

SUNSTORM:

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AUSTRALIAN DESERT - DAY

The hot sun burns down on two BACKPACKERS. The chubby one stops and guzzles a drink as the eager one paces on.

EAGER BACKPACKER
C'mon! We won't ever get to Ayers
Rock at this--

Chubby Backpacker peers up... his friend missing.

CHUBBY BACKPACKER
Tommy?

He searches the desolate land.

CHUBBY BACKPACKER (CONT'D)
Tommy! Tommy, stop pissing around.

EAGER BACKPACKER (O.S.)
Down here, fatso.

Chubby races to the voice, stops at a small hole in the ground. He kneels down and peeks into a --

CAVE

20 foot down -- eager Backpacker smirks at his chubby buddy.

EAGER BACKPACKER (CONT'D)
You won't believe this...

Hold on the eager Backpacker's amazed face as --

STRONG AUSSIE VOICE (V.O.)
Those two dipsticks had only gone
and discovered a bloody wormhole.
The bludgers had no idea what
they'd discovered, but our
government sent in a special team
of scientists and it didn't take
them long to determine that we
could use it to travel back through
time. Don't ask me how, I'm just
the voice over guy but it could,
and so our country set up the
Australian Infinity Project or
A.I.P.

INT. A.I.P HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY

WORKERS dash around, urgent, but shift to the side to let --

GENERAL FRANK STAMP, 50s, pass them. He's distinguished, a no-nonsense man with a huge grey moustache.

He examines a manila folder, confident that his path's clear.

FRANK

I can't believe we would agree to this? I need to make a call.

HENRY POTTS, 30s, keeps pace beside Stamp. Spectacles hang from the end of his thin nose -- a proper British snob.

POTTS

You'll find it's right, General. Us Brits are efficient when it comes to paperwork... well, anything really.

Frank laughs as they enter --

FRANK'S OFFICE

Awards and plaques line the walls. Frank steps around a big oak desk and takes a seat.

POTTS (CONT'D)

What's so funny, General?

Potts doesn't wait for an invitation to be seated.

FRANK

You poms, think ya know it all.

Frank grabs his desk phone and holds it out, testing Potts -- he doesn't budge.

POTTS

We know you've helped the Americans, the Chinese and even mother Russia. We're just requesting the same treatment. As you're well aware, the Brits and Australians are cousins across the sea... it's the least you can do.

Defeated, Frank sets the receiver back down and sighs.

POTTS (CONT'D)

I want my man--

FRANK

Hold ya horses, brumby! Only our agents get sent on missions, and I think I have just the man for the job...

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: Bangkok, Thailand - 1987

A dive. The only thing worse than the singing is the HOOKERS.

In front of a dark stage sits a THAI GANG. They surround MONGKUT, 20s, a stern grimace and hopefully not the "man" that Frank meant -- he looks like a psycho!

The darkened stage lights up. A few interested LOWLIFES gawk up, but most would rather look at the bottom of a glass.

A silhouette steps on stage, the crowd blinded by the lights.

Music starts -- VILLAGE PEOPLE -- MACHO MAN.

Several raised eyebrows from the drunks -- who sings this?

The lights spin and reveal the real "man". CRAIG SUNSTORM, 30s, blond flat top hair and a manly ponytail goatee. The kinda guy that's cool wearing his Ray-Ban's inside.

And you guessed it, he can sing like Victor Willis himself. There are even a few half-hearted CHEERS.

But most the audience are distracted by the ample bosom of VERONICA VIXEN, 20s, tight shorts and a denim jacket that only someone like her can get away with.

She saunters past her admirers, straight for Sunstorm on stage. He stops his performance and leans down, MIC in hand.

SUNSTORM

What's the crack, V.V?

VERONICA

The General wants you back pronto.

Suspicious eyes fall on Veronica and Sunstorm.

SUNSTORM

You tell him I'll be back when the mission's finished... that's Mongkut right there.

He blatantly nods at Mongkut -- it doesn't go unnoticed by the Thai Gang, now on alert.

VERONICA

Sorry, Craig. He was adamant that you come with me this instant. He actually predicted the little caper you're about to pull.

SUNSTORM

What caper? Oh, bollocks it!

He throws the MIC -- it strikes one of the Thai Gang members between the eyes -- he's out for count.

VERONICA

This one.

Full-out bar fight commences:

-- Sunstorm jumps off the stage as three Thai Gang members surround him. They've got the moves -- Thai boxing -- but they're not prepared for Sunstorm -- he's a dirty fighter.

-- One Thai clocks a beer bottle around the head as --

-- Another goes for a kick -- Sunstorm was ready, ducks and clamps one of his huge hands around the Thai's genitals -- he squeezes -- enough to make most men quiver.

-- Veronica examines her manicured nails. Enjoys the show.

-- the last Thai gets a couple of punches in and knocks the Ray-Ban's slightly off Sunstorm's face. He adjusts them.

-- and with lightning speed, feints a punch before jabbing his fingers into the Thai's eyes. He drops to the floor, WAILING.

Sunstorm turns to Veronica.

SUNSTORM

Cheers for the help by the way.

VERONICA

You had it under control.

SUNSTORM

Just like the rest of the Shelia's.

She smiles.

VERONICA

Beautiful.

SUNSTORM

Useless.

Her smile drops.

INT. A.I.P HEADQUARTERS - TIME PORTAL COMMAND - DAY

An array of computers from the 1980s, every one helmed by a SCIENTIST. A giant unfinished structure is circled around a rock, and on the rock...

THE WORMHOLE

It's state of the art... for Australian standards.

Frank stands with Potts as Sunstorm enters. He's greeted with APPLAUSE, the whole room on their feet.

FRANK
Good job with, Mongkut, kid.

SUNSTORM
Thanks, General.

Potts gawks at both men, surprised.

POTTS
Mongkut! I read about him at Oxford, that was you?

SUNSTORM
You better believe it, sunshine.

POTTS
But that was seventeen years ago?

SUNSTORM
One hour for me, cobber.

Frank gestures to Potts.

FRANK
Craig Sunstorm, meet Henry Potts from MI6.

They shake hands: Sunstorm squeezes hard but Potts doesn't show the pain if he's feeling it -- Sunstorm's impressed.

Frank passes Sunstorm the manila folder and they all walk towards the Wormhole.

POTTS
We need you to save one of ours, killed back in '09... a Miss Harriet Rose.

SUNSTORM
I can't do anything about old age, mate. She sounds like she should be playing dominos.

POTTS
I assure you, she's a great asset to us and we need her alive, what happened was... a mistake.

They stop, Sunstorm glances at the Scientists.

SUNSTORM
I take it this has been paradox evaluated and passed?

Frank nods. Sunstorm gives the folder another look.

SUNSTORM (CONT'D)

It says she died in China but it doesn't say why she was there.

POTTS

That's confidential.

SUNSTORM

Every little detail helps you know.

POTTS

Sorry, my hands are tied.

Sunstorm sighs and hands the folder back to Frank.

SUNSTORM

Bloody poms, can't ever sort out their own problems. Let's do this.

He approaches the Wormhole as Frank nods to one of the Scientists who inputs data on his computer.

The crippled structure comes to life: metallic CLICKS and WHIRLING of cylinders...

POTTS

How does it work? I mean, how do you send them to the exact place and time you want?

Frank glares at Potts.

FRANK

Do I look like Einstein? Someone who would know anything of relativity?

POTTS

No.

FRANK

So how the fuck would I know!

Sunstorm faces the Wormhole -- colors sprinkle across blackness -- hypnotising.

A light turns from RED to GREEN above and a speaker CRACKLES.

SPEAKER

You're clear to go... good luck agent, Sunstorm.

Sunstorm strolls into the Wormhole and his body slowly fades until it disappears.

POTTS

Blimey.

EXT. BANK OF CHINA TOWER - NIGHT

A lit up asymmetric skyscraper, 70 storeys high and the pride of downtown --

SUPER: Hong Kong, China -- 2009

A fleet of heavy armored cars pull up outside. SECURITY exit and surround a LIMOUSINE as its door opens and out steps --

ZHAO FENG, 40s, a trendy yet frightening man, even his Security detail keep their distance.

Unbeknown to him, he's in the CROSSHAIRS of a SCOPE --

FROM THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET

Where HARRIET ROSE, 20s, has a RIFLE trained on Feng. She takes a deep breath, waits for the target and as her finger presses the trigger --

SUNSTORM (O.S.)
I have to admit that ya more
beautiful than I could have ever
imagined.

Surprised and being trained, Harriet swings the rifle around and aims it at Sunstorm.

Sunstorm raises his arms but its slack, not worried by the situation. In fact, he openly checks out Harriet, and why shouldn't he...

She's what most men dream about, an absolute stunner and the rifle just makes her even more captivating.

HARRIET
Who the hell are you?

SUNSTORM
The names Sunstorm, Craig Sunstorm.

Connery couldn't have done it better himself.

SUNSTORM (CONT'D)
I'm here to rescue you.

HARRIET
You're Australian.

SUNSTORM
Bloody oath.

Realizing Sunstorm isn't a threat, Harriet turns the rifle back out the window... searches with the scope but --

HARRIET
Shit!

She spins to Sunstorm, angry.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
Are you off your trolley?! Do you
know what you've done?

SUNSTORM
Yeah... saved your life.

Harriet disables the rifle and as she places it in a case --

HARRIET
More like you saved the life of the
biggest arms dealer in the world.

SUNSTORM
Pig's arse I did.

She SLAMS the case shut and races past Sunstorm. He turns and
watches her leave, confused.

INT. A.I.P HEADQUARTERS - TIME PORTAL COMMAND - DAY

No whirling or metallic clicks as Sunstorm's thrown out the
Wormhole and CRASHES to the floor.

He sits up and rubs his head, the sunglasses unmoved.

SUNSTORM
What's going on with re-entry,
mates?

He beholds the command room -- it's deserted -- the structure
around the Wormhole has collapsed.

BOOM!

The room SHAKES and the distinct sound of GUNFIRE echoes
through the room.

Sunstorm moves quick, exits command and enters a --

BATTLE IN THE CORRIDOR

AUSTRALIAN FORCES hold a line and try desperately to stop a
barrage of CHINESE SOLDIERS. In the mix, Veronica.

SUNSTORM (CONT'D)
V.V.

Veronica turns around, relief on her face.

VERONICA
About time you showed up, these
bogan's have taken over the whole
compound.

SUNSTORM

The General?

(off Veronica's look)

Bollocks! How did this happen?

A bullet WHOOSHES over their heads, they dive behind cover.

VERONICA

What you talking about?

SUNSTORM

This! All of this! I've just got back from a jump.

VERONICA

A jump... of course. It's the Chinese, they want the Wormhole.

SUNSTORM

Strewth, I must have made a mistake when saving that pommy chick.

VERONICA

You need to go back and change this... just undo whatever you did.

SUNSTORM

It's not that simple, the command is in ruins... how could I possibly travel back now?

VERONICA

You leave that to me. Anything else you'll need?

SUNSTORM

Guns.

INT. A.I.P HEADQUARTERS - TIME PORTAL COMMAND - MOMENTS LATER

Veronica types on one of the computers as Sunstorm watches on. He's armed to the teeth -- you've seen the Matrix.

SUNSTORM

You sure this will work?

VERONICA

Trust me.

The collapsed structure comes to life -- SPARKS fly out -- but it seems to be functional.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I can't get you back to your original jump... we can't risk your other self seeing you.

SUNSTORM
Of course, causality...

VERONICA
I'll send you back a few minutes
later.

Sunstorm smirks.

SUNSTORM
Cool, kill a load of bad guys and
get the girl... sounds like my kind
of assignment.

Veronica kicks a bag over to him.

VERONICA
Take this?

Sunstorm leans down and zips it open -- a BAZOOKA -- he
raises an eyebrow at Veronica.

SUNSTORM
Now you're talking.

He throws the bag over his shoulder, approaches the Wormhole.

VERONICA
God speed.

Sunstorm stops and lifts his Ray-Bans, turns to Veronica.

SUNSTORM
I was wrong before... you're not
useless V.V. In fact, you're a very
valued Shelia.

Veronica places a hand on her chest, touched.

VERONICA
Why thank you, Craig.

SUNSTORM
Now make sure there is some piss on
ice for when I get back, now
there's a good girl.

Sunstorm smiles and re-adjusts his shades before he steps in
to the Wormhole...

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Sunstorm hides behind a concrete pillar and observes his past
self argue with Harriet. When she leaves, he follows.

STAIRWAY

Harriet races down the steel steps when Sunstorm steps out in front of her. She sighs and hits the wall.

HARRIET

What do you want now, you Aussie bastard?

SUNSTORM

Do you believe in second chances?

HARRIET

What are you harping on--

She beholds his clothes and weapons for the first time, gawks back up the stairs.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

What's with the speedy costume change and guns?

SUNSTORM

Trust me, ya wouldn't believe me if I told ya. The important thing tonight is killing Feng!

HARRIET

And I would have, if you hadn't stuck your big nose in.

SUNSTORM

Hey! I'll have you know that a lot of Shelia's find my nose one of my best assets.

HARRIET

What do they do, ski down it?

Sunstorm grits his teeth, but he's also impressed -- not many woman stand up to him and win.

SUNSTORM

Are you with me, or not?

HARRIET

What's the plan?

SUNSTORM

I'm going in the front door all guns blazing.

HARRIET

We're both intelligent agents, surely we can up with a better plan than that.

Sunstorm shrugs.

SUNSTORM

Page count...

Harriet nods in agreement.

HARRIET

Fair enough.

She helps herself to a M16 MACHINE GUN and HARNESS that are strapped around Sunstorm's chest.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Let's go kick some arse!

INT. BANK OF CHINA TOWER - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Lights reflect off a gold tiled floor, massive indoor plants spread around giving it a tropical feel.

Several of the SECURITY detail chaperone the room, alert for any danger, but if there was any, they never expected it to be so forward as --

BOOM!

The glass doors SHATTER. Glass shoots outwards, and with the impact, sends two Guards flying to their immediate deaths.

As the other two shake off the cobwebs --

Sunstorm parades in like the Devil himself... in Ray-Bans. He holds a STEYR AUG ASSUALT RIFLE.

SUNSTORM

Nice night for a gunfight, mates.

Sunstorm fires before they can retaliate -- the bullets RIP them to shreds.

Sunstorm casually throws the assault rifle over his shoulder and whistles as he saunters towards the elevators.

FLOOR 32 - MEETING ROOM

Feng orders his men into position. Out in the --

HALLWAY

Half a dozen Guards takes up position, all PISTOLS aimed at the elevators -- no son of a bitch is getting out on this floor alive. Back in the --

MEETING ROOM

Feng turns to the MAN he's meeting -- none other than Potts. Feng pulls out a SILVER DESERT EAGLE, presses it against Pott's head.

FENG
 (Chinese, subtitled)
 What's the meaning of this?

Potts takes off his glasses and wipes them clean like he has pistols pressed against his skull every day of the week.

POTTS
 Calm down, Feng. It's just a mishap, I told you about our agent and she's getting taken care of as we speak.

FENG
 How is this "taken care of"?

Potts puts his spectacles back and moves the Desert Eagle from his head, defiant. He glares up at Feng.

POTTS
 What is it you'd have me do, Feng?

Feng scowls at Potts and re-holsters his weapon.

HALLWAY

The Guards stay vigilant on the elevator as NUMBERS move...

24... 25... 26

A few deep breaths and worried glances.

29... 30... 31...

DING!

The elevator doors slide open -- it's met with GUNFIRE -- every Guard unloads a clip on it, tearing the fabric interior to pieces but... nothing else as the elevator's empty.

SUNSTORM (O.S.)
 Where do they hire you bozos?

Sunstorm stands behind the Guards at the stairway door, his assault rifle primed and ready as the Guards reload.

Sunstorm bombards them with lead and the hallway becomes a bloody mess.

MEETING ROOM - SAME TIME

Potts and Feng have tipped a big desk and take cover behind it. The rest of the Guards vigilant on the only door. None of them looking --

Out the full scale window behind them (again!) where --

Harriet swings down on the harness and with a big push, she CRASHES through the window.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE --

-- everyone turns to the sudden crash and opens fire --

-- Harriet rolls out of the way and moves quick behind Feng, her Machine Gun at his back --

-- Bullets DRILL through the door and wall, taking down the Guards. Potts, Feng and Harriet are shielded by the desk.

Sunstorm kicks what's left of the door down.

SUNSTORM (CONT'D)
Housekeeping!

He spots Potts.

SUNSTORM (CONT'D)
Potts, ya pommy bastard... you were
behind this all the time.

Potts stands with his arms raised and... a massive grin.

POTTS
You know me? Then you know I'm MI6,
and you've just ruined years of
undercover work. I can't wait to
tell your superiors about this
charade.

BANG! A bullet to the forehead shuts up Potts for good.

SUNSTORM
Nobody's calling this a parody.

He looks over at Harriet and Feng, taps his watch.

SUNSTORM (CONT'D)
I've got to get back, page count
remember.

Harriet nods and smiles for the first time.

HARRIET
Thanks for your help... you
actually turned out to be a pretty
cool guy.

SUNSTORM
Wait until ya see what I do next...

INT. A.I.P HEADQUARTERS - TIME PORTAL COMMAND

SUPER: The present

Sunstorm walks back through the Wormhole, everything back to normal in the command room -- even the APPLAUSE.

Sunstorm steps down to be greeted by Frank. Sunstorm drops his bag and they shake hands.

FRANK
Great work, kid.

SUNSTORM
Thanks General, but it's not finished yet...

Frank frowns as Sunstorm leans down and stands back up with the BAZOOKA on his shoulder.

SUNSTORM (CONT'D)
This Wormhole is too dangerous, we need to destroy it.

FRANK
I don't even think that's possible.

SUNSTORM
Are you Einstein?

FRANK
No...

SUNSTORM
Then how the fuck would you know!

Frank smirks. Sunstorm aims the bazooka at the Wormhole and --

SUNSTORM (CONT'D)
Times up!

He shoots, TIME SLOWS as the rocket races towards the Wormhole...

STRONG AUSSIE VOICE (V.O.)
And the Wormhole was destroyed. Now, I know you have some lingering questions about how this and that happened with the time travel aspect but like I said before, I'm just the voice over guy. The important thing to remember is everyone lived happily ever after and let's say that Sunstorm married Harriet a few months later.

And as the rocket hits the Wormhole we --

FADE OUT.