

We get the crap work. Terraformers
got an easy job.

They both start laughing.

Through the viewport, a fleeting glimpse of Mars with icy
poles - and green/blue patches.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

MONITOR: several silvery-suited athletes surf across a fast-flowing river of lava.

Ron has a BLACKEYE - tries vainly to cover it from the camera.

RON
Very soon we'll be cutting live to the next event -

DICKIE
(breathless)
The LEG-en-DARY JOHN Doe.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION

Sticks catches up to, stops, Colonial Coach.

Coach turns and glares.

COLONIAL COACH
Sorry, Sticks, no time for interviews.

STICKS
How much is Louie paying you?

Coach stops.

COACH
Sticks, I don't have time for this.

STICKS
Shar nearly ran out of time. Then she spent some at a Saturn Station hospital ward.

COACH
The Saturn slalom is one of the more dangerous events, especially with Dim-bulb Dimbow around.

STICKS
The rocket-luge? The "accidental" braking.

COACH
It was - you saw the tape.

STICKS
You know seeing isn't believing - here. Earth pulls every trick.

Coach adapts.

COACH

Sticks. I'm easy on my kids. Don't lay a lot of rules down. It's worked for me. My top rule is "Free Agency." Understand? They have to follow their inner selves.

STICKS

How can you live with yourself? You lead them - and then this.

INT - SOP LAUNCH ROOM

Techs open the egg-shaped vehicle's upper half: the canopy tilts back like a giant maw, ready to snap down on live bait.

The front lower portion, hinged, folds down like a Ferris Wheel box.

Tech 1 holds a LONG SOLID BAR in one hand.

Techs stand aside as John Doe bounds inside the vehicle.

Tech 2 gives Tech 1 a hard look.

INT - EGG-SHAPED VEHICLE

Only a simple bench for a seat. No other devices or levers.

John settles in.

No seat belt.

John gives a thumbs up.

Tech 1 steps towards John with the long bar.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - BETTING COUNTER

Louie and staff deal with a sizable crowd of locals.

LOUIE

I've gotten the network start signal. There's a substantial penalty for further investing.

Locals at the counter become agitated. Louie and his people step back from the counter - concerned for safety.

LOCAL PATRON 1
Earthers - always bossing us.

LOCAL PATRON 2
Yeah, TAKE our money!

LOCAL CROWD
TAKE our MONEY! TAKE our MONEY!

LOUIE
I am trying.

EXT - EGG-SHAPED VEHICLE

John holds his hands up and out of the way.

The Techs close the hinged lower Ferris portion.

KLANK.

Tilt the canopy down.

SNAP.

They secure the vehicle and step away.

TECH 2
You chickenshit.

Tech 1 tosses the bar aside.

TECH 1
You couldn't do it either.

TECH 2
There's hell to pay.

TECH 1
Yeah yeah.

Tech 1 GLARES at Tech 2.

TECH 1 (CONT'D)
DUDE - OK -- FUCKER - the bar is
RIGHT THERE - he's IN there. GO.

Tech 1 points to the vehicle. Glares at Tech 2.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Sticks enters a maelstrom: sportswriters, production staff
in full gear.

RON (OS)

We've just gotten word, John Doe is about to begin.

(beat)

Let's cut to the Deimos orbital station.

INT - EGG-SHAPED VEHICLE

John relaxes.

Settles himself inside the vehicle.

Adjusts headset microphone.

JOHN DOE

To my fellow Martians - FLY HIGH! 5
- 4 - 3 -

INT - DEIMOS ORBITAL FACILITY - PILLAR

The rails are laid along the smokestack interior - terminate in a set of airlock doors.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - MONITOR

The crowd focus is intense.

JOHN DOE (VO)

To my fellow Martians - FLY HIGH! 5
- 4 - 3 -

The locals cheer.

LOCALS

FLY HIGH, JOHN! FLY HIGH!

LOCALS (CONT'D)

2 - 1 - FIRE!

INT - EGG-SHAPED VEHICLE

JOHN DOE

2 - 1 - FIRE.

John punches a button.

INT - SOP LAUNCH ROOM

Airlock doors instantaneously open.

Room pressure drops: the air EXPLOSIVELY evacuates.

Vehicle CAREENS down the rails - the MAW OPENS - John exposed.

The vehicle abruptly STOPS dead at the smokestack.

The tall narrow pillar - hollowed out - a RIFLE BARREL.

EXT - DEIMOS ORBITAL STATION

John, alone, is SHOT out.

He immediately takes a semi-rigid bullet position.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE

John hurls at incredible speed towards the Martian atmosphere - thousands of kilometers below.

Below him are glimpses of a heavily forested very Earth-like Mars.

DICKIE (VO)
SO BEGINS the SOP DROP!
(beat)
Mars can be FUN!

EXT - DEIMOS ORBITAL STATION - PILLAR

Vehicle retracts on its rails back down the pillar.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

Everyone - Cal, Mindy, locals, and tourists - are riveted.

Louie is doing paperwork.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE

John hurtles through space toward the Martian horizon.
Descending rapidly.

RON (VO)
Sub-Orbital Parasailing. The S-O-P
Drop.

DICKIE (VO)
NO one in the HIS-tory of the sport
com-PARES with JOHN DOE. A LEG-end
in his OWN TIME.

John soars.

Other side of Mars from Deimos. Nearly into the atmosphere.

RON (VO)
And - by all counts - a really nice
guy.
(beat)
Just like me.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE - ATMOSPHERE

John darts into the atmosphere: buffeted.

The air around him lights up - DULL ORANGE - then DULL RED.

DICKIE (VO)
KIDS - DON'T try THIS at HOME!
(beat)
Deimos means TERROR for a reason.

He's BRIGHT RED.

A FLAMING TAIL grows behind him.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

Through the window to the pavilion:

A mass of press and fans surround a bullseye laid out -
just in front of the announcer booth.

RON
I could play the SOP Drop part. I'm
not a bad flier.

DICKIE
Sure Ron, sure.

CAMERA goes LIVE. Ron favors his non-blackeye side to the camera - awkwardly.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
FOLKS, he's COMING in.

RON
This is the critical part of the
Drop - success or a fiery end.

INT - DEIMOS ORBITAL FACILITY - SOP LAUNCH ROOM

The vehicle is back in the room; the launch doors shut.

The two techs look out the viewport - John's ionic descent wake is already dissipating.

Mars below them is green, blue and white: heavily forested, with vast lakes and long rivers interspersed with billowy clouds - 2 distinct ice-covered poles - and large streaks of red.

TECH 2
Still pretty cool - this view.
Remember those old pictures of this
rock being a nothing botterscotch
desert?

TECH 1
Yeah.

TECH 2
You gonna call Mars - tell them ...

TECH 1
Why? - Duh. News flash? Whatever
shit - has already hit the fan.

The techs take in the view.

TECH 2
Oh kay - next - prep for launch.

Techs glance instinctively at the janitor gear for toilets
- GLARE at each other.

And start rock-paper-scissors.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Sticks, Hollywood, and the production staff watch.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

Cal, Mindy, crowd watch monitor.

Louie looks up from paperwork - notes the monitor.

 LOUIE
 (to himself)
 Ah... shit.

Colonial Coach watches the monitors - and the local crowd.
He eyes the exit.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE - POV FROM BEHIND JOHN DOE

He flies further into the cloudy atmosphere.

INCANDESCENT FLAMES trail far behind him.

 DICKIE (VO)
 SOP Droppers say - SUIT BEFORE
 CHUTE.

The flames SWALLOW him.

 RON (VO)
 The - many - suit failures have
 presumably been quick, painless.
 (beat)
 The chute failures require impact
 - which can take awhile.

John shakes and buffets from his own shock wave.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE - JOHN'S SHAKEY POV

The Olympus Mons horizon view buffets through flames.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Production people are silent.

MONITOR: a long orange flame with a red sliver at the tip.

INT - TRAMM SUITE

Dill watches John Doe on monitor. Tramm poring over a large section map of an intricate chessboard - pays no interest.

TRAMM

Turn that off - we have to sort how to -

DILL

It's the SOP DROP.

TRAMM

(noting monitor)

Is that that John - somebody?

DILL

John Doe, yeah. His moving to Mars will get more immigr-

TRAMM

How come he's finishing - whatever he does - alive?

EXT - HIGH ABOVE OLYMPUS MONS - JOHN'S POV

Olympus Mons stretches for hundreds of kilometers. At one side is Olympus Mons Pavilion.

John extends the space suit - forms wings with arms/legs.

RON (VO)

But they'd be unconscious from spinning and buffeting - so - same difference.

John pummeled from his own shock wave.

The city quickly enlarges as John descends.

The bullseye comes into view prominently in the center of the Pavilion.

EXT - HIGH ABOVE OLYMPUS MONS - JOHN POV

A parasail BURSTS off his back - INSTANTLY deploys.

A large RED Martian sail.

He slows down considerably to a smooth, steady descent.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - JOHN FAVORING BULLSEYE

John's a couple hundred feet away - glides in crisp, smooth.

RON (VO) (CONT'D)

Dickie, this may set the universal record. Certainly it smashes his own Deimos-SOP record.

DICKIE (VO)

He KNOWS this thin atmosphere like NO ONE ELSE ALIVE! The MAN IS the MAN - he KNOWS his SPORT.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - BULLSEYE

John gracefully lands: bullseye dead center.

The crowd takes it all in for a beat, reverently savoring the moment, then bursts into thunderous APPLAUSE.

John is quickly surrounded by family - a wife and 2 youngsters, teammates, and media.

And the Colonial Coach.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

The local crowd goes wild - as they head out the door.

LOCALS

FLY HIGH. FLY HIGH. FLY HIGH.

Most Earthers are silent; some cheer with the locals.

TOURIST 1

Shit, why'd we let him go?

TOURIST 2

He left us. Still can't believe he voluntarily left Earth - for Mars!

TOURIST 1

I never bought that version of the story.

Louie has tears of sadness.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Sticks solely hoots and hollers.

STICKS
Heeeeere's Johnnie!

It's primetime and everyone knows it. Palpable intensity.

PA 2 is gone. PA 2's desk area is cleaned up; her personal effects are gone.

PA 1 sits beside PA 2's empty seat. PA 1 does the production work of two people: computerized cutting and editing, etc.

PA 1 gives an exhausted look to Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD
(indicates PA 2's
seat)
She'll land on her feet.

PA 1
(harried)
It's not her I'm worried about.

HOLLYWOOD
I feel fine, thanks.
(indicates monitor)
NOW - cut to commercial.

MONITOR displays fireworks, happy family crowds, and a familiar castle: all to the tune When You Wish Upon A Star.

DICKIE (VO)
JOHN DOE you have just WON the
DEIMOS SOP DROP -

PA 1
It's premature, isn't it?

HOLLYWOOD
Catch'em while they're HOT.

MONITOR: John Doe and family stroll down a recognizable - and incomplete - Main Street.

DICKIE (VO)
WHAT are you going to do NOW?!

JOHN DOE AND FAMILY
We're building DISNEY MONS!

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - BETTING COUNTER

Louie files paperwork in a CABINET as clerks do same.

LOUIE

I want you all to carefully record
the SOP Drop investments against
the "special account."

INT - DEIMOS ORBITAL FACILITY - PREP AREA

The two techs adjust the SOP DROP launch vehicle.

Behind them the next SOP DROP ATHLETE walks in: a cross
between Batman and Big Bird.

Huge clownish feet, chicken-bone legs, a bulbous feathered
butt, a GREEN cap.

BAT/BIRD ATHLETE

I ready? Si-quad?

The techs look at each other.

TECH 1

The boss has to OK each suit for
safety.

TECH 2

(to Tech 1)

Si-quad - maybe?!

Techs demonstrate they have NO clue what "si-quad" means.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

PA 1 and Hollywood observe Bat/Bird on screen.

PA 1

It'd be great for ratings.

Hollywood nods, in deep thought.

HOLLYWOOD

You may have something there.

(turns to PA 1)

What IS your name?

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

Dickie stands before a live camera, clearly nervous.

DICKIE

It is TRU-ly my pleasure to
introduce the MAN who needs NO
introduction - Mr. JOHN DOE.

Dickie is awed as John steps into view; they shake hands.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

TELL us, John - How'd it feel?

JOHN DOE

Good. It went smooth. Reentry is
always tricky, little bit of
turbulence over Mariner Valley.

RON (OS)

Speaking of turbulence, the
Paclander didn't fare well.

MONITOR: a FLAMING GREEN BALL tumbles - presumably there's
a human in there, though it's hard to believe.

JOHN

My prayers to the next of kin.

DICKIE

You DID handle it WELL - THAT'S why
you're the CHAMP.

JOHN

No, no. The other athletes worked
very hard. Kept me out of my
comfort zone.

DICKIE

ONE thing - people have speculated
END-lessly about why the GREAT-est
EARTH sports legend of his day
picked up and MOVED to Mars.

JOHN

Nobody believes me. It was a family
decision, quality of life, open
spaces versus urban overpop. Earth
is far too crowded.

(beat)

And there's skiing the "Omens of
O-Mons."

DICKIE

Yes, but WHAT was the REAL reason?

John stares back at Dickie.

INT - LOCKER ROOM

Sticks approaches the gaudy-dressed Coach - who weakly tries to avoid Sticks.

STICKS

John is some natural hero.

COACH

Your point?

STICKS

What's Tramm paying you? It can't be worth your self-respect.

COACH

It's a job. She brought me here years ago.

STICKS

That pays piddley squat.

COACH

I do ok.

STICKS

Ok?

COACH

Yeah. Ok.

STICKS

Your self-respect would pay better. And you've been here 15 years.

COACH

Only the last 8 really paid off.

STICKS

How much more you need? Tramm & Company won't be around forever.

Coach gives a long, thoughtful glance back to Sticks.

Sticks indicates Coach's huge gold necklace and mink coat.

STICKS (CONT'D)

I thought those were fake.

COACH

I got my principles.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS SUMMIT - LATER

The Martian rocket-bobsled TEAM drags their sled to starting line.

Coach approaches team CAPTAIN: the Martian rocket-luge man.

Coach whispers in close; Captain nods his head at Coach.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS SUMMIT

The rocket-bobsled sits at starting line, team set, ready.

It ignites and flames down the same track as the luge.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - WINNER'S PLATFORM - LATER

The Martian luge-man stands upon the familiar 3-tiered platform - in the center.

Coach stands nearby, smiling and clapping.

DICKIE (VO)

The MAR-tian team is coming on
STRONG. WITH the Rocket-bobsled WIN
- they NOW have 11 GOLD medals to
Westland's 13.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - LATER

A strong wind blows frozen ice into Duke and Hulk.

RON (VO)

As we return to iditarod coverage -
they have passed the turnabout.

(beat)

They are heading back to us here at
the finish line in the Olympus Mons
Pavilion.

Duke, without a helmet, is even with Hulk, who has a helmet.

Both look exhausted and cold.

They pump their arms and legs in unison.

Duke bears down - pulls AHEAD of Hulk.

DICKIE (VO)
DUKE ICEMAN KAYRUN PULLS AHEAD!
For the FIRST time since MINUTES
into the IDITAROD, SOME-one other
than Hulk leads the RACE!

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

MONITOR: Duke widens the lead.

The local crowd BUZZES.

The tourist crowd is silent.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS SUMMIT - DAY

Hulk skies down Olympus Mons decked out in the trendiest
ski hardware/clothes, a buxom blonde skiing aside him.

NARRATOR (VO)
Whether it's the "Omens of O-Mons"
- the highest mountain in the
universe at Olympus Mons.

EXT - LUNAR MOUNTAINS - DAY

Hulk climbs lunar mountains in futuristic mountain gear.

NARRATOR (VO)
The tallest lunar mountains.

EXT - OCEAN DEPTHS

Hulk SCUBAs towards an undersea city.

NARRATOR (VO) (CONT'D)
Or the deepest ocean depth at
Mariana City.

Hulk shows a credit card to us and smiles.

HULK
The Universal Express Card - don't
leave home without it.

CU - UNIVERSAL EXPRESS CARD

The letters H-U-L-K are imprinted on the card.

INT - ELEGANT PARISIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hulk sits with a knockout babe: she holds a MAXIM'S menu.
Hulk turns to us, smiles, glints, and winks.

NARRATOR (VO)

He keeps going and going and --

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

Monitor: Hulk, with his card and cheesy grin, glints at us.

The tourists are delirious.

The local crowd barely contains a mass homicidal rage.
Mindy leans over to Cal.

MINDY

I'm tired of seeing this jerk.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH - LATER

Ron, mic in hand, a blackeye, stands before us with CRUSHER
- a large, rotund fellow with a self-possessing smug grin.

RON

Thanks for taking the red-eye in
from Saturn last night.

Crusher, upon hearing "red-eye," stares at Ron's shiner for
an uncomfortable period of time.

CRUSHER

Yeah.

Crusher just cracks up - cant help himself. He points...

CRUSHER (CONT'D)

(indicates blackeye)
Did a WOMAN really do that?

RON

That was quite a finale yesterday.

Crusher SMACKS his fist into his hand - glares at Ron.

CRUSHER

I laid her out, like an upstart
Martian dirt-bitch deserves.

(MORE)

CRUSHER (CONT'D)
In my new biography I tell ALL! I
call it SHIELDS UP: THE CRUSHER
DIMBOW STORY.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Ron and Crusher are on monitor.

HOLLYWOOD
Asshole.
(to PA 1)
But he's got legs. Call his agent.

Sticks is THROUGH the announcer booth door.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

Ron is nearest the door - he and Dickie sandwich Crusher -
as Sticks, furious, is ON Crusher.

STICKS
You Earther fuckin asshole -
interview's over.

Sticks flys into Crusher - Ron is only in the way.

HOLLYWOOD (OS)
Commercial.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

MONITOR: Mindy, Cal, and the crowd note the momentary
presence of Sticks as he slams through Ron.

CAL
Good job Sticks, lead with a left!

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

Production people forcibly remove Sticks. Crusher laughs.

CRUSHER
Damn that was fun! I got first
round kids.

Everyone is busy doing their day job.

CRUSHER (CONT'D)

HELLO?

HOLLYWOOD

There's no sweet-talking savior
this time, Sticks, you're gone.

Ron, in pain, holds his non-black-eye.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - LATER

Duke skates along - turns to see Hulk slightly behind.

Duke pours it on harder - makes some space between them.

Hulk angrily tries to catch up - without avail.

DICKIE (VO)

DUKE is making GOOD on his
COMM-itment to his deceased father.
He's PULL-ing ahead of a FRUS-trated
Hulk.

(beat)

Ron, I've never seen anyone get
under Hulk's skin like this
incredible Iceman!

RON (VO)

An old veteran like Hulk always has
some tricks up his sleeve.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH - LATER

Camera live; Ron has two black-eyes and looks miserable.

RON (VO) (CONT'D)

Duke maintains the lead. And now an
interview with Director Tramm.

MONITOR: Ron has no blackeyes.

RON

(on monitor)

Welcome Director Tramm. Your Terra
Forma Corporation has graciously
supported the Colonial Olympic
team. Your "SAY NO TO KRUNK"
campaign was a huge success.

TRAMM

Thanks Ron, but you know I couldn't
do it without the support of TBC.

Ron, with blackeyes, watch Ron, without blackeyes on monitor. The camera is off.

RON
(on monitor)
Thank you, Director Tramm, we appreciate that very much here.

RON (CONT'D)
(off monitor, to Hollywood)
I want final cut on any more interviews.

HOLLYWOOD (VO)
(to himself)
Where do these people come from?

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH - LATER

Ron and Dickie watch as

MONITOR: Duke expands his lead on Hulk.

DICKIE
The TENS-ion is mounting - with a Lava Surf win - MARS has closed to within ONE Gold medal for MOST GOLD. This would be an OLYMPIC UPSET!

RON
Look at him go. Shi-

DICKIE
DUKE ICE-MAN, CRUI-sing like a ROCK-et.

Hulk, far behind Duke, IGNITES his rocketblades - and does indeed cruise like a rocket.

Duke is initially stunned - then pissed - that Hulk would pull such a trick.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

The production staff sees Hulk's move.

HOLLYWOOD
Magic, please. Quickly.

The production people frantically push equipment buttons.

PA 1
Infrared detection and removal.
Background overlay.

HOLLYWOOD
Engage tape delay. NOW.

MONITOR: The rocket plumes are subtracted from Hulk's image.

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)
OK, cut to commercial and remove
time delay.

PA 1
Which commercial?

HOLLYWOOD
Any - don't care.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN

The crowd watches, on the big screen, as Hulk cruises along
with Duke getting closer.

Monitor Hulk again picks up tremendous speed, passes Duke
and quickly obtains a large lead.

DICKIE (VO)
CRUI-sing like a ROCK-et.

No rocket plumes are visible.

RON
Yes, Dickie - Hulk's near 300
kilometers an hour!

Tourists go wild as the locals quiet.

The supposed-to-be live action is cut off.

MONITOR - HULK

stands in arctic scenery. He holds up a pair of long-bladed
skates. He smiles: teeth and skates sparkle in unison.

HULK
When I'm on the move --

HOLLYWOOD (VO)
Excellent commercial choice. Earth
tourists are easy: they'll go wild.

PA 1 (VO)
It was an accident.

HOLLYWOOD (VO)
I'll charge extra for it. What is
your name?

Sticks walks up to Cal and Mindy. Cal hugs him.

HULK (OS)
- for real speed, try my new
Hulkrocketblades.

Earth tourists go wild.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS

Duke strains hard, but falls farther behind.

Hulk, with tremendous flames blasting off his skates, is
nearly out of sight.

Duke strains even harder, as he falls farther behind.

The skates WHISH across the mirror-like ice, deafening in
their repetitive solitude: WHISH-WHISH, WHISH-WHISH, back
and forth, left and right, as the sun melts into the
horizon.

FADE OUT.

The sound effects continue: WHISH-WHISH, WHISH-WHISH.

DICKIE (VO)
HULK LEADS at the conclusion of the
MAR-tian IDITAROD DAY 2 coverage.
THIS is DICK-ie TAK-kie for RON
BLAD-dern saying - GOOD NIGHT ALL
and THANKS for watching.

TUNES: COUNTRY FLAIR. HANK WILLIAMS: Your Cheatin' Heart.

FADE IN:

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - NIGHT

The bar is black - empty. A couple rotund GUARDS play cards
near the betting counter.

A FIGURE lurks in the shadows behind the counter. A small
flashlight ILLUMINATES.

Sticks sneaks to the filing CABINET. He tries to open it - locked. Pulls out a device and LASERS the cabinet lock. CLICK. Opens a drawer and searches it.

STICKS

Damn - receipts. Where are the -

Rifles drawers. Pulls out some sheets. Looks them over.

CLUNK. A bottle SMASHES over Sticks' head. He drops to the ground.

Through murky shadows, a PUDDLE near his head grows larger.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - HULK'S IDITAROD CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A shivering field reporter, L. FRANKEN, stands before us, mic in hand, a wane smile, his breath visibly hangs in the cold still air.

He has a satellite DISH absurdly attached to his back. As he shivers, the signal strength varies.

DICKIE (OS)

We'll cut to a live field report from L. Franken.

L. FRANKEN

(hushed tone)

It's minus 20 degrees here at Hulk's camp.

A makeshift igloo of snow and rock.

L. FRANKEN (CONT'D)

(hushed tone)

Worn down from a long day, he skated over 3000 kilometers since early this morning - by far the most grueling day.

(beat)

Signing off, this is-

RON (OS)

Excuse me, Mr. Franken, I have a couple questions -

L. Franken smiles weakly, as he weathers the cold.

INT - LITTLE GREEN MEN - NIGHT

Darkly lit bar. Sticks lies face down.

FLASHLIGHT BEAM illuminates him.

A GUARD rolls him over - a GASH on his head. The powerful flashlight BEAM lights Sticks' face - he squints. Sticks' hair is drenched in whiskey; it stings his gash.

Sticks stands as the beam flashes around.

STICKS

Ooooooh.

GUARD 1

Wake up. How'd you get back here?

Sticks minimally realizes where he is and who he's dealing with. Touches his finger to his gash - winces - blood on his finger.

STICKS

Somebody slammed me with a whiskey bottle.

GUARD 2

(holds laser key device)

Is this yours?

STICKS

No.

Guard shines beam on CABINET - the last drawer Sticks examined is empty.

Sticks looks at the empty drawer, and shakes his head.

GUARD 1

What did you take? Where's your partner?

STICKS

(shakes his head)

I don't have a partner.

GUARD 1

You Martians know not to poke your noses around Earther property. Let's haul him off.

Sticks stares over at Mindy's poster. He cups his hands to his chest.

STICKS

How do they get those to glow?

The guards look at Sticks funny, then at the poster.

Sticks slams the guards over and ditches.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - HULK'S IDITAROD CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Mr. Franken shivers uncontrollably - freezing ice covers his exposed flesh.

FADE OUT.

PARTY MUSIC. DECADENT. PINK FLOYD: Young Lust.

FADE IN.

EXT - PENINSULA MONS HOTEL - PENTHOUSE TERRACE - NIGHT

An incredible splendor: location of the Public Service Announcement from Tramm & team earlier.

The IN-PEOPLE at the happening party.

Elegance and debauchery abound: fashionable evening GOWNS and TUXES stroll nearby as scantily clad HARDBODIES splash in the waters.

Many SERVANTS and wet bars attend to the crowd.

Hulk looks content in a secluded corner hot tub. Two rapt BABES massage his aching muscles. Hulk watches a

MONITOR - HULK smiles and sparkles in front of Hoover Tower at Stanford University, holds up a brain in his bare hand.

HULK

This is your brain.

Cut to monitor Hulk on the sea bottom, before a great white SHARK.

HULK (CONT'D)

This is your brain on krunk.

He feeds the brain to the shark: one big bite.

BACK TO SCENE

HOT TUB BABE 1, indicates, with a krunk bong, an elegantly dressed woman.

BABE 1
Ma GAWD! Da Queen o' IN-gland!

An elegantly dressed woman saunters by - looks like Margaret Thatcher.

HOT TUB HULK belches in her general direction and turns to BABE 1.

HULK
Pass the krunk.

INT - PENTHOUSE TERRACE - ENTRANCE

Sticks approaches GUARD at the entrance; he wears a tux and a T-shirt with "GO HOME" lettered above an earth crammed onto an extended middle-finger.

His head gash is cleaned.

He smiles and flashes his press pass. Guard checks a list.

GUARD
This is a private Terra Forma Party. Invitation only.

INT - PENINSULA MONS HOTEL - PENTHOUSE BAR

Ron, with two blackeyes, and Dickie share each other's company.

Monitor: a shivering L. Franken - Ron's voice can barely be heard off the monitor above the party noise. Dickie looks at Ron - who's had too much.

RON
(slurred)
Great idea to tape all my questions - I generated alot of interesting questions that way. Creative control: that's all I've ever been after.

Dickie glances at Hulk and his - now three - blonde babes and back to Ron. Dickie sighs.

DICKIE
He keeps going and going -

Ron stares blankly at Dickie.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Hulk could at least cheat more
discreetly.

RON
I'll mention it to his Coach.

Sticks casually walks by.

Sticks sees Hulk in the hot tub as Ron sees Sticks.

STICKS
(towards Hulk)
That son-of-a-bitch.

RON
Sticks Kayrun - How'd you crash
this party?

STICKS
Same way you did.
(indicates blackeyes)
An improvement. See you at the
winner's circle

Sticks pats Ron on the shoulder - and removes an ELEVATOR
PASS from Ron's jacket.

Sticks walks away as Ron taps the shoulder of a HUGE
BOUNCER. Ron points to Sticks and whispers: the bouncer
smiles, nods.

Amidst this carnal scene of partying: John Doe, his wife,
and two young children stroll through the party. Most
partiers - Ron, Huge Bouncer, Dickie, Brunette, servants
-stop and watch. Naked people discreetly cover themselves
from John Doe's children.

Tramm looks about to see what happened.

TRAMM
Who the hell is he? Some jock.

Sticks ditches from the huge bouncer who's caught up in the
John Doe Experience.

Hulk is completely riveted - he records John Doe & family
with a futuristic video camera.

The party picks back up as John Doe+ leave.

INT - SECLUDED CORNER HOT TUB

HULK

I got him - I got him live! And
Jane his wife. The legendary John
Doe! Awesome!

Hulk settles back into the tub and babes. Babe 1 hands over
the krunk.

HULK (CONT'D)

But the krunk is a close second.

Hulk's coach approaches: he's pissed.

HULK'S COACH

How long have you been sitting
here? Someone could've seen you.

HULK

Huh? Oh -

HULK'S COACH

It's time to get back.

HULK

No, don't want -

HULK'S COACH

Now.

HULK

Get me sleep pills.

HULK'S COACH

Like I'd forget, you krunkhead.

Hulk's coach grabs the krunk from Hulk.

EXT - PENTHOUSE TERRACE

Mindy bumps into a GUY accidentally: it's Sticks. He
smiles, a quick wave, and he's gone.

Sticks is a step ahead of TWO BEEFY SECURITY THUGS - the
leader aka E. M. Dill.

Mindy watches him with a concerned look - puts an ELEVATOR
PASS he'd slipped her into her purse.

STICKS

We'll use this later.

Crusher steps up and winks at Mindy.

CRUSHER

You look great on this month's cover. Making love with me would be terrific for your complexion.

Mindy gives a "spare me" look and continues on.

Crusher stands there perplexed.

CRUSHER (CONT'D)

Mars needs women.

An outlandishly futuristic-suave guy, AGENT 1, grabs Crusher by the lapels.

AGENT 1

Crusher, I have Hulk firmly attached in a deal for 80 million. There's just a few notes on the script.

CRUSHER

(eyes follow Mindy)

Yeah - talk to my agent.

Another outlandish looking guy, AGENT 2, approaches Agent 1.

Tramm and Hollywood approach a DISTINGUISHED WOMAN, MS. PRESIDENT.

Tramm and the President shake hands.

TRAMM

Welcome, Ms. Current Earth President.

PRESIDENT

Terra Forma behavior is an issue again.

The agents get loud: guests turn and watch.

AGENT 2

I will cut your live-fucking-bloody-heart out and eat it, if you talk to my client again.

The President gets a horrified expression. The agents continue, closing on each other, as Hollywood gives the President a smile.

Dill motions several security guards and the bodyguards, those after Sticks, attend to the agents.

EXT - DOOR

Sticks flashes a LASER DEVICE into the keyhole - CLICK.

STICKS
(to laser device)
Glad they sell you in pairs.

Sticks ditches quickly into the doorway, unseen by security.

EXT - PENTHOUSE TERRACE

Hollywood hustles to an agent brandishing a huge OJ knife.

HOLLYWOOD
(to President)
Agents. They can be so playful.

The President pastes a fake "but of course" smile. Tramm leads the President away.

Agent 2 indicates Agent 1's chest with the knife.

AGENT 2
Most people have a heart right here.

Tramm takes the President to the same door Sticks snuck into.

INT - PENTHOUSE OFFICE - TRAMM SUITE

Luxuriously fashionable. Large poster bed, executive desk and video set-up.

Sticks checks the desk paperwork - the door opens - he dives for cover in the closet.

PRESIDENT
I want my own inspectors on this rock.

TRAMM
I can't allow that. The terrain is too unsettled.

PRESIDENT
You've been saying that for years.

TRAMM
Check for yourself.

She hits a switch.

A MONITOR goes on: lava flows and earthquakes rumble as vast areas of a barren red planet roil in eruptions. HELL.

TRAMM (OS)

Terra Forma needs expanded land grants and continued support. Otherwise, we could lose Mars. Slip back a red, barren ice-cube.

President slams the switch off.

PRESIDENT

Cut the BS - we've been through this. Earth can't subsidize Mars forever.

(beat)

And I won't be part of another historic fiasco. The American Old West Railroads, the Living Ocean Development FUCKUP, the Lunar Colon-

TRAMM

We're running low on ore reserves.

PRESIDENT

NOT my problem Ms. Tramm. The atmosphere issue is solved - Mars needs to grow up.

(beat)

Terra Forma - and YOU - need to grow up.

EXT - PENTHOUSE TERRACE - LATER

Carnality continues.

People of all descriptions and clothing ranges jump into the pool. A couple well-dressed women chase naked BEEFCAKES.

The President and Tramm exit her office. They go in separate directions - without smiles or farewells.

INT - TRAMM SUITE

Sticks heads to the desk, rummages and finds various sized sheets of paper. Stares at them, amazed for a moment, shuffles them, quickly looks several over.

Stuffs one sheet into a pocket.

STICKS
Jackpot - the deeds.

Sticks heads for the door.

EXT - PENTHOUSE TERRACE

Mindy anxiously watches the door to Tramm's office.

INT - TRAMM SUITE

Louie and Hollywood follow Tramm in.

LOUIE
You put this production together?

HOLLYWOOD
(modestly)
Yes.

LOUIE
You deliver the goods. Terrific
production values.

They sit in front of her desk.

HOLLYWOOD
Thank you. People don't appreciate
the efforts of quality production.

TRAMM
I don't appreciate the efforts. I'm
losing money.

HOLLYWOOD
I've busted my ass - and you're in
arrears. As per our agreement, and
it's clearly spelled out in the
fine print, I do NOT necessarily
fix the events themselves.

LOUIE
Yeah - that's my job.

HOLLYWOOD
I'm impressed. I do these things
all the time. This one has been
very exciting. Unpredictable.

LOUIE
(modestly)
Thank you. I try.

HOLLYWOOD

Ah, but you complete the act. How did we never meet before?

Louie shrugs. Tramm is pissed.

TRAMM

Are you two done? GET a room - I am down money. I'll take my losses from your asses.

Louie and Hollywood give each other a look.

LOUIE

(to Hollywood)

I throw a little money around - nibble at the edges. Can't be too obvious.

TRAMM

Why not? Start wolfing. I want gluttony. I am paying for this party. And I mean PAYING.

Hollywood and Louie give each other looks.

LOUIE

That's too bad. Oh - Kathie Lee - I'm missing some paperwork.

INT - VEHICLE - LATER

Hulk has blood-shot eyes, messed-up hair, clothes mussed; two disheveled babes asleep beside him.

Hulk's coach flies the vehicle over Valles Marineris.

HULK

(slurred speech)

You ga ma rockabla's?

HULK'S COACH

Oh shit - no, I don't.

HULK

Ga slp pls?

HULK'S COACH

(indicates pill)

It's strong - rated 8 hours.

HULK

Two.

HULK'S COACH
Two sleep pills!

Takes two pills from the coach and swallows.

He sits there several beats. An intense look of drowsiness overcomes him. His eyes roll then shut, his head rolls to the side and then straight back.

His mouth gapes wide open - he snorts loud. Twice.

Several beats. Slowly his face grimaces, he stretches his shoulders and arms, then a big yawn.

He lifts his head, opens his eyes, and groggily looks over to coach.

HULK'S COACH (CONT'D)
Rise and shine, Hero.

Coach looks back at him: no Hulk reaction. Slaps Hulk hard across the face.

HULK
God, do I have to.

Hulk barely reacts to the slap: lifts his head slowly.

HULK (CONT'D)
This job sucks.

INT - TRAMM SUITE HALLWAY

Hollywood and Louie leave Tramm's room.

LOUIE
She's a cheat and a thief.

HOLLYWOOD
No respect for professionalism.

LOUIE
Speculative Corruption isnt for
iron-plated Dictators.

HOLLYWOOD
No sense about production costs.

LOUIE
Doesn't know how to have fun.

INT - TRAMM SUITE - LATER

The room appears empty - until Sticks gets out from underneath the bed. Painfully uncrinks his neck and back.

Sticks rummages through the desktop paperwork.

The beefy security thugs enter. Sticks heads out the opposite door. They follow.

INT - HOTEL HALLWAY

Sticks is already far down the hall as they enter.

The thugs reach the other end - CLUNK - the doors of the ELEVATOR have just closed.

They look at each other.

INT - ELEVATOR

Sticks grins to Mindy.

MINDY
How'd we do?

STICKS
(pats pocket)
Jackpot. But we better ditch.

INT - HOTEL LOBBY

The elevator doors open.

Sticks and Mindy start to step out.

Two OTHER thugs push them back in the elevator.

STICKS (CONT'D)
How's this for me being
"investigative"?

MINDY
You suck at it.

STICKS
Investigative is over-rated.

INT - TRAMM SUITE

The thugs hold Sticks and Mindy; Tramm stands before them.

DILL
We gotta take some rocketblades out
to Hulk.

TRAMM
Drop them off along the way.

THUG 2
Drop them off?

TRAMM
Gravity happens - even on Mars.
(beat)
Their deaths were an accident.

Thugs look at each other.

DILL
More Kayrun removal. Right, boss.

Sticks glares over to Dill - and Tramm.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DAY

Hulk rounds a corner and hides behind a tree.

Duke quickly approaches.

Hulk pulls a WEAPON, aims, and FIRES.

LASER hits the ice near DUKE - ice EXPLODES. Duke maintains
balance, picks up his speed, and zig-zags along.

Hulk takes another SHOT, and ANOTHER, misses with both.
Duke is out of range and takes the lead.

EXT - MARTIAN FOREST - DAY

A vehicle flies above a snow-covered pine forest.

INT - VEHICLE

Dill drives; Thug 2 covers Sticks and Mindy.

DILL
He had to take TWO sleep pills!

THUG 2
Two WHOLE pills?

DILL
Yeah!

THUG 2
That guy! What a Hulk!

EXT - MARTIAN FOREST

The vehicle stops high above the tree tops.

DILL
OK. First stop.

THUG 2
She goes first?

DILL
You kidding? How many chances
youever had to screw an agent?

Thug 2's eyes light up; he indicates Sticks to stand up.

Sticks, from a seated position, launches himself into Thug 2 - knocks him back - and out the open door.

Dill reacts - too late - Mindy punches him hard. Sticks tackles him - sends Dill backwards out the door.

Dill grabs, pulls Sticks out the door. Sticks grabs some railing, barely hangs on, Dill holds Sticks' legs tightly.

Sticks wiggles and kicks his legs - Dill falls.

EXT - MARTIAN FOREST - DIFFERENT SHOT

The vehicle is high above - a flailing figure falls a tremendous height.

EXT - VEHICLE

Mindy helps Sticks back into the vehicle. He smiles, kisses her, jumps in the driver seat and turns the vehicle around.

EXT - MARTIAN FOREST

Dill falls into a thick snowbank. All around him is a boulder forest: sharp, spiked.

Thug 2's body lays smashed on a big, flat boulder.

DILL (CONT'D)

Ah - shit.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DAY

Hulk stands near a tree. Impatiently checks his watch.

HULK'S COACH (OS)

(helmet radio)

Something must've happened to them.
Tramm says to get going.

HULK

Without rocketblades? Tell Tramm
she's full of shit.

Hesitantly, Hulk starts to skate along.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DIFFERENT LOCATION

Duke quickly glides across the ice. He sweats and breathes heavily.

RON (VO)

Duke is far ahead - but tiring.

DICKIE (VO)

He hasn't taken any rest breaks.

INT - VEHICLE

Sticks drives the vehicle hard.

DICKIE (VO) (CONT'D)

His father would be very proud.

Sticks glances over to Mindy - she puts her hand on his.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DIFFERENT LOCATION

A referee, binoculars in hand, stands by a Spacely Sprocket: a "George Jetson car" - a flying golfcart, it'll get you where your going without fanfare.

Dill sneaks behind the ref and crunches a tree branch down on his head.

INT - TRAMM SUITE - DAY

MONITOR: Duke skates along - unhindered.

RON (VO)

Duke seems determined to win today.
There's no sign of Hulk anywhere
behind him.

TRAMM (OS)

What does he think he's doing?

A flower vase flies - misses the Monitor - smashes into the wall.

Tramm is at her desk - stuffs paper into a satchel.

INT - TRAMM SUITE

Tramm sets a bag neatly by the door; several other bags are lined up. Dill steps in.

TRAMM

What happened to you two?

Dill shrugs. Silence.

TRAMM (CONT'D)

The rocketblades - did you get them
to Hulk?

Dill shakes his head no.

TRAMM (CONT'D)

Sticks is still alive?

DILL

We - had a problem.

TRAMM

You still do - get back out there.
Stop Ice-guy.

(beat)

Don't leave a body.

DILL

I haven't yet.

Dill heads out the door.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

Camera live before Ron and Dickie.

RON

It'll be a digi-finish. Westland
and Mars are tied in the gold medal
derby.

DICKIE

It's up to DUKE ICE-MAN to pro-VIDE
FINAL GOLD.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION

Mindy comes running out of the Little Green Men.

MINDY

Louie didn't know who stole the
deeds - Tramm double-crossed him.
Martian land law is archaic. If
she gets away with those deeds, the
land ownership will be tied up for
years.

STICKS

We've got to get those deeds back.
(beat)
Hollywood - Louie - how do you know
them?

MINDY

I'm in real estate.

Sticks and Mindy notice Dill in a Spacely Sprocket.

STICKS/MINDY

DUKE.

They head for the closest Spacely Sprocket.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS FLOOR - LATER

Duke looks exhausted - but glides along at high speeds.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS RIDGE

Dill peers down on Duke with a futuristic rifle.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS FLOOR - DILL POV

A speck can be made out near the horizon. It moves quickly and grows larger.

EXT - ABOVE VALLES MARINERIS - DIFFERENT LOCATION

Sticks and Mindy fly the Sprocket "rapidly."

MINDY
We've got to hurry.

STICKS
It's floored.

The Sprocket sputters: PPPPPPPFFFFFFTTTTT.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS RIDGE

Dill uses binoculars to examine the skater.

DILL
Yeah - it's farm boy.

He takes a marksman position with his futuristic rifle.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS FLOOR - THUG POV

Duke is less than a kilometer away.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS RIDGE

Dill has his weapon carefully aimed.

DILL (CONT'D)
OK. 3 - 2 - 1

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS FLOOR

Duke skates along: CRACK - CRACK.

Bullets whip by him.

Duke dodges for cover - and looks up.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DUKE'S POV

Several reflections flash in the sun.

CLOSE ON DUKE - as he narrows his eyes.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS RIDGE

Sticks smashes a large chunk of ice on Dill's head. His weapon jerks and fire errantly.

Dill wheels about. Sticks chops Dill. Dill counters and knocks Sticks backwards. Dill tackles Mindy - pins her down.

DILL

It's not too late Miss July.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS RIDGE - LATER

Sticks and Mindy are up against an ice wall. Dill trains a futuristic rifle upon them.

STICKS

You've lost - Duke will win. Let us go and we'll forget this happened.

DILL

Plenty of time to finish him. You'll be under a mountain of rusted dirt and snow in no time.

(beat)

Just like your dirt digging Dad. At Clarke's Cliff.

Dill aims the rifles at Sticks and Mindy.

DUKE comes down seemingly from nowhere bringing a mound of snow down on Dill - buries him to his waist.

BLAM goes the futuristic rifle.

Duke lands unharmed.

Dill holds his rifle up.

DILL (CONT'D)

Kayruns, ready for your Dad's fate.

A HORRIFIC SCRAPING SOUND.

THE RIDGE RUMBLES - HUGE ICE SHARDS FALL OFF.

Sticks grabs Mindy and follows as Duke gets away.

The RIDGE COLLAPSES upon Dill.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS RIDGE

Near the Spacely Sprocket, Sticks offers his hand to Duke.

STICKS

Thanks, bro.

Duke steps backwards, and puts his finger to his pursed lips. Shakes his head.

MINDY

The contact rules -

STICKS

(realizes)

He can't have any contact with us.

Duke smiles and nods his head. He shrugs to them, turns and starts to take off.

Sticks speaks to Mindy loudly.

STICKS (CONT'D)

He's got to win - his gold medal
wins the MARTIAN Most Gold.

MINDY

Yes - it's ALL UP TO HIM.

Duke grins broadly, nods, quickly skates away.

MINDY (CONT'D)

We're late for a race.

Sticks and Mindy dash for the Sprocket.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS - DIFFERENT LOCATION

Hulk skates along at high speeds.

RON (VO)

Hulk has retaken the lead. That
spells big trouble for Mars.

DICKIE (VO)
It looks like HULK will REMAIN the
UNI-versal skating CHAMP.

RON (VO)
Westland will take Team Most Gold.

DICKIE (VO)
Whoa - I don't believe my eyes!

Duke, far behind Hulk, skates at incredible speed. He's pumped with grace and rhythm.

Hulk looks back - sees Duke - and picks up his pace.

DICKIE (VO) (CONT'D)
Duke has incredible momentum, Ron.
It's only 5 kilometers to finish.

Hulk approaches a narrow valley stretch.

RON (VO)
Hulk has his work cut out for him.

Duke cruises - will easily pass Hulk.

DICKIE (VO)
If Hulk has any tricks up his
sleeve, now is the time.

Hulk enters the narrow stretch and opens hidden pockets in his sleeves - SAND dumps out in a long wide strip.

INT - PRODUCTION ROOM

MONITOR clearly shows the SAND trailing Hulk.

The production people begin to frantically press buttons.

HOLLYWOOD
Hold off -

PA 1
What?? Holl-

HOLLYWOOD
Zoom in on Hulk.

PA 1 and the production staff stare at Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)
Zoom in. Now.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

Dickie and Ron watch

MONITOR: A VAGUE IMAGE OF HULK TRAILING SAND.

DICKIE
(into microphone)
What the hell is that?

RON
(covers microphone)
What are you talking about?

Ron nudges Dickie. Dickie ignores the nudge.

MONITOR: zooms in on Hulk dumping sand.

DICKIE
Hulk is dumping something.

RON
An optical illusion. Martian snow
can play tricks.

Ron elbows Dickie hard, and looks over towards Hollywood.

DICKIE
There's a trick all right Ron. Duke
had better veer off; a fall could
be fatal at that speed.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - IDITAROD FINISH LINE

Tramm walks up, SACHEL tightly in her grasp.

The crowd is silent. Sticks, concerned, glances to Mindy and Cal.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS

Duke fast approaches the sand - he doesn't see it.

Duke is nearly upon the sand - notices it -

SOMERSAULTS END OVER END through the air -

and lands beyond the long sand strip.

DICKIE (VO)
Wow! Look at that farm boy FLY!

RON (VO)
He still has to beat Earth's best
skater.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - IDITAROD FINISH LINE

Tramm stomps her foot.

The crowd roars.

Sticks gives a high five to Mindy and Cal.

EXT - VALLES MARINERIS

Duke closes quickly on Hulk.

Hulk looks over his shoulder - sees Duke come up one side.

Duke glides beside Hulk in a narrow icy stretch.

DUKE
Hey Hulk - kiss it goodbye.

Hulk slams a forearm out -

HULK
Yeah right, dirt boy.

Duke dodges his head, barely avoids Hulk's forearm -

DUKE
Oops - sorry Hulk.

Hulk leans over seriously off balance -

DUKE (CONT'D)
Bye-bye Hulk.

Hulk goes down - his momentum slams him into a snow bank.

RON (VO)
Oh my god -

DICKIE (VO)
DUKE has DONE it!

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - IDITAROD FINISH LINE

Duke glides across the line.

The crowd goes wild.

Tramm, with SATCHEL, backs up toward a Sprocket.

REFEREE

The winner is DUKE ICEMAN KAYRUN!

Sticks walks up to Cal and pulls a piece of paper from his pocket. She looks at it, then to him and smiles broadly, gives a big kiss and hug.

CAL

Thanks, son.

STICKS

I have a lot of writing for tomorrow's newspaper.

(holds Mindy's hand)

But first, could we come over for dinner?

CAL

(smiles)

Yes, you can.

Shar appears behind them, with arm cast and neck brace.

SHAR

Hey Cal. Hey brother - you did good.

Cal turns - is ecstatic.

STICKS

Nice to see you, Shar. How about that interview I've always wanted?

SHAR

You know my rule - I only talk to Martian press.

STICKS

It's a deal.

The President of Earth steps up to Sticks and shakes his hand; the crowd quiets.

STICKS (CONT'D)

Ma'am, I request immediate termination of the Terra Forma contract, an investigation into Terra Forma,

A cheer goes up.

STICKS (CONT'D)

And petition for Martian self-rule.

PRESIDENT

I agree, Sticks.

The crowd goes WILD: dances in the streets.

As Cal, Mindy, and Shar come over, Sticks looks off and gets a surprised look.

STICKS

Come on Duke.

Sticks grabs Duke and runs off. In the distance, Tramm flies off.

Duke and Sticks get in an R-XJS and follow her.

EXT - HIGH ABOVE VALLES MARINERIS

Sticks and Duke fly along.

They scan the sky.

BLAM. BLAM.

Laser bolts FIRE at them from one side.

STICKS

Oh-kay.

Sticks heads the R-XJS down. They look up.

Tramm flies straight up.

DUKE (VO)

Where in tarnation is she off to?

EXT - R-XJS

The ship, in a steep descent, turns about and climbs up.

Quickly, it is high above the entire Valles Marineris.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE - DEIMOS ORBITAL FACILITY

R-XJS approaches the base. A small Sprocket launches from the base - headed straight for the R-XJS.

INT - R-XJS

The Sprocket closes in.

STICKS
Oh shit - hold on.

EXT - R-XJS

The Sprocket impacts the R-XJS. Massive explosion.

The R-XJS flies through the fireball. Damaged front and side of the R-XJS.

STICKS (CONT'D)
These things are built ram tough.

INT - SOP LAUNCH ROOM

Tramm runs through the doorway, carries the SATCHEL.

Stops and grimaces.

TRAMM
Shitty way to travel.

The vehicle is open.

She steps up to the vehicle: throws the SATCHEL in.

INT - PREP AREA

Sticks and Duke enter - head for SOP launch room.

INT - SOP LAUNCH ROOM

Tramm closes the top.

TRAMM (CONT'D)
Simple.

She looks around, perplexed.

TRAMM (CONT'D)
Where's the goddamn seat belt?

Sticks and Duke run through the doorway.

She sees them and grins.

TRAMM (CONT'D)
Hold on, suckers.

INT - VEHICLE

She hits a button marked "SOP DROP."

TRAMM (CONT'D)
What kind of spacecraft is a "SOUP
DROP"?

INT - SOP LAUNCH ROOM

Duke knocks Sticks back through the doorway leading into the prep area.

The vehicle careens towards the SOP doors: they open quickly.

The room DEPRESSURIZES - everything sucks into the SOP launch pillar.

Sticks grabs Duke and the door - pulls Duke back through the doorway.

Duke hits a wall switch: the prep area door closes.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE - DEIMOS ORBITAL FACILITY

The vehicle careens down the tracks.

The rails end suddenly.

TRAMM (CONT'D)
NNNOOOO -

Her voice is cut off by the vacuum of space.

The vehicle doors open and jettison her into orbit.

INT - PREP AREA

Sticks and Duke hang on as the room pressurizes.

They look out a viewport.

DUKE
NOT a SOP Drop fan.

STICKS
Should've followed my sports
columns more.

DUKE
But she did put butts in seats for
me. Sold some hotdogs, popcorn.

EXT - MARTIAN SPACE THROUGH PORTHOLE

She flips end over end into the vastness of space.
The SATCHEL sails along near her.

INT - PREP AREA

They watch her through the porthole.

DUKE (CONT'D)
Will she hit Mars?

STICKS
Hell, she'll be up here a good long
time - unless someone bothers to
retrieve her.

They look at each other - both shrug.

DUKE
No hurry?

STICKS
We'll get the satchel, at least.

Sticks indicates Mars through the porthole.

EXT - MARS THROUGH THE PORTHOLE

Much less cloudy than before: a heavily forested planet
with occasional patches of ruddy desert. A large icy ocean
dominates the North pole.

STICKS (VO)
Duke, this rock is coming along.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION - WINNER'S PLATFORM

L. Franken leans up to Miss Gold's ear - whispers and points toward Ron.

Duke is presented a Gold medal before an adoring crowd by the President.

The President shakes Duke's hand, and holds Duke's hand up in triumph. Duke grins, gives a thumbs up to Sticks & Mindy, Cal, Shar.

Sticks indicates Tramm 's SACHEL to the crowd. Hands it over to the Sheriff.

SHERIFF

(to crowd)

Line up folks - Thanks to Sticks
I've got some land titles to return
to you rightful owners.

The crowd cheers.

Hollywood and Louie come up and smile to Mindy. They reach to shake Sticks' hand.

HOLLYWOOD

Stupendous performance, Sticks.

LOUIE

You beat the odds.

Sticks pulls his hand away - looks at Hollywood and Louie suspiciously. Sticks abruptly brightens up to Hollywood and Louie.

They eye Sticks suspiciously.

STICKS

Good news, gentlemen. For an
Independent Mars Media
Commissioner, I'm recommending a
friend.

HOLLYWOOD

Who's that?

PA 2 steps up behind Hollywood.

Hollywood sees her, grabs Louie, and moves towards Duke. Hollywood grins to Duke.

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)

(to Duke)

You should get your SAG card, and
get into commercials.

DUKE
What's a SAG card, sir?

HOLLYWOOD
The Screen Athletes Guild - you
have to be union to do commercials.

Coach slaps Sticks on the back.

COACH
Let's go have a couple Duff's.

STICKS
They're on m-

Sticks stops abruptly - looks Coach over.

STICKS (CONT'D)
You're buying?

COACH
Ah shit, first round's on me.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
We now join a program all ready in
progress.

INT - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

L. Franken and Dickie break for a commercial cut.

PA 1 pops her head in the booth.

PA 1
You did great boys - take five.

L. FRANKEN
Too bad this wasn't sweeps week.

DICKIE
Why didn't somebody fix that?

L. Franken and Dickie glance outside.

EXT - OLYMPUS MONS PAVILION

Ron, in underwear, runs by Sticks, Mindy, and all.

Miss Gold close behind - and closing....

THE END