

I.M.P.S. The Relentless

Chapter 2 Norca System

by

Eric Hilleary, Dave Max, Caleb Skinner

EXT. HYPERSPACE

The Relentless and her battle group tear through the fabrics of Hyperspace, through a horrific and monstrous Ion lightning storm in the stars, ending at their destination, the Norca System, Planet Norca II.

EXT. NORCA II ORBIT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the group drops out of hyperspace the ships are ordered to maneuver defensively around the perimeter to ensure maximum coverage of the planet's surface.

TITLE CARD: Norca System - Planet Norca II  
Duty Mission - Day 0036

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Following up on leads of illegal activity, the Relentless and her battle group exercise caution when approaching this remote system.

INT. RELENTLESS HANGAR BAY

The Hangar Bay is full of the Empire's greatest ships, all under some sort of maintenance by their crew and pilots. Workers are being driven across the Hangar. At-Ats are seen being loaded onto their drop ship.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In these situations careful coordination between man and machine is imperative to the successful completion of a mission.

HANGAR BAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention all flight deck  
personnel, transport cargo loading.  
Stand clear.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Once orbit has been secured the  
Relentless deploys the cold climate  
assault trooper division to the  
surface of this frigid planet.

#### INT. MAIN HANGOR FLIGHT CONTROL

TITLE CARD: RHC Relentless Man Hangar  
"Space Boss" Flight Control

The titled SPACE BOSS sits above the entire Hangar, at his  
console, directing all flights.

HANGAR BAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Attention, 7-Mike, report immediately to your station for detail.  
(indistinct)

SPACE BOSS  
Transport niner-eight-one-eight  
zulu, prepare to initiate transport  
for drop sequence.

#### EXT. DROP SHIP

The At-Ats are completing their loading as we see the Drop  
Ship in its full glory, dwarfing the huge At-Ats.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
Transport niner-eight-one-eight  
zulu, please stand by for final  
safety check list.

SPACE BOSS (V.O.)  
Transport niner-eight-one-eight  
zulu, rodger that. Standing by.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

The crew of this drop ship prepare for their journey.

MEDICAL OFFICER "GOOD NEWS" is speaking to another crew member over communications, and reporting to the CAPTAIN beside him.

OFFICER GOOD NEWS

Yes, sir, absolutely.

(hangs up communicator,  
turns to Captain)

Captain, all medical supplies check out and personal are accounted for, so with your authorization we're ready.

He hands the Captain an authorization document, which the Captain quickly takes care of.

CAPTAIN

Thank you, Officer, that's good news.

OFFICER GOOD NEWS

Yes, sir. Thank you.

They salute each other, and the Officer exits.

CAPTAIN

Ah. All right.

The TECH SARGENT enters.

TECH SARGENT

Excuse me, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Yeah?

TECH SARGENT

I've checked this bird out from top to bottom. Crew is secured and the pre-flight list checks out. You're good to go. So with your

permission...

Tech Sargent hands the first of two start up keys to the Captain.

CAPTAIN

Good work, Tech Sargent, you are relieved.

TECH SARGENT

Safe flight, and God's speed, sir.

They salute each other.

The Captain puts the first key into the ship's ignition.

The Tech Sargent goes beneath the Captain to where the CHIEF is sitting.

TECH SARGENT (CONT'D)

Hey, you take care of my ship, you hear? I don't want the loading ramp all busted up again.

Chief ignores him.

TECH SARGENT (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm talking to you!

CHIEF

It's my ship now, so shouldn't you be leaving?

Chief unclips the Tech Sargent's helmet.

TECH SARGENT

What!?! Argh, I'm too old for this--  
(starts to leave)  
I should tell him to stick the loading ramp up his ass...

Tech Sargent exits as the Captain begins the drop sequence.

CAPTAIN

Flight Command, transport niner eight-one-eight-zulu has preflight

check out and is awaiting  
authorization to initiate drop  
sequence.

#### INT. MAIN HANGOR FLIGHT CONTROL

SPACE BOSS

Transport niner-eight-one-eight  
zulu, rodger that, hangar bay  
personal have cleared your ship,  
you're authorized to initiate drop.

#### INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

CAPTAIN

Transport niner-eight-one-eight  
zulu, rodger that. All right,  
crew, let's do this clean. Retract  
loading ramp.

CHIEF

Yes, sir, retracting ramp.

The Lieutenant, LT, begins his duties.

LT

All drop stations, report go-no-go  
for drop.

#### EXT. DROP SHIP

The ship has retracted it's ramp and has released itself from  
the dock. It hovers over space, connected to the Relentless  
now by one hook.

AT-AT PILOT #1 (V.O.)

Armor 18 drop stations secured,  
green light.

AT-AT PILOT #2 (V.O.)

Armor 24 green light.

AT-AT PILOT #3 (V.O.)  
Armor 11, we're secured, green  
light.

AT-AT PILOT #4 (V.O.)  
Armor 32, green light for drop.

#### INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

The whole ship shakes as it parts from the docking station.

LT  
Affirmative. Captain, all drop  
stations secured.

CHIEF  
Cargo cross-lock engaged.

LT  
Manual pre-launch cycle engaged.

The Communications Officer, COMS, turns to her captain.

COMS  
Captain, Flight Command standing  
by.

CAPTAIN  
Thank you. Flight Command,  
transport niner-eight-one-eight  
zulu confirms all drop stations  
secured.

#### INT. MAIN HANGOR FLIGHT CONTROL

Space Boss prepares for the drop.

SPACE BOSS  
Transport niner-eight-one-eight  
zulu, rodger that. Transferring

vector heading for approach,  
disengaging primary docking collar.  
You are cleared for launch, and the  
ship is yours. Drop them easy, and  
hit them hard.

#### INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

CAPTAIN

Niner-eight-one-eight-zulu  
confirmed.

The Captain tears the second ignition key from his necklace  
and puts it in the ignition.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Internals online. Final pre-launch  
Sequence - check.

LT

Confirmed. Primary couplers  
released. Flight controls systems  
online.

CHIEF

Sealing all outboard hatches.  
Internal compartments pressurized.  
Hull integrity - check.

COMS

Receiving Flight Command to Coms,  
Nominal to profile - check.

The NAVIGATOR, GATOR, prepares.

GATOR

Approach vector locked into LZ -  
check.

CAPTAIN

Stand by to release.

The Captain turns on the intercom system to communicate to  
the ship's personnel and AT-AT crews.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
All stations, get ready for a  
draft, we're opening the window.

The Captain tightens his glove.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
On my mark. Ten...

LT is humming during the countdown. Chief prepares himself.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Nine, eight, seven, six, five,  
four...

Gator turns to Coms.

GATOR  
Hey, Coms.

He holds up a barf-bag to her.

CAPTAIN  
Three...Two...

COMS  
That vomit joke is getting old.  
Put that away!

CAPTAIN  
One...

She swats the barf-bag away.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Mark!

He pulls the trigger, the main docking collar releases.

EXT. THE RELENTLESS HANGAR BAY, SPACE

The Drop Ship glides out of the Hangar Bay, flying through  
other battleships, before unfurling its wings and igniting

its engines. It flies off into the dark side of the Norca Planet.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

The ship rattles through space then -- BOOM, massive turbulence.

LT

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what the hell was that?

CAPTAIN

Disengaging inertial dampeners.

(over the intercom)

Hold on down there, it's gonna be a little rough.

INT. CARGO BAY

The At-Ats rattle and creak with the turbulence.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

CAPTAIN

Lieutenant

LT

Piece of cake, Captain. Talk to me, Chief, the sticks just got real heavy.

CHIEF

I'm on it. Looks like the atmospherics are dropping to extremes. Trying to compensate.

EXT. LANDING ZONE, NORCA SURFACE

The ship is seen through the snow storm, closing in on its landing zone.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

GATOR

Turbulent cross-wind has got us off heading. God. LT, wake up! You gotta correct my point-one-five.

LT

Rodger, correcting by point-one five.

The ship rattles.

LT (CONT'D)

Damn it! Urgh, maintaining descent.

INT. CARGO BAY

The At-At cargo sway and continue to lean against the cargo locks holding them in place.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

CHIEF

Captain, with these conditions, our time on the ground just got cut in half.

CAPTAIN

Eight minutes will be more than enough time on the ground.

CHIEF (O.S.)

Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN  
LT.

LT (O.S.)  
Sir?

CAPTAIN  
When you put us on the deck, keep  
the engines hot. Stand by for  
immediate dust off. Once the  
Walkers are clear we need to get  
above this storm to orbit on  
station.

LT  
Rodger that, Sir. Approaching  
staging area. Beginning landing  
cycle.

CHIEF  
Intuiting gear down command.  
Activating Counter-hydraulics.

EXT. LANDING ZONE, NORCA SURFACE

The ship drops close over the frozen Norca mountains towards the ground.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

LT  
How's my zone, Gator?

GATOR  
Target LZ is locked in. We're  
right...where we...should be...  
One hundred seventy-five meters and  
closing!

LT  
Rodger. Touching down on target.

CHIEF

Gears three green - down and locked.

EXT. LANDING ZONE, NORCA SURFACE

The Drop Ship touches the ground and lands safely.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

CHIEF

Compressing landing struts.

GATOR

We're on the deck! Now where's my stylus? Aw, no...

CAPTAIN

Deploy the ramp.

CHIEF

Rodger that. Cargo cross-lock disengaged. Deploying ramp.

GATOR

That's like the fifth one this month.

CAPTAIN

LT, nice work.

LT

Every time. Ahem, Sir.

CAPTAIN

Coms, report mission status.

GATOR

How can I be a navigator without my stylus?

COMS

Flight Command, Transport niner eight-one-eight-zulu beginning

insertion for patrol.

GATOR  
Urgh, if I lost that thing again!

Gator's stylus is obviously right beside him.

CAPTAIN  
Gator!

COMS  
Oh, my God, quick messing around!  
Here, take it!

Coms grabs his stylus and hands it to him.

GATOR  
Ah! About time! And quick moving  
my stuff!

Gator uses his stylus to use the holographic console.

COMS  
Some navigator, I don't even know  
how you found this job.

GATOR  
Pffft, please. When you're as good  
as me, the jobs find you.

CHIEF  
Speaking of jobs, we got about five  
minutes before the gears on the  
hydros freeze up and we're digging  
our way home.

GATOR  
Riiiiight, the perimeter's clear  
for five hundred meter radius.  
There's no life signs.

CHIEF  
Are you sure?

GATOR  
If there was anything exposed out

there, I doubt we could inflict any more pain on them than what they're already going through. There's no metals, no munitions, no anything!

CHIEF

Talk back to me, I'll stick that stylus where you'll never find it.

CAPTAIN

All right, perimeter's clear, so let's secure it. Coms, get those straight-legs off my ship, I want dust-off in three minutes.

COMS

Ye--

CAPTAIN

Let's not take any chances.

COMS

Yes, sir. How about some numbers, Gator?

GATOR

Easy. Coordinates are as follows for Armors 18, 24, 11, and 32, transferring to your console...now.

COMS

Got it. Attention all units, stand by to receive vector headings for patrol. Armor 18, proceed on a three-one-zero.

INT. ARMOR 18

The pilots of the AT-AT start the Armor up, pushing their controls forward.

AT-AT PILOT #1

Armor 18, proceeding on a three-one zero.

EXT. LANDING ZONE, NORCA SURFACE

The At-Ats begin their march out of the drop ship and into the cold landscape of the planet's surface.

COMS (V.O.)

Armor 24, proceed on a three-two three.

AT-AT PILOT #2 (V.O.)

Armor 24, three-two-three.

COMS (V.O.)

Armor 11, proceed on a five-six two.

AT-AT PILOT #3 (V.O.)

Armor 11, acknowledge. Moving out to five-six-two.

COMS (V.O.)

Armor 32, on a five-one-zero.

AT-AT PILOT #4 (V.O.)

Armor 32, proceeding on a five-one zero.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

Coms sees the pilots through her holographic projection screen.

COMS

Raptors, secure the perimeter at five hundred meters and scout vectors for your armors, over.

EXT. LANDING ZONE, NORCA SURFACE

The At-Sts, "Raptors," proceed in the opposite path behind the At-Ats.

RAPTOR PILOT (V.O.)

Rodger that, Niner-eight-one-eight zulu, Raptor patrol moving out. Securing perimeter at five hundred meters.

INT. DROP SHIP COCKPIT

CHIEF

Captain, cargo has cleared the ramp.

CAPTAIN

Very well, secure the ship.

CHIEF

Rodger.

CAPTAIN

LT --

LT

Hm?

CAPTAIN

Prep for dust off.

LT

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

Gator, you have the numbers.

COMS

Rodger.

GATOR

Affirmative.

EXT. LANDING ZONE, NORCA SURFACE

The At-Sts, are dwarfed by the Drop Ship continue behind the ship as the ramp closes behind them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

These veteran assault troopers have developed skills in strategic combat operations when experiencing extreme terrain and weather conditions.

Even the At-Ats seem small by comparison as they continue marching forward. The Drop Ship's engines begin winding up as its wings unfurl, it begins to lift from the ground.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Such training allows the Empire to easily deploy into areas that otherwise would be much too hazardous for other ground troops. Additional training and combat tactics, scouting and general support roles allow them to be equipped to be latest in high technology weaponry.

The ship lifts off the ground, flying upward and away from the Armors and Raptors. When it leaves the lights from the ship are gone, all that's left is the headlights of the At Ats, and even these too vanish into the dark.

EXT. EQUATORIAL ICE FIELDS

TITLE: Equitorial Ice Fields - Grid T-024  
Duty Mission - Day 0043

Armor 18 marches through the ice fields.

SCOUT 3 (V.O.)

Armor 18?

LIEUTENANT SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Armor 18 here, go ahead.

SCOUT 3

Scout 3 in position. You lookin'  
for some coordinates?

LIEUTENANT SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Rodger that, Scout 3, we are  
arrived in grid three-one-zero...

SCOUT 3

It's about damn time, it's only  
eighty below, I've been out here a  
week. Rally point position is  
four-one-decimal-four-zero, Over.

Scout 3's probe droid approaches her, speaking in droid.

SCOUT 3 (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know, shut up, I'm freezing  
too. Time to wrap it up and get  
the hell out of her.

Armor 18 meanwhile comes to a halt.

INT. ARMOR 18

Lieutenant Sebastian observes the outside before addressing a  
snow trooper.

LIEUTENANT SEBASTIAN

All troops to debark for recon  
patrol.

SNOW TROOPER #1

Yes, sir.

Snow Trooper #1 goes through the door separating the head of  
the Armor to the body. He addresses another Snow Trooper.

SNOW TROOPER #1 (CONT'D)

Tell the boys to gear up, we're  
moving out.

SNOW TROOPER #2

Yes, sir.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
For this elite core of assault  
troopers fear is not an option.

INT. ARMOR 18 BODY

The assault troopers gather at the doors ready to deploy. A red warning light flashes over them before the doors shoot open.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
A lifetime of training has  
conditioned them to be alert and  
agile in the most undesirable of  
environments.

INT. ARMOR 18

AT-AT PILOT #1  
All right, back there, lets go for  
a clean dispersal this time.

INT. ARMOR 18 BODY

SNOW TROOPER #3  
Pffft, no promises. Doors up, ropes  
down, troops deploying now.

Snow Trooper #3 surveys the surroundings as the other Troopers rope down the side of the At-At.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
To be a part of this special unit  
requires a high level of discipline  
and concentration, especially when  
working in tandem with the heavy  
mechanized armor of the support  
vehicles.

SNOW TROOPER #3  
Urgh, talk about ice planet zero.

MK-472  
So, what's it look like?

SNOW TROOPER #3  
Looks like we're gonna be here a while.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Although each trooper is also equipped with the appropriate survival gear, some small amount of tolerance must be observed for the extreme cold of the environment.

MK-294  
Left side door, ramp is clear, troops are...oof, down.

SK-1715 looks over the edge alongside MK-294.

SK-1715  
Whoa.

EXT. ICE FIELDS

The troops at the feet of the At-At begin moving out.

SK-63  
Let's move it out, Squad One down and clear. Squad Two, bring up our six.

SNOW TROOPER #4  
Squad 2 down and ready, on your six, rodger.

INT. ARMOR 18 BODY

SK-1715

Awww...

MK-294

Want a closer look? Let me give  
you a hand!

MK-294 slightly pushes SK-1715 while he looks over the edge.

SK-1715

Gah! Quit screwing around! That's  
not funny! Why do I always have to  
stay behind and do this shi--

MK-472

You're lucky this is a slow day,  
kid, otherwise we wouldn't be  
talking.

SK-1715 begins working on some unseen console, while the  
gunners have taken their positions.

SK-1715

Swear to God, these things are made  
out of ice.

TITLE CARD: Corp. Haig Talin

Mk-472

Armor 18 - "Fire - N - Ice"

181st Mechanized Armor Assault Div.

MK-472

There have been times when I  
would've sent a couple thousand  
bolts down range by now, and my  
spotter -- that's you FNG --

SK-1715

Yeah, whatever.

MK-472

Would be handing me a new barrel to  
change out.

SK-1715

Yeah, I know, but for now we have

to... Urgh, what's the manual say?

MK-294

It rhymes with maintenance.

SK-1715

Urgh. Oh yeah.

TITLE CARD: Pvt. Mirahi Gavin

SK-1715

Silvertail Squad

13th Assault Trooper Corps.

SK-1715 (CONT'D)

"Constantly maintain and upkeep equipment in order to prevent malfunctions in the field."

MK-472

Unbelievable.

SK-1715

"The machinery can easily be disabled by ice or freeze up completely." Like, always. So a few of us, and by us, I mean me, are assigned to remain onboard to check over the hardware for signs of damage due to ice build-up.

MK-472

That's right.

SK-1715

And I act as a spotter for the gunners when the situation demands it.

MK-472

Yeah, that's right, that's not really why you're still up here.

SK-1715

Oh, well why, what then?

MK-472

Aw, give me a break. You're not ready for the ground. The last time you went out the squad had to carry all of your equipment! I mean, come on, kid, my armor's older than you are!

SK-1715

Sure, whatever, grandpa.

MK-294

That's enough, you guys.

TITLE CARD: Corp. Neezah Orak

MK - 294

Armor 18 - "Fire - N - Ice"

181st Mechanized Armor Assault Div.

MK-294 (CONT'D)

You know, when the cargo doors open, and troops are deploying for a mission. Things get real sticky up here. Especially on missions when we're deploying into hot combat zones. We are all there is to make sure the ground is clear for the troops and keep any hostiles off us while they're vulnerable.

MK-472

Let me tell ya, we know first hand what it's like to rely on the guys in our position. We put our time in on the ground already and have worked up to being stationed at this gun crew. Now it's our turn to see what we must've looked like when we were FNGs.

MK-294

Yeah.

MK-472

They're all scared spitless jumping out of a perfectly good armored box

right into enemy fire. Believe me, it's no fun hanging out on that line in a combat zone for any amount of time. That's the truth.

MK-294

I heard that. Any number of things could go wrong in times like this. From our high vantage point when we're moving or standing sometimes it's difficult to tell where the enemy fire is coming from. And pinpoint targets, let alone hit anything. So generally we lay down a wide field of suppressing fire in an attempt to cover the troops as they deploy. Now these troops rely on us heavily for their safety when loading or unloading. So we take our jobs very seriously.

MK-472

Now we've definitely got the best job on board. You think I wanna be driving this thing? No thanks. Our only responsibility is to lay down cover fire for the ground troops. Period. Not driving or parking or even making repairs. Urgh, too much to worry about. For me, there is no other job. There's nothing like the sound or feeling of firing a gun like this, knowing you can't let up for a second without endangering the entire crew. This takes a special combination of quick reflexes, sharp eyes, and concentration.

MK-294

Maybe if you concentrated harder, you'd have as many hits as me!

MK-472

Very funny. At least I only hit the enemy targets, you collateral

bastard.

MK-294

Now there's always a risk of casualties on our missions. Our purpose and number one priority here is to minimize the risk for the troops, reduce their losses at a critical point in the engagement. If we manage to keep the enemies heads down then did our jobs. We do a good job on a mission then we get more of them back on board alive when it's over. If we don't then... Well, we want all of them to come back. But let's face it, they're not deploying for a picnic.

EXT. ICE FIELDS

The Squads have made a lot of ground since their deployment.

SK-63

Armor 18, ground patrol - we've reached the mark and we're breaking off. We're rendezvous with you at niner-four-niner, do you copy?

INT. ARMOR 18 BODY

MK-294

Copy that, ground patrol, we'll meet you at the redfishes.

MK-472

Right side, door clear.

MK-294

Ground patrol is clear.

MK-472

Come on, kid, time for you to

'maintain and upkeep' some hot coffee  
for me.

SK-1715

Aw, man.

MK-472

Ready when you are.

SNOW TROOPER #3

Clear the ramp, troop doors coming  
down. Looks like a storm's coming  
in. Hah! Glad I'm not out there.  
How much time we got? Wanna get  
naked?

MK-472

God damn!

The Armor's doors come down and the At-At continues on its  
way.

EXT. ICE FIELDS

The squads meanwhile part with the Armor.

SK-63

They fly us and they drive us, and  
we're still walking to get there.  
Another day in the corps.

SK-877

Uh, we got something, sir.

SK-63

What's on the box, 877?

SK-877

Could be a transmission, signal's  
really faint. It's east, west,  
it's that way.

SK-63

Where?

SK-877

About seven five zero meters north of our position. The code's not used by the Empire.

SK-63

Does that thing even work?

SK-877

Uh, yeah.

SK-63

All right, let's check it out.

SK-877

Yes, sir.

SK-63

Where ever it is, it isn't friendly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The success of the assault trooper division combined with their fearsome reputation has made the standard assault trooper a symbol of the new order.

SK-877

I'm freezing my ass off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In fact the success rate for the thwarting lawbreakers is so high, most renegades would rather flee than engage them in confrontation.

SK-63

Scouts 8 and 7 are in position. Tracking an unidentified inbound to our location. All right, troops, lets rally the dig in. You ready for this?

SK-877

I'm ready for anything.

EXT. DIG IN

The troops take positions at an ice ridge dig in, overlooking a distant outpost base in the snow.

SK-63

Visual contact acquired. Still no contact of primary target.

SK-877

Yeah, that figures. This job is 90 percent boredom, 10 percent terror.

SK-63

I hate these types. You know, I signed on with the Empire when I found out that terrorists attacked a reserve base in my home town. My friends and family were all killed in that battle.

TITLE CARD: SGT. AMIEN VILLERS

SK-63

Silvertail Squad

13th Assault Trooper Corps.

SK-877

What? You never told me that.

SK-63

Yeah, the whole damn city was destroyed.

SK-877

That sucks.

SK-63

You know, I always used to think I was kept alive for a reason. I finally think I know what that reason is.

SK-877

Yeah, to kick some rebel ass!

SK-63

No, I'm not here for revenge. I'm here to make sure that what happened to me, doesn't ever happen to anyone else.

SK-877

Huh. I remember my girlfriend graduated from the Imperial Academy.

TITLE CARD: CORP. Krieg Nouri  
SK-877  
Silvertail Squad  
13th Assault Trooper Corps.

SK-877 (CONT'D)

As a fighter pilot. I had it bad for her. Must've been that uniform. Anyway, I enlisted with her, to be with her, same thing. Yeah, can you believe it, as a fighter pilot!

SK-63

What happened?

SK-877

I didn't make it the cut and got transferred to the snow trooper division.

SK-63

Big shocker. Could've been worse, could've been transferred to the Scuba Troopers.

SK-877 begins to hum the "IMPS" theme.

SK-877

That's a great tune.

SK-63

Sure is catchy. Got 'em, freighter

craft, fifteen hundred meters and touching down. It's about damn God damn time. Well, this is interesting. Lock and load, gents, these guys are no strangers.

SK-877

What do ya mean?

SK-63

Just last month it blasted its way out of Davenport Gateway.

SK-877

Son of a bitch. Well, that's not gonna happen this time. Crank it over!

SK-877 signals a FIELD OFFICER, who turns to a Raptor and signals it.

FIELD OFFICER

Fire it up!

The Raptor sounds like its stalling.

RAPTOR PILOT (O.S.)

Sir! It won't turn over!

FIELD OFFICER (O.S.)

Then fix it!

RAPTOR PILOT (O.S.)

Yes, sir...

SK-63

The girl?

SK-877

Huh?

SK-63

What happened with the girl?

SK-877

Oh, she dumped me and joined some

rebellion.

SK-63

That sucks.

The Raptor breaks with an apparent explosion that echoes over the canyon.

SK-63 (CONT'D)

Never fails.

SK-877

Oh, come on. Not again.

SK-63

State of the art my god damn ass.

SK-877 (O.S.)

You think they heard that?

SK-63 (O.S.)

Are you kidding? I can still hear that.

SK-877 (O.S.)

Well, I don't know, maybe they're --  
Whoa!

They begin firing.

SK-63 (O.S.)

They're onto us! All squads open fire!

The Troopers begin firing.

SK-63 (CONT'D)

Don't let that ship take off!

SQUAD MANAGER (V.O.)

Silvertail 63, evacuation code,  
five-one-niner-zero-eight-two.

SK-877

Are they serious? They can't be pulling us out, we just got here!

SK-63

It doesn't matter. All squads  
continue covering fire and prepare  
to fall back to extraction point.  
We're leaving.

Meanwhile the Green freighter makes its escape.

SK-63 (CONT'D)

It's gone. Better call it in.

SK-877

I'm not calling it in, you call it  
in.

SK-63

Yeah, yeah, I'll call it in. Time  
to pop smoke and get the hell out  
of here.

SK-877

Looks like we got the smoke part  
covered.

EXT. NORCA SPACE

The Relentless hovers over Norca Planet II.

SK-63 (V.O.)

Cold steel, cold steel, silvertail  
63, fire mission, over!

RELENTLESS FIRE CONTROL (V.O.)

Silvertail 63, cold steel fire  
control, go ahead with coordinates,  
over.

EXT. DIG IN

SK-63

Position six-one-niner. Fire for

effect. Spotter will adjust, over.

EXT. NORCA SPACE

RELENTLESS FIRE CONTROL (V.O.)

Rodger, silvertail six three,  
beginning orbit over target area.  
Stand by for support, the hammer's  
coming down. Over.

The Relentless begins to turn, allowing its guns to aim  
directing at 63's coordinates.

SK-63 (V.O.)

Rodger that, silvertail 63 ready  
for extraction, over.

EXT. DIG IN

SK-63

Squad one fall back, fall back!

EXT. NORCA SPACE

The Extraction ship takes off from the planet's surface,  
heading back to the Transgressor as she fires mercilessly at  
the target area.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Team work, precision, and  
confidence are key to success.  
Working together to solve any  
problem both men and women are  
expertly trained to get the job  
done. As guardians of order and  
justice through out the galaxy.

To Be Continued...