

VOLTRON

Screenplay by
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adapted from the animated series
"Voltron: Defender of the Universe"

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FADE IN

SOUND OF A HEARTBEAT. Distant and thundering. Like some giant mechanical pulse. Far away.

INSERT TITLE CARD: **"five years after the invasion"**

FADE PICTURE:

EYES

Snapping open. Piercing, focused, vigilant.

VOICE (O.C.)
(whisper)

Keith.

WIDER TO REVEAL-

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - EVENING

KEITH KOGAN (30s)

Tattoos all over his chest and arms, various icons from a life long since past. Tough. A reluctant leader. This is not a guy who plays well with others. He'd rather run through fire than do what you told him to.

He's sleeping in some kind of crawl space, grimy and claustrophobic. His personal area is simple, well-kept. Like a prison cell. A HAM radio in the corner, a stockpile of food, a Catholic crucifix...

VOICE (O.C.)
(more urgent)
Keith, get up man.

Keith sits up and pulls back the tarp to reveal-

LANCE MCCLAIN (black, 20s)

Like Keith, he's in tattered clothing. But Lance is more light-weight, jovial, less intense. He even wears a smile.

KEITH
(checking his watch)
What did I tell you about when the door's closed?

LANCE
You said only when it's huge. This is huge. And what is that, a watch? Does that even work anymore?

Keith ignores him. Rubs his face, gets his bearings.

LANCE (cont'd)

Afternoon patrol just came back. Tony says a bird went down over midtown. Fancy, military-style. Crashed and burned over on 34th.

KEITH

So?

LANCE

So we got the jump. You always say we're picking up everyone else's leftovers, but if you want warm supplies you gotta go where it's warm. And I'm telling you, there is where it's warm.

Lance pauses, waits for a response.

LANCE (cont'd)

What do you say? You down?

KEITH

(stands)

Sure. What the hell.

He grabs a set of IGNITION KEYS off a nearby hanger.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

They're in an abandoned subway tunnel, illuminated by scattered barrel fires.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE live along the walls. Like a small city. All walks of life are represented... young, old, sick, healthy, white, black... every distinction has been erased by their great poverty.

Propane tanks fuel various apparatuses that they use to survive. Water filtration, plumbing, vents.

Signs on the wall. Postings for missing persons. Others read rules and warnings, such as "SEXUAL ASSAULTS WILL BE PUNISHABLE BY EXECUTION."

Children watch televisions propped up on apple boxes. French cartoons. They don't even speak French. It doesn't matter. When the show's over, they rewind and start again.

Women raise their arms to Keith as he walks by, begging him for supplies. He keeps his focus straight ahead. This is every day for him.

LANCE

You gotta move up Fifth, okay? Sixth is blocked. I'm going to repeat this, because last time we got in trouble when I didn't make myself clear. Stay. Away. From Sixth Avenue.

KEITH

Let's try this. Why don't I stay down here and chew your ear out, while you risk your ass on the surface? How's that sound?

LANCE

No thanks, I'm a status quo guy.

They arrive at a threshold and Keith plants his arm in front of Lance so that he can go first.

INT. EQUIPMENT TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Like a small underground auto parts facility. Keith and Lance have customized the place so that equipment hangs from every wall. And in the center of the room is-

A CONVERTED M2A3 BRADLEY TANK.

No ordinary military vehicle. This has been souped-up and customized to the nines. Painted a deeper shade of black, floodlights all around, weapons re-fashioned and sealed up.

Keith pulls a lever and the rear hatch drops open. He climbs into an operating console customized so that it can be operated by one person. Inserts the ignition key.

Lance passes him a New York Yellow Cab street map. Old and weathered.

LANCE

I circled the location real nice. Try to bring that map back, will you? Last one I got. Oh, and heads up. It's Dukane's neighborhood now.

KEITH

When did that happen?

LANCE

He wiped out the Troikas yesterday. So hey, look at it this way. You don't have to worry about the Troikas anymore.

Keith pulls a lever and the door closes behind him. Lance goes over to a hydraulic console and activates the lift.

The platform that the tank sits on suddenly RISES UP towards a grate above them, which OPENS and gives them street access.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SURFACE STREETS - NIGHT

A dark, empty, desolate, rainy urban wasteland. Not an inhabitable world. It looks like a great war was fought and lost. No electricity. Think of a cross between ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK and a Vonnegut apocalypse fantasy.

Adding to the fun, Billie Holiday's 1944 "I'll Be Seeing You" blasts from a record player on a nearby rooftop. Someone's idea of an absurd joke. Opiates for whoever's dumb enough to be up here.

Keith's Bradley tank moves through the debris, crushing a collapsed McDonald's sign on its way. Floodlights swivel back and forth, catching glimpses of human stragglers running in and out of alleys.

Above, in the buildings, SOLDIERS - scrappy gang members, men and women alike - watch him through night vision scopes. He rings his light in a steady pattern. A code they recognize.

SOLDIER #1

Black 22! Moving through!

On the next corner, someone hears the call and passes it along.

SOLDIER #2

Black 22!

And so on. They're telling others he's coming through.

Inside his tank, Keith scans the area using a homemade radar tracking system.

He stops at a roadblock ahead. A young child runs out, wearing a flak helmet and waving a RED FLAG. He gets into one of the cars forming the barricade and pulls it aside.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - LATER

CRANING UPWARDS

Along the height of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, entirely devoid of life. We realize the building is actually lying on its side, having been toppled over at its base.

Keith's Bradley shines a spotlight across its face as he passes. GANG SYMBOLS have been inscribed with spray paint. Territorial markers. What once said "TROIKAS FOREVER" has been crossed out and says "NOT QUITE" over it.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

The rear hatch opens and Keith climbs out, carrying a red night-vision flashlight and a 45mm pistol. His eyes stay focused on nearby rooftops.

At his feet is a discarded handle of JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK. He picks it up, opens the top and takes a swig. Still good. He shoves it into his backpack.

Just then, he hears distant rummaging. Knows he's not alone. He SPINS AROUND and finds himself staring down-

A GIANT WHITE STALLION!

A full-grown Andalusian with a flowing mane. Untouched beauty. Totally out of place among the urban ruin. Alone in the wild.

As Keith gazes into the stallion's stoic eyes, he shares a brief peace with it. This is a kindred soul. A fellow survivor in the world of the dead.

He holsters his pistol. The horse gallops away.

Then he turns back and climbs over a pile of a automobile carcasses, lumped on top of each other like a hurricane hit. Finally he arrives on the other side, where-

AN ENORMOUS TOMAHAWK HELICOPTER

Has crashed landed in the middle of Fifth Avenue.

Except this isn't just any military-issue chopper. This thing has been souped up, and not necessarily with Earth-based technology. Wires, exterior piping, even motherboards have been soldered to the aluminum fuselage.

Keith examines the parts curiously. Instead of fuel reserves it seems to run off of...

PROPANE GAS. He's never seen anything like it.

He checks for signs of life. A DEAD PILOT in the front seat. Killed on impact. Arabic lettering on his helmet.

In the cargo bay is a STOCKPILE of weapons. Hand grenades, carbine assault rifles, land mines, ammunition boxes. Enough to fight a war. Food rations and bottled water. And a dozen propane cannisters. Jackpot.

Keith makes multiple trips back and forth to load up his tank. Then, just when he's on his last trip, he hears-

A LOW RUMBLING

On the horizon. He draws his 45mm and sees turning the corner-

FIVE BRIGHT SPOTLIGHTS.

Is it some kind of alien craft? Or is it-

A MONSTER TRUCK

With stadium speakers and lighting rigs mounted on its roof. Keith lowers his pistol and waits for it to get closer. Finally, right when it's bearing down on him, it slows to a halt. The door opens and-

SEVERAL PARAMILITARY SOLDIERS EMERGE

Combat gear, bullet-proof vests, rifles and RPG's. They immediately establish a perimeter around Keith while simultaneously keeping their eyes on their surroundings.

KEITH

Too late boys, stake's been claimed.

DUKANE (O.C.)

You got muscle to back that up, Kogan?

From the fray steps-

DUKANE (30s)

Japanese-American, powerful and arrogant. The leader of this rag-tag group. One of his eyes is missing. Scars run down his cheek. Like everyone else in this world, he's stood the test of time. And what a test it's been.

KEITH

I heard you pushed out Giovanni.

DUKANE

Yeah. Small misunderstanding.

Everyone's straight now.

(re: helicopter)

That's a real find. Anything left?

KEITH

For you? Sure. I'll give you wholesale rates. Just between friends.

A soldier moves towards Keith's tank to check what he's taken. Keith RAISES HIS 45MM against the soldier's head. Everyone releases their safeties.

DUKANE

We're taking the chopper. And whatever else came with it.

KEITH

Hey. You want to run me over, at least give me the courtesy of a reach-around-

DUKANE

You act like there's still a rule book somewhere.

Keith and Dukane stare off. Neither man is backing down. Then, just when it's about to get real ugly...

THUD.

Distant and removed. The huge footstep of a COLOSSAL CREATURE.

Another THUD. This one getting closer.

DUKANE (cont'd)

Perimeter check!

Dukane's men train their weapons on the surrounding buildings. A few run towards cover, carrying RPG's with them. Suddenly Keith is the least of their worries.

KEITH

Well thanks for stopping by, Dukane, you know how I love catching up-

DUKANE

Don't go anywhere.
 (to soldiers)
 Don't let him move!

A few soldiers remain, their weapons pointed at Keith. But they're scared, their eyes jumping around wildly.

THUD.

Much closer this time. Whatever's out there, it's got to be just around the corner now...

KEITH

You and your boys willing to die for this claim?

DUKANE

Shut up-

KEITH

Because that's what's going to happen unless we call it even, right now!

DUKANE

Shut! Up!

Suddenly-

WHAM!

AN ENORMOUS METALLIC FOOT

Comes crashing down out of nowhere, CRUSHING ONE OF DUKANE'S SOLDIERS in its wake. Where there once was a man, there's now some kind of enormous robotic leg, stretching up higher and higher, to reveal-

A COLOSSAL ROBOTIC FORM.

Fifty-feet tall, a horrible hybrid of metal parts, complete with some kind of awful face and GLOWING RED EYES, staring down at them. We're not sure if this is alien or man-made, but it's terrifying.

This is a ROBEAST.

It emits a high-pitched INDUSTRIAL ROAR and swings its head low over the street. It swipes at the soldiers with its enormous talons as if they were in the way of what it's really looking for...

The HEAVY-DUTY EQUIPMENT they came in with. It crushes one of the cars and ASSIMILATES ITS MASS INTO ITS OWN. It's not even paying the soldiers any regard. They're just collateral damage in the RoBeast's eyes.

Keith tries to dive into his tank, but one of its four giant legs blocks his path. The RoBeast is about to come down on him when-

WEAPONS FIRE

From the soldiers distracts it. It ROARS and rears back. The bullets simply absorb into its mass.

One of the soldiers climbs onto a rooftop with a SHOULDER-MOUNTED RPG. He fires! The missile sails through the air and straight into the RoBeast's chest. Moments later-

BOOM!

The creature EXPLODES into a thousand pieces! Metal, flesh, and shrapnel fly in every direction, raining down over Fifth Avenue as stragglers find cover.

Soldiers cheer loudly. Keith and Dukane scan the wreckage.

KEITH

That buys us about thirty seconds.

DUKANE

I guess this is where we sign off, then.

Keith nods and quickly ducks into his tank. He pulls the hatch shut and revs it into gear. Dukane orders his men to move out as well. They sprint towards the monster truck.

Behind them, resting in the middle of the debris, is a-

SINGLE METALLIC SPHERE

About the size of a basketball. This is called an energy cell. It is the source egg of a RoBeast's life.

It begins to GLOW AND HUM. An electromagnetic pulse grows from the center, spreading through the air. Static electricity rises over all the metal surfaces. And slowly...

OBJECTS ARE DRAWN TOWARDS THE CORE.

Linking up, re-shaping, bending around each other as if drawn together by some higher logic. Out of the debris, the RoBeast is rebuilding itself!

Keith's tank pulls off around a corner and disappears before this can happen. The energy core recedes farther and farther in the distance as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Lance winds the crank that lowers Keith's tank down on the platform, back into the depths of the subway tunnel.

It hits the bottom and Keith climbs out. Lance observes scratches to the vehicle's hull.

LANCE

Ah man, what'd you do? You know how long it's gonna take me to fix this?

KEITH

Ran into some friends. I owe you one.

Keith pulls out several crates from the helicopter. He drops them on the ground. Lance finds the propane cannisters.

LANCE

Where the hell did you find these?

Keith breaks open another crate to reveal several BOTTLES OF WATER. Lance observes it in amazement.

LANCE (cont'd)

We're gonna have to kick some of this back to the circle, you know.

KEITH

Let's consider this unreported income.

LANCE

Not this time. They saw you check out. And when you check out, you never check back in empty-handed.

Behind them, at the entrance to the tunnel-

SEVERAL TIMID FAMILIES

Have gathered. They observe the shipment with hungry eyes.

LANCE (cont'd)

See? Word spreads fast.

KEITH

Don't look at me. They're your people.

Keith TURNS AWAY and retreats into his private tunnel. Lance begins passing out the food.

INT. KEITH'S PRIVATE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Keith slips a few food rations under his mattress. He picks up a journal, marks off the date, time, contents and location of his find.

A LONG LIST OF SUPPLIES has been written out. He crosses off the items he found. It's some kind of laundry list. And it's almost entirely checked off.

Keith closes the journal, then turns his eyes to a single PHOTOGRAPH mounted nearby... an early 20th century print, some kind of log cabin in the Old West. Smoke pouring from the chimney.

He stares at it for a long beat. A peaceful retreat. An ideal. Far from here.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SURFACE STREETS - MORNING

The sun rises over the empty streets of Manhattan. Rats crawl through the wreckage, searching for morsels of food.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Families sleep in packs along the walls, huddled together for warmth, shivering in their despair.

INT. EQUIPMENT TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Distant sunlight pours in from the grate.

Keith and Lance are doing repairs on the Bradley tank. A young boy in a PAC-MAN t-shirt sits nearby, basking in the far away sunlight. An old Walkman is around his neck, but we can't tell if it works or not. His name is ROBBY (11).

ROBBY

Where do they come from?

Keith ignores him. Lance passes him a lug wrench.

ROBBY (cont'd) (cont'd)

My dad says the machines are a hundred feet tall. Have you ever seen one?

LANCE

Keith here, he's stared one in the face. Ain't that right? Huge metal hands, red eyes... it took down a whole building with one swing.

ROBBY

How'd he get away?

Lance kneels down in front of Robby and holds the boy's Walkman.

LANCE

See this? It's all they want. It's got parts inside, and they move. The machines can only see stuff like this. Not human parts. That means they can't see you at all.

Robby takes off his Walkman and casts it away like it's a ticking bomb. Lance laughs.

Just then, FOOTSTEPS in the corridor behind them. Keith slides out from under the tank.

KEITH

You expecting anyone?

LANCE

Only the pizza man.

KEITH

Kid. Take off.

Robby turns and runs off down the corridor. Keith picks up his 45mm off the floor. He points it at the darkness just as-

TWO FIGURES EMERGE

Both cloaked in heavy winter clothing. Nomads, travelers, backpacks on their shoulders. One of them carries a sawed-off shotgun, which he raises towards Keith.

KEITH (cont'd)

You've got the wrong address, fellas.

WOMAN'S VOICE

No.

One of them pulls back her hood to reveal a BEAUTIFUL FEMALE FACE, blonde hair tied up in a bun. Piercing blue eyes.

This is ALLURA (20s). Enough to stop traffic.

ALLURA

I think we're where we want to be.

Behind her, the gunman lowers his shotgun and removes his hood. Strong, enormous Arab features. Mechanic's hands on a soldier's body. This is HUNK (40s).

Allura runs her delicate fingers over the Bradley tank.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Did you build this?

LANCE

Custom job. My specialty. Why, you interested?

ALLURA

Not the machine. The man who pilots it.

She stares at Keith. He's not sure if he can trust her.

ALLURA (cont'd)

We followed you here. My name's Allura, and this is Hunk. My personal bodyguard.

KEITH

You make it a habit, following people around?

ALLURA

We need safe passage to the south. A capable guide who can get us where we need to go.

LANCE

What, like downtown?

ALLURA

A little further. Try Mexico.

Keith and Lance exchange an amused look.

LANCE

Lady, you couldn't get across the street in this world without the wrath of God coming down on you. What makes you think Keith here could get you off the island?

KEITH

He's right. Nobody survives on the surface.

ALLURA

Well you've never met anybody like me.

(re: guns)

Now what do you say we put the kids to bed?

Keith smiles despite himself. There's something about this girl. He lowers his weapon, holsters it. Hunk relaxes also.

KEITH

Where do you need to go?

ALLURA

Mexico. Ever been there?

KEITH

Twenty years ago. But it was a lot safer back then.

ALLURA

We'd take ourselves, but our ride crash landed a few blocks from here. Of course, you already know that.

Allura reaches into a nearby crate and pulls out a SEALED BOTTLE OF WATER. One of the supplies from the helicopter.

ALLURA (cont'd)

There's more where this came from. A lot more. And enough propane reserves to power an entire city. Get us there safely, and we'll give you as much as you can carry back.

LANCE

Hey. This is our home, lady. We got people to look out for-

Keith holds up a hand to silence Lance. He's genuinely intrigued.

KEITH

There's risks involved.

ALLURA

There's always risks.

Allura takes a slow step closer, her gaze plunging deep into Keith's eyes. There's a spiritual, mythical quality to her.

ALLURA (cont'd)

What I can promise is that whatever you want, we'll get it for you. Then you go on living whatever life it is you think you're living.

(to Lance)

You want to look after these people? Bring your share back. Keep them alive another few months.

(to Keith)

You want something else? So be it.

Keith stares at her closely. It's like she has a front row seat inside his head.

Finally, she turns to leave.

ALLURA (cont'd)

We need your help. Really, we do.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ROOFTOPS - EVENING

The sun goes down over the decimated horizon.

Skyscrapers toppled into each other, some utterly destroyed... a city that barely resembles what we know.

DISTANT ROARS OF ROBEASTS.

Keith watches from a nearby parapet, his thoughts elsewhere. Lance emerges behind him and sits down.

KEITH

It's October 4th. You know what tomorrow marks?

LANCE

Five years since those things showed up and told us who was boss.

Keith nods slowly. Nobody says anything for a long beat.

KEITH

I'm going with her. My mind's made up.

LANCE

Keith. What about these people? They don't got you, they don't got nothing-

KEITH

You get no promises with me. I told you when we got into this... when I have what I need, I'm out-

LANCE

What do you think, you're gonna find something better than this?

Keith stares out over the skyline. Beyond it, in all directions, a dark and untouched world.

KEITH

You never get out there, you'll never find out.

LANCE

Shit. Without you, that's it. Who's gonna find supplies on the surface?

KEITH

Come with me then. I could use backup. Bring back the payload, you'll be a hero. Maybe they'll upgrade you.

Lance realizes he doesn't have much of a choice.

LANCE

I'm not liking this already. I just want you to know that.

INT. KEITH'S PRIVATE AREA - NIGHT

Keith shoves his few belongings into a backpack.

He stops when he gets to the photograph of the log cabin. Folds it up, hides it away.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Families sit around small fires, enjoying company and what little food they have. Nearby, some men use a propane flame to boil water in a troth.

Allura and Hunk sit among a small group, listening to an animated OLD WOMAN tell a story in Spanish. Laughing along.

Keith stands on the fringes, watching the moment of human camaraderie. This isn't his world. He's a man who belongs above. On the streets.

Allura looks up at him, and they LOCK EYES.

The smile slowly fades from her face. Shifting into an expression of hardened focus. Strengthened resolve.

Keith nods. He's in.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SURFACE STREETS - NIGHT

Keith's tank idles on the surface. Hunk stands nearby, his shotgun trained on their surroundings. Constantly on alert. He still hasn't spoken a single word.

Keith and Allura are packing their bags. Keith reaches for one SMALL SATCHEL in particular, which Allura promptly grabs away from him.

ALLURA

Don't. Touch this.

Lance says good-bye to the families seeing them off. He kneels in front of Robby.

ROBBY

Will you be back?

LANCE

Yeah. Sure thing. And I'll bring something good.

Robby nods stoically.

LANCE (cont'd)

You gotta watch out for the rest of them now, okay? Don't be afraid of those things out there. Fear's what they're using to keep us down. To keep us apart.

(pauses, smiles)

You stay better than that.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The tank rolls through the ghost town. Stragglers keep watch from the rooftops.

Keith is in the gun turret. Lance climbs up next to him, carrying a map in his hands.

LANCE

I know you're all into riding solo, but you wanna let me in on how we're gonna get off this island?

KEITH

The tunnel.

LANCE

The tunnel? Dukane controls the tunnel.

Keith smiles. Lance looks at him reluctantly.

LANCE (cont'd)

Remind me never to travel with you again.

EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The four-lane highway has been totally blocked by scrap metal, used cars, parts of buildings, old police barricades.

PATROL GUARDS wearing Kevlar and night-vision goggles, patrol the area silently. Heavy artillery, explosives, ammunition planted all around. These are Dukane's men.

Above the tunnel entrance, a shanty-town of mobile homes has been established. Men, women, children resting inside, illuminated by fires. Just then, an ALARM SIREN goes off. Everyone looks up.

Dukane emerges from his private home, putting on a jacket and grabbing a walkie-talkie.

DUKANE

Report.

GUARD (O.S.)

(on radio)

Headlights.

Dukane climbs down a ladder and grabs a night-vision scope from one of his men. He stares across the barricade towards-

KEITH'S TANK

All lights turned on, about fifty yards away, staring at them on the other side. Dukane recognizes him immediately.

DUKANE

Tell him to screw off.

Another guard opens up a case full of FLARE GUNS. He picks one up and shoots it into the air over the tank. Low and threatening.

The tank doesn't budge. It just idles silently. Like it's waiting for something.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Around the corner from the tunnel entrance, a parking lot contains several HEAVY-DUTY VEHICLES, all-terrain machines that Dukane uses to get around.

One of them is the MONSTER TRUCK we saw earlier.

A WATCHMAN patrols nearby. Suddenly, from the darkness behind him-

TWO HANDS

Take him by the shoulders and toss him into the side of one of the trucks. His face hits metal, he goes out cold and hits the ground.

Keith emerges from the darkness, followed by the others.

Hunk looks down at the watchman on the ground. He writhes in pain, moaning slightly. Hunk raises his shotgun to fire when Lance grabs his hand and points it away.

LANCE

Hey. What are you doing?

Hunk and Lance stare off. Keith turns to Allura.

KEITH

Does this guy speak?

ALLURA

He knows how to follow.

KEITH

Then make sure he follows. No shooting.

Keith climbs up into Dukane's monster truck, looks around. Keys are still in the ignition.

LANCE

Please tell me you're not doing what I think you're doing.

Keith smiles a shit-eating grin.

EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Dukane's men fire off another flare over Keith's tank. Still no response from inside.

On the other side of the barricade, a CONVOY OF SIX GUARDS approach the vehicle. Assault rifles pointed, safeties released. Dukane stays in the back, rifle in hand.

The men surround the tank. One of them goes to the rear.

GUARD

Sir. You gotta see this.

The rear hatch is open, showing that NO ONE IS INSIDE. Except a single NOTE, duct-taped to the door. Dukane pulls it off and reads:

"BORROWING YOUR RIDE. OWE YOU ONE. K"

DUKANE

What the hell-

VROOM!

Just then they are blinded by HEADLIGHTS as a barricade breaks down behind them and the-

MONSTER TRUCK

Flies over the embankment, landing on the street and pushing through the debris over the highway. It soars past them, giving Lance just enough time to lean out the window and wave at Dukane.

DUKANE (cont'd)

Son of a bitch.

Keith floors the accelerator, emitting a powerful ROAR as the truck picks up speed, literally riding over the wrecked cars and other barricades leading to the tunnel.

Guards open fire, but the bullets glance off the heavy armor.

Allura watches a bullet CRACK THE WINDOW next to her.

ALLURA

Is this your idea of safe passage?

KEITH

There's always risks, right?

INT. LINCOLN TUNNEL - WESTBOUND - CONTINUOUS

WHAM!

The truck pushes through the final barricade and accelerates into the depths of the underwater tunnel. Now it's free and clear. The road is hauntingly empty.

BUZZING NOISES

Behind them. Keith checks the side view mirror to see SEVERAL MOTORCYCLES in hot pursuit. Uzis firing, bullets spraying the rear of the truck.

Keith glances at Hunk, then at Allura.

KEITH

All right, let him go to work.

Allura nods at Hunk, who climbs out the cab of the truck into the flatbed rear, where he grabs an ASSAULT RIFLE and OPENS FIRE on the motorcycles.

One by one they spin off in every direction. One hits the wall and bounces back, knocking into the others and sparking a cataclysmic crash. Bikes and bodies fly everywhere.

Hunk spends the ammunition and discards the rifle. Keith and Lance regard each other in amazement.

EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Dukane watches his men limp out of the tunnel. His face is contorted into a mix of rage and humiliation. One of his guards approaches.

GUARD

You want us to go after them?

DUKANE

(after a beat)

No. They're already dead out there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

The sun rises over the horizon.

The monster truck moves slowly through a suburban street.

Or what was once a suburban street. Now it looks like the hollow remains of a quaint neighborhood in the aftermath of a total apocalypse.

Roofs have caved in. Mailboxes long since discarded. Windows broken in the aftermath of looting. Dogs run freely through the yards, gnawing on dead birds, living as they would in the wild. No signs of human life.

Keith steers the wheel while Hunk stands at the gun turret overhead. In the back, Lance is going through machinery that Dukane has installed. He glances out the window.

LANCE

I grew up in a neighborhood just like this.

Then he sees something among the equipment. A radar console connected to an old flat-screen monitor.

LANCE (cont'd)

No shit. Hey Keith, check it out. Dukane's thieving my work. So much for feeling guilty about lifting his ride.

ALLURA

What is it?

LANCE

A little rig I set up a few years back. I call it a RoBeast Watcher.

She looks at him curiously.

LANCE (cont'd)

Half-robot, half-beasts. RoBeasts. Come on, you know you're gonna start using that. This machine's like sonar. Lets us know when they're coming.

KEITH

Hey, keep it down.

Lance and Allura look off to the side of the truck as they pass by AN AMAZING SIGHT...

ALLURA

My God...

A US COAST GUARD CUTTER

Crushed and embedded in the front lawn of a small house. As if it were tossed there in the wake of a huge battle. But the nearest ocean is miles away.

It's almost too absurd for words.

Keith stares sadly.

LANCE

Hey Keith, didn't you fight in the war?

Keith self-consciously rubs an old military tattoo on his arm. A Navy Cross. He keeps his eyes on the ship.

KEITH

Nobody fought in that war.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - EVENING

The monster truck rides on the shoulder past a blocked highway lined with old cars. An entire civilization just left them there and disappeared.

EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING

Lance pulls the truck next to a series of gas pumps and everyone gets out. Keith checks the diesel fuel. No luck. Long since empty. Then he catches sight of-

A GAS TANKER

Rolled on its side nearby. He climbs up the top and taps the hull. Something inside.

KEITH

Lance. Find us a siphon.

Hunk keeps his eyes on the wilderness surrounding them. DISTANT ROARS of RoBeasts.

ALLURA

We've got to keep moving.

KEITH

Tomorrow. Tonight we take a break.

ALLURA

It's not safe to stay out here-

KEITH

Sweetheart, it's not safe anywhere. What are you gonna do?

She rolls her eyes and walks off.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The monster truck idles gently, attached to a heat generator that keeps the group warm as they cluster in a tight circle around a hand-built fire.

Hunk is beginning to nod off. Allura leans up against him. Just then-

A BEEPING NOISE.

Lance snaps awake, groggily looking around. Keith gets up and climbs into the back of the truck. Looks at the radar monitor. It indicates a DOT in their proximity.

KEITH

Lance. Kill the engine.

Lance jumps into the car and pulls out the keys. The car slowly cuts off. Allura and Hunk wake up too.

ALLURA

What is it?

Keith points to the treetops behind them. We can see the vague outline of an old ELECTRICAL STATION. Everyone waits in silence. Until-

ONE OF THE POWER LINES SNAPS

And falls over. Moments later-

AN ENORMOUS ROBEASTS

Steps clear from the forest, planting its foot about twenty yards away from where the group is resting. Nobody dares move or whisper.

The RoBeast pauses momentarily, scanning its RED EYES over the area for technology.

Allura glances down at the satchel she carries with her. Protectively pulls it closer. Keith catches this, makes eye contact with her. Now he's curious.

Rustling behind them. Everyone turns to see-

ANOTHER ROBEAST

Emerging from the woods. Its heavy metallic shape hulks towards them, seemingly not noticing their presence.

Both RoBeasts stare at each other. One of them opens its mouth and emits-

A NOISE

Like a high-pitched sonic shriek. Everyone covers their ears. The other RoBeast returns this noise with another sonic shriek. They go back and forth like this.

Keith watches this with great interest. They're communicating with each other.

Finally, both creatures turn and go their separate ways, disappearing into the darkness. The beeping FADES AWAY.

Keith watches Allura in the dark.

KEITH

What's in the bag?

Allura shoves the satchel into her jacket and goes back to sleep. Keith smiles.

EXT. SOUTHERN COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

The monster truck continues along rural roads, its passengers keeping vigilant watch on their surroundings.

In the distance Keith can see what must have once been the city of ATLANTA. Smoke billows from the high-rises on its skyline. A modern GONE WITH THE WIND.

EXT. SMALL RURAL MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The truck comes to a stop in front of an old general store. Allura, sleeping in the back, lifts her head.

ALLURA

Why are we stopping?

KEITH

Breakfast.

Keith climbs the steps to the store and heads inside.

LANCE

What, you guys ain't hungry?

After a long beat, Allura and Hunk follow them.

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Keith pans a flashlight through the empty aisles of food, searching for anything that might be left.

A few cans of soup. Long since melted ice cream. Rotted meat. He finds a box of GRANOLA BARS and tosses it to Lance.

Keith pauses in front of a postcard rack. An image of a sunny beach. He takes it and stares at it longingly. Distant memories. A happy place.

Lance, meanwhile, is rummaging through an old supply closet. Children's drawings on the walls. Stickers, various handheld video games spread around. It looks like someone was living here. Lance picks up one of the video games when he notices-

A LUMP

Beneath a pile of blankets nearby. He reaches down and pulls back the blankets just as-

A LITTLE BOY

Emerges, undernourished and exhausted, clutching in his small hands a CARVING KNIFE! His name is SUZUSHI HIROSHI, which means "Tin Stone," but we will come to know him by his affectionate nickname... PIDGE (11).

Lance backs out of the closet, but Pidge comes at him with the knife.

LANCE

Hey!

Keith, Allura, and Hunk surround them. Pidge darts the knife back and forth between them, silently threatening them not to come closer.

ALLURA

Careful!

Finally, Lance grabs his wrist, wrestling with him until he knocks the blade loose. Hunk roughly picks Pidge up and holds him in a bear hug while the boy kicks and writhes.

LANCE

Kid's possessed or something!

ALLURA

He's afraid!

Allura pushes Keith and Hunk away and goes straight to Pidge. When he looks into her eyes... he STOPS STRUGGLING. Something about this beautiful woman calms him down.

ALLURA (cont'd)

See? That wasn't so hard, was it?

Keith regards the supply closet. Pidge really did an amazing job at making this place look like a child's room.

ALLURA (cont'd)

He's coming with us.

KEITH

Hey, we don't have the space.

ALLURA

We're not just leaving him behind!

KEITH

He survived this long, didn't he?

Allura glares at Keith. Finally he relents, putting his hands in the air and walking off.

KEITH (cont'd)

Fine. Whatever.

EXT. SOUTHERN BORDERLANDS - DAY

What was once the long fence between Texas and Mexico is now littered with bodies and debris. Birds feed on the remains. Some areas have had holes cut into them.

The monster truck drives by. Allura and Pidge sit in the back. She's working on cleaning him up.

LANCE

I don't get it. Ain't nobody surviving worth a cent out here. People go to the cities just so they can have a chance at hiding together. But this kid sticks himself in a closet and he's okay?

Keith doesn't respond.

EXT. MEXICO BORDER - DAY

The truck makes a left onto a long, empty highway. Far fewer cars here.

EXT. BORDER GATES - EVENING

Keith slows the truck down. They are approaching heavy traffic, and not the moving kind. There doesn't seem to be anyone here at all. Up ahead, they see a long row of booths, with a dilapidated sign reading...

"WELCOME TO MEXICO"

Allura looks out at it nervously.

KEITH

Got you there, as promised.

ALLURA

We're not there yet. Be careful.

Keith pulls off over the shoulder and they drive past a series of downed booths, entering the Mexico side around all the stopped traffic.

Then, as they hit the other side, they begin to notice...

LIGHTS

Emerging through a distant fog in front of them. All in a line, like an enormous city. Like something out of Apocalypse Now. It's surreal.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Kill your lights.

KEITH

If I kill the lights, we move blind.

ALLURA

Trust me, you don't want to announce yourself here.

Keith listens in the dark.

SOUNDS OF A DISTANT CROWD. Rioting. Total chaos. Then, finally, clearing through the fog...

A LINE OF LOOTERS

Hundreds of them. All standing together holding torches in their hands, looking hungrily at the headlights approaching them. Waiting for stragglers to pass through. Human depravity at its lowest form.

ALLURA (cont'd)
 (rising fear)
 Hunk. Problems...

Hunk grabs his shotgun and checks for ammunition.

LANCE
 What the hell is this...

ALLURA
 Floor it!

Keith puts the truck into gear when suddenly-

THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR RIPS OPEN!

People are already on top of them, surrounding the truck, reaching in on all sides and pulling the group out. Keith struggles against enormous attackers, but can't do anything to stop being thrown out of the truck.

Lance kicks at aggressors, but is not match for them either. Hunk grabs Allura and jumps out. Pidge follows them.

It's total chaos. An absolute cluster-fuck.

The truck slows to a stop against a shoulder wall. People grab at whatever they can inside, literally tearing the car apart, desperately looting it.

On the ground, Keith pulls out his 45mm and points it in a wide circle. People stand back, but some still come at him. He finds Lance and picks him up. Together they make their way to Allura, Pidge and Hunk, who are swatting at attackers.

ALLURA (cont'd)
 Everyone stay together!

Someone tries to grab the satchel around Allura's shoulder, but she elbows him in the face roughly.

They move through the crowd, just trying to get through, but in the chaos they're going to be trampled.

One man abruptly pulls the shotgun out of Hunk's hands and raises it towards him. He's about to fire when-

Keith pistol-whips him across the face. The shot FIRES into the air, causing the panic to escalate. Now it's getting seriously violent.

Hunk pulls Pidge closer. Lance and Keith stay back-to-back, keeping a gun on anyone who comes near. Keith spins around to find Allura, only to see-

SHE HAS DISAPPEARED.

Picked up in the chaos. Now twenty feet away. Someone SLAMS INTO HER, knocking the satchel bag out of her hands. It hits the floor and out rolls-

FIVE KEYS

Small, ancient-looking but with some kind of modern edge to them, almost like alien artifacts. Each of them has a different color: black, red, blue, green, and yellow.

The keys slide across the pavement in several directions. People grab at them hysterically, not sure what they are.

Allura is on her hands and knees now, desperately trying to rein everything back in. Keith picks her up.

KEITH

Come on!

ALLURA

No!

She shoves him off. Keith gets swallowed up by the crowd again, finding himself in a scuffle with an irate man trying to get at his pistol.

ON THE BLACK KEY: gyrating slightly on the ground. At first we can't tell if it's just the stampede of feet or something else...

ON THE BLUE KEY: also gyrating. Except this one seems to radiate some kind of an ENERGY FIELD.

One by one, each of the keys slowly begins to move, PULLED INWARDS, drawn together like five separate magnets. Each one eludes people's hands as it links up with the other, finally joining into-

ONE CENTRAL CORE

That exudes an even stronger energy field, growing and growing. People in the crowd are beginning to notice.

Behind them, loose equipment begins to SHAKE LOOSE. Keith turns around just as-

AN ENGINE TURBINE

Flies over his head, headed straight for the rapidly growing energy core.

Nearby, several large tools, as well as different pieces of scrap iron, all surge through the crowd towards the energy core. The people duck and flee as the core grows larger and larger with each piece of mass it accumulates.

ON KEITH: watching in disbelief.

The metal BENDS AND RE-FORMS itself into a perfect sphere around the five keys, identically to how we saw the RoBeasts come together. The core itself-

LIFTS OFF THE GROUND

Hovering in the air, carried by some kind of pulsing energy. The entire core now begins to THRIVE like a heartbeat. On and off. On and off. Getting larger and larger until-

ALLURA

Approaches slowly. Her hand is extended. Zen-like calm. Her eyes close just as she reaches INTO THE ENERGY CORE and-

PULLS OUT THE FIVE KEYS!

They separate into five parts once again. Immediately afterwards all the scrap metal in the core COLLAPSES and hits the ground in separate pieces.

The whole crowd is silent. Some people get down on their knees, watching Allura with an inspired reverence.

Keith doesn't know what to think. Who is this woman?!

Allura passes him and slowly walks back towards the monster truck. Lance, Hunk, and Pidge follow. Soon Keith picks up his backpack and trails them also. As they walk through the throngs of people...

THE CROWD PARTS

To let them go. As if they are actually afraid of them. They get back into the truck and drive off.

EXT. SMALL MEXICAN TOWN - NIGHT

Keith drives through a remote area beneath the bright moon. Here, there are more signs of life in the smaller villages. Desolate, but alive.

Derelicts huddle in the shadows of small adobe-style houses. A child runs past them on the dirt road, a SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE in his hands.

Allura sits in the backseat, staring out the window. Keith watches her from the front.

KEITH

You can explain it now or explain it later. Either way, I want answers.

She says nothing. Keith eyes her in the rear view mirror. Just then-

THE BEEPING NOISE

Emanates from the radar machine in back. Lance climbs over to check it.

LANCE

Not good. Moving in from the south. Keith, cut the engine, man-

ALLURA

No.

Everyone turns to her. Allura stares down at the satchel in her lap, whose contents are GLOWING from the inside.

ALLURA (cont'd)

It's not going to matter anymore. They're after this.

LANCE

What do you mean, "they're after this?!" How can they be after anything?

Hunk climbs over to the turret gun and fastens himself in. He scans the surroundings, working the night-vision equipment to see the horizon line. So far, nothing.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Look, I didn't want this to happen, but these keys have unlocked.

KEITH

And that's bad?

ALLURA

That's very bad. We're going to have a lot of company unless we get where we're going fast.

A CRASHING SOUND BEHIND THEM.

Everyone turns around to see a small house being crushed by the enormous foot of a-

SPIDER-LIKE ROBEAST

Red eyes trained down on the monster truck. It SCREAMS OUT into the night.

Keith shifts the truck into fifth gear and accelerates through the narrow pathways, leaning on the horn as stragglers dive out of his way. He maneuvers to avoid enormous barricades.

The RoBeast pursues them at full speed, its giant legs spinning around each other one after another, destroying anything in its wake.

Pidge climbs into the rear and looks out the window. The RoBeast swings out a talon that **NARROWLY MISSES HIM!** Hunk grabs Pidge and yanks him back into the front.

Then he climbs into the turret gun and begins FIRING. Bullets chip away at the machine's outer frame, not doing much damage.

KEITH

Which way?

ALLURA

Make the next left!

Keith pulls a hard left, a parking brake turn, nearly capsizing the truck in the process. At the apex of the turn he floors the gas and accelerates again.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - EARLY MORNING

The sun RISES in the distance. The monster truck crests out of the city and onto a wide open dirt road leading into the desert. It's moving at top speed. And behind it...

THE ROBEAST

Follows relentlessly, covering more ground with a single step than the truck can cover in twice that time. Keith swerves to avoid its talons.

ALLURA
(to Keith)
Can't you drive any faster?

KEITH
I'm sorry, was that not good enough for you?

EXT. DESERT OUTSKIRTS - MILITARY COMPOUND - NIGHT

An oasis in the desert. Several warehouses surrounding a private adobe-style residence, all contained behind heavy walls. Vehicles, spare parts are strewn everywhere.

SILHOUETTES OF GUARDS

On the parapets, carrying heavy artillery. They pivot their weapons in slow circles, vigilant eyes on the horizon.

Two YOUNG MEXICAN BOYS are perched atop a nearby water tower. They watch as on the horizon-

THE TRUCK APPROACHES

Kicking up dust. And beyond that-

THE ROBEAST IS GIVING CHASE!

The boys exchange incredulous glances, then RING AN ALARM BELL. The guards on the parapets look to the north, where the RoBeast is coming in. One of them runs towards a tool shed and pulls an ALARM LEVER. Air raid sirens blare out.

Keith turns to Allura.

KEITH
You want to fill me in on where we're going?!

She points straight ahead, towards the compound, from where-

RPG MISSILES

Soar over their heads, having been fired by the compound guards via shoulder-mounted launchers. The missiles explode in the sand all around the RoBeast, inflicting some damage, but not doing much to stop it.

Allura reaches into the satchel and fishes through the keys, finally finding the BLUE KEY, which glows steadily.

Keith stares at the front gates to the compound, which are blocked by heavy TRUCKS.

ALLURA

Stop here. We can't lead it in.

LANCE

What, so we stay out here with that?!

Allura turns and looks at Hunk. She gives him a long silent look. He nods knowingly, as if he already senses what she's going to do.

Keith slows the truck down near the outside of the compound entrance. Without another word, Allura-

OPENS THE DOOR

And leaps out, landing roughly on the sand and doing a quick roll. She picks herself up, blue key in hand, and SPRINTS past the trucks blocking the entrance and into the gates.

Keith watches incredulously.

LANCE

Great. She left us-

Suddenly-

THEIR TRUCK IS PICKED UP!

Lifted into the air by the enormous talons of the RoBeast! It shakes the vehicle roughly.

Keith, Lance, Hunk, and Pidge are thrown around. Lance falls out the passenger side door but Hunk quickly GRABS HIM, holding him there with great strength. Lance's legs dangle in the air. Pidge helps pull him back in.

The walls of the truck are beginning to CRUSH IN! The RoBeast is squeezing them like a tin can. Keith stares out towards the ground, fifty feet below. They can't jump.

LANCE (cont'd)

It's about to get tight in here!

Hunk looks down at the four keys that Allura left behind. They GLOW in their satchel.

Keith sees it too. He doesn't know what it means until-

THEY ARE SUDDENLY DROPPED!

The truck spirals and lands on the sand, rolling to a rough stop. Keith helps the others climb out, bruised and bloodied, but surviving. The RoBeast seems to have lost interest in them entirely.

And that's when he turns around and sees what it's focused on...

A GIANT MACHINE.

In the shape of a colossal, 50-foot tall LION, assembled entirely out of Earth-bound parts. A C-130H tailgate has been used for the mouth, complete with traffic spikes for the teeth. The glass dome of an A6E Intruder cockpit has been soldered onto the head. All of this stands on top of four legs, refashioned from four construction excavator claws.

It's called a LIONBOT. A hack-assembled masterpiece. A mech you could build in your backyard.

It dodges the RoBeasts swinging talons one after the other, moving with amazing precision, considering its enormous size. Each time the RoBeast attempts to swing at it, it parries the blow and then dodges closer.

Keith can't believe what he's seeing. Whatever this creature is, it's capable of standing up to the RoBeasts!

Finally, the lionbot gets close enough to rear back on its hind legs and LEAP UP towards the RoBeast's pivot head. It grabs hold of what would be its neck with powerful jaws and-

TEARS ITS HEAD OFF!

The RoBeast flails around for a brief moment, trying to get its bearings. Then it-

COLLAPSES INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

Returning its shape to the debris and refuse it once was. The brain at its center... the spherical ENERGY CELL rolls onto the sand at the lionbot's feet. And then-

WHAM!

The lionbot crushes it with an enormous talon, flattening the energy cell and stripping it of life.

Then it lowers its head all the way to the ground, right near Keith and Lance, who jump back, not sure what this thing is. Moments later the mouth opens and out steps-

ALLURA.

She was piloting it from the inside! She and Keith stare off for a long beat. Neither knows what the other is thinking. But they're interrupted by...

CHEERING FROM BEHIND THEM.

Standing along the compound walls above them are-

DOZENS OF FAMILIES

Old, young, male, and female. Coming from a variety of different ethnicities. Some are Hispanic, some Arab, some Armenian, still others are dark-shaded Africans. They're like intercontinental Bedouins.

And they're elated. This is what they've been waiting for.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - DAY

Keith, Lance, Hunk, and Pidge walk into the center of the enormous compound, which looks part residential, part industrial, part military. A Bedouin retreat.

Mobile homes are arranged in a wide circle around the adobe-style estate. Grass grows on the lawns. White picket fences. Children's toys leaning against a shed. Well-fed dogs sniffing at each other. Not much about this place suggests the end of the world.

Keith takes in the surreal scene as they approach the mansion. Beyond it, in the junkyard...

TWO GIANT DOORS

Clamp their metal jaws shut. They seem to be leading to some kind of underground tunnel. Allura emerges from it, wiping her hands. She parked the lionbot inside.

Nearby, an ARAB WOMAN and several young children emerge, scanning the group anxiously. She sees Hunk and runs in for a tearful embrace. Hunk kisses each one of his children. He cradles their young infant.

Keith, Lance, and Pidge find themselves surrounded by-

SEVERAL ARMED BEDOUIN GUARDS

Not at ease with the outsiders' presence.

KEITH
 (to Allura)
 Friends of yours?

Just then, from one of the tents emerges-

SVEN HOLGERSSON (40s)

Well-groomed, intelligent European with impeccable taste, a cigarette dangling from long, thin fingers. He wears a thick industrial turtleneck. An air of superiority.

HOLGERSSON
 Six months late, Allura.

ALLURA
 All that time and you still barely got
 the lionbots to work.

HOLGERSSON
 Was this your idea of an arrival?
 Bringing those things with you?

ALLURA
 Next time you can go out there on a
 bullshit treasure hunt.

Emerging from behind Holgersson is the embattled frame of CORAN (60s). Unkempt grey hair hangs over his face. He was once a great warrior, but time and tragedy have humbled him.

CORAN
 Allura...?

ALLURA
 Coran.

Allura goes to him for a long embrace. Coran is overjoyed. He takes in every texture of her face. Then he turns to the confused Keith and Lance.

CORAN
 And who are these ones? Friends?

ALLURA
 They brought us here alive.

Lance extends a hand for a shake, but Coran takes him in for an enthusiastic hug.

CORAN
 Then you are great friends of mine, sirs!
 Great friends.

(MORE)

CORAN(cont'd)

(back to Allura)

Did you...

Without a word, Allura opens up the satchel and shows Coran its contents. The five keys. Coran's jaw DROPS. He can't believe what he's looking at. Tears begin to run to his eyes as he takes the satchel from her.

Holgersson and the soldiers look on with great interest.

Coran holds up the keys to the Bedouins, who raise their arms in celebration.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - RECREATION YARDS - AFTERNOON

Bedouin children play cricket in a small playground behind the lavish home. Armed guards stand watch on the parapets.

Pidge takes in the scene like it's something from an alien planet. He's definitely not used to this.

One of Hunk's YOUNG DAUGHTERS approaches him and speaks in some kind of pidgin of Arabic and Spanish. A hybrid contact language developed by these people after years of living together in diversity.

Pidge doesn't understand what she's saying. Finally, the girl takes him by the hand and drags him into the game.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - COVERED PICNIC TABLES - CONTINUOUS

A private, enclosed area where a group of Bedouin leaders, Coran, Allura, Hunk, and Holgersson included, all gather for an important meeting.

Keith and Lance approach the group, but two large Bedouins block them, preventing them from taking part. They watch from afar.

ALLURA

When can we have a working lionbot?

Women simultaneously TRANSLATE her words into pidgin for the others to hear.

HOLGERSSON

Red, black, and green are still offline.
Yellow, maybe. But that's a big maybe.

ALLURA

You've had six months to finish the job,
Sven. How could it take this long?

HOLGERSSON

Do you see any supplies out here in the middle of the desert?

Allura shakes her head in disbelief.

HOLGERSSON (cont'd)

None of this would be a time crunch if you hadn't brought one of those things out here with you.

ALLURA

You think I did that on purpose?

CORAN

Enough!

Everyone stops talking. It's clear they hold Coran in high regard. Allura and Holgersson stare off angrily.

CORAN (cont'd)

This will not solve anything. We have to commence work immediately. Having the keys should allow us to speed up our development. But we cannot argue with one another when we should be working hand-in-hand. Do you understand?

Allura and Holgersson stare off angrily. Coran watches both of them. Finally, Allura spins and storms off. Keith watches her go.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Allura is fuming, walking at a brisk pace. Keith tracks her down.

KEITH

Hey. What the hell was that thing out there?

ALLURA

Trust me. You don't want to know.

KEITH

You think I'm just going to let that pass without a question?

She stops, spins to face him. She's impatient.

ALLURA

Keith, honestly, you keep your cards so close I don't know what to think. All you wanted was to get us here, and you got us here, so there's nothing else to talk about.

KEITH

That was before giant robots started fighting on our side-

ALLURA

I don't have time for this.

She starts walking again. Keith watches her go.

KEITH

Fine. You want to bullshit me? I can play that game too. Just pay your end of the deal and I'm gone. No more Keith.

ALLURA

I'll see to it you can leave first thing in the morning.

KEITH

Good.

ALLURA

Great.

She opens the door to a corrugated-roof warehouse structure and disappears inside.

Keith stands there, frustrated, not knowing what to do. After a moment, he follows her in.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - RECREATION YARDS - DAY

Pidge chases a loose baseball into some kind of elaborate tool shed. He looks around. Dark, hollow, empty space. He hits a LIGHT, illuminating before him...

HUNDREDS OF SKETCHES

In varying languages, some schematic, some artistic, some downright incomprehensible. Hieroglyphic annotations. Translations from some ancient source. Heavy schematics. All of them depicting...

FIVE LIONBOTS.

Pidge curiously walks through the hanging drawings. One series depicts five lions merging together, re-configuring into a different form altogether. Like a step-by-step diagram of how they build a HUMANOID FIGURE. What's more...

...the figure carries a SWORD.

Pidge gazes curiously at the blueprint for the sword. We get the sense he understands the mathematical jargon.

INT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - LIBRARY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Contained inside the large space are metal shelves carrying hundreds of volumes of books. Several different languages. History, ancient texts, engineering textbooks, you name it.

Coran sits at a large wooden table in the center, studying the five keys with a giant magnifying glass.

Allura comes in behind him.

ALLURA

We've got to talk about our timetable.

CORAN

I see you've brought your friend.

Allura regards Keith, somewhat annoyed. He paces through the shelves, removing a few old volumes and dusting them off.

CORAN (cont'd)

Where was the red key? Was it Chicago, as we thought?

ALLURA

New York. Natural History Museum. Sven got the wrong data. Cost us two weeks.

CORAN

No matter. You found it in the end. What happened at the border?

ALLURA

I don't know. They just took on a life of their own.

Keith opens up a volume on EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY. Handwritten notes scrawled madly inside.

CORAN

The keys will respond to any violation of life force. Were you in danger?

(MORE)

CORAN (cont'd)

They must have been protecting you...
 (not looking up, to Keith)
 Hands off the books, please.

Admonished, Keith puts it away. Coran never lifts his eyes from the keys.

CORAN (cont'd)

Impeccably-cared for, personally
 collected volumes on your world's most
 ancient histories.

ALLURA

And they don't need your filthy hands
 ruining them.

KEITH

Who are you calling filthy?

ALLURA

Look. You can go whenever you want-

CORAN

Allura. The man is curious. Show him
 what we're doing here.

Allura silently pleads with him to leave Keith out of this, but Coran ignores her. He gets up and crosses to a shelf. Pulls off another volume, this one on the Mayan pyramids. A drawing of the Great Pyramid.

CORAN (cont'd)

The construction of the Mayan pyramids,
 hundreds of years ago. And the Egyptian
 pyramids in Giza. Thousands of years
 ago. Five points connecting to the
 heavens. Notice a pattern? Five
 interlocking sequences completing a
 single unit. Five keys.

Coran hastily flips through another book and finds a photograph of the Sphinx. Lion and man merged together.

ALLURA

What Coran is trying to say is that the
 histories of your planet and ours have
 been linked for thousands of years.

KEITH

And your planet is...

CORAN

(as if this were obvious)
 Arus. In the Domus system.

Keith smiles and nods facetiously.

KEITH

Right. I get it now.

CORAN

Those machines up there, they belong to an alien race called the Drule Empire. A civilization that grows by consumption. Namely, the consumption of technologies that a planet builds for itself.

Coran paces back towards the keys, picking them up. They hum quietly in his hands.

CORAN (cont'd)

On Arus, these keys were our life source. An energy so complex and so powerful that the Drules would do anything to possess it. That is why they attacked our home planet. But the keys exert their own free will. They travel on their own accord. When Arus fell, they traveled across the known universe in search of a safe home. That brought them here, to your planet. Twelve thousand years ago.

Coran gestures towards drawings hanging on the walls, depicting the construction of the pyramids.

CORAN (cont'd)

All that was built here, was built for them.

KEITH

Let me get this straight. You and her are from a planet that hasn't existed for... how long?

CORAN

Twelve thousand three hundred and thirty-two years. Give or take, according to your calendar.

KEITH

Sure. Give or take.

ALLURA

We were in a suspended state. High-density freezing. We didn't age.

Keith looks back and forth between them like they're insane.

KEITH

I left New York on board the crazy train.
Fantastic.

INT. BASEMENT - MAINFRAME TERMINALS - CONTINUOUS

A damp, claustrophobic subterranean space. Holgersson reclines in a leather chair, humming a classical theme as he boots up-

A COMPUTER CONSOLE

Wired together with makeshift circuitry, basically anything you could find at an old parts re-seller. A supercomputer assembled in someone's basement. Hundreds of hard drives are stacked up everywhere. Server parts.

Lance enters behind him.

LANCE

What's this? Command central?

The multiple monitors hum to life. A self-designed operating system. Holgersson uses three separate keyboards to navigate through it.

HOLGERSSON

My personal collection. Whatever we should be remembered by. All stored on disk. Great art, music-

LANCE

Did you say music?

HOLGERSSON

Every album, every piece known to man. Try me.

LANCE

Jackson Five.

Holgersson brings up the complete collection. "ABC" plays over the speakers.

LANCE (cont'd)

Chaka Khan.

Once again, he's not stumped.

LANCE (cont'd)

Oh this is too good.

Behind them, Keith enters. He studies the elaborate computer mainframe.

LANCE (cont'd)
Keith, you gotta try this.

KEITH
Some other time. They're prepping our supplies. We're getting out of here.

LANCE
Hold on a second. This guy's got all the greatest hits-

Holgerson turns back to his computer, typing a few more commands.

SHRIEKING STATIC

Blares out through the speakers. Keith freezes, listens closely. It sounds like the noises we heard the RoBeasts making the other night.

KEITH
What is that?

HOLGERSSON
To the untrained mind it's just white noise. However, I saw something else...

He slows down the static to reveal an intermittent series of CYCLING, REPEATING NOISES. It was concealed as static when in actuality it's a mechanical language. Like a binary code that you can listen to.

HOLGERSSON (cont'd)
Articulated rhythm. Recurring patterns. A complex mathematics, but interpretable given enough patience. It's a language. This was my first encounter with the Drules. July 27th, 1999.

KEITH
You knew they were coming and you didn't warn anyone?

HOLGERSSON
Would you have believed me?

Keith and Holgerson stare off for a long beat. Keith's not sure he likes this guy.

HOLGERSSON (cont'd)

Fortunately there was Coran and Allura. Given that they came from... far away places, they were a bit more open-minded. So I financed their plans for mankind's second phase. A better phase.

Lance studies the computer monitors. They break down the language into visual intervals.

LANCE

So what are they saying?

HOLGERSSON

Chatter. Updates. Sometimes they send a signal out to space, wherever they came from. Before the first attack, these codes were exchanging pinpoints. Locations. Learning our infrastructure. That's why they went after power plants and communications networks first. Once they got us out of the way, they started on the five keys. Only problem is, the keys can't emit a strong energy pulse unless they join together, so it's taking time to narrow the source down.

KEITH

Brilliant way to search.

HOLGERSSON

It is. They're persistent. Relentless. Perfect.

KEITH

Sounds like you admire them.

Holgersson pauses for a long beat before speaking.

HOLGERSSON

I admire their ability to listen. It's something we lack.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - MAIN DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Keith and Lance pull back the lifts on two trucks. Inside each of them are dozens of boxes of supplies. Pre-packaged food, water, propane. A post-apocalyptic survivor's kit.

LANCE

I'm liking it.

Lance climbs into his truck and looks around.

LANCE (cont'd)

Now the only question is how we're gonna get this back to New York.

KEITH

You're on your own there. I'm heading south. Staying on my feet.

Lance stops what he's doing, looks at him. Two old friends about to reach that crucial impasse.

LANCE

You're really going through with this.

KEITH

First thing in the morning, I'm out.

LANCE

What about our people?

KEITH

Yours, Lance. Your people.

Keith closes the rear hatch of his truck and locks it up.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - NIGHT

An empty, hollow night. Distant THUDS in the mountains. The ever-present RoBeasts.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - NIGHT

Bedouin guards pace back and forth, scanning the horizon line.

THUD.

Remote, but seemingly closer than we've heard it before. One of the guards perks up, says something to another guard in Sudanese.

INT. HUNK'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

THUD.

Hunk sits up in bed. His wife lies next to him, not stirring. His children sleep on the floor.

Was it a nightmare? Or did he hear something?

INT. SLEEPING BUNKS - NIGHT

Many mobile homes strung together into an expansive, if cozy interior space. Hundreds of people sleep on cots.

THUD.

Keith opens his eyes. The king of self-preservation, he knows how to listen for possible threats. And this is one.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - NIGHT

Hunk puts on a jacket. He speaks to the guards in pidgin. They point in the direction of where the noise is coming from.

INT. SLEEPING BUNKS - NIGHT

Pidge strolls through the corridors in his bare feet. He sips delicately from a small plastic cup of water.

THUD.

He peers out a window, at the dark night sky on the outskirts of the compound, when suddenly-

CRASH!

The glass shatters all around him, and so does HALF THE WALL!

An enormous ROBEAST LEG sweeps through the mobile homes, shattering them into many pieces, jarring everyone awake all at once.

Pidge narrowly avoids being crushed. He crawls back on his hands and knees, rapidly getting away as-

The full creature peers into the space. Jagged metal face. Ruthless red eyes. It unleashes a horrific SONIC SCREAM!

Pidge covers his ears.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - NIGHT

Hunk and the Bedouins hand out explosives and grenade launchers as they sprint around the compound walls.

Keith joins them. A groggy Lance is right behind.

KEITH

Where is it?

INT. CORAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Allura shakes the sleeping Coran awake.

ALLURA

Coran, get up. They're here.

ANOTHER LOUD CRASH in the compound. Coran's face goes pale. He runs to his desk and shoves the five keys back into the satchel.

CORAN

We've got to get underground.

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - NIGHT

On the roof of one of the main warehouses, a giant SPIDER-LIKE ROBEAST is digging into the building with its enormous talons.

One of the Bedouins sets up an old Soviet mortar launcher.

Keith does a quick circle, checking their surroundings. That's when he sees, emerging from the rubble behind them...

ANOTHER ROBEAST!

KEITH

Hey. He brought his friends.

They are surrounded by not just two, but three, four RoBeasts. They're all converging on the compound!

LANCE

Holy. Shit.

Hunk barks orders to his men in pidgin. They run back towards the house, past Holgersson, who seems frozen in disbelief, watching the compound come apart.

KEITH

What are they doing?

HOLGERSSON

Evacuating.

LANCE

Evacuate? Where the hell are we gonna evacuate to?!

One of the Bedouins uses a key to unlock a box attached to a kerosene lamp post. Inside is a SINGLE RED LEVER. He pulls down on it and suddenly behind them-

THE SAND RISES UP.

Giving way to the mouth of the enormous doors we saw earlier. An entrance to a giant underground tunnel.

Keith stares at it, his thoughts moving in a thousand directions. He turns towards his TRUCK, loaded up with supplies and still sitting on the tarmac.

He's got a choice to make.

LANCE (cont'd)

Keith, come on...

KEITH

We go down there, we're not coming up.

LANCE

Keith!

He ignores Lance, sprinting towards the trucks at full speed.

But it's too late. The spider-like RoBeast emerges behind the vehicles, lifts a giant metal foot, and-

CRUSHES THEM

With one step, swallowing their masses into its own.

Keith drops to his knees, heartbroken and angered. His escape route just vanished.

Lance comes up behind him, grabs him by the shoulder.

LANCE (cont'd)

We've got to go!

Keith rises to his feet, walking backwards with Lance, still not taking his eyes off the RoBeast as it finishes off the truck.

Nearby, Holgersson begins retreating underground.

HOLGERSSON

Great while it lasted...

Allura and Coran sprint past him.

ALLURA

Come on!

They join the hordes of families and soldiers hauling ass towards the tunnel.

Lance grabs Pidge on his way, throwing him over his shoulder and giving the boy a clear view of the DESTRUCTION behind them as they run.

Elsewhere, Hunk is carrying an injured soldier with him while another Bedouin fires an assault rifle haphazardly towards a RoBeast coming towards them.

Hunk yells something in Arabic and turns to face the soldier when he sees-

THE ROBEAST PICKING THE MAN UP!

He swings wildly through the air, caught in the creature's grip and then abruptly CRUSHED as if he were a sheet of paper. Hunk watches in disbelief.

The RoBeast leers downwards, coming towards Hunk and the other injured soldier, who lies on his back. It POUNCES.

Hunk grabs the man's hands, pulling at him with all his strength. He looks into his eyes. An old friend. A fellow warrior. He's a goner and they both know it.

Finally, Hunk makes a grim resolution. The Bedouin nods his agreement. Hunk reaches to the man's BANDOLIER and pulls the pins from several HAND GRENADES mounted on his chest. Then he lets go, allowing the RoBeast to pick the man up in its colossal hand just as-

BOOM!

Its hand BLOWS OFF!

The RoBeast SCREAMS OUT and cradles its metallic stump of an arm. For a moment it doesn't know what to do.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Allura and Coran give orders at the threshold, directing people on where to go, helping the stragglers get inside.

ALLURA

Hunk! Let's go!

EXT. BEDOUIN COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Hunk sprints towards her while the RoBeast momentarily focuses its efforts on PLUNGING ITS ARM into the building's wreckage to REGENERATE ITS MASS from the debris.

Within a few seconds it's got another hand. Good as new. Like a lizard's tail. It chases after Hunk once again.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Hunk passes the doors, pushes Allura out of the way, and pulls down on another lever, which causes the blast doors to begin to CLOSE. But just as they are about to seal shut-

A ROBEAST ARM

Sticks through the narrowing gap and GRABS ALLURA by the foot, dragging her towards it. She's about to get taken away entirely when-

WHAM!

The doors clamp shut, crushing its arm in the middle and shattering into hundreds of pieces of shrapnel and debris. The hand that was gripping Allura falls apart also.

Coran runs up to her.

CORAN
Are you all right?

She nods.

Meanwhile, Keith looks around and finds themselves standing inside...

AN ENORMOUS INTERIOR SPACE.

Like a giant airplane hangar built underground. All around the iron-strutted walls are various tools and pieces of industrial equipment. Imagine someone's auto body garage times one hundred. We're talking heavy duty gear.

The Bedouins embrace friends and family members who they'd been separated from. Hunk finds his wife again and takes her into his arms.

The RoBeasts bang against the heavily-reinforced doors from the outside.

KEITH

What are those walls made out of?

HOLGERSSON

Osium-Iridium. A tungsten compound. It takes the machines longer to assimilate.

KEITH

How much longer?

HOLGERSSON

Twenty-four, maybe thirty-six hours. I give no guarantee.

BANG!

The ceiling far above their heads TREMBLES. Another ROBEAST screams out as it beats on the ground.

KEITH

There's no way out of here, is there?

LANCE

So we're screwed.

HOLGERSSON

Yes. More or less.

Lance leans up against a strut, shaking his head in disbelief. Keith just keeps his eyes on the ceiling. If only he'd left just a few hours earlier...

Pidge goes over to a nearby wall, where-

SCHEMATIC DIAGRAMS

Have been taped up. Similar to what we saw before. Technical drawings depicting five lionbots.

Coran, meanwhile, takes from his pocket the satchel containing the five keys, which glow steadily.

KEITH

Has it ever occurred to you people that if you just gave them those things, maybe they'd take off and leave us alone?

ALLURA

You don't want that.

KEITH

Well I sure don't want to die down here-

CORAN

Stop it!

Everyone looks at Coran.

CORAN (cont'd)

Allura. Show him what we've built.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - EQUIPMENT HANGAR - LATER

Holgersson pulls a lever on a nearby wall and-

SEVERAL HALOGEN LAMPS

Turn on overhead, illuminating another vast hangar space. Keith and Lance follow him inside. Pidge stays nearby. Allura and Coran stay on the periphery.

HOLGERSSON

I financed the reconstruction of this hangar with money from my liquidated assets. A few months before the invasion. Gave us a place to operate with complete privacy. Which was very important, considering our project...

At the back of the room, COVERED IN TARPS, are-
FIVE ENORMOUS LIONBOTS.

Allura's blue lionbot is one of them, but it now stands flanked by four others... each one with a hand-painted color scheme. Red, black, yellow, and green.

KEITH

Great. I think I had a toy like this when I was a kid.

Pidge climbs onto the green lionbot and stares inside the cockpit. An elaborate series of complex controls, all built from car parts and other electronics.

CORAN

Five machines. Lionbots. On their own they are powerless, devoid of the strength to fight the Drules. But together with the power of the keys... they will form something else entirely.

LANCE

A Chinese New Year parade?

ALLURA

Our only chance.

Keith studies one of the lionbot feet closely. It's an ingenious hybrid of high and low tech.

KEITH

You're planning on staging a fight with these things?

ALLURA

More or less.

KEITH

Good luck with that.

Allura ignores him, turns to Holgersson.

ALLURA

Okay, Sven. Here's your chance to shine. Those walls come down in 48 hours? Then I guess we need these up and running.

HOLGERSSON

Running with who? Maybe you haven't noticed, but we've sort of lost the team that was supposed to run this operation. Plus, I told you. We're out of parts. Unless you have some other way to stage the thruster core beneath the dynatherms.

Coran looks at Keith and Lance.

CORAN

Allura tells me you two are quite the mechanics.

LANCE

Yeah. Sure. Tinkering with monster trucks and modded tanks. Not exactly a primer course for this shit...

HOLGERSSON

Stop wasting your time. It can't be done.

ALLURA

Maybe it's time you took a backseat then.

HOLGERSSON

Or maybe it's time you woke up to the realization that everything you've been fighting for... you blew it, Allura.

(MORE)

HOLGERSSON(cont'd)

Twelve thousand light years of travel and now we're all stuck in a hole where we're going to die!

Allura turns to Keith.

ALLURA

We need your help again.

KEITH

Right. Helping you has been a one-way ticket to getting myself killed these days.

LANCE

Keith, maybe we should-

KEITH

I told you I'd get you across the border, and I got you across the border. Now we're in overtime. If you think for a second I'm going to help with this-

ALLURA

What choice do you have?

Keith thinks on this long and hard. He's cornered and he knows it. Anger courses through him.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Here's the score, Keith. Very simple. If we don't finish building these machines, we die. No negotiations. No chance of escape. Those things are going to come in here and they won't be taking names.

KEITH

I think you'll find I'm pretty resourceful when it comes to survival-

ALLURA

Sure. You're the man who's going to bury himself in a hole until it's all over. But let me tell you something... pretty soon there's going to be nothing left. Because if those machines take possession of these keys, this is all going to be over. Not just for you, or me, or for the rest of us down here, but for every hole you've been digging yourself. This life, this world... this universe will simply cease to exist.

Keith stares at her angrily.

KEITH

You've been a real pleasure to do business with, you know that?

ALLURA

Get out of here and stop wasting my time.

Keith shakes his head and storms off.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LIVING QUARTERS - LATER

Bedouin families have set up small tents in a long, dark corridor, illuminated by gas lights. Some, the Muslim contingent, turn to the north and lay out prayer blankets. Others, the Spanish Catholics, pray to rosary beads. Many cultures under the same roof.

Keith walks through this tunnel.

An older woman offers him a bottled water. He declines. She strenuously offers it again. Finally, he takes it and has a long swig. It's a rare treat. Fresh, cold water.

DISTANT THUDS OVERHEAD.

Dust shakes from the ceiling. A perpetual reminder that the end is coming.

Keith kneels against a wall, in a quiet place to himself.

HUNK (O.C.)

Tell me what it was like...

Hunk sits next to him. He cradles his INFANT DAUGHTER on his lap. She plays idly with his enormous fingers.

HUNK (cont'd)

...fighting in the One Day War.

Keith stares at him incredulously. He's never heard him speak a word of English. Didn't even know he could.

Hunk gestures to the Navy Cross tattoo on his arm. Keith runs his hand over it absently.

KEITH

That morning, we went at the machines in waves. 100% firepower. It wasn't good enough.

(MORE)

KEITH(cont'd)

If we could have communicated, allied with the other armies, maybe we'd have stood a chance, but hell... American, French, Chinese, Israel, South Koreans, Germans... we couldn't even speak each other's languages. How could we fight next to each other?

Keith shakes his head. Stares out at the sleeping families.

KEITH (cont'd)

After what I saw that day, we don't deserve to survive.

Hunk kisses his daughter on the forehead. She squeals with pleasure.

HUNK

That is not how my faith sees it.

KEITH

Show me where your faith talks about being conquered by a race of alien machines. That I'd like to see.

Hunk gently jostles his daughter up and down. She's beginning to fall asleep.

HUNK

The Jews tell the story of Noah, to whom God assigned the task of rebuilding humanity after the flood. He sent him into the forest to find wood for his Ark. After Noah had done so, he asked God, "Why have I journeyed into the forest, but to retrieve only cypress wood? What purpose will it serve?" And do you know how God responded?

(pauses)

"Build me an Ark, and I will show you your future."

Keith lets this sink in. Hunk takes his daughter and stands.

HUNK (cont'd)

You survive alone while the world crumbles around you. But what you do not see is that we all share the same future.

(smiles)

There is one Ark for us to build.

And with that he walks off down the corridor. Keith watches after him, deep in thought.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - COMPUTER TERMINAL - LATER

Holgerson enters a claustrophobic server space and closes the door behind him. He inspects some of the technology. His own design.

Finally, he sits down at a terminal and logs himself in.

A computer read-out scrolls down on the screen in front of us. Binary code. The Drule language. We can't read it, but he can. A few more key clicks and he's accessing a deeper node. Another layer.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - SURFACE - EVENING

A wide aerial shot of a GIANT CRATER being dug in sand. All around it-

DOZENS OF ROBEASTS

Of varying shapes and sizes, working together to burrow furiously towards the giant underground hangar.

Some of the metal barrier has been exposed, and various RoBeasts try to pound into it like a battering ram. They're making dents. Getting closer...

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - EQUIPMENT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Pidge tinkers with a few spare pieces of equipment from one of the cockpits. Lance and Allura are working nearby. She's trying to explain some of the engineering schematics to him.

LANCE

Dino-what?

ALLURA

Dynatherms. You know, like a Nitrox boost?

LANCE

Yeah, I understand Nitrox boosts. I just don't know what the hell you're talking about...

Allura looks over at Pidge.

ALLURA

Hey. Don't touch that. Okay?

Pidge ignores her and continues what he's doing.

Just then, behind them, Keith walks in. Everyone falls silent. Lance and Allura wait for him, neither knowing what to say.

He stares down at the complex blueprints for a long beat.

KEITH

How come you make them look like lions?

ALLURA

How come you make your planes look like birds?

Keith shrugs. Good point. He regards the five lionbots sitting in the hangar. Bites his lip thoughtfully, then finally he claps his hands together.

KEITH

These things will get us out of here alive?

ALLURA

That's the plan.

KEITH

Then let's make this happen.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - TOMB ENTRANCE - LATER

Blocked off from the rest of the hangar, contained in a corner behind a series of scaffolds and yellow tape, is a-

LIMESTONE FACE

Seemingly thousands of years old, with hieroglyphic inscriptions carved all over the stepping-stone blocks. A single OPENING stands at the center of the wall beneath a grand archway.

Allura carries a lantern. Keith and Lance keep up.

ALLURA

Our bunker was built as an adjunct to an ancient Mayan tomb. This mausoleum is where the five keys were first found.

INT. ANCIENT MAYAN TOMB - MOMENTS LATER

The group walks through the narrow corridors. On the walls are various illustrations drawn in stick figure. Allura points to them as she speaks.

ALLURA

The entire history of my people. The war on Arus. The invasion of the Drules.

Keith studies the wall closely. The peaceful kingdom of Arus being bombarded by enormous RoBeasts. Cities destroyed. Populations wiped out entirely.

ALLURA (cont'd)

We built the lionbots as a way of protecting ourselves from the machines.

Allura leads them to another nearby wall, this one depicting five lions fighting off the RoBeast onslaught. In one frame, the lions seem to-

MERGE INTO A SINGLE HUMANOID FORM.

KEITH

And this?

ALLURA

The lionbots don't just stand as five machines fighting separately. They re-configure. Change their definition.

(pauses)

It's called Voltron.

LANCE

What's that, some kind of battery or something?

ALLURA

(deadpan)

No. It's not some kind of battery. Or something.

Allura takes a slow step towards them in the darkness.

ALLURA (cont'd)

For thousands of years, the Drules rampaged freely across the universe. Only one thing ever came close to stopping them. And you're looking at it.

SLOW ZOOM

On the image of the Voltron as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

A SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM

Illustrating how the five lionbots re-configure and merge into the humanoid form.

WIDER TO REVEAL-

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MAIN HANGAR - LATER

Keith, Lance, and Allura standing around it. Coran instructs them with a laser pointer.

CORAN

The lionbots operate via psychosomatic circuitry, integrating your mind directly with the machine.

Lance makes a gesture indicating "lost me there."

KEITH

You think, they move.

CORAN

Yes. And their fusion reaction is powered by the keys.

KEITH

So then how do we form Voltron?

CORAN

Theoretically, given the right velocity, the machines link up and the minds of the five pilots will merge with each other.

LANCE

One mind under Voltron. Cool...

But Keith isn't so convinced.

KEITH

"Theoretically?"

CORAN

Well, we haven't finished building them yet. So who knows? Everything is theoretical until then.

He smiles apologetically. Keith picks up a pencil and leans over the diagram.

On the other side of the hangar, Holgersson is watching this from afar, reclining in his chair. He shakes his head in disbelief, then gets up and walks away.

Pidge watches him go.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MAIN HANGAR - LATER

ON A BLACK AND WHITE MONITOR:

ROBEASTS, twenty, maybe thirty of them now, all working together to claw away at the metal doors at the base of the sand. They're getting closer.

WIDER TO REVEAL

Hunk and his men sitting behind the makeshift control console, keeping their eyes on the monitors.

Allura approaches and puts a hand on Hunk's shoulder.

ALLURA
How are we looking?

HUNK
Not much remaining. How are you?

She shrugs. Exhausted and weary. Squeezes his cheek.

ALLURA
Get some sleep, big man.

HUNK
You too.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LIVING QUARTERS - LATER

Allura crawls onto a cot and pulls a blanket over herself.

Next to her, Coran snores loudly. She smiles affectionately and pulls the blanket so that it cover him more.

Nearby, TWO GIRLS, an older sister and a younger one, are playing a game by folding their hands. The older girl patiently shows her sister how to do it.

Allura watches from afar. Maybe there's still hope here.

HOLGERSSON (O.C.)

Enjoy it while you can.

She looks over at Holgersson, rolled up in his own sleeping bag nearby, leaning up against a wall.

HOLGERSSON (cont'd)

Tell me something, Allura. Run me through a worst case scenario... if the Drules were to actually get what they wanted?

Allura just stares at him, half-illuminated by a dim fire, not knowing what to think.

HOLGERSSON (cont'd)

Sometimes I think, answering to someone else, that's not so bad. At least the trains come in on time.

(laughs to himself)

Hell, at least they come in at all...

Allura rolls over and goes to sleep. Holgersson fades off as well.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - EQUIPMENT HANGAR - LATER

Keith sits outside the black lionbot cockpit, trying to decipher translated sketches on his note pad while tinkering with new parts. He's visibly frustrated.

Behind him, Pidge plays with equipment inside the cockpit.

KEITH

Hey, quit it!

Pidge ignores him and walks out. Lance comes in carrying a tray of food.

KEITH (cont'd)

What's his problem, anyway?

LANCE

He ain't much for authority.

Lance sets the tray down.

LANCE (cont'd)

I brought some food. Check it out. When was the last time you had an ice cold Bud Light?

(MORE)

LANCE (cont'd)

Once I found one stored in a meat freezer
in the South Bronx, but it'd been skunked
for at least six months. But this...

(twists open the bottle)

This is the real thing. You want one?

A DISTANT ROAR OVERHEAD. A pounding explosion. Both Keith
and Lance stop what they're doing and look up.

After a long beat, Keith holds out his hand for the beer.
Lance smiles and passes it over. They drink in silence.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SUPPLY CLOSETS - LATER

Pidge pulls back an enormous set of double doors to reveal...

AN ELECTRONICS STOCKPILE

Children's toys are stacked in the small bunker in every
direction. Texas Instruments Speak N Spell, Tickle Me Elmo,
Nintendo, just about every great toy you can imagine.

Pidge smiles. A kid's wet dream.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - EQUIPMENT HANGAR - LATER

Keith and Lance work in silence, passing back and forth tools
while Keith operates inside the red lionbot's engine. They
hear something behind them and turn around to see-

Pidge, dragging several toy boxes from the closet.

LANCE

Hey. Don't spread your toys in here,
man...

Pidge ignores him, laying out the toys on the floor and
beginning to open the boxes. He holds a Speak N Spell in his
hands. Presses the POWER button. It starts working.

Lance watches him with a mixture of confusion and amusement.

LANCE (cont'd)

Speak N Spell. My favorite.

Pidge starts playing the Speak N Spell, following the talking
computer's instructions, pressing one button at a time. And
then-

HE SHATTERS IT ON THE FLOOR!

LANCE (cont'd)

Great. I'm sure the store will take it back now.

Keith stands up curiously. He watches as Pidge picks up the broken innards of the toy and starts playing with wires from the motherboard. He removes the entire chip and...

...carries it into the black lionbot cockpit.

INT. BLACK LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Keith and Lance follow him inside.

Pidge disassembles the temporary rig Keith has set up on one of the consoles and sets up a patch, causing the interface to run through the Speak N Spell motherboard.

He finds the POWER button and presses it again. The entire console lights up.

Keith and Lance exchange an incredulous look.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - EQUIPMENT HANGAR - LATER

Under Pidge's direction, Keith and Lance work on setting up every cockpit with Pidge's own cut and paste, hack-assembled electronic designs.

LANCE

All they needed was an intermediary device. Something to convert the energy pulse to a more fundamental form.

Lance shakes his head as he fuses another circuit board to the cockpit. It's made out of a "Simon Says" game plate.

LANCE (cont'd)

Kids these days, man. Raised on high speed game processors, fast food, violent apocalypse at the hands of a ruthless alien race... me, I had a more traditional upbringing.

INT. BLACK LIONBOT COCKPIT - LATER

Keith sits in the cockpit, staring at the complex controls.

Lance comes up behind him and fastens a flight helmet to his head.

Attached to it are various electrodes, which Lance carefully threads to the ion charges that Pidge installed on the console.

LANCE

You're sure this thing won't fry your brain?

KEITH

If you're so worried, why don't you give it a shot?

LANCE

Nah. Have a blast.

He hands him the BLACK KEY and climbs out of the cockpit, closing the hydraulic seal behind him.

Keith sits alone. He takes a deep breath. Nestles key into its holding area. LIGHTS SWITCH ON. An acknowledgment of power. He grips two handles on either side, then closes his eyes and with a foot pedal...

LAUNCHES THE POWER INTAKE.

For just a moment, he feels nothing. Then, all of a sudden-

WE ZOOM THROUGH KEITH'S EYES

Into the inner workings of his mind, where neurons and synapses begin to MORPH into wires and circuits. We see brief glimpses into Keith's memory: training in the military, glimpses of his father, a wife and child, flying a fighter plane against the machines, all disappearing under a raging fire as we-

ZOOM BACK OUT

This time through the eyes of the black lionbot. For just a moment, their identities were fused.

KEITH

Wow.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MAIN HANGAR - LATER

Hunk dozes in his chair in front of the security monitors. A few Bedouins chat in Spanish while fixing up a nearby computer. What no one notices is that the monitors-

HAVE GONE COMPLETELY BLANK.

Just then an ALARM RINGS OUT. The air raid siren. Hunk jumps awake and sits up. Argues with his men.

Allura and Coran sprint into the room, groggily shaking themselves awake.

Keith and Lance come running in.

LANCE
Hey, we gotta talk to you-

ALLURA
Not now!

Hunk is toggling buttons. Coran looks at him.

HUNK
The power is down.

CORAN
And?

HUNK
The blast doors hold together by asymmetric circuitry. They rely on a charge influx to maintain the reinforced composition of the metal...

ALLURA
English, Hunk!

Hunk turns to her, frustrated.

HUNK
It means they're going to get through.

CORAN
I don't understand. Our generators are backed up several times over-

HOLGERSSON (O.C.)
The generators didn't fail, Coran.

Everyone turns around to see-

HOLGERSSON

9mm pistol in hand, standing behind them with the barrel pointed straight at Coran. He looks nervous, out of sorts. Like he hasn't slept.

HOLGERSSON (cont'd)
You did.

ALLURA

Sven, what the hell are you doing...

Holgersson presses the gun closer against Coran's head.

HOLGERSSON

Step away from the system.

HUNK

You will get us all killed!

HOLGERSSON

I'm getting us out of here alive. The way we should have from the beginning.

Holgersson types a few commands onto the keyboard. A low humming noise. We watch on the monitors as...

THE BLAST DOORS BEGIN TO OPEN!

Slowly but surely. Shadows, movement on the other side. The RoBeasts are eagerly waiting for an opening.

HOLGERSSON (cont'd)

(to Allura)

Go get me the keys.

LANCE

Hey, are you kidding? What do you think, they're gonna cut a deal with you?!

HOLGERSSON

Allura. Keys.

Allura stares at Coran, not knowing what to do. His eyes say it all. Don't.

Keith watches this exchange. He's got to do something.

KEITH

You know how to fire one of those?

Holgersson eyes him nervously.

KEITH (cont'd)

You don't strike me as the kind of man who weighs his option.

HOLGERSSON

Enough!

KEITH

Because if you were, you'd realize you're walking into a situation you can't win. Do you get it? One man goes down, you'll have ten on top of you. And believe me, whatever deal those things are going to give you... you won't get it from me.

Holgersson's hand is beginning to shake. Keith takes a step closer. Hunk eyes the monitors.

HUNK

They're inside the doors.

A low RUMBLING IN THE DISTANCE. Heavy footsteps. Getting closer.

HOLGERSSON

Allura, I'm not going to tell you again. Give me the keys, and we'll all have a chance.

ALLURA

A chance at what? Being the first residents in a human colony? The Drules don't give a shit about us!

HOLGERSSON

Allura-

Keith makes his move. He sidesteps Holgersson, knocking him to the ground and pushing Coran out of the way. They struggle for possession of the gun.

BANG!

A bullet goes off and splinters the control panel next to where Lance is standing.

Keith slams Holgersson in the face, but can't reach the pistol in time as-

ANOTHER SHOT

Goes off, this one not splintering the control panel. Keith wraps his fingers around Holgersson's neck and-

SLAMS HIS HEAD

Against the ground again and again, knocking him unconscious and finally causing the weapon to drop out of his hands. He sits up, wiping sweat from his forehead, when he sees behind him-

CORAN HAS BEEN HIT

By the wayward bullet. He lies bleeding in Allura's arms, the wound having hit him in the chest.

CORAN

Allura...

ALLURA

Hunk, get something to help him!

Hunk just stands there, knowing nothing can be done. He clenches his fists.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Hunk!

Coran reaches to her hands and takes them in his own. Squeezing them with all the strength he has left.

CORAN

...make it so...

His eyes whiten. His grip lessens. He's gone.

Allura can't believe what she's seeing. She wraps herself around his body, caked in blood, not even noticing.

KEITH

We've got to go now.

Hunk turns his eyes towards the long corridor leading to the tunnel entrance. He can hear the RoBeasts getting closer. He quickly reaches down and SLAMS THE ALARM SIREN just as-

THE CEILING EXPLODES ABOVE THEM!

Large blocks of concrete tumble to the floor. Allura and the others take cover. Some men are not so lucky, getting crushed under the metal reinforcement rods that rain down.

Lance helps Hunk climb out from under the rubble. Everyone looks up to see as TWO COLOSSAL HANDS reach through the gaping hole and peel the ceiling back further, revealing-

A GIANT ROBEAST

Peering its snout into the hangar like a bear that just discovered honey in the beehive. It emits its trademark SONIC SCREAM.

Hunk and some of the Bedouin soldiers open fire. Armor-piercing bullets shred away at parts of the RoBeast's metallic face. Not making a difference. It rears back, then regathers its strength and peels back the ceiling further, giving it enough space to DROP INSIDE.

Behind it, two other RoBeasts appear from the tunnel entrance. They're coming in from all areas.

One of them arches its back to the ceiling, and in all-out rage, sweeps its tail across the floor, picking up dozens of Bedouin warriors and-

TOSSING THEM!

Hunk dives out of the way, narrowly missing its wake as the others are smacked violently against the wall and killed.

Keith reaches down to Allura.

KEITH (cont'd)
Allura, we've got to go.

ALLURA
(tears in her eyes)
Where are we supposed to go?!

LANCE
You wanted the machines working, right?
Well we got them working.

Allura looks at him incredulously. Then she stands, leaving Coran on the floor behind her. Says a last silent good-bye.

HOLGERSSON (O.C.)
Don't.

They look up to see Holgersson sitting up, bleeding from the head, but still holding the 9mm, which Keith dropped in the chaos. Pointed straight at Allura.

She stares back at him with fearless, steadfast eyes. For just a moment we think it might be the end of the road when-

WHAM!

A RoBeast foot suddenly comes crashing down on top of him!

Allura and the others don't even have time to react. The creature sweeps its red eyes down over them, about to move in until-

IT SCREAMS AND FALLS AWAY.

Something has leapt onto its back and is apparently causing it extreme pain. The RoBeast reaches around and swats at the attacker, finally giving us a clear angle to see-

THE GREEN LIONBOT!

Chewing on the RoBeast's innards with its powerful jaws, sending shrapnel everywhere. It's a true vision of beauty to see this machine at work. Despite its cumbersome construction, it really moves fluidly.

It lands confidently on the ground with four legs. Squares off. Above, two more RoBeasts stick their heads through the ceiling.

Keith and Allura watch in amazement.

HUNK

Who is piloting that?

Lance stares at the green lionbot closely. That's when he sees, through the glass cockpit window...

PIDGE.

LANCE

I'll be damned...

The lionbot leaps up through the opening in the ceiling, trying to draw the RoBeasts out with it.

Lance pulls Hunk towards the tunnel. They run past Keith and Allura.

LANCE (cont'd)

Come on, kid needs some help.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Keith, Lance, Allura, and Hunk sprint through the corridors past Bedouin families gathering up their belongings, retreating further into the tunnel.

KEITH

This is going to be one hell of a learning curve.

LANCE

No better time.

As he runs, Hunk catches sight of his family being led away by the others. He stops running. Regards his wife.

A silent moment of understanding between two loved ones. She nods confidently, then carries their children deeper into the tunnel.

Hunk continues following the group.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - EQUIPMENT HANGAR - NIGHT

They emerge to find the roof OPENED UP via a high-tech hydraulic gate. Moonlight shines in from above.

The four remaining lionbots - black, red, blue, and yellow - rest patiently in the hangar.

LANCE

Anyone got a color preference?

Allura runs straight for the nearest bot, which is blue. Hunk takes yellow. Keith and Lance stand before the black and the red ones.

LANCE (cont'd)

Don't make me take red.

KEITH

Sorry. My choice.

Keith sprints towards the black lionbot, climbing up into the cockpit and pulling the glass hatch shut above him. Lance rolls his eyes and runs for the red one.

INT. BLUE LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Allura snaps on the helmet and checks out the controls. She regards the children's toys curiously.

ALLURA

You have to be kidding me.

INT. YELLOW LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Hunk picks up the yellow key, which has been stored on a control panel, and uses it to engage the system startup. Lights flicker on all around him. He looks around in wonder.

INT. RED LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Lance fastens his chest-mounted seat belt and looks out the window towards Keith.

LANCE

I think, it moves, right?

INT. BLACK LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Keith grips the two support columns and nods. Then he makes sure the key is inserted and hits a few switches that initiate the system.

The engine behind him ROARS. We're talking a shitload of horsepower. Imagine the entire Indy 500 contained in one machine. The lionbot trembles with life.

Keith glances at Allura. She allows her body to accept the lionbot's fusion and suddenly-

EXT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - EQUIPMENT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The blue lionbot LEAPS UP OUT OF THE HANGAR! Like some kind of colossal takeoff.

Moments later, the yellow lionbot jumps as well.

INT. BLACK LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Keith squeezes the handles, closes his eyes, and-

FLIES UPWARDS.

The lionbot has become an extension of his own body. A second skin. He is now just a mind in a much larger, much more mechanical body.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - SURFACE - NIGHT

The black lionbot flies through the open hangar roof.

Keith keeps his eyes closed while he struggles with the controls. Finally he opens them and looks outside to see-

THE GROUND FAR BELOW.

Keith panics. The lionbot spirals out of control and SMACKS DOWN into the sand violently.

Lance's red lionbot arrives moments later, walking calmly.

LANCE

Like riding a bike.

Keith wills himself to stand and the lionbot shakes itself off. Allura and Hunk come over as well. The four machines stand side-by-side, facing off-

DOZENS OF ROBEASTS

Converging around the entrance of the bunker. The green lionbot is running through the fray, smacking away adversaries as they come at it.

ON PIDGE: inside the cockpit, looking around wildly. He's being surrounded.

ALLURA

We've got to lead them away from the bunker.

LANCE

Any ideas?

ALLURA

Live bait.

LANCE

That is not an idea.

Allura leads the other lionbots into battle.

A colossal collision of metal on metal. A true marvel of engineering. Like watching animals fight on the Discovery Channel, except these animals are FIFTY FEET TALL... and robots.

The lionbots bite, scratch, and swat with whatever resources they have. The RoBeasts fight back in teams, trying to surround them and pull them apart limb from limb. Shards of metal fly everywhere.

Keith finally succeeds in snatching Pidge's lionbot in his giant talons and-

CARRYING HIM TO SAFETY.

His machine does an impressive aerial maneuver, using solid rocket correctional boosters mounted on its legs. He touches down and drops Pidge gently.

KEITH

You okay?

The boy nods. Allura, Hunk, and Lance come over. Inside the cockpits, the pilots are out of breath.

LANCE

There's too many. We don't stand a chance.

Keith regards Allura through his cockpit windshield.

KEITH

Five minds merged into one?

LANCE

Now wait a second, I was never 100% sold on that idea-

ALLURA

Warm up to it. Fast.

Keith nods his agreement. He pulls back a lever that ignites the dynatherms. The interlock process activates. On the key console, the black key slides sideways and re-configures into a new position.

The black lionbot begins sprinting across the desert, leading the RoBeasts away from the bunker.

The other four machines join in flanking position. They begin to gyrate with an extreme amount of energy.

LANCE

What the hell is going on...?

ON ALLURA: closing her eyes, allowing her mind to be free enough for the interlock to take place.

Keith's hands are shaking as he tries to grip the support columns. The cockpit around him is flashing with electrodes. Sparks of energy, a technology coming alive before him.

And finally, he-

TAKES OFF

High into the air, the lionbot soaring upwards towards the clouds. The other machines follow. They merge in a close configuration. Like a jet plane squadron.

Then something happens. The electric current carries through to the outside of the machines, beginning to-

TRANSFORM THEM

Into something else. The black lionbot's legs retract, folding in on themselves as the head turns downwards. Pidge's lionbot flies alongside it and-

ATTACHES...

Linking up so that for a moment we see the glimpse of a torso and a left arm coming together. Hunk's lionbot joins up to form one of the legs, bending its head upwards into a foot.

Meanwhile, in the cockpits, a tremendous amount of input is coming through the pilots' helmets. Memories, flashbacks, literally their lives passing in front of them...

ON KEITH: trying to stay focused. Images of the war against the machines, his plane crashing down over a metropolitan city, pulling his dead co-pilot out.

ON LANCE: seeing these images too, coupled with his own memories as a taxi driver back in New York.

LANCE (cont'd)

Guys, I'm seeing something here...

ALLURA

It's not just you.

ON ALLURA: as a young child, on a faraway planet, being dragged into a space craft by Coran.

ON HUNK: visions of his wife and daughters.

ON PIDGE: hiding in a closet from an old man, probably his father, who beats him with a belt.

Their memories are beginning to bleed into each other. Their minds fuse with the machine as one complete unit.

Keith's eyes SNAP OPEN. He can't take it. The impact of five minds becoming one... blind faith, trusting in others... it's too much. His lionbot wavers in its path, struggling under the weight of excessive input.

KEITH

I can't-

ALLURA

You have to!

But it's too late. Keith's lionbot FALLS OUT OF FORMATION, tumbling downwards in a flat spin.

The other machines break apart from their central mass, losing what form they were creating and turning back into lionbots again. Everyone plummets at a high velocity.

Lance's and Pidge's lionbots hit up against each other and tangle up. They're unable to break loose. The fall is disorienting. The horizon line spins around in every direction. Finally, they-

HIT THE GROUND

And roll several hundred yards, kicking up sand. Electricity pours out of their frames.

Allura's lionbot crashes nearby with a heavy explosion of sand, narrowly avoiding landing right on top of them.

Above, Keith brings his lionbot down near a sharp precipice, landing harshly, scraping off metal and paint, trying to gain traction as the machine slides closer and closer-

TOWARDS THE EDGE.

Just when we think he's going to go over, his claws DIG IN, stopping himself just inches from the cliff.

Keith breathes a sigh of relief. But this is eroded by the sight of-

HUNK'S LIONBOT

Careening straight towards him. Hunk tries to pull up, but it's far too late.

WHAM!

The two heavy pieces of machinery slam into each other and spill into the ravine below. They hit every rock and precipice on the way down until they finally crash with a heavy, resonant THUD at the bottom of the valley.

ON KEITH: lying sideways in his cockpit, losing consciousness. Finally he FADES OUT entirely as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - NIGHT

A cool wind blows over the empty dunes. An eerie silence. We have no idea how much time has passed.

Allura opens her eyes. She lies on top of the lionbot cockpit, injured badly. The blue key rests in the palm of her hand.

She sits up slowly, rubs her head. That's when she sees, directly above her-

A ROBEAST

Its spider-like legs straddling the lionbot.

ROBEAST POV: all it sees is motionless machinery. Vague energy pulses, but the signals are too opaque to make out anything like Allura or the single key she holds in her hand.

She sits still until finally-

THE ROBEAST STOMPS OFF. On with its search.

Nearby, about fifty yards away, Lance and Pidge climb out of their damaged lionbots.

Lance is bleeding from the forehead, nursing an injured arm. Pidge seems relatively unscathed, except that he is completely exhausted. He gives Lance a reassuring thumbs-up.

Behind them, limping through the sand, are Keith and Hunk. Keith supports Hunk over his shoulder.

ALLURA

Are you all right?

Hunk nods, cringing as he favors his right ankle.

KEITH

Where'd they go?

ALLURA

They can't see the keys unless they're close enough together. They know they're in the right ballpark, though.

That's when ALLURA THINKS OF SOMETHING. She turns her head towards the south, watching on the horizon as...

ALLURA (cont'd)

Oh no...

A DISTANT FIRE

Burns high in the night sky. Maybe about a mile away. The oil refinery. The Bedouin bunker!

Hunk realizes what's going on. His eyes go wide with fear.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Hunk...

He pushes Keith away and runs towards the nearest lionbot - the red one. Lance tries to hold him back but he knocks him over and climbs inside.

EXT. MEXICAN OIL REFINERY - NIGHT

The red lionbot lands on the outskirts of the fire and Hunk jumps out, standing on top of his cockpit and looking at-

DESOLATION

As far as the eye can see.

He leaps down off the machine and runs through the sand, shielding his eyes from the burning fire and continuous explosions, trying desperately to get through.

Finally, he climbs over an overturned truck and sees-

A CRATER

Where the bunker once stood. Loose fragments of metal. Signs of a life that once was. And...

HUNDREDS OF BODIES

Charred beyond recognition, lying dormant at the base of the hole. The Bedouin families. All dead. Not a single survivor has been left behind.

Hunk SCREAMS OUT in horrified pain, tears pouring from his eyes. He drops to his knees. The fire rages in every direction. He doesn't even notice.

Behind him, the other four lionbots appear. Keith, Allura, Lance, and Pidge climb out.

Allura hopelessly regards the mass burial. She doesn't even know what to say. What words could describe the horror?

Keith turns away, staring out towards the RoBeasts lurking in the distance.

KEITH

We've got to go. Now.

ALLURA

You're free to leave whenever you want-

KEITH

Those things are circling. They're
wising up. Unless you want to die, I
think you should come with us.

Allura stares at him, tears on her cheeks.

ALLURA

And where do you think we're going to go?
The lionbots are damaged. Our people are
dead!

KEITH

So what, you're saying it's over?

ALLURA

(indignant)

What do you care?!

But there's something different in Keith's eyes. Something
we haven't seen before. An indignant concern. He's sick of
this. He's mad.

KEITH

Lance. If we take these back to New
York, you think you could fix them?

LANCE

Gonna need one hell of a garage...

KEITH

I know just the guy.

Lance stares at him like he's insane. Keith starts walking
back into his lionbot.

ALLURA

What, now you're some kind of soldier?

KEITH

Lady, I don't know much about
intergalactic war. But I do know about
home court advantage. You want to die
here, then you can die here. But if you
want to win this, I think I know how.

Allura turns back to Hunk, still on his knees, tears pouring
onto the sand. She looks at the RoBeasts, sprinting in from
the west. Knows she doesn't have a choice.

ALLURA

Hunk, we're leaving.

He ignores her, his glassy eyes lost in their own pain.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Hunk! They didn't die for nothing. Not yet at least.

After a long beat, he nods his agreement.

INT. BLACK LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Keith checks his diagnostics, flips a switch.

KEITH

I should have enough auxiliary power to at least get us north. But we'll have to recharge when we land.

ALLURA (O.S.)

(on com-link)

Same here.

INT. RED LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Lance kicks at a control panel that he tries to jam back into place.

LANCE

So long as we make it in one piece. I'm running off duct tape here.

The cockpit lights finally flicker to life.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The RoBeasts are almost on top of them now. It's a matter of seconds. Everyone inserts the keys into their machines.

Keith revs the lionbot into gear. The engine starts with a thunderous ROAR. The machine rises to its feet, joined by the other four.

Then they begin galloping straight towards the onslaught of RoBeasts, picking up speed until finally, at the last moment before both sides are about to collide...

THEY LEAP UPWARDS INTO THE AIR!

The boosters ignite. Propulsion engaged. They're not just soaring now... they're flying.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

The decimated skyline is in even worse shape than before.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - CONTINUOUS

Robby, the young boy in the Pac-Man t-shirt, Lance's old friend, filthy and hungry, sits on a wharf in the harbor, looking out over the ocean.

Then he hears something. A distant WHIRRING in the air. He looks up just in time to see-

FIVE LIONBOTS

Landing along the shoreline of the harbor with an incredible THUD. They disappear behind the buildings.

Robby watches in utter disbelief. He's never seen anything like them. And for the first time, he's got a glimmer of hope in his eye.

INT. BLACK LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Keith stares through his monitors at the war-torn expanse of Manhattan. Fires rise from distant buildings. A light rain drizzles against his windshield.

LANCE (O.C.)
(on com-link)
Place looks nice.

KEITH
Just how we left it.

EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The distant ROAR of RoBeasts echoes out. The streets are barren but for a pack of dogs, fighting over food scraps. As we get CLOSER, we see it's not food scraps at all, but the remains of a DEAD HUMAN BODY.

Keith, Lance, Hunk, Pidge, and Allura walk past without looking down. Hunk trains an assault rifle in every direction, always keeping a close alert.

Keith leans up against a car that has been overturned on the sidewalk. Crosses his arms patiently.

ALLURA
What are we doing?

KEITH
Waiting.

ALLURA
For what?

Just then, VOICES CALL OUT from the nearby rooftops.

LASER SIGHTS

Dozens of them, settle on the five pilots. They're surrounded on all sides by several GUNMEN. Hunk reluctantly drops his rifle on the ground.

Keith steps out into the middle of the street, his hands in the air. He looks at the gunmen. He's not afraid.

KEITH
(calling out to them)
Someone find Dukane. Tell him his old friend is back.

The gunmen exchange confused looks.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT - LATER

Derelicts gather around an old television set, watching taped children's cartoons from twenty years ago. Nobody is laughing along. Nearby, a woman nurses two children simultaneously, feeding them with breast milk.

Keith is escorted inside by gunpoint. He sits at a round table in the center of the room beneath a dangling fluorescent light. Waits.

The door opens in front of him and DUKANE enters. Sits across from him in silence for a long beat.

DUKANE
Is there something you owe me?

KEITH

I came to wipe away all debts.

DUKANE

"Debt" is an understatement, considering what you took from me.

KEITH

There's things in this world a lot bigger than you and me, Dukane. It's time we both started owning up.

Dukane looks at him strangely. This doesn't sound like the Keith he knows.

DUKANE

Big words from a man who isn't in a position to negotiate.

KEITH

My friend, believe me when I say this... neither of us is in that position.

Dukane scratches the stubble on his chin. He's confused, but intrigued.

DUKANE

What did you have in mind?

EXT. DOWNTOWN ARCHWAY - DAY

Dukane and his men stare in wonder at the FIVE LIONBOTS nestled in the shadows beneath a downtown bridge.

Keith and his team guide them through, explaining the tasks at hand.

KEITH

We need new exhaust release chambers on all the machines. And the hydraulics on red weren't working all that well to begin with.

LANCE

Plus I want a new chair in my cockpit. The old one sticks to my ass.

HUNK

And extra artillery for close range combat. 250mm shells, and they should be primed to reload automatically. Are you writing all this down?

Dukane and his men exchange curious looks.

DUKANE

What are we talking about here, exactly?

KEITH

We're talking about meeting those things up here in the clean air and hitting them with everything we've got. But we do it together. You and me and everyone else. Your best mechanics, your weapons guys, one hundred percent commitment.

Dukane just scratches his head in disbelief.

DUKANE

How much artillery?

ALLURA (O.C.)

Enough to stop an army.

Everyone looks at Allura, who kneels beside her lionbot.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Everywhere, all over the world, there's thousands of those energy cells. A coordinated mass effort. Once they triangulate our signal, they're going to come after us. And not just one or two.

(pauses)

All of them. Every last one. All at once.

Keith smiles at Dukane, who looks like a deer in headlights.

KEITH

You heard the lady. Now we've got something to look forward to.

INT. DUKANE'S CHOP SHOP - DAY

Several mechanics work on the lionbots.

Allura supervises the operation, watching as they fasten weapons systems onto the machines' backs, legs, head. High-tech killing machines.

INT. CHOP SHOP BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hunk and Pidge work in silence in an empty space, separated from everyone else. Hunk welds several large I-beams into a large shape, about forty feet long.

SLOW ZOOM ON THE DIAGRAMS: depicting an enormous sword with an energy field pulsing around it. Voltron's sword.

Pidge consults the drawings and gives friendly approval.

HUNK

Good work.

Pidge shrugs playfully. Hunk watches him for a long beat. Then he reaches out, hesitantly at first, and-

PATS HIM ON THE SHOULDER.

An affectionate gesture. A fatherly moment. Even Pidge recognizes it. Something he's never had the privilege of feeling. He smiles.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - EVENING

Keith and Lance push through an entry-way and find themselves inside the subway tunnel that they used to call home.

As they walk further inside, they catch signs of the old life. Families in tents lining the hallways. Children playing games in the filthy puddles.

One of the boys is Robby. He sees them and perks up.

ROBBY

You're back!

LANCE

That's right. Me and the big man. Told you I wasn't disappearing.

Robby looks up at Keith.

ROBBY

Did you come with the lions?

Keith watches him for a long beat, not sure what to say.

ROBBY (cont'd)

They're gonna fight, aren't they?

Keith and Lance meet eyes.

LANCE

Yeah. They're gonna fight.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SURFACE STREETS - NIGHT

Under the protection of the lionbots, on the streets of New York we see something we haven't seen in a long time...

PEOPLE WORKING TOGETHER.

Some are covering up holes in the surface with debris, concealing traps for the RoBeasts. Others hoist large oil tankers on pulleys, locking them off. Still others set up artillery guns on the rooftops.

INT. DUKANE'S CHOP SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Dukane's men airbrush elaborate designs according to the color schemes - black, red, blue, yellow, and green - of each machine.

Keith comes over and observes. Dukane stands beside him.

DUKANE

Status on the street?

KEITH

Traps are ready. How's it look in here?

DUKANE

It looks how it looks. You like?

Keith grins.

KEITH

I do, my friend.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The city is quiet now, like a calm before the storm. Not a single sign of life on the streets.

Rays of moonlight push through the gaps between what skyscrapers are left. An instant of respite.

On a rooftop in their newly-fashioned, newly-gorgeous black and blue lionbots, are-

Keith and Allura. They sit on top of the cockpits, staring out at the skyline in silence.

DISTANT ROARS of RoBeasts. Getting closer.

ALLURA

Just in case I don't get a chance to say it later... thanks. For not leaving.

KEITH

Don't thank me yet.

WHAM!

An enormous imploding sound, like a building has been toppled over nearby. Heavy footsteps. A RoBeast scream.

Lance, Hunk, and Pidge land their lionbots on the rooftop nearby.

HUNK

They're coming.

KEITH

Everyone ready?

Nods all around. Keith and Allura climb into their cockpits.

Keith's machine creeps its way towards the edge of the building. He looks at Allura one last time.

ALLURA

Don't get all sappy on me now.

KEITH

I wasn't going to.

And without another word, he-

TAKES OFF

Leaping out over a wide span of buildings and getting the attention of one of the RoBeasts - in the shape of some kind of FOUR-LEGGED WOLF. It sprints after him, engaging in a race through the wide avenue blocks.

Keith catches a glimpse of it in his rear monitors.

KEITH (cont'd)

These mothers are fast...

The RoBeast emits a LOUD ROAR. It's gaining ground, ever closer, until-

It suddenly falls into a concealed crater in the middle of Third Avenue! The RoBeast twists and turns over itself at the bottom of the hole, fifty feet beneath the surface.

On the buildings above, Dukane's men emerge, pointing ARTILLERY GUNS into the hole and-

OPENING FIRE

Dismembering the RoBeast under a hail of massive shells. The creature screams and flails around until it finally COMES APART ENTIRELY. Its body degenerates into scrap metal. The energy cell rolls out from its core. Momentarily lifeless. It begins to hum and gyrate again until-

WHAM!

Keith's lionbot steps down on it, crunching it under its massive weight and destroying what life the core had left.

Meanwhile, a TENTACLED ROBEAST stalks through the financial district. It sees Dukane's soldiers running in and out of the buildings at eye level and begins PLUNGING ITS TENTACLES through the windows.

On the other side of the building, Pidge's green lionbot leaps up and GRABS ONE OF THE TENTACLES, severing it.

The RoBeast screams and plunges another tentacle through the windows, which wraps around the lionbot's body and pins it to the building.

Just then, a voice behind it on a LOUDSPEAKER-

HUNK (O.C.)

Hey.

The RoBeast looks over its shoulder to see-

HUNK'S YELLOW LIONBOT

On top of a building, an enormous shoulder-mounted cannon trained on it.

BOOM!

The shot hits the RoBeast square in the chest, literally blowing a hole straight through the energy cell in its center. Fragments of the core tumble to the ground.

The creature staggers slightly, dropping Pidge's lionbot and taking a weak step towards Hunk before it COLLAPSES IN A HUGE HEAP on the ground.

Hunk and Pidge grin at each other.

On the other side of the island, near the Hudson River boat basin, a snake-like RoBeast slithers rapidly through the streets, chasing Allura's blue lionbot. Keith sprints a parallel course on the rooftops, looking down at them below.

KEITH

You're running out of space down there.

ALLURA

Not a problem.

Suddenly Allura takes a giant flying leap, sailing over a low building and-

PLUNGING INTO THE HUDSON RIVER.

The RoBeast dives in also, forming fins out of its metallic scales as it disappears beneath the surface.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Allura's lionbot's talons transform into paddle-like objects. She swims at full speed through the dark ocean waters.

Behind her, she can see the vague glimpse of the serpent RoBeast hurdling closer.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SURFACE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Keith runs along the West Side Highway, following the underwater shadows.

KEITH

This better work.

INT. BLUE LIONBOT COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

ALLURA

It's going to work. Just make sure they're in position.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SURFACE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Keith switches his com-link to a different frequency.

KEITH

Dukane, you there?

Downtown, near a tall skyscraper overlooking the water, Dukane and some of his soldiers wait by a series of radio controls.

DUKANE

In position, waiting for your mark.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Allura's lionbot rapidly ascends towards the surface, all the while making sure the RoBeast is following her.

ALLURA

Here we come... on three... two...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SURFACE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

She leaps out of the water and pulls up on her controls, taking the lionbot's nose upwards and-

UPSIDE DOWN

Doing a giant loop so that when the RoBeast emerges from the water it has no idea where she is...

KEITH

Now!

Dukane pulls down on a lever and suddenly-

BOOM!

SHAPE CHARGES demolish the entire lower half of the skyscraper, causing it to SEE-SAW and-

COLLAPSE TOWARDS THE OCEAN

Landing right on top of the helpless RoBeast, crushing it beneath several thousand tons of steel.

Keith perches his lionbot on the highway nearby.

KEITH (cont'd)

(to Allura)

You okay?

ALLURA

Good to go.

Keith smiles. And then, suddenly behind him an enormous RoBeast claw reaches out of the rubble and SNATCHES Keith's lionbot. The creature emerges from the water, now transformed into something more humanoid... and more enraged.

Keith frantically tries to maneuver himself out of its grip, but all the lionbot can do is flail its legs in the air.

ALLURA (cont'd)

Lance...

LANCE

I'm on it!

Lance's lionbot leaps on the creature's back from behind, digging its powerful teeth into the RoBeast's neck. It screams out and tosses Keith's lionbot into a nearby building, focusing its full attention on Lance.

Keith cascades down the face of the building, plunging in an uncontrolled spiral towards the ground. He closes his eyes and grips the console, trying to will the lionbot into a steady position... and just before he hits the ground...

HE FLIPS

Landing right-side up, his claws gripping the concrete on all fours. Keith exhales a sigh of relief.

Hunk leaps over several buildings towards Lance and the RoBeast when suddenly-

HE IS SNATCHED UP MID-AIR

By the colossal talons of an AERIAL ROBEAST. Just like the others, except this one has wings! It carries him high above the buildings. Hunk maneuvers himself so he is facing it point blank and-

FIRES HIS CANNON

The RoBeast screeches and releases its grip, causing Hunk to free-fall. He ignites his correction boosters, soaring upwards and leaping from rooftop to rooftop, heading back towards Lance and the other creature.

He closes in on them, all the while avoiding the aerial RoBeast as it swoops down to grab him time and time again.

Finally, he leaps out past Lance just as the aerial RoBeast swings down and with its razor-sharp wings-

SLICES ACROSS THE OTHER ROBEAST'S TORSO!

The creature momentarily freezes. Its hands drop and suddenly the upper half separates from the lower half, landing with a colossal shudder. The energy cell dissolves into pieces, also having been cut in half.

Meanwhile, the aerial RoBeast hasn't even noticed what it has done. It continues to pursue Hunk. Keith chases them along the ground, following until he is close enough and then-

LEAPING UP

On top of the RoBeast's wingspan. It screeches violently and dives lower, smacking into buildings in its attempt to toss him off, but Keith holds on for dear life.

On the surface, Dukane waves desperately at a group of humans in an adjacent building.

DUKANE

They're coming!

Keith almost loses his balance, gripping the RoBeast wing with one claw.

KEITH

Don't know how much longer I'm going to be able to hold this thing...

Lance leaps onto a high building and looks down at the scene.

LANCE

Just a little bit longer!

KEITH

How much longer?!

Keith and the RoBeast are fast approaching a corner where Dukane and his soldiers wait.

LANCE

And... now!

Keith suddenly leaps off of the RoBeast, landing sideways while the creature tries to gain altitude as it rounds a corner and flies right into-

THE PATH OF AN OIL TANKER

Swinging like a wrecking-ball on a pulley between two buildings.

BOOM!

The whole thing explodes, shattering the RoBeast into several thousand pieces which rain down on the ground.

The energy cell lands nearby, unharmed, until Lance's lionbot foot CRUSHES IT, just like Keith did before.

LANCE (cont'd)
And that is how it's done.

CELEBRATION ALL AROUND.

Allura lands her lionbot and gets out next to Keith, who has removed himself from his cockpit also. They are about to embrace when HUNK ARRIVES...

HUNK
(eyes on the sky)
Friends...

ON THE HORIZON: rising over it, like a new moon, is an-
Enormous energy cell.

The sum product of many smaller cells. Other spheres rise up from the ground and join the larger mass. It grows rapidly.

HUNK (cont'd)
...I do not think it is over yet.

EXT. CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA - CONTINUOUS

RoBeasts everywhere collapse into rubble and their energy cells ascend upwards...

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - CONTINUOUS

...every energy cell in every city around the world...

EXT. HONOLULU, HAWAII - CONTINUOUS

...is called back to join up into one unit...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

...in the sky above New York City.

The massive sphere, so large it nearly blocks out the sun, reforms and then FISSURES once again, subdividing into HUNDREDS OF ENERGY CELLS-

Which rain down on the city all at once. Like a colossal hail storm.

They EXPLODE on contact with the ground, emitting a pulse so powerful, so violent that its shock wave knocks over anything within a mile radius.

Dukane begins herding people underground.

DUKANE

Get down! Everyone get back under!

Some people are picked up in the concussion, some manage to find their way to safety.

The buildings near where the energy cell exploded begin BENDING AND WARPING... sucked in by the enormous new core. The radius gets wider and wider, spreading uptown towards the lionbots as-

KEITH

Grab onto something!

It's everything they can do to not get pulled in. After clawing themselves to safety, they watch the many large pieces of buildings shape into-

HUNDREDS OF ROBEASTS.

LANCE

Take them one at a time, right?

And then, as if in answer to this question, the RoBeasts suddenly clump together and-

MERGE

Being molded by unseen hands, assimilating their shapes into a gigantic mass, almost as large as the island of Manhattan itself... two legs... a torso... two arms... and finally a head...

A MASSIVE UBER-ROBEAST.

So large it stands hundreds of feet into the sky. Far bigger than any RoBeast we have ever seen.

The uber-RoBeast trains its massive red eyes down on the lionbots and narrows its glare.

POV SHOT: the lionbots hovering closely together. The five cores of the keys GLOWING BRIGHTLY.

The creature knows exactly what it's after. With a colossal swing of its fist-

IT PULVERIZES AN ENTIRE CITY BLOCK

Scattering the lionbots every which way. Keith and Lance roll together to the ground just south of Central Park. Allura lands nearby.

LANCE (cont'd)

We gotta make a move...

Keith looks at Allura through his cockpit window. Then he reaches into the nearby compartment and pulls out-

THE BLACK KEY.

KEITH

We're going to need a bigger robot.

Hunk and Pidge land behind them. Everyone knows what this means.

HUNK

Impossible. We do not have runway clearance to get the right speed for interlock-

Suddenly-

BOOM!

Two blasts from Lance's lionbot's cannon and several buildings along Sixth Avenue go toppling over, giving them a wide runway at least a mile long.

LANCE

How's that for clearance?

Keith and Allura meet stares.

ALLURA

You up for this?

KEITH

Absolutely.

LANCE

Hell yeah. Let's make it happen.

Keith gets up and begins running down Sixth Avenue. Behind him, everyone picks up speed, getting in formation.

In his cockpit, Keith pulls back on a lever. The black key slides into its alternate configuration.

KEITH
Activate interlock.

In their own cockpits, everyone else does the same.

KEITH (cont'd)
(checking console)
Dynatherms connected.

The lionbots take off and begin soaring through the air. They pull closer, five separate parts combining into one whole.

Keith twists his handles and they sink deeper into the floor, re-configuring his cockpit and locking his chair into place. He stares at the monitor in front of him.

KEITH (cont'd)
Infracells up.

Their energy readouts rise across the board.

Outside, the machines start to gyrate with energy. Keith's lionbot reshapes, its legs receding into its body and its head tilting downwards.

KEITH (cont'd)
(watching the levels)
Megathrusters are go...

BOOM!

The lionbots suddenly ignite with more speed than we've ever seen them take on before.

On his right side, Lance's red lionbot also changes, its tail extending and acting as a joint to connect it to Keith's torso. Pidge's lionbot does the same.

LANCE
It's working!

ON KEITH: closing his eyes to handle the speed. The memories begin flooding back.

ON ALLURA: she sees her own memories too, as well as Keith's. In that moment, she begins to feel Keith's pain like she would her own.

ALLURA

Hold on...

KEITH

(struggling)

Trying...

ALLURA

Try... with me...

And then Keith finally lets go. He gives in to the spiritual machinery once and for all. The images in his head BLUR INTO ONE, all their memories fusing and fading into-

THE MACHINERY OF VOLTRON, bending and igniting with energy...

WE ZOOM UP

Along this new creation's body, watching as metals, circuits, and wires miraculously mold around each other, forming a new shape entirely.

Their connected mass sails high over New York City, slowly beginning to resemble a human figure. On Keith's lionbot, the mouth suddenly SPLITS OPEN at the jaw, revealing hidden within it-

A MACHINE-LIKE FACE, made of jagged steel and plate metal, with bright white eyes glowing deeply.

On the ground, Dukane and the soldiers watch in disbelief. He's finally beginning to believe as well.

DUKANE

Holy God...

And as the energy field begins to clear, we see it has left behind a shiny, resplendent illumination... what was once rusted metal and hack-assembled bolts have now become a unified mass of gorgeous colors: red, black, blue, green, yellow... and the unmistakable CHROME.

The shape plummets to the ground, somersaulting around itself, its energy field dissipating as the figure bends its knees and-

LANDS

Feet first, on the decimated ground of New York City. It stretches its legs and arches its back, revealing its full size to be a few hundred feet tall, easily matching that of the uber-Robeast.

Then it spreads its majestic arms - lions' mouths for hands - and SMACKS THEM TOGETHER, ready for a fight.

Ladies and gentlemen... this is VOLTRON.

The RoBeast emits an ENORMOUS SONIC SCREAM, shattering nearby windows, and then attacks.

Voltron grabs it with his right arm, clamping the red lionbot's jaws around the RoBeast's neck and tossing it sideways, where it topples over another building.

The RoBeast tries to reach up with its left arm to take Voltron on the way down, but Voltron-

SLAMS ITS SHOULDER

So hard that it actually knocks off the arm, which drops onto the street below.

After a moment of immobility, the arm gyrates with energy and morphs into a SMALLER IDENTICAL ROBEAST, which wraps itself around Voltron's torso.

Voltron picks up the smaller RoBeast in both arms and YANKS IT INTO TWO PIECES, tossing the discarded remains into the East River.

Meanwhile, the larger RoBeast stands up and leans on the rubble of the building it knocked over. The debris is SUCKED INTO ITS CORE, enlarging its mass and allowing it to regenerate another arm.

It grabs Voltron by the neck, picking him up over his head, and TOSSING HIM-

OFF OF THE ISLAND

Flailing wildly until he SLAMS into the GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE. He becomes tethered in the heavy support cables. The RoBeast leaps after him. Voltron snaps one of the cables loose, spinning it out like a whip and-

WRAPPING IT AROUND THE ROBEAST'S ANKLE.

With one firm yank the RoBeast is pulled sideways, splashing into the Hudson River. It flails about but finds its footing. Voltron grabs a piece of the fallen bridge and-

TOSSES IT

Towards the RoBeast, which merely assimilates the bridge into its mass. Voltron tosses another piece and it does the same. This isn't working.

Finally, Voltron leaps upwards into the sky, igniting a series of boosters at his legs, sailing hundreds of feet in the air. The RoBeast jumps also. Voltron braces himself for a collision as they both-

SMACK AGAINST EACH OTHER

And push further into the sky, up through the clouds, higher and higher, struggling, punching, tearing at each other until they finally pop up-

BEYOND THE ATMOSPHERE

Glimpsing the blackness of outer space itself, then tumbling back towards the Earth, rolling over each other and-

LANDING ROBEAST FIRST

So hard that their impact creates a deep hole, a crater plunging further and further into the ground.

Voltron uses his claws and feet to ascend upwards out of the crater, emerging-

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - SURFACE STREETS - DAY

On an entirely different continent! They have literally flown around half the Earth.

Voltron brushes debris off of himself. The city looks much like every other city we've seen. War-torn, ravaged, on its last legs. On the streets below, various SURVIVORS climb out from their hiding places, regarding with great curiosity this enormous robot that does not look like the RoBeasts.

Then, suddenly, behind him-

THE ROBEAST RISES OUT OF THE CRATER

Grabbing Voltron by the neck and yanking him sideways. He topples over, sliding along the tops of old 19th century buildings and landing right near the Champs-Elysees.

The RoBeast takes two giant strides and leaps high in the air, about to pounce down on top of him when Voltron reaches behind himself, picking up the collapsed EIFEL TOWER and-

USING IT AS A SPEAR

So that the RoBeast impales itself through the chest.

It screams out, face-to-face with its adversary, enraged and in great pain. Voltron holds the RoBeast like food on a giant skewer. Then it bends the creature over its knee and-

SNAPS THE ROBEAST IN HALF!

Both parts topple to the ground. Moments later they gather themselves, forming two identical but smaller RoBeasts, which then merge together and assimilate into the large one yet again.

Voltron swings the Eifel Tower like a baseball bat, but the creature grabs it and assimilates it once again. Then it delivers a PULVERIZING FIST, knocking Voltron headlong into the air...

...flailing about as he sails upwards into the clouds and comes back down in-

EXT. SINGAPORE - SURFACE STREETS - EVENING

Plunging into the depths of the Singapore Strait ocean. He surfaces and swims to shore.

After a brief moment of peace, we hear the sound of something falling out of the sky. The RoBeast is coming down.

Directly to Voltron's right is the crushed frame of the SINGAPORE INDOOR SOCCER STADIUM. He picks it up, using the giant dome as a shield and-

RAISING IT OVER HIS HEAD

As the RoBeast comes down and **SMACKS RIGHT INTO IT.**

Voltron drops the stadium and pulverizes the fallen RoBeast with his fists, punching clear through the creature's abdomen. But now the RoBeast holds Voltron's arm in place and begins-

SWALLOWING IT INTO ITS MASS! Trying to incorporate its metals into its body.

Voltron props up his feet, pulling until he finally succeeds at separating himself from the RoBeast.

Facing each other from several hundred yards away, the two adversaries square off once again. The RoBeast picks up the stadium roof and uses it to fill in the gap in its chest. Good as new once again.

Can this creature ever be taken down? So long as it can get new metal it will always be able to re-form its mass. Where can it go?

Voltron takes two giant steps and leaps in the opposite direction, soaring high in the air, beyond the clouds, navigating himself away from the RoBeast...

EXT. NEW DELHI, INDIA - CONTINUOUS

Landing first in the giant Indian city, taking a few giant strides and jumping again...

EXT. ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT - CONTINUOUS

Coming down in the ruins of the ancient city, taking a few more great leaps...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Flying over the great body of water, SOARING out of the atmosphere...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SURFACE STREETS - DAWN

Landing back where it started, on the island of Manhattan.

From below the streets, the people of New York begin to emerge. Robby, the young boy, leads the pack, staring up in awe at their enormous savior.

The RoBeast plunges down after him, landing on top of Voltron and pushing his face deep into the debris of the city.

Voltron flails around, reaching for anything he can. That's when he finds what he came back to New York looking for...

A GIANT I-BEAM

Connected to a series of electrodes and seemingly having been given an enormous handle. This is the weapon that Pidge and Hunk were building!

Voltron reaches out with his left hand and grabs on, swinging it back like a blunt object and knocking the RoBeast away. Then he rises to his feet, holding the I-Beam in both hands, and-

TAKES OFF!

High into the sky, igniting his POWERFUL BOOSTERS and zooming through the clouds. The RoBeast once again follows, this time GRABBING HIM mid-air and tossing him sideways.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Spiraling out of control, zooming upwards through the atmosphere, Voltron struggles to right himself. He barely has time to react before the RoBeast comes down again, this time going for the kill.

It gnaws at his chest, shredding apart pieces of metal, going for the humans inside. Voltron kicks it away.

They hover in the zero-gravity of space. Once again, facing off.

But this time, Voltron's got a new weapon. He flips a charge on the handle of the I-Beam, causing the sword to-

IGNITE WITH LIFE

An electron field spins around it, so powerfully that it creates a FORCE OF STATIC ELECTRICITY. A "blazing sword."

The RoBeast roars angrily and goes in for another attack. But this time, Voltron raises the sword and-

SLICES ITS ARM OFF!

Dissolving it in a mass of bits and particles, which float off into the depths of space.

The RoBeast screams out and looks around to re-form its mass. But that's when it realizes...

...there's no metal out here. Nothing to regenerate.

The RoBeast's red eyes GO WIDE. It looks into Voltron's cold, mechanical face. And even though neither of these machines has the capacity to speak, we know exactly what Voltron's thinking...

"You're fucked."

The RoBeast fearfully backs away. It barely has time to react before-

VOLTRON DRAWS HIS SWORD BACK

And rips sideways across the creature's torso! He holds it there, allowing the energy pulse to surround the RoBeast so pervasively that-

BOOM!

It EXPLODES into a thousand pieces of scrap metal. Iridescent metallic particles float loosely in the zero gravity of the Earth's outer atmosphere. They surround the central core, the weakened ENERGY CELL itself.

Voltron picks up the core with one hand and-

TOSSES IT TOWARDS THE SUN!

The energy cell gets further and further away, finally turning into an DISTANT EXPLOSION of blackness as it hits the sun's hot surface and is rapidly disintegrated.

Voltron watches it with steadfast eyes. Then he leans back, allowing himself to be picked up again by the Earth's gravitational pull and-

DESCENDING TOWARDS THE GROUND.

As he gets closer, he looks out - five sets of eyes staring down as one - over the grand landscapes of the planet below.

ON THE PILOTS INSIDE: the individual humans whose minds have fused into one giant entity.

LANCE

No way...

ALLURA

It's beautiful...

ON KEITH: his eyes widening as below him he sees-

THOUSANDS OF DOTS appearing across the planet. Survivors emerging from their underground hideouts... finally crawling out of their holes, basking in the sunlight and allowing themselves to be human once again. They're no longer afraid.

Keith looks towards Allura's cockpit. They make somber eye contact. Tears have flowed to her eyes. Keith can't help but smile too. It's beautiful, all right.

And as Voltron plunges downwards, we-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WEEKS LATER - DAY

The same skyline that we've become accustomed to. Except something different's going on. Something we haven't see in a long time...

PEOPLE ARE ON THE STREETS

Rebuilding from the wreckage. Cleaning out old buildings. Preparing homes to live in.

Lance and Hunk are helping others throw cinder blocks out from a hole on the second story of a downtown brownstone. Pidge is helping them, one block at a time.

A NISSAN PATHFINDER PULLS UP.

Keith climbs out. Reasonably showered. He squints and looks up towards Lance.

KEITH

Don't strain a muscle up there.

LANCE

Hey pretty boy, how about a little work detail yourself?

Keith smiles.

KEITH

Where's the lady?

Hunk gestures around the corner.

Keith walks around the sidewalk, through crowds of people who stare at him as he goes. A newfound celebrity status. Being the saviors of humanity can do that for you.

Dukane sits beneath a tent staked out in the middle of the avenue. Together with the rest of his men, he's monitoring a huge array of radio equipment.

KEITH (cont'd)

Anything yet?

DUKANE

Got a signal across the Pacific. Tokyo says they're all cleared out too.

(pauses)

She's looking for you.

Keith nods, keeps walking. He climbs down a staircase into an old subway opening...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

...where he finds Allura, sitting inside the cockpit of her blue lionbot. She's running diagnostics on the system.

ALLURA

Lance says the two of you were running circles around the island yesterday.

KEITH

Just testing the new ignition switches-

ALLURA

So you thought racing was a good idea?

Keith flashes a shit-eating grin. She looks at him and smiles despite herself.

KEITH

Relax. You know what rebuilding means?

ALLURA

It's not over.

Keith looks at her curiously. She pulls up a readout on an old Apple flat-screen monitor duct-taped into the cockpit. Some kind of elaborate sonar.

ALLURA (cont'd)

The Drules are regrouping. They're afraid of Earth because they know we're here, but that doesn't mean they're not still out there.

Keith stares at the monitor. Frowns. A sense of duty rises in him. He knows what she's getting at.

ALLURA (cont'd)

You ever been to outer space?

KEITH

Hey, if the company's right, I'll go just about anywhere.

Allura smiles as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Space in its infinite mystery. Moving through the blackness.

ALLURA (V.O.)

*If you're listening... if you're hearing
this transmission... you know we exist.*

A RISING HEARTBEAT.

ALLURA (V.O.) (cont'd)

*People aren't afraid of you anymore. We
won't hide. We're going to fight.*

And then suddenly-

WHOOM!

From beneath us passes a magnificent spectacle... a cosmic
hue of red, black, green, yellow, and blue...

ALLURA (V.O.) (cont'd)

But don't take my word for it...

THE FIVE LIONBOTS

Sailing as one tight unit at the speed of light... plunging
fearlessly into the depths of the far away universe...

ALLURA (V.O.) (cont'd)

*By the time you wise up, we'll be banging
down your front door.*

CUT TO BLACK.

* * * THE END * * *