

Blood and Tar
written by Bryan Hunt

FADE IN.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY. SCIENCE A BUILDING. SUB
BASEMENT. NIGHT.

The sub-basement is merely a crawl space with a dirt floor.

Grunting and scratching disturbs the relative quiet.

Bits of dirt fly upward as two fingers wriggle in the air.

STOAT O.S.

(muffled)

Ah ha.

The hand keeps working out, it turns into an arm, then two arms. Then finally a head appears. This is STOAT, a wiry and small young man. Medium length dreadlocks adorn his head. He has several piercings and a weasel track tattoo on his left hand.

STOAT shakes his head vigorously and dirt goes flying. He blinks twice.

STOAT V.O.

That's me. They call me Stoa. Just Stoa. We
have no last names in the resistance. I am
Canadian.

STOAT crawls out of the hole in the ground and into the
crawl space. He lights a small candle and starts to crawl.

STOAT V.O.

Canadian used to mean strong beer, hockey, bacon,
and lumberjacks. That sort of thing. That was a
lie though; a facade. Our interactions with our
big brother, America, should have shown us that.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY

Kids are all over this playground, though each one is
dressed and painted (on the face) to represent countries.

One child, which looks like a younger Stoa, is in the
costume of Canada and lying on the ground. He is a small,
skinny child with glasses.

On top of him is a strong, rough and tumble bully dressed as the United States of America. U.S.A is holding Canada's own hands and hitting Canada in the face with them.

U.S.A
(mocking)
Stop hitting yourself. Stop hitting yourself.

Other children/countries watch while laughing and pointing. China simply watches thoughtfully.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY. SCIENCE A BUILDING. CORRIDOR.
NIGHT.

The corridor is empty. Silent.

An access panel in the floor pops up an inch or two. STOAT can be seen peering out.

STOAT V.O.
I didn't join the resistance for a love of my country. How could I love a country that was weak and pathetic.

Stoat swiftly and quietly hops out of the hatch and sets it back in place quietly.

STOAT V.O.
Nah, I was just good at stealing stuff. And they needed people good at stealing stuff.

Stoat stops at the corner of the corridor, listening.

STOAT V.O.
I am much like Canada, I guess: small, weak, pathetic, apathetic. Really it's stealing that got us into this mess. People stealing from us.

INT. SCHOOL. LUNCHROOM. DAY

The kid dressed as Canada sets his lunch out on the table. A sandwich, a cookie, and a juice box that says 'Oil' on it.

U.S.A slides in next to Canada on the left hand side.

U.S.A.
Canada, old buddy.
(holding out a nickel)
How about I give you this nice shiny nickel
for that ugly, dirty oil

Canada's eyes light up as he turns to U.S.A.

CANADA
For real?

China slides in from the right.

CHINA
How about I give you this whole Loonie if
you give me access to that oil every lunch?

Canada snatches up the Loonie quickly

CANADA
Deal!

U.S.A. glares at China.

INT. SCIENCE A BUILDING. CORRIDOR. LABRATORY SECTION.
NIGHT.

STOAT is crouched in the shadows in a side corridor as a
security guard passed by.

STOAT V.O.
That's pretty much how it went. China bought up
parcels of tar sands and pipelines. They invaded
to protect their interests. The Americans came
to protect our sovereignty - so they said - but
it was just another invasion. And we were too
weak to do anything about it. They fight each
other, and we die.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY

China holds up Canada in wrestlers grip. Blood already trickles from Canada's nose. Oil stains his shirt.

America punches China in the face. China lets Canada go. China and America stare each other down.

AMERICA

(to China)

No one messes with him but me.

Canada tugs on America's sleeve.

CANADA

Look, don't...

America punches Canada

AMERICA

Stay out of this.

Canada lands in the mud.

America and China circle around each other.

The crowd gathers

CROUD

Fight! Fight! Fight!

Canada's blood trickles to the ground.

INT. SCIENCE A BUILDING. CORRIDOR. LABRATORY SECTION.
NIGHT.

STOAT walks silently behind the security guard, gaining on him.

STOAT V.O.

Tough to be a patriot when you feel nothing but shame.

STOAT silently walks right behind the security guard, reaches forward and pulls his gun out of the holster. He does this without so much as a whisper of excess motion.

The security guard does not even notice.

STOAT V.O.
Did I mention I am one sneaky motherfucker?
Ain't I just!

Stoat walks silently behind the security guard then peels off to the left down another corridor.

INT. SCIENCE A BUILDING. LABRATORY. NIGHT.

Stoat pulls out a piece of paper, and unfolds it. He looks at the directions it contains.

STOAT V.O.
I am here to lift some sort of formula.
Some vials of stuff the Americans cooked up.

Stoat lifts his head and looks around the room. Moving his finger through the air as he looks, he spies the refrigeration unit and then nods.

He rushes over.

STOAT V.O.
I don't know what it's for. I don't give a
shit. I am just hear to steal.

Stoat opens the refrigeration unit, grabs the test tubes and stuffs them in his knapsack.

Stoat replaces the test tube vials with others from his knapsack.

STOAT V.O.
Our replacement? Maple Syrup. Appropriate,
right?

INT. UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY. SCIENCE A BUILDING. CORRIDOR.
NIGHT.

Stoat lowers himself slowly into the access panel and closes it.

A security guard comes around the corner just as it falls into place.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY. SCIENCE A BUILDING. SUB
BASEMENT. NIGHT.

Stoat crawls through the sub-basement crawl space with his
candle held out front.

STOAT V.O.

Better to go under your enemies than through
them, but it is a pain in the ass.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY. FIELD. NIGHT.

Stoat skirts the field on the edge, in the shadows, in a
crouched run.

He stops under a large tree and makes a quick chickadee
"Fee-bee" 'all clear' call.

He waits.

It is answered.

Into the clearing under the tree three more figures emerge.
One is LT. WHIMS.

LT. WHIMS

Well?

Stoat holds out his knapsack for Lt. Whims to grab

STOAT

I got it, L.T.

Lt. Whims rifles through the bag. He pulls out the test
tube container.

LT. WHIMS

You are a wonder, Stoat.

Lt. Whims pulls the security guards revolver out of the
bag. He hisses in surprise.

LT. WHIMS

What is this? You shouldn't have this!

STOAT

I could not resist. I doubt he will even
notice it's gone.

LT. WHIMS

Taking it endangers the mission.
(nodding to himself)
But what's done is done.

Lt. Whims reaches into his own pack. He pulls out other
test tubes. He passes some to each of the other men
standing by.

LT. WHIMS

(to the men)
Here are your decoys.
(to Stroat, passing him the same)
Your part is done, Stroat, but I will have
you run these decoys just the same. False
trails and all that.

Stroat nods.

Lt. Whims shoulders Stroats pack.

A siren goes off in the distance.

LT. WHIMS

Fuck. We're made!
(patting the other men on the back)
Go! Go!

The others run in two different directions, taking their
decoy test tubes with them.

Stroat and Lt. Whims look at each other.

A gun fires in the distance. A bullet flies between them.

Both men turn and run.

Lt. Whims runs across the field as Stroat runs in the
shadows.

Another shot rings out. It hits the ground just behind Lt.
Whims.

Then another.

A third hits Lt. Whims in the shoulder and he falls to the ground.

STOAT

L.T.!

Stoat runs towards Lt. Whims as another bullet hits Lt. Whims in the chest.

Stoat grabs him under the armpits and drags him off the field. Gunfire peppers the ground behind them.

STOAT

(whispering)

Hold on. Hold on.

They come to rest in the shadow of a tree.

Lt. Whims grabs the knapsack slowly and holds it to his chest.

LT. WHIMS

Stoat...

Lt. Whims coughs and blood spatters into Stoats face.

STOAT

Don't talk. You'll be ok. We'll get you to the meds.

LT. WHIMS

(gurgling)

Horrible...liar...Stoat... Get this to... gathering...important

He holds the knapsack out. Stoat slowly takes it.

A bullet hits the tree just above them.

LT. WHIMS

Go!

Stoat is frozen, looking back at where the gunfire is coming from and back to Lt. Whims.

LT. WHIMS
(gurgling)
I said...go!

Stoat nods, a tear in his eye, then runs off.

Soldiers approach, flashlights on the end of their guns point this way and that. One settles on Lt. Whims.

SOLDIER
Cap! I've got him. It looks like a
Canuckle.

Lt. Whims laughs and coughs up blood.

SOLDIER
What so funny?

LT. WHIMS
(coughing)
You guys came here to save us...
(cough)
I don't feel that safe...
(cough)
Funny, right?

The soldier fires a round directly into Lt. Whims head. He dies immediately.

SOLDIER
Note the time. Died resisting capture.
One less Timmy Insurgent to deal with.

EXT. GLENBOW INTERNMENT CAMP. FENCE LINE. NIGHT.

A town of shanties is strewn across the plain west of Calgary along the Bow River. A barbed wire fence surrounds the town.

Stoat approaches the fence quietly and pulls out some wire clippers.

He carefully cuts the wire, moves it aside, and goes through the fence.

Once through, he pulls the wires back so they look normal.

EXT. GLENBOW INTERNMENT CAMP. SHANTY TOWN. NIGHT

Stoat runs along, looking left and right at the shanties and finally heads towards one in particular.

INT. GLENBOW INTERNMENT CAMP. URSA'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The front door opens silently and Stoat enters. He closes the door just as silently.

Moving across the floor, he makes his way to a large arm chair. He puts the knapsack on the floor beside him and curls up in the chair.

His eyes close.

INT. GLENBOW INTERMENT CAMP. URSA'S HOUSE. DAY.

Darkness.

URSA O.S.

What the hell is this?

Stoat opens his eyes to find his sister, URSA, standing in front of him. She is a solidly built woman with her long blond hair up in a bun.

STOAT

Ursa, look, I needed a place to...

URSA

(interrupting)

No, you can't be here. I could get in serious shit. And enough of that 'Ursa' crap. We took all these code names in the resistance and left our other names behind. But I am done with the Timmy Ho Militia. Just call me Kelly. It's my name you know.

STOAT

Ok, fine. I'm gone. I just needed to crash somewhere.

Stoat goes to grab his knapsack, but Ursa grabs it first.

URSA

What did you steal this time?

She rifles through it.

URSA

Ah...test tubes...and a gun! Fuck Stoat...
they would hang me for this. Is that what
you want?

She shoves the knapsack back at him.

STOAT

Look, Urs...umm...Kelly...I'm sorry...

URSA

(interrupting)

Just go...

There are three knocks on the door.

SOLDIER O.S.

(muffled, but loud)

Residence 314, Kelly Fisher, please open
the door.

Ursa's eyes go wide. She mouths the word 'Fuck' then opens
the door a crack. Just enough to put her head through.

URSA

(to soldier)

What is this about.

SOLDIER

Sorry Ma'am. We need to search for a
possible insurgent that came through this
way.

URSA

An insurgent? Why would they come to a work
camp. Isn't this about the last place they
would come?

SOLDIER
(shrugging)
Who understands these Canuckles, really?

URSA
(flirting)
Well, there are no insurgents here. You can
tell your C.O. it was searched.

Ursa moves to close the door, but the soldier puts his boot
in it.

SOLDIER
All the same ma'am. I need to check it.

He raises his rifle and enters. Looking about the room,
pointing his rifle where he looks. He sees nothing.

The door closes behind him. Stoa is behind the door. Stoa
raises the gun.

STOAT
Drop it!

The soldier spins pointing the gun at Stoa.

SOLDIER
Stand down!

STOAT
No! You drop it. I'll fucking put one of
these in your skull and make it rattle.

SOLDIER
Stand down and things will go easier for you.

STOAT
Easier? I have a gun. It's a hangable
offence. You stand down and I won't shoot
you.

The soldier leans into his rifle with his shoulder.

STOAT
(afraid)
Don't...

There is a clang and then the soldier drops. Ursa stands behind him holding an iron.

Blood pours out of the soldier's head onto the floor. Ursa falls to the floor, sitting, but shaking.

Stoat leans in and takes the soldier's pulse. He looks up at Ursa.

URSA

Well?

STOAT

(beat)

Dead.

Ursa covers her mouth with her hands.

URSA

Oh fuck. Fuck-fuck-fuck. What do I do?

(pausing)

Stoat...why did you come here?

STOAT

The test tubes...I need to take them to the gathering.

Ursa just stares. The blood continues to flow out of the soldier on the ground.

Stoat starts to pack his stuff.

STOAT

Look...I will just go. You can tell the soldiers I did this...

He slings the pack over his shoulder.

Ursa stops hm.

URSA

They will just kill me anyway.

(beat)

You really fucked it this time. I will come with you. But you have to leave that gun here.

STOAT
Leave it? But...

URSA
Resistance is jail...but if they find a
gun on you, it's death. You know it.

Stoat nods slowly.

He pulls the gun out and drops it on the table.

Focus remains on the gun as Ursa packs a bag in the
background with Stoat's help. They talk, but it is muffled.

The soldier continues to bleed out below the table with the
gun.

EXT. GLENBOW INTERNMENT CAMP. SHANTY TOWN. DAY.

Ursa walks through the shanty town. Stoat walks behind
carrying a laundry hamper.

They approach a security checkpoint.

A soldier steps out casually.

SECURITY SOLDIER
More laundry today, Kelly?

Kelly stops and wipes the sweat from her forehead.

URSA
Well, that's my job, right? It's never ending.

The soldier nods.

SECURITY SOLDIER
(pointing to Stoat)
And who is this?

URSA
Oh him? I pulled something in my back
yesterday so they assigned him to me for a
few days.

SECURITY SOLDIER

(flirty)

You know, Miss Kelly, I could have hauled that around for you.

URSA

(flirty)

Oh, I know you would have, but you have your job here too. Besides, you can always drop by later...to help out, I mean.

The soldier smiles. He motions them through.

SECURITY SOLDIER

You have a nice day now, ok?

Ursa nods as they walk by.

EXT. GLENBOW INTERMENT CAMP. FENCE LINE. DAY.

The laundry hamper is on the ground. Stoa and Ursa pick their packs out of it.

Stoa walks to the fence and cuts the wires with his clippers.

They both duck and go through the newly made hole in the fence.

EXT. HIGHWAY 1A. DAY.

Stoa and Ursa walk quietly along the highway.

The sound of a car can be heard in the distance.

Stoa and Ursa quietly peel off into the ditch, crouching down.

A Humvee approaches. 'American woman' blares from the inside of the vehicle. A soldier on the passenger side has his automatic rifle pointed out the window.

The Humvee gets louder, and passes on, leaving a cloud of dust in its wake.

Ursa and Stoat emerge from the ditch and continue walking.

EXT. CAMPSITE. DUSK.

A small fire burns. Ursa and Stoat lie on either side of it. Both appear asleep.

STOAT
(quietly)
Kelly?

Silence. The fire crackles.

STOAT
Kell?

URSA
What?

STOAT
Do you think dad would have been in the
resistance?

Ursa turns over forcefully and tries to get comfortable.

URSA
They didn't give him a chance, did they?

STOAT
No.
(beat)
I miss him. Why did you leave? The resistance
I mean.

Silence.

URSA
It just wasn't working.

STOAT
What wasn't?

URSA
Their blood didn't make up for his.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

Ursa and Stoa walk briskly along the highway.

A crack of gunfire is heard in the distance. A bullet ricochets off the pavement just behind Stoa.

URSA

Sniper!

They roll into the ditch.

URSA

Thank god he's shitty or you would be dead.

STOAT

(nervous)

Where...

Ursa lifts her head slowly from the ditch. A shot rings out again. Dirt explodes just in front of her.

Ursa ducks quickly.

URSA

I'll be back in a moment.

Ursa crawls away on her belly. Stoa shifts to look in the direction she is crawling.

STOAT

Ursa....hey....

Another shot rings out and dirt explodes near Stoa. He ducks, covering his face.

STOAT

(to himself)

Fuck!

EXT. HILLSIDE. DAY.

A sniper in fatigues is lying in the grasses on the hillside. His pack lies beside him with an American flag patch on it. He fires his gun again, chuckling to himself.

Ursa sneaks up behind him, slowly and silently, using a fox walk technique.

SNIPER
(whispering, to himself)
Just raise your heads for me...

Ursa crouches down over the sniper, slowly, then quickly puts a hand on either side of his head. Then with a quick snapping motion, she breaks his neck.

The sniper goes limp.

She picks up his gun and admires it, sighting down its scope.

Then she shakes her head and puts it down again.

EXT. SPRUCE FOREST. NORTHERN GHOST AREA. DAY.

STOAT walks quietly in the forest. URSA is nowhere to be seen.

20 feet in front of STOAT, a grimy looking man, pops out from behind a tree. This is GREY, a member of the Resistance. He wears a floppy eared hat, has a general unwashed appearance and has a large satchel with a sling shot attached to it.

GREY
Stop. What is your business here?

STOAT
I need to get to the gathering?

GREY
(squinting one eye)
Need to? Need to? What is your need?

STOAT
Look, I have a very important package for the Resis...for umm...a friend at the gathering.

GREY

Oh do you? What is the password then?

STOAT

(to himself)

password....

A knife comes across Stoats throat. A man dressed all in black holds it threateningly against his neck. This is WRAITH, another resistance member.

WRAITH

Stow it Grey, there is no password, and this is no resistance member.

STOAT

(gulping)

I am...I really am

WRAITH

Oh really? I have shadowed you for 7 kilometers. If you are resistance and have a package of high importance, where is your recon? Where are your escorts? Where...

(pauses)

oh clever...

Behind WRAITH is URSA with a spear poked threateningly into his back.

URSA

Where indeed? I thought no one got the drop on a Mist Crow?

Wraith nods, lowering his knife

GREY

Ursa! Good god, is that you? Why didn't you just say so?

Ursa lowers her spear.

URSA

Well, I had a chance to test your security and make my brother pee himself a little at the same time. It's a win-win.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF GATHERING CAMP. DAY

Grey and Wraith escort Stoa and Ursa through the camp. Small tents and makeshift deadfall shelters dot the landscape. Different games of skill and strength are being played in different areas around the camp. Stoa is wide eyed watching each as they pass.

They pass one where a caber toss is the game in question. A man with a sturdy looking metal shoulder guard picks up a large log

SPECTATOR #1

Come on Bruce! You've got this!

Bruce clearly does. He utters a primal scream while tossing the log an insane distance.

They pass by an area where spectators are watching two women wrestle blindfolded.

SPECTATOR #2

I've got money riding on this 6-Quill, Pin her!

SPECTATOR #3

Freya! Now! Now!

The girls circle each other. When one touches the other, they reach out and try to use the touch to grab an arm or leg to subdue their opponents. The woman called '6-QUILL' is very lithe and elegant in her movements. FREYA reaches out, and in a heartbeat 6-QUILL grabs her arm, spins around up and over FREYA, wrapping her legs around her head. They tumble to the ground amidst a sea of cheers.

Stoa stumbles while watching. Grey stabilizes him

GREY

Watch yourself there.

(pointing)

That's Shrikes tent there. He's who you want.

INT. GATHERING - SHRIKES TENT. NIGHT

SHRIKE, a grizzled commander with short grey hair, stands in front of an assembly of resistance fighters. His second in command, SPARROWHAWK, stands to his side. Off in separate chairs are STOUT and URSA. Peppered through the crowd are GREY, WRAITH, 6-QUILL, and BRUCE who have already been seen.

Behind SHRIKE is a clear glass container with blackish liquid in it.

The crowd is abuzz with chatter.

SHRIKE
(confidently)
Alright, shush!

Silence happens nearly instantly.

SHRIKE
I am going to be brief and I am going to be quick as there are always ears and those ears are not always sympathetic. Not everyone was invited to this as there are always eyes as well, and many bodies may seem like mischief afoot.

(beat)
They are not wrong. Compliance is far from my game.

(holding up a test tube)
Our friend Stoat has brought us a gift. It's from Whims operation in Calgary. While Whims didn't make it, his op was a success.

Shrike moves behind the glass container and opens the lid.

He pours about half of the test tube in.

SHRIKE
It's some form of bacteria. Just watch.

There are tendrils of brown that extend into the black liquid and slowly expand and form new offshoots of tendrils of brown that also expand and so on until the entire container is brown.

Shrike reaches in and takes a handful of brown out. He rubs it and lets it fall to the ground.

SHRIKE

Dirt. Good gracious potato growing dirt.
From what was once bitumen. The Americans
cooked this up, but would never dare use it.
They want our tarry gold just as much as the
Chinese. But now we have it.

The tent erupts into heated discussion. Shrike holds out his hands to silence them.

BRUCE

Commander, you aren't fucking serious about
this shit are you? That will destroy us. Our
whole economy is hinged on this. Jobs and
lives and everything else. Why...

SHRIKE

(interrupting)

Economy? What economy? We are destroyed right
now. Invaded by the Chinese, invaded by the
Americans to protect us, our brothers and
sisters imprisoned...all because of this icky
black shit. No, we are doing it. We will
release this into the tar sands. This meeting
is not to decide. I have already decided. This
meeting is to choose who will go. So stow any
comments to the negative. If there is no tar
sands, there is no war.

(gesturing to Sparrow Hawk)

Sparrow-Hawk?

Bruce frowns and folds his arms.

SPARROWHAWK

We do not have the force to take the tar
sands back from the red army at this point.
Nor will the Americans help. Our best strategy
is to form a small strike team to range far
into red territory and deploy the bacteria.
We figure a team of 8 or 9. We need someone
with some solid thievery skills to get into
the operations in Fort Mac to deploy the
bacteria, plus a tech for assistance, and 6
or 7 badass...

(air quotes)
chaperones.

SHRIKE
Make that 5 or 6 badass chaperones.

SPARROWHAWK
Sir?

SHRIKE
I had an early volunteer

SPARROWHAWK
Noted. Alright. Let's get through this
quick. Who wants the tech slot?

Two hands shoot up. One is NET, an early 20's girl with a
sunny attitude and funky steampunk goggles. The other is
DIGITS, a more typical nerd boy - thin and thick glasses

SPARROWHAWK
I see Net and Digits. Net, what are your
reasons?

NET
I know it will be dangerous, but it's
important and I am the best you've got.

DIGITS
Hey!

NET
Am I wrong? Remember the red letter crypto?

Digits nods in defeat.

SPARROWHAWK
Net it is then. And for our thief. Any
volunteers?

There is silence in the room.

Stoat looks suspiciously at the wall of the tent.

SHRIKE
Is it that none of you have the skills?
Or are you just chicken shits?

RESISTANCE MEMBER

I could do it Shrike...I am just not that good.

SHRIKE

Understood soldier.

(looking at Stout)

And you?

URSA

That's unfair. He did his part already.

SHRIKE

And it's appreciated. But we don't get just one part. We all do any part that comes our way until the job is done. That is how the job gets done. Our country needs you, Stout.

STOUT

What country though? What are we other than America light? Give me reasons maybe, but not "Country"

SHRIKE

Alright. Do it for your sister. How can she have a life with our world all fuctified. Do it for everyone in this room that could be eating hot dogs or playing hockey or doing anything other than risking their lives. Do it for people like you that have no love of Canada but owe the easy times to its existence.

Stouts eyes glaze over a bit.

STOUT

Fine. I'm in.

URSA

What the fuck?

STOUT

I can do it, sis. And you deserve the better world.

URSA

Well, shit. I am in too then.

STOUT

Why?

URSA

Because your scrawny ass always needed a chaperone.

Shrike claps his hands together loudly and rubs them together.

SHRIKE

Perfect. Now all we need is 4-5 chaperones. Any takers?

Hands shoot up all over the tent, including Bruce, Grey, and Wraith.

EXT. GATHERING CAMP. DAY.

Stoat, Ursa, Wraith, Grey, Bruce, Net pack their gear hurriedly. With them is CASTOR, a girl with a perpetual smile and loaded with knives and 6-QUILL who was seen previously in a wrestling match. 6-QUILL has a set of what appear to be pan pipes hanging from her neck made out of PVC pipe.

Bruce has what looks like a large thick hockey stick in his gear and a large piece of metal that covers his shoulders.

Shrike walks up to the team with a backpack on his back. Shrikes pack is a bit more solid than the rest. It is framed with PVC pipe to give it rigidity.

BRUCE

Come to see us off, boss man?

SHRIKE

In a manner of speaking.

GREY

Still no sign of your 'early recruit'. When can we expect him...or her. I mean all things equal.

SHRIKE

Oh, presently, I expect.

GREY

What...you don't mean...

Grey points to Shrike.

SHRIKE

In the flesh.

URSA

I thought commanders weren't allowed on
grunt missions like this.

CASTOR

Ya, tough to give commands when you are
not there to command

SHRIKE

Well, freshly demoted and assigned by
the newly elevated Commander Sparrowhawk.

Bruce claps him on the shoulder

BRUCE

Sweet. Just a grunt like us. Now we can boss
you around a bit.

SHRIKE

(squinting his eyes)
You can try.

Bruce lets out a big belly laugh

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP GATHERING. FOREST. NIGHT.

9 Silhouettes creep away as night falls on the encampment.
Far in the background, fires can be seen and festivity
heard.

STOAT V.O.

We crept away like thieves. Well, like one
thief, one techie, and 7 brutes. Behind us
was laughter and merriment. Ahead, only
darkness. As if seeing that as a metaphor,

we were silent.

EXT. RIVER VALLEY. DAWN.

The nine swiftly pass down a river valley, using the embankments as cover. It is a slightly crouched jog as it is a small river with small embankments. Nearly all do the crouched jog efficiently.

Stoat trips and nearly falls in the river. Shrike catches him and gives him a disapproving glare.

EXT. ASPEN FOREST. DAY.

Seven of the group creep through the aspen forest. Light dapples the forest floor. Bird song is everywhere. URSA and WRAITH are absent.

SHRIKE leads the formation. STOAT walks in the rear of the formation with NET.

A sound is heard. SHRIKE raises his fist in indication of a stop.

URSA emerges from the brush. She gives hand signals to SHRIKE who nods.

SHRIKE turns to the group.

SHRIKE
(whispering)
All clear for 3 kilometers.

The formation continues to walk.

STOAT
(to Net)
So what does your nickname mean? Is it for the internet or something?

Everyone in the group stops, turns and glares at Stoat. Shrike puts his finger to his lips. Silence.

STOAT
I thought it was clear.

Shrike puts his finger to his lips again.

Stoat nods.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

China and U.S.A. argue angrily near a picnic table.

Canada crawls under the picnic table, heading to safety, holding his oil juice box in his hand as he does so.

STOAT V.O.

I'm a talker. I may be sneaky, but I am a talker. It's tough to keep silent, but my voice often gets me in trouble. This may be better. Still, I am a talker.

Canada opens its mouth. Then it pauses and puts a hand over it's own mouth. China and U.S.A continue to argue.

EXT. FOREST. DUSK.

Everyone is dropping their packs and groaning.

SHRIKE

(in hushed tones)

Alright people. Wraith tells me it is clear for as far as he can see. That's a ways. But Wraith can be wrong. You are clear to talk, but keep it hushy. We can have a fire, but smokeless and hidden. You get me?

ALL BUT STOAT

Sir!

SHRIKE

Stoat, are your flappy gums going to keep it on the low?

Stoat nods.

SHRIKE

I kind of want to hear it.

STOAT
(crestfallen)
Yes sir.

Stoat drops his pack and starts digging through it. He checks on the two test tubes he still has left. Both intact.

Net walks up and touches him on the shoulder.

NET
It's not really a nick. It's just short
for Annette.

Bruce nearby going through his gear.

BRUCE
Not that you asked, but yes my name is
Bruce. My daddy named me after the two
biggest badasses ever to grace the silver
screen: Bruce Lee and Bruce Campbell.
(putting two fingers to his heart)
Hail to the king, baby.

EXT. CAMP. FIRE. NIGHT.

Camp is set up and everyone (except WRAITH) is around the campfire. Some cook while others drink. It is revelrous, but not loud.

CASTOR
So he says 'bloody hell' and I say 'not
for another 3 weeks'

There is laughter all around. Castor raises one of her eyebrows.

NET takes her pan off the fire.

NET
All done. Mmmm.

She transfers the contents to her plate from her mess kit.

BRUCE
Bacon! I'm taking one.

Before NET can say a word, Bruce has swiped one from her plate and into his mouth.

CASTOR
Ah Bacon. I have a limerick for that,
though not the dirty kind.
(beat)
There once was a man who stole bacon
For piggies, it was surely mistaken
Once tasted, said 'Ew!!'
'This is fucking tofu!'
And his belly it started a quake-in!

Castor makes faux vomiting gestures.

BRUCE
(looking green)
What?

Net shrugs.

BRUCE
No!

He spits out the bacon and starts scrubbing his tongue with his hands.

Laughter all around.

GREY
(calming down after laughing fit)
Ok...ok...seriously though, Shrike, I have a question

SHRIKE
Shoot.

GREY
Are you sure we should be doing this? I mean it seems a bit like saving the patient by cutting out his heart.

BRUCE
(taking a hefty drink from his mug)

As I have been saying.

SHRIKE

True. But the heart is dead either way,
if you want to continue the metaphor. Either
China keeps it or the USA keeps it. It is no
longer Canada's.

BRUCE

But the oil sands produce a lot of jobs for
Canadians. Even if they own it, if the war
ends, they may employ Canadians.

NET

It's tar.

BRUCE

What?

NET

Oil sands makes it sound pretty. Bitumen
looks closer to tar than oil. And you are
fooling yourself if you think the Chinese
or the US will hire Canadian workers. They
look after their own. The only reason it
created jobs is because we made it create
jobs. The government was giving oil and gas 5
billion in subsidies yearly.

BRUCE

Oh here we go...

NET

If they gave that money to solar it would
also create jobs

GREY

And what happens when it's cloudy.

NET

You can store it up in batteries for when
it is. You've heard of batteries, right?

6QUILL

But why though? Why change industries when
we have oil in abundance in Canada.

BRUCE

Because it pleases the granola fairies or some shit, right?

SHRIKE

Hey, knock it down a notch. You may not know everything.

BRUCE

Ok top. But the science isn't settled on the whole climate thing.

NET

Not settled? 97% agree on it.

BRUCE

Sure 97% of those climate guys. But not of all scientists. What do you think of that, Brainiac?

URSA

I don't know much about this, but aren't those the type of scientists you want to hear from about this? Why would you care what a myconologist or geologist says about it? I mean if you had cancer would you care about the diagnosis from a doctor of philosophy or would you want a medical doctor?

NET

Exactly. Plus 97% is a huge number. Not even that many agree on gravity. The science is settled.

BRUCE

Nah! Nah! Those guys get money to predict doom and gloom.

GREY

Ya. Why trust them. They work for the man.

NET

Actually, in our government they are more likely to lose their jobs for speaking up. Doing so makes them against 'the man' and risking their livelihood.

SHRIKE

She's got you there.

GREY

Ok, it's got my vote.

Bruce puts his finger up to talk, then retracts. Then does so again. He sighs.

CASTOR

There once was a blockheaded fool...

The camp erupts in laughter.

STOAT

(pointing to 6Quills pan pipes)
6Quill, why don't you play us something on that.

CASTOR

I don't think you want that. She plays her instrument well but is a horrible musician.

Again. Laughter.

EXT. CAMP. DAY.

Stoat bolts up straight from his sleep, jarred awake from the noise of a helicopter passing overhead.

Shrike is in a similar position next to him.

SHRIKE

Report

URSA

Chinese, by the look. We were not spotted

BRUCE

It's in our territory, should we intercept?

SHRIKE

(pause)
No. We remain on mission. This is not ours to tackle.

6QUILL has a pair of binoculars out, following the helicopter.

6QUILL
Paratroopers. A dozen at least.

BRUCE
Look...

SHRIKE
(interrupting)
We stay on mission. This will drag in the Americans. They can deal with it. If we get involved, our mission is history. We stay on mission. Got that.

BRUCE
(formally)
Yes sir. I don't like it though, sir.

SHRIKE
Well we aren't going to the carnival, I don't expect 'like' much factors into it.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

The entire party (minus URSA and WRAITH) are in formation walking through spruce forest.

There are a few distant popping sounds.

Shrike holds his fist up indicating a stop.

More popping sounds.

Shrike closes his eyes.

BRUCE
Top, that's the paratroopers we saw.

SHRIKE
We don't know that.

Bruce starts taking off the giant metal band strapped to his shoulders.

BRUCE

Yes we do sir. They are fighting the
Americans.

He straps it to the thick hockey stick he carries, forming
a giant crossbow.

SHRIKE

Stow your gear, Bruce. This is not our
fight. Our fight is both quieter and
farther off. We cannot jeopardize..

BRUCE

(interrupting)
I'm going.

Bruce takes off at a run towards the sound of gun fire.

SHRIKE

Get back here soldier! Now!
(watching him run away)
Fuck!

6QUILL

If he's caught, our mission is humped.

SHRIKE

I know.
(beat)
Fuck!

GREY

Shrike...

SHRIKE

We go. Fast. Double silent.

The group takes off at a run.

While running 6 quill takes off her pan pipes and assembles
them into a bow. She slips an arrow out of her pack frame
and nocks it.

The group soon encounters Wraith and Ursa farther up the
trail.

WRAITH

We saw Bruce...

SHRIKE

Intercepting. Scout in pincers, come
around the far side.

URSA and WRAITH nod and take off in directions 90 degrees
to the path of travel of the group.

EXT. SIDE OF HILL. SKIRMISH. DAY

The Chinese have the high ground on a hill with the
Americans trying to assault from below. It is not going
well. Many Americans lay wounded and dying at the bottom of
the hill. Few Chinese are wounded.

Bruce is assaulting from the side. He swings his large
crossbow like an axe and crushes the head of a Chinese
soldier against a tree as he does so. Then he loads his bow
and shoots another.

He shoots again, missing.

Two Chinese flank him and get the drop on him. He lowers
his crossbow and raises his hands.

BRUCE

Look...I...uhh...

CHINESE SOLDIER 1

[YELLING SOMETHING]

BRUCE

Hey now...be easy

Before he can speak again, an arrow pierces the first
Chinese soldier's throat. Followed quickly by one in his
eye and another through his cheek.

He drops.

The second soldier looks in confusion. A knife flies and
hits him right in the chest. He looks at it and drops his
gun. He falls to the ground.

BRUCE

Oh thank god.

6QUILL, CASTOR, and SHRIKE catch up with him

SHRIKE

You idiot.

BRUCE

I had to.

Castor pulls out her knife, wiping it clean on the soldier.

6Quill reclaims her arrows.

SHRIKE

I will deal with you later. First, let's finish this. Report.

BRUCE

Americans are not doing well. Assaulting from weaker ground. The Chinese have a makeshift bunker at the top. It is ripping them to shreds.

Shrike takes out the PVC from his pack frame and assembles it into big bow.

SHRIKE

Ok. That's our objective then. I am going high. I will signal Wraith and the others. You three take them out. Stealth like.

Shrike begins to climb the nearest tree.

BRUCE

You heard the man.

6QUILL already has an arrow knocked and 3 more in the ground in front of her ready. She shoots fast as lightning, reloads and shoots. A Chinese soldier that was approaching goes down quickly.

Bruce reloads his giant crossbow. He fires.

The force of the bolt carries a Chinese soldier right off his feet, landing with the giant bolt sticking out of him.

EXT. SOUTHERN SLOPE. SKIRMISH. DAY.

Three Chinese soldiers stealthily walk through the forest towards the American position.

GREY

Hey, there's something on your face.

They stop

CHINESE SOLDIER 2

[QUESTIONING AND ANGRY SPEECH]

Grey pops up. He has a slingshot and a small explosive with a fuse lit. He shoots it. It lands on the soldier's face and sticks there as it had been coated with sap.

Grey ducks back into the bush.

The soldier tries to grab at the sap-explosive on his face with no luck. The other soldiers dive away.

EXT. TREETOP. DAY.

Shrike fires off an arrow.

BOOM

SHRIKE

Ah Grey.

(sighing)

So much for stealth.

He pulls out a mirror and signals.

EXT. SOUTHERN SLOPE. SKIRMISH. DAY.

The Chinese soldier is a standing corpse with no head or shoulders. Blood squirts up as the body falls.

The remaining soldiers stand and gather their weapons. They fire around the bush Grey is in.

GREY
(to himself)
This wasn't well thought out.

CASTOR comes up behind the soldiers with two knives bared and slits their throats. They fall gurgling.

CASTOR
(singing)
Their smiles were red and soon they're dead,
A forest floor to soothe their head...

Grey pops up.

GREY
Do you have to sing? It's creepy.

CASTOR
(shrugging)
'Creepy' says the man flinging tree snot
bombs.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR. DAY

NET and STOAT hide behind a boulder.

STOAT
I feel useless down here. Should I check
on things?

NET
Shrike told us to stay put.

STOAT
Just a little peek though.

Stoat peeks his head up. Bullets fly either side of him.

He quickly pops back down.

STOAT
Staying put. Yup.

NET nods.

EXT. HILLTOP. DAY.

The Chinese soldiers have a makeshift bunker set up behind some rocks and logs. A machine gun is set up on a tripod. One soldier is working the gun and the other is feeding it.

WRAITH runs towards the bunker from the back. He springs off a boulder to get height, diagonally towards a tree beside the bunker. His knees bend on diagonal impact of the tree. He springs from this position towards the bunker. By doing so he clears the bunker wall.

As he lands in the bunker, he grabs the head of the machine gunner and twists. Broken neck. Dead.

His other hand delivers a knife straight into the throat of the second soldier.

The sound of a rifle being cocked nearby is heard. WRAITH turns just as there is a thump.

Above a still falling soldier, is URSA with rock she just used to bash the soldier's head.

WRAITH nods to her.

URSA nods back.

WRAITH whistles an all clear chickadee 'fee-bee' call.

EXT. SOUTHERN SLOPE. SKIRMISH. DAY.

CASTOR whistles an all clear 'feee-bee' call.

EXT. TREETOP. DAY.

SHRIKE whistles an all clear 'fee-bee' call.

EXT. HILL BOTTOM. DAY

There are 10-12 bodies of American troops at the bottom of the hill.

Our crew walks among them.

URSA
Dead over here.

6QUILL
Same here.

Shrike leans over the body of a boy. Still breathing, but gurgling blood.

SHRIKE
I've got one here. Castor bring the kit.

SOLDIER BOY
(Gurgle)
Hhh...hhh...help me...

SHRIKE
Easy now. No talking. We are here to help.

Castor leans down, examines the wound, and looks back up at Shrike shaking her head.

SHRIKE
(suggestively)
Perhaps some morphine for his pain.

CASTOR
(understanding)
Yes sir.

She pulls out a syringe and injects him.

CASTOR
(to the soldier)
You will feel better soon. Just concentrate on my smile.

The boy closes his eyes and goes limp.

SHRIKE
All right, this gunfire will bring more yanks. Salvage equipment all you can. No guns. Knives and gear are fine.
(to Bruce)
Now what the fuck were you thinking? I ordered you to stand down.

Ursa salvages a few large knives in the background. Castor searches packs.

BRUCE

I signed up in the resistance to fight Chinese invaders. So, I fucking fought Chinese invaders. So lay off..

Bruce is interrupted by Shrikes fist slamming into him. He gets knocked onto his back.

SHRIKE

I will definitely lay "ON". A beating that is. It is insubordination. Our mission is the very most important. More important than vengeance or glory. It's about reclaiming our country. I lead. You follow. You got that?

Bruce nods.

SHRIKE

Fine. Grab some gear and lets head out. You got latrine duty tonight. And probably tomorrow. Basically if anyone's ass produces so much as a suspicious wet fart, you be there with a wipe and a smile.

Shrike turns and walks off.

SHRIKE

Ok, let's hustle people. I want to be out of here before the stars and stripes can save us.

Bruce rifles through a pack and picks out a walkie talkie. He quickly stuffs it in his pack.

BRUCE

(whispering to himself)
You ain't leading but to things right now:
jack and shit..

EXT. CAMP. DUSK.

People are unpacking and checking their gear as the group sets up for the night.

SHRIKE

That is what I am talking about people.
That was smooth and efficient and the
epitome of badassery. They may have 10
times our numbers, but I would take one
Canuckle over 10 yanks any day. We are
just made of tougher stuff.

STOAT

How do you figure?

SHRIKE

Take the war of 1812. Not many know this,
but when the states deemed to invade, a
squad of us went down and burned their white
house. That's actually why it's white. They
had to paint over the fucking char. It used
to be pink.

URSA

Isn't 1812 a little before Canada was formed?

SHRIKE

Granted. We were British citizens back then.
But it's who we are and where we came from. We
may be small, but small doesn't mean defenseless.
We are mighty. We punch way above our weight.

Stoat nods to himself.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

U.S.A. wanders the playground looking for a victim. His
pink underwear rides up above his pant line. Plumber's
crack is in effect.

Canada sneaks up behind U.S.A. with a lit firecracker. He
lets it drop into the plumber's crack.

A grin envelopes his face as he tiptoes away.

U.S.A.
What the...

BOOM

EXT. CAMP. DUSK.

STOAT
(to himself, laughing)
Those tighties will need to be painted
whitey.

Stoat digs through his backpack.

SHRIKE
What was that?

Stoat searches more furiously.

STOAT
Nothing...I mean...

He digs again and throws his hands up in the air.

STOAT
FUCK!

Shrike puts a hand on Stoats shoulder.

SHRIKE
Calm blue ocean, soldier. What's the nothing?

STOAT
They're gone. The test tubes. Gone.

Shrike squints.

EXT. SPRUCE FOREST. DUSK.

Ursa sprints up over a hill, following track on the ground.
She spots a foot fall on a crushed log. She bends down to
inspect it.

SHRIKE V.O.
Alright, I need a tracker...

EXT. EDGE OF AMERICAN CAMP. DUSK.

Three Americans stand at attention at the edge of the camp.

Three arrows zip in and pierce the neck of each soldier.
The fall, gurgling.

SHRIKE V.O.

...6Quill...

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP. DUSK.

Stoat lizard crawls through the brush. His face is
camouflaged.

SHRIKE V.O.

...Our thief here, and someone to create a
distraction.

Stoat crouches by a tent, makes a slit in it and enters.

GREY V.O.

Busty seductress distraction or fire and
noise distraction?

INT. PRISONER TENT. AMERICAN CAMP. DUSK.

Bruce sits bound and gagged in a chair, unable to move.
Blood leaks out of a bullet wound in his leg.

On a desk nearby are the test tubes.

Stoat slides quietly beneath the chair and starts cutting
the bonds. Bruce's eyes widen.

SHRIKE V.O.

Whichever you prefer. Thanks for volunteering.

EXT. AMERICAN CAMP. DUSK.

The night is getting darker.

An explosion on the far side of the camp lights up the night. For a second, STOAT and BRUCE are silhouetted as they run away from camp.

Several American soldier silhouettes can be seen as well. They fire their weapons.

Arrows zip across the field and take down two of the soldiers, but not before BRUCE is shot in the chest.

BRUCE
(muffled)
Agghh

He falls, rolling on his back. Blood oours from the wound.

Stoat tries to pull him up without success.

STOAT
(whispering)
Come on Bruce. We need to roll.

A soldier puts a rifle to STOAT's back.

AMERICAN SOLDIER
That's far enough. Unless you have a taste
for iron.

Stoat looks down at Bruce. And arrow passes by as he looks, but misses the soldier. Bruce grins, blood coming through his toothy grin.

Bruce pulls back a foot and kicks into the soldier's knee. The leg breaks with a bone protruding from it. The soldier screams and falls. Bruce grabs him in an embrace, covering his mouth and nose until the soldier is dead.

Bruce falls back, breathing heavy.

STOAT
Is that all you've got? I thought you were
invincible

BRUCE
(gurgling)
All right. Don't be bitchy.

Bruce gets up and does a lurching run.

EXT. SPRIUCE FOREST. NIGHT.

Bruce and Stoa make their way through the forest. Several Soldiers follow. 6Quill, behind an old stump fires two arrows and ducks down. They hit their mark.

Bruce makes it behind the stump and collapses.

BRUCE
(gurgling)
I can't

SHRIKE
You will get up soldier and you will keep going.

BRUCE
I'm sorry, top...(gurgle)...thought it was...
(gurgle)...

Shrike kneels down.

SHRIKE
Damn it, Bruce! Does every muscled brute have to go and get himself perforated for glories sake?

BRUCE
(bloodied grin)
Nope. Just me, baby. (gurgle) Just me.

Shrike nods and hands Bruce a knife. Bruce's shaking hands accept it.

Stoa rifles through Bruce's pack.

STOAT
Umm. Shrike. Small problem.

He holds up a broken test tube.

SHRIKE
Wonderful. Is the other one ok?

Stoat rummages again. He pulls out one intact test tube.

Shrike lets out an exhale of air.

Shots can be heard. Bullets whiz by.

BRUCE

Got your... (gurgle) ..back... (gurgle) ...Go!

Shrike, Ursa, 6Quill, Stoat, and Grey take off at a run.
Shrike carries Bruce's pack.

The forest is quiet for a moment. Bruce looks around,
admiring the trees and moss.

Two soldiers come around the stump and train their weapons
on Bruce.

BRUCE

Out for a nightly (gurgle) ...stroll, eh?
You fellas (gurgle)...seem like a cute couple.

EXT. SPRUCE FOREST. DUSK.

Shrike, 6Quill, Grey, Ursa and Stoat run through the
forest.

A gunshot is heard.

Shrike winces, then keeps running.

SHRIKE

Double time.

EXT. CAMP. NIGHT.

The 5 of them run into camp.

SHRIKE

Strike Camp. We leave immediately.

CASTOR

Where's Bruce.

GREY
(tears in his eyes)
He's isn't coming.

NET
Oh, gods. No...did he...

SHRIKE
(interrupting, holding back tears of his
own)
I said strike camp.

EXT. CAMP. NIGHT.

The camp is deserted. All but Bruce's giant crossbow that is planted in the ground like a burial cross.

EXT. SPRUCE FOREST. NIGHT.

8 shapes march through the night.

EXT. PRAIRIE RAVINE. DAY.

It rains. Lots. The 8 of them march through the ravine valley silently. Not a smile on any face.

EXT. PRAIRIE RAVINE CAMP. DUSK.

The rain pours down. There are makeshift rain shelters above each person as they sit. A pathetic fire flickers in the middle of them. No one speaks. No one smiles.

EXT. PRAIRIE RAVINE CAMP. DAY.

The rain has stopped, though things are still moist. A smokeless campfire is roaring with fresh hunted game cooking on it. All 8 huddle around it.

SHRIKE
I need your help. We have been here a
few days, and it's because I do not know what
step to take next.

Shrike draws a rectangle on the ground

SHRIKE

Here is Alberta.

Shrike draws a line bisecting it.

SHRIKE

And this is the border between Chinese controlled areas and Yank protected areas. My original idea was to just cut through one of the fences and slip into Chinese territory.

(sighing)

However, the Yanks now know what we have and what our plan is. They will be monitoring the fences for holes and track us after that. I don't especially want to be tracked, you see?

6QUILL

Couldn't we repair the fence on our way through?

NET

Won't work. There are sensors on the fences. A breach will be detected. Prior to Bruce's stupidity, they would have just assumed it was the Chinese coming through. Now they will assume it is us.

CASTOR

Can we trick the Chinese into cutting a hole for us? I mean they duke it out and we sneak through? Funny as hell.

GREY

What are we going to do, send them a message by carrier pigeon? "Dear Scumbag Invaders, please attack Weasely Protectors at earliest convenience...at these coordinates'

Castor cackles.

NET

Oh...oh...I may have an idea...hmm...

SHRIKE

Out with it.

NET

Shhh...just wait. It's not a fully birthed idea and I don't want it to evaporate.

(beat)

Ok. Well, what if we can get them to fight each other. And what if it's not a hole we cut in a fence, but somewhere they are already watching each other?

URSA

I don't follow

NET

(snapping her fingers)

The place....you know. Where they both have a regiment...

(more snapping)

...buildings...turrets...

Shrike taps his stick on the line.

SHRIKE

Red Deer River Outpost?

NET

Yes! That!

SHRIKE

And how do we start a fight there?
Seems pretty complex.

NET

Not at all. The auto-turrets are controlled via network command. They track enemy movements, but firing is on a command basis. Network requires wires. We simply tap into the wires leading to the outpost and I hack the system...provided I have the codes...and I do...

(rubbing hands together)

Then I fire up the old laptop and tell turret A to fire on enemy B. Enemy B is likely to fire back. We mop up and carry through.

6QUILL

And both the Chinese and Americans will think it was a skirmish and not suspect our passing at all.

Net nods.

SHRIKE

That, young miss, is a plan that makes me salivate.

CASTOR

Mmmmm...(drool noises)...deception...

Everyone laughs

STOAT

What were you before the war, Castor, a standup comedian?

CASTOR

Nah, an insurance adjuster. Just as funny.

Everyone laughs.

CASTOR

What? Insurance is funny. Sure. Laugh it up. 6Quill here was a ballet dancer. That's funnier.

6Quill rolls her eyes.

EXT. CUT LINE. DAY.

A few 'fee-bee' all clear bird calls are heard.

NET creeps out of the adjoining woods and down into the cut line where a thick cable runs along the cut line.

She squats down next to the cable and pulls out a knife. She begins to cut a hole in the cable.

Once there is a hole, she pulls out some wires.

A butterfly flies nearby and is skewered by an incoming arrow.

NET Yelps.

EXT. WOODS. DAY.

6Quill stands with her bow. Castor leans on a tree nearby.

CASTOR
Wait, was that a Chinese butterfly?

6QUILL
It had an ill look about it. Skulking even.

CASTOR
(laughing)
Sometimes I think you might have a sense of
humour.

EXT. CUT LINE. DAY.

NET flashes her middle finger to the woods

NET
(to herself)
Assholes.

She returns to the cable and pulls out a wire. She pulls out a gadget from her pack with an antenna on it. It also has a blinking red light. As NET attaches it to the wire, the light goes solid green.

NET
(to herself)
Ok, now let's tuck you into bed.

She puts the wire back in the cable and seals it up with electrical tape.

EXT. ASPEN FOREST. DAY.

STOAT, SHRIKE, CASTOR, GREY, and 6QUILL huddle around NET as she works on her laptop.

NET
And...we are connected.

The view screen sputters to life. It is seeing through the eyes of the turret with a crosshairs in the middle.

NET
(continuing)
So we can pan and zoom.

Net fiddles with the controls and the turret pans one direction and zooms in on a Chinese soldier.

NET
And then pressing this will fire.

SHRIKE
Fire.

Net hovers her fingers over the key, but hesitates.

NET
I...I can't.

SHRIKE
For the love of monkeys, Net. These people invaded our country.

NET
But this guy didn't. He's just some guy following orders.

SHRIKE
Do it for the mission. We need this.

NET
I know. I just can't.

Grey pushes her out of the way.

GREY
No worries. I can help out there. My hands are dirty already.

He pushes the button.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. CHINESE SIDE. DAY.

Chinese soldiers man the outpost. Several large trucks and tanks sit nearby. Soldiers patrol to the left and right of the outpost while several sit in the command booth of the outpost itself.

A shot is heard.

One of the soldiers falls. A hole perforating his helmet and head.

The other soldiers snap to attention immediately, putting their rifles at the ready.

CHINESE SOLDIER 1
[Angry shouting]

CHINESE SOLDIER 2
[Angry shouting]

EXT. ASPEN FOREST. DAY.

Grey, Castor, and Shrike laugh.

Net covers her mouth in horror.

GREY
How do I pan?

NET
(reluctantly)
The arrow keys

Grey fiddles with the controls. Another soldier comes into view.

GREY
Hello, handsome.

He presses a key.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. CHINESE SIDE. DAY.

Another shot is heard.

Another soldier falls.

CHINESE SOLDIER 2
[Angry shouting]

He picks up his radio and shouts further into it.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. DAY.

Chain link topped with razor wire extends left and right as far as the eyes can see. Soldiers patrol each side of the command station. Inside the station, several work.

INT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. COMMAND STATION. DAY.

STATION COMMANDER
What the fuck. Why are our turrets firing?
Get someone on that, asap.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #1
Sir.

He picks up his radio.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #1
(into radio)
Check turret 1. Stat. Cut power if need be.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. DAY.

An American soldier approaches the turret. As he does so it fires again.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #2
Looks like a malfunction. I am cutting pow...

A shot is heard. The soldier is shot through the rib cage.
He falls.

EXT. ASPEN FOREST. DAY.

GREY

I could do this all day.

SHRIKE

There is return fire now, no more on the
turret. We don't want to do all the work for
the Americans.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. CHINESE SIDE. DAY.

The Chinese soldiers are hunkered down, firing their guns
across the divide furiously.

INT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. COMMAND
STATION. DAY.

A bullet cracks the glass on the command station. Many
muzzle fires can be seen across the divide.

STATION COMMANDER

Fuck. That's a go for weapons hot.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #1

(into radio)

Weapons hot. Return fire granted.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. DAY.

Several soldiers on the left side pile behind a bunker
firing their machine guns at the Chinese side.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #3.

Fuck yeah! Enough of this waiting and
watching bullshit.

The soldier beside him takes a bullet to the face.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. CHINESE SIDE. DAY.

Chinese soldier's fire. Several are gunned down.

INT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. COMMAND
STATION. DAY.

Battle rages outside. Several cracks are in the command
station window.

STATION COMMANDER
This is no time for fucking around. Call
the birds.

The communication soldier nods.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #1
[into Radio]
This is Tango Foxtrot 2 Alpha Niner. The
nest is hot, drop the egg. I repeat, the
nest is hot. Drop the egg.

EXT. ASPEN FOREST. DAY.

They are still huddle around the lap top.

The sound of a jet can be heard.

SHRIKE
Shit.

Beat.

SHRIKE
Shit! Pack it up! We have to be on the run.

6QUILL
Shrike?

SHRIKE
They called in an air strike. It means the
Chinese side will be wiped out. The Americans...
not as wiped out. We need to go right fucking
now if we are going to make it through before
it becomes a cluster fuck. On the double.

6Quill nods. Everyone packs up quickly.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. CHINESE SIDE. DAY.

A rocket races towards the Chinese outpost.

The outpost is engulfed in fire.

INT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. COMMAND STATION. DAY.

The glass has a hole right in it. The commander is slumped over his chair dead.

The Chinese outpost can be seen on fire. Several Chinese soldiers on the other side are running while on fire. They soon collapse.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #1
This is Tango Foxtrot 2 Alpha Niner. The
nest is cozy. Unknown if any hostiles inbound.

EXT. ASPEN FOREST. DAY.

Shrike and company run through the forest.

Shrike has his hockey stick out. It has a skate blade attached to the stick.

6Quill has her bow at the ready.

SHRIKE
(out of breath)
Grab guns where you can. No more need to
avoid them.

6QUILL
I will stick with this

INT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. COMMAND STATION. DAY.

RADIO
(squelchy)
Backup squad en route. E.T.A. 20 minutes.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #1
Roger that.

EXT. ASPEN FOREST. DAY.

Shrike and company still at a run.

SHRIKE
Net, Stocat, gather supplies while we take
them out. Ursa, Wraith take the left. Quill
covering. The rest with me.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. RIGHT SIDE.
DAY.

Two soldiers go down with arrows in their throats as
Castor, Shrike, and Grey break the tree line.

Another soldier goes down as Shrike uses his hockey stick
like a bo staff. He hits, hits again, and on the third hit
slashes with the skate blade to cut down the soldier.

Castor throws a knife to take down a forth soldier.

The remaining soldier takes cover behind a sand bag bunker
firing with his machine gun.

Castor, Grey, and Shrike dive behind a boulder.

SHRIKE
Might be a problem..

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. LEFT SIDE. DAY.

Three soldiers have their attention drawn by the sound of
gunfire on the right.

One is taken down with an arrow.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #4
Hey..

He is interrupted by a giant knife coming out of his torso from the back. He drops revealing Wraith behind him.

The third soldier turns to wraith and has his throat cut by Ursa who come in close behind him.

Wraith looks left and right, then whistles the 'fee-bee' all clear bird call.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. OUTSIDE COMMAND STATION. DAY.

Net and Stoa rummage through bodies and debris for supplies.

NET

I'll check the station. It looks abandoned.

Stoa nods.

Net heads into the station.

Stoa rummages the closest soldier.

A shot is heard from the station.

Stoa freezes.

INT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. COMMAND STATION. DAY.

Net looks down at a bullet wound in her leg. She breathes heavily and turns around.

The American soldier punches her.

She hits the ground, blood coming from her mouth.

The soldier pulls her up by her hair, whispering in her ear.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #1

You and I are going to walk out of her. Ok by you?

She nods.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. OUTSIDE COMMAND STATION. DAY.

Stoat sits with his back against the wall of the station. He has a pistol out that he had taken from a soldier.

STOAT
(to himself, whispering)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
(shaking)
You have to help her!
(beat)
I can't...I just can't. How can I?

There is a brief scream from the cabin.

Stoat's eyes go wide.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. RIGHT SIDE. DAY.

Shrike, Castor, and Grey are cowered down behind the boulder. The soldier is relentless in pinning them down with machine gun fire.

CASTOR
This isn't funny one bit.

SHRIKE
Any ideas?

Grey raises an eyebrow. He takes out two of his small bombs and lights them. He sneaks to the side of the boulder and fires two at the sand bags with his slingshot.

Grey holds up one finger and mouths the word 'one'. He holds up two fingers and mouths the word 'two'. Then he puts his fingers in his ears. So do Castor and Shrike.

BOOM.

The sand bags blow everywhere. The soldier stands disoriented. A thrown knife catches him in the eye.

Castor smiles.

GREY

No bunker. No cover. No glory.

INT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. COMMAND
STATION. DAY.

The soldier yanks on her hair again.

AMERICAN SOLDIER #1

(whispering in her ear)

No screaming. No sounds. We just leave. Do
you fucking understand?

Net nods.

Behind the soldier, Stoa raises up with the gun in his
hand.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. RIGHT SIDE.
DAY.

Shrike, Castor, and Grey make their way towards the station
as it is lit up by light and the sound of a gunshot is
heard.

They break into a run.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. LEFT SIDE. DAY.

Wraith and Ursa are standing close facing one another,
looking into each other's eyes as they shot rings out.

Ursa steps back.

URSA

Fuck. Stoa!

They take off in a run.

INT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. AMERICAN SIDE. COMMAND
STATION. DAY.

Shrike bursts into the command station. Castor and Grey are
close behind.

Stoat is holding a smoking pistol, his hands shaking. Net
is in the corner, knees to her chest, bleeding from one
leg. The soldier is on the ground twitching, a bullet wound
to his head.

STOAT
(stammering)
I had to. He was going to...

Shrike takes the gun from him gently.

SHRIKE
I know son. You did good.

Stoat has tears in his eyes.

STOAT
I have just never killed anyone.

The soldier is still twitching around on the floor.

CASTOR
(laughing)
It's like he's horizontal river-dancing.

Ursa and Wraith enter. Ursa hugs Stoat tightly.

SHRIKE
Sometimes it is a thing that needs doing.
(to Castor)
Finish him off though.
(to Grey)
Check on Net. Tend to her.

Castor slips a knife into the soldier's head and he goes
limp. She pulls her blade out and wipes it clean on the
soldier's uniform.

Grey looks at Nets leg. She is quiet.

GREY
It's a through and through.

SHRIKE
Net, are you ok?

She shakes her head 'no'.

SHRIKE
It's ok. You don't have to talk. We need
to bandage you quickly.

The radio on the ground by the soldier sputters to life.

RADIO
(squelchy)
E.T.A 5 minutes. In bound on your location.

SHRIKE
Make that very quickly. Gather weapons and
supplies quickly. We need to be ghosts, ASAP.

Grey starts to bandage Net's leg.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

China and USA are standing, looking away from each other.
Canada sneaks between them, punches each of them in the
back simultaneously and ducks down.

STOAT V.O.
Yeah, it was like that. Ballsy and stuff,
but it worked.

The USA and China turn to face each other. Both are
rageful. They start throwing punches and are soon on the
ground in a full on fight.

Canada stands nearby and winks to the crowd. The other
countries/kids laugh.

STOAT V.O.
It was glorious.

EXT. RED DEER RIVER OUTPOST. CHINESE SIDE. DAY.

Shrike and company hustle through the Chinese side. It is still mostly burning.

Many soldiers are on the ground with faces melted from the burn.

As they run through, one soldier feebly raises his weapon slightly and fires.

Castor gets hit in the stomach. She screams and falls over.

SHRIKE

No!

He reaches to pick her up. 6Quill fires an arrow and ends the soldier.

Shrike has Castor's arm around his shoulder as she is limping along, blood pouring from her belly.

STOAT

(pointing to a Humvee)

Shrike. Let's take it. She needs to be off her feet.

Shrike nods and they run for the Humvee.

In the background, 6Quill retrieves her arrow.

INT. HUMVEE. CAB. DAY.

Grey turns the key and it hums to life.

INT. HUMVEE. BACK. DAY.

Castor lies in the back of the Humvee. Ursa has the med kit and is looking over her stomach wound. Shrike is kneeled beside her.

CASTOR

Did you see...did you see his melty face?

Blood spittles out of her mouth as she talks.

SHRIKE

You shush now. No talking. Ursa is looking after you.

CASTOR

Guy looked like borscht. I got killed by a guy that looked like borscht...

More blood spittle.

Shrike looks up at Ursa. She shakes her head.

SHRIKE

Look. It's going to be ok...

CASTOR

It's funny as hell...

She grins a toothy and blood filled grin. And then she dies.

Ursa covers her mouth and turns away.

Shrike turns and hits the wall of the Humvee with his fist. A tear leaks down his cheek.

SHRIKE

Castor...no....

EXT. DESERTED FARMHOUSE. DAY.

The Humvee pulls into the long driveway of a deserted farmhouse.

EXT. DESERTED FARMHOUSE. BACKYARD. DAY.

Grey, Wraith, Ursa, and Stoat shovel dirt into a partially filled hole. Parts of Castor's body can be seen in the hole.

Net watches shell-shocked. 6Quill looks off into the distance.

Shrike holds a rubber chicken key chain. A tear flows down his cheek.

EXT. DESERTED FARMHOUSE. BACKYARD. DAY.

The grave is filled in with a makeshift marker at the head of it. Everyone gathers around the sides of it, with Shrike at the head.

SHRIKE

She would hate this. Mourning was not who she was. She would want us to laugh and find the hilarious in the moment. I cannot though. I have lost a good friend, a good soldier, a person that gifted everyone with smiles. My smiles seem used up at the moment. I could really use one of those she handed out.

(beat)

She does remind me of a poem though:

The Crescent Smile

*Never she walked in tameness, quite absurd
With howls and braying moons are heard
Serious and dour are shreds and tatters
Concrete moulds of propriety shatters
She, in the darkness, leaves for wilds
Leaving abyss where once was smiles
And from the trees a haunting laughter
Which, in my soul, it echoes after*

Several nod silently at the end of the poem.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

A fire burns in the fireplace.

Everyone eats their meals in quiet.

GREY

So...are we going through Edmonton...or around?

SHRIKE

We can't bloody go through. Too many Chinese.
Stupid question.

GREY

I just had to say something. They silence
was killing me.

SHRIKE

Maybe it should be silent.

STOAT

She wouldn't want that, though. She would
want us to laugh and remember the good times.

SHRIKE

A lot of good that would do.

URSA

And what good is this doing us? We are
Canadians and we are fighting for Canada.
She was one aspect of us. So many funny
people are Canadians. So many famous ones.

6QUILL

There seem to be lots of funny Americans
too.

URSA

True, but they are ten times bigger than us,
and we have just as many famous comedians.
Actors and Musicians too. That means we have
ten times as much funny in our veins. Ten
times as much art. Ten times as much spirit.
We may not come back from this mission. Castor
isn't. But that just means even more that our
ten times spirit should not diminish.

Shrike smiles

SHRIKE

I suppose you are right. Did I ever tell
you about the time Castor took a bottle of hot
sauce and Sparrowhawks thong?

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

The windows glow. Laughter is heard.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Stoat sleeps soundly at the edge of the hearth.

Wraith and Ursa sleep close together.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

Canada stands in front of a brick wall. All the other children/countries sit in an audience in the playground.

CANADA

And what's the deal with wedgies?

A murmur of laughter in the crowd.

CANADA

Every day, China reaches down my backside and yanks up my undies. Have you been there?

A few clap in the audience.

CANADA

Denmark, you don't count. You like that shit.

Laughter in the audience.

CANADA

(continuing)

So you know what I did? Cause I got tired of China putting a letter in my mailbox so to speak. I stopped wearing underwear.

(pause)

Ya, I did. Next day China reaches right in there.

(Thrusting hand downwards)

And got a full helping of ass.

The audience is in hysterics.

CANADA

I didn't say a word. Just handed him a bottle of hand sanitizer.

China stands up, outraged.

CHINA
[Angry speech]

CANADA
What? Dude it was taco night. It was the
least I could do for you.

The audience roars in laughter.

CHINA
[Angry Speech]

Canada furrows it's brow.

CANADA
I don't understand what you are saying.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. DAY.

Stoat is still asleep in the farmhouse. The rest are awake
but lying down.

CHINESE SOLDIER O.S.
[Angry speech through megaphone]

STOAT
(still asleep)
I don't understand.

Wraith puts a hand over Stoat's mouth. Stoat wakes up. Eyes
wide.

Shrike puts a finger to his lips. He points to Wraith and
emphatically points to the back door. Then he crawls to the
side of the cabin by the front door, but the side of the
door that the door opens against.

CHINESE SOLDIER O.S.
[Angry speech through megaphone]

Wraith moves to the back door. He opens it quietly.

Motion is heard on the front porch.

Then knocking on the door.

CHINESE SOLDIER AT DOOR #1 O.S.
[Whispered speech]

CHINESE SOLDIER AT DOOR #2 O.S.
[Whispered speech]

The door handle starts to move. Shrike raises his rifle and aims at the door.

The door opens a crack.

Shrike fires.

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. PORCH. DAY.

The Chinese soldier opening the door, a bullet travels right through his head. Splinters fly from where the bullet escaped the wooden door.

The soldier falls.

CHINESE SOLDIER AT DOOR #2
[Angry speech]

The second Chinese soldier stumbles backwards away from the cabin.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. DAY.

CHINESE SOLDIER O.S.
[Angry speech through megaphone]

Shrike motions for everyone to get down.

Machine gun fire is heard. Windows shatter with gun fire. Bullets fly right through the walls of the cabin above everyone.

Everyone cowers on the ground as bullets zip everywhere.

The bullets stop.

CHINESE SOLDIER O.S.
[Angry speech through megaphone]

STOAT
(whispering)
Man, these Red Deer Jehovah Witnesses
are fucking hard core.

Everyone stares at stoat.

Beat.

Laughter.

The door opens slightly again. 6QUILL raises and fires a shot.

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. DAY.

Another Chinese soldier stumbles away from the farmhouse with an arrow in his neck. He stumbles again and falls in the dirt.

Farther back, 2 Chinese soldiers stand behind open doors of a jeep. Both have machine guns. One has a megaphone.

Crouched behind the jeep is Wraith.

The soldiers open fire.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. DAY.

Bullets fly everywhere.

Some are still laughing.

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. DAY.

As the soldiers are firing, Wraith sneaks up behind one of them and snaps his neck.

The Chinese soldier slumps to the ground. The second soldier is oblivious. He continues firing.

Wraith picks up the first soldiers' gun, turns to the second one and fires one shot through his head.

Wraith makes the 'fee-bee' all clear bird call.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. DAY.

'fee-bee' call is heard.

Shrike stands up and dusts himself off.

SHRIKE
Well, who wants breakfast?

INT. HUMVEE. CAB. DAY.

Shrike drives. Grim look on his face. 6Quill is in shotgun position.

INT. HUMVEE. BACK. DAY.

Grey, Wraith, Ursa, Stout, and Net sit in the back.

STOUT
(to Grey)
That was crazy this morning. You guys are bad ass. If all our soldiers were like you guys, we never would have been invaded.

GREY
It wouldn't have mattered.

STOUT
How do you figure.

NET
It's because of our population in relation to our land mass. We are one of the largest countries but have a small population.

GREY
Yeah, we are kind of like a dwarf sitting on a giant pile of gold. No matter how bad ass the dwarf is, he just cannot protect all that gold.

NET

That's why we are better diplomats and
peace keepers.

STOUT

You call that peace keeping this morning?

GREY

(smiling)

Vigorous peace keeping

NET

You become friends with other countries. You
become a force of peace and good in the world.
When you have troubles those countries come to
your aid.

URSA

Ya? How did that work for us?

NET

True, but generally the dwarf on the gold
needs friends to help defend. It's a good
strategy for him.

Stoat nods.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

Canada hands a candy to a Mexico.

CANADA

Looking good, Mexico. Is that a new hairdo?

Mexico blushes.

MEXICO

Thanks Canada

Canada hands a candy to France

CANADA

Very suave today, France

FRANCE

Merci! Oui!

EXT. ROADBLOCK. DAY.

A Chinese soldier stands at attention behind a roadblock made of a wooden arm that is down.

The Humvee approaches in the background.

INT. HUMVEE. DAY.

The roadblock comes closer

6QUILL
Roadblock.

SHRIKE
I got it.

EXT. ROADBLOCK. DAY.

The Humvee plows through the roadblock at full speed, exploding the road block arm and mowing down the soldier.

INT. HUMVEE. CAB. DAY.

6Quill laughs.

SHRIKE
(smiling)
Don't sweat the small stuff.

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY.

A group of Chinese soldiers stand near their jeep. One is filling it up from the station.

One sets his tablet on the jeep, blaring music. The last stands at attention with his rifle.

EXT. GAS STATION. WOODS. DAY.

6QUILL stands with her bow, tracking movements of the soldiers.

6QUILL

Just a little to the left for me...

SHRIKE is next to her with his rifle trained on the soldiers as well

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY.

The soldier at attention takes an arrow to the chest. He tries to grasp at it and falls.

The soldier with the tablet, reaches for his weapon. A shot rings out. Straight through his heart. He falls.

The last soldier looks up from filling. An arrow hits him in the head. He falls, still clutching the gas nozzle. It spills a little gas on the ground.

Silence.

Silence.

The Humvee pulls up. The breaks squeal as it stops.

Grey jumps out of the driver's side. Ursa jumps out of the passenger door. Stoat, Net, and Wraith hop out of the back.

GREY

Stoat. Fill us up. The jeep too. Shrike wants us on the road ASAP.

Shrike and 6Quill run up.

Shrike, Grey, and Ursa head into the store.

Wraith opens the flap on the back of the jeep.

Two RPGs sit under the flap.

Wraith whistles to himself.

INT. GAS STATION. DAY.

Shrike, Grey, and Ursa enter the gas station; guns held at attention, looking for movement.

Behind the counter, a middle-aged Canadian man stands with his hands up.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Did you take them all out?

SHRIKE
That's right. What are you doing here?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
They make me man this station to refuel their troops. It's the only operational stop between Edmonton and Fort Mac.

Shrike lowers his weapon. Ursa and Grey follow his lead.

SHRIKE
Do you mind if we fill up?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Are you yanks?

SHRIKE
Canadians all the way.

The gas station attendant furrows his brow.

SHRIKE
Beavers and Bacon and Beer. And the only people that say 'Eh' are idiot yanks who have never been here.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Then take your fill. Take some food as well. Hell, take anything you like. There is beer and bacon, but we are all out of beaver.

Shrike squints his eyes.

SHRIKE
(to Ursa and Grey)

You heard the man. Load up.
 (noticing camp stove)
Bring the camp stove as well. And fuel
 (to the Attendant)
Thanks. You're a good man.

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY.

A Humvee and a jeep pull away from the gas station.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DUSK.

The Humvee and jeep pull off the highway onto a secondary road.

EXT. SPRUCE CLEARING CAMPSITE. DUSK.

The Humvee and Jeep sit at opposite sides of the camp.
Stoat, Grey, Net, Shrike, and 6Quill set up camp.

Stoat rifles through his pack. He spies the remaining test tube. Safe.

Wraith comes out of the woods from the north. Soon after Ursa comes from the south.

WRAITH

All clear for at least 6 km my direction,
Boss man.

URSA

The same to the south, Shrike. Looks like we
are good and lonely here.

SHRIKE

Ok people. We have solitude. Still, voices at
half volume at most. And no fires. We are too
close to our goal and could be spotted. We do
have this cook stove and a bounty of goods to
eat. So, eat up. Tomorrow is the big day.

EXT. SPRUCE CLEARING CAMPSITE. NIGHT.

The crew huddles around the small heat the cook stove gives off and eat the bounty of beef jerky, hot dogs, bacon, chips, and beer.

Ursa and Wraith sit close together, not at all hiding that they are a couple.

6QUILL

Me? Well, after a perfect performance maybe a painless aneurism. That is how I would like to go.

NET

Really?

6QUILL

Then I will have achieved perfection in my life. Anything past that will just be disappointing.

NET

And you, Grey? How would you like to buy it?

Grey shifts nervously.

GREY

I would rather not say. It feels too morbid. It feels like if I say it, it is more likely to happen.

NET

Okay...okay...understood.

STOAT

And what about you, Annette?

NET

Oh well, the how is not super important. The when is though. When is years and years from what we do tomorrow.

Everyone laughs.

URSA

Speaking of tomorrow. Do we have a plan? I Mean nearly the whole Chinese army is protecting that place. How are we going to

get in?

SHRIKE

Oh, I have a plan.

Beat.

URSA

Care to share?

SHRIKE

We need a diversion. A big one. So I was thinking about Net's plan back at the Red Deer Outpost.

NET

And?

SHRIKE

It's simple really. Elegant and simple. We email the Americans. We tell them we are letting the virus loose tomorrow.

GREY

Holy shit. They will be the diversion. They will come up here in force and attack.

SHRIKE

And then Net helps us slip past security and we deploy the stuff. It needs as wide of a dispersal as we can get. Any ideas on that.

Stoat shoots a look at Ursa and Wraith. And then at Net.

STOUT

I do have a plan there. Just get me in and I will take care of that.

SHRIKE

Done.

Everyone is suddenly silent. The hiss of the propane container can be heard.

URSA

Alright, since we are saving our countries ass tomorrow, I think we should each say what

we love about Canada. What makes us proud?

GREY

I like the shit we've invented over the years. Stuff the Americans like to think they invented. Hockey, Basketball, Superman, Imax, etc.

NET

Those are good. I like that we were champions of the environment. Our parks. Our blue lakes. Our rocky mountains. Our moose. Our grizzlies.

STOAT

Cool. I like that we are scrappy enough to win against two huge superpower type countries.

SHRIKE

I thought you had no pride in your country.

STOAT

(shrugging)

Changed my mind.

Shrike raises a beer in salute to Stoa.

6QUILL

Wraith, how about you. You are the quiet type. What do you like about Canada?

Wraith sits looking at Ursa. It is clear he hasn't hear the question.

6QUILL

Hello, Wraith?

Everyone laughs.

WRAITH

(snapping out of it)

Wait. What? What did you ask?

6QUILL

We asked what you liked about Canada. You answered - in a way.

Everyone laughs, except for Wraith. Wraith blushes.

EXT. SPRUCE CLEARING CAMPSITE. SECONDARY CLEARING. NIGHT.

It is very dark out. Stoat is setting up his sleeping bag in a clearing beside the main clearing.

A silhouetted figure approaches.

NET

Stoat. Is that you?

STOAT

Yes.

NET

It's tough to make out who is who right now.

Net sits down cross-legged on his laid out sleeping bag. She has her own sleeping bag in her arms.

NET

Hey. Listen. I never thanked you...

STOAT

For what?

NET

At Red Deer Outpost. You saved my life.

STOAT

That's what any of them would have.

NET

But I know it was hard for you. You aren't a soldier like they are. You don't kill.

STOAT

I...I had to.

NET
Well. Thank you.

Net leans in and kisses him. A friendly kiss.

Stoat kisses back. The kisses become less friendly and most lustful.

Net pulls back.

NET
Whew. That was...uhh...wow. Ok.

Net looks away and sighs for a second.

NET
Can I set up here too? I mean, I am already here and it's cold out.

Stoat kisses her

STOAT
Good idea. I think. Smart.

Net kisses back. She pulls back from kissing for a moment to talk.

NET
Smart? Yah? Ya think so?

They kiss while muffled laughing.

EXT. SPRUCE CLEARING CAMPSITE. SECONDARY CLEARING. DAY.

Net and Stoat lay tangled together under their joint sleeping bag. Net's head rests on Stoats chest.

STOAT V.O.
I know what I must do. I have known for days. This puts a wrinkle in my nice ironed plan. What I want and what I must do are now at odds. Fuck...what do I...

Shrike enters.

SHRIKE
(interrupting)
Time for waking.

Net wakes with a start, sees Shrike and hides her face.

SHRIKE
At ease. I am not here to judge. We may
all die today. So I approve. Seize the day,
right? Or in this case seize each other.
(to Stoat)
Is it safe?

STOAT
(nodding)
Yes sir. It is.

SHRIKE
Good. We roll out in 10.

EXT. SPRUCE CLEARING CAMPSITE. DAY.

The Humvee and the Jeep roll out of camp, all packed and
loaded up.

EXT. SPRUCE CLEARING CAMPSITE. SECONDARY CLEARING. DAY.

On the ground, near where Stoat and Net slept, lays an
empty test tube.

EXT. HIGHWAY. SIDE OF HIGHWAY. DAY.

Shrike and Ursa and 6Quill are on their bellies at the
crest of a hill looking through binoculars.

Through their binoculars you can see a fortified outpost.
Many soldiers. Humvees and Jeeps. And a helicopter runs a
patrol around it.

SHRIKE
Well that puts a wrench in it, doesn't
it? Can we go around?

URSA

No sir. One side is river and the other
is patrolled. This is our best spot, sadly.

The three wriggle back on their bellies. Once past the
hilltop they join the others.

SHRIKE

Well, what do we have?

GREY

Well, those two RPG launchers, though only
one is functional. The other we would have
to ram it into the target manually.

SHRIKE

And?

URSA

7 M16s. 5 side arms.

6QUILL

My bow, your hockey stick, rocks, sticks...

SHRIKE

Ok...ok...got it. Hmmm. Grey, can you rig a
Humvee to drive straight on it's own?

GREY

I think so.

SHRIKE

Ok. Here's the plan.

Everyone leans in close.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

The jeep speeds down the highway towards the Chinese
outpost with Shrike at the wheel.

INT. CHINESE OUTPOST. COMMAND CENTER. DAY.

The jeep approaches in the distance.

CHINESE COMMANDER
[ANGRY YELLING INTO RADIO]

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

The helicopter turns towards the jeep and starts towards it.

The jeep slams its brakes and turns around.

SHRIKE
(looking behind himself)
That's it, baby. Follow me.

EXT. HIGHWAY. SIDE OF HIGHWAY. DAY.

Ursa scrambles up a tree. She steadies herself on a branch.
Wraith sits below with an RPG

URSA
(to herself)
Fuck this is uncomfortable.
(to Wraith)
Ok, pass it up.

He passes up the RPG.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

The jeep speeds away. The helicopter follows.

SHRIKE
Come on. Come on.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY.

The Chinese pilot points at the jeep

CHINESE PILOT
(to Chinese Co-Pilot)
[Unknown Joke]

Both pilot and co-pilot laugh.

INT. JEEP. DAY.

SHRIKE
(to himself)
Any time now, Ursa

EXT. HIGHWAY. SIDE OF HIGHWAY. DAY.

Ursa spots the Helicopter in her sights.

URSA
Bingo.

She pulls the trigger and a rocket fires from the RPG.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY.

The Copilot points to incoming rocket.

CHINESE COPILOT
[Surprised Speech]

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

Helicopter explodes as the rocket hits it.

INT. JEEP. DAY.

Shrike laughs as the chopper falls to the ground behind him.

INT. CHINESE OUTPOST. COMMAND CENTER. DAY.

The helicopters charred remains burn on the road.

CHINESE COMMANDER
(to himself)
[Confused Speech]
(into the radio)
[Angry speech]

EXT. HIGHWAY. SIDE OF HIGHWAY. DAY.

Stoat duct tapes the second RPG to the hood of the Humvee.

STOAT

Are you sure this is going to work?

GREY

80% sure. If it doesn't it will be sure
to confuse the hell out of them.

STOAT

So we make sure it is on course, set the
wheel and dive out?

GREY

That's Shrikes plan.

STOAT

(taking a heavy breath in)
Ok. Ok. I can do this.

INT. HUMVEE. DAY.

Grey enters the driver's side. Stoat enters the passenger's
side.

Grey grabs the steering wheel and takes a long breath out.
He closes his eyes for a moment.

STOAT

You ok?

GREY

(recovering)
Yup. A-Ok. Hey, you remember when we were
discussing how we wanted to exit this world?

Stoat nods

GREY

(continuing)
I didn't want to say. You see I am from the
north here. The Chinese took my wife's life
from me. They took the life of my daughter.

They took everything I had. The only pleasure I have left in life is making things go boom and killing the Chinese. I want to do the most of that I can.

STOAT
That's kind of morbid, man. We have this big boom strapped to the...

GREY
(interrupting)
Can you open your door for a second?

STOAT
Sure.

Stoat opens his door.

Grey shoved him out. Then he guns it.

EXT. HIGHWAY. SIDE OF HIGHWAY. DAY.

Stoat gets up after being shoved out of the Humvee.

The Humvee speeds off.

STOAT
(shouting)
Grey! What are you doing?

INT. HUMVEE. DAY.

The Humvee speeds towards the outpost.

Grey grins.

GREY
I've got the boom, love. I've got the biggest boom you've ever seen.

INT. CHINESE OUTPOST. COMMAND CENTER. DAY.

The Humvee approaches insanely fast

CHINESE COMMANDER
(into Radio)
[Abrupt Angry Speech]

EXT. CHINESE. OUTPOST. DAY.

The soldiers fire aggressively on the Humvee.

INT. HUMVEE. DAY.

Bullets crack the windshield, but Grey drives on.

GREY
I'm coming home love. I'm coming home.
Keep the porch light on for me.

A bullet pierces the windshield and through his shoulder.
Blood flies up. Grey winces, but he drives on.

He intakes breath audibly as he is about to hit the
outpost.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

The Humvee explodes on contact with the outpost. Soldiers
and Humvee pieces and chunks of outpost fly everywhere.

EXT. HIGHWAY. SIDE OF HIGHWAY. DAY.

Shrike pulls the jeep up in a screeching halt.

Wraith, Net, and Ursa emerge from the forest and pop out
next to Stoa.

SHRIKE
(to himself)
Damned fool!
(to everyone else)
Get in quick. 6Quill is now up there all
by herself.

They pile in the jeep and it roars off.

EXT. CHINESE OUTPOST. DAY.

Five or six soldiers remain among the fiery ruins. They look this way and that for threats.

An arrow takes one down.

The rest look around in confusion.

CHINESE OUTPOST SOLDIER #1
[Angry Speech]

He is hit with an arrow through the head as he speaks. He falls to the ground.

The other soldiers look left and right for the source of the arrows. The jeep approaches.

A third soldier is taken down by an arrow.

CHINESE OUTPOST SOLDIER #2
(motioning to the jeep)
[Angry Speech]

He is shot by Ursa with the rifle in the jeep.

INT. JEEP. DAY.

Wraith raises a pistol and fires. Another Chinese soldier is down.

EXT. CHINESE OUTPOST. DAY.

The remaining soldier turns and runs.

He nearly makes it to a jeep when an arrow takes him in the leg.

Shrike's jeep halts right beside him.

Shrike exits the jeep and quickly puts his boot on the soldiers back.

He raises his rifle to the soldiers head.

SHRIKE

You picked the wrong day to be a shit
bag invader.

He pulls the trigger. Bang.

6Quill calmly walks out of the forest, collecting her
arrows as she walks.

6QUILL

What's with the last minute charge?

SHRIKE

Grey blew himself up there. You were alone.

6QUILL

I had this.

SHRIKE

I can see that. But what if you didn't.

6QUILL

I had this.

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

Shrike, 6Quill, Ursa, Wraith, Net, and Stoat run through
the woods until they spy the oil sands complex.

They stop, out of breath.

Sounds of strike planes, machine guns, explosions, etc is
rampant. The American attack has come as planned.

SHRIKE

Ok Net. We knew we needed a tech to breach
this place. Do you mind telling me how you
are going to get us in?

Net digs out a metallic thing from her backpack as well as
a coil of thick wire.

NET

Sure thing

(to Wraith)
Can you get this as far up a tree as you
can?

Wraith nods and takes the metallic object as far up the
tree as possible.

NET
Before I get you in, you see, I have to
get something out. I have had this plan
since before we left the gathering. I even
borrowed a few backdoor passwords from ex
Oil and Gas coders to do it.

SHRIKE
Well miss, I am waiting here with baited
breath. Please do tell.

Wraith shimmies down the tree and gives Net a thumbs up.

Net flips open her lap top.

NET
Well, a few years back a certain oil and
gas company.
(pointing to the building)
This oil and gas company, in fact.
Replaced their giant Heavy Hauler trucks,
the biggest trucks in the world, with the
automated kind. They were bastards for
laying off the drivers, but it does give
us an advantage.

SHRIKE
How...exactly?

NET
Think about it. These things are
unstoppable juggernaut tanks, and they are
completely hackable. And you happened to
bring Canada's self-proclaimed top hacker
with you.

Net types a few keystrokes, fiddles with her laptop track
pad, types a bit more.

URSA

So you are bringing one of those things
out?

6QUILL

It's certainly a good way to breach that
fencing safely.

Net types more.

NET

And...we are in. Dispatching rig off pad 9
now.

EXT. HEAVY HAULER PAD 9. DAY.

Klaxons sound as the heavy hauler engine starts up. Warning
lights flash around it.

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

Net cracks her knuckles.

NET

Does anyone want to watch me drive the
world's biggest truck?

Smiles all around.

NET

(to herself)

Ok then.

Net presses a key and the screen changes to the trucks
view.

She presses more keys and the truck moves forward. Then it
turns. Then forward again.

On the view screen in front of the truck, you can see a
battle raging.

INT. HEAVY HAULER CAB. DAY.

The cab is empty. The truck rolls through the battlefield.

Americans fight the Chinese everywhere. Soldiers, Humvees, tanks, explosions. The battle rages.

The truck rolls forward at full speed.

It mows down a group of American soldiers with a crunching noise.

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

Net winces as she looks at the view screen.

NET

Sorry. First day driving one of these.

She continues to drive it forward, correcting as she goes. The fence appears on the view screen.

Shrike grabs Wraith by the shoulder.

SHRIKE

When that thing comes through the fence,
you and Ursa cover 6Quill and Stoa and I
as we run to it.

WRAITH

What?

URSA

We need to come with you.

SHRIKE

Negative.

On the view screen, the heavy hauler approaches the fence.

SHRIKE

(continuing)

Our mission was one tech to get us in, one
thief to deploy the goo and 7 badass chaperones.
We are down to 4 badass chaperones and we need
to protect 2 targets. One of those targets

needs to stay here to operate that thing.

URSA

But I need to protect Stoat. He's my brother.

SHRIKE

No. I need you here. You and Wraith are my stealthy fucking forest ninjas. I need you in the forest protecting Net.

STOAT

Sis. I will be fine.

Tears well up in Ursa's eyes.

The Heavy Hauler crashes through the fencing.

Ursa gives Stoat a big solid hug.

Shrike then breaks up the hug.

SHRIKE

We need to go. Now!

Stoat nods.

They take off at a run towards the heavy hauler.

Ursa leaks a few tears as she picks up her M16 to cover them. Wraith is already prepped for covering.

Soldiers approach where they are running. Ursa opens fire. Tears and bullets flowing.

EXT. NEAR BROKEN FENCING. OIL SANDS SITE. DAY.

The heavy hauler sits in the void it made after crashing through the fence.

Shrike and 6Quill flank Stoat as they run for the truck.

American Soldiers approach from the left and are immediately perforated by a stream of bullets.

Stoat yelps.

SHRIKE

Keep going. Don't look back.

Soldiers try to flank from the right and are gunned down.

They keep running until they reach the truck. Shrike reaches the vehicle first and boosts 6Quill up.

A bullet zips past him. He pulls out his side arm and fires twice in the direction it came from.

Then he boosts up Stoa.

Once 6 Quill has reached the cab platform, Shrike begins to climb. Another bullet zips past. 6Quill fires an arrow from the platform and takes out a soldier with an arrow to the eye.

As they reach the top, Shrike waves his hands.

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

Shrike can be seen waving.

URSA

That's the signal. Let's get them on their way so we can get them home safely sooner.

Net nods. She hits a few keys and the truck starts to reverse through the fence. On the monitor, she can see Stoa and parts of 6Quill and Shrike.

NET

At least we can watch here.

Ursa watches. Wraith stands at attention, guarding them.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

STOAT V.O.

This is starting to feel a little like this...

China and USA fight over Canada. They each try to pull him different ways.

STOAT V.O.
...is turning into this.

Canada wriggles out of both of their grips.

China and USA are both stunned.

Canada turns and punches USA in the jaw, spins kicks China in the throat.

As China doubles over and USA stumbles back, Canada moves into USA and kicks him straight in the testicles. As he doubles over, Canada brings an elbow down on the back of his head. The USA is down.

China starts to charge from the other side. Canada dodges at the last second and China runs head first into a picnic table. As he shakes his head in pain, Canada jumps on his back and slams him down on the ground.

Canada delivers a quick kick to his head. China is out.

STOAT V.O.
It feels pretty fucking awesome.

Canada stuffs an empty juice box (which says 'Oil' on it) in each of their mouths.

The rest of the other countries watch and applaud.

INT. HEAVY HAULER CAB. DAY.

The heavy hauler plods through the oil sands battlefield.

Bullets ricochet off it.

A rocket is even shot at it and just jostles the truck a bit.

SHRIKE
Damn. I wish we drove this the whole way here.

6QUILL

Except we cannot steer and do not know
which way we are going.

SHRIKE

Where do we need to be for your dispersal
plan, Stoat?

Stoat looks around.

STOAT

Umm. Good question. Over there where the
mining seems most intense.

SHRIKE

Ok. Let me inform our driver.

Shrike takes out a note pad and writes something.

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

On the view screen, a paper is held up that says 'Left'

NET

Ok. Can do.

She turns the vehicle as bit.

A new message comes up. 'Right'

Net turns it back a bit.

URSA

They are aiming it at the heart of the
mining operation

NET

Seems logical.

A new message. 'Forward'

She presses a key or two.

INT. HEAVY HAULER CAB. DAY.

The truck lurches forward.

A squad of Chinese soldiers appear in front of it, setting up an RPG. Before they can set it off, the truck rolls over them. Crunch.

SHRIKES

Whoopsies.

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

New message. '5 points'

Net laughs...then covers her mouth.

INT. HEAVY HAULER CAB. DAY.

The heavy hauler reaches the edge of the heavily mined area.

STOAT

Stop.

Shrike writes a word and puts it on the monitor.

The heavy hauler stops.

STOAT

I need to do this part outside. Can you cover me?

SHRIKE

Even better. We can go with you.

STOAT

No! I just need cover. And I need to go soon. Before my bravery is gone. One other thing. I need a flare.

Shrike pats him on the shoulder.

SHRIKE

You're a soldier son. Bravery will always
be there for you.

6Quill rummages through the toolbox in the cab and digs out
an object for him. A flare. She hands it to him.

STOAT

Thanks.

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

On the monitor they can see the three of them leaving the
cab of the vehicle.

URSA

(frantic)

What are they doing?

NET

The job. They are doing the job.

URSA

(yelling, desperate)

No!

A soldier in the clearing turns towards the sound of the
yell.

Wraith snipes him.

WRAITH

You are attracting their attention.

EXT. HEAVY HAULER. DAY.

Stoat walks into the mining site.

6Quill and Shrike cover from the balcony outside the cab of
the heavy hauler.

Soldiers appear left and right of Stoat. 6Quill drops one
with an arrow. Shrike drops another with his rifle.

SHRIKE
Godspeed Stoat.

EXT. OIL SANDS MINING SITE. DAY.

Stoat stands holding the flare and a match.

STOAT V.O.
I knew what I had to do, but now that
I was here, it was hard. I didn't want
to end. But there was no going back.
You see...

EXT. SPRUCE CLEARING CAMPSITE. SECONDARY CLEARING. DAY.

Stoat stands in the campsite clearing back earlier this
very morning. He is holding the test tube.

STOAT V.O.
I knew there were thousands of chances
of our last vial breaking and getting
destroyed. I could think of only one way
for it to remain safe.

Stoat tips back the test tube and drinks it all.

He drops the test tube on the ground.

EXT. OIL SANDS MINING SITE. DAY.

Stoat lights the flare.

STOAT V.O.
And there was only one way to disperse it.
It was in my blood and that needed dispersing.

He starts marching.

Soldiers around him are taken down by arrows and bullets as
he marches.

EXT. HEAVY HAULER. DAY.

6QUILL
What's he doing?

SHRIKE
His duty. The last duty. Keep firing.

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

On the monitor, Stoa can be seen in the distance carrying the flare.

URSA
NO!

Wraith fires at incoming soldiers

WRAITH
A wee quieter, my love.

EXT. OIL SANDS MINING SITE. DAY.

Stoa continues to walk. He flinches as his arm is perforated by a bullet.

STOAT V.O.
You see, I was much like Canada. Small.
Pathetic. Apathetic. But I am strong too. I
am smart. And I love my country. I think
of my sister and Wraith...

EXT. FOREST. OIL SANDS. SITE. DAY.

Wraith is holding Ursa as she cries.

STOAT V.O.
And I think of Net.

Net's eyes are glossy as she watches.

STOAT V.O.
And I know my life can save theirs. Even
more it can make their lives better.

EXT. OIL SANDS MINING SITE. DAY.

Stoat continues to walk.

EXT. HEAVY HAULER. DAY.

Shrike and 6Quill continue to fire rapidly.

A soldier flanks the truck and fires many rounds into Shrike.

STOAT V.O.

And I think of all the lives that were
sacrificed so that I could be here, right
now.

6QUILL

(muted)

Shrike! No!

6Quill turns and skewers the soldier only to be hit by fire
from the other side.

She falls down. Shrike is already dead.

She bleeds out onto the balcony.

6QUILL

(to herself)

Perfection.

EXT. OIL SANDS MINING SITE. DAY.

Stoat continues his march.

STOAT V.O.

And it feels right. Canada is not a land.
Canada is not a people. Canada is an idea.
And ideas are mighty. I am mighty.

INT. BOMBING JET. DAY.

A fighter pilot sits in the cockpit, racing at breakneck speed. In his cockpit window, he can see Stoa with his flare.

PILOT
(into radio)
Target Acquired. Firing.

EXT. OIL SANDS MINING SITE. DAY.

Stoa marches, a smile on his face as the rocket bears down on him.

All is whiteness.

EXT. DIRT. OIL SANDS SITE. DAY.

Deep underground, the liquid is quickly transforming the oil sands into simple dirt.

STOAT V.O.
My blood is Canada's blood.

EXT. ASPEN FOREST. DAY.

Light dapples through the trees as Net hikes through the forest with a walking stick. Wraith walks alongside Ursa. All have tears in their eyes.

STOAT V.O.
I am Stoa. This was my story. I am
Canadian.