

"FUSIONPUNKS"

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FADE IN:

EXT. DIESEL NATION CAPITAL SQUARE - DAY

The Dieselpunk nation is rallying in their capital city's centre. Futuristic skyscrapers tower over the crowd from all angles. Jets fly overhead releasing thousands of flashchips that drop onto the crowd. The citizens are ready for the propaganda. As they catch the flashchips, they insert them into their ocular implants. Cybernetic bodies spark and twitch as if the information download was the surge of narcotics directly into the bloodstream.

The state has made their mission clear to the people and it is received by citizens with adulation and cheer.

A large podium is positioned at the base of the largest skyscraper in the square. The President emerges from within the building along with a precession of high-ranking military officers, including most of the five-star generals of Diesel Nation. The President prepares to address the loving crowd as he raises his oversized mechanical arm high above his head.

PRESIDENT ESRUC

Citizens of Diesel, You... Are... The...
REASON!

The quip has carried the administration far, leading citizens to believing that their choices matter even in the face of tyrannical despotism. The digital propaganda interfaces are received without contention or dissent.

PRESIDENT ESRUC

We embark now on our most significant mission. Your delegates honour you with plans that cannot fail. We will defeat them!

CUT.

INT. CYBER CITY ORGANUS - DAY

The Queen of Cybers sits on her throne in the futuristic palace in the Cyber nation's capital, Organus. She looks troubled as she is counseled by her loyal Archons. The Prophet stands

enigmatically by her side contemplating the wisdom of the Archons.

ARCHON T'CIDE

The reports are clear, majesty. The Diesels will not be drawn into feints and other shadow tactics. They intend to push into the Great Divide with overt force.

Archon SE'LUR steps forward and interrupts his counterpart.

ARCHON SE'LUR

Your majesty, with all due respect to my fellow Archon, T'Cide appears to be caught up in the same zealous fervour of the Diesels - an eagerness toward battle and war. Is this too the fate of Cybers?

Queen Yarra waves her hand motioning for the Archons to avoid bickering.

QUEEN YARRA

Our home is Vertumnus. That is our planet. The Diesels are right to believe that this is their home. It is. Aura are our Suns. And Void is our night. We share these experiences.

The Prophet steps forward.

PROPHET

Indeed. Our wise Queen Yarra has never failed us. Our fate in founding the Cybers was to embrace inclusivity - to accept that inside every individual on Vertumnus is that beating heart pumping forth love for this planet, for Nature and for each other. The Diesels are rife for conversion...

Queen Yarra shifts moods dramatically. Where The Prophet had been soothing her with support and reassurance, she can now see the direction that the inspiring leader is heading toward.

QUEEN YARRA

Prophet! You seek to challenge my
ruling?

PROPHET

My Queen, your intuition is matched
only by your justice. Allow me a moment
to share my thoughts.

Queen Yarra turns away holding her head on her fist. She
admonishes The Prophet with body language alone.

PROPHET

Three hundred years ago, when I was a
child, my parents were some of the first
cyber pilgrims. We were here with your
forefathers, majesty. And with those of
the Archons. My father instilled the
essence of Cyber Nation into my being.
Conversion. Immaculate rebirth for our
entire people, planet-wide. We can never
turn our backs on Diesel Nation. We must
use every opportunity to rouse them from
their conscious slumber and to end the
destructive tyranny of their autocratic
bureaucracy that binds them into mental
slavery.

ARCHON T'CIDE

And now is the time?

The Prophet saunters over to the Archons. His massive frame is
unmistakable as he pulls the two Archons together in a warm
embrace. Metal clanks as shoulder plates rub against each other.

PROPHET

Now is always the time for us to..
REALIZE!

Like the Diesel's philosophical, polysemous quip about "reason",
the Cybers have their counterpart for "realize".

CUT.

EXT. THE SOUTHERN EDGE OF THE GREAT DIVIDE - DAY

The binary stars, known as Aura shine down on the desert canyon of Vertumnus. Buttes rise up throughout the great canyon. On each butte appears to be a satellite relay with impressive hi-tech security.

The Diesel Generals are arrayed across the southern edge of the canyon. The lead General, Rank, is more machine than man, as his entire lower half is a sturdy tank. His presence commands respect from his troops and the other generals.

GENERAL RANK

Listen, soldiers! Engine Nero has been leaking plasma. And you know what that means. This network has not been maintained by the Engineer. If he has indeed deserted his project then we will reap what he sowed. Our future is Fusion! Engine Nero has the secrets that we need to unlock our future and to wield the power of Aura. With that we shall destroy the Menace... we will destroy The Cybers!

Two young captains can be overheard whispering along the front line. They seem to have forgotten that General Rank has auditory implants among many other internal devices.

CAPTAIN #1

The Engineer set up this network to keep us from having fusion power and to keep us away from the Cybers. How does General Rank feel that we can overcome the awesome Engine Nero? It's suicide.

CAPTAIN #2

They should change his name from General Rank to General Sank.

The captains titter but are quickly interrupted by the ominous general, who charges forward and crushes the cyborg captains under his thick treads. The captains perish.

GENERAL RANK

How do I feel? Bah! I do not feel! The
(MORE)

GENERAL RANK

(continuing)

only suicide today soldiers will be to
share the fate of these fools by
questioning this mission. Now move out!

The Diesel army move forward into the Great Divide. The plan seems straightforward. They must secure an area around the buttes, hack the relays and secure the entire network in order to interface with the Engine Nero mainframe. The only hitch is that The Prophet has led an equally mighty Cyber army from the northern end of the Great Divide canyon. It is only a matter of time before lustrous hover-bikes collide with brutal tanks and rockets go up against cannons in all-out warfare. Meanwhile, both armies must contend with the Engine Nero defenses still intact at each butte.

EXT. NORTHERNMOST BUTTE - DAY

The Prophet has led his Cyber army toward the northernmost butte in the Great Divide.

PROPHET

Engineers, you have your mandate. You must hack this relay and secure it before we move forward. I want as much intel as can possibly be extracted even at this early stage. The battle could go on into the night and we will need to hone some kind of fusion defenses for the camp. It is a tall order but I trust you are up to it.

A Mediator approaches The Prophet. In effect, the Mediators are the equivalent of generals for the Cyber army.

MEDIATOR MARG

Prophet, you are wise. It seems that the Engineer has abandoned his work. The relays are leaking plasma and some security networks have decayed.

PROPHET

Then we should be able to harness that energy before nightfall.

MEDIATOR MARG

We will need more relays, Prophet.
Certain sub-directories of Engine Nero
require greater control of the network.

PROPHET

Then go forth... and REALIZE!

CUT.

EXT. SOUTHERNMOST BUTTE - DAY

The Diesel army has been battling hard with Engine Nero's defenses around the southernmost butte. The defense droids are strewn about as wreckage while soldiers' cybernetic limbs and torsos also scatter the battlefield.

GENERAL RANK

You should be ashamed of your training!
Diesel soldiers were made of sterner
stuff five hundred years ago. No wonder
the Cybers up and left. They were given
the opportunity!

A fellow general approaches Rank.

GENERAL DEERG

General, we have secured the relay and
are moving forward to the next two
buttes. They too will be secured shortly.

GENERAL RANK

I appreciate good news, always. Bring
me more soon.

General Deerg moves on to rejoin his soldiers heading to another butte.

An engineer approaches Rank.

DIESEL ENGINEER

General Rank, we are having a difficult
time hacking the relay.

GENERAL RANK

If you want a difficult time, I will mow
you a new face plate, soldier.

DIESEL ENGINEER

Granted. Might I suggest that we scavenge some of the wreckage from the defense droids. After examination, I believe that I could reverse engineer their motherboards into makeshift dongles. We might secure access to the relay's interface.

GENERAL RANK

Intuition is the weaker part of execution. Be the REASON, soldier.

The engineer understands the value of the oblique meaning behind the state's propaganda. He also values his life. He begins scavenging parts from the droids with the rest of his team.

CUT.

EXT. CENTRAL BUTTE - DAY

Aura is waning on the horizon. The Diesels and Cybers have been battling for hours against Engine Nero's defenses as well as having skirmishes with each other. The goal is clear for both sides: exploit the opening in Engine Nero's defenses, control the relays, access Nero's mainframe and extract the coveted knowledge about fusion energy production, engineering and fusion weapon manufacturing.

It is a critical moment for the Diesels who have been exhausting the planet's natural fuel resources for centuries. The autocracy was put in place to create control over the rationing of fleeting resources. The dire circumstances of natural fuel depletion was also the impetus for the foundation of the Cybers. They rely on solar energy to fuel their cities and their war machine. The Diesels have short supply lines to fuel their war machine. Both armies can appreciate how taxing the battle against Engine Nero has become.

They must accumulate enough knowledge of fusion power before nightfall or one side will fall to the other... or both will fall to Engine Nero.

The Prophet has led his Cyber army with gusto and verve. He feels righteous in his self-appointed mandate. The Cybers are situated at the central butte, face-to-face with General Rank

and his Diesel army. Each side controls roughly half of the relays and they have each acquired a tremendous amount of knowledge from Engine Nero. Bits and pieces of defense droids and cybernetic parts from soldiers litter the entire battlefield.

EXT. CENTRAL BUTTE - NIGHT

As night falls, each army pushes out their new fusion-powered weaponry. It is clear that two titans will collide as the massive frames of The Prophet and General Rank move closer to each other. Their loyal soldiers surround them overzealous to give their life for their leaders and their nation's respective cause.

GENERAL RANK

Ah, the great "prophet". How many years have you lied to your people? Now they will learn of your treachery and your false title.

PROPHET

General Rank, at last your ignorance will be your doom. REALIZE this!

GENERAL RANK

I have my REASON!

General Rank and The Prophet each unveil their fusion weapons. General Rank dons a fusion-powered baton, while The Prophet does the same with a fusion-powered sword. The general's tank treads light-up in the darkness of night. It seems that the Cyber engineers were still working on The Prophet's fusion-powered shield but had not scavenged enough parts from defense droids to access the knowledge to fully realize the defensive weapon.

General Rank notices the Cyber engineers scrambling.

GENERAL RANK

Your lack of bloodlust on the field of battle has been your undoing. You are fey, Prophet. My soldiers were quick to slaughter Engine Nero's defense droids. I will reward your mercy with a quick death.

The Prophet seems worried and he senses that General Rank will strike in a moment. Will his feint pay off?

Rank charges at The Prophet. The Prophet strikes back but blow for blow is unequal with the General's fusion-powered shielding. The Prophet is being overcome by the General's might.

GENERAL RANK

Fool! This is more painful than it had to be. Had you allowed us to control all of Engine Nero, we would have simply carried on to your cities and liberated your naïve citizens. That was the plan, but you had to commit to this feeble resistance. I pity your ancestors. They must be rusting in their graves.

The Prophet sees beacons in the distance go dim and then illuminate once more. His plan has come to fruition. During the General's bravado at nightfall, The Prophet had calculated that the Diesel army would arrive at the contended central butte in full force as a show of strength. This left their forces at the other relays poorly reinforced. The Prophet rightfully sent troops to overtake the relays once night fell.

The Cyber engineers were feverishly extracting the necessary information to craft a splash damage fusion-powered weapon that would decimate General Rank's loyal entourage of soldiers.

One of the engineers rushes a microflash to The Prophet which he implants. He unleashes the awesome fusion bomb that decimates Rank's troops and weakens the general. The Prophet slashes at Rank until he falls. The powerful General dies with oil and blood spurting out of every orifice. His last breath is a wheeze but it wasn't a hollow death per se. The Prophet rips General Rank's dead body from the tank frame and rides the treads back to the Diesel Nation capital. With fusion power lighting their way in the night, it is no great feat to overcome The President, his administration and to liberate the consciousness of the minds of Diesel Nation.

The Future was Fusion and it was now.

FADE OUT

THE END