

SUPER MECHA TROOPERS: ETERNAL, THE NEW CLASS!

By

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INT. MECHA TROOPER MISSION ROOM - DAY

A large semi-spherical room. Every surface is covered with dials and blinking lights, a large screen on one side. There is a control panel circling most of the room.

Five tubes of light teleport five bewildered looking teenagers into the center of the room. Michael, towheaded and gangly, lands in the center.

MICHAEL  
(continued screaming)  
--IIIIIT!

Michael doubles over and vomits, before straightening up to survey the scene.

Around him stand: OSCAR, a geekly Latino boy with glasses; CARISSA, an Asian punker; ERIC, a bro-ish Latino boy; and GRACE, an average looking black girl.

A simple ASCII face appears on the green monochrome screen, B.U.B.B.A., a sentient super computer.

B.U.B.B.A.  
Welcome! Welcome teenagers with  
attitude to the great underground  
Super Mecha Trooper compound!

B.U.B.B.A.'s face explodes into pixelated confetti.

MICHAEL  
(excited)  
No way!

OSCAR  
(scared)  
Oh no!

INT. RANDAYN SATELLITE, MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - DAY

A high tech multi-purpose room, decorated for a memorial service. Seated throughout the room are many human, monsters, and robots in mourning.

A large image of Admiral Arbiter is at the front, beside RANDAYN, a menacing looking alien-cyborg with a harsh feminine voice and wearing ceremonial vestments. She taps the microphone, making it screech. All of the mourners grab their ear areas and reel. One woman's ears begin to bleed.

(CONTINUED)

Randayn begins to laugh. PR BOT clears its 'throat', and shakes its head. Randayn nods, turns to the crowd and rasply clears her throat.

RANDAYN

Brandon Nathans, or Admiral Arbiter to those that knew him well, was a fiercely aggressive business attorney. He was an invaluable asset to many of my business affairs, frequently helping to convince those who opposed me to see things my way through... out-of-court dealings. Also, as many of you well witnessed, he was ferocious in his dealing out punishment toward those meddling Super Mecha Troopers!

The room erupts in angry murmurs.

RANDAYN

I know I can speak for us all when I say that I was shocked to find that Matt took his excavation mech on an unscheduled expedition, and moreso to discover the suicide note he had left behind, which indemnifies and absolves me, Randayn Corporation, or its constituents of any fault or wrongdoing, and indicating he did this entirely of his own volition.

MOURNERS

(in unison)

Hail Randayn!

INT. MECHA TROOPER MISSION ROOM - DAY

Oscar is scratching at the walls, in full panic mode. The rest of the group look on.

OSCAR

I don't wanna die!

B.U.B.B.A.

You're not going to die. I mean, well, eventually you all do, but...

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR

You shut your 8-bit mouth! How do I get out of here?

GRACE

Boy is freaking out.

ERIC

I bet he's on meth. I wonder if he knows my cousin, Tony.

B.U.B.B.A.

Kid, if you don't calm down--

B.U.B.B.A.'s face turns into a red angry face.

Oscar turns and points at B.U.B.B.A.

OSCAR

What happened to your last team, huh? Was that the explosion I just heard?

B.U.B.B.A.

No...?

OSCAR

Do you... do you know just how much property damage your stupid war has caused?

B.U.B.B.A.

Uh...

OSCAR

And for what? Nobody even knows WHY this is war is going on! It's a wonder more people haven't died! What you're doing is terrorism!

B.U.B.B.A.

Oh puh-lease, terrorism? More like RADICALISM!

(B.U.B.B.A. turns into a guitar and does quick solo)  
Do you know how many kids would KILL for a chance to be recruited into a super secret, super elite super soldier program designed to force peace on the people through any means necessary? Not to mention you get bitchin' giant Mech's, and FREE WEAPONS!

(CONTINUED)

Weapons all appear in the Troopers hands: Michael with nun-chucks; Grace with dual katanas; Carissa with a bow and arrows; Eric with sais; Oscar with a shotgun.

Oscar reels back in horror and drops the shotgun. It goes off and shoots out one of B.U.B.B.A.'s screens.

OSCAR  
You're insane!