

"THE HIDDEN FUNCTION"

BY

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The two million ton carrier Vertex, and her sister ship the Vector II cruise diligently through hyperfold. We HEAR the VOICE of COMMANDER FUNCTION, OVER

FUNCTION (V.O.)

Hyperfold is the harbinger of battle. When the sky turns black and fills with fire, the time for reflection is over. You must burn with the fury of the stars. You must show no mercy, for the Boolean Unary will be sure to show none. Forget about the future.

INT. VERTEX, BOTANICAL GARDENS

The stars slip swiftly and silently past the large windows.

FUNCTION (V.O.)

(continuing)

There can be no remainder in the future they will carry us to.

We HEAR The CONSTANT HUM of the adjacent ENGINE ROOM. GEORGE POLYA (30s, Athletic, gregarious) and ANDREI KOLMOGOROFF (30s, sweet, curvaceous, statuesque) stand at the portals looking across about 300 yards of hyperfold at the other ship, their mirror image.

ANDREI

How would you describe our relationship? Associative?

George smiles.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH

The cockpit of George's fighter explodes in battle.

BACK TO SCENE

George shifts uncomfortably, stretching his stiff left shoulder.

ANDREI

What's bothering you?

GEORGE

Dunno.

(looking over at her)

Apprehensive, I guess. Fifty battles. Fifty. We're lucky to be alive.

They stand, side by side, looking out into space. There is a stirring behind them, and they turn to see LEONARD FULER (30s, lanky, officious) and AUGUSTUS DEMORGAN (20s, short, brooding) stride into the gardens from the elevator and approach them.

FULER

(to George)

Polya! There you are! We've been looking all over for you! Commander Function's about to go critical! The schedule's been rearranged, and you're supposed to be cleaning the quotient rings! You're over half an hour late!

George is unperturbed.

ANDREI

The schedule said August had ring duty this morning.

FULER

All I know is they changed it, George, and your hide's not worth a Cartesian product! The commander's having fractions!

Suddenly, the loudspeaker crackles to life, and we HEAR the VOICE of COMMANDER FUNCTION.

FUNCTION'S VOICE

(filtered, over
loudspeaker)

This is the bridge! All hands
to ready stations! Assemble the
Domain in the main briefing
room in five minutes! Bridge
out!

FULER

Oh, well, that's us!

They break from the gardens in a sprint.

FULER

(continuing)

Guess you can worry about
transposition later.

INT. VERTEX, MAIN BRIEFING ROOM

A small, cramped, hexagonal chamber halfway taken
up in the back by a gallery of risers used to seat
all the pilots when the entire fleet is assembled.

The other half of the room is taken up in the front
by a large, clear, tinted plotting table whose
surface was skirted by the neon readout of the
computer interface, and a large V.D.U. currently
displaying the ship's course.

As the four pilots entered the room, they find
themselves face to face with the menacing form of
COMMANDER FUNCTION. He is short, but heavily built
with shining silver hair and a large, suffocating
cigar that juts from his mouth at an angle.

FUNCTION

George you can sit this one
out.

ANDREI / FULER / AUGUST

What?!

FUNCTION

No arguments. His profile's
become disassociative. I've
referred it to the medical
examiner, and he's been
declared unfit for duty. You

can discuss it as a team later.
 For now...
 (gestures towards the
 door)

George leaves the room without a word. Watching him go, Andrei chokes back the tears that sprang to her eyes and frowns.

FUNCTION

(continuing)
 Andrei, you'll command the
 Domain during Polya's leave.
 Okay, people, here's what we've
 got.
 (moves to the table, the
 others take their seats)
 Ten minutes ago, the outpost on
 Basis Avalon detected three
 Unary cruisers in an adjoining
 axiom on an attack course for
 the outpost, and radioed us.

INSERT

Animated space map graphic on table showing Basis Avalon, the Unary cruisers, and the Vertex and Vector II. We HEAR the VOICE of COMMANDER FUNCTION, OFF SCREEN.

FUNCTION (O.S.)

Our orders are to break
 formation with *Vector Two* and
 intercept. Your job will be to
 lead the attack on the Boolean
 fleet. In another ten minutes
 we'll be on course for sector
 minus four x. Questions?

FULER

Our one carrier against three
 Unary cruisers?

FUNCTION

The fleet's spread thin right
 now. We're all the Citadel can
 spare. If there are no other
 questions, this will conclude
 the pre-mission briefing.

INT. VERTEX, CORRIDOR

George steps from a hatchway clearly labeled "medical examiner," holding a pistol and a computer interface device. He moves quickly to the "garbage atomizer" and drops them in. He stalks off down the corridor.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- a.) All is confusion and noise on the hangar deck as the small crew of Citadel fighters is prepared.
- b.) In his cockpit, Fuler goes over his checklist.
- c.) In his cockpit, August psyches himself up for battle.
- d.) The fighters stand poised on the edge of the hangar deck awaiting Andrei's signal.
- e.) And inside the cockpit of her sleek, angular fighter craft, its shiny designation "7" gleaming brightly in the incandescent light, Andrei awaits Function's signal.

INT. ANDREI'S COCKPIT

She flexes her gloved hands. We HEAR her VOICE OVER.

ANDREI (V.O.)

George... How am I ever going to lead this group without you? You are our prime ideal. You are our sum of products form. The Domain is a quasi-group without you to balance the equation.

INT. VERTEX, HANGAR DECK

We HEAR a BUZZER, and the VOICE of COMMANDER FUNCTION, OVER the LOUDSPEAKER

FUNCTION

(filtered, over

loudspeaker)
 We are preparing to drop out of
 hyperfold. Fighters ready.

INT. ANDREI'S COCKPIT

She braces herself. Everything is about to fall on her shoulders. She turns to look across the flight deck at...

HER POV

...the fighters arrayed there, and Commander Function stalking stiffly towards her, George Polya in tow.

INT. VERTEX, HANGAR DECK

Andrei clambers down the ladder from her cockpit and throws her arms around George's neck.

FUNCTION

(glowering)
 Looks like you're off the hook, kid. Seems the M.E. changed his mind.

ANDREI

(whispering in George's ear)
 It's good to have you back.

George looks at her sadly, unable to tell her something.

FUNCTION

Gentlemen and ladies! Can we start this inverse element?

George and Andrei move to their fighters, climbed up, and strap in. Function's VOICE RASPS over their INTERCOMS.

FUNCTION

(filtered, over intercom)
 The cruisers have come into the range of our scanners. They

have been identified as F by X class heavy cruisers. The *Infimum*, and the *Supremum*, and the *Bijective*. They carry Range Swarms in groups of four fighters, and a elite command group of four. Domain designations are five, seven, nine, and twenty five. Would you please switch to a secure channel for your command assignments?

In their respective cockpits, George, Andrei, Fuler, and August do so.

FUNCTION

(continuing)

The computer's taken all the known stats and compiled them to come out with the strategy most likely to succeed. It's paired you off with the Range command which should be the most vulnerable to your particular attacks. Fuler, It's paired you with the one designated minus thirty six. August, you've got minus one hundred. Andrei, you've got minus twenty eight, and George, you've got minus twenty. Remember, the crucial element of this strategy is that you cannot take on anything other than what your computer is programmed for. Feel free to double team them, if you think it'll work, But do not try to take on anything outside your programmed parameters. Good luck, and Godspeed. That is all.

EXT. SPACE

The Vertex drops out of hyperfold. Three enemy ships loom ahead of it.

INT. GEORGE'S COCKPIT

George throttles forward.

GEORGE

All fighter craft, launch and
converge on my signal.

EXT. SPACE

The Domain fighters scream out of the hangar doors.

INT. VERTEX, BRIDGE

Commander Function scowls at the screens.

FUNCTION

(into a micro recorder)
U.C.S. Vertex, Commander Data
Function, entering...

He breaks off as we HEAR an INTERCOM CHIRP. He looks
up.

INSERT

On the screen we see LIEUTENANT SHALE.

SHALE

Commander Function, M.E.
Storball has been murdered!

BACK TO SCENE

Commander Function purses his lips.

EXT. SPACE

The Citadel forces emerge directly into the Range
Swarm. They are hopelessly outnumbered, and the
Swarm, who are very highly organized, evade them
and counter thrust with amazing speed and accuracy.

The void of space lights up with the intensity of a
sun from the blazing energy of the fighter craft.

ANDREI'S FIGHTER

Dances with the command ship -28. Suddenly, her target is behind her, guns blazing. She's hit!

INT. ANDREI'S COCKPIT

She reacts.

INSERT

A flashing graphic screams the poor status of her shields.

BACK TO SCENE

She begins to sweat. We HEAR the VOICE of GEORGE OVER

GEORGE

(filtered, over intercom)
Hold on, Andrei!

EXT. SPACE

George's fighter appears behind them both, sending a burst of energy ripping through the opponent's right engine, disabling the ship, and causing it to disengage her.

INT. GEORGE'S COCKPIT

After a short sigh of relief, he's on to the next thing.

GEORGE

This is Lieutenant George Ploya. Our strategy has been compromised. Attack other targets. I repeat, disengage your programmed targets. Set your computers for a multiple run.

EXT. SPACE

The fighters form up.

INT. FULER'S COCKPIT

He resets his computer.

FULER

This is a bad idea. Very
irregular.

He reacts as a bolt of energy hits his ship.

EXT. SPACE

A million flaming shards explode into space. Fuler
is gone. The other three ships quickly take
crippling blows.

INT. GEORGE'S COCKPIT

He scans the sky.

GEORGE

I'm hit. Have to set her down.

INT. ANDREI'S COCKPIT

She struggles with her damaged craft.

ANDREI

Me too. But where...?

EXT. SPACE

George dives for the closest Boolean ship, the
Supremum.

GEORGE

(filtered, over intercom)
Follow me.

INT, AUGUST'S COCKPIT

He shakes his head vehemently.

AUGUST

Oh, no. No!

INT. SUPREMUM, HANGAR DECK

The three ships crash on the deserted deck. They come to rest. After a long, painful beat, our heroes emerge from the wreckage of their fighters.

AUGUST

(jabs an accusing finger
at George)

On what kind of logic was that
last order based?!

ANDREI

(hoarse whisper)

Shhhh! Do you want every
Boolean on this ship to jump
us? He made the best call he
could! Now let's move before
their shipboard security gets
here!

All three draw their side arms and move cautiously to the airlock.

INT. SUPREMUM, HALLWAY

Andrei motions to August and he moves to the point, checking out the hall, which seems to be deserted. There are no Booleans in sight. They try a door. Locked.

August tries another door. Locked.

INT. SUPREMUM HALLWAY - LATER

August finds an open door. It leads them to an identical hallway.

INT. SUPREMUM HALLWAY - EVEN LATER

They come to an elevator that is open to them, and they step inside, weapons ready.

The doors shut, but they seem to have no control over its direction. They can't understand the alien control.

INT. SPREMUM, CONTROL TOWER

The elevator doors open into a dark room. The they hold their weapons ready, and let their eyes adjust to the light.

There is a long staircase at the end of the room, which runs the length of a football field with columns on either side.

They creep cautiously into the room until they were at about the middle of it, at which point George unexpectedly straightens and snaps his fingers, and they are instantly surrounded by dozens of Boolean guards!

GEORGE

Please, put down your weapons.

Andrei and August stare at him in disbelief, but obey. A dark figure moves towards them from the hall.

DARK FIGURE

Good, Polsian, Gooood!

GEORGE

I have eliminated the Domain from the battle, Commander.

DARK FIGURE

Yes. With the fall of Basis Avalon, the Boolean invasion of Citadel territory can begin.

The figure steps into the light. All three recognize him as Commander Function!

ANDREI

What the factor is going on?!

AUGUST

Isn't it obvious? They're Boolean agents, planted a long time ago in our military so they could gain command of the Domain, and during this crucial battle they could ensure success.

DARK FIGURE / FUNCTION

Very acute, August. But there's something else. You've both got fine... assets to add to the equation. We want you solve for us.

AUGUST

I'd rather die!

He dislodges a concealed blaster and deftly blows off Commander Function's head. Function's neck erupts in a shower of equations that spray around the room. Then August turns the blaster on George, but Polya is too quick.

Suddenly, there appears in Polya's hand what looks incongruently like an electric eraser! He lashes out, striking a clean, bloodless hole in August's chest. His lifeless body dropped to the floor.

George looks down at his hands and then at Andrei. She looks up at him with large, fearful eyes.

ANDREI

(sotto)

What have you become?

GEORGE

(softly)

I am what I've always been. Nothing was hidden but my alliances. We were friends. We could be more...

ANDREI

Friends don't do what you did.

GEORGE

Please. Avalon's been assimilated. You'll be put to

slavery. Come with me. I am
your friend.

ANDREI

I don't think so.

EXT. AVALON SLAVE COLONY - DAY

As her work detail moves past the large, domed windows, Andrei pauses to look pensively up at the heavens, and the orbiting ships. We HEAR the VOICE of COMMANDER FUNCTION, OVER

FUNCTION (V.O.)

Forget about the future.
Someone in our line of work
cannot afford to live in the
future. You must live in the
present, and nowhere else.
There can be no remainder in
the future they will carry us
to.

A Boolean soldier takes her arm and shoves her back
in line with the rest of the slaves.

FADE OUT

THE END