

GUNSLINGER SENTINELS

"BEATING THE HEART"

Written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - DAY

Establishing shot of the radioactive, desert wasteland. Mutant creatures roam past pools of toxic sludge.

Green gas seeps from a cave entrance embedded in the side of a cliff. A faint HEARTBEAT is heard.

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - GASEOUS CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Zoom in on the cave entrance. The gas is thick and wispy, inspiring a specter-like appearance. Again, HEARTBEAT, but louder and a bit quicker.

INT. GASEOUS CAVE - DAY

The ceiling of this otherwise dark cave is covered in slimy, green, glow worms that are shedding a faint light.

FLORENTINE, 35, female, Venezuelan descent, dark black hair tied in a messy bun, wearing leather vest, cargo pants and combat boots, lies on the ground in the dark, only the right side of her body is illuminated.

The HEARTBEAT is so fast and loud its uncomfortable.

A glow worm falls from the ceiling onto Florentine's face. Florentine shoots up with a huge gasp. The HEARTBEAT cuts.

After a few moments of panicked breathing, coughing and gagging, Florentine attempts to stand.

FLORENTINE
Sonnuva bitch...

She fails and crashes.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)
FLIP? Hey, FLIP, you there?

Florentine rolls over onto her back. Groaning, she presses her left hand to her ear.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)
Rochard, Hal, Alecksandra,
Trevor... come in. Do you read?
(RADIO STATIC)
Nothing.

She raises her hands to the ceiling.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)
 Alright, solider. Get up.

She notices her left hand. Aside from her fingers, her skin is metallic and shimmers in the light.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)
 Shit.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Florentine races to the entrance of the cave.

FLORENTINE
 Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

She reaches the harsh and blinding light of the Wasteland. Now we finally see Florentine in full view.

The left side of her body, underneath her neck and aside from her fingers, is completely metallic.

She inspects herself, lifting up her tank-top to reveal her stomach, removing her boot and pulling up her pant leg and its all the same. Metallic.

She pats herself down.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)
 Come on... come on.... YES!

She removes a tin from her back pocket and hastily opens it. Empty.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)
 Yeah, that makes sense.

Florentine throws the tin into the wasteland. With her semi-metallic hand, she punches herself in the chest.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)
 Weak.

The HEARTBEAT returns at a rapid pace.

Florentine buckles to her knees. A METALLIC SCREECH overpowers the HEARTBEAT. Florentine punches the ground. Her fingers twist and CRACK.

A liquid metallic-coating over takes her fingers until they are completely metal. Florentine coughs violently. She wipes away the blood from her lips with her human hand.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

Fine.

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - DUNES - DAY

Florentine has ripped apart her vest and made a make-shift face wrap to protect her from the gas and sand flowing across the wasteland.

She reaches the top of a dune and puts her hand to her ear.

FLORENTINE

S.S. Singularity this is Commander Florentine... pick up the goddamned line!

RADIO STATIC and MUFFLED CHATTER can be heard.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

Singularity! This is Florentine Ravelo. Access code: 567193.

Again, RADIO STATIC and MUFFLED CHATTER. Florentine frantically searches the wasteland.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

Coordinates? Hm, the wasteland dunes? I see a sludge lake nearby.

She smacks herself in the head.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

Singularity, activating vitals-GPS.

Florentine sits down, closes her eyes and assumes a meditative position. A red arc of electricity zaps across the metallic side of her body.

The RADIO STATIC and MUFFLED CHATTER cut. Suddenly, a purple laser explodes behind Florentine, knocking her down the dune.

She leaps up into a defense position only to realize she's cornered by seven mutants toting lasers and riding hover bikes.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

Here we go...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. S.S. SINGULARITY - DAY

Establishing shot of the team's S.S. Singularity base.

INT. S.S. SINGULARITY - WAR ROOM - DAY

TREVOR, male, 13, Kenyan-descent, fauxhawk, wearing a mechanics overalls, sits on top of the war room table, tinkering with a small robotic body. Nuts, bolts, wires and robotic-limbs cover the table.

FLIP, decidedly male, robotic AI, is currently inhabiting a portable TV on wheels and is rolling around the room.

FLIP

We need to make sure this body has enough mobility to get through tar.

TREVOR

You really think she's that deep in the wasteland, FLIP?

FLIP

She has to be, Trevor! Tar territory is just outside of my communications. It's the only logical conclusion.

HAL, male, 32, Icelandic-descent, muscular, placid-looking, wearing a bombardier jacket, ROCHARD, male, 37, Mongolian-descent, slicked-hair, covered in scars wearing a rogue's outfit, and ALECKSANDRA, Persian-descent, choppy hair, tons of piercings, wearing a torn hoodie, storm into the room.

ROCHARD

Jesus, I'm not the bad guy here!
I'm just saying, we need a plan.

HAL

We have one, Rochard. We find her.

Trevor stops tinkering and steps down from the table to stand by FLIP.

ROCHARD

It's been two weeks! Florentine's a tough gal, but two weeks in the wasteland? She's dead, Hal.

Aleksandra stamps her foot.

ALECKSANDRA

And that's why I insist you're an idiot, Rochard! Florentine would never, mark my words, never give up on any of us. Not even you, Mr. Bounty Hunter.

ROCHARD

Alecksandra, I don't know what I did to piss you off so much, but --

FLIP's TV screen fades into a radar with a blinking red blip moving quickly.

TREVOR

Hey! Hey! Guys!

ROCHARD

Give it a rest, Trevor.

Trevor scowls. FLIP digitally jumps to the war room's main screen and shows the blip.

ALECKSANDRA

Is that?

HAL

I knew it. I'll start the chopper.

FLIP

Florentine! She's alive!

Everyone glares at Rochard.

ROCHARD

What the hell's that for?

ALECKSANDRA

Any negative comments to add to this otherwise happy situation?

Rochard crosses his arms and ponders for a moment.

ROCHARD

Oh shit.

TREVOR

What is it?

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - PLAINS - DAY

Florentine sprints for dear life as the mutants chase her down. They launch a constant barrage of lasers.

ROCHARD (V.O.)
We're not the only ones with radar.

One mutant pulls up to Florentine's side and charges a shot. Florentine raises her robotic hand and deflects the laser. It hits the mutant, who loses control and crashes with a BOOM!

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - HILL - DAY

Racing to the top of a hill, Florentine succumbs to exhaustion. She stumbles over a few rocks until she finally falls.

A mutant zooms by and grabs her by the hair. He drives them to the top of a cliff and throws Florentine down at the edge.

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - CLIFF - DAY

The six mutants crowd around Florentine, leaving no escape. She looks down into the spiraling chasm below then back to the mutants.

MUTANT #1 slowly hovers forward with a laser charging.

MUTANT #1
This day is yours.

FLORENTINE
A mutant. Talking. Sure, why not?

The mutants laugh.

MUTANT #1
Of course, talk. I take time to learn enough of your pig-grunt to tell you this message.

Mutant #1 steps down from his hover scooter.

FLORENTINE
Can't wait.

MUTANT #1
You, Flo-Ren-Tine. Murder all kin of mine. So this day, your heart, us mutants, the worm, is all action you caused.

FLORENTINE

I don't murder. I defend. And if I have to kill to defend? You bet your purpley-ass your kin started something they couldn't finish.

Mutant #1 aims his laser at Florentine.

MUTANT #1

It is why, I finish it.

FLORENTINE

Wait, did you say worm?

Mutant #1 pulls the trigger. A purple orb of energy fires at Florentine. She thrusts her hand forward. It morphs into a large tower shield and blocks the shot.

Florentine quickly spins and winds up a throw like a pitcher. She thrusts her hand forward and it extends into a robotic-claw, taking the laser from Mutant #1 and bringing it back to Florentine.

In a flash, Florentine unleashes the clip into Mutant #1, spraying green blood everywhere. The other mutants open fire.

Florentine takes cover behind the hover scooter and smashes a few buttons on the side of the gun. It begins to glow and vibrate. She tosses it towards the mutants, exploding midair.

In the chaos, Florentine hops onto the bike and revs it. Suddenly, the sky ripples with a pink light. The hover scooter shuts down.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

What.

The mutants scream in their native tongue and flee.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

What?

A giant Corpse-Grinder worm explodes from the canyon behind Florentine. It opens its thousand-tooth maw and roars.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

WHAT?

As if on cue, a HEARTBEAT echoes throughout the sky followed by a MECHANICAL SCREECH. Florentine falls off the bike, grabbing her head. Her nose bleeds.

Metallic spikes grow and rip through Florentine's skin, which is becoming more and more metallic by the second. She screams in absolute pain as the Corpse-Grinder sways back and forth.

Florentine's transformation is complete, she now takes the form of a metallic-war goddess version of herself. She stands tall and looks to the worm.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

Battle?

The worm roars. Florentine takes a battle stance, her hands shifting into blades.

FLORENTINE (CONT'D)

Battle!

She leaps forward at the worm.

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - CANYON - DAY

Florentine stabs into the worm and slides all the way down to the bottom of the canyon as she rips a massive wound in the beast's hide.

She dashes forward and slashes its base. Barbed tentacles seep from the wound and slash Florentine. She slices them in two.

The worm sinks into the ground a bit, then launches at Florentine, clipping her as she dodge rolls. Tentacles pop up from the ground and wraps around her ankle.

Florentine shifts her blades into a hand-cannon and a fist. The worm goes to eat Florentine. She responds by punching the beast in the nose, shattering hundreds of its teeth.

She then fires her hand cannon, blowing back the beast with a massive blast of red energy. The worm falls, wounded and beaten.

Florentine shifts her cannon back into a scythe and raises it for the kill. Suddenly! A second worm head pops from the ground, consuming Florentine.

The sky explodes into thousands of glass shards.

The second worm head is the Corpse-Grinder's tail, it wiggles and roars in its victory.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - SKY - HOVER COPTER - DAY

The team descends in their hover copter as thousands of glass shards fall beside them. Above them, a night sky can be seen and cracks along the "day sky" begin to form.

INT. HOVER COPTER - DAY

FLIP is in a small, horribly constructed body. He marks Florentine with a holographic highlight on everyone's Heads Up Display glasses.

Rochard looks out the window as he's flying.

ROCHARD

Mother of God! Is that Florentine?

HAL

It's her heart. We've dealt with this before.

ROCHARD

You have? How many times?

ALECKSANDRA

Once.

Florentine is consumed by the worm. Everyone gasps and screams. FLIP checks the vital-GPS... her blip is gone.

INT./EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Rochard lands the copter on the cliffside by the Corpse-Grinder.

ALECKSANDRA

Fire all weapons, Hal!

HAL

Aleksandra --

ALECKSANDRA

FIRE ALL WEAPONS, HAL!

ROCHARD

We don't have any damned weapons.

The corpse-grinder rises to face the hover copter.

TREVOR

Guys...

FLIP

Florentine...

The corpse-grinder screams and lunges. Before it reaches the hover copter it EXPLODES! Florentine leaps from the carcass and lands on the copter's windshield.

FLIP (CONT'D)

Florentine!

EXT. RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND - CLIFFSIDE - DAY

FLIP jumps out of the copter. Florentine, covered in blood and guts, jumps from the windshield to face FLIP.

FLIP

Florentine, thank goodness, we've been looking for you every --

Florentine punts FLIP and his body explodes into hundreds of pieces. Hal, Rochard and Alecksandra leap from the copter, weapons at the ready.

ALECKSANDRA

STRIKE!

Alecksandra fires her cannon which covers Florentine's feet in rubber cement. Hal and Rochard fire their cannons, covering her arms in weighted-energy orbs.

Florentine struggles and grows mechanized wings from her back, screeching like a robotic-harpy.

In an instant, Florentine's face contorts unnaturally. She opens her mouth and FLIP's voice comes through.

FLIP

Trevor, aim for her neck!

Trevor leaps from the copter and dashes at Florentine. A small patch of her neck becomes fleshy again. Trevor removes a needle from his sleeve and stabs it into her neck.

The blue fluid sinks into her skin. Her veins begin to glow and the metal simply melts off of her skin. She collapses.

EXT. NEW GILGAMESH CITY - SKY - NIGHT

Establishing shot of New Gilgamesh.

The team flies through the light-polluted, sky scraping city of New Gilgamesh. Behind them lies a semi-shattered, glass dome.

INT. HOVER COPTER - NIGHT

Florentine lies on a make-shift cot. Rochard and Hal are in the cockpit.

Trevor, Alecksandra and FLIP (now in a phone) are by her side. Florentine slowly opens her eyes.

FLORENTINE

Please tell me we all had a crazy party and I just had too much to drink.

Everyone sighs and laughs. Alecksandra seems serious.

ALECKSANDRA

Sorry, Commander.

FLORENTINE

What? What for?

ALECKSANDRA

It was my fault you were kidnapped.

Florentine sits up.

FLORENTINE

I was kidnapped?

TREVOR

About two weeks ago.

FLORENTINE

Two weeks!?

Hal turns back.

HAL

A standard supply-run mission went south. Mortalis new we were coming.

ROCHARD

Instead of killing you, they took you in to that bio-dome and experimented on you.

Florentine turns to Alecksandra.

FLORENTINE

That explains literally everything.
Except why this your fault.

ALECKSANDRA

I pulled a rookie mistake and got
pinned by laser fire in the
retreat. You should have left me
but you came back. They shot you
instead of me. Commander, I...

Florentine hugs Aleksandra.

FLORENTINE

Do me a favor, Aleksandra, just
shut up.

Aleksandra returns the hug then pulls back. She rubs her
eyes clear of tears.

FLIP

Florentine!

She grabs FLIP from Trevor and hugs him.

FLORENTINE

FLIP, buddy, what's the word?

FLIP

I've taken the liberty of marking
several Mortalis buildings ripe
with Intel on the dome and your
kidnapping. How should we proceed?

Everyone turns to Florentine. She remains silent.

HAL

What's the call, boss?

Florentine lays down in her cot.

FLORENTINE

Take me home. I'm beat.

ALECKSANDRA

Commander?

Florentine closes her eyes and relaxes.

FLORENTINE

Revenge can wait, I need a freaking
shower.

The copter flies well into the night sky.

13.

THE END.