

JOYLESS

PILOT

FADE IN

INT/EXT. SPACE PRISON - HANGAR BAY

On the wall in military lettering: "McCORRECTIONAL INS. #771"

A lean STARSHIP painted RED AND PURPLE swings into the hangar. Across its bow in big purple letters: "THE RIPOFF"

JANE JOYLESS (20s), INDIGO HAIR, dressed in BLAZING COLORS, and wearing a SILVER LOCKET, leaps from the cargo bay and rolls to her feet.

She puts a CAP on. Behind her ear we glimpse an EMPTY SLOT for a MEMORY DRIVE.

The ship turns about, heads back into the void.

INT. DESERTED PRISON VISITOR CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Jane walks quickly, keeping her head down. A small screen in the corner plays a DAYTIME AD.

ADVERTISER (O.S.)
Memory drives! Save your brain
space for something else. *Never*
forget a thing! Children's models
back in stock!

She approaches the back office door. Her BOLTGUN (handgun with a clip full of rivets) swings silently on her hip, her eyes flick left and right.

A lone GUARD tries to stop her.

GUARD
Hey! Miss! You can't be here!

Jane pulls out a FILE and shoves it at him.

JANE
Yes I can.

The guard opens the file. Inside reads:

"MADE YOU LOOK!"

BANG! BANG! Two clean holes BLOWN through the file. The guard collapses. Jane holsters a smoking gun.

She reaches behind his ear, pulls out his memory drive, inserts it. Jane WINCES.

CUT TO:

INT. GUARD'S MEMORY - PRISON OFFICE

GUARD'S POV: He sips coffee. Turns to a door. Punches a code into a keypad. 1337.

BACK TO:

INT. DESERTED PRISON VISITOR CENTER - PRESENT

Jane pulls out the memory drive and tosses it. Punches the code into the door's keypad. It opens.

INT. PRISON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Three guards. Two at desks, one making coffee.

JANE
Hey, somebody shot the guy out there.

GUARD #2
What??

The guards leap up and rush out to the lobby.

Jane slips through the office and out a side door.

INT. PRISON - CELLBLOCK 992 - CONTINUOUS

Jane hurries down a corridor lined with cells, passes a guard walking the opposite direction. He gives her the side eye.

BWOOP! BWOOP! BWOOP! BWOOP! Lights flash, sirens blare. The guard spins around. Jane breaks into a sprint.

GUARD #3
Stop!

She doesn't.

BANGBANG! Two smoking laser holes near Jane's METALLIC BOOTS.

Two INMATES rush to the bars to see what the commotion is.

Jane turns a corner, DIVES into a laundry chute. She slides down and away.

INMATE #1
Holy shit, I think that was Jane Joyless.

INMATE #2
She's real? Damn. I hope they catch her.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM

Jane grabs a prison jumpsuit. Sniffs it. Retches. Grabs another one.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The WARDEN dressed all in red, straps on a bulletproof vest and yells into his communicator.

WARDEN
I don't care who it is! She's just a girl with a gun! Do your goddamn job and we'll catch her!

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CELLBLOCK 992

Hustling guards in tactical gear dash down the hall, shoving aside a small prisoner mopping the floor.

GUARD #4
Can't you hear the alarm?! Move it!

The guards run by. CLOSE ON: the prisoner, keeping her head down. It's Jane. She waits until the guards have gone.

She pulls her gun from her jumpsuit. Points it at a prisoner.

JANE
Pop quiz! Which way to solitary?

INMATE #3
Take me with you.

JANE
You're not my type.

INMATE #3
Make an exception, or I ain't sayin' nothin.

BANG! A thin tungsten slug lodges itself in his leg like a nail in a board.

INMATE #3 (CONT'D)

AARG!

Guards hear the gunshot and yell, echoing through the hall.

GUARD #4 (O.S.)

Gunfire in Block 992!

JANE

I don't have time to make friends.
I do have time to shoot more
kneecaps though. Where's solitary?

INMATE #3

Bitch!

Jane SIGHS, COCKS the hammer back.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CELLBLOCK 992

The guards, led by the warden, dash around the corner. Inmate #3 clutches his knee.

INMATE #3

(pointing)

She went that way! She's headed for
solitary!

GUARD #4

That's a dead end, We've got her!

INT. CELLBLOCK 992 - SOLITARY WING

A corridor lined with coffin-like cells. The "door", a pure RED, TRANSPARENT ENERGY that shocks people who get close.

Jane moves quickly through the corridor. Searching for someone. The boot falls of the guards get closer.

JANE

Come out come out...

DOCTOR ELLIS (O.S.)

Jane? Is that you?

Jane whirls around to see DOCTOR ELLIS, a tall, skinny man in a tattered jumpsuit. He's got ONE BLUE EYE AND ONE RED EYE, BOTH COLD.

JANE

Miss me?

BANG BANG! Jane fires into DOCTOR ELLIS'S CHEST. The slugs pin him to the wall. A crimson stain spreads behind him.

Jane SHOOTS the cell's control panel. The RED ENERGY FADES.

She quickly crosses to him and pulls a small DRIVE out from behind his ear. Presses two fingers to her neck.

JANE (CONT'D)

I got him, Tiki. Get me the hell out of here.

WARDEN (O.S.)

FREEZE!

Jane turns to see the warden, flanked by a dozen guards, AIMING RIFLES AT HER.

JANE

Trust me, he deserved it.

WARDEN

They're gonna write a book about me after I bring you in.

JANE

I'll give them a direct quote.
(clears throat)
"Aaaaaaa!"

WARDEN

What?

Jane's hand flies to her cap, pulls it over her face.

KA-BOOM! The bulkhead behind Jane EXPLODES out into the vacuum of space. Everyone is SUCKED INTO THE VOID.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

AAAAAAA!

Jane waves her cap goodbye at the helpless guards, revealing an OXYGEN MASK over her face.

She sheds her stolen jumpsuit knocks her METALLIC BOOTS together. They IGNITE, BLUE FIRE springs from each heel.

She flies through zero gravity, a splash of color silhouetted against dark, silent, nothingness. Jane lands in her WAITING SHIP'S cargo bay, its cannons still smoking.

The Rip-Off WARPS out of sight.

INT. *THE RIP-OFF* - MAIN DECK

The whole ship is held together with duct tape and bubble gum. Jane Joyless sits on a box, Ellis's drive in her palm.

She inserts it behind her ear. Jerks upright.

CUT TO:

THE TRIP - [FLASHBACK]

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - BOARD ROOM

ELLIS'S POV: Ellis is pushed into a chair. Two armed guards behind him. A black sun floats outside the window. Ellis can't take his eyes off it, so neither can Jane.

On the table a SPEAKER shaped like a spider projects an ANONYMOUS VOICE OF C.N.I. Sickly sweet, like raw honey.

VOICE OF C.N.I (V.O.)
So sorry to hear about your sudden dismissal. We're here to offer you an opportunity. The C.N.I has questions the public doesn't want answered. Follow orders and you'll have more resources than you ever had at the academy. Get caught and you're on your own.

BLINK: The screen briefly flicks to black.

INT. MEMORY DRIVE

Terrible experiments flash by.

BLINK. A nude man with a shock collar.

BLINK. A lab assistant strapped to a table receiving an injection.

BLINK. A human vivisection.

BLINK:

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - ORBITAL LABORATORY

Underlings scurry urgently every which way. An EXPLOSION rocks the station.

JANE, WITH JET BLACK HAIR, is pushed by, strapped to a gurney. She SCREAMS into the pandemonium, unheard.

A NEARLY PRESENT DAY DOCTOR ELLIS barks orders through the chaos.

DOCTOR ELLIS
They're here! For Prime's sake, run
the test, this could be our only
chance!

BACK TO:

INT. *THE RIP-OFF* - MAIN DECK - PRESENT

Jane's lip quivers. She concentrates.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - ORBITAL LABORATORY

An underling holds out a FILE

UNDERLING
Here's her file: family and medical
history, well as everything else we
know about her.

BACK TO:

INT. *THE RIP-OFF* - MAIN DECK

Jane's face tightens. This is it.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - ORBITAL LABORATORY

Doctor Ellis reaches out. Pushes the file back into the Underlings chest.

DOCTOR ELLIS
I don't care, run the test.

BACK TO:

INT. *THE RIP-OFF* - MAIN DECK

Jane SCREAMS in FRUSTRATION. KICKS over the box she was sitting on. The memories keep coming.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - PRISON

Ellis is pushed into a cell. Red energy crackles behind him.

BLINK.

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM

Ellis sits across from a young woman with DARK RAVEN HAIR. FABULOUS JEWELS pierced through her ears, eyebrows and nose. She radiates authority.

DOCTOR ELLIS
What can I do for you, Your Majesty?

The princess holds up JANE'S FILE.

DARK HAIRED PRINCESS
We need to talk about her.

DOCTOR ELLIS
What about her? Girl's a mystery.

DARK HAIRED PRINCESS
I read her file.

The ALARM GOES OFF. A HANDMAID (50s) opens the door.

HANDMAIDEN
Miss? We'd better leave.

BLINK.

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - SOLITARY CELL

Ellis in solitary, the girl with indigo hair standing with her back to him.

DOCTOR ELLIS
Jane?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *THE RIP-OFF* - MAIN DECK

Jane's fallen to her knees. She looks up at heavens, expressionless. Spent.

MILES

Jane?

Jane pops up, quickly wiping her eyes. In the doorway stands:

MILES (30s). Nervous and always out of place.

JANE

Miles! If you're here, who's flying the ship?!

MILES

WHAT??

Miles SPRINTS out of sight. Jane calls after him.

JANE

I'm kidding! Tiki's got us.

MILES (O.S.)

That batshit AI?? Prime knows all he's got is too many viruses and not enough memory space.

TIKI's calmly sardonic tone ECHOES from a speaker somewhere.

TIKI (V.O.)

I can hear you, you know. And I'd have more memory if I deleted some of the videos you store on my--

JANE

-- DO NOT touch my porn *please*.

MILES

Jane--

TIKI (V.O.)

You can't possibly use eight hundred million terabytes.

JANE

Yes I can, watch me.

TIKI (V.O.)

I'd prefer not to.

MILES

Jane!

JANE

What??

MILES

You made the news, they're talking about the break-in on the network.

JANE

Oh ***YES!*** Tiki, put it on screen!

The LIGHTS GO OUT.

TIKI (V.O.)

Whoops. Wrong thing. Hang on.

ON SCREEN:

INT. FLUX NEWS STUDIO

An ANCHOR and ANCHORESS, both perfectly dressed, both the picture of flawlessly manufactured beauty. Brown eyes scream behind blue colored contacts.

On both their chests glints a pin, the famous "F" logo. Bought and paid for.

ANCHOR

Thank you for watching Flux News,
the only news left that's right.

GRAPHIC: a silhouette with a "?" appears beside him.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

A mysterious Memory Thief known only as Jane Joyless staged a break in at McCorrectional Conglomerate's facility number 771. Multiple casualties have been reported. We go live to the warden.

The Anchoress smiles. Presses her hand to her ear. Nods.

ANCHORESS

Actually, we're told the warden is
dea- unavailable for comment.

INT. *THE RIP-OFF* - CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

Miles holds his head in his hands. Jane's unaffected.

MILES

Oh you've really done it this time.
For Prime's sake, I just hope they
let me explain myself when they
bring us in!

JANE

Relax. What happened to the last
guy that tried to bring me in?

Miles looks at the floor

MILES

You forced him to--

JANE

I forced him to join my crew! And
you're much happier now.

MILES

Well I don't know about--

JANE

Shut up! He's on!

INT. DISNEYCORP NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The anchor is joined by a live feed of VINDICATOR (20s).

Vindicator's clad up to his handsome cheekbones in scarred
battle armor. His RIGHT ARM is entirely CYBERNETIC, and
sports TATTOOS: A LIST OF NAMES, PAST BOUNTIES, CROSSED OUT,
and ONE that isn't: "JANE JOYLESS"

JANE (O.S.)

Oh my god isn't he the cutest??

ANCHOR

I'm here with the man who's sworn
his life to tracking down Jane
Joyless: the bounty hunter,
Vindicator. How are ya today, Vin?

VINDICATOR

Shut up. I know you're watching,
Joyless, I know you're gloating--

JANE (O.S.)

Aww, he knows me so well.

VINDICATOR
 Bet you think you're safe, bet you
 think you got away! But I'll find
 you, Joyless, you can't escape me!

He cuts the feed. The anchor scrambles to cover the dead air.

INT. *THE RIP-OFF* - CARGO BAY

Jane blows the monitor a kiss.

JANE
 Come get me.

End of Act One

INT. THE VINDICAVE

The Vindicave is a winding, cramped labyrinth. A space between spaces. Never wider or taller than a phone booth at any point, it's like living in a hallway.

Vindicator stomps away from a hovering camera. We catch a glimpse; he's also MISSING HIS MEMORY DRIVE.

ARNIE (late teens) a short blonde kid whose eyebrows never stop moving, waits nearby.

VINDICATOR

Get me into that prison's security system.

ARNIE

Why are you always so rude? That was *the* Paul Paulson and you didn't even let him talk!

VINDICATOR

The more he talks the more he lies.

ARNIE

That's his job! At least HE doesn't have to freelance. When are we getting you a corporate security gig? I'm tired of eating ramen.

VINDICATOR

When are you getting a job?

ARNIE

You know office environments make me feel crowded. But you're deflecting. We just got your grapple arm fixed from the last time Jane messed you up. You need to be realistic.

VINDICATOR

So I should let her go? She stole my memory! I don't know who I am! She erased me!

ARNIE

You're standing right here! It's not like she killed you.

VINDICATOR

I wish she had. That would have been the kind thing to do.

ARNIE

Don't say that. What would Mom think?

VINDICATOR

I wouldn't know, I can't remember her.

(then)

(MORE)

VINDICATOR (CONT'D)

Are you gonna get me in that prison system or are you gonna start paying rent?

ARNIE

Alright, alright no need to get all landlord-y.

Arnie whips out a weathered DATAPAD. A keyboard folds out.

Vindicator turns to exit the apartment.

VINDICATOR

I'll be-

ARNIE

--Done.

VINDICATOR

--right back- already?

ARNIE

(smug)

Two clicks. It's corporate data. They're practically giving it away.

Vindicator looks at the console. A hundred miniature frames of security camera footage from all over the prison.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

What do you wanna see? How she got in? Where she went? Who saw her?

On the screen prison life flies by in fast forward.

VINDICATOR

I want to see what she saw...

His eyes track Ellis through the security feeds.

VINDICATOR (CONT'D)

Freeze it. Who's that?

Arnie punches a button. The screen freezes. Vin points to the feed of Doctor Ellis and the Raven Haired Princess in the interrogation room.

ARNIE

Hang on...

Arnie presses a few keys. Calls up a glamorous photo of the princess in luminous gown.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Record says Princess Dakota. Daddy rules 13 systems but not for long. The royals are losing a war, badly, to an expanding SuperCorp. Princess is getting married today to the CEO's son, guy called Elgin Dusk.

VINDICATOR

An olive branch.

Arnie notices something.

ARNIE

What's that on the table?

He hits a button and the feed ZOOMS in on the file on the table it's labelled "SUBJECT 10210 - *Jane Joyless*".

VINDICATOR

Jane's file. Her history. That's what she wants. She's seen the princess with it, she'll go after her next if she has half a brain.

CUT TO:

INT. *THE RIP-OFF* - COCKPIT

Jane lounges with her feet on the controls.

Abruptly, she SMACKS herself in the forehead.

JANE

Oh *DUH!* The *princess!* Miles! Miles get my gun!

She violently jerks *The Rip-Off's* yoke starboard.

BACK TO:

INT. THE VINDICAVE - SAME TIME

Vindicator's already in the process of leaving.

VINDICATOR

Call the ship. We need to beat her there.

ARNIE

I'll grab the Tracking Rifle.

VINDICATOR

Why? We know where she'll be.

ARNIE

Just in case she gets away again.

VINDICATOR

She won't.

ARNIE

Oh, ok, sure. Then I guess we don't need it.

Vindicator stalks off. Arnie grabs the tracking rifle and follows him.

EXT. PALACE - GOLDEN HOUR

A huge STAINED GLASS portrait of the Raven Haired Princess in a WEDDING DRESS dominates the front of the palace. Welded atop it sits a huge, ugly TURRET GUN trained at the sky.

Two groups of soldiers patrol the lush gardens below, dressed in orange and blue respectively. For every man in blue, there are two in orange.

INT. PALACE - TEMPLE OF THE PRIME

A circular chamber. At the center the HIGH PRIEST PREACHES. Around him, the congregation kneels in pews. Hands in their laps, heads bowed. The pews slowly orbit the pulpit.

HIGH PRIEST

-And we shall return from whence everything came. We will find the center of the universe. And through finding The Prime, we will find the center in ourselves.-

On the pew closest, Princess Dakota and her father, KING ALLARO, pray. She wears a beautiful WHITE DRESS.

King Allaro shifts awkwardly. WHISPERS to his daughter.

KING ALLARO

If there were any other way... you know how the war's going. It's for our people.

She looks at him. He leans away, avoids her gaze.

KING ALLARO (CONT'D)
I thought for sure, with your
cousin in charge of the air force-

PRINCESS DAKOTA
Kirk is an idiot.

KING ALLARO
I know! I know! He was very
handsome in the uniform though.
Nothing we can do about it now.

Dakota glares. He shrinks.

KING ALLARO (CONT'D)
The bright side is if *anyone* can
find the good in Dusk, it's you.

Dakota can't take it. She gets up.

PRINCESS DAKOTA
I'd better go get ready for my
wedding.

EXT. PALACE ROOF

Soldiers overdressed in blue uniforms attempt to avoid the
wrath of the MASTER OF CEREMONIES, in full meltdown mode.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
No! No! No! Are you blind?? Those
fireworks are *cerulean* not teal! I
swear to Prime if this wedding
isn't perfect I *will hurl myself*
from this building!
(then)
You!

ON JANE: wearing a soldier's uniform (with two bullet holes
in the back) hurriedly buttoning the top button.

JANE
Huh? Yeah? What's up?
(correcting herself)
I mean, what's up, *sir*?

The master shoves an armful of FIREWORKS at Jane.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Get these awful things out of my
sight!

He turns on his heel and his wrath falls upon a different HAPLESS SOLDIER.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me?? I asked for jumbo shrimp and these are clearly only *large* shrimp! What do you think jumbo means??

HAPLESS SOLDIER
Uh-

Jane makes sure no one's looking, dumps the fireworks in the barrel of the huge turret, and slips away.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - LANDING PAD

Vindicator exits his battle-scarred starship and marches up to a SMUG GUARD in orange, his little brother in tow.

VINDICATOR
Where's your commander? Jane Joyless is coming for the Princess.

SMUG GUARD
Let her come. There's two armies worth of soldiers here and that's not even counting those sissies in blue.

He and the other soldiers in orange laugh.

VINDICATOR
You can't stop her, she's probably already here.

The guard gets up in his face.

SMUG GUARD
Ain't nobody getting past us. Got that?

VINDICATOR
Then where's my brother?

Arnie is GONE. The smug guard becomes considerably less smug.

SMUG GUARD
(to cronies)
Find that kid!
(to Vindicator)
You come with me, you're a walkin' security risk.

Two guards grab Vindicator from behind. He lets them.

INT. SERVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stacks of CPUs dominate. Arnie enters quickly, finds a secluded corner. Plugs his data pad into one of the servers.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY

A handcuffed Vindicator is being walked down a hallway. He speaks low into the communicator on his neck.

VINDICATOR

Are you--

INT. SERVER ROOM - SAME TIME

Arnie works on his data pad.

ARNIE

--Don't. Don't ask if I'm in. One, it's cheesy, and two it makes it sound like you doubt me.

VINDICATOR (V.O.)

I don't.

Blinking on screen: "ENTER PASSWORD"

ARNIE

Ok good. Great. Because I'm not in. I need a password.

VINDICATOR (V.O.)

What?? Can't you hack the password?

ARNIE

No! It's got a capital letter *AND* a number! It's un-hackable!

INT. PALACE HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

Vindicator is shoved, still cuffed, into a glorified drunk tank with a guard in orange posted outside it.

VINDICATOR

I'm counting on you.

He effortlessly SNAPS his handcuffs. Places his cybernetic hand on the cell door. It glows orange.

VINDICATOR (CONT'D)

'Cuz things are about to heat up.

His now-superheated hand melts through. He rips out the locking mechanism and CRASH! Kicks the door off its hinges. An ALARM BLARES.

The guard spins, raises his weapon, BANG! Vindicator deflects with his cybernetic arm, the bullet ricochets harmlessly.

THUNK. Vindicator CLOCKS him. Out cold.

ARNIE (V.O.)

Cool. No pressure.

End of Act Two

INT. SERVER ROOM

Arnie's tearing the towers apart desperately searching for something. He finds it. On the back of a CPU, a piece of adhesive with a password scribbled on it: "iH8myJob"

ARNIE

(nodding)

Same.

He types the password in, his screen fills with the palace security feed.

INT. PALACE SECURITY WING HALLWAY

ALARMS SOUND as Vindicator moves quickly down a long hallway.

ARNIE (V.O.)
Ok, I got the feed. I'm looking for
Jane now.

VOICES around the corner. Vindicator doubles back. There's an elevator to his left. He calls it.

INT. SERVER ROOM

Arnie scans the security feed. Spots something. Zooms in.

It's Jane, dressed as a chef, complete with a fake mustache, yelling at another chef and gesticulating wildly to the soup.

ARNIE
She's in the kitchen. Four floors
up.

INT. PALACE SECURITY WING HALLWAY

The voices are just around the bend!

DING. The elevator opens. Inside: half a dozen armed guards.

ARNIE (V.O.)
Also there are guards in the
elevator.

VINDICATOR
Thanks.

INT. PALACE KITCHEN

Jane takes a furtive glance around the chaotic kitchen. Quickly, her gun flashes out from under her apron and disappears UNDER A SILVER SERVING TRAY.

Jane grabs the tray, backs out of the swinging door into the:

INT. GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

A thousand little tables, painted by the light pouring through the stained glass. Perfectly decorated. All empty.

She heads to the opposite end of the Great Hall, crossing through the double doors:

INT. ROYAL LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Up a flight of velvet stairs Jane encounters an armed guard in orange standing outside a door.

JANE
Is the princess in there?
This is for her.

GUARD
What is it?

JANE
It's, uh, soup. Wedding soup.

The guard narrows his eyes.

GUARD
Wedding soup has meatballs. Her
Majesty's a vegetarian.

JANE
(forced laugh)
It's not for eating! It's for...
(searches)
...celebratory...dumping! Like at
the MegaBowl! Like Hooray!
Marriage!

GUARD
Let me see it.

JANE
I can't. It's, um, a secret recipe.
If I told you I'd have to kill you.

The guard grips the handle of the silver serving dish.

GUARD
Guess you'll have to kill me then.

He pulls it off.

REVEAL: A bowl of wedding soup. He takes the tray from Jane.

GUARD (CONT'D)
I'll take it to her.

JANE
Thanks. In case you were wondering,
the secret ingredient...

She PLUNGES her hand into the soup and pulls out her GUN!

JANE (CONT'D)

IS GUN!

BANG BANG! The guard is pinned to the wall with a pair of bolts in his chest.

She KICKS the door open and quickly enters:

INT. PALACE - PRIVATE CHAMBERS

Jane stands no more than ten feet from the princess, gun leveled at her head.

PRINCESS DAKOTA

Jane wait-

BANG!

The bolt slices a lock of the Dakota's hair off. Tears a hole through the vanity next to Dakota's head.

The HANDMAID got a hold of Jane's shooting wrist and redirected the shot.

She bends Jane's wrist, the gun falls to the ground.

Jane breaks the grip and disengages. The handmaid kicks the gun across the room.

The Handmaid WHIPS two razor FANS from her sleeves and sends them spinning through the air. Jane barely dodges.

JANE

Really? A handmaid with fans?
(rolls eyes)
So cool.

VVVRMMM VRRRRMMM! The Handmaid REVS up a CHAINSAW!

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh fu-

Jane ducks under a swinging chain saw, losing the top of her hat to the swirling teeth.

She springs backward, grabs the closest thing she can get her hands on. A box of tissues.

VVVRRRM VRRRRM! The handmaids almost on her! Jane rips a tissue out of the box, throws it at the handmaid. It doesn't even slow her down.

Jane backpedals, ripping out another, and another, throwing them at the Handmaid in vain.

Jane's back hits a wall. The Handmaid brings the chain saw down. Jane cowers.

PRINCESS DAKOTA

Wait!

The chain saw's teeth halt inches from Jane's head.

PRINCESS DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Don't kill her. Jane, I'm sorry.

HANDMAIDEN

What? Why are you apologizing? She just tried to murder you!

JANE

Yeah this is new.

PRINCESS DAKOTA

Jane's here to rescue me.

HANDMAIDEN

No she's not!

JANE

Was totally gonna kill you.

Princess Dakota's eyes are full of sadness.

PRINCESS DAKOTA

Either way she'd be doing me a favor.

JANE

It's no problem, really. Just hand me my gun and--

PRINCESS DAKOTA

My whole life I've been stuck in a golden cage--

JANE

Oh you're monologuing.

PRINCESS DAKOTA

--and tomorrow the locks are sealed, forever with my marriage to-

Jane spins her hand in the "hurry up" motion. The princess SIGHS.

PRINCESS DAKOTA (CONT'D)
Fine. You're here for my memory
right? Take it.

She braces, then pulls the memory drive out from behind her ear and tosses it to Jane. Jane inserts it.

CUT TO:

DAKOTA'S MEMORY DRIVE

EXT. MEMORY DRIVE - BEACH

DAKOTA'S POV: She runs on the beach, laughing. A much-younger Handmaid chases her calling her to come back.

BLINK.

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - ESCAPE POD

An EVACUATION ALARM is BLARING.

Dakota, clad in a navy jumpsuit, is THROWN through a the door. She jumps to her feet, rushes back to it. FWOOSH! The transparent hatch shuts in her face before she makes it out.

PRINCESS DAKOTA
NO!

Through the glass we see a large man in a blue uniform. His name is TITUS. We never learn that. He smiles. His breath fogs up the glass between them, muffling his last words.

TITUS
It's ok.

CRASH! FWOOM! The escape pod detaches and launches itself into space.

Through the glass: a royal blue starship, surrounded by orange attack crafts, rapidly shrinks. A silent chain of explosions run up the ship's spine. It cracks in half.

BLINK.

INT. MEMORY DRIVE - PALACE - PRIVATE CHAMBERS

Princess Dakota stands in her chambers in the blue dress from the prison, looking at a mirror. She holds JANE'S FILE.

Dakota opens the file and shows the mirror. The file is empty except for the small message: "Sorry Jane."

BACK TO:

INT. PALACE - PRIVATE CHAMBERS - PRESENT DAY

Jane LEAPS at Dakota in a rage. The handmaid wrestles Jane off the princess.

PRINCESS DAKOTA
What??- What's happening!?

The Handmaid takes the memory drive from Jane and returns it to the princess. She puts it in. Light returns to her eyes.

PRINCESS DAKOTA (CONT'D)
Oh. I see. It seems like I owe you an apology.

Jane crosses her arms and turns her back.

PRINCESS DAKOTA (CONT'D)
I had no choice. You're the only person in the universe who could get me out of here.

Jane stares at the wall.

PRINCESS DAKOTA (CONT'D)
Are you- is this the silent treatment?

Jane doesn't answer.

PRINCESS DAKOTA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I lied to you. Help me and I can help you.

Jane turns around.

JANE
How.

PRINCESS DAKOTA
Do you think Ellis acted alone? I know who the ONI agent he reported to was. I bet you have some questions for him.

JANE
How do you know him?

PRINCESS DAKOTA
I'm about to marry him.

JANE
Dusk works for C.N.I? Where is he?!

PRINCESS DAKOTA
I don't know. But I do know if you
kidnap me, he'll come to us. What
do you say?

She offers Jane her gun.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY

Jane leads the trio quickly toward an elevator.

Before they get there: DING. The elevator arrives.

BLOOD leaks from beneath the door, stains the perfect carpet.

The elevator opens. BLOODSTAINED VINDICATOR blocks their
path.

JANE
Oh hey handsome!

VINDICATOR
Joyless! End of the line!

Vindicator advances toward them. Dakota grabs Jane's gun
hand, points it at her own head.

PRINCESS DAKOTA
Stop! She'll kill me!

JANE
He doesn't--

VINDICATOR
I don't care!

JANE
Aww, finishing each other's
sentences!

The Handmaid REVS her CHAIN SAW.

HANDMAIDEN
Go.

Vindicator flicks his arm and his hand is swapped out for a
BUZZ SAW.

JANE
Chainsaw duel!

PRINCESS DAKOTA
Let's get out of here!

JANE
But I wanna see this!

On the other end of the hall SOLDIERS burst in.

SOLDIER
Stop right there!

JANE
Ugh, really? Fine. Hold on.

She grabs Dakota around the waist. Falls backward, kicking on her ROCKET BOOTS. The pair fly horizontally down the hall, CRASHING through the soldiers like bowling pins.

VINDICATOR blocks the Handmaid's swing, steps around her. Grabs her collar, and hurls the old woman through the wall.

INT. PALACE SERVER ROOM - SAME TIME

Arnie sees the throw on the monitor, winces empathetically.

Vindicator comes in over their commlink.

VINDICATOR (V.O.)
Where's she going?

On DATAPAD: Jane and the princess BLAST through the halls, down a stairwell.

ARNIE (O.S.)
First floor, headed toward the great hall.

INT. ELEVATOR

CHIKCHIKCHIKCHIKCHIK! Vindicator MASHES the "FIRST FLOOR" button repeatedly.

INT. GREAT HALL

Jane and princess Dakota burst in. The great hall swarms with soldiers

BANG! BANG! A flowery centerpiece on a nearby table EXPLODES. Jane flips a table and dives behind it, pulling Dakota with her. Flower petals float lazily over them.

They're PINNED. There's no getting out of this. The soldiers close in.

PRINCESS DAKOTA

The most un-catchable criminal in the galaxy and we only made it to my dining room!

JANE

Hey who's the new variable here??
It ain't me!

PRINCESS DAKOTA

I've done literally nothing!

JANE

Exactly! Hit somebody!

The princess looks disgusted at the very thought.

INT. ELEVATOR

BLOOD-SOAKED Vindicator taps his foot, ignoring the elevator Muzak.

...

DING!

The doors open and the sound of GUNFIRE rushes in. Vindicator charges into the Great Hall.

INT. GREAT HALL

Dakota and Jane are still pinned by the GUNFIRE. Jane presses her fingers to her neck.

JANE

Tiki! Can you come pick me up? The other kids are shooting at me.

TIKI (V.O.)

What- who is this?? How did you get this number??

JANE

Who do you think!? It's JANE!

TIKI (V.O.)
Oh sorry Jane, where are you?

JANE
Track my bio signature!

TIKI (V.O.)
I would but I can't get the scanner
to work. Perhaps if I had more
memory--

JANE
DON'T. TOUCH. THE. PORN. Just get
close to the palace, I'll come to
you!

A "V" SHAPED GRAPPLE lands between Jane and Dakota.

JANE (CONT'D)
Shit.

PRINCESS DAKOTA
What is that?

JANE
You don't wanna be here for this.

She boots the princess out from behind the table.

Vindicator, pulled horizontally by his GRAPPLING HOOK,
SMASHES through it.

VINDICATOR
JOYLESS! When I'm through with you-

JANE
-You need to *relax*, dude!

She rips a tablecloth off a nearby table, sending it's
contents crashing to the ground.

Vindicator lunges. Jane steps around him, tosses the table
cloth over him. BANG! She pins it behind him with a quick
shot from her boltgun, trapping him.

VINDICATOR
(muffled insults)

BEHIND JANE a guard takes aim at her.

KSHHH! The princess shatters a bottle over his head. Jane
turns just in time to see it.

PRINCESS DAKOTA

Happy?

BANG! BANG! BANG! The guards keep coming.

JANE

Hope you don't like your window!

BANG! BANG! Jane fires, SHATTERING the stained glass window. She grabs Dakota, kicks on her boots and BLASTS both of them through it.

Vindicator tears the tablecloth off. Activates his commlink.

VINDICATOR

Arnie! Where!?

INT. SERVER ROOM

Arnie cycles through feeds.

ARNIE

She's trying for the roof!

He grabs his TRACKING RIFLE.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I'll meet you there!

INT. GREAT HALL

Soldiers move in on Vindicator.

SOLDIER

Don't move!

Vin moves.

EXT. PALACE ROOF

Jane and Dakota land, startling the MASTER OF CEREMONIES and his men. Jane looks to the empty sky.

JANE

Tiki better not be lost again.

More soldiers KICK OPEN a door and spill out onto the roof.

Jane grabs Dakota and presses the gun to her temple. She backs them away toward the roof's edge.

JANE (CONT'D)
Nobody move, nobody breathe, nobody
sneeze! I'll end the royal line
right here!

PRINCESS DAKOTA
(whisper)
But not really right?

Jane shrugs.

Behind Jane, A GRAPPLING HOOK catches the edge. Quickly
followed by Vindicator.

A shadow engulfs the roof. Jane looks up. It's *The Rip-Off*.

VINDICATOR
Joyless! You can't keep running!

PRINCESS DAKOTA
Who is this guy?

JANE
He's my boyfriend.

VINDICATOR
I am *NOT* her boyfriend.

JANE
We're in a fight.

Jane SHOVES Dakota at Vindicator. BANG! Shoots around her,
Vin's hit in the shoulder.

Dakota CRASHES into Vindicator, knocking both of them off the
roof. The soldiers SURGE FORWARD.

Jane kicks on her boots. DIVES off the edge after them.

Her hand catches the princess's collar.

Vindicator desperately grabs at Jane, gets hold of the LOCKET
around her neck.

Jane lifts the princess up toward *The Rip-off's* waiting cargo
bay. The locket BREAKS from the chain.

Vin, locket in hand, PLUNGES toward the water below. Jane
yells after him:

JANE (CONT'D)
SORRY HONEY!

ARNIE BURSTS on to the roof. He swings the Tracking Rifle up toward a rapidly ascending Jane. He FIRES.

THWIP! Jane flinches, hit in the back.

EXT. PALACE MOAT

SPLASH! Vindicator hits the water.

INT/EXT. *THE RIP-OFF* - CARGO BAY - SAME TIME

Jane lands in *The Rip-Off's* open cargo bay, but her eyes are fixed on where Vin disappeared into the water.

Dakota catches the look of genuine concern in Jane's eyes.

EXT. PALACE MOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Vindicator reappears. Pushes the hair from his eyes, clutches his shoulder and swims toward the edge.

INT/EXT. *THE RIP-OFF* - CARGO BAY - SAME TIME

Relief washes over Jane. Dakota catches this too.

PRINCESS DAKOTA
Girl... there are other guys in the
galaxy...

Jane sets the princess down and feels the skin on her back.

JANE
Tracker.

MILES
I'll get the kit!

EXT. PALACE ROOF - SAME TIME

The huge cannon slowly tracks toward an escaping *Rip-Off*.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
FIRE!

KABOOM! The cannon ROCKS as it fires a huge shell.

BLAMMO! The shell strikes *The Rip-Off*, EXPLODING into RED, GREEN, YELLOW, AND CERULEAN FIREWORKS.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)
Who put **FIREWORKS** in the CANNON!?!

INT. *THE RIP-OFF*

Princess Dakota watches her farewell fireworks display through a porthole.

Jane's torn down her shirt. She reaches for her locket, realizes it's gone- just a broken chain.

Miles makes an incision, pulls the TRACKER from Jane's bloodstream. Jane takes it from him, eyes fixed on Vindicator.

EXT. PALACE MOAT - SAME TIME

Vindicator looks at Jane's locket. Unlatches it. Inside he sees:

Jane, with JET BLACK HAIR, her arms wrapped around a pre-cybernetic, smiling Vindicator.

Vindicator looks up after the ship.

INT. *THE RIP-OFF*

Jane watches Vindicator close his fist around the locket.

She turns away, loops the still-blinking tracker onto her broken necklace, and ties it around her neck.

OUT.