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<Text>â€œ...Nor Iron Bars a Cageâ€ </Text>

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<Text>Written by Len Wein</Text>

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establish</Text>
 <Text></Text>
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 <Text>PUSH IN through the NULL VOID, past swarms of NULL VOID
GUARDIANS, until we find INCARCICON, the PRISON PLANET we saw Armageddon
escape from in æVendetta.æ</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>PUSH IN ON THE PRISON YARD - until we stop at a large </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">metal box</Text>
 <Text>, about five feet high and three feet wide that stands alone in
the center of the prison yard. There is a slit at about eye height on the
front of the box.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">On the slit - </Text>
 <Text>For a beat, all we see is </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">blackness</Text>
 <Text>. Then, suddenly, </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">two angry red eyes open</Text>
 <Text>, and glare out at camera.</Text>
</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>Now, the shadows of </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">two robot guards</Text>
 <Text> falls across the box.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>NEW ANGLE - while one guard aims his BLASTER at the box, the
other guard <</Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">opens</Text>
 <Text>> the box's metal DOOR.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="1" Type="Character">
 <Text>Robot guard</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Come on out, </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="-1" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="">Trukk</Text>
 <Text>. Your 30 days are up.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">On the box door</Text>
 <Text> - as TRUKK, seven feet tall and almost as wide at the
shoulders, a real alien bruiser, in prison garb, staggers out, shielding his
eyes against the light. </Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>WIDER - </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="-1" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
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Style="">Trukk</Text>
 <Text> just stands there as one guard places a high-tech </Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"

<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">restraint collar</Text>
<Text> around his neck, while the other guard hands him a large
</Text>
<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFF"
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Style="AllCaps">pickaxe</Text>
<Text>.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="2" Type="Character">
<Text>RoBOT GUARD</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
<Text>Time to get back to work.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Transition">
<Text>Cut to:</Text>
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<Paragraph Type="General">
<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="Underline+AllCaps">INT. underground mine - minutes later</Text>
<Text></Text>
</Paragraph>
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<Paragraph Type="General">
<Text>It's a huge sprawling cavern, shored up with huge wooden
beams, and lit by lanterns. There are </Text>
<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">alien prisoners </Text>

<Text>all wearing restraint collars</Text>
<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">,</Text>
<Text> busy digging up the </Text>
<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">glowing blue chalk</Text>
<Text> that runs in veins through the cavern walls, loading the chalk
into </Text>
<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">ore cars</Text>
<Text>.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
<Text AdornmentStyle="-1" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="">Trukk</Text>
<Text> is led into the mine at blaster-point by the two robot guards,
and is joins the workforce alongside an older, heavy-set, amiable alien
prisoner named QUINCE. If we look we might notice that many of the
prisoners, Quince included, have a recognizable </Text>
<Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">tattoo</Text>
<Text> on their arms, a definite prison </Text>
<Text AdornmentStyle="-1" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
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Style="">tatt</Text>
<Text>.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="3" Type="Character">
<Text>Quince</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
<Text>Welcome back, Trukk. Been quiet around here without you.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">

<Text>One robot guard pokes Quince painfully with his blaster.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="4" Type="Character">
 <Text>ROBOT GUARD</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>No talking. Work.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>FAVORING QUINCE - he starts whacking away at the chalk with his
axe. Satisfied, the two robot guards EXIT. Once the guards are out of
earshot, Trukk stops hacking and turns conspiratorially to Quince.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="5" Type="Character">
 <Text>Trukk</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>So, I hear thereâ€™s been some changes while I was in solitary.
Some new guy in the chain gang?</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="6" Type="Character">
 <Text>QUINCE</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Yeah.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="7" Type="Character">
 <Text>TRUKK</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Show him to me. Iâ€™m
 <Text AdornmentStyle="-1" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="">gonna</Text>
 <Text> need to hurt him some, just so he knows whoâ€™s in charge
around here.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>CLOSER - Quince shakes his head while Trukk glowers.</Text>
</Paragraph>

<Paragraph Number="8" Type="Character">
 <Text>QUINCE</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Donâ€™t think you really wanna do that.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="9" Type="Character">
 <Text>TRUKK</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Yeah. Why not?</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="10" Type="Character">
 <Text>QUINCE</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>Because--</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps">CAMERA PANS</Text>
 <Text> - stopping at the feet of any even bigger prisoner than Trukk.
Then CAMERA PANS UP the new prisonerâ€™s body until we can clearly see that
this prisoner is:</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Action">
 <Text>KEVIN, in his new multi-alien form. Kevin is grimly,
relentlessly whacking away at the blue rock with his</Text>
 <Text AdornmentStyle="0" Background="#FFFFFFFFFFFF"
Color="#000000000000" Font="Courier Final Draft" RevisionID="0" Size="12"
Style="AllCaps"> pickaxe-shaped fist</Text>
 <Text>, like he has a personal grudge against it. This is not somebody
we want mad at us.</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Number="11" Type="Character">
 <Text>QUINCE (CONTâ€™D)</Text>
</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Dialogue">
 <Text>--Thatâ€™s the guy.</Text>

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</Paragraph>
<Paragraph Type="Transition">
  <Text>Fade out.</Text>
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<Paragraph Alignment="Center" FirstIndent="0.00" Leading="Regular"
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