

JUDGE DREDD: WAR PLANET

By Dave Stone

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1. Fungus Jungle

DREDD Rapid fire!

THE 'CHUNKA-CHUNKA-CHUNKA!' OF A LAWGIVER,
APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, RAPID-FIRING.

THE SHRIEKS AND GURGLES OF SOME FLYING ALIEN
CREATURE AS IT'S HIT BY SLUGS AND COMES
CRASHING DOWN SPECTACULARLY INTO VEGETATION.

FUNGUS-JUNGLE AMBIANCE – THE WHOOPS AND
SHRITTERS AND SLITHERS OF VARIOUS CREATURES
AROUND AND IN THE DISTANCE. THE FLESHY CREAKS
OF GENERALLY FUNGOID FLORA. (THIS SHALL RECUR
AS THE BASIC FUNGUS-JUNGLE BACKGROUND, SO IT
MIGHT BE WORTH SPENDING A BIT OF EFFORT ON A
QUIETLY MENACING LOOP.)

QUIETLY BUT IMPORTANTLY, THERE IS A FAINT
ELECTRIC 'WHUMMING' SOUND TO CONVEY THE
PRESENCE OF EFIL DRAGO SAN. (AS A PARAPLEGIC,
WE'LL EXPLAIN, HE GETS AROUND IN A KIND OF
FLOATING CHAIR-POD.)

(IN QUIETER MOMENTS WE ALSO HEAR THE CHINKING
OF A CHAIN TO INDICATE THAT DREDD AND DRAGO ARE
HANDCUFFED TOGETHER – PLUS THE OCCASIONALLY
APPROPRIATE SOUNDS OF IT BEING JERKED OR
YANKED.)

THE SHIK-CLICK OF THE LAWGIVER'S RELOAD
MECHANISM.

DREDD IS BREATHING HEAVILY WITH EXERTION.

DREDD One down, Grud alone knows how many to go ...

DRAGO SAN I'm glad to see that your capacity for the patently and perfectly
obvious has not deserted you, Dredd. Or for the completely
erroneous.

DREDD Can it, Drago San. I've had enough of your –

DRAGO SAN I was merely going to say that this quite rapacious-looking
fellow here was obviously a lone predator. The local equivalent
of a hawk or some such. Merely scanning the skyline like that,
such as it is, for another one, won't do the slightest bit of good.

DREDD (suspicious) You *know* about the creatures here?

DRAGO SAN Of course. (sarcastic) I studied extensively for the situation in which I found myself, handcuffed to *you*, lost in the fungus jungles of some godforsaken alien planetoid nobody has ever so much as even heard of ... Of *course* I don't know, Dredd! What do you take me for? I merely have something of a broad education, which fortunately includes a smattering of a general zoological knowledge.

DREDD Oh yeah? And what does your 'smattering of zoological knowledge' tell you now?

THROUGHOUT THE ABOVE WE'VE BECOME INCREASINGLY AWARE OF A SCUTTERING AND CRASHING AND GENERALLY RAVENING SOUNDS OF SMALLISH CREATURES COMING AT US AS IF THROUGH BRACKEN ...

THESE NOW BECOME FAR MORE DISTINCT AND OMINOUS. THERE SEEMS TO BE A PACK OF THEM ...

DRAGO SAN It's telling me that far from worrying about the occasional flying reptilian lone predator, Dredd, we should be concerned with the scavengers who are going to come after the corpse –

THE SCAVENGER-CREATURES BURST UPON US IN ALL THEIR SHRITTERING AND CLAWING GLORY.

DREDD Yah!

DREDD'S LAWGIVER RAPID FIRES AGAIN ...

... AND THEN THE SCENE DISSOLVES INTO THE 'JUDGE DREDD' THEME TRACK.

THEME TRACK ENDS WITH A FADE TO ...

2. Fungus Jungle Continued

GENERAL FUNGUS JUNGLE AMBIANCE.

THE SOUNDS OF OUR PAIR CRASHING THROUGH THE VEGETATION, AS THOUGH THROUGH BRACKEN, IN THE CELEBRATED HACKING-THROUGH-THE-JUNGLE MANNER.

(THE HUM OF DRAGO SAN'S FLOATING POD.)

DREDD (tail-end of an argument) ... I could use that drokking floater of yours. Leave you shackled and use it to gain some height – maybe clear the treeline and fix our bearings ...

DRAGO SAN Unfortunately not, Dredd. After the ... incident, some years ago, that cost me the use of my legs, the pod's control was plugged directly to my spine. Man and machine are inextricably linked, as it were – unless you really do feel up to a spot of microsurgical whittling with your boot knife.

GENERAL STUMBLING AND GRUNTING OF TWO PEOPLE HANDCUFFED TOGETHER THROUGH CRACKING VEGETATION.

DREDD At least you could use it to drokking keep up!

DRAGO SAN Would that I could. As ever, you're slightly *rather* more than missing the point. The basic functionality is such that I can do neither more nor less than if I had the actual use of my legs. It's a *replacement* for my legs and nothing more.

DREDD The point being?

DRAGO SAN That the world – the human world in any event – is designed to human tolerances and dimensions. If the unit were too innately powerful, I'd be forever braining myself on ceilings or shooting through walls. Not my idea of a good time.

DREDD I could think of worse.

MORE GENERAL STUMBLING AND GOING-ROUND-A-TREE CONFUSION.

DREDD Shame you didn't die in the landing. Then I could drag you along like a blimp. It would've been better than this.

DRAGO SAN Trust me, wouldn't work. I die, the hover-field cuts out and I simply become dead weight. As it were.

DREDD And that's true, is it?

DRAGO SAN As far as you know. (a beat, then speculatively) You could, of course, simply remove the handcuffs. Much more convenient for all concerned. I mean, here and now, where exactly am I going to go?

DREDD I'm not letting you loose for one second, Drago San. You're coming back to the Meg with me. Alive or dead.

FUNGUS JUNGLE SOUNDS FADE, AND A MUSICAL LINK TO CONVEY THAT WE'RE FLASHING BACK IN TIME TO THE EVENTS SET IN –

3. Spaceport Dock

AN IMPRESSIVE ARRAY OF SPACEPORT SOUNDS: DOCKING CLAMPS WHIRRING AND CHUNKING, KLAXONS, THE HISS AND CHUNK OF COMPRESSED AIR AND HYDRAULICS, THE ROAR AND RUMBLE OF THRUSTERS AND STARSHIP ENGINES, ETC, ETC, ETC.

A REVERBERATING FEMALE TANNOY VOICE BREAKS OCCASIONALLY IN TO SAY BARELY DISTINGUISHABLE THINGS LIKE 'SUNJAMMER PEGASUS B2-12 CLEARED FOR LOADING ON DOCKING PORT TWO' AND SO FORTH.

(SEE APPENDIX 1 FOR SUGGESTED TANNOY-DIALOGUE.)

STATIC-LADEN AND GARBLE-GARBLED RADIO-VOICES OF STEVEDORES AND OTHER PERSONNEL ...

KARYN (shouting to be heard) Psi Judge Karyn reporting for duty.

DREDD (shouting likewise) Karyn? I thought Control had assigned Psi Judge Janus.

KARYN (shouting) Yeah, well I'm what you got. Janus had a bad reaction to the latest round of psychosis-depressants – the silly slitch is right now clinically insane and raving, crawling the walls and chewing on the scenery ...

AN AIRLOCK HATCH COMES DOWN AND MAGLOCKS.

THERE'S A BRIEF COMPRESSED-AIR HISS.

THE SOUNDS OF THE SPACEPORT ARE ABRUPTLY CUT. NOW THERE'S JUST A FAINT AND AMBIENT HUM.

COMPUTER (female, robotised) Welcome to Justice One. Please remove all outer garments and remain in the main airlock for all necessary scan and decontam procedures.

DREDD What was that, Karyn?

KARYN Psi Judge Janus is currently incapacitated. I've been detailed as a replacement.

GENERAL AND CONTINUING SOUNDS OF A COUPLE OF PEOPLE UNDRRESSING. (HEAVY-DUTY ZIPPERS ETC, AND POSSIBLY THE OCCASIONAL CLUNK AND RATTLE OF A GUN, A BADGE AND CHAIN AND SO FORTH BEING SET DOWN ON THE DECK.)

DREDD You know the score?

KARYN I know our mission is offworld. I know I'm here as a translator – get inside the other guys' speech-centres and relay what's on their minds ...

COMPUTER Commencing chemical-particulate and biohazard scan ...

 SOUNDS OF BIOSCANNING.

KARYN ... and for the rest, I've got the briefing pack.

DREDD Better run it now, then, Karyn. Help to pass the time. Trust me, I know from experience: we could be stuck in decontamination for hours.

KARYN Anything to pass the time ...

COMPUTER Unacceptable levels of chemical and biological contamination found. Please prepare for stage-one sluicing.

 THE 'FWOSH!' OF EXTREMELY POWERFUL SLUICING JETS.

KARYN AND DREDD Yaah!

 SLUICING CONTINUES ...

 IN THE MIDST OF THIS, THE DISTINCT DIAL-BLIP SOUNDS OF KARYN'S BRIEFING PACK BEING ACTIVATED.

 (WE BEGIN TO HERE THE BRIEFING DATA DIALOGUE FROM THE NEXT SCENE AS IF COMING FROM A SMALL SPEAKER. AS WE CROSSFADE THE SPEAKER ACOUSTIC AND DECONTAMINATION AMBIANCE FADE.)

CROSSFADE TO:

4. Briefing Data

THIS IS BASICALLY A TEXT-READOUT, WITH VARIOUS COMPUTERY DIAL-BLEEPS AND SO FORTH TO CONVEY THE USER ACCESSING GRAPHICS, SOUND-CLIPS AND SO FORTH. THINK H2G2.

POSSIBLY SOME FAINT, VERY STERN AND OFFICIAL-SOUNDING JUSTICE DEPARTMENT-APPROVED BACKING TRACK.

BRIEFING (male, robotised) Justice Department Control, Special Briefing four oh seven nine, slash, seven B nine one nine. Deep-space Services, Provisional. Mission Briefing Data. Background Information.

COMPUTERY RETRIEVAL-BLIPS.

BRIEFING The Boranos System consists of an unusually high concentration of inhabited planets, asteroids and similar planetary bodies. Originally colonised by humans in the years immediately previous to the Rad Wars, all contact between the Boranos System and Earth was severed and lost. The Boranians have subsequently pursued a policy of strict isolationism ...

RETRIEVAL-BLIPS.

A BRIEF SOUND CLIP:

THE THRUSTERS OF AN APPROACHING SHIP.

PILOT (radio-static) This is Earth scout-ship five oh six three niner, requesting guidance-control for landing on –

BORANIANS (a huge, angry crowd) BUGGER OFF!!

PILOT Charming!

THRUSTERS OF DEPARTING SHIP.

BLEEP. WE'RE BACK IN THE MAIN BRIEFING-COMMENTARY ...

BRIEFING ... thus explaining why, though one of the galactographically closest inhabited systems to Earth, the Boranos system remains, to a large part, terra incognita. To enter it, they have let it known, will be regarded as an Act of War ...

THE SUDDENLY MALFUNCTIONING BRIEFING UNIT ZAP-
BLURP-BLEEP-CUTS OUT AS THE SPEAKER ACOUSTIC
AND AIRLOCK AMBIENCE FADES BACK IN -

5. Airlock Again

WE'RE BACK IN THE DECONTAM-AIRLOCK AMBIANCE.

THE REALLY HARD 'SLUICING' SOUNDS NOW SOUND MORE LIKE A RELATIVELY COMFORTABLE LOCKER-ROOM SHOWER.

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF TWO PEOPLE JUST GENERALLY SCRUBBING AT THEMSELVES.

KARYN Maybe they should have issued me with a briefing unit that was actually waterproof.

THE BRIEFING UNIT IS TOSSED AWAY WITH A CLATTER.

KARYN So we're heading into a system we don't know thing one about – except that to go into it is an Act of War ...

DREDD We know more about it than that. The Boranos system is right on our doorstep, so the Covert Ops Division keeps tabs on it. Kind of ironic, I suppose ...

KARYN Ironic?

DREDD All the talk about Acts of War. The Boranian colonies have split into a thousand factions over the years, constantly fighting amongst themselves. Death-count in the millions ...

KARYN Oh great. So instead of terra incognita, we're heading into a complete and total *war* zone?

DREDD That's about the size of it.

KARYN Terrific.

DREDD Our mission is to contact an organisation calling itself the Accord. It's an organisation, so I'm told, similar to the United Nations on Earth ...

KARYN (drawing a blank) United Nations?

DREDD From before the Rad Wars. The United Nations was there to prevent and control atrocities committed by any single state. Apparently.

KARYN You've completely lost me there ...

DREDD It's a tricky idea to get your head around, I admit. I'm not sure if I understand it myself. What it comes down to is, the Accord

is the nearest thing the Boranians have to the Law. It's our mission to open up diplomatic relations with them.

KARYN Diplomatic, Dredd? You??

DREDD I have a vested interest. The Accord is holding a fugitive from Earth, charging him with Crimes Against the Conventions and Usages of War. The perp is wanted for mass-murder in Megacity One. He got away from me, once – and I want him back.

KARYN You're sounding more like a bounty-hunter than a Judge, there, Dredd.

DREDD Far as I'm concerned, I'm still in Hot Pursuit. The Chief Judge agrees with me. Besides, these aliens have no idea of who they're dealing with – and what he's capable of. I'm just the guy to clue them in.

KARYN And if that doesn't work ..?

DREDD Either way, the creep's coming back with me.

THE SCENE FADES OUT WITH A MUSICAL BRIDGE TO SUGGEST THAT WE ARE RETURNING ONCE AGAIN TO THE 'PRESENT'.

CROSS FADE TO:

6. Fungus Jungle Again

FUNGUS JUNGLE AMBIANCE AGAIN, AND THE SOUNDS OF DREDD AND DRAGO SAN MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH IT.

DRAGO SAN Such tenacity, Dredd! I'm quite sure that any ... small misdemeanours I might have committed in your fair city-state, would not have any reasonable and balanced person going to so much trouble.

DREDD Misdemeanours!? You killed hundreds, Drago San, and broadcast the slaughter to half the City. And when we found you, you attempted to destroy an entire drokking Sector!

DRAGO SAN Ah, yes, but one can hardly blame the man for the mistakes made in his youth.

DREDD Youth!? It was six months ago!

DRAGO SAN Well, we're none of us getting any younger.

DREDD You can make jokes?

DRAGO SAN Such as they are.

DREDD (utter contempt) You have no idea of the value of human life.

DRAGO SAN I know the value of human life, Dredd. To the credit.

(POSSIBLY SOME FAINT AND OMINOUS-SOUNDING MUSIC UNDER THE FOLLOWING, AS DRAGO SAN TELLS HIS STORY ...)

DRAGO SAN I grew up in Puerto Luminae, Dredd – one of the few places in the Solar System which didn't roll over and buy into your so-called Justice System ...

DREDD And Puerto Luminae is a living hellhole.

DRAGO SAN A hell – as you so rightly say – hole. And who made it so? We saw how you stamped out all opposition in Luna-cit and the other lunar colonies, crushing thousands as you shoved them into the mechanism of your Law – and how you kowtowed down and licked the hands of the oxy-corps like lapdogs. What did you get for it. How much did they pay you?

DREDD The Justice Department never takes bribes!

DRAGO SAN You mean you didn't even *get* anything out of it? That makes it all the worse.

DREDD In the harsh environment of a Lunar colony there must be discipline. Sacrifices have to be made.

DRAGO SAN Quite possibly. That does not, however, have to involve the crash-depressurisation of family living-quarters on the basis of getting a little behind on the air-tax. Even at worst, we of Puerto Luminae wanted no truck with that. We refused to join your Bright New Dawn for Justice – and what did you do to us?

DREDD We left you alone, Drago San.

DRAGO SAN You instituted a blanket embargo! Knowing what that would mean! Nothing going out, nothing coming in. We had air and water recycling facilities in place, of course – but our food production was still in its first stages. Have you *seen* food-riots, Dredd? Have you killed an entire family for a single nutri-pack? Have you seen a society degenerate into cannibalism? (beat) Of course, an equilibrium was eventually achieved, we pulled ourselves up by our bootstraps and some form of order was restored – but it was too late for me. I'd developed a taste for it.

DREDD For cannibalism??

DRAGO SAN For the act of *killing* as a preferred option for getting what I might want. Who knows? In other circumstances things might have been quite different ...

DREDD (contempt) You're saying it's society to blame? You're gonna blame the Justice Department for your acts?

DREGO SAN Not at all. I chose to kill, when I can, and I've never pretended otherwise. I just thank the Judges for handing me that option on a plate.

CROSS FADE WITH MUSICAL BRIDGE TO SUGGEST THE RETURN TO THE 'STORY'.

7. Spaceport Dock Again

SPACE-DOCK CHURNING MACHINERY AMBIANCE. THE ROAR OF THRUSTERS POWERING UP.

GARBLED AND INDISTINGUISHABLE CONTROL-COM RADIO VOICES.

THE IMPRESSIVE WHIRR AND CHUNK OF DOCKING CLAMPS BEING RELEASED.

FAINT BACKGROUND GARBLE-GARBLE OF MISSION-CONTROL VOICES.

TANNOY VOICE

JCC Justice One is cleared for launch. Detach umbilical and adjacent secondary services.

ANOTHER 'CHUNK' AND THE HISS OF COMPRESSED AIR.

THRUSTERS COME UP A KITTLE TO CONVEY THE SHIP MOVING OFF, LIKE AN AIRCRAFT TAXIING ...

TANNOY VOICE

Thrusters to max. Prepare for pulse-pump coordinate blip to lightspeed.

THE ROAR OF THE THRUSTERS COMES UP LIKE THE ENGINES OF A PLANE PREPARING TO TAKE OFF ...

IN THE MIDST OF THIS AN FAST ELECTRONIC 'BLIP-BLIP-SQUEEAL' RATHER LIKE A MODEM TRANSFERRING DATA.

BLAST! AND ROAR OF THRUSTERS MOVING OFF. POW! AS LIGHTSPEED KICKS IN AND SHE SHIP DOPPLERS OFF INTO SPACE.

POSSIBLE 'ZOOMING THROUGH SPACE NOW' MUSICAL LINK WHICH FADES OUT TO ...

8. Justice One

AMBIANCE SAY WE'RE INSIDE THE SHIP UNDER POWER. THE MUTED SOUNDS OF THE DRIVE THROUGH PLATING, THE FAINT BLEEPS AND GARBLES OF CONSOLES, INTERNAL COMMS, ETC.

KARYN (approaching through corridor-crawlspace) ... still don't see why we should have left our uniforms behind in the airlock.

DREDD It's standard procedure, now, to avoid spreading Earth diseases. Years back, the entire alien population of Gramgrash Four was wiped out by a Space Service crewman giving them exploding cold-sores via a totally unexpected vector.

KARYN I'm not even gonna ask.

DREDD Besides, what's your problem? They issued us replacements out of the ship's stock.

KARYN Out of stock is right. The drokker *itches* and it doesn't fit right ...

DREDD There are more important things than your own personal vanity, Karyn. Rise above it.

KARYN Where we headed now?

DREDD Conference with the pilot in his cabin.

KARYN Uh, Dredd, shouldn't the pilot be, well, *piloting* ...?

DREDD Nothing for him to do until we come out of stardrive. I wanna check him out before we do that and go into action. I've had some ... bad experiences.

KARYN I heard. What is it about deep-spaceflight that turns even the best crews space-happy?

COMPUTERY BLEEP.

COMPUTER Please state name for voice verification.

DREDD We're here. (to computer) Judge Dredd, commanding.

COMPUTER Voice verification accepted.

CHUNK AND HISS OF A HATCH OPENING.

COMPUTER Have a nice day, Mr We're Here Judge Dredd Commanding.

DREDD 'Course, it could be the drokking *computer-system* that sends em all space-happy ...

CROSSFADE TO:

9. Captain's Cabin

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT AMBIANCE – BETTER SOUNDPROOFING FROM THE SOUNDS OF THE ENGINES, ETC.

SOUNDS OF A QUITE COMPLEX READOUT-CONSOLE BEING OPERATED BAD-TEMPEREDLY, THE OPERATOR MUTTERING TO HIMSELF.

CRAVEN (to self) ... so if we patch that whole system through the emergency life-support, should work good enough for long enough. Dammit! Why couldn't they have given us another week in dry-dock? It's not as if –

DREDD Pilot Craven?

CONSOLE SOUNDS ARE ABRUPTLY CUT.

CRAVEN Ag! Uh, I mean, yeah. Craven. Judge Dredd, right?

DREDD (slightly pointed) Judge Dredd, commanding. Psi-Judge Karyn.

KARYN Hi.

CRAVEN Uh, yeah ...

DREDD So what's the problem here, Craven?

CRAVEN No real problem. You, uh, just caught us in the middle of a major refit. Most of the key systems for flying the bird are in place, but a lot of the other stuff is being seriously held together with spit and string.

DREDD Needs must, Craven. Justice one was the only ship we could pull from regular service at short notice. When do we drop out of stardrive?

CRAVEN Computer?

COMPUTER One minute fifty-six seconds from mark.

CRAVEN Less than two minutes.

KARYN So soon? We've been in stardrive for less than an hour ...

CRAVEN Transubstital pockets of congruity.

KARYN Uh, yeah ...

CRAVEN Distance doesn't mean anything. The Boranos system just happens to be incredibly easy to get to. If you ever wanna go there.

DREDD Are you telling me that Earth and it's Mega-cities has a total *warzone* that can be reached in less than an hour? And that they can reach us? Doesn't that worry you a little, Craven?

CRAVEN Not really. We don't want to go there, they don't want to leave. A minute to go. I think it's maybe time we headed for the bridge to –

AN ALERT-KLAXON STARTS UP.

COMPUTERY GENERAL COMMS.

COMPUTER Attention all hands. Dropping out from stardrive in ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Zero.

COMPUTER VOICE CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND.

(THE NUMBERS AND TIMING OF THE COUNT-DOWN WILL HAVE TO BE TWEAKED AROUND A BIT IN PRODUCTION TO MAKE IT WORK – POSSIBLY STARTING AT AROUND TWENTY OR SOMETHING SO THAT THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE ENDS ON US COMING OUT OF STARDRIVE.)

CRAVEN We're coming out early! Sensors must have detected an active threat on the approach!

DREDD Call up the external display!

COMPUTERY DISPLAY-BLEEPS.

INSIDE-THE-SHIP SOUNDS OF US COMING OUT OF STARDRIVE.

DREDD My Grud!

KARYN What is that? What is it??

CRAVEN It's a warship!

AND THEN WE CUT TO:

10. In Space

JUSTICE ONE DOPPLERS IN OUT OF STARDRIVE.

SOUNDS OF VARIOUS DRIVE-RELATED MECHANISMS
RETRACTING. THE THRUSTERS CUT IN ...

THEN – WITH SUITABLY HARSH AND MENACING MUSIC –
WE HEAR THE RUMBLING, ALIEN DRIVES OF AN
OBVIOUSLY FAR LARGER AND MORE DANGEROUS SHIP.

THE HARSH AD BELLIGERENT BABBLE OF ALIEN
COMMS.

ALIEN BLASTERS FIRE IMPRESSIVELY.

(IMPORTANTLY, AS WE'LL EXPLAIN, THESE ARE JUST
FLARE-BLASTS. SO WHILE IMPRESSIVE AT THIS POINT,
THEY'RE SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT AND LESS DANGEROUS-
SOUNDING THAN THE *REAL* BLASTER-FIRE WE'LL
ENCOUNTER LATER.)

CUT TO:

11. Justice One Bridge

INSIDE-JUSTICE-ONE-AMBIANCE.

A GENERAL HUBBUB OF RATHER PANICKED CREW AND SOME CONTROL-AND CONSOLE SOUNDS.

THE RED-ALERT KLAXONS ARE STILL BLARING.

DOOR-SOUND.

COMPUTER Pilot and commander on the bridge.

DREDD Secure command-control! Give me the tactical! And somebody shut off those damned klaxons!

A CREWMAN (general cast-member) Sir.

KLAXONS ARE CUT.

DREDD Can we get a visual? See what we're up against.

BLEEPS OF A MONITOR BEING ACTIVATED.

THE DISTINCTIVE SOUNDS OF THE ALIEN SHIP'S ENGINES WE HEARD LAST SCENE, AS RELAYED BY SENSOR-MONITORS. THIS CONTINUES UNDER

DREDD Drokk!

CRAVEN My Grud, that's big. Dreadnought class ...

KARYN And it looks like it's seriously outgunning us as well ...

DREDD They're firing again!

THE MONITOR-RELAYED SOUNDS OF ALIEN-SHIP BLASTER FIRE.

DREDD That was another warning shot – a flare blast to get our attention. (Addressing a crewman) You! Fire up the comms. Let's see what the drokkers have to say for themselves.

CREWMAN Uh, yessir!

COMPUTERY COMMS BLEEPING.

KARYN Bit of a first for you, Dredd. Talk first instead of shooting ...

DREDD Yeah, well I was probably due.

COMPUTERY CONNECTION-BLEEPING.

CREWMAN Link established, sir.

THROUGH THE LIGHT STATIC OF THE COMMS SYSTEM COMES A HARSH AND BLARING FANFARE – SOMEBODY’S LEAVING US IN NO DOUBT AS TO THEIR MARTIAL AND THREATENING NATURE.

THIS IS FOLLOWED BY A HARSH AND GUTTURAL SPEECH IN SOME ALIEN LANGUAGE. THIS CONTINUES UNDER ...

DREDD Karyn? Can you pull some sense out of this?

KARYN Not a hope. I can sense the minds on that ship out there, know that they don’t like us very much – but I can’t make out the words through two hulls.

DREDD Okay ... what about the Translation Unit. Doesn’t Justice One have a Translation Unit?

CRAVEN It, uh, was one of the things we were refitting. We’re still waiting on the parts.

DREDD Why am I not surprised? Okay. We’re gonna have to do this the hard way.

COMMS BLEEPING.

DREDD (bit of a Captain Picard moment) Unidentified craft, this is the Earth ship Justice One, under diplomatic orders from the Justice Department of Mega-city One. Identify yourselves and stand down, or prepare to face the consequences!

KARYN (aside) And those consequences might be, exactly?

DREDD (aside) Probably blowing us out of the sky, Karyn, with the weaponry systems they’re toting ...

HARSH ALIEN-TRANSMISSION GABBLE-GABBLING ... THEN THE –BZZT!- OF AN ALIEN TRANSLATION SYSTEM CUTTING IN, AND THEN:

ALIEN VOICE We am understanding and talking in your Earth talk. We are making our machine talk Earth talk. We are patrol ship of Boranos system Accord. Will escort your puny Earth ship to Boranos Prime for diplomatic talky-talky, all same, yes?

KARYN Does that sound right to you, Dredd? Do you think we can trust them?

DREDD Looks like we don't have a choice.

CUT TO 'OUTSIDE IN SPACE' AGAIN, AS JUSTICE ONE AND THE ALIEN SHIP GO OFF ON THRUSTERS.

THE SCENE FADES OUT WITH A MUSICAL BRIDGE TO SUGGEST THAT WE ARE RETURNING ONCE AGAIN TO THE 'PRESENT'.

CROSS FADE TO:

12. Fungus Jungle Again

FUNGUS JUNGLE AMBIANCE. SOUND OF DRAGO'S POD. OUR GUYS ARE STILL JUST GENERALLY HACKING THROUGH IT.

DRAGO SAN (mutters bad-temperedly under his breath) ... I mean, it's not as if he didn't have better things to do, like shooting people in the knees for jaywalking or some such ...

DREDD What was that?

DRAGO SAN I was merely going to say, Dredd, that if you hadn't come here in the first place – to the Boranos system in your absurd search for so-called 'Justice' – then we would neither of us be in our current sorry circumstance.

DREDD You'd prefer to be back on Boranos Prime? Suits me fine. They were going to hang you on Boranos Prime. Eventually.

DRAGO SAN Well, there is that, I suppose. Around these parts, people tend to be ... forthright in these matters. No bad thing, in my opinion. Keeps the population down if nothing else.

DREDD Until it comes to you.

DRAGO SAN But of course. Misery and suffering and shrieking bloody death are just the ticket until it comes to *me* – I'm happily hypocritical in that respect, and I've never pretended otherwise. Whereas you, Dredd, are just a hypocrite.

DREDD You what?

DRAGO SAN This 'Law' you serve has nothing to do with crime and punishment, in the end. In the end it's just a system of expediency. It changes by the day, reverses itself on a credit and then justifies itself in terms of keeping order.

DREDD There are two billion people in Mega-city One – two billion potential creeps and perps. Measures must be taken to keep them in control.

DRAGO SAN And control is the point. That's what you *want* – in just the same way you tried to control Puerto Luminae. You could have gone all-out to organise resources so that every one of your so-called citizens could have a life worth living, or frankly taken measures that would ... shed the surplus population. Instead, you took the weasel way. Isn't it lucky that a job riot occurs, just when those possessing obsolete skills become unnecessary? Isn't it fortunate that a hab-block-war occurs just

at that point where the overcrowding in those particular hab-blocks becomes problematic ..?

DREDD It doesn't work like that. You know it. Things flare up and we have to deal with them. The only way to deal is hard. We do what we have to do and no more.

DRAGO SAN Oh, yes, these things flare up. You do what you have to – no other choice – and so your hands stay clean. Tell me, Dredd – have you ever heard of what they call the Big Lie?

DREDD (wrong-footed) The Big Lie? That's –

DRAGO SAN The biggest secret of the Mega-city One Justice Department – and so, of course, everybody knows. Everybody who matters, anyway. The blanket-tranquilisation of entire Sectors, keep the population quiet and down.

DREDD That was ended. That was ended years ago ...

DRAGO SAN Oh come now, Dredd. You know as well as I do that it still occurs sometimes. In special circumstances. Without anybody actually mentioning it.

DREDD It ... still has to be done, sometimes. Sometimes it's the only way to damp the explosion into mass-violence.

DRAGO SAN Ah yes, the official line ... and I do believe you really *have* taken it – haven't you? Hook and sinker? Has it ever occurred to you that it's the perfect measure to ensure that your 'explosions of mass-violence' occur *precisely* when and where someone, or something, decides that they should be?

DREDD (...)

DRAGO SAN I'm a killer, Dredd. I glorify in it, and I've never so much as pretended otherwise. What I have *never* done is to set a killing up so that I can sanctimoniously pretend that it was necessary or right.

CROSS FADE WITH MUSICAL BRIDGE TO SUGGEST THE RETURN TO THE 'STORY'.

13. Boranos Prime

A BAND STRIKES UP, PLAYING THE BORANOS ANTHEM WE HEARD EARLIER. WE GET THE GIST OF IT, THEN IT FADES TO BECOME BACKGROUND TO:

AMBIANCE SAY WE'RE IN A LARGE AND ECHOIC HALL. THE SUSURRATION AND MURMURING OF A CROWD INSIDE IT – MOSTLY HUMAN BUT WITH THE OCCASIONAL (GENUINELY *ALIEN*) ALIEN PRESENCE.

SHAMTHRI (imperious Space Queen, speaking alien) Mahali! Ti samo damthri roche! Hala a da semi dom!

(I AM, OF COURSE, SIMPLY RATTLING OFF A STRING OF NONSENSE WORDS, HERE. ACTORS SHOULD IMPROVISE WHATEVER ALIEN-SOUNDING LANGUAGE THEY'RE HAPPIEST WITH.)

GLOMI (slimy little vizier-type, also speaking alien) Si. Tamo da la mek la mala. (ordering) Sali ta do mala!

GENERALISED SCUFFLE-GRUNTING OF A COUPLE OF GUARDS HANDLING DREDD AND KARYN INTO THIS ILLUSTRIOUS SPACE.

GUARD (cast-member, brutish) Trenkor lep!

KARYN Ooff! You don't have to be so rough, guys. Hey, Dredd, who do you think that is?

DREDD Looks like whoever's in charge of this place.

KARYN All that glittery Samite. Sitting on a podium. How can you tell?

DREDD, FOR SOME REASON, IS SIMMERING WITH BARELY-SUPPRESSED RAGE.

DREDD Let's just get this over with ...

KARYN Are you okay, Dredd? What's up?

DREDD These ... people here. I was expecting something more ... alien.

KARYN Well, these people mostly came from Earth, Dredd. Adaptive mutations would only just be setting in.

DREDD That's just it. They're a bunch of mutants. I'm trained to shoot muties on sight ...

KARYN Bit of a diplomatic incident if you start doing that, I think. Besides, I don't think they'd be too happy if you trotted back to the ship to get you gun. Unless, uh, you brought along a throwdown?

DREDD (great restraint) They told us to come unarmed or they'll consider it an Act of War. We're gonna do this by the book.

KARYN What, 'How to Win Friends and Influence People by Not Hauling Out a Drokkoff Big Lawgiver and Just Blowing Them Away'? I wasn't sure you'd read it.

DREDD Pipe down, Karyn.

THE ANTHEM-MUSIC COMES TO AN END.

GLOMI (attracting attention) Trenkor lep!

THE SUSURRATION OF THE CROWD FADES TO RESPECTFUL LISTENING.

SHAMTHRI (proclaiming) Trebora ra! Sasi damo dan tu kali ma se to ne angouleme si so.

KARYN I, uh, think she's saying that –

SHAMTHRI I'm saying that I shall converse with you in your own tongue. We are not entirely backwards, for a bunch of – what was the charming term? – a bunch of muties.

KARYN Uh ...

SHAMTHRI I am the Lady Shamthri. I have the honour to be the Prime Select of the Boranos Accord. Allow me to present my chief aide and advisor, Rasha Glomi.

GLOMI (slimily spiteful) Welcome.

SHAMTHRI And you are ..?

DREDD Judge Dredd. Mega-city One.

SHAMTHRI Ah, yes. I'm told you're on the trail of one of your citizens. That might pose certain problems. You have no standing here, diplomatic or otherwise. And then there is the nature of your mister ...

GLOMI Efil Drago San, Lady.

SHAMTHRI And then there is the nature of your Mr Drago San's crimes.

DREDD We want him for mass-murder ...

SHAMTHRI No more than we. We are holding him for dealing in proscribed foodstuffs – which he deliberately contaminated with a quite virulent biological virus. Apparently for his own amusement. The sentence is death by public hanging.

DREDD Drago San must be returned to Mega-city One, to pay for his crimes there.

SHAMTHRI Oh really? It occurs to me that execution, here or there, would not make a scrap of any real difference.

DREDD Justice must be seen to be done. That's the basis of our entire system of Law.

SHAMTHRI One does hear stories. (thoughtful pause) Let's just say, for the moment, that the Accord accedes to your demands. What nature of reciprocation and reparation might we expect?

DREDD Your meaning?

SHAMTHRI Meaning what do we get out of it?

DREDD You get us to leave you alone.

SHAMTHRI I beg your pardon?

DREDD The Mega-cities are not ... kind to those they see as a threat. You've escaped our notice for centuries. What do you think would happen if Mega-city one suddenly remembered about a warzone right on its doorstep?

SHAMTHRI I think you'd find yourself in one hell of a fight, quite frankly.

DREDD But maybe it's just better to leave things as they are. Limit all contact – and that means giving us back the outsider, Drago San.

GLOMI (sotto, suggesting a course of action) So sa na teklo mako su ne ma, Shamthri Wa ...

SHAMTHRI (sotto, angry) Se teklo mako ya!? So malo teklo mako ya ma *Mega-City scum!* Te lamo ma!

GLOMI (sotto, conciliatory) So soomi ... so soomi, Shamthri Wa.

SHAMTHRI (sotto, you-betcharing) Glüt.

THEN:

SHAMTHRI (declaring, imperious as all get-out) Your terms are *not* acceptable, Dredd. As I mentioned, I've heard the stories of your Mega-city's rather ... *pragmatic* dealings with other so-called alien systems, and on the whole I think we'd rather take our chances. With you held as a possible basis for negotiation. Guards?

GUARD Trekano ma?

SHAMTHRI Strip them of their uniforms. And take *him* to the cells.

CUT TO:

14. Accord Holding Cells

THE **CLANG!** OF AN OLD-STYLE IRON CELL DOOR SLAMMING SHUT.

AMBIANCE THAT MIGHT AS WELL BE DESCRIBED AS A DUNGEON: ECHOES OFF STONE WALLS, THE MOANS OF VARIOUS PRISONERS, THE OCCASIONAL ECHO-MUFFLED SCREAM – EVEN THE DRIP OF WATER, IF THAT ISN'T ENTIRELY TOO BLATANT.

DREDD IS SCUFFLING IN THE GRIP OF A COUPLE OF GUARDS.

DREDD What the drokk are you doing with Karyn? What the –

GUARD (same as earlier) Trenkor lep!

DREDD IS THROWN TO THE GROUND.

DREDD Ung!

THE CLANG OF A CELL-DOOR BEING SLID SHUT AND LOCKED (DISTINCT FROM THE ONE ABOVE).

A BEAT OF GAOL-AMBIANCE. THE FAINT SOUNDS OF DRAGO SAN'S FLOATING POD.

DRAGO SAN As I live and breathe! With some degree of artificial assistance, anyway. Judge Dredd, my dear chap! And to what might I owe this singular pleasure?

DREDD Drago San. You're looking ... healthier than I thought you would.

DRAGO SAN Ah, well. One tends to find that even in the worst of circumstances, one can make the best of it. As you can see from the state of these ... facilities, the Boranian Accord does things slightly different from the Mega-cities. They go in for torture, you know.

DREDD (he's from a world where, whatever else it does, doesn't torture prisoners) Torture??

DRAGO SAN Exsanguination, I believe they term it. Possibly for the nature of the ... fluids involved. It's just their way. I, myself, have remained alive and in quite some relative comfort, due to a happy knack for *suggesting* certain variations such as might be performed on some luckless subject.

DREDD You've survived by ..?

DRAGO SAN If you listen, late at night, you can hear them putting some of my own small suggestions into effect. I'm quite the valuable resource at the moment. Every little helps. (sudden change in tack) This ... 'Karyn' you mentioned when you arrived, I believe? Would I be right in assuming that this 'Karyn' is a lady?

DREDD Uh, yeah ...

(POSSIBLE OMINOUS TONES BUILDING UP IN THE BACKGROUND – OH MY GOD, WHAT MIGHT BE HAPPENING TO KARYN ..?)

DRAGO SAN (a little gloatingly) Well, I'd really *hate* to contemplate the circumstances in which she's finding herself now ...

OMINOUS TONES ARE ABRUPTLY CUT WHEN WE ...

CUT TO:

15. Private Chamber

A QUIET AND PERFECTLY CIVILIZED CHAMBER, SUCH AS TO WHICH PEOPLE MIGHT WITHDRAW FOR TEA. CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYS QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE FAINT CHINKS OF A PERFECTLY CIVILIZED TEA-SERVICE.

SHAMTHRI (perfectly civilized) Would you like some tea, Judge Karyn?

KARYN What? Uh, no. I don't want any tea.

SHAMTHRI I believe I'll take some more. Glomi? Take this away and bring another pot. A large one, just in case the young lady here changes her mind.

GLOMI At once, Lady.

DISCREET SOUNDS OF A TRAY AND TEA SERVICE BEING PICKED UP AND CARRIED OFF.

SHAMTHRI I must admit that I'm a slave to certain vices.

KARYN What's this all about, Shamthri? What did you do with Dredd? Why are we talking like this?

SHAMTHRI I merely wanted your superior officer out of the way before he had an apoplexy. He seemed something of the type. You, on the other hand, seem far more conducive to a civilized explanation of your circumstances.

KARYN I wouldn't bet on it ...

SHAMTHRI The Accord, for all its so-called unity, is made up of representatives from several *warring* factions, after all. There are certain ... seditious elements, forever plotting away in the background, waiting for me to fall – or to pull me down – and take my place.

KARYN Yeah, well, things are tough all over.

SHAMTHRI I see that some of your superior officer's attitude has rubbed off on you. The fact is, Judge Karyn, that certain of these elements wish to make a deal with the Mega-cities and make you allies – and so that is something that I absolutely cannot do.

KARYN You mean you're saying no just because they say yes?

SHAMTHRI I am in political opposition to them. I can do no other – however unfortunate that might be on the personal level. It is my Official Decree that Justice One, its Judges and crew will be held. This will automatically make you, and them, subject to the procedures of Exsanguination. I merely wished to tell you that there is nothing personal in this – ah. Thank you, Glomi.

THE DISCREET CHINK OF A TRAY AND TEA SERVICE BEING SET DOWN.

GLOMI Your, uh, tea, Lady ...

(THERE IS A DISTINCTLY AND SLIMILY GLOATING TONE TO GLOMI'S VOICE – WE GET THAT HE'S A VILLAINOUS PLOTTER WHO HAS JUST DELIVERED THE POISON, IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN.)

(POSSIBLY SOME VERY FAINT OMINOUS TENSION-BUILDING TONES BEHIND THE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING – THE LADY SHAMTHRI IS ABOUT TO BE POISONED ...)

SHAMTHRI Are you *certain* I can't tempt you to take a little tea, Judge Karyn?

TEA IS Poured INTO A CUP.

POSSIBLY SOME VERY FAINT SFX TO INDICATE THAT KARYN HAS HAD A PSYCHIC FLASH. (IS THERE AN EXTANT AUDIO CUE TO CONVEY WHEN A PSI-JUDGE IS HAVING ONE?)

KARYN (a little puzzled by a flash of psychic insight) Uh, no, I don't think I ...

CHINK OF A TEACUP BEING LIFTED ...

KARYN No! It's poisoned!

THE CRASH OF A TEACUP BEING DASHED FROM A HAND AND SMASHED.

SHAMTHRI AND GLOMI
Wha ..?

KARYN Oow! That cut my fingers!

(TENSION-MUSIC IS ABRUPTLY CUT.)

KARYN It's poisoned! I heard chummy here *thinking* it and, uh ...

SHAMTHRI (over-theatrically disappointed) Can this be true, Glomi? Can it be that you are plotting to ... oh for shame!

GLOMI (slimy evil villain) Why, my Lady, I have no *idea* what you –

KARYN Don't give me that! I distinctly caught a mindflash of you ... (the penny drops) Hang on.

SHAMTHRI Yes, Judge Karyn ..?

KARYN That was all a trick, wasn't it. It was a drokking test!

SHAMTHRI Why, whatever can you mean, Judge Karyn?

KARYN You bring me in here, prime me with the information that people are plotting against you, plant the idea that we'd all be better off if you died – and then you send this drokker in thinking 'drink the poison, drink the poison' just as hard as he drokkin can! This was just a test, wasn't it, just to see what I'd do.

GLOMI (conferring in alien) Se lamo ye ha, Shamthri Wa.

SHAMTHRI (conferring in alien likewise) Na so trego, '*at least one of em are brains*', se ya.

THEN TO KARYN:

SHAMTHRI You're perfectly correct, Judge Karyn.

KARYN Thought so.

SHAMTHRI And quite fortunately for all concerned, you passed.

SUITABLY MARTIAL BORANIAN-ACCORD MUSICAL LINK,
AND THEN WE'RE BACK IN THE ...

16. Audience Chamber Again

BORANOS-PRIME AUDIENCE CHAMBER AMBIANCE FROM LAST TIME. THE ONLY ADDITION IS THE FAINT SOUND OF DRAGO SAN'S FLOATING POD.

(NO CHINK OF HANDCUFF-CHAINS, CAUSE HE'S NOT CUFFED TO DREDD YET.)

DRAGO SAN ... now I must say, Dredd, that appreciative though I am of all your efforts to retrieve me from durance vile, I was not in fact in any real –

DREDD Can it, Drago San! I'm in no mood to –

GLOMI (podium-declaring) Silence! You shall attend the wisdom of the most glorious and scrumptiously puissant Lady Shamthri!

EVERYBODY FALLS SILENT AND ATTENTIVE.

SHAMTHRI Thank you, Glomi. (declaring) I am here to tell you that, in private conversation with Judge Karyn, here, I have learned that the Judges of Mega-city One are not entirely to be despised – and, indeed, are capable of exhibiting certain fine and perfectly admirable qualities.

DREDD (aside) Oh yeah? What did you *talk* about, Karyn?

KARYN (aside) Don't ask. My fingers still hurt.

SHAMTHRI (still declaring) In the light of this, I believe that we might make a singular exception in our policy of isolation. The Accord is of a mind to enter into diplomatic relations with the Justice Department of Mega-city One, on the basis of mutual benefit and support.

DREDD Whatever it was you said, It did the trick.

SHAMTHRI (to Dredd) Tell your city that we are prepared to enter into negotiations – with a suitably trained Ambassadorial Corps, next time, I think.

DREDD Mega-city One has no 'Ambassadorial Corps'. We've never had the need.

SHAMTHRI Well, you have the need now. I suggest that you establish one. For the moment, Dredd, you may take your prisoner and go.

CROSSFADE TO:

17. Private Chamber Again

QUIET CHAMBER MUSIC. THE RESTRAINED CHINKING
BUSINESS OF A COUPLE OF PEOPLE HAVING TEA.

THEY'RE SPEAKING ENGLISH PERFECTLY NATURALLY,
ALMOST AS THOUGH IT'S IN ACTUAL FACT THEIR TRUE
FIRST LANGUAGE ...

SHAMTHRI (thoughtful) So the rumours are true. The Mega-cities have
access to a particular ... *sort* of psionic talent.

GLOMI It would seem so, Lady. Quite powerful, too, I thought.

SHAMTHRI It's always good to confirm such things. No matter. We have
the procedures well in place to deal with them.

CROSSFADE TO:

18. Justice One Blasts Off

MAGLOCKS, HYDRAULICS AND THRUSTERS AGAIN AS JUSTICE ONE BLASTS OFF.

MUSICAL 'IN SPACE' THEME FADES TO:

19. Justice One Bridge Again

WE'RE BACK ON THE BRIDGE AGAIN. SAME AMBIANCE AND PEOPLE AS BEFORE, WITH THE ADDITION OF DRAGO SAN – WE FAINTLY HEAR HIS FLOATING POD AND BREATHING.

KARYN Well, that all went easier than I thought it would. I never knew you had it in you, Dredd, diplomatic-wise.

DREDD You've never asked.

DRAGO SAN I say, really, Dredd! I had rather thought you'd find me Spartan but perfectly serviceable quarters in the brig or some such – not leave me handcuffed to your person like this. It's an outrage!

DREDD Shut your mouth, Drago San. I'm not letting you out of my sight for a second.

DRAGO SAN Well, at least you could have found somewhere a little less cramped to –

JERK AND RATTLE OF DREDD YANKING ON THE CUFFS.

DRAGO SAN Urk!

DREDD I said shut your mouth. Let's get out of here, Craven.

CRAVEN Laying in the course.

CONTROL-CONSOLE BLEEPING.

CRAVEN Let's make the jump to lightspeed in –

ALERT KLAXONS.

CREWMAN Something coming in! Coming in fast!

DREDD What the drokk??

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE SHIP FOR A REPRIS OF THE HARSH AND MENACING ENCOUNTER WITH THE ALIEN CRAFT.

BLASTER-CANNON FIRE.

CUT BACK TO INSIDE THE BRIDGE AS JUSTICE ONE SUFFERS A DIRECT HIT.

SOUNDS OF A CONSOLE EXPLODING IMPRESSIVELY.
THE 'CREWMAN' WE'VE MET SCREAMS AND DIES.

ALERT-KLAXONS AND THE POUNDING OF BLASTER-FIRE
FROM OUTSIDE CONTINUES UNDER ...

DREDD That wasn't a warning shot! That was a direct hit!

KARYN What the drokk is happening? I thought!

DRAGO SAN (over) I say, Dredd, I demand that I –

A BLARING COMES FROM THE COMMS UNIT – MORE
FRIGHTENING AND DANGEROUS-SOUNDING THAN THE
ACCORD FANFARE WE HEARD EARLIER.

THIS IS OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE PIRATES.

(WHENEVER THE PIRATES APPEAR, THEY'RE
CONVEYED BY A TRACK OF THE ENTIRE CAST PUTTING
ON EXTREMELY BLATANT PIRATE ACCENTS AND VERY
ENTHUSIASTICALLY GOING 'AAAR! YAAR! HAR-HAR-
HAR!' AND SO FORTH. INTERSPERSED AND IMPROVIDED
CRIES OF 'JIM LAD!', 'YO-HO-HO!' AND THE LIKE – THE
EFFECT IS THAT OF A HORDE OF GLEEFUL MANIACS
DEMENTEDLY *PLAYING* AT PIRATES.

FOR THE MOMENT, THIS FORMS THE BACKGROUND TO
A PARTICULAR PIRATE MAKING A THREATENING RADIO
CALL:

PIRATE (radio voice) Avast, you scum! Hove to like the scurvy dogs
you are! Stand by to be boarded! You are prisoners of the
glorious Marok Donata privateer clan!

DREDD (astonished) Space pirates??

DRAGO SAN Oh, come now, really ...

CUT TO:

20. The Storming of justice One

MAGLOCKS AND CLAMPS. THE SHRIEK OF A LASER-SAW CUTTING THROUGH METAL. THE CLANK OF A SECTION OF HULL COMING FREE.

PIRATES GOING 'AAR!', 'YAAR!' ETC.

PIRATE Come on, lads! Let's get 'em!

THE PIRATES SWARM INTO JUSTICE ONE WITH A ROAR.

CUT TO:

GENERAL SOUNDS OF BATTLE INSIDE THE SHIP BETWEEN PIRATES AND CREW. THERE ARE NO SHOTS FIRED – EVERYBODY'S FIGHTING WITH BARE-HANDS, BLUDGEONS AND KNIVES. POSSIBLY SOME VIOLENT MUSICAL TRACK TO MAKE THIS INTERESTING.

THE BATTLE FADES AND BECOMES SLIGHTLY TINNY – WE'RE HEARING IT VIA THE MONITORS ON THE ...

21. Justice One Bridge

THE BATTLE RAGES ON VIA MONITOR-CONSOLES.

KARYN They're going right through them! Why aren't the men shooting?

CRAVEN What, fire a projectile weapon while in free vacuum? Are you *mad*?

DREDD Lawgivers are just too powerful in a pressurised hull, Karyn. One misfire and we'd all be sucking vacuum.

KARYN Oh.

THERE'S A THUMPING AND METALLIC HAMMERING FROM OUTSIDE THE BRIDGE.

THE SHRIEK AND ROAR OF A LAS-SAW CUTTING THROUGH THE BULKHEAD ...

DREDD Looks like they're cutting their way in ...

THE CLANG OF A SECTION OF BULKHEAD COMING DOWN.

THE PIRATES ENTER WITH LOTS OF HEARTY 'AARS' ETC.

(THERE'S A PARTICULAR PIRATE WHOSE NAME WE NEVER ACTUALLY LEARN – HE'S JUST A QUINTESSENTIALLY SINGULAR REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BAND. WHENEVER WE TAG SOMEONE AS 'PIRATE' IT'S THE SAME GUY.)

PIRATE Avast me laddies! Give up yer sorry excuse for a tub or else we be a slicin' yer guts and windin em out around a pole!

PIRATE BAND GOES YAR! HAR! YO-HO-HO!

DREDD SMACKS AT A SURPRISED PIRATE WITH A TEETH-SHATTERING DAYSTICK-THUNCH!

DREDD Eat daystick, creep!

PIRATE Urk!

THE FIGHT THEN ESCALATES INTO A CHAOS OF PUNCHES, KICKS GRUNTS AND SCREAMS AS BOTH DREDD AND KARYN FIGHT THE PIRATES ...

(POSSIBLY, SOME COMBAT-THEME AROUND HERE.)

KARYN I got your back, Dredd!

MORE COMBAT-SOUNDS AND PIRATE INJURIES.

PIRATE (in the thick) Keep a hold on em, lads! Don't let em get to the –

KARYN There's just too many of them!

DRAGO SAN'S HANDCUFFS ARE YANKED.

DRAGO SAN Aak! What in the blazes do you think you're doing, Dredd?

DREDD Tactical retreat. And you're coming with me.

THE SOUNDS OF FIGHTING DEVOLVE INTO A DRIVING MUSICAL INTERLUDE TO CONVEY GENERAL VIOLENCE AND EXCITEMENT.

THE MUSIC ENDS WITH THE CHUNK AND HISS OF A HATCH.

(POD-CHAIR HUM, AND THE SOUNDS OF EXHAUSTED BREATHING TELL US THAT DREDD, DRAGO SAN AND KARYN ARE HERE.)

COMPUTER Emergency escape pod activated.

DREDD (winded) Drok! There's just one pod!

KARYN Yeah, just the one.

DREDD The drokking refit. Yeah, well we know who's gotta take it, Karyn.

KARYN (pointedly) Yes. We do.

DREDD What?

DRAGO SAN I rather think, Dredd, that the ... charming young lady is pointing out that I am currently in your custody. That means, here and now, that by the very Law you serve, I am also under your *protection* ...

DREDD What!?

IN THE BACKGROUND WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A COUPLE OF PIRATES BANGING AND CLANGING ON THE

HATCH. THIS WILL ESCALATE OVER THE FOLLOWING AS MORE AND MORE OF THEIR FELLOWS JOIN THEM ...

KARYN He's right, Dredd. The Law is what gives our lives meaning. We have to live by the Law.

DREDD Yeah. A Judge lives by the Law. Even when it hurts. Even if it means that in the end you have to let a perp go free.

DRAGO SAN (smirkingly) How perfectly right and proper of you both ...

KARYN I'm also thinking that you can fit *two* people in there - if you squeeze em in real tight. Even with that drokking floater unit.

DRAGO SAN (disappointed) Ah.

DREDD So listen, Karyn, I can cuff Drago San to you instead of –

... AND THE SOUNDS OF HAMMERING PIRATES HAVE BECOME A POSITIVE AND IMMEDIATE THREAT.

DRAGO SAN (gleeful pervy contemplation) I think that might be a quite delightful compromise ...

THE REPRISE OF A LAZ-SAW CUTTING THROUGH THE HATCH.

KARYN No time! And I'd rather take my chances with the pirates, anyway! Get in there!

DREDD I suppose you're right, Karyn. (pompously profound) A Judge should always value the greater good against mere childish heroics and -

DRAGO SAN (end of his tether) Screw the greater good! If you think I'm going in there with *you*, Dredd, then you've got another think coming! There's hardly room to swing a –

DREDD (furious) Just get in the drokking pod, Drago San!

MANHANDLING.

DRAGO SAN Ak!

THE HATCH CLOSES AND CLAMPS. COMPUTERY CONTROL-BLEEPS.

COMPUTER Crash-eject sequence activated. Have a nice flight.

KARYN (from outside the capsule) See ya later, Dredd!

DREDD I'll be back to find you, Karyn! Stay alive!

DRAGO SAN Now, Dredd, I really must pro –

WE MOVE OUTSIDE THE CAPSULE, BACK INTO THE BAY, TO HEAR THE HYDRAULICS AND HISSES OF IT BEING MADE READY TO FIRE.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE LAS-CUTTER-SLICED HATCH COMES CRASHING DOWN. BRIEF SNATCH OF PIRATE-VOICES.

THE ESCAPE POD BLEEP-BLEEP ACTIVATES AND IS FIRED OUT INTO SPACE AS THOUGH FROM A GUN. WE HEAR DRAGO'S DESPAIRING, FADING CRY OF '-teeeeest!'

MENACING MUSICAL LINK AS WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO ...

22. Pirate Ship Interior

THE PIRATES ARE CELEBRATING WITH MANY HAPPY 'AARS!' AND 'YO-HO-HOS!' ETC.

PIRATE (the particular one we met earlier) Hold hard, me vasties! I'm a'gotta put a call in to the boss.

COMMS-DIALLING.

THE JUBILANT PIRATES PETER OUT.

THE COMMS-SYSTEM CONNECTS. THE PARTY ON THE OTHER END IS STATIC-LADEN AND GARBLED – IMPORTANTLY, WE CANNOT TELL IF IT IS A MAN OR A WOMAN.

RADIO VOICE Garble garble garble?

PIRATE Yaar, boss, we be a'securin the Earth ship now. Tighter than the stopper in a bottle of ye ole rum!

RADIO VOICE (angry) Garble garble garble!

PIRATE (perfectly ordinary voice) Yes, I suppose it can get incredibly annoying. Useful as a disinformation tool, keeps them on the wrong foot, but it's easy to get carried away. Sorry.

(FROM NOW ON THE VOICE OF THE PARTICULAR PIRATE, AND THE VOICES OF THE PIRATE BAND ARE THOSE OF ROUGHLY-SPOKEN CRIMINALS RATHER THAN COMEDY-PIRATICAL.)

RADIO VOICE Garble garble.

PIRATE The Earth ship is ours, boss, most of the crew taken alive. One escape capsule fired. Do you want us to track it down?

RADIO VOICE Garble garble. Garble garble garble garble.

PIRATE Yeah, you're probably right. We have enough hostages. Let them die out here. We're heading back to base. (shouts) Come on, lads, we're going home!

NON 'PIRATICAL' BUT GENERALLY BUNCH-OF-BAD-GUYS CHEERS.

FADE TO OUTSIDE IN SPACE.

23. In the Escape Pod

OUT IN SPACE, THE ROAR OF STARSHIP-DRIVES, FROM TWO SOURCES, AS THE PIRATE SHIP AND JUSTICE ONE POWER ALONG.

THIS IN TURN FADES TO:

THE RUMBLE OF STARSHIP-ENGINES IS HEARD FROM OUTSIDE – WE’LL LEARN THAT THE POD IS ATTACHED TO ONE OF THE STARSHIPS. ONE OR TWO ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT ARE QUIETLY BLEEPING.

WE ARE NOW IN THE ESCAPE POD.

THE GRUNTS AND SCUFFLES OF TWO PEOPLE, NOT PARTICULARLY FRIENDLY, TRYING TO FIT IN A SPACE REALLY ONLY DESIGNED FOR ONE.

DREDD Get the drokk out of my face, Drago San!

DRAGO SAN Would that that were possible, my dear chap. (beat) So tell me, Dredd – what exactly is the point of turning round and clamping onto the ship we so immediately left?

DREDD I will not give up Justice One. This way we hang on and do some good.

DRAGO SAN And just who precisely is this “we” to whom you refer? As your charming young companion reminded you, I’m your prisoner – until, of course, I contrive some suitably propitious circumstance to escape. (considering) I could simply turn you in to our piratical friends, for example, the first chance I get.

DREDD You’d be putting your own neck in a noose. Your name is mud in the Boranos system – maybe even among these scum. They’d kill you out of hand.

DRAGO SAN There is that, I suppose. Let’s just suppose that for the moment I do my very best to follow my finer nature – for a minor reconsideration of my sentence ..?

DREDD Not a chance.

FADE FROM THE ESCAPE-POD INTERIOR TO OUTSIDE. THE ROAR OF THE ENGINES IS LOUDER AND MORE DISTINCT.

MUSICAL LINK AND THEN WE FADE TO:

24. In the Pirate Ship Again

KARYN IS STRUGGLING WITH A BUNCH OF PIRATES. ONE OF THEM IS THE PARTICULAR PIRATE WE'VE ENCOUNTERED EARLIER.

KARYN Get your hands off me! Get off –

PIRATE Get the collar on her! Help me get the damn collar on her and – yeah. Good lads.

KARYN IS SHOVED ROUGHLY AGAINST A BULKHEAD WITH AN APPROPRIATE 'GHN!'

KARYN (winded, hurt) You ... speak English among yourselves ...

PIRATE English is the language of the Marok Donata clan. We speak it perfect – not like those collaborator scum, the Accord.

KARYN Oh really? Well I suppose that makes things simpler, mind-control-wise.

PSIONIC MIND-CONTROL SFX CUE.

KARYN (disembodied psi-voice) You are under my –

ELECTRICAL BZZZT-ZAP!

KARYN Aagh! What the drokk was that??

PIRATE We know you have witch-powers. We've been told. (as though parroting something he's been told) Anomalous hypothalamic activity will result in a shock.

KARYN That's what you've been told is it?

PIRATE That's what we be told. Have to pull your claws for when we take you to the boss.

FADE TO OUTSIDE THE SHIP AGAIN. ENGINE-ROARS.

EXTENDED MUSICAL LINK TO CONVEY SOME TIME IN TRANSIT.

THIS ENDS WITH A CHANGE IN THE TONE OF THE ENGINES TO SUGGEST THAT THEY'RE POWERING DOWN A LITTLE. THEN WE FADE TO:

25. Escape Capsule Again

THE MUFFLED POWER-DOWN OF THE STARSHIP ENGINES FROM OUTSIDE.

DREDD Looks like we're coming up on something.

DRAGO SAN A planetoid. I believe I can see vegetation down there – and I must say, it looks most remarkable fecund.

DREDD That must be their base – look.

SOUND OF ANOTHER SHIP'S ENGINES FROM OUTSIDE – UNLESS WE'RE GONNA GET ALL TECHNICAL ABOUT SOUND TRAVELLING IN A VACUUM. THE SHIP OUTSIDE SOUNDS LIKE IT'S DESCENDING.

DREDD There goes Justice One. It's landing. Time to detach ourselves from the pirate ship.

A BRIEF BUT SIGNIFICANT PAUSE.

DRAGO SAN I beg your pardon?

DREDD We detach from the ship before we're spotted. Go down under our own power.

DRAGO SAN And you're quite sure that this is entirely wise?

DREDD No choice. Releasing the maglocks now.

CONSOLE-CONTROL BLEEPING.

THE SUITABLY DETONATIVE 'CHUNKS!' OF MAGLOCKS BEING RELEASED.

SOME SUBTLE AUDIO BUSINESS OR OTHER TO SUGGEST THAT WE'RE NOW YAWING DOWN INTO THE VOID. THE SOUND OF ENGINES RECEDES ...

DRAGO SAN I think the point I'd rather like to make is that we are currently inside a *starship* escape-capsule. Intended to be picked up by some vessel in deep space, yes?

DREDD Your point is?

DRAGO SAN The point is, Dredd – do we actually *have* any power with which to come down under?

DREDD (grimly cheerful) Not a drokking clue.

WE FADE TO OUTSIDE THE ESCAPE-POD AS IT HITS THE ATMOSPHERE AND SPEEDS IN ITS DESCENT ...

26. The Capsule Hits

AN EFFECTS-BASED SEQUENCE TO CONVEY THE CAPSULE COMING DOWN, WHICH BASICALLY BREAKS DOWN LIKE THIS:

UNDERSTATED FUNGUS-JUNGLE AMBIANCE – SUDDENLY PIERCED BY THE CAPSULE COMING SHRIEKING DOWN IN FLAMES. WE VAGUELY HEAR WHAT MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT BE EFIL DRAGO SAN, HIS COMPOSURE DESERTING HIM, CRYING SOMETHING ON THE LINES OF ‘OSHHHHHHHHHIT!’ ...

AT WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE LAST SECOND, THRUSTERS FIRE IN DESPERATION.

THE CRASH-CRUNCH OF THE CAPSULE SMACKING INTO FUNGUS-VEGETATION. AN ‘UNGH!’ FROM DREDD AND AN ‘AAAH!’ FROM DRAGO SAN.

THE CAPSULE REBOUNDS AND CRASH-CRUNCHES SEVERAL TIMES, WITH APPROPRIATE IMPROV-REACTIONS FROM OUR GUYS.

AT LAST IT CRUNCH-CRASHES TO A HALT. WE HEAR UNDERSTATED FUNGUS-JUNGLE AMBIANCE AGAIN, PLUS THE CRACKLING OF SEVERAL SMALL FIRES. AND THEN:

DRAGO SAN (dispiritedly, possibly having had a small accident) Oh dear.

27. Pirate Compound

UNDERSTATED FUNGUS-JUNGLE AMBIANCE – SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FROM THE ‘FUNGUS JUNGLE’ TRACK TO MAKE IT, WELL, OBVIOUSLY DIFFERENT. WE’RE ON THE SAME PLANETOID BUT IN A DIFFERENT PLACE.

TWO SHIPS ARE LANDING ONE AFTER THE OTHER – THE PIRATE SHIP AND JUSTICE ONE. AGAIN, SLIGHT DIFFERENCES TO WE GET THE POINT.

A LADDER EXTENDS. A HATCH OPENS WITH A CHUNK AND A COMPRESSED-AIR HISS.

KARYN Where are you taking me?

PIRATE Secure compound. You have some friends here. Look.

VARIOUS PIRATES ARE JEERING AND CHIVVYING ALONG A COLLECTION OF TRAMPING JUSTICE ONE CREWMEN (CAST IMPROV.) NOTICEABLE AMONG THE VOICES IS THAT OF CAPTAIN CRAVEN ...

CRAVEN Don’t tell them anything, guys. Name, rank and serial –

A MEATY SLAP.

CRAVEN Agh!

PIRATE Shut yer hole! Here’s another little friend of yours for the stockade.

KARYN (being shoved) Ak! What the drokk do you think you’re going to do with us?

PIRATE Ah, well that’s the thing. We’re waiting on the boss’s orders. You hear that, lads?

GENERAL PIRATE MURMURS OF ASSENT.

PIRATE We’re waiting on the boss. Keep ‘em under guard – especially the nice young lady here – and keep your hands to yourself.

GENERL PIRATE MURMURS OF SLIGHTLY DISAPPOINTED ASSENT.

PIRATE Keep your powder dry, lads. We’ll know what’s what when the boss arrives.

FADE.

28. Fungus Jungle Again

DISTINCTIVE FUNGUS-JUNGLE AMBIANCE – WE'RE OBVIOUSLY BACK IN THE SEQUENCE WHICH HAS BEEN INTERSPERSED THROUGHOUT FROM THE START.

THE CRUNCHES AND CRASHINGS OF OUR GUYS MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH IT.

THESE STOP, AND OUR GUYS' PROGRESS TAKES ON A QUIETER AND MORE CAUTIOUS TONE.

DREDD Looks like we're coming up on their base. There – they're using camouflage netting, but that only works from the air ...

ZOOMING-IN SOUND OF BINOX AND A COUPLE OF QUIET BLEEPS.

DREDD The pirate ship, and Justice One.

DRAGO SAN And possibly somebody else. Do you hear that?

THE DISTANT SOUNDS OF ANOTHER SHIP LANDING.

DREDD I hear it. I see it. Another ship, coming down – and I recognise the lines.

FADE.

29. Pirate Stockade

UNDERSTATED – AND DIFFERENT – FUNGUS JUNGLE AMBIANCE. THE FAINT AND BARELY-DISTINGUISHABLE SOUNDS OF PIRATE VOICES.

THE GENERAL MURMURINGS AND SHIFTINGS OF JUSTICE ONE CREWMAN PRISONERS.

WE BECOME VAGUELY AWARE THAT SEVERAL OF THE CREWMEN ARE HAVING A QUITE ANIMATED CONVERSATION NEARBY – WE DON'T QUITE MAKE OUT THE WORDS YET.

KARYN (to self) Drokk it, I suppose I('m gonna have to try a Sending again.

POSSIBLY A FEW QUIETLY WEIRD TONES UNDER THIS TO CONVEY PSI-POWERS ACTIVATING ...

DEFINITELY, THE ACTIVATION IS CUT BY A 'BZZZT!' FROM KARYN'S COLLAR.

KARYN Ak! Drokk! Maybe I should have set up a passive link with Dredd when I had the chance.

THE ARGUING OF THE CREWMEN BECOMES MORE DISTINCT AS WE GET CLOSER TO THEM. AT THIS POINT THEY'RE IMPROV-DISCUSSING METHODS OF ESCAPE FROM OLD MOVIES – WE MAKE OUT TELLING PHRASES LIKE 'VAULTING HORSE' AND 'POCKETS FULL OF DIRT, WITH A PIECE OF STRING ...'

(A POSSIBLE FULLY-SCRIPTED SCENARIO FOR THE ABOVE EXCHANGE IS PRESENTED IN APPENDIX 2.)

KARYN (breaking in) So, okay, guys, what's the plan?

(THE CREWMEN ARE BY NO MEANS IDIOTS, BUT THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT THE HIGHEST-EXPLODING ROUNDS IN THE MAGAZINE.)

CREWMAN Well, uh, we were thinking ... well they're gonna have to give us some food, sometime, and then they'll give us spoons.

ANOTHER CREWMAN

And then we can dig ourselves out of the stockade. Er. You know. With our spoons ...

KARYN You're all mad, you know that? I've had enough of this. Listen up, you bunch of misfits!

THE SURPRISED CREWMEN STOP TALKING AND PAY ATTENTION.

KARYN I have no idea what you think you're doing – but you're Judges, for Grud's sake! Space-happy or not! Get your stomm together and start acting like Judges. We can take these drokkers. Just bide your time and wait for the chance to –

KARYN'S SPEECH IS CUT SHORT BY A BLASTER-ROUND FIRED INTO THE AIR.

PIRATE You!

KARYN What? What the drokk do *you* want?

PIRATE Don't want anything. The boss wants. The boss wants to talk to you. You're coming with me.

FADE OUT TO MENACING MUSICAL TONES, THEN FADE UP ON:

30. Compound Perimeter

FUNGUS-JUNGLE AMBIANCE – SLIGHTLY MORE PRONOUNCED AND DISTINCT FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE AND MORE REMINISCENT OF THE ‘DREDD AND DRAGO’ SEQUENCES FROM BEFORE.

(POSSIBLY THE VERY FAINT SOUNDS OF A PIRATE GUARD, HIS IDLE MURMURS AND FOOTSTEPS, THE CLINK OF HIS WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT AND SO FORTH. IF PRESENT – THIS IS VERY, VERY FAINT AND MERELY TO ESTABLISH HIS PRESENCE FOR LATER.)

THE CRUNCH-SHRUNCH OF A COUPLE OF PEOPLE COMING QUIETLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND HALTING. DRAGO’S FLOATER-POD.

DREDD (sotto) No more cover between us and the perimeter – and there’s the guard. There’s no way we’re gonna get closer without him spotting us ...

DRAGO SAN Something of a stumper, I’ll admit. Fortunately, I have a solution. (suddenly shouting loudly) I say there, my good man! Yoo-hoo!

DISTANTISH SOUNDS OF A GUARD EXCLAIMING AND THE CLASH OF HIM MAKING WEAPONS READY.

(POSSIBLE SOUNDS OF DREDD AND DRAGO SAN MOVING BRISKLY FORWARD THROUGH THE SPARSE UNDERGROWTH.)

DREDD What the drokk are you playing at, Drago San??

DRAGO SAN (aside) I’m sure you’ll work it out. (loudly to the guard) Yes, you there! Efil Drago San at your service! An inestimable pleasure to make your acquaintance!

GUARD (close now, puzzled) Huh?

DRAGO SAN Found this chappy wandering in the woods, don’t you know. Say’s he’s got a message for you. Says it’s a very important message! Life or the very stuff of death, I gather!

GUARD Huh?

DRAGO SAN (pointed) Why don’t you give him your message, Dredd?

DREDD Grr ...

DREDD PLANTS A KNEE SOMEWHERE PERSONAL.
APPROPRIATE 'GLURK!' FROM THE GUARD.

DREDD SMACKS THE GUARD IN THE FACE. SOUND OF
CRACKING TEETH AND AN 'UNNG!'

VERY BRIEF WRESTLE-SOUNDS AND THEN THE
UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF A BREAKING NECK. GUARD
DIES WITH A GURGLE.

THE BODY OF THE GUARD HITS THE GROUND.

DRAGO SAN (impressed) Very nicely done, Dredd. That chap certainly won't
be getting up for a while.

DREDD (grim satisfaction) One down. Grud knows how many to go.
Let's just see if we can make it to Justice One.

FADE OUT TO OMINOUS MUSICAL TONES, THEN FADE
UP ON:

31. Pirate Compound

WE'RE IN A SPACE LIKE A BIG TENT. GENERAL SOUNDS OF ASSEMBLED PIRATES – IT'S A BIT LIKE A MORE UNRULY VERSION OF THE ACCORD CHAMBER WE ENCOUNTERED EARLIER.

THE STRUGGLING KARYN IS BROUGHT IN BY THE PARTICULAR PIRATE AND A COUPLE OF GUARDS.

PIRATE There you go, boss ... here's the little slitch.

SHAMTHRI Thank you, Tarkwell. Your service has been – well, it's been appalling, frankly, but the end results might just suffice.

(I KNOW I SAID THE PARTICULAR PIRATE WASN'T GONNA BE NAMED, BUT TO CALL HIM 'TARKWELL' THROUGHOUT WOULD HAVE SUBCONSCIOUSLY MESSED UP THE GAG, SUCH AS IT IS, FOR WHEN HE EVENTUALLY IS ...)

KARYN The Lady Shamthri ..?

SHAMTHRI The very same. That is, however, the title of my office as the Primate of the Accord. I do have a personal life, you know – as head of the Marok Donata clan. Tarkwell? Have the other hostages brought in, will you?

PIRATE Yes, boss.

GLOMI [A nasty-slimy string of alien language such as we heard at the Accord.]

SHAMTHRI (angered) Glomi, in my compound, on the soil of my people, you will speak our traditional language!

GLOMI I am sorry, my Lady. I was merely going to say that I ...

KARYN (breaking in) So what do you want, Shamthri? You've taken us hostage – what do you think you'll get out of it? You think you're going to barter our lives for Mega-City support?

SHAMTHRI Nothing of the kind, Judge Karyn. We are simply going to shoot you in the head.

GLOMI Uh, Lady ... when you told me, when I went along, you didn't say anything about –

A SINGLE, QUITE IMPRESSIVE BLASTER SHOT.

GLOMI Urg!

SHAMTHRI Shoot you in the head. Just like that.

FAST-FADE INTO AN OMINOUS BUT SLIGHTLY MORE
CLASHING AND VIOLENT MUSICAL LINK THAN THE ONE
BEFORE THIS. THIS THEN FADES OFF TO:

32. Justice One Bridge

BRIDGE AMBIANCE, BUT THE POWER IS DOWN AND NO RUMBLE OF ENGINES. A COUPLE OF CONSOLES COMPUTER-BLEEP ON STANDBY.

WE COME IN ON A STARTLINGLY LOUD AND VIOLENT STRUGGLE BETWEEN DREDD AND A PIRATE. IT ENDS WITH THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS OF A KNIFE SLASHING. THE PIRATE GURGLES AND DIES.

(DRAGO'S FLOATING POD, OF COURSE.)

DREDD (winded, injured) That's the last of them.

DRAGO SAN And I must say, I'm quite impressed. And all with one hand, as it were, incapacitated. You don't think it might have been an idea to have let me –

DREDD I *told* you, Drago San ...

DRAGO SAN (heard it all before) Yes, yes. I believe you did.

DREDD Anyhow. Justice one is secure. (thoughtful) It's just a pity that we have no idea of how to pilot a drokking starship.

DRAGO SAN Well, in actual point of fact ...

DREDD You can pilot a starship? You never said you could pilot a starship.

DRAGO SAN You never asked. I mentioned that I had a broad education. Not extensive enough, sadly, for me to plot a course between the stars – but if it's just a matter of getting the ship off the ground ...

FADE OUT TO MENACING MUSICAL TONES, THEN FADE BACK UP ON:

33. Pirate Compound Again

GENERAL BIG-TENT AMBIANCE. POSSIBLY SOME VERY FAINT INDICATION OF AN ATTENTIVE PIRATE-BAND AUDIENCE.

SHAMTHRI If the Accord were to simply hold you prisoner, and torture you to death, your Judges would just come and stomp us flat. But what do you think will happen, Psi Judge Karyn, when the Accord delivers your bodies back – killed by some *faction* or other, nothing we could do about it, all very unfortunate indeed ...

KARYN You know very well what'll happen, Shamthri. The Mega-cities are gonna turn up *mob-handed*. We're gonna tear your entire drokking *system* apart looking for the truth.

SHAMTHRI I doubt you'll find it so easy. Some of our factions *are* very powerful, after all. What it *will* do is upset the balance of power absolutely, plunge a state of rather formalised war into complete and utter chaos – and as the only bipartisan authority in sight, the Accord shall naturally ally itself with the Judges in restoring order.

KARYN With you at the head?

SHAMTHRI Who else? Extreme measures will be called for: detentions, purges, mass-executions ... and when the dust finally settles, who else should be sitting on top of the body pile?

KARYN Do you think it's gonna be that easy? You think we're not going to get to the bottom of it?

SHAMTHRI (thoughtful) Do you know ... I really don't think I care, in the end. Have you any idea how *boring* it is to be a Lady of the Accord? Coming from good privateer stock. All that smarming around and plotting and bloody intrigue – and never so much as a good honest knife in the guts! In the end, I think, I really don't care ... I only care about the blood and killing, really ...

THE PARTICULAR PIRATE AND GUARDS ARE NOW CHIVVYING IN THE REST OF THE JUSTICE ONE CREW.

PIRATE Here you go, boss.

SHAMTHRI And speaking of such things – here are your fellow crewmen. Let's get on with the killing.

THIS EXPECTANT MOMENT IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY THE ROAR OUTSIDE OF JUSTICE ONE'S ENGINES

STARTING UP AND THE SHIP TAKING OFF TO HOVER OVER US.

THE CONCUSSION OF HEAVY SHIP'S GUNS OUTSIDE AND AN IMPRESSIVE EXPLOSION QUITE CLOSE.

SHAMTHRI What was that?? Tarkwell, what is it?

PIRATE Outside! The Judge's ship! It's ... taking off and ...

DREDD (harsh and booming tannoy-voice) ATTENTION MEMBERS OF THE MAROK DONATA PIRATE CLAN. THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS AND FILE OUT OF THE COMPOUND IN AN ORDERLY FASHION. THIS IS YOUR FIRST AND FINAL WARNING!

SHAMTHRI What?? Oh no ...

GENERAL SOUNDS OF PIRATICAL SURPRISE AND CONFUSION.

GENERAL VOICES OF THE CAPTURED CREWMEN SUDDENLY RAISED IN HOPE.

KARYN Do you hear that, guys? We've got Dredd on our side! Let's get these drokkers!

CREWMEMBER'S VOICES RISE UP IN A KIND OF 'CHARGE!' TO ATTACK THE STILL SURPRISED PIRATES. THE MULTIPLE SOUNDS OF WRESTLING AND SMACKING FISTS AND KICKS ...

SPORADIC GUNFIRE OF PIRATES WHO ARE NOT QUITE ON THE BALL YET – BUT IT'S GETTING A BIT MORE INTENSE.

A VIOLENT MUSICAL LINK COMES UP TO DROWN THE STARTING BATTLE, THEN FAST-FADES TO:

34. Justice One Bridge

WE HEAR THE THRUSTER-ENGINE ROAR FROM OUTSIDE. SEVERAL BLEEP-SYSTEMS ARE UP AND ACTIVE.

THROUGH WHAT ARE OBVIOUSLY MONITORS, WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE RISING BATTLE BELOW.

DREDD Looks like our guys are outnumbered. They're losing ...

DRAGO SAN I rather think you might consider giving them some more personal help, Dredd.

DREDD What?? You think I'm gonna leave you here to -

DRAGO SAN (increasingly forceful and earnest) Think about it, Dredd. I'm dependent, entirely, on you and your crew to so much as *think* of leaving this horrid place. You know what I am. You know that I have never pretended to be anything other than a killer, who would betray you in an instant. You also know that without your help, I'll never have so much as a *chance* to leave here and escape to continue my wicked ways. So tell me, Dredd, here and now, just where do you expect me to go?

DREDD I have no idea. I'm just remembering the story about the frog and the scorpion ...

DRAGO SAN Ah, yes. The one they seem to trot out every time they want to talk about someone being incorrigible and evil. 'It's in my nature,' and such. All very edifying and pertinent. The distinction is, however, that you are not a giant frog, all appearances to the contrary ...

DREDD (threatening) Drago San ...

DRAGO SAN ... and I am at the very least a somewhat-functioning human. Do you truly and honestly believe that I am too completely and unutterably *stupid* to restrain my urge to sting no matter what the cost? I mean, really.

DREDD (against better judgement) I suppose not.

THE SNIK-CLINK OF HANDCUFFS BEING REMOVED.

THEN THE SNAK-CLANK OF A CUFF BEING ATTACHED TO SOME SUITABLY IMMOVABLE BRACKET OR THE LIKE.

DRAGO SAN Oh, really, do you have to cuff me to the console, now?. I mean, I -

DREDD (departing at a run) Can it! Just bring the ship down low!

THE HISS-CHUNK OF A HATCH.

A SMALL BEAT, THEN CUT TO:

35. Pirate Compound

LOUD CHAOS OF THE PITCHED BATTLE, WHICH FADES TO BECOME THE BACKGROUND TO ...

KARYN Keep behind me, Craven! Keep under cover. We're gonna need a pilot when we –

RAPID BLASTER-FIRE.

CRAVEN Ughn!

KARYN Craven!

SHAMTHRI (maniac mode) That takes care of your flyboy, slitch. And now for –

(KARYN IS STILL RECOGNISABLY FIGHT-PUNCH-KICK-STRUGGLING WITH A GRUNTING PIRATE ...)

THE ROAR OF JUSTICE ONE THRUSTERS BECOMES APPRECIABLY LOUDER.

SHAMTHRI What the ... what the hell?

KARYN (about time, too) And here comes Dredd.

CUT TO:

36. Inside Justice One/Outside in the Compound

THE HISS-CHUNK OF A HATCH.

COMPUTER Combat drop-tube activated. Have a nice day.

THE MAGLOCKS AND CHUNKS ETC OF DREDD BEING LOADED INTO THE DROP TUBE.

DROP-TUBE'S OUTER HATCH OPENS ...

DETONATIVE CONCUSSION AS DREDD IS EJECTED.

DREDD Ghnn!

SUDDENLY WE'RE OUTSIDE, WITH THE LOUD ROAR OF THE ENGINES AND THE FAINTER SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE IN THE COMPOUND.

VERY QUICKLY THE ENGINE-ROAR FADES DOWN, AND THE BATTLE-CHAOS COMES UP.

IT'S A RELATIVELY SHORT FALL, BUT DREDD LANDS HEAVILY.

DREDD Hng!

INSTANTLY THE FAST AND BUSINESSLIKE ACTION OF A LAWGIVER BEING COCKED.

DREDD Rapid fire.

GUN RAPID-FIRES! PIRATES SCREAM AND GO DOWN!

(THE THING TO REMEMBER, OF COURSE, IS THAT WHILE THE PIRATE BLASTERS AND SUCH HAVE BEEN MENACING ENOUGH IN THEIR OWN WAY, THE LAWGIVER IS A FUCKOFF *SERIOUS* PROJECTILE-GUN AND MAKES THE PIRATE-BLASTERS LOOK SICK.)

PIRATE (the particular one) Cut 'em up me boys! Kill the Earther scum!

DREDD Hi-ex!

HI-EX ROUND SHOOTS AND DETONATES.

PIRATE Aieeee!

(YEAH, WELL, EVERYTHING OF A CERTAIN SORT HAS TO HAVE AN 'AIEEE' SOMEWHERE IN IT.)

DREDD Rapid-fire!

LAWGIVER SWITCHES BACK AND RAPID FIRES AGAIN.
WE'RE LEFT IN NO DOUBT THAT DREDD, MORE OR LESS
SINGLE-HANDEDLY, IS FINISHING OFF THE JOB ...

THIS FADES INTO THE BACKGROUND AS OUR
ATTENTION SHIFTS TO:

SHAMTHRI (maniac) Kill you! Cut you up and gut you! Kill you all and slice
you!

HAND-HELD BLASTER FIRE.

KARYN Missed me!

KARYN AND SHAMTHRI STRUGGLE. THE BLASTER FIRES
AGAIN, THEN THERE'S A SMACK AND IT CLATTERS OFF
SOMEWHERE.

SHAMTHRI (desperately struggling) You cannot ... hurt me. I leashed you
in! You cannot use your witch-powers on me!

KARYN Yeah, well ...

A MEATY SMACK.

SHAMTHRI Hnn!

KARYN I don't need Psi-powers for *you*, you drokking slitch. Oow!
Fingers!

SHAMTHRI Grrrr ...

THE DRAG-OUT, KNOCKDOWN FIGHT ESCALATES.
SMACKS AND BLOCKS AND KICKS. KARYN AND
SHAMTHRI GRUNT AND CURSE. THEN ...

ATTENTION-GETTING GUNSHOT.

SHAMTHRI Huh?

KARYN Dredd ...?

DREDD Stop this, Karyn! You have a problem, you take it out!
Minimum necessary force!

KARYN (a bit frantic) Oh, yeah, really? That's what I'm trying to – urk.

KARYN HAS JUST OBVIOUSLY BEEN SMACKED BY SHAMTHRI.

SHAMTHRI (crazed) Die! Make you all die! Gut you all and –

THE SMACK OF SHAMTHRI BEING COMPLETELY AND DEFINITELY POLEAXED BY A DAYSTICK.

SHAMTHRI Uhn.

FLOMP.

DREDD (deadpan) And that's minimum necessary force.

FADE OUT TO A BEAT OF SILENCE, THEN:

37. Justice One Bridge

BRIDGE AMBIANCE. THE ROAR OF ENGINES OUTSIDE AS JUSTICE ONE HOVERS. THE FAINT POD-HUM AND CHINK OF A CUFFED DRAGO SAN ...

DRAGO SAN (musingly, laconically) How perfectly marvellous. Our erstwhile heroes triumph, victory snatched from the jaws of seemingly overwhelming odds. The forces of good – or what passes for it in a naughty world – once again hold sway. (decisive) Time to add a little of my *own* certain something into the mix.

CUT TO:

38. Pirate Compound

THE ROAR OF JUSTICE ONE OVERHEAD.

POSSIBLE SOUNDS OF BURNING FUNGUS JUNGLE. THE GROANS AND WHIMPERS OF THE WOUNDED SURVIVING.

BOTH KARYN AND DREDD ARE WINDED AND ONLY JUST ON THE POINT OF COMING DOWN FROM THE SAVAGE TEETH-GRITTEDNESS OF THEIR PREVIOUS ACTIONS ...

DREDD That's the last of them. Last of the problem guys ...

KARYN Time to wrap things up. Deal with the wounded.

DREDD Yeah. I'll call Drago down.

PERSONAL COMMS-UNIT BLEEP.

DREDD Drago? Land the ship and –

THE TONE OF JUSTICE ONE'S ENGINES CHANGES TO CONVEY THAT IT IS STILL HOVERING, BUT MOVING OFF FROM ITS ORIGINAL POSITION ...

DREDD What the drokk?

KARYN What's he doing??

GUN-MECHANISMS EXTEND FROM JUSTICE ONE.

DREDD (roaring into comms-unit) Drago San! What the drokk do you think you're –

A HEAVY-DUTY – OBVIOUSLY PROJECTILE-BASED – BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE.

THE WHUMP-CRUMP! OF SEVERAL SOMETHINGS (THE PIRATE SHIP AND THE ACCORD SHIP) BLOWING UP!

KARYN He took out the other ships! Why the drokk would he take out the other ships??

DREDD (into comms-unit) What are you playing at, Drago San??

A TANNOY VOICE BARKS AND THEN SPEAKS SO THAT IT BLASTS OUT THROUGH THE JUSTICE ONE ENGINES. IT IS, OF COURSE, THE VOICE OF:

DRAGO SAN (over tannoy) So glad you asked, Dredd. One does enjoy these little chats. You'll remember that I told you that I didn't have sufficient skill to pilot a ship, unaided, between actual star-systems? Well, I lied.

KARYN Drokk!

DRAGO SAN (over tannoy, gloating) Dear me. That *does* seem to define our relationship, somewhat, doesn't it? Now, my first thought was to use the guns of your own ship to simply wipe you out ... but on the whole, I think I'd rather prefer to leave you stranded, here, on this ultimately quite inhospitable planet. The water is drinkable – I notice from the bioscans – but the flora and fauna are completely incompatible with the humanoid metabolism. (switch to deadly-serious sadism) Oh, yes. I estimate the first acts of attempted cannibalism within two weeks of the foodstuffs in the compound running out. I have half a mind to hang around in orbit to watch –

DREDD I don't think so. (change in comms-unit speaking tone)
Computer! Internal countermeasures system, now!

CUT TO:

39. Justice One Bridge

SAME BACKGROUND AMBIANCE AS LAST TIME HERE.

(A REPETITION OF THE END OF DRAGO'S SPEECH – ONLY NOW, OF COURSE, HE'S SIMPLY TALKING AS OPPOSED TO TALKING OVER A TANNOY.)

DRAGO SAN ... metabolism. (switch to deadly-serious sadism) Oh, yes. I estimate the first acts of attempted cannibalism within two weeks of the foodstuffs in the compound running out. I have half a mind to hang around in orbit to watch –

DREDD (over comms-link) I don't think so. Computer! Internal countermeasures system, now!

INSTANTLY, THERE'S THE HEAVY-DUTY WHIRR, HISS-CHUNK AND SHIK-SNIK OF PANELS SLIDING BACK, AND SERVO-ARMS EXTENDING TO DEPLOY NASTY BLADES.

DRAGO SAN Uh ...

COMPUTER Failsafe anti-personnel countermeasures have been deployed. You will revert command-codes to authorised justice Department personnel immediately.

DRAGO SAN Uh ...

SHIK-SHIK-SHIK! OF NASTY BLADES RECONFIGURING THREATENINGLY.

DRAGO SAN I ... computer, revert command-codes to authorised Justice department personnel. Immediately.

COMPUTER Thank you. Automatic landing procedures commencing. Have a nice day.

A CHANGE IN TONE OF THE ENGINES OUTSIDE TO CONVEY THAT THEY'RE POWERING-DOWN.

FADE OUT TO A BEAT OF SILENCE – OR POSSIBLY A RESOLVING MUSICAL LINK. THEN:

40. Another Justice One Launch

REPRISE OF JUSTICE ONE TAKING OFF – THIS TIME
FROM A FUNGUS JUNGLE AMBIANCE.

CROSSFADE TO:

41. Justice One Bridge

THE FAINT ROAR OF ENGINES OUTSIDE. THE BLEEP-SYSTEMS ARE UP AND RUNNING.

THE MURMUR OF VARIOUS CREWMEN OPERATING THESE SYSTEMS. WE GET THE GENERAL IMPRESSION OF COMPETENCE.

DRAGO SAN (dispirited) You never told me that you had those kind of lethal countermeasures on board, Dredd.

DREDD You never asked. A Judge's Lawgiver explodes if anyone but him touches it. You think we don't do the same with other stuff?

KARYN Strikes me we could have used them when the pirates were overrunning the ship ...

DREDD Activating them then wouldn't have stopped us being overrun – and would have left us all stranded. They're used for when some idiotic drokker tries to take over the helm.

RATTLE OF HANDCUFFS.

DRAGO SAN Now really, Dredd! I resent that! I was of inestimable use to you in recent events, if you'll recall. And now you simply chain me up again to you like a – (handcuff jerking) – urk!

DREDD (deadly serious) One more word and you're dead.

DRAGO SAN [Makes very small beginning of 'Um, I get the message ...']

DREDD (deadly serious) One more word and you're dead.

DRAGO SAN AUDIBLY SHUTS UP – IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN AND IT'S EVEN POSSIBLE TO CONVEY..

DREDD I don't deal in your moral justifications. I just deal with what's in front of me. (ordering crew) Listen up, crew. We have no pilot, but I'm right in thinking we can plot a basic jump to Earth without flying through a star?

CREWMAN Uh, yessir.

DREDD Set up a mayday-signal for when we arrive. They can send a retrieval squad. Let me know when we're ready to boost.

CREWMAN Sir.

KARYN So what now, Dredd?

DREDD One creep left to see.

HISS AND CHUNK OF A DOOR. CUT TO:

42. Justice One Brig

CHUNK AND HISS OF A DOOR.

POSSIBLY SOME MUTED BRIG-FORCEFIELD HUM.

IMPORTANTLY – BACKGROUNDED – WE HEAR A CREWMAN TINKERING WITH SOME ITEM OF EQUIPMENT: HIS GRUNTS AND MURMURS, THE WHILE OF A POWERED-SCREWDRIVER, ETC ...

DREDD Lady Shamthri.

SHAMTHRI (vicious spite) You'll pay for this ... I'll make you crawl. What are you going to do to me?

DREDD Taking you back to Earth. To the Meg. You're gonna pay for your crimes in Mega-city One.

SHAMTHRI My *crimes*? I've never even *been* to –

DREDD When your men stormed Justice One, they effectively set foot on Mega-city soil. You are responsible. You'll pay for your crimes – and if your Accord want you back, they can come and get you. We'll be waiting for them.

SHAMTHRI Oh yes. Waiting with my executed body.

DREDD We don't execute in cold blood.

SHAMTHRI You don't execute ..? You're Judge, jury and executioner! In the compound! You killed my men! You *mowed* them down ...

DREDD The circumstances were different. The Justice Department of Mega-city One does not execute in *cold* blood. We don't torture. We're not barbaric. You're gonna spend the rest of your life in the iso-cubes, just like Efil Drago San. And speaking of which. (to crewman) Have you finished with the modifications to cell two?

CREWMAN Just testing now, sir.

THE RECOGNISABLE CHUNK AND HISS AND SNIK-SNIK OF THE 'FAILSAFE COUNTERMEASURES' BLADE-ARMS WE AND DRAGO SAN MET EARLIER.

DRAGO'S CUFFS BEING RELEASED. DRAGO IS SHOVED ROUGHLY.

DRAGO SAN Uhn!

DREDD In there, Drago San. I'm sick of being tied to you.

ANOTHER BRIG FORCE-FIELD ACTIVATES, ADDING
SUBTLE BUT DISTINCTIVE HARMONICS TO THE OTHER
ONE.

DREDD We've moved the failsafe countermeasures mechanism into
your cell. You try to tamper with them – or go within a metre of
the force-field, they start to slice and dice. You get me?
Welcome to the mechanism of Justice.

BEAT.

DREDD You can talk again.

DRAGO SAN I understand you perfectly, my dear chap. Perish the thought.

DREDD Good. Come on, Karyn.

HATCH SOUNDS, AND POSSIBLE INCIDENTALS OF
DREDD AND KARYN LEAVING.

A BRIEF PAUSE.

DRAGO SAN Ah, well ... (striking up a conversation) I say, my dear Lady?
Lady Shamthri?

SHAMTHRI (flat) What. What do you want.

DRAGO SAN Merely to converse. To confer. And, possibly, to find some
means of pooling such resources as might be left to us. Two
heads are better than one, after all. (evil-villainously optimistic)
And, after all, there is a lot that might happen between here
and the iso-cubes ...

FADE OUT TO:

43. Deep Space

OUT IN SPACE, JUSTICE ONE FIRES UP ITS STARDRIVE
AND CONCUSSIVELY DOPPLERS OFF.

**THIS DEVOLVES INTO A REPRISE OF THE 'JUDGE
DREDD' THEME TRACK.**

THE END

Appendix One

(SUGGESTED TANNOY-VOICE DIALOGUE FOR THE BACKGROUND IN SCENE 3, THE SPACEPORT DOCK.)

TANNOY Starhopper Pegasus XL5 cleared for Antares launch-vector in fifteen minutes and counting ... BING-BONG ... Passengers are reminded to keep all personal-weaponry licenses visible for scanning at all times ... BING-BONG ... Will traveller Dudley Wheems please report to Information desk 25, where his mother has been eaten by a Braxoletian womprat ... BING-BONG ... Travellers are reminded that the entire Magellan Cluster has been designated a no-go plague zone. Any attempt to solicit travel to or from this zone will result in instant Justice Department apprehension and execution ... BING-BONG ... Travellers of the Fattie persuasion are reminded that a policy of strict rotation has been instigated for the use of the industrial-grade hoist ... BING-BONG ...

(THE ABOVE SHOULD BE STRETCHED OR CUT TO FIT. THE WORDS THEMSELVES SHOULD BE INDISTINGUISHABLE SAVE IN THE VERY SUBLIMINAL SENSE.)

Appendix Two

(SUGGESTED DIALOGUE FOR THE CREWMEN PLOTTING THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE PIRATE COMPOUND IN SCENE 29.)

CREWMAN 1 So what we do, right, is we do a lot of exercises like sit-ups and stuff ... and then we get them to give us a vaulting horse ...

CREWMAN 2 And then we ..?

CREWMAN 1 Chop it up and use it as a frame to make a hang-glider. Tie our trousers to it and then just fly over the wire. I saw it in a holo-movie, yeah?

CREWMAN 2 I've got a lot of dirt stuffed down my trousers ...

CREWMAN 1 Why's that, then?

CREWMAN 2 I, uh, just like stuffing dirt inside my trousers ...

AND THEN KARYN ARRIVES TO SPEAK WITH THEM.

(THE POINT ABOUT THE ABOVE SCENE IS THAT WE NEVER ACTUALLY HEAR THE WORDS – THEY'RE JUST A MURMUR IN THE BACKGROUND AMBIANCE.)