

**POWER RANGERS: ENGINE ROAR**  
**EPISODE 1 - "FULL METAL HEROES, PART 1"**

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**POWER RANGERS: ENGINE ROAR - "FULL METAL HEROES, PART 1"**

PRE-TITLES 1. EXT. ROTWOOD PRISON- DAY

FADE IN

EST. SHOT of the prison; a brick building with big, iron doors and barred windows. A guard dog, chained to the wall by its collar, is chewing contently on a bone. The prison's sign is placed in the foreground to the left. It reads:

*ROTWOOD PRISON  
Est. 1977  
Gov. Bernard Clarke*

PRE-TITLES 2. INT. PRISON WING- DAY

The sign above the door reads 'C WING.' A PRISON WARDEN approaches one of the cells. Some keys jangle on a ring on his belt. He takes the keys and sorts through them until he finds the right one then slips it into the keyhole.

PRE-TITLES 3. INT. CELL- SECONDS LATER

A FIGURE in prison overalls sits on the bunk. His long hair is messy and covers his face. There is a clank sound as the door opens and a rectangle of light floods over the FIGURE. The PRISON WARDEN stands in the doorway.

**PRISON WARDEN**

Prisoner Number 4737, get your things. You're free to go.

We now see the FIGURE'S face illuminated by the light from the wing hallway; it is SCOTT STERLING, a little older than when we last saw him, with light traces of facial hair and an unwashed appearance. The bleach in his hair has also faded, revealing its true dark colour.

PRE-TITLES 4. INT. PROPERTY ROOM- LATER THAT DAY

SCOTT is standing on one side of a wooden desk. The SENIOR PRISON OFFICER on the opposite side hands him back his effects one-by-one.

**SENIOR PRISON OFFICER**

...One jacket, silver. One computer disk, blank. One U.S.B. storage peg, cleared of illegal material...

**SCOTT**  
**(Mutters)**

Typical.

**SENIOR PRISON OFFICER**

Hmph. One watch, origin unknown.

He sets the Digitize Morpher on the desk. SCOTT smirks knowingly to himself.

**SENIOR PRISON OFFICER**  
**(Cont'd)**

One copy of *Babes & Bionics* magazine...

FADE TO

PRE-TITLES 5. EXT. ROTWOOD PRISON- LATER THAT DAY

A section of one of the iron doors opens. SCOTT - now wearing civilian clothing (including the gaudy 70s silver jacket) - emerges into the sunlight carrying a briefcase in one hand. He takes a deep breath of the fresh morning air. GAIL GIZMO stands in the open gateway. Her black Rolls-Royce is parked just outside.

**GAIL**

Mr Sterling, I presume?

**(ROLL OPENING TITLES)**

1. EXT. MOTORWAY- DAY

EST. SHOT of a raised motorway during the mid-morning run. Traffic is flowing fairly smoothly in either direction.

**TITLE CARD:** "FULL METAL HEROES, PART 1"

The black Rolls-Royce comes into view.

2. INT. GAIL'S ROLLS-ROYCE- SECONDS LATER

A small television is built into the wall of the luxurious car. The screen shows a newsroom with the MALE NEWSREADER and a satellite image on the right displaying SCOTT'S police mug-shot.

**NEWSREADER**

Our headline story today, Scott Sterling, otherwise known as the notorious hacker 'CyberPunk,' was released after serving just *one month* of his ten year prison sentence. Sterling was convicted for multiple occurrences of corporate espionage.

SCOTT is sitting with his arms crossed and his shoulders hunched anxiously. His eyes dart from the television to GAIL, who is much more relaxed, with one leg crossed over the other and a glass of wine in her hand.

**NEWSREADER**

**(Cont'd)**

The C.E.O. of Hathaway Enterprises and MackRoy Industries' Vice President of Business Affairs have released statements confirming they are not involved in this controversial event, which begs the question; who is responsible for giving Sterling his freedom?

**SCOTT**

Can we turn that thing off? That mug-shot didn't exactly capture my best side.

**GAIL**

Sure.

She retrieves a remote from the compartment in the door and switches the television off.

**SCOTT**

Thanks. Now, as much as I appreciate the gesture, would you mind explaining to me what's going on?

GAIL swirls her glass gently.

**GAIL**

As you wish, Mr Sterling. My name is Gail Gizmo,  
president and C.E.O. of-

**SCOTT**

Gizmoware, right?

**GAIL**

Ah, so you've done your homework then, but just how much  
about us do you know?

**SCOTT**

I know that you've got a corporate rivalry going on with  
both Hathaway and MackRoy, plus your company has even  
begun to surpass anything the Japanese have been doing in  
the field of robotics.

**GAIL**

Clever boy. We're currently the leader in the development  
of genuine artificial intelligence.

SCOTT turns to look out of the window, watching the landscape  
outside passing them by.

**SCOTT**

So where exactly are we headed?

**GAIL**

Tezuka Hills.

**SCOTT**

Rotown? Why there?

GAIL takes a light sip of her wine.

**GAIL**

First of all, that's where my company's headquarters are  
located, not to mention my lab.

**SCOTT**

And second?

GAIL pauses.

**GAIL**

What do you know about the Industrial Syndicate?

FADE TO

3. EXT. MACHINE ISLAND- DAY

EST. SHOT of the island several miles off the coast. Most of the southern region is taken up by a large building; the front section is a three-storey mansion but the back is closer to a factory with three long chimneys spewing grey-blue smoke into the air. The arched porch above the dark wooden double front doors bares the green-and-gold insignia of the Industrial Syndicate. A balcony protrudes from the rooftop of the mansion, behind which there is a dark curtain that hides the meeting room.

4. INT. HEXOCON'S MANSION, MEETING ROOM- DAY

The room is dimly lit, the only real illumination comes from a thin slit of sunlight from between the curtains and the transparent, reinforced glass floor, through which we can see part of the factory. GEARHEADS are operating the machinery and transporting materials along two wraparound balconies. A short staircase is set against the far wall, leading up to a large door composed of spinning silver and bronze gears. The insignia is perched above it. HEXOCON - a hulking, gold-and-blue robot with eerie scarlet eyes - paces the room as two figures watch. One is his silver-and-red armoured chief of staff, TOXITRON. The other is his silver-and-burgundy daughter, DRONICA.

**TOXITRON**

You, uh, summoned us, Cogfather?

**HEXOCON**

I did, yes. It's been three months since we arrived on this backwater world.

**TOXITRON**

You never did tell us why you chose this planet.

**HEXOCON**

It's really quite simple, Toxitron.

He approaches the curtains and opens them, filling the room with light. TOXITRON and DRONICA recoil momentarily, then walk towards their leader.

**HEXOCON**  
(Cont'd)

Earth may be a little isolated from the Galactic Union, but it's been a nexus of interstellar activity for centuries, which means numerous and oh-so-profitable business opportunities will present themselves to us. Technology, materials, trade, and even forced labour thanks to the race of monkeys who dominate it.

DRONICA is annoyed.

**DRONICA**

There are humans on this planet too?! Daddy, you know how much I hate those icky, disgusting flesh bags with their slimy skin and...ugh...organs! I hate them! Hate them, hate them, hate them, hate them!

Steam shoots out of the funnel on the side of her head as she gets more agitated. TOXITRON turns the valve on her head until the steam stops and she calms down.

**HEXOCON**

The humans, my darling, detestable daughter, may be disgusting, but they fetch a good price on the slave market, and their planet has a considerably varied amount of raw materials you don't often find on inhabited worlds. So when we've drained every last drop of life out of it, we can blow it to pieces and sell off the remains to the scrap dealers.

**TOXITRON**

With all due respect, Cogfather, we already have undercover agents working in several sectors, so is there a reason behind this sudden moment of revelation?

HEXOCON taps the end of his staff on the floor. A large, rectangular panel on one wall slides away, revealing a map of the world. HEXOCON taps again and the map zooms in on America, and finally on the Maine area. A green dot appears with the words 'TEZUKA HILLS,' next to it.

**HEXOCON**

This town, Tezuka Hills, has caught my attention in particular.

**DRONICA**

Why here? It's just another monkey nest like all the rest.

HEXOCON taps his staff a third time and the map is replaced by images of different scenes around the town. For the most part, it resembles any other urban area in the country, except for the abundance of robots in all shapes and sizes; droids directing traffic, advanced construction-bots, security-bots working in the shops, there are even droids carrying shopping for their human masters and robotic pets on leads.

**HEXOCON**

This place, Tezuka Hills, is unique in that it is populated by as many robots as it is by humans. Robots that are, quite sadly, primitive compared to our kind, and still serve their creators with unyielding loyalty. Thus, our presence here takes on a more noble cause worthy of my royal fuel-line.

**TOXITRON**

And that would be?

**HEXOCON**

Why, the liberation of these poor fools, by making the humans our slaves. After all...

**(Chuckles)**

Good machines stick together. Toxitron, alert Incineron. We may finally have some use for him.

**TOXITRON**

Right away, Cogfather.

TOXITRON bows. The gear-door slides apart and he leaves.

**DRONICA**

And what about me, Daddy?

HEXOCON'S response is a touch patronising (in all likelihood this is unintentional).

**HEXOCON**

You just sit back and watch, sweet-motor. Wouldn't want you to bend a fender now, would we?

DRONICA pouts and storms out of the room, leaving HEXOCON rather confused.

**HEXOCON**

**(Cont'd)**

Hmm...wonder what her malfunction was.

He shrugs and turns back to the balcony, staring out across the sea and beyond that, the American coast.

FADE TO

5. EXT. GIZMOWARE H.Q.- LATE AFTERNOON

EST. SHOT of the building, a standard skyscraper that could be found in any metropolis, rising forty storeys high. A pale blue neon sign reading 'GIZMOWARE,' hangs on the front of the building, just above the entrance, over top of the silver Gizmoware 'G,' logo. The black Rolls-Royce drives to the side of the road near the building, and parks. The right rear door opens, and GAIL and SCOTT get out of the car, and start to walk toward the building.

6. INT. GIZMOWARE H.Q., GAIL'S LAB- MINUTES LATER

Fluorescent lights turn on, illuminating the room, revealing a sizable chemistry set to the left, a workbench in the middle with various tools, bits of wire, and circuit boards lying on it, a 58" plasma screen hanging on the wall in front of the workbench, and a computer terminal near the entrance on the left. GAIL leads SCOTT into the room, and stops upon reaching the bench.

**GAIL**

I'm sure you have plenty of questions as to why I bailed you out of prison.

**SCOTT**

**(Sarcastically)**

You think?

**GAIL**

Then what do you want to know?

**SCOTT**

Well first of all, why?

**GAIL**

I need you for a project I'm working on.

**SCOTT**

What project?

**GAIL**

I won't go into too many specifics, but needless to say, it involves your 'watch'.

SCOTT glances at the Digitize Morpher on his wrist.

**SCOTT**

My watch...? What about it?

**GAIL**

As I'm sure you're aware, back in '07 before you and your friends brought down Mindset, they revealed who the six of you were. I need you for your computer expertise, as well as what you were up to five years ago.

**SCOTT**

Then why not get Morita, and save yourself some cash?

**GAIL**

Typically speaking, your type are known for your inflated egos, and I'm sure that you always thought that you were a better programmer than Morita, even if there was the slightest chance of the truth pointing in the other direction. However, the reason I didn't call upon your friend, is because he wasn't the one that exploited certain corporate secrets.

A somewhat smug look goes over SCOTT'S face, as he starts to laugh to himself a little.

**GAIL**

**(Cont'd)**

As far as I'm concerned, you have skills that *could* be used for the betterment of society, and not for your own amusement. But if I am to tell you anything more of this project, I need to know one thing from you right here, right now.

**SCOTT**

Oh, yeah?

**GAIL**

If you were to screw up at any point during your tenure with me, would you be willing to go back to prison?

**SCOTT**

What do you mean?

**GAIL**

If I ever catch you doing something with my computer systems, other than whatever work I give you, would you go back to prison no questions asked?

SCOTT'S expression is somewhere between insulted and curious. Down at his side, his fist rhythmically clenches and unclenches.

**SCOTT**

What makes you think I'd eventually screw up?

**GAIL**

It's all a part of the inflated ego I mentioned a couple of minutes ago. Not only do you type think a little too highly of yourselves, more often than not, you rarely change. Even with the government's crackdown on cyber crimes, there's still a proliferation of hackers willing to risk severe sentences to do what they do. And that is, after all, something you just learned the hard way, since you're the first martyr to the new laws. So again, should you do something that I don't find appropriate, would you be willing to go back to prison?

**SCOTT**

**(Snidely)**

Well, Gail, you'll be happy to know that I *do* enjoy my freedom just a little too much to risk going back to that dank pit they sent me to.

GAIL smiles a little.

**GAIL**

Good. Welcome to Project Engine Roar.

A confused look goes over SCOTT'S face.

**SCOTT**

**(Unsure)**

Project Engine Roar?

**GAIL**

I'm afraid that despite how well-made your Siren Ranger powers are; they might not be enough to defeat the Industrial Syndicate, not to mention that they're probably a touch outdated. Project Engine Roar is an initiative to find suitable android candidates to become new, state-of-the-art Power Rangers.

**SCOTT**

Define, "suitable android candidates".

FADE TO

7. EXT. TEZUKA HILLS, BUS STOP- EVENING

Several people stand at the stop, patiently waiting for a bus to arrive. Moments later, a bus rolls up to the stop, and parks. The door opens revealing an ANDROID BUS DRIVER dressed in blue.

8. EXT. TEZUKA HILLS, SUBURBAN AREA- EVENING

A GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL, wearing a green jacket, drives up to the area in a delivery scooter that has red lettering that reads 'ANDROIDDI'S PIZZA.' The GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL parks the scooter, gets off and goes to the back of it. She opens a compartment on the back of the scooter, takes out two pizza boxes, then walks to the front door of a house and rings the bell. The OWNER of the house opens the door and smiles a little lecherously.

**OWNER**

So they sent a *cute* delivery-bot this time.

**GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL**

Thank you for choosing Androiddi's Pizza. Please pay sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

The OWNER smugly wags one finger in front of her.

**OWNER**

Sorry, sugar-bolts, but you're a couple of minutes late. I'm not paying one red cent.

The GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL'S face maintains its emotionless smile.

**GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL**

Negative. My internal clock has the length of my delivery time at fifteen minutes after your order came out of the oven, which was cooked ten minutes after your call was placed. I am five minutes early. Please pay sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

The OWNER grunts indignantly and fishes around in his pocket.

**OWNER**

Fine. At least having droids delivering food these days means no more pointless tipping.

The OWNER takes out his wallet, opens it up, and pulls out a 20 bill. He hands it to the GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL, and she gives him 3 dollars and 25 cents change. She then hands the OWNER his pizzas, and walks away from the door. The OWNER closes the front door a little harder than necessary, annoyed that he had to pay.

9. INT. LIVING ROOM- SECONDS LATER

The OWNER enters the living room, which has the typical accoutrements that any typical suburban home would: a couch with a coffee table in front of it, arm chairs on both sides of that, a 30" L.C.D. T.V., a Blu-ray player, and a 5.1 surround sound system. The T.V. is showing an automobile race. The OWNER sits down on the couch, opens one of the pizza boxes, and grabs a slice.

**RACE ANNOUNCER**

It's the final lap of the Android Racing League championships, and the Red Condors' driver is in the lead, several yards ahead of his competitors.

The T.V. shows a red car with a condor design on it pulling ahead of its competitors, until it ultimately crosses the finish line.

**RACE ANNOUNCER**

**(Cont'd)**

And he's done it! The Red Condors' driver has done it!  
Let's go to the winner's circle.

The image on the T.V. changes to display the Winner's Circle, where several people stand cheering behind a RACING ANDROID, who accepts a large gold trophy from a scantily-clad gynoid. The camera on T.V. slowly ZOOMS IN on the RACING ANDROID'S face.

FADE TO

10. EXT. TEZUKA HILLS, PARK- EVENING

Several people climb down a cliff-side within the park, as an EXPLORER GYNOID follows them. The people reach the base of the cliff, and the EXPLORER GYNOID looks down, and starts to take out some of the climbing equipment embedded into the rock. With the equipment out, the EXPLORER GYNOID makes her way down to the base of the cliff. The EXPLORER GYNOID removes any remaining climbing equipment, and leads the people away from the cliff. In the sky, the midday sun flashes.

11. INT. HEXOCON'S MANSION, MEETING ROOM- DAY

The gear-door slides open and TOXITRON enters, followed by INCINERON; a bulky, dark blue incinerator-based robot with large, yellow eyes and two bronze pipes jutting out of his head like horns.

**INCINERON**

You got a job for me, Cogfather? I hope so! I've been waiting to bust some skulls!

HEXOCON, still standing at his balcony, turns to face his minions and approaches, his staff echoing ominously against the floor.

**HEXOCON**

Calm yourself, Incineron. It does my fuel-pumps good to see such enthusiasm, but you're ruining the professional ambience in here.

**INCINERON**

Sorry, sir. Ah...what can I do for you?

**HEXOCON**

Go to Tezuka Hills, destroy their buildings, capture their populace, recruit their robots and bring them to me. In short...conquer it. Is that understood?

INCINERON pounds his fists together excitedly.

**INCINERON**

You got it, sir! You can count on me!

He strides out of the room. HEXOCON turns his attention to TOXITRON.

**HEXOCON**

How goes the development of the pollutrium solution?

**TOXITRON**

I'm certain I've cracked it with the newest batch. The only drawback is that it has to be administered here at the mansion, but I'm sure that this will be solved very soon.

**HEXOCON**

Good, good...hmm...Toxitron, I don't suppose you have any idea where Dronica is right now?

**TOXITRON**

Still sulking in her room, I think.

HEXOCON sighs.

**HEXOCON**

Typical. Do yourself a favour, Toxitron, never build kids of your own.

**TOXITRON**

I'll, uh, make a note of it, sir.

12. INT. HEXOCON'S MANSION, DRONICA'S BEDROOM- MOMENTS LATER

The bedroom is somewhat expectant for a teenage girl. Among the commodities within are posters on the walls which would indicate a liking for metal bands (appropriately enough), a few magazines littered on the floor, a cage one would expect to find a pet in, and a (high-tech) computer tucked away in the corner. Instead of a bed there is a cylindrical chamber embedded into one of the walls. DRONICA is sitting at a dressing table, looking at herself in the mirror. Her helmet is set aside, revealing a shoulder-length mess of black cables surrogating hair. She is using a piece of cloth to polish the chrome surface of her face.

**DRONICA**

**(Mumbling)**

Who does that old junker think he is, telling me to sit back and watch?

"Wouldn't want to bend a fender now, would we?"

Sometimes he makes me want to spit in his oil. Hmm?

She notices something outside her window and stands up to look outside. Down on the beach, INCINERON and a squad of GEARHEADS are marching towards some variety of barge. DRONICA smirks as an idea comes to her. She lifts her helmet up and starts polishing the side of it.

**DRONICA**

What Daddy doesn't know won't hurt him.

She titters to herself and fixes her helmet on.

13. EXT. MACHINE ISLAND, BEACH- MOMENTS LATER

The GEARHEADS are all standing on the barge and waiting for INCINERON. As the monster-robot starts to embark, DRONICA comes running down the beach towards him, waving her hand in the air.

**DRONICA**

Incineron! Incineron, wait!

INCINERON turns. He splutters in surprise then bows out of respect.

**INCINERON**

Miss Dronica, what can I do for you?

DRONICA approaches him with a wry smile on her face-plate. She places one hand on his shoulder and stands very close. Her voice is quiet and oozes with fake honey. Her lower lip juts out in a false pout.

**DRONICA**

Oh, just one thing, sweetie. You see, I've been cooped up inside the mansion for so long, I'm starting to forget what life outside is like, and it's making me feel real down. You wouldn't want me feeling down, would you, Incy?

INCINERON is blushing brightly and having difficulty enunciating.

**INCINERON**

Well, uh, that is, of course not. You, uh, you want to come along?

DRONICA'S tone changes to one of happiness, and then grows steadily flirtatious.

**DRONICA**

Oh, you mean it, Incy? I'd love to!  
You know, I think we could make a good team. No, not just good...

She runs the finger of her free hand down his chest.

**DRONICA**

**(Cont'd)**

...Sssmoking hot.

Steam gushes out of INCINERON'S nose, accompanied by the sound of a tooting horn. He stands up straight and salutes.

**INCINERON**

Let's paint the town red, Miss Dronica!

DRONICA chuckles, then turns away from him with an expression of obvious disgust.

**DRONICA**  
**(Mumbles)**

Thank Cog I didn't have to show him my motherboards.

They both climb onto the barge and a rotor on the bottom starts to spin, pushing it away from the shore.

FADE TO

14. EXT. CHURCH- DAY

A BRIDE and GROOM, along with their BEST MAN and many other family members are huddled together for the wedding photo. The PHOTOGRAPHER is adjusting the focus on his camera.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

Okay, everybody, hold that pose...there we go, everyone say 'cheese'.

A GEARHEAD pops up in front of the camera lens and the PHOTOGRAPHER falls back with a yelp. The wedding party disperse in a panic as INCINERON and more GEARHEADS materialise. The monster-robot grabs the photographer's camera and the grill on his head slides open. He throws the camera, still attached to its tripod, into the inferno within, along with several other fallen objects. Thick, black smoke issues from the six bronze pipes on his head and hips. The GROOM is leading the BRIDE away from the chaos.

**GROOM**

Come on, Sally, before they catch up to us!

GEARHEADS leap out from all directions and surround the couple. The GROOM tries to superimpose himself between his new wife and the assailants, but a GEARHEAD'S cudgel strikes him on the temple and sends him to the ground.

**BRIDE**

Joe!

DRONICA pops up behind her and wraps her whip around her throat. THE BRIDE struggles and gasps for air.

**DRONICA**

I have to say, I like this gown. Too bad you're in it.

The whip tightens. The BRIDE cries out. DRONICA grins maliciously.

15. INT. GIZMOWARE H.Q., GAIL'S LAB- MINUTES LATER

SCOTT is seated at the workbench, working on a red-and-black object that for all intents and purposes resembles a mobile phone. Two more phones are placed off to the side, along with five small, square items emblazoned with coloured decals; three are blue, two are green. SCOTT twists something inside the phone and receives an electric shock.

**SCOTT**

Ouch! Blasted piece of sh-

He is cut off by the sound of an alarm klaxon going off.

**SCOTT**  
**(Cont'd)**

What the...?

GAIL enters the room and walks over to the computer console. She presses down on a specific switch.

**GAIL**

Computer, switch to C.C.T.V. and focus on the alert zone.

The plasma screen turns on with a 'beep,' and displays an image of the High Street lined on both sides with shops. INCINERON is leading his squad of GEARHEADS in their attack, destroying cars and lampposts, smashing windows and sending the human citizens into a frenzied run for safety.

**SCOTT**

Please don't tell me...

**GAIL**

It's one of the Industrial Syndicate's enforcer-robots.

**SCOTT**

But we haven't tested the Morphers yet!

GAIL'S face splits into a grin like a Cheshire Cat.

**GAIL**

Ah, pish-posh, Mr Sterling, this is perfect! You see, it won't be long before there are droids rushing to the rescue, so finding our...a-hem...volunteers, will be made all the more easier.

**SCOTT**

Of course...the Directive.

16. EXT. DOWNTOWN TEZUKA HILLS, STREET- DAY

The damage done to the High Street has not yet spread. A police patrol car speeds down the street, sirens blaring. It skids round the corner and disappears up another street.

17. INT. POLICE CAR- SECONDS LATER

A POLICE ANDROID is at the steering wheel. The voice of the DESPATCH OFFICER crackles over the radio.

**DESPATCH OFFICER**

Droid Officer 1927 - respond to emergency on High Street in the downtown core. Suspected terrorist attack. Over.

**POLICE ANDROID**

Copy that. Already *en route* to danger zone, Despatch. May require back-up. Have other units prepared. Over.

18. EXT. DOWNTOWN TEZUKA HILLS, ANOTHER STREET- MOMENTS LATER

At the other end of the High Street, a van with the Red Condors logo emblazoned on both its sides quickly passes by.

19. INT. RED CONDORS VAN- SECONDS LATER

The RACING ANDROID is seated in the back of the van. Wires extend from the walls and seat into his temples, back and forearms. The VAN DRIVER and MANAGER are in the front.

**MANAGER**

Chalk another one up to our golden boy, eh, Barn?

**DRIVER**

Uh, Boss, looks like there's trouble ahead. Want me to hang a left instead?

**MANAGER**

Sure, sure, sure, Barn.

The RACING ANDROID turns his head to gaze out of the window at the carnage. Green text appears typewriter-style over his field of vision, reading thus:

*MOVCAR DIRECTIVE IN EFFECT..*

- *SECTION 1: A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.*

20. EXT. TEZUKA HILLS, HIGH STREET- MOMENTS LATER

FIVE-WAY SPLIT-SCREEN; the boxes show EXTREME CLOSE-UPS of the RACING ANDROID, ANDROID BUS DRIVER, EXPLORER GYNOID, GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL and POLICE ANDROID with lines of pale-green data scrolling up their optics.

CUT TO

INCINERON rolls a torn out lamppost into a pretzel shape and chucks it into the furnace on his head. He laughs to himself, when a bullet ricochets off the back of his head.

**INCINERON**  
**(Growls)**

Who the...?!

The POLICE ANDROID is standing behind the front half of his car, holding a still smoking police-issue revolver. Three more POLICE ANDROIDS stand with him, weapons at the ready.

**POLICE ANDROID**

Halt in the name of the law. You are under arrest for destruction to public and council property and multiple accounts of grievous bodily harm. As a robot, you can either surrender or we have the right to deactivate you by force if necessary.

**INCINERON**

The Cogfather was right. You are primitive. Gearheads!

Black smog streams out of his pipes as more GEARHEADS materialise from it. They run towards the POLICE ANDROIDS.

**POLICE ANDROID**

Prepare to fire. Maximum prejudice.

CUT TO

Another area of the High Street, where a group of humans are surrounded by GEARHEADS, who proceed to slap chain-linked collars round their necks. One MAN attempts to fight back.

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**MAN**

You won't make me no slave!

The nearest GEARHEAD punches him in the gut, causing him to drop to his knees before putting a collar on him. The lead GEARHEAD picks up the end of the chain and starts to pull their captives into single file. There is a screech of tires and a bus slams into the lead GEARHEAD, sending it flying. The door opens with a 'hiss,' and the ANDROID BUS DRIVER hops out, planting both feet into the face of an oncoming GEARHEAD. He takes a defensive pose as a circle of GEARHEADS close in, levelling their weapons on him.

CUT TO

The GEARHEAD who was struck by the bus starts to get up off the ground but is stopped by the arrival of the EXPLORER GYNOID. She grabs its head between both hands and the pistons in her arms pump rapidly, giving her enough strength to twist the enemy robot's head clean off its shoulders. Two more GEARHEADS grab her wrists and start pulling in both directions.

CUT TO

A MOTHER is crouched down on the kerb, holding her DAUGHTER protectively. A GEARHEAD takes a swing at her with its cudgel but the GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL blocks the attack with her forearm. She punches the GEARHEAD in the stomach then again in the head. The GEARHEAD collapses to the ground. The GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL turns to the MOTHER and manages a smile. The impact from the cudgel has opened a wound on her arm, exposing the mechanical workings inside.

**MOTHER**

Th-thank you, but your arm...!

**GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL**

Damage not critical. Please leave the area post-haste.

**MOTHER**

Ah, right, yes, thank you again.

She picks up her DAUGHTER and runs off. The GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL is peppered with laser-fire before she can prepare herself. She falls to the ground as sparks explode from her body. Three GEARHEADS holding ray-guns close in on her.

21. EXT. TEZUKA HILLS, ANOTHER STREET- DAY

A silver minibus trimmed with crimson drives down the road at great speed.

22. INT. GAIL'S MINIBUS- SECONDS LATER

GAIL is at the steering wheel. The back of the minibus has been hollowed out to form a crude mobile laboratory. SCOTT is still making adjustments to one of the mobile phones. The minibus goes over a speed bump and SCOTT almost drops the phone. He catches it awkwardly between his palms before it can hit the floor.

**SCOTT**

Women drivers...

**GAIL**

Quit moaning and finish those Morphers, Sterling.

**SCOTT**

Whatever you say. How long until we reach the danger zone?

**GAIL**

At this speed? Two or three minutes. That's why I'm going to go faster, so hold on to your hair!

23. EXT. TEZUKA HILLS, HIGH STREET- DAY

INCINERON is holding the POLICE ANDROID (now missing one arm) up by the throat. The reinforcements are lying in pieces on the ground.

**INCINERON**

The Cogfather said I was supposed to be helping your metal mooks, but you had to go and make me mad, didn't you? You're throwing your life away for these monkeys.

**POLICE ANDROID**

Robots...are made...to serve humans..

INCINERON bursts into a fit of laughter, but this is quickly silenced.

**INCINERON**

You're serious, aren't you? Poor, dumb fool. Well, guess I'll have to put you out of your misery.

He raises his other hand to smash the POLICE ANDROID'S head but a smaller hand grabs his wrist. INCINERON looks back and sees the RACING ANDROID.

**INCINERON**

**(Cont'd)**

You want some too, pipsqueak? Fine!

He flings both the POLICE ANDROID and RACING ANDROID into the side of a building. The furnace on his head opens up again and he begins scooping in the pieces of the destroyed POLICE ANDROIDS littered on the ground. Huge clouds of black smog gush out of his pipes and he directs it like a beam towards his two attackers, enveloping them both in darkness. The RACING ANDROID charges out of the smog and throws a punch at INCINERON, but the monster-robot catches it in his huge fist.

**INCINERON**

**(Cont'd)**

Nice try.

He opens his mouth and a stream of flames whoosh out. The POLICE ANDROID, struggling on the ground, manages to lift his revolver in his remaining hand and fires a bullet right into the monster's open mouth. INCINERON chokes and splutters, letting go of the RACING ANDROID to clutch his throat. He coughs up a blob of oil.

**INCINERON**  
**(Cont'd)**

Okay, boys...now you've really gone and done it.

CUT TO

The silver minibus screeches to a halt at another area of the street. The door slides open and SCOTT and GAIL climb out. They look in astonishment as INCINERON and the GEARHEADS literally tear the five heroic droids to pieces, spewing fuel, cables and machine parts in all directions.

**SCOTT**

This...this is horrible!

**GAIL**

Never mind that. Do your thing and keep them distracted, while I collect the vital parts.

**SCOTT**

Understood. Good luck.

SCOTT raises his Digitize Morpher in a swift arm movement, and then presses its central switch with two fingers.

**SCOTT**

Siren, digitize!

The Digitize Morpher radiates with power and SCOTT is enveloped in a ball of silver light energy.

CUT TO

The RACING ANDROID is laying face-down on the ground. Much of his surface metal has been badly melted and the exposed cables are burnt and severed. INCINERON stamps down on his back and sparks fly out of him. INCINERON sneers and continues stamping on him.

**INCINERON**

This is - what - you get - for - messing - with - the  
great - Industrial - Syndicate - punk!

Three pale blue laser-bolts strike INCINERON on the back, drawing sparks. The monster-robot growls and turns in the direction of the attack. SCOTT - now clad in his glistening SIREN RANGER armour - emerges from a field of smoke, the scarlet lights on his helmet and shoulder-pads flashing. He is holding his Detect Blaster out, smoke still wafting from the barrel.

**INCINERON**  
**(Cont'd)**

Who the heck are you supposed to be?!

**SCOTT**

Guess.

He primes the Detect Blaster on INCINERON and fires another volley of laser-bolts. INCINERON staggers backwards.

**INCINERON**

Ugh...I'm going to enjoy bouncing your head up and down the sidewalk. Gearheads!

CUT TO

As the GEARHEADS move towards the SIREN RANGER, GAIL crouches down by the remains of the ANDROID BUS DRIVER, who has lost all four limbs. She retrieves a screwdriver from the pocket inside her jacket and undoes the vital locks in the back of his head. There is a gentle 'hiss,' as a panel opens in the back of his head.

**GAIL**

Easy there, sunshine.

She carefully disconnects the positronic brain - a copper-coloured, lozenge-shaped object - from the braincase. The faint light goes out of the ANDROID BUS DRIVER'S eyes. GAIL moves on to the next nearest - the GYNOID DELIVERY GIRL.

CUT TO

SCOTT slashes a GEARHEAD with his Detect Staff and uses the blunt end to put a hole in a second GEARHEAD'S larger optic. He jams the end of the staff into the tarmac and lifts himself into the air and jump-kicks two more, plants himself neatly back on the ground and swings the staff left and right, landing multiple hits on the heads of another two. He flips the staff back into its blaster mode and prepares to fire but is stopped as a whip snaps out of somewhere above and catches the barrel.

**SCOTT**

What the fu-

The gun is ripped out of his hand. SCOTT turns to look in the direction it went. DRONICA is standing atop one of the buildings, with her whip in one hand and the gun in the other.

**DRONICA**

There. That evens the odds a little, doesn't it?

**SCOTT**

Big deal. I've more than enough power in my fists alone to deal with you robot rejects. Bring it!

INCINERON emerges from behind the remaining GEARHEADS, eyes glowing evilly. He claps his hands together then points forward, unleashing streams of smog from his pipes. The black smoke wraps around SCOTT and seeps into his armour, causing it to erupt in sparks. SCOTT cries out as he is thrown backwards into the front of a building. DRONICA forces the Detect Blaster back into its staff form and chucks it down to INCINERON, who snaps it in half and starts slashing SCOTT with the jagged ends.

24. INT. GAIL'S MINIBUS- SECONDS LATER

GAIL places the last of the five positronic brains inside a dark red casket emblazoned with the Gizmoware 'G.' She stands up straight and glances out of the open door.

25. EXT. TEZUKA HILLS, HIGH STREET- SECONDS LATER

SCOTT collapses onto his side, now forced out of his armour. The Digitize Morpher has been reduced to a melted lump of black-and-silver metallic slime. INCINERON approaches, punching his palm and tittering to himself.

**INCINERON**

Lights out, hero.

A silver, grenade-like object lands on the ground in front of him.

**INCINERON**  
**(Cont'd)**

What the heck is that?

The flare grenade erupts, blinding INCINERON and the GEARHEADS. When their vision returns to normal, SCOTT is gone (as are GAIL and the minibus).

**INCINERON**  
**(Cont'd)**

Where'd that little coward go?!

DRONICA descends from the rooftop using her whip as a grappling hook.

**DRONICA**

Forget him. We've got more important work to do.

FADE OUT

26. EXT. GIZMOWARE H.Q.- DAY

EST. SHOT of the building.

FADE IN

FADE TO

25. INT. GIZMOWARE H.Q., GAIL'S LAB- DAY

The five positronic brains sit on the workbench, along with the three red-and-black mobile phones, two gold-and-black devices with levers jutting out of them, and the five square items. SCOTT sits at the bench, his wounds bandaged/plastered over, looking mournfully at the remains of his Digitize Morpher. GAIL enters the room and rests her hand on his shoulder.

**GAIL**

Look, Sterling, I know you're taking this hard, but I did tell you that your power wouldn't be enough against the Syndicate.

**SCOTT**

**(Sighs)**

I know...I just didn't expect to wind up in forced retirement. Okay, Gail, we don't have long, let's get to work.

GAIL nods and walks over to the far left corner of the room. There is a lone door that has up until now gone unnoticed. She takes a key from inside her jacket and unlocks it. She pushes the door open.

26. INT. GIZMOWARE H.Q., RECHARGING ROOM- SECONDS LATER

The room is illuminated by eerie blue lights, casting an eldritch glow over everything. Five cylindrical chambers are set up along one wall at an angle, each one with a number from 1 to 5 printed on its transparent cover. Humanoid shapes can be seen behind the covers, laid back and deathly still. A computer console takes up the opposite wall and tubes of various lengths and widths extend from it and travel up the walls and along the ceiling towards the chambers. GAIL approaches the console and turns to SCOTT, who is looking at the chambers with great interest.

**GAIL**

Install the processors.

**SCOTT**

Right.

FADE TO

SCOTT (now wearing safety goggles) is closing the cover of the fifth chamber. We do not get a clear view of what is inside.

**SCOTT**

That's the last one. We're good to go.

GAIL (also wearing safety goggles) starts pressing buttons, twisting dials and pulling levers. The tubes glow as energy particles travel from somewhere beneath the floor and through them towards the sleeping bodies.

**GAIL**

Reactor power at level three. Increasing voltage to maximum. Steady...

SCOTT takes a step back. Red rings of light are travelling up and down the first chamber.

**SCOTT**

**(V.O.)**

My word...this is history in the making. The next step in the evolution of Power Rangers the world over!

Blue rings travel up and down the second chamber, then yellow rings on the third. SCOTT turns to look at GAIL.

**SCOTT**

**(V.O., Cont'd)**

But what if something goes wrong? Oh, God, please don't let us be another Frankenstein and Igor.

Green rings appear on the fourth, and finally black rings on the fifth.

**GAIL**

Steady...steady...

She pulls open a drawer in the front of the console revealing it to be a solid block, save for five square slots. SCOTT walks over, taking the five square items from the pocket of his jeans.

**SCOTT**

Inserting Ranger-tech now.

He pops the items one-by-one into the slots then shuts the drawer. The rings of light disperse and a loud pulsating sound emanates from the chambers. GAIL pulls one last lever and the sound stops. The tubes go dark and for a moment that seems to last an eternity, there is silence.

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**GAIL**

It's the moment of truth, Sterling.

The chamber covers slide upwards, releasing mist into the room accompanied by a soft 'hiss.' SCOTT and GAIL approach cautiously. There is the sound of something powering up, and the droids' eyes flash to life. One-by-one, they step out of the chambers, their metal footsteps echoing throughout the room.

**SCOTT**

We've done it.

**GAIL**

This is the dawning of the Age of Robotics.

TO BE CONTINUED...