Episode 101
"BANGARANG"

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. WESTERLEY -- BADLANDS -- DAY

A dusty, windswept vista. We can make out a rugged, SECURE COMPOUND a few hundred yards ahead. Like something out of Mad Max.

A small SPACECRAFT darts across the sky above, ONE LARGE PLANET and TWO MOONS hang heavy in the hazy atmosphere:

Clearly, we ain't on earth.

A woman pushes forward against the wind, obscured under layers of skirts and scarves, BEAUTIFUL EYES peeking through. This is DUTCH (28, multiracial, gorgeous.) She falls, gets up and pushes resolutely on towards the compound--

--as CAMERA SINKS below ground, passing layers of dirt, concrete, metal, finally arriving in an underground bunker as we hear a SMACK and a GRUNT of pain--

2 INT. UNDERGROUND COMPOUND -- BUNKER ROOM -- DAY

JOHNNY JAQOBIS (charming, clever, 28) is having a shit day.

He's in the middle of a physical interrogation -- suspended from the wrists by a chain he's cuffed to, toes dragging on the ground, shirtless and bruised. Determined not to crack.

SCREE (30s wiry, nasty) and a TALL THUG are doing their best break him.

SCREE
Where did you take it?

JOHN
Was that YOUR ship? They all look so much alike in the dark, simple missunder--

And he's belted by the Tall Thug, a double kidney shot. This time John coughs to get back his breath, grimacing.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Okay, now we're getting real. ...Taking this a bit personally for a hunk of metal, aren't you?
SCREE
My boss paid 60000 Joy for that hunk of metal. Worth more in rusted parts than you are in good order.
(leans in) So where is it?

JOHN
Dunno. But you are gonna owe me such an apology basket when we straighten this--

The Tall Thug lands another brutal hit. John's head whips to the side from the force. He spits a mouthful of blood onto the cold floor. He CHUCKLES, an angry, ugly sound.

SCREE
Something amusing?

JOHN
Yeah. Couple things.
(hard eyed)
That ship? Was an H-class frigate with sat-link, hypercode failsafes up the ass. And yeah. I took that bitch, right out from under you.
(building)
So ask yourself. If I'm that good, would I really be working alone? Or do I have a well armed team, who any minute now will be coming through that--

SCREE
(bored)
Oh, y'mean her?

Scree gestures. The Tall Thug yanks someone in, THROWING HER at John's feet in a heap of long skirts, a bag over her head that is summarily yanked off --

Revealing our first full look at DUTCH. And dear God, is she worth looking at.

JOHN
...Shit.

Dutch looks abashed, mouths a silent I'M SORRY to him.

SCREE
We found her sneaking around outside, trying to bribe a guard to cut you free. Some crack team.

John LOOKS AT THE SECURITY CAMERAS in the corner of the room. Beneath one is a HIGHTECH SECURITY DOOR. Johnny stares at it hatefully, then closes his eyes and sighs, giving up.
JOHN
Get your boss. I think we can make a deal.

SCREE
Nobody sees Coren.

JOHN
Then Coren never sees his ship--

COREN (O.S.)
Well, my goodness.

They all turn to find COREN exiting his SECURITY DOOR as it shuts smoothly behind him. He's surprisingly refined, reeks of power and confidence. And a wee touch of "the crazy".

COREN (CONT'D)
Ordering me around in my own compound? Must be hard getting around, with balls that big.

JOHN
There's some chafing.

COREN
Mm hmm.

Coren takes a SEAT, pulls out some rolling papers from his pocket. Barely wastes a glance on Dutch.

COREN (CONT'D)
Threaten the girl and watch you fold, hm? You know, I'm a bit isolated down here in my bunker, for security reasons. Don't get many visitors.
(big smile)
Nice to confirm that you offworld trash are still weak-kneed mama's boys

JOHN
And I'm glad to see that sadism is alive and well in the Badlands.

COREN
Us? Oh no, we're all gentlemen. For instance, after we give your lady here a vigorous ...frisking...
(smiles)
We'll be sure to say thank you.

Coren nods at his men. John stiffens as Dutch is DRAGGED to her feet with a chokehold by the TALL THUG.

Coren proceeds to roll himself a cigarette without concern. John STRAINS at his restraints, furious and panicked.
JOHN
(to Coren)
I said I'd talk.

COREN
You didn't say you'd tell the truth.
Consider this motivation.

SCREE quickly clears a table off with a violent swipe of his arms, as the Tall Thug THROWS Dutch down onto it.

WE SEE JOHN slowly, subtly, grip higher up on his chains.

COREN (CONT'D)
If she was your entire escape plan, son, you seriously miscalculated.

JOHN
That's assuming.

COREN
Assuming what?

JOHN
That we were breaking out, not in.
And that your ship is what we're after.

Coren's cigarette-hand pauses mid air at those words--

ANGLE ON SCREE

as he drops eagerly to his knees, pushing Dutch's skirts up with a lascivious grin, his face level with her waist--

--as the front of Dutch's skirt begins to rise. As if she's getting an ERECTION right in front of his face.

Scree FREEZES, confused. Hears a WHISTLE, looks up at Dutch.

DUTCH
My eyes are up here.

Dutch smiles coldly. And then-- BOOM!

Her "erection" (a telescoping-barreled plasmagun rigged beneath her skirts) EXPLODES with an electric pulse. It hits Scree square in the chest. SLAMMING him into a wall.

Everything happens at once:

...John pulls himself up by the chains, using the wall for momentum and delivering a brutal ROUNDHOUSE KICK to the Tall Thug's head, blood spraying.

...Coren bolts to his feet, makes a run for his SECURITY DOOR.
...Dutch tears aside the tattered remains of her skirts, removing the PLASMA GUN strapped to her inner thigh, SHOOTING John free from his chains.

...Johnny drops to a crouch on the ground, grabs the Thug's dropped weapon.

...just as COREN makes it to his SECURITY DOORS, frantically entering the code

...and TWO PLASMA BLASTS blow a dent in the door by his head.

Coren turns back slowly, finds Dutch and shirtless John stand side by side, firearms raised in tandem.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Coren Jeers, in the name of the R.A.C: you are Locked and Served.

He swallows, raising his hands slowly in surprised surrender.

COREN
Well, damn.

Dutch and John grin, pleased with themselves. John leans against the table, a bit woozy.

He notices SCREE rousing in the corner, trying to CRAWL toward a gun. John SHOOTS him in the hand.

JOHN
And I wasn't kidding about that fucking basket.

And on that, we SLAM TO TITLES.

END OF TEASER
EXT. SPACE - THE QUAD PLANETARY FAMILY - DAY

We focus on a PLANETARY GROUPING we will come to know well: one green dwarf planet circled by three, various sized moons.

SUPER: THE QUAD

CAMERA pivots, locks in on the largest, black-colored moon -

SUPER: WESTERLEY

We begin to hurtle towards Westerley's bleak surface until we are close enough to see the SURFACE OF A MASSIVE INDUSTRIAL CITY.

Smog. Smoke stacks. Buildings of steel and stone. So much pollution it looks like perpetual night. There is no greenery here. This is a straight up futuristic industrial hellscape.

And for our Killjoys, it's home.

CAMERA LINGERS over a large, windowless building.

INT. PRISONER INTAKE - NIGHT

John and Dutch walk down a long hall, Coren cuffed between them as they drag him along.

John gently probes his bruised jaw. Dutch glances at him with concern, swats his hand away.

DUTCH
Stop touching it.

JOHN
Stop touching me.

He slaps her hand back, nudges her away. Attractive as they both our, their chemistry is almost fraternal. These are partners, not lovers. Not currently, anyway.

They've reached the end of the hall. Dutch leaves Coren with John, heads for the uniformed INTAKE OFFICER (40s, gone to fat) sitting behind a glass window, watching a vid while stuffing lunch into his face.

DUTCH
Hi. Prisoner drop off. Warrant 2-3-0-Beta--

He TAPS THE GLASS without bothering to look at her.

OFFICER
Just put it in the system.
Dutch sighs, places her PALM on a screen for scanning. John repeats the process with his own hand, and then Coren's.

The Intake officer glances at his computer SCREEN as the cumulative data pops up: Coren's warrant; PHOTO ID LICENSES for Dutch and Johnny under the words RECLAMATION AGENT.

He shoves back on his chair with a snort, eyeing them.

INTAKE OFFICER
Killjoys, huh?

DUTCH
(cold smile)
"Reclamation Agents".

INTAKE OFFICER
Mm hmm. Bet you think you're really something. Cowboying up all over the universe.

DUTCH
Yeehaw.

She gives the man a warning smile, her eyes cold. Computer's pleasant voice cut's in.

COMPUTER

JOHN knows his cue, shoves Coren towards the doorway down the hall, where a second OFFICER stands waiting.

COREN
Just so I'm clear -- you never did have my ship, right?

JOHN
Nope.

COREN
You just shot your mouth off until my boys brought you straight to me. ...I can't tell if you're brave or stupid?

JOHN
I don't wanna live in a world where I've gotta choose.

They stop at the second door, Johnny handing him off to the Officer. Coren nods, smiles.

COREN
Either way. You ever need side work-- looks like I got some openings.
JOHN

Our agency isn't big on moonlighting. Especially for prisoners.

COREN

Oh, I never stay in long.

The door slides shut and goes opaque. Alone, Johnny hears a BEEP from his PDD (personal digital device), flips it open:

Revealing A NEW WARRANT ALERT notification for a man named KOBEE ANDRAS, accompanied by his MUGSHOT (sexy, rugged, 30s) under the words "UNCLAIMED WARRANT (Level 5)"

John REACTS: shocked, unsettled. Dutch reaches him, starts heading back down the hall the way they came.

DUTCH

Let's go.

(walks on)

Y'know, this one's going to be a hell of a payout. Want to stop in at the bazaar on the way back, treat ourselves to some new toys?

Dutch looks back, sees he's deep in thought. WHISTLES.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Johnny? The Bazaar?

JOHN

(distractedly)

Hmm? Sure, yeah. Actually... no.

DUTCH

Did they hit your head a bunch back there?

JOHN

I gotta take a break.

DUTCH

Like... lunch?

JOHN

Like a vacation. I could use some time off. Alone. You good with that?

DUTCH

Uh. Sure, okay...

She's obviously not, but he barely notice, heading off down the hall they came in from. Dutch's face full of concern.
EXT. OLD TOWN STREET, WESTERLEY - AFTERNOON
The storefronts are dirty and low rent. So are the people.

We note a HEAVY SECURITY presence, men and women in militaristic garb doing spot checks on IDs, their clothes and vehicles labeled simply "THE COMPANY".

PREE (O.S.)
...But I'm guessing it's not okay with you?

In the middle of the street sits an OLD BRITISH TAVERN, almost comically dwarfed by the tenements on either side--

INT. THE ROYALE TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Dutch sits at a well worn bar, the room's interior an oddly comfy mix of medieval ale house and Old west Saloon. Not a stick of wood anywhere.

PREE (tall, sexy, transgender bombshell) tends her bar.

DUTCH
Ex-actly! He's hiding something from me. He's in some kind of trouble.

PREE
Look, you work together, live together, do everything but sleep together -- you're honestly offended that he wants a little time apart?
(snorts)
Girl, how charming do you think you are?

DUTCH
I didn't say I was offended. I said concerned.
(pauses mid sip)
Also: remind me to tell you that you're a giant bitch.

PREE
Duly noted.

Pree looks over at the door as they hear it SLAM open.

A pair of COMPANY GUARDS enter from outside. The room falls uncomfortably quiet. All eyes on them.

The Guards scan the room, looking for someone -- and enjoying making people uncomfortable. Not seeing whomever they're looking for, they saunter out again. Noise resuming.
DUTCH
What's with the goonsquad? They were doing roadchecks, too.

PREE
There's talk in the mines about striking again. Company is upping their presence. As charmingly as always.
(changing topic, gentle)
Seriously. Why are you so worried?

DUTCH
This partnership is my livelihood, Pree. If Johnny's in trouble, or... burning out, I need to know.
(sighs)
Ughh, I wish he'd just talk to me. Men can be so inscrutable.

PREE
Not for me.

DUTCH
That's cheating. You used to be one.

PREE
Only on the outside, honey.

Pree smirks. Leans on her elbows.

PREE (CONT'D)
Look, he's your partner. So trust him. Who knows, maybe he's got some great surprise planned?

The friends share a hopeful smile, we hold on it, until--

DUTCH
Yeahhhh, no, he's about to do something stupid.

PREE
He really, really is, isn't he?

7 EXT. PRISON SPACE STATION
An aging, mid-sized ORBITAL SPACE STATION hangs in inky space.

One small personal craft departs as the Prison Transpo shuttle skims in, cutting engines and docking.

8 INT. PRISON TRANSPO SHUTTLE - DAY
The last of a group of JUMPSUITED PRISONERS are exiting the shuttle into the docking bay.
The shuttle is empty -- until a small DOOR flops down from the ceiling, Johnny carefully lowering himself. He's wearing a prison issue jumpsuit. Closes the door quietly, quickly moves to catch up with the other prisoners...

We PRELAP the roar of a blood hungry, chanting crowd--

GUARD #1 (O.S.)
You know the deal:

INT. FIGHT ROOM - DAY

The sweaty, blood-hungry crowd crams stadium-style, stacked seats. Snack vendors pass through, SIGNS & ADVERTS everywhere. We push in on the main attraction:

A large, ELECTRIFIED METAL CAGE in the middle, where two PRISONER COMBATANTS have a brutal MMA match. Legal human cockfighting, privatized and monetized.

Guard #1 raises his voice for his newly arrived prisoners as he leads them through the crowd -- JOHN now among them:

GUARD #1
--every fight you finish is a month off your sentence. Fan favorites get more matches, so try to look pretty out there. We accept no liability for injuries, but in the event of death, your loved ones will receive the usual stipend.

JOHN
(sotto)
Listen, what would it cost me to pick my first opponent?

GUARD #1
Depends. Who'd you have in mind?

ANGLE ON THE CAGE

as one fighter picks up his opponent, SLAMS him down with a cracking of bone and spray of blood. John's fellow prisoners physically wince. The crowd goes wild.

The winning fighter pumps his fists in the air, turning to face us -- it's "Kobee Andras", the man John is here for.

RESUME

as John points awkwardly at the pit, where ANDRAS is showing no mercy, bending down and BREAKING his opponent's arm.

The Guard looks back to Johnny -- and laughs.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
Tell ya what, hero - this one's on me.
CROWD
Andras! Andras!

OFF Johnny, contemplating what he's just set himself up for.

10 EXT. SPACE - THE QUAD PLANETARY FAMILY - DAY

Our home planetary grouping tableau - one green dwarf planet circled by three, various sized moons.

SUPER: THE QUAD

CAMERA pivots, this time locking in on the mid size, YELLOWISH MOON.

SUPER: LEITH

We begin to hurtle towards Leith's yellow surface--

Once we're close enough, we see FARMS, FIELDS, BLUE SKIES. Small towns. NO skyscrapers. Leith is clearly agrarian.

11 INT. BAZAAR, LEITH - DAY

A long, busy AISLE of an indoor bazaar. It's messy, lively, colorful, loud, and haphazardly organized.

Anything you want in the Quad can be found here: strange fruits and clothing are hawked beside hightech weaponry and poisons. The people are a vibrant mix of exotic cultures and languages, but they are all HUMAN.

FIND DUTCH happily walking through all these sights and smells, heading for a BOOTH under a shitty handmade sign:

BELLUS HAARDY. WARRANT BROKER.

Dutch passes right by the unmanned front area and towards the curtained-off back tent, obviously feels at home here...

12 INT. BELLUS'S BOOTH - BACK TENT - LATER

BELLUS HAARDY (56; thick, tough and wily) stands in her cluttered back office, gruff but friendly with Dutch.

BELLUS
Last night's makes six Warrants you've cleared this cycle. On a roll, girl.

DUTCH
Worried about your old record?

BELLUS
We both know I'll just shoot you if you start getting too close.
DUTCH
Listen. I'm flying solo this week. Got any low level Warrants I can knock out fast? Some Level 2s or 3s?

BELLUS
Always. Repos, transpos...
(confused, pointed)
But shouldn't you concentrate on finishing your active Warrant?

DUTCH
What active Warrant?

Bellus gives Dutch a measuring look, slides a tablet to her.

BELLUS
The Level Five Warrant you signed on for twelve hours ago?

Dutch glances down with a quizzical frown at what she SEES:

A standard digital ACTIVE WARRANT: DUTCH'S PHOTO ID paired with the target's mugshot ("Kobee Andras") under the flashing words (LEVEL 5) and a COUNT DOWN CLOCK.

Dutch looks back up at Bellus. Pushes the tablet back.

DUTCH
Level Fives are Kill-work. I don't do those.

BELLUS
--is what I told your partner, when he called in for the support intel.

DUTCH
Johnny?

BELLUS
Blue-eyes swore everything was on the up and up. Said he was helping you prep it, so I gave him the info.

Dutch looks nauseous. Bellus cocks an eyebrow:

BELLUS (CONT'D)
He wasn't lying to me, was he? Using your name to chase a Warrant above his rank, maybe?

Bellus stares stonily at Dutch. Dutch forces a wan smile.

DUTCH
Of course not. That'd be illegal.
Dutch paces the small, utilitarian cockpit area of the ship they've affectionately dubbed "Betty".

**BETTY (V.O.)**

*Subdermal comlink in range.*

This is what Dutch has been waiting for.

**DUTCH**

Johnny Jaqobis, whatever dumbass shit you're doing, *stop*. I'm almost there.

**INTERCUT:**

CLOSE ON John, his words almost drowned out by a crowd:

**JOHN**

Um... can't really chat right now,
Dutch--

WIDER

And we see that he's alone in a darkened, wire mesh-covered pathway that leads through the crowd and into the pit. Like a chute leading cattle to slaughter... but with drunken FIGHT FANS rattling the sides as they shout, spit, and pour beer at him through the mesh. John ignores them

**DUTCH**

Then just listen. Poaching a Level Five?? What the hell, Johnny! We're hunters, not fucking executioners--

The **GUARD** appears, shakes the mesh to get his attention:

**GUARD#1**

Hey! Get ready, you're up once they clean the blood.

**JOHN**

Dutch! I have no choice. It's personal, I'll explain later. Just stay out of it.

Dutch hears a small **BEEP**, and then nothing.

**BETTY (V.O.)**

Comlink deactivated.

**DUTCH**

Did he just block me? Oh hell no. **HELL** no.
BETTY (V.O.)
Preparing to dock.

Dutch is already grabbing her jacket and running out.

DUTCH
Betty, override John's command and reinstate our com connection. Let me know the moment he's back online.

BETTY
Understood. Have a blessed day.

END OF ACT ONE
Energetic music pounds. The GUARD undoes John's electric cuffs and SHOVES him into the ring, closing the gate behind.

John stumbles to a stop, looks up as he hears the other gate close, and then the ROAR from the crowd as his opponent enters, clearly a crowd favorite.

The two men get a look at one another, and "Kobee" (aka D'AVIN) freezes in a fighter's stance. Confused and horrified.

D'AVIN

Johnny??

JOHN

D'avin. Goddamn.

John can't hide his relief, tries to shake off his semi-shock.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...Guess I didn't really believe it was you until right now.

(then, awkward)

How've you been?

D'AVIN

Okay. You know.

(looks around, pointed)

"Prison fights".

JOHN

Right. Right.

John takes a step towards him, and D'avin takes a step back.

D'AVIN

What are you doing here?

Johnny glances around furtively, but the IMPATIENT CROWD is so loud that they can risk talking. D'avin starts circling.

CROWD

Andras! Andras!

JOHN

I'm busting you out--

D'AVIN

What?
JOHN
I got a guy in the infirmary, you just have to fake an injury and get sent there, I'll handle the rest. Okay? So, fake a hard dive in three...two...

D'avin PUNCHES JOHN hard in the face. The CROWD goes wild.

John holds his BLEEDING NOSE, looks back at D'avin with almost comic brotherly betrayal:

JOHN (CONT'D)
Seriously?

He barely ducks the next punch, ROLLING out of the way...

16 INT. ARENA CROWD- CONTINUOUS

DUTCH weaves through the small but vocal crowd, hurrying to keep up with a uniformed SUPERVISOR (50s, chill but tough) as he lopes along, reading a tablet and making notes.

DUTCH
-- so, just call off the fight and let me have my partner.

SUPERVISOR
Oh, "just call it off". And get my tits handed to me by my boss? No thanks.

DUTCH
He's not a prisoner, you can't keep him in there.

SUPERVISOR
And if he wants out, all he's gotta do is ask. Until then? Our paying viewers love a good blood bath, and your boy looks like a bleeder-

She blocks his path, holds up her WARRANT.

DUTCH
Okay, I didn't want to be a dick and pull rank, but I have a Warrant for Andras. You can't stop me from taking him.

He reads it, mildly amused. Starts walking again.

SUPERVISOR
Don't gotta help you none, either. (over her protest)
Look, I'm not some hick algae farmer. I know the law. (MORE)
SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Killjoys don't get jurisdiction
until they make physical contact.
You gotta lay hands, baby girl.
Good luck with that.

He nods at the electrified cage with a grin, heads on his way. Dutch rubs her eyes roughly, calling after him.

DUTCH
Thanks for your help. Appreciate the professional cour--and you're not even listening.

She looks aside, trying to think and REACTS suddenly, squinting at who she sees in the crowd opposite her...

ANGLE ON FANCY LEE
30s, Asian, dressed super avant garde... and silently studying the fight while the crowd cheers around him.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Oh you are SHITTING me...

INT. ARENA - CAGE - CONTINUOUS

John and D'avin circle one another, trading blows. Good as John is, D'avin is clearly bigger, faster, tougher.

John FAKES and then LANDS a right cross with a satisfying thunk. This scuffle is oddly enjoyable for them.

D'AVIN
Not bad! ...Still dropping your right, though.

John reflexively covers -- as D'avin lands a kidney shot. Then maneuvers him into a chokehold.

JOHN
Still fighting dirty.

D'AVIN
What're you gonna do, go cry to mom?

JOHN
(through chokehold)
Well, Mom died three years ago, asshole, so that'd be kinda tough.

D'avin releases John instantly. Johnny bends, fighting for breath, the two men staring at one another in tense silence.

Crowd is going wild. But all the two estranged brothers see or hear right now is one another.
D'AVIN
Hey. Hey, I'm sorry, Johnny. No, really. I didn't know.

JOHN
Couldn't find you to tell you.

John SHOVES his brother with a hard push to the chest.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's what you wanted, right? To disappear. Cut ties with everyone?

D'AVIN
(slight warning tone)
Johnny--

JOHN
(pushing him again)
Even me?

His anger rising, John SHOVES D'avin one last time--

JOHN (CONT'D)
Why?

-- this time D'av hits back, a brutal HOOK combo that lays Johnny out. D'av stands over him, points in angry warning.

D'AVIN
Leave it alone.

Johnny spits some blood out, staring up at his brother hatefully. The Crowd goes wild for the smackdown--

INT. ARENA CROWD -- CONTINUOUS

--all around FANCY LEE (30s, Asian, avant garde clothes) who just silently watches the fight.

Until he notices DUTCH has come to stand silently beside him. He studies her, smiles.

FANCY LEE
Dutch.

DUTCH
Fancy.

(then)
Who's your collar?

FANCY LEE
In the cage with your boy. Level Five Warrant. You?

Dutch sighs, flashes her Warrant. Fancy WHISTLES.
FANCY LEE (CONT'D)
Double booking a Kill Warrant?
Damn. Someone must really want this poor bastard dead.

DUTCH
Nah. Who does that? Gotta be a clerical error, right?

FANCY LEE
Could be.

DUTCH
So we should just call this off, go straighten it out with our Brokers--

FANCY LEE
And as soon as I leave, you double back and claim the kill yourself? I don't think so.

DUTCH
You have trust issues. You should see someone about that.

FANCY LEE
I don't think we've ever gone head to head, have we? Should be fun.

He gives a parting smirk, exits. Dutch drops the cool act.

DUTCH
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

She's immediately on the move, snaking behind the stands .

BETTY (V.O.)
Comlink reactivated.

DUTCH
Oh thank the trees. John, you hear me? Outta the pit. We got another agent on your target, play time is over.

INT. CAGE - CONTINUOUS

--but John is a little preoccupied as he and D'avvin circle. We can tell Dutch is genuinely concerned for him.

DUTCH (O.S.)
You're in the line of fire, get out of there now, goddamit.

JOHN
Working on it!
John catches his brother in a wrestling grip, trying to get D'Avi to understand the stakes, frustrated:

D'AVIN
Stay down!

JOHN
You stay down! Why won't you let me help you?

D'avin gets the upper hand and puts his little brother in a chokehold, dragging him to his knees so he can speak sotto and urgent into John's ear:

D'AVIN
I'm helping you, idiot! This shit is rigged. If you stand out in these fights, they never let you leave.
(takes breath)
So we're clear? I'm doing this for your own good.

JOHN
Doing wha--

D'avin KNEES JOHN hard in the face, followed by a whip-fast KICK that SPINS Johnny with its force, sending him crashing back on his stomach, BLOOD SPRAYING. The CROWD ROARS.

INTERCUT:

INT. ARENA CROWD - CONTINUOUS

Dutch SPOTS FANCY: whipping through the crowd and up the stands, towards a position high enough to get a clear shot. Dutch notes the GLINT as Fancy pulls out a BALLISTIC KNIFE (a shootable, self propelling blade.)

Time has run out. Dutch needs to think and act fast.

DUTCH drops to her knee, and takes a weapon from her boot: a POISON TIPPED DART. Whips out the slim, hollow black metal tube that's holding up her chignon, LOADS it with the dart and BLOWS it through the cage links, just as...

...JOHN breaks free from D'avin's chokehold and gets a lucky opening, PUNCHES D'avin in the jaw, stepping away as--

...FANCY releases his blade, heading for the brothers, as

...Dutch's DART CONNECTS with D'avin's neck; D'avin begins to FALL, losing consciousness from the dart's toxins--
... falling JUST out of range of Fancy's throwing knife, which SKIMS over D'avin's falling body, THUNKING into the pole behind him harmlessly.

RESUME SPEED

The crowd is silent in surprise. Johnny looks around -- and then THROWS up his arms in victory, the crowd going WILD.

Dutch gestures at the nearby guard, flashing her ID. The Supervisor sees, hurries over, pissed.

DUTCH
The gate.

SUPERVISOR
Hey, girlie! What the hell did I just say?

DUTCH
I tranq'd him. That's physical contact, and that means he's mine. ...Unless you want to talk to the Rack? I hear they love when someone obstructs their Warrants.

He tries not to look disturbed, but is. Her threat is real.

SUPERVISOR
Open the gate.

Gate swings open. Dutch rushes in trying to raise D'av.

DUTCH
Gimme a hand. I hit him with a neuroblock.

JOHN
Can we tell him I knocked him out--?

She glares as they get D'Avin to his feet between them. Dutch tossing a worried look behind, trying to find Fancy --

--not seeing KHLYEN (50s, intimidating) standing in the crowd, silently staring. Watching the trio limping out. Intrigued.

END OF ACT TWO
EXT. SPACE - DAY

The black of space -- and then our Killjoy ship (AKA "BETTY"), silently skimming by like a big black stone.

INT. BETTY - CORRIDORS -- DAY

Dutch is PISSED, EXITING a doorway into the main hall, stripping off her jacket and walking quickly as John follows.

JOHN
Look, I admit I didn't think everything through.

She snorts and keeps walking, too angry to talk. They TURN A CORNER down another small corridor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
There was a Kill Warrant out on him. I had to claim it before someone else did--

DUTCH
By using my name??

JOHN
I couldn't use mine, I'm not licensed for Level Fives, you are!

She turns to him so suddenly he almost bumps into her.

DUTCH
What was your endgame, exactly? After you busted him out.

JOHN (flustered)
Fake his death, I guess, or say he got the drop on me and escaped.

DUTCH
That's not how this shit works, John! The Rack doesn't just take your word on Level Fives. There's inquests, proof-of-death--

JOHN
(quiet, sincere)
He's my brother. What was I supposed to do, let him die?

DUTCH
Coming to me first wasn't an option?
JOHN
I was trying to keep you out of it.

DUTCH
How'd that work out?

Johnny rubs his neck, stressed, knows he can't rebut that. Dutch sighs, reigns in her anger. Weary and frustrated.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Do you even know what he did to earn that Warrant?

JOHN
No. But I know him. He's good people.

DUTCH
Then why does somebody want him dead so bad? ...People change a lot in eight years, Johnny.

JOHN
He hasn't.

The partners lock eyes, the tension of the moment only broken by the sound of D'avín clearing his throat behind them.

They turn, see woozy D'avín standing in a darkened doorway of the room they let him pass out in.

D'AVIN
So -- someone wanna tell me where the hell I am?

23 INT. BETTY - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

SUBJECTIVE POV

a VIEW OF THE QUAD, smallish but visible in the distance outside the frame of the ship's window.

DUTCH (O.S.)
You familiar with the Quad?

RESUME

in the ship's surprisingly homey mixed-use lounge area. Dutch paces. D'avín is calm but evasive, sitting in a chair.

D'AVIN
I've heard of it, obviously. But I've never been here.
(to John)
You living here, now?
JOHN
We dock on Westerley. But we work all four.

DUTCH
What were you in prison for?

D'AVIN
I ...borrowed someone's ship--

DUTCH
(muttered, to John)
What is that, genetic?

D'AVIN
--got sentenced to eight years labor on Laguna 9. Warden came by a few months ago, offering time off for participating in these fights. The rest, you know.

DUTCH
What did you really do. This isn't about some ship.

D'AVIN
How do you know?

DUTCH
Kill warrants are personal. Takes a lot of money and power to make one stick.
(leans in)
Who do you know who hates you that much?

D'AVIN
No idea. Sorry.

D'av and Dutch lock eyes. He refuses to budge.

D'AVIN (CONT'D)
Look, you don't want me here, and I don't want to be here. It's all over now anyway, so just drop me off at the next port and I'll be on my way.

He goes to rise from the chair, pauses at her snort. Catches the look John and Dutch pass between themselves.

D'AVIN (CONT'D)
(to John)
What?

JOHN
Once a Kill Warrant has been written, it's guaranteed.
D'AVIN
Meaning?

DUTCH
If I don't terminate you by the warrant's end, they'll just send another agent who will. And then another. Until it's done.

The gravity of his situation finally gets through to D'Avin. He sits back down heavily, nonplussed.

D'AVIN
Well, shit.

Dutch makes a decision. She looks at John:

DUTCH
Take us to Leith. I need to talk to Bellus.

He nods and she exits, leaving the estranged brothers alone. After awkward silence D'av clears his throat, glancing around the room.

D'AVIN
So. This where I should rack out, or--

JOHN
You really have nothing to say to me, after eight years?

D'AVIN
Could I really say anything RIGHT, after eight years?

He looks up, shrugs pointedly at John.

D'AVIN (CONT'D)
Look, I appreciate you saving my ass back there, I do. But whatever reunion fantasy you're looking for, I'm not offering one. Let's just figure this shit out and go our separate ways again. Better for everyone.

John holds his stare. Grabs a blanket from a cupboard and tosses it on the couch, disgusted.

JOHN
Missed you, too.

OFF D'Avin, watching John go and sighing, heavily conflicted.
INT. BAZAAR, LEITH - NIGHT

The bazaar is shutting down, a few remaining traders closing their stalls and shops...

We PUSH IN to Bellus's stall, a warm light making her curtain glow-

INT. BELLUS'S BOOTH - NIGHT

Bellus and Dutch sit in the shadowed tent by a small electric brazier for warmth, having an intense convo.

   BELLUS
   So where is he now.

   DUTCH
   On my boat. With Johnny.

   BELLUS
   And Fancy Lee saw you take him alive?

Dutch nods silently. And outta nowhere Bellus leans forward and WHAP, gives Dutch a slap upside her head.

   BELLUS (CONT'D)
   You been sitting on your brains, girl?

   DUTCH
   Ow! Look, I've got twenty-one hours before the warrant lapses and I'm in breach. Just ...tell me how to fix this!

Bellus just glares at her a beat, too disappointed and angry to help. But she paces a moment, calming herself.

   BELLUS
   There's still time to turn John into the Rack for his fraud. Clear your name.

   DUTCH
   What's the penalty?

   BELLUS
   For Johnny? If we both pull in favors? Loss of licence and five yrs hard labor, minimum.

   DUTCH
   Okay, wow -- no way. Other options?

   BELLUS
   One: put your big girl pants on and finish the damn Warrant.
   (MORE)
BELLUS (CONT'D)
It's not like you haven't killed
on the job--

DUTCH
Self defense is different.

Dutch's tone shuts her down, an old argument between them. Dutch banks her frustration. Sighs.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Wouldn't matter, anyway. Target's Johnny's brother. That's why he got involved.

Bellus blinks at her, then mutters a stream of CURSES in a foreign tongue. Points accusingly at Dutch.

BELLUS
I told you he was too soft for this line of work.

DUTCH
(wry)
Yeah, well, I'm the one who pulled him into it, remember? I can't exactly complain about it now.

Bellus snorts. Dutch leans towards her mentor, implores.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
I need to know who put out that Warrant, Bell.

BELLUS
(suspicious)
Why?

DUTCH
If I can figure out something they want more than D'avin's death, maybe I can get them to null the Warrant in trade. It's our only shot.

Bellus weighs this and then nods, turning to her datascreen. But when she looks up from it, her expression is grim.

BELLUS
You aren't going to like the answer.

OFF Dutch, heart sinking.

INT. BETTY - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Lights are low. Weary Dutch enters, heading for the kitchenette. Pours herself a shot and knocks it back quickly --
LIGHTS snap on. John slouches on the couch, holding a half empty wine glass on his knee.

    JOHN
Went that well, huh?

    DUTCH
(avoiding)
Where's your brother?

    JOHN
Couldn't sleep, gave him my bed.
    (then)
Once we get him somewhere safe, I'm turning myself in, Dutch. Telling the Rack you had nothing to do with this.

    DUTCH
No, you're not.

    JOHN
Dutch--

    DUTCH
Johnny. It's too late. Fancy saw me. I'm already involved.
    (gentler)
If I thought falling on your sword would help, I'd shove you myself. Okay?

    JOHN
Promise?

    DUTCH
Promise.

He smirks sadly. Dutch sits beside him on the couch, snatching his wineglass and downing the dregs. Silence stretches until John makes a difficult admission:

    JOHN
You were right, earlier. I don't really know who my brother is anymore, Dutch. I can't be sure he didn't earn that Kill Warrant.

    DUTCH
...Doesn't matter. You have to protect him. He's family.

    JOHN
So are you.

Dutch stares back, not arguing. Breaks their intense gaze with a sigh, rubbing her eyes.
Okay, look. Don't get excited yet, but I have a half-assed plan--

(exhales in relief)

Oh thank the trees. What?

Bellus says the Warrant was written by The Company.

How is that good news??

Because it's a starting place. Look, when I was in the Royale the other day, the Company goons were on overdrive. Pree said it's because the miners are talking strikes again, but I don't think so. I think they were looking for someone.

And what, you think we can figure out who and get to them first all before your Warrant lapses?

C'mon, we like a challenge. We'll figure it out. Always do.

John blinks, taking this in. Nods his support.

Okay. Where do we start?

We need to go to talk to God.

She looks over at him pointedly. Johnny grimaces.

LARGE STERILE HOOKS, being threaded into bare human skin.

A ROBED MONK -- piercings and ink, his style halfway between 'punk' and 'hare Krishna' -- rings a small bell.

Our pain, your redemption. Let us suffer for your sins--

A BALD, TATTED WOMAN in monk-like robes gently chants as she PULLS HARD on a collection of TAUT WIRES--
--RAISING a mostly naked man via the hooks in his back that are attached to the wires, part of a SUSPENSION RITUAL.

This is business as usual for ALVIS THE PENITENT (36, oddly sexy) local leader of the SCARBACK faith.

Alvis LOOKS SERENE, eyes closed, as passing pedestrians pay his fellow Monks to light prayer candles, hear confessions. We sense Scarbacks are both feared and respected.

He opens his eyes when he hears a short WHISTLE, just in time to see a TOKEN tossed into the begging bowl below him--finding DUTCH, already disappearing into the street crowd.

At the last minute she looks BACK at him, holding eye contact.

His eyes stay on her. Then he looks across the street where two COMPANY GUARDS search pedestrians. Alvis deliberates.

INT. THE ROYALE - HALLWAY/BACK ROOM - AFTERNOON

We push along the shadowed hall towards a half open door --

    ALVIS
    I can give you ten minutes.

--inside Dutch and John sit across from Alvis immersed in earnest conversation. He has a tankard of ale in hand. Blood stains the back of his robe.

    DUTCH
    The Company was looking for someone this week. What are you hearing?

    ALVIS
    That you're too late. His name was Barton Emery. Dead since last night.

    JOHN
    Dammit. Sorry. One of yours?

    ALVIS
    (amused)
    Which kind: church or resistance?

    JOHN
    Either?

    ALVIS
    Neither. Offworlder, but we gave him safe harbor while he was here.

    DUTCH
    Why - what was he running from?
He takes a long slug to give himself time to debate how to answer. Decides on the full truth.

ALVIS
He had possession of stolen sat codes, for the entire west hemisphere of Qresh.

John WHISTLES. Damn. Dutch watches Alvis intently.

ALVIS (CONT'D)
Word is the Company is still looking for them.

DUTCH
...But you know who has them. (no answer)
Look, we're in deep shit, Alvis. We really need those codes.

ALVIS
You? To do what?

DUTCH
(sighs, admitting)
Honestly? Sell them right back to the company in trade. Which I'm sure is the last thing you'd want.

He ponders the floor, silent. Looks back at Dutch.

ALVIS
What's your take on the state of things these days? Politically, I mean?

DUTCH
Westerlyns aren't happy.

ALVIS
Westerlyns want war. To cut our ties to Qresh and the Company for good.

DUTCH
Isn't that what you want?

ALVIS
"War" is what they call it when the big guys win. I want a revolution. A successful one, thank you very much.
(shrugs)
We're not ready. May not be for years. If we step too soon, they'll squash us. They always do.

He makes his decision, standing.
ALVIS (CONT'D)
Those codes in the wrong hands
here will make fools out of good
people. ...I'll tell you how to
find them -- if you swear never to
bring them back.

Dutch stares back at him, nods solemnly. She rises to go --
and stops as he impulsively lays a HAND on her head,
muttering a brief FOREIGN BLESSING. Dutch frowns.

DUTCH
I thought you weren't a True
Believer anymore?

ALVIS
Oh, I'm not. But I truly believe
you'll need all the luck you can
get.

He smirks sadly in parting, taking a last slug of his beer
as he exits, while John shakes his head and sighs.

JOHN
Amen.

END OF ACT THREE
INT. BETTY-JOHN'S ROOM - LATER

The room is dark, D'avin lies on the bed. Shirtless. Eyes twitching with REM.

EXT. ND - NIGHTMARE - NIGHT

Horrific clips of violence, too close to make out much detail. Flashing lights. Screams. Fire, in the distance. Trees. Subjective CAMERA POV, racing through the woods. Fractured images of a military unit, being slaughtered...

INT. BETTY-JOHN'S ROOM - NIGHT

D'avin sits BOLT upright from his nightmare, hears a THUNK as someone BUMPS against something in the dark nearby--

He instinctively REACHES OUT, grabbing the shadowy intruder by the throat, FLIPPING them onto the small bed as he rolls himself on top, auto lights turning on at his command--

D'AVIN
Lights!

--REVEALING DUTCH underneath him, D'avin's hands on her slim neck... and her KNIFE against his throat in response.

Stalemate. They hold one another's gaze, breathing heavily. D'avin swallows, gleaming with sweat. He slowly removes his hands and spreads them wide, not wanting to startle her.

D'AVIN (CONT'D)
You shouldn't sneak up on people.

DUTCH
You shouldn't scream in your sleep.

D'AVIN
...fair point.

Dutch continues holding the blade to him, pointedly, before sitting up, rubbing her neck resentfully.

Agitated and embarrassed, D'avin crosses to his shirt, shrugging it on. Dutch watches.

DUTCH
Bit old for nightmares.

D'AVIN
Battle fatigue. It happens.
DUTCH
...Sorry. How long were you enlisted?

D'AVIN
Eight years. How long have you been a hired killer?

DUTCH
Nice. I'm not.

D'AVIN
Aw, c'mon. Getting paid for it doesn't make 'em any less dead.

DUTCH
Says the former career soldier?

He gives her a real smile, now.

D'AVIN
Okay. Truce. ...How's Johnny been?

DUTCH
Ask Johnny.

D'AVIN
I'm asking you. Didn't picture him for this line of work. That your influence?

DUTCH
He's a big boy. He makes his own decisions.

D'AVIN
Mmmmm. So, you two together-?

It takes her a minute to catch his meaning. Snorts.

DUTCH
Johnny's like my brother.

D'AVIN
Hope you're better at it than I am.

DUTCH
Not looking like a real high bar.
(stands to go)
Look, I just came to tell you we've worked out a plan. Sit tight. Hopefully we'll all be out of this mess by morning.

He catches her hand as she passes - she frowns at him.
D'AVIN
What if it doesn't work.

DUTCH
You'll probably be too dead to care.

D'AVIN
I meant to you. You said your agency takes finishing Warrants seriously. What are they going to do to you for sabotaging one?

He holds her gaze, lasering in on her as she clams up.

BETTY (V.O.)
Qresh is in sight.

D'AVIN
You asked Johnny if I'm worth risking your asses for. I'm not. Johnny's worth ten of me.

DUTCH
So what do you want from me?

D'AVIN
This is my mess. Let me help clean it. Please.

She stares at him a long beat, considering. Sees JOHNNY standing in the open doorway. Eyes locked on D'avin.

JOHN
We don't need your help.

John gestures at Dutch to follow him into the corridor--

32 INT. BETTY -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

--D'avin follows Johnny, Dutch at the rear.

D'AVIN
Johnny. C'mon, man.

JOHN
You think you can just do what we do?

D'AVIN
I'm a trained soldier--

JOHN
So you know how to shoot people with big guns. Congratulations. What we do takes a lot more finesse.

DUTCH
John--? He's coming.
She's quiet, but firm. Johnny looks back at her, betrayed.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
You got me into this, I'm saying how we get out. If things go wrong down there, I don't have a Warrant to protect me this time. I could use back up.

D'AVIN
(meeting John's stare)
Just tell me what to do. I'll follow your lead, I swear.

JOHN
Well that would be a first, wouldn't it?
(to Dutch)
You want him? You prep him.

Johnny exits into the cockpit, not happy. Dutch stares at D'avin a bit, exhales. Energetic MUSIC begins, through--

DUTCH
Okay: here's how this is going down--

33 EXT. SPACE - THE QUAD PLANETARY FAMILY - DAY

Our now-familiar planetscape: one large green planet circled by three, various sized moons. CAMERA pivots, locks in on the large, green planet

SUPER: QRESH

For the first time, we "speed fall" towards QRESH'S surface of MOSTLY WATER, closer and closer, until--

DUTCH (O.S.)
We're need to intercept a handoff of security codes.

34 EXT. QRESH CAPITAL CITY- AFTERNOON

We skim the planet surface, and it is diametrically opposite of the bleakness and industry of Westerley:

Here we see blue skies, lakes, shiny shiny buildings...

DUTCH (O.S.)
All we know is when and where it's going down: opening gala at the Chitari Museum.

We hover over one that looks designed by a futuristic Frank Gehry -- the CHITARI MUSEUM
INT. CHITARI MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

Our first look at how the Quad's 1% live, as the hoi polloi of Qresh mingle. Multiple UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARDS posted.

D'AVIN (O.S.)
We don't know who the target is, or how many buyers he's meeting?

FIND D'AVIN, looking amazing in a minimalist suit and GLASSES. He makes a point of turning his head slowly to take it in-

JOHN (O.S.)
Just work the crowd, be my eyes.
Dutch and I will handle the rest.

INT. BETTY - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

John works away, one large screen flashing a SERIES OF CYCLING CODE, hacking into the Museum's surveillance camera feed.

On his MAIN SCREEN we see a feed from D'avin's POV, through his glasses. John studies the feed, running a FACIAL RECOGNITION PROGRAM, checking all of the Guards for a match.

D'AVIN (O.S.)
I take it Qresh is where the Beautiful People live?

John's program finishes. NO MATCH.

JOHN
And their even prettier money.
The whole Quad is one giant caste system.
(then)
Guards are clear. Check your ten.
Get me eyes on that big guy.

INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

D'avin swivels slightly, locates the BIG GUY (well dressed guest). We note an EARPIECE on D'avin (no subdermal comlink like Dutch/John, since he's not yet part of the team.)

D'AVIN
Look, John -- I'm sorry I tracked my dirt in your house. I didn't mean to.

Johnny blinks, decides to ignore the olive branch.

JOHN (O.S.)
Can you get a better angle?

D'avin crosses to a pretty SERVER, taking a glass of wine from her tray and casually facing the Big Guy.
D'avin turns back to the sexy, fit server. Smiles.

INT. "BETTY" - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

John's computer cycles lightning fast through a blur of images, then FREEZES -- it's an image of a security ID photo of the girl, and her various official credentials.

JOHN
Whoa. Hello.

D'AVIN
What?

JOHN
Military record... Security firm clearances ...she's either one seriously specialized cater waiter, or she's a player. Dutch-?

DUTCH (O.S.)
Got it.

INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

ON DUTCH, making an entrance in a bright red, revealing backless gown and a CHUNKY, INTRICATE METAL NECKLACE.

DUTCH
Tracking her.

She passes by D'avin, not acknowledging him... or seeing how D'avin turns around to get another look at her.

JOHN (O.S.)
Unless the seller is my partner's ass, do me a favor and keep surveilling the room?

Busted, D'avin returns to scanning the room.

ANGLE ON DUTCH

watching the Server going about her duties. Nothing unusual.

And then Dutch sees the Server pull something out of her cocktail apron, put it on her empty tray, and put the plate down on an empty BENCH in a secluded corner... and walk away.

DUTCH
Annnd, we have a money drop.
KILLJOYS -- "BANGARANG" (PILOT) -- Nov1 -- Lovretta

JOHN
Dammit. Target's gotta be right around you. Pan and scan?

Dutch pretends to check her face with a COMPACT/DIGITAL MAKE UP MIRROR. PANS those mingling near the empty bench.

INT. BETTY - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

John's SCREEN shows Dutch's feed from her compact, which provides an XRAY-like image of everything it records.

Johnny starts typing quickly, expands and zooms the moving image of the various guests, his system ANALYZING...his computer BEEPS, identifies a CRYSTAL DRIVE secreted inside the PURPLE COAT of a nearby man.

JOHN
Possible hit! Man in purple. Crystal drive on left side, above the hip.

INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

D'avin sees the Server pass by him.

D'AVIN
Waitress is circling back for the pickup. Gotta be now.

DUTCH
He just took the money--

Dutch sees the man in the purple coat pocket the money the server dropped. All her senses on alert.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
--man in Purple is our guy. Moving. Get ready, Johnny--

She's approaching the target, lifting her hand to the back of her hair -- fiddling with the clasp of her NECKLACE.

D'AVIN can't take his eyes off her. Her hair. The skin of her arms. The naked small of her back--

--where a LASER SITE flickers as people cross in front of it, traveling slowly up her spine for a kill shot...

D'AVIN
Shit.

D'avin REACTS, already pushing through the crowd--

ON DUTCH

--just as D'avin slams into her, SPINNING Dutch out of the way of the oncoming, silent SHOT.
She STUMBLERS. D'avin grabs her, pulling her against him. The shot has missed her, but HIT an OLD MAN in the arm.

DUTCH

What the--

D'AVIN

Shh.

He nods, and she sees the random OLD MAN as the effects of the projectile begin. He starts COUGHING. Can't stop.

Dutch scans the room and sees FANCY LEE quickly making his way out. But not before giving her an ironic salute.

JOHN (O.S.)

Guys, talk to me.

DUTCH

(breathless)

I think the Rack just officially decided our time has run out.

Her attention is snatched back to the Old Man, as he SINKS TO HIS KNEES. Blood bubbles coming out of his mouth.

SCREAMS as the dying Old Man starts frothing and convulsing. GUESTS begin to panic, some crowding around him in horror. UNIFORMED SECURITY mobilizes. An ALARM sounds.

THREE SECURITY DOORS begin to edge slowly down, leaving only one way out. An Announcement is made over the sound system:

HOST (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, for your own security, we are commencing a building lockdown. Please calmly make your way towards the rear gate.

CHAOS. Panic. Dutch and D'avin fight to keep eyes on their targets in the swirling crowd.

DUTCH

Johnny, does purple-guy still have the crystal? Has he made the trade?

JOHN (O.S.)

(checking computer)

No. He's still our guy.

Dutch can see Purple coat as he's ushered towards the back exit along with the stream of panicking guests.

The SERVER has spotted him, as well, and is following.
D'AVIN
We gotta go. They're locking down.

DUTCH
Johnny? I'm gonna lose him. Same plan, on the move: can you do it?

JOHN (O.S.)
(torn, then)
...Screw it. Yes. Improvise, D'av and I will find you an exit. Go.

Dutch takes off to join the stream of guests.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Get outta there, D'av. She can handle herself.

D'AVIN
I can't just leave her here?

JOHN (O.S.)
D'avin! She has no way out unless we secure her one, come back now. That's an order.

D'Avin clearly hates leaving a man behind, but does as told.

A LARGE GUARD tries to block his way, but D'av makes it under the crashing gate just before it hits the floor.

END OF ACT FOUR
INT. BETTY - COCKPIT -- AFTERNOON

D'avin rushes in, John urgently starting Betty up, D'Avin grabbing a weapon and holding post at the opened "jump" doors a few feet away, keeping his eyes peeled for Dutch's return.

D'AVIN
Where the hell happened back there?
That shot was for Dutch, not me.

JOHN
(stressed and angry)
Until she makes good on her Warrant,
they transfer the hit to her.
That's why Killjoys can't be bought.

The full risk they've taken fro him hits D'avin. John calls up a feed from the building's SECURITY CAMERAS, rotating through them until he finds the one covering DUTCH -- moving along with the crowd...

JOHN (CONT'D)
Dutch? I've got eyes on you.
We're ready for go.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

A small crowd rushes through the narrow halls. Near the front is the man in Purple.

Trailing him slightly but gaining is the SERVER.

FIND DUTCH ten feet behind the Server, moving quickly but calmly amidst the tide of panic. As before, she raises her arms gracefully to her neck --

--this time removing her NECKLACE and YANKING the ends, "breaking" it.

Dozens of metallic, cubed beads SPRAY out and fall to the ground, bouncing and rolling on the floor...

...REASSEMBLING into freaky little microbot groupings, like mechanical spiders.

TRACK half a dozen little BOTS scurrying amidst the rushing feet, and then RUNNING up the walls, where they dig in.

INT. "BETTY" - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

John watches this, hitting a few keys.

JOHN
Bots are live. "Boom" in 3...2...
INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JOHN (O.S.)
...one.

And just as the SERVER clears the closest bots, they EXPLODE behind her -- not enough to hurt anyone, but the sonic boom, smoke, and debris is enough to scare the already spooked crowd, most of whom DIVERT down a different hall.

The SERVER has covered her head against the debris, looks back-- and DUTCH is right there.

DUTCH
Are you hurt?

Before the dazed woman can answer Dutch neatly (violently but nonlethally) INCAPACITATES HER and moves on smoothly as the unconscious woman slides down the wall, no one the wiser.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Clear. Go for two--

The second DETONATION is in FRONT of her, cutting off the front third of the crowd, as intended. But Dutch miscalculated and got a little too close - coughs and waves the smoke away, quickly orienting herself.

Cant find the target. Shit...

And then she relocates him, seeing the back of the distinct purple coat as he turns down the side corridor ahead.

She takes off after him as he disappears into a room--

INT. "BETTY" - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

John sees Dutch disappear into the room -- and then the feeds FIZZLE in a haze of static. He's lost her.

JOHN
Shit.

D'AVIN
What's wrong--?

JOHN
Shut up a second...

He types in a rush, trying to regain camera access.

INT. MUSEUM ANTEROOM - AFTERNOON

Dutch enters a long, beautiful white room, ornate doors on each end.

Two other guests rush ahead through the room's exit doors, the man in Purple lagging.
Dutch makes her move, pushing past him. We catch her artful sleight of hand, removing the small CRYSTAL DATA DEVICE while "bumping" into him and then moving smoothly away...

--discovering he has a grip on her WRIST. She turns, surprised...and stops dead, face freezing in terror at the man she sees:

KHLYEN (late 40s; darkly sexy). This is not the man in Purple we've seen. Dutch inhales in shock, looks around wildly, and SEES the actual man in purple lying near the entry doors, pool of blood just starting to spread.

Dutch looks back at Khlyen. By her reaction, Dutch is seeing the Devil incarnate.

He smiles at her.

KHLYEN
Well done, little bird.

His voice is intimate. Proud. Out of place with her panic.

DUTCH
What are you--
  (struggles for words)
  How did you find me?

KHLYEN
What makes you think I ever lost you?
  (then)
  It's been quite informative, watching you work again. It appears you've grown... sentimental.

He says it with distaste. She's tense enough to crack. Khlyen extends his hand, runs a thumb across her cheekbone--

And then with a quick deft move holds that hand over her MOUTH, pressing a small cloth against it.

Her eyes widen, finally coming out of her shock to react, STRIKING HIM with expert precision, but he seems impervious to pain and the delay cost her -- she INHALES, WEAKENING.

He holds her head firmly, almost lovingly, as she begins to pass out. Then he throws his arms wide and RELEASES her...

SLOMO as drugged Dutch falls backward towards the marble floor, eyes slowly closing, hair fanning out and MUSIC building--

INT. BETTY - AFTERNOON

John is stabbing at his keyboard, trying to make a connection.
JOHN
Dutch? Are you hearing me?

D'AVIN'S POV -- INTO DOCKING HANGAR

Guards are exiting the main building, sweeping. The LARGE GUARD D'avin avoided when he jumped the security gate is looking for him -- spies D'avin. Raises a weapon.

GUARD
Sir! Get back here. We're on a lockdown--

RESUME

D'avin shoots a warning shot, just missing him. The Guard ducks, but a few others have come to his side, and they open fire. D'Avin presses himself back.

D'AVIN
Where is she??

JOHN
Something's blocking that room. She's not answering.
(firm)
She'll be here.

But he can't hide the concern in his voice...

49 INT. MUSEUM ANTEROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSER on Dutch, in her slomo graceful plummet towards the marble, and just as her eyes fully close we FLASH WHITE, to:

50 INT. ND -- FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

Shadowy room, slightly distorted visual. A tainted memory.

FIND a gorgeous young girl, maybe 8 yrs old, standing in well-made, exotic looking clothes. This is YLESSA -- Dutch's real name, from her old life.

KHLYEN (looking same age as present day) bends into frame of her POV, a genuine, kind smile on his lips. His gentle demeanor jarringly out of place as we see him hold up a strange, BLADED device to the child. Puts it in her HAND.

KHLYEN
I'll show you how to use this, shall I?

Her gaze CAREENS anxiously to the side of the room... where we see a sweating, BEATEN MAN restrained to a chair in the darkened corner, grunting in fear through his gag--
INT. MUSEUM ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dutch (lying flat on the marble ground now) INHALES as she comes to, sitting straight up, panicked, ready to strike.

But she's alone. No one here. The crystal device is gone -- Khlyen must have taken it. Dutch glances around madly

-- and sees a simple, TINY RED BOX in the middle of the white floor beside her. She scurries back, looks down at it as if dreading to touch it.

In that box is everything she fears.

Dutch tries not to hyperventilate or cry. Her comlink CRACKLES to life, and we hear John shouting at her over it:

JOHN (O.S.)

--utch?

DUTCH

...here.

JOHN (O.S.)

--ave you been?? It's getting hot out here. I've blown the gates, you gotta move!

Her face hardens to a deadly chill. Eyes on the exit door. Resolute. Gets smoothly to her feet, graceful as a dancer--

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Dutch exits, surprising two SECURITY GUARDS. She neatly incapacitates them -- knocking them out, not killing them -- her eyes hard, taking their weapons.

On Dutch, walking down the hall, large weapon in each hand--

INT. BETTY - AFTERNOON

D'Avin is getting shot at, and is returning fire out the small jump door. D'avin's attention is suddenly rooted elsewhere:

D'AVIN'S POV

as D'utch exits the building and runs for Betty. AND SHE IS FUCKING BADASS. She proceeds to dispatch the handful of other Guards in her path with the same ruthless efficiency as the ones in the corridor, using her weapon when needed.

She is a cold, gracefully lethal machine. Almost inhuman in her proficiency. And D'av says what we're thinking:

D'AVIN

...holy shit.
She has taken out all ten guards, in less than two minutes, without a single injury to herself.

Dutch makes it to the ship, D'avin reaching down and pulling her in; once in, she holds up her free hand wearily, the CRYSTAL hanging from it.

D'AVIN (CONT'D)
We're clear. Go, go!

JOHN
Told you she could handle herself!

D'AVIN
Did you get it?

Dutch shakes her head, not saying anything more.

The ship starts to rise, ground whipping past behind the still open jump-door, as the two hold one another's gaze.

END OF ACT FIVE
EXT. BAZAAR, LEITH - AFTERNOON

JOHN (O.S.)
You've gotta buy us some time, Bell

INT. BELLUS'S BOOTH - DAY

Johnny faces Bellus, a sense of urgency. Bellus barely looks at him, studying D'avin and an oddly deflated Dutch.

BELLUS
I can't.

JOHN
-- or find some other way for us to get the Rack to call this off--

BELLUS
John. The Warrant on your brother was recalled as of this morning.

D'AVIN
What does that mean?

BELLUS
Scrubbed from the record, like it never existed. Same goes for any sanctions against Dutch. Just... poof.

D'AVIN
Why?

BELLUS
Well, now I'm no political genius, son, but my guess is one of you has powerful friends, or a serious new debt.

Continued tense silence a beat -- until John CROWS with relief, slaps his brother on the shoulder.

JOHN
So this is great! Right? It's over!

Dutch's isn't happy, she's troubled -- D'avin clocks it. She fakes a smile for John, letting him hug her as CELEBRATORY MUSIC prelaps, taking us to--

INT. THE ROYAL TAVERN - EVENING

It's CROWDED as can be in here, the dancing, singing, drunken revelers with mine-soot and grease on more than a few faces.
A few of the regulars have taken to the small STAGE, singing some rowdy Westerlyn drinking songs.

ANGLE ON THE MAIN BAR

THREE ALGAE BEERS slammed on the bar top as Pree serves John, Dutch and D'avin victory drinks--

PREE
Still on me. Drink up, lovelies.

They've been celebrating for a while... especially Dutch, who immediately knocks back one of the drinks.

JOHN
Here's to close calls and narrow escapes. May the one always follow the other.

Dutch takes a slug, then stares at her mug a beat.

DUTCH
(casual, to John)
Y'know, you never said... How did you finally find D'avin, after all this time?

JOHN
Someone sent me his Warrant.

DUTCH
Who?

JOHN
Couldn't trace it. Part of why I wanted to keep you out of it-- I was worried it was some kind of set up.

Dutch musters a pained smile at the irony he's so blissfully unaware of. A DANCER grabs Johnny, drags him off with a kiss.

D'AVIN
You want to talk about it?

DUTCH
What?

D'AVIN
Whatever's been eating at you since the mission. What happened back there?

DUTCH
You first: what do you see in those nightmares? And where you've been the past eight years?
D'AVIN
...or we could not talk, and just drink.

They share a grin, as Dutch starts another drink.

DUTCH
So where you heading next, now that you’re a free man?

D'AVIN
Can I at least sleep on that, or are you kicking me out right now?

DUTCH
I think I can give you 'til breakfast.

This time their smiles linger, heavy eye contact. Dutch stands impulsively, takes a hold of his hand.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
C'mon. If it's your last night with us, I can at least tuck you in.

He hesitates, realllllly wanting to go, then makes up his mind, gently taking his HAND back.

D'AVIN
...No thanks.

He returns to his beer. Dutch blinks, mildly offended.

DUTCH
Okay... By "tuck you in", I meant "best sex of your life". Just so we're clear.

D'AVIN
(laughing)
Yeah. Got that, thanks. Under different circumstance, I would tuck you in all night. I promise.

DUTCH
But you gotta headache?

D'AVIN
No, I just know what you're doing. (shrugs)
Not wanting to be alone right now isn't the same as wanting to be with me.

She places her hand high up his thigh, holds his gaze.
DUTCH
Do you really give a shit about my motivations?

D'AVIN
No. But I think my brother would.
And I’m on thin enough ice.

DUTCH
Johnny doesn’t care who I sleep with.

D'AVIN
Yeah? You ever sleep with his brother before?

DUTCH
I guess now I never will.
(into his ear)
Because this was a one time offer.
And you just blew it.

They hold their charged stare for a bit and then Dutch head off, passing Johnny, who comes to his brother with fresh drinks in hand and a WTF expression.

JOHN
Where’s she going? What’d you do?

INT. THE ROYAL TAVERN – LATER

It’s later now, smaller crowd. The GIRL on the stage singing a slower, more mournful shanty. John and D’avin sit across at a table, sharing a pitcher.

D'AVIN
How’d you two meet, anyway?

JOHN
I stole her ship. She offered me a job.

D'AVIN
Where’s she from?

JOHN
Not here.

D'AVIN
Where’d she train?

JOHN
Dunno.
(takes a swig)
You gotta point you want to make?
D'AVIN
Somebody put a lot of time and
money into training her. You don't
want to know who or why?

JOHN
Nope. Don't care. So why do you?

D'AVIN
Because you're my little brother.
And I don't trust your partner.

JOHN
...I don't need you to.

D'avin swallows his frustration and softens his tone.

D'AVIN
Look, I'm not trying to be a jerk
here, Johnny. It's just a fact--

INT. BETTY -- CORRIDOR -- EVENING

--as Dutch walks alone down her corridor, backlit and
beautiful. Expressionless.

D'AVIN (V.O.)
When you work as partners, you
can't have secrets. Your lives
are in each other's hands. Her
enemies become your enemies.

Dutch enters her room, sits on her bed. Completely still.
And then, girding herself, she reaches into her jacket and
removes the RED BOX.

Holds it in her sweating hands. Staring at it
expressionlessly. Slowly opens the lid.

D'AVIN (V.O.)
So, I'm asking: how well do you
really know her?

INSIDE the box is a small black vial, and a simple piece
of paper, on which is handwritten a small sequence: X 34ii2.
She turns it over and finds another message:

welcome back little bird

And NOW, safely alone, she finally gives in and cries the
tears she's been holding in, silent and hard and terrified--

JOHN (V.O.)
These days?
Johnny stares hard at his brother across the scarred table.

JOHN
Better than I know you.

He gives D'avin a sarcastic toast with his glass, a slight edge to his smile, then downs the drink and departs.

MUSIC picks up as D'avin watches his brother melt into the crowd-- and then smiles a little rueful "touche" smile, pleased by his brother's backbone, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE