

## Mission to Anteas

By

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## Mercenaries Short Story

(c) Trevor Flanagan

No Agent at this time.

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FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE, PLANET ANTEA - EARLY EVENING (DRIZZLING).

TRAVIS LIES IN A PRONE POSITION CAMOUFLAGED BY HIS GILLIE SUIT. HE MOUNTS HIS PULSE RIFLE ON A TRIPOD AND AIMS IT DOWN THE SLOPE THROUGH A GAP IN THE JUNGLE. THE EARLY EVENING LIGHT COMES FROM TWO SUNS DIMINISHING AS THEY LOWER AT THE HORIZON AND TWO HALF MOONS COMING INTO VIEW.

THROUGH HIS SCOPE, TRAVIS SEES A LARGE FIGURE RESEMBLING AN UPRIGHT ARMOUR PLATED WARTHOG WITH YELLOWING TUSKS PROTRUDING FROM IT'S BOTTOM JAW FRAMING HIS PIERCED SNOUT NOSE. A SHOWER OF SPITTLE IS FLYING ACROSS ONE OF IT'S LIEUTENANTS HE LAMBASTES THEM. TRAVIS SQUEEZES HIS NECK MICROPHONE

TRAVIS (MURMURING)  
Target acquired. Awaiting orders.

His earpiece hisses momentarily with static ...

COMMAND  
Message received Oscar-Bravo-One.  
Standby.  
(Beat)

COMMAND  
Confirm numbers Oscar-Bravo-One.

Travis switches on his wrist-mounted PRU (Perimeter Radar Unit) and peers through his scope to scan the compound.

TRAVIS  
Eight targets in the compound,  
including primary. Four groups of  
three roaming the immediate  
perimeter. Two further groups of  
three at two-kilometre mark hidden  
by trees but PRU confirms. Copy?

COMMAND  
Copy that Oscar-Bravo-One. Standby.  
(Beat)

TRAVIS  
Control. Movement in the  
compound. I can confirm two  
additional targets from Rosa cartel  
and Louis cartel. Copy?

CONTROL

Copy that Oscar-Bravo-One. Standby.

TRAVIS (MURMURING)

Damn. This complicates things a bit.

(Beat)

COMMAND

Oscar-Bravo-One. Command confirm, you are to take the primary target only. Copy?

TRAVIS

Copy that command. Do we have a green light?

COMMAND

Green-light confirmed  
Oscar-Bravo-One. Execute plan  
Delta-One.

TRAVIS

Copy.

Peering through the scope, Travis adjusts the Elevation and Windage dials on his rifle to realign with current conditions and takes aim. He slows his breathing, which in turn slowed his heart rate. He lines up on his targets midriff and inhales/exhales twice more before slowly squeezing the trigger.

A MINIMIZED RECOIL HITS TRAVIS'S SHOULDER AS THE PULSE ARCS AWAY TOWARDS HIS TARGET.

TRAVIS (MURMURING)

One Mississippi, Two Mississippi,  
Three Mississippi. Gotcha.

A LARGE HOLE OPENS UP IN THE TARGETS TORSO. BLOOD AND PORTIONS OF SPINE SPLATTER THE WALL BEHIND IT. SECONDS LATER, SOME OF THE TROOPS IN THE COMPOUND SCATTER FOR COVER WHILE OTHERS FIRE WILDLY INTO THE JUNGLE HOPING LUCK IS ON THEIR SIDE.

Travis watches and waits calmly ensuring his immediate position remains a secret.

A LARGE PLUME OF SMOKE ERUPT FROM A BUILDING AT THE SIDE OF THE COMPOUND. WE SEE, HEAR AND FEEL THE GROUND SHAKE AS AN EXPLOSION ERUPTS NEAR TO TRAVIS' POSITION FOLLOWED BY A DELAYED BOOM. A REPETITION OF THIS FOLLOWS EXPLODING NEARER TO HIS POSITION.

TRAVIS  
JEEZUS.

Travis gathers his gear ready to run.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION ... TRAVIS IS LIFTED INTO THE AIR IN A PLUME OF EARTH AND VEGETATION. HE LANDS NEAR THE PERIMETER DEVICES WHICH GIVE AN AUDIBLE WARNING.

Travis rolls onto his back and holds his head in his hands.

HIS HEADS-UP DISPLAY SHOWS HIS LIFE/MEDICAL SENSOR DRAIN TO ZERO. THE LIGHT DIMINISHES AND A RED SHEEN ENCROACHES ON THE EDGE OF THE DISPLAY PUNCTUATED BY NINE WORDS ... "SIMULATION OVER. PRESS CTRL AND R TO RESTART LEVEL".

INT. HOLODECK - DAY.

Travis removes his helmet and slings it to one side.

TRAVIS  
WHAT THE HELL, TRENT?

The jungle scene around him fades to a dull matt green, leaving him standing in his gillie suit, hands spread wide.

TRENT  
The latest Intel from the planet  
says they have a new long-range  
weapon with enhanced sound sensors.

TRAVIS  
AND YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME THIS,  
WHEN?

WE SEE A WINDOW TO A CONTROL BOOTH OPEN UP IN THE OPPOSITE WALL REVEALING TRENT.

Travis stares at the booth window.

TRENT  
We needed to see how they worked in  
the simulation before the real op  
next month, and this seemed like  
perfect timing.

TRAVIS  
For fucks sake Trent. A heads-up  
ahead of me getting blown to  
smithereens wouldn't go amiss.

TRENT

Sorry. Orders from above were to just programme the parameters in and see how it would go.

TRAVIS

Well ... You can tell the powers that be that any more surprises like that I'll walk ... ARE WE CLEAR?

TRENT

Crystal.

Travis shakes his head and covers his ears waiting for the ringing to subside.

TRAVIS

OK. Let's go for a reset.

Travis dons his helmet once more and lays back into his prone position on the floor.

WE SEE AND HEAR THE ENVIRONMENT COME ALIVE WITH JUNGLE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS AS HE RESETS HIS EQUIPMENT AND SETTLES BACK AS BEFORE.

FADE OUT:

**THE END**