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2307: Winter's Dream

By Joey Curtis

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141 years after man declared God dead,
we're in the middle of the
longest winter in human history.
300 years of remorseless cold
and it probably won't
end for another million,
not until every last one
of us has disappeared.
The only thing left
of mankind's footprint,
dwells 10 meters beneath the ice,
where the last of earth's
geothermal energy pumps life
into the bowels of
our crumbling infrastructure.
We are the only surviving animals.
Scavengers still driven by commerce.
Creators of the synthetic world.
Humanoids, our black blooded offspring,
engineered in our own likeness.
A race of workers
and the men who police them.
Any hope of peace was
forgotten a long, lost time ago.
Outer patrol has eyes
on the two humanoids
that blasted outta subterranean three.
Request splasher, over.
Copy that outer patrol, I spot 'em.
I see outer patrol ahead.
Split off.
Be advised noids are on the move.
Scanning, scanning.
Damn it lost him
in the trees, he's ghost.
WANTED FROM THE ARIZONA FEDERATION.

OBJECTIVE:

SERIE:

MODEL:

VIOLATION:

SPARTAN 7 MISSION: 2307-WINTER'S DREAM.

HUMANOID:

- THE LATEST FIGHT OF HUMANITY -
Lost, lost
Counting the moments that never stop
Trapped in a dream
I'm, I'm, I'm more in love
with your every thought
Only liars wear smiles anymore.
The joy of living went extinct
even before the animals did.
Buried in a tomb of permafrost
and all the humanoid
pleasure models in the world
won't bring it back.
Life shapes us whether
we like it or not.
It's the choices we make in the dark
when we're all alone in our secret place
that shaped the world around us
and here at the end of it all,
we sit alone together,
trapped in our decisions,
desperate for something to save us.
Devoted to the thought
of her waiting for me
on the other side.
Q vapor.
The drug of choice in the 24th century.
I call it man's greatest achievement
because it's the only thing
that numbs the pain,
the only thing that
brings her back to me.
Mara.
Mara.
Bishop... I'm right here.
I never left.
Federation alert,
subject identity match,
possible Spartan seven
defector collaborate Bishop.

All AGF officers report to merge sector
subterranean two possible Q vapor
over dose and psychotic break.
Welcome to Binky's
Pleasure Palace where your
wetterest dreams come true, please...
Commander Bishop.
Sir, Commander.
He's all laid up on the Q vapor, sir.
Hey, fuck job.
General Trajan requests
your report for duty.
It's time to take you home.
Get him up.
Oh my God.
Commander Bishop, are you alright, sir?
Don't call me, sir.
Merge sector two has been secured.
Prepare Bendah 51 for Spartan seven.
Bishop.
It'll be good to see you
back in uniform, Bishop.
Who says I'm putting it on?
Come on, we both know you're no quitter.
Find somebody else
to do your killing, Traj.
You took an oath to Spartan seven, son.
Taking off that uniform
don't remove that promise.
Go ahead and arrest me then.
I broke every oath
I ever took a long time ago.
I'm sorry about Mara,
she was a good woman
and those are really tough to
come by especially these days.
That's why I brought you in on this son.
It's time to bring closure to Mara.
We told you, your baby died,
I guess we all kinda wish
she had anything'd
be better than the truth.
Ash 393 cut her right
outta your wife's belly,

took her God knows where.
I fought like hell
to tell ya at the time,
but they figured if word got out
that a mule had kidnapped
a human baby, we'd have
panic genocide on our hands.
Are you telling me,
my child is still alive?
Yes Bishop, but more importantly,
I'm giving you
an opportunity to get her back.
You find Ash, you'll find your daughter.
A daughter.
Our daughter Mara.
It's been five years,
how could she survive
this long on the ice?
She has no DNA enhancements.
Enhancement process
final stages of mitosis.
Sequencing with cloned
genetic material complete.
No human has ever made it more than
a day in sub 60 without isolation gel.
Could she really be alive?
DNA reconfiguration complete.
The endogenic markers for strength
and wound healing identified.
If they can resurrect a broken man
then I guess anything is possible.
They brought me back Mara
to a place I never thought I'd return.
Spartan seven, slave police.
Ishmael.
What happened to you, brother?
You never came to me for help.
Ready for this?
I don't know, Ish.
Come on Commander, your team is waiting.
All UCF armored assault
crew members report.
Ash 393 is considered to be
the most sophisticated mule

ever created by man.
A class one Arctic surface
humanoid 300 series
with full access to AI.
He's a leader of the
rogue humanoid rebellion.
And yes, he's lethal.
Wanted for numerous crimes
against the Arizona Federation
he most recently led an attack
in the north east corridor.
Melted down reactor 12, killed 28.
Intel says Ash is playing
bitch somewhere deep inside
dead zone seven one four.
Hiding in the dead zone
don't sound so smart to me.
The reactor melt down makes
some of this noid's brain
suck it's core soft, huh Commander?
Not as soft as your pecker, El Hatta.
Payback is a bitch,
just like you, huh Kix.
Alright knock it off.
Five years ago I sent
a Spartan team out to eliminate Ash,
now we lost contact with
them right about here.
Temps up there've been
documented sub-arctic.
Your insulation gel will
stay active for 48 hours
after that, your thermal protection
will drop incrementally
by one percent for hour of exposure.
In other words we got four days
before we become popsicles?
You ain't gonna need that long, son.
Question, General.
What is it, Kix?
What if our retread Commander
blows a fuse out there
on the ice, can I bleed him quiet?
Then bury him in the snow?

He's had more kills than
you've had wet dreams, Sargent.
You're in perfectly capable hands.
Yeah, well, that was
a long time ago, General,
before the Q vapor freeze
dried his gray matter.
Commander Bishop.
Ya have the floor.
Weapons systems.
What do we got?
Every state of the
art piece of equipment
presently known to man.
Oregon blasters, sonic grenades,
raydon cannons,
your combined fire power
could probably melt every
last ice cube in the dead zone.
You three are well aware of
the unbalanced magnetic fields
created by the meteor strike.
Why are we being issued
electronic weapons anyways?
Recon finally came back
with some scientifically sound
calculations about dead zone magnetics.
I personally had R&D
redesign your pulse cannons
to hold a charge deep
inside the dead zone.
I'd like to request
five carbine rifles, 3000 rounds
of ammunition and 50 thermal grenades
for back up, sir.
I like the sound of that, Commander.
They say this used to be one of hottest
deserts on earth, a 500 miles
radius of lifeless tundra
they call dead zone 71 four,
I guess hell finally froze over.
Another needle in
a haystack mission, Ish,
you've got to love it.

Yeah, I don't get it, this
noid could be anywhere
after five years on the ice.
Why'd brass wait so long
to send us out anyway?
Ah, procrastination is like
masturbation my friend,
in the beginning it feels good
but in the end you are only
fucking yourself.
I went full data dose
for this, Commander,
you've got yourself a lean
mean killing machine. Whoo.
I never need no enhancement
to take out a noid.
That's cause you've never
seen one those things rip
a man's arm off.
You feel me, Ish?
That's right.
If it ups my kill ratio,
I'm cool with it.
I installed a meta rapport
on Varner's third series AI
imprint system over half the
case studies went clinically
insane 10 years after implant.
You should have no problem there, Kix.
You are already insane.
Sorry about all of that shit that
went down in Floyd pass, sir.
Between us, this mission
ain't about policing noids,
it's personal, we'll be
your devil dogs Bishop
and we want some get back.
Hey, Bishop whatcha gonna do with that?
Shave your legs?
When the power source cuts out
and that blaster of yours
turns into a shiny black stick,
what are you gonna do with it then?
Shove it up that

alabaster's ass, hoorah.

Hoorah!

Hoorah!

Hoorah!

Hoorah!

Hoorah!

I'm picking up something warm
on the other side of this snow bank.

Okay, Kix, warm up the saw.

That's the best idea
you had all day, Bishop.

Kix, wait for my mark.

You're the boss, Commander.

We got a dead man walking.

I thought this noid was bright?

Hatta, slow your roll.

We need to find out who's
underneath that hood before
we fire at an innocent.

This is Commander Bishop,
Spartan seven humanoid task force.

You're standing on Federation land,
dead zone seven one four,
state your business.

Under Federation authorization
code C four seven five one,
I request to see genome documentation,
you have five seconds
to comply, five,
four,
three,
two,
one.

Subject is on the move,
permission to fire.

Permission denied, Kix.

We have no idea who that is.

We'll engage him on foot.

I'm taking the shot.

Cease fire, cease fire Kix,
that's an order.

Ishmael, do we have a visual?

Negative, he's ghost.

Damn you, Bishop.

I had that mule on lock.
Subatai!
Subatai!
Commander, Commander, are you alright?
Where's Subatai?
Subatai.
Subatai!
What the fuck?
No! My fucking truck, damn noids.
Fuck man, look at this shit.
That's made a bag of smashed assholes
of this electrical system.
You'd be a BFH to fix this cluster fuck.
BFH?
A Big Fucking Hammer, dumb dumb.
Our gear and ammo are toast.
We're 800 miles out of bounds.
That's a hell of a long walk home
without snow shoes.
We're not going anywhere without Ash.
The first time I agree with you, Bishop.
There's a probe, near the dead zone
that has emergency
supplies, we make it there,
we got a chance.
Then let us get back to the hunt.
We won't have to worry
about hunting Ash.
He'll be hunting us.
Humanoids were created
and conditioned to serve.
They're stronger than us.
Built specifically to
endure this climate.
They are bred hairless
with acidic black blood.
Like mules, they cannot reproduce.
A fail safe against any
future genetic competition.
Their creators say that
it is in that nondesire to
replicated their own image
that keeps them docile
but something is different now.

Their rebellion is spreading
they fight as if they
had something to protect,
something to preserve.
The blood is fresh but not human.
Let's find what's
at the end of the blood trail.
Aw hell, it smells like something big
died in there.
Yeah, Hatta shit his Spartan suit again.
All I smell is the pussy
on your breath Kix.
Cut the chatter Spartans, stay sharp.
Alright, split off.
Here little buddy, come on noid,
come to big papa.
Button it up, Hatta,
this place has got my skin
crawling, who the fuck
knows what's in here.
Alright Ish, I'm going in.
Got your back, Commander, let's do this.
Boom, you're dead Kix.
Suck on my pig sick, Hatta.
What the hell do you
make of this, Commander?
Noid art?
Hey, body.
Hey!
Ah, he stinks of shit, lucky he's dead,
let's take a blood sample.
Hatta!
Get the fuck outta the way,
Goddamn pussy,
fuck you, get the fuck outta the way!
Noid mother fucker must pay.
Hey, dog face!
Come get some!
You've fucked with the
wrong gangster this time.
I love the taste of blood
blot soap in the morning!
Damn noid's heat signature
didn't register on the scopes,

I took him for a dead man.
Electrical's failing,
we're getting closer
to the dead zone, you're good?
Son of a bitch!
Electricals fine, Commander.
Nice Kix, how extremely
insightful of you.
I've never seen a noid with hair before.
That's cause they
don't grow hair, dipshit.
Mutated humanoids do.
You're right, it's a Sammy 69 seven H.
A Sammy 69 seven H?
Isn't that an old pleasure model?
Probably the gal you lost
your virginity to, El Hatta.
Are you cold?
No, sir.
Stuff it in you rotten chuck.
Can you walk on that leg?
Yeah.
You're gonna make it, brother.
The ice humbles all men.
It reveals our limitations,
our weaknesses,
our humanness,
but in the dead zone,
the ice is merciless.
Looks like someone else had the same
bright idea as you, Bishop.
When it rains it pours.
Clear!
Looks like your Q vapor
brained friends jacked
this place for a fix, Commander.
Great, now we're out here
playing cowboys
and fucking Indians only
we're the fucking Indians,
and everybody knows the
fucking Indians never win, man.
Mules have no combat training, we do.
Now re-kit, warm up,

truck the mule for DNA reconfiguration.

I'll contact base.

I say we hike to the next probe.

The next probe's 100 miles from here,
we'd be dead before we got 50.

You don't look so good, Ish.

You're not going to die on me,
are you little buddy?

Fuck you, El Hatta.

Embrace the suck.

We encountered the enemy
just outside the dead zone,
the mo-raps totaled, Subatai
is FIA, but we terminated
a mutated humanoid in the process.

So was the mutated humanoid Ash 393?

Negative, the mutant was
showing signs of hormonal
disfiguration, we retained
a sample for examination.

I don't give a rat's ass
about mutated noids.

I want Ash 393 and I want
him dead and disintegrated.

Understood, General.

We'll continue the pursuit,
send a mo-rap.

Ismael has partial freeze,
he needs evac immediately.

What's that son you're breaking up.

General, can you hear me?

Send an evac, I repeat send an evac.

We gonna hold up in this dungeon
all night or what?

An electromagnetic storm
is coming, if we wait,
we lose Ash, if we move now,
we still have a chance.

I can make it, Commander.

Kix, I need you to stay behind with
Ishmael until the storm blows over.

I'm not a fucking babysitter.

Just relay Trajan's orders.

He wants Ash dead.

Then that's what I'm here to do.
I was born to hunt, Commander.
The snow catch should
arrive in the morning, Ish.
All you gotta do is
stay warm until then.
Can you do that for me, Spartan?
I can make it, Commander.
Stay strong brother,
I'll see you at the top.
What's the matter, Kix?
Where's the bad bitch with
the big round balls now?
I got your bridge
hanging right here, Hatta.
This forest is haunted.
Shit.
What the fuck.
Welcome to the dead zone.
Your pulse rifles are useless here.
Says who?
The magnetic die poles,
they repulse elec charged particles.
Trajan was wrong then.
And full of shit.
This devil dog's going in.
Hatta left flank.
Fuckin'.
Are you hurt?
Course not, I can't say the
same for Trajan's old buddy,
Bill Carson.
You found old Bill, huh?
He was a Spartan five and a friend.
Set up a perimeter,
we'll set up camp here
and give him a proper burial.
This Ash, think he's something special.
I got something for his ass.
I have walked with
the devil side by side,
him waiting, watching for me to fall,
but I never fall, he waited
so he could plan

in his black blood.
I am going to find you Ash,
because you fucked with the wrong
gangster today.
Why are you always reading
that same book, Kix?
What's in there that's so special?
Men do not perish as
a result of lost wars
but by the loss of that
force of resistance which is
contained only in pure blood,
where a racially pure people
which is conscious of it's blood
can never be enslaved, in
this world he will forever be master
over bastards and bastards alone.
A humanoid mule is totally
incapable of reproducing its own
kind, that's the only thing
its creators got right.
You're kicking that deep stuff now, Kix.
That book teach you all that?
Mein Kampf | My combat | helps me
understand what I'm hunting,
and why every single last mule
must be exterminated
in order for the human race to survive.
Lay off the bunk
bootleg data injects, Kix.
Your psychotic propaganda annoys me.
Adolph Hitler was a fallen prophet,
his message is our salvation.
You are one sick puppy, Kix.
What we have to fight for is
the freedom and independence
of the fatherland so that
our people may be enabled to
fulfill the mission assigned
to him by the creator.
There is no more fatherland,
there's only what's left
of this nearly uninhabitable
earth, the atmosphere was

destroyed by us,
no one else is to blame.
What about the asteroid, Bishop?
I've been to the crater,
I seen it with my own eyes.
Looks more like an
atomic bomb hit to me.
It was an inside job, it always is,
humanity is responsible
for this eternal winter,
not God or the humanoid.
When an epoch ceases to be
hunted by the shadow of its
own guilt it will brutally
and ruthlessly prune off the
wild shoots and tear out the weeds.
I'll be looking for you in
the unkept fields, Bishop.
Pshoo.
Okay Kix, since you seem
to have so much energy tonight,
why don't you take first watch?
Have fun reading your book.
Mara.
Come on, Bishop. Come on.
Follow.
Look alive Spartan, there's
something in them trees.
I'm going to send you back to hell
you yellow light devil.
Bishop,
I marked him, Commander.
I marked him real good for you.
Bishop, I'm right here.
You missed the fucking shot
from 10 meters away,
you're all fucking washed up, man.
Trajan hadn't a scraped
you outta the gutter
I would have made fucking Commander
and my team would
still be fucking alive.
Now it's your turn, Bishop.
Alpha mike foxtrot also known

as adios motherfucker.
Submit or you'll never
pull a trigger again.
You don't have the guts
you spineless son of a bitch.
They were wrong, Mara,
there is life in the dead zone,
I won't give up, I won't stop
until I find our daughter.
Be with me, my love,
be with me now.
Ash.
Come on Bishop, come on Bishop,
come on Bishop.
Follow.
Hurry up.
Come on, slow poke.
Come this way.
Come on, come on friend, warm.
Come on, hey, you're gonna
be okay, you're gonna be okay,
don't die, I need you come
on warm up friend, come on,
come back, don't die.
Let's watch it again.
Stop it, you'll break it.
Last time, I promise.
I swear from this day to the end of days
I will love you, honor you
if you will have me.
I will, now and forever.
Shh, shh, stop, before
you hurt yourself... shhh.
I'm Atka, it's okay.
I'm here to help you.
Let me go.
I helped you.
Where are my clothes?
How long was I out?
Not long enough.
You're welcome.
Bishop.
Bishop.
Where are we?

This is Quanik's house.
Quanik?
He's been waiting for you.
How did he get this way?
He died.
Never mind, I have to
get back on the trail.
How do I get out of here?
What are you searching for?
Death?
That's funny.
That is all the dead zone
has to offer you people.
I'm looking for a man.
He is no man, his blood
is black as coal.
You know him.
I watch him bury you alive,
you're dead to him now,
he will trouble you no more.
He stole something from me,
something very special.
What?
My child.
The little girl is yours?
Little girl?
Yeah, but I thought she was one of them.
Can you take me to her?
It's dangerous, she's protected.
Please Atka, my life
means nothing without her.
Quanik thought that the time
of red blood is near it's end
that the day human bled
black blood will soon come.
He lived for 143 years
and had very many visions
that came to pass as truth,
he said there would be no cure
for the black blood.
Ash 393's near, I can feel his presence.
His scent has no life,
his path has no purpose,
his tracks only exist in the past.

It's like following a ghost.
Ghost's have a soul, he does not.
Technically a ghost is a soul.
You are not funny, Bishop.
I have seen how they kill,
suicide is a better fate.
If you're afraid, I understand,
just point me
in the right direction
and I'll go it alone.
We must find Cage.
Hiding isn't my style.
Not to hide, Cage is a man,
a mean old fighting man
with many weapons,
he lives a full days walk
inside the dead zone.
No human is that crazy.
I didn't say he wasn't crazy.
Come, I know the way.
Hello guest, my name is Sara,
I'm sorry but my husband's
out right now, please call again later.
We'll wait.
It's a cookie, this is milk.
I can see that, Sara.
Where'd you get them?
I made 'em of course from scratch.
My husband loves mine
more than his mommy's.
You made the milk from scratch?
What the hell is going on out here?
You're a humanoid.
Why do you have hair?
My husband says that
German prefer blondes but
unfortunately I'm a brunette, so...
Where do you come from, Sara?
I was born here in this cabin.
You know that's impossible,
tell me the truth,
where do you come from.
You're a long way from
that probe line, Spartan,

but you ain't telling me
what you're doing in my cabin.
He's a friend, Cage.
There's no need for your weapon.
Aye, well, he better answer
me true, cause if he doesn't,
I'm gonna make his face into a puddle.
I'm looking for a little girl,
she was abducted by
a rogue humanoid, my companion here
tells me that you may be able to assist.
This is no Spartan help desk, honey,
and I don't like
wasting my breath on
Federation trash, Spartan my ass.
As I said we would appreciate
any information you or Sara
may have regarding the
whereabouts of the little girl,
she'd be about five years old right now,
if you can't help,
we'll kindly be on our way.
No questions asked.
And what if I don't wanna help,
answer me,
what if I don't want to help ya,
what happens then?
Have I addressed your query?
Oh you rat fink piece of Spartan trash,
you and your Indian whores
can go kiss my hairy ass.
You won't touch my wife
you bastard, or else I'll kill you
and your whore right...
You got a permit to
have this mutated noid?
Pumping breast milk for your cookies?
She ain't a noid,
you spineless punk, she's Sara,
now don't you be wasting her,
I'm too old to train a new one
the way I like it,
I know where all them
rebel noids are hiding.

Where are they?
I've been trading with 'em
Spartan straight up I have,
I've been trading with 'em.
Trading with fugitive humanoids?
Maybe you'll only get 30 years
and old Sara here, she'll
be more than happy to get back
to the local pleasure palace
pumping milk for cookies.
Okay, okay I'll help you,
but we gotta wait for them
over there at the meet, it's over
there around about a ways,
it's no more than a couple of mile.
Okay pookey, daddy's here now,
it's daddy to come
and protect ya, come to daddy.
No harm's gonna come to ya now,
that nasty man will never...
Hey, you got no couth,
you son of a bitch.
You got anymore fire power than this?
Does a polar bear piss
in the Irish on the woods?
This old hardware is from
a time long before yours.
Sargent Ulysses H Cage,
Spartan three, retired after 30 years
of honorable service
in the field, my ass.
Spartans don't retire,
you either die like a hero
or you go AWOL like a coward.
Why don't you put this piece
of iron down, you little
twat and I'll just show you
exactly how much of coward I am.
Why'd you run away then?
Came time for a promotion.
Well, there was just the two
of us, me with 30 years of
experience in the field,
and that cocky young upstart

straight from the academy.
He had all the enhancements
crap all that, artificial
intelligence implants
and all, yeah, yeah.
There was just the room for
one of us and it was either
my way or his way,
I guess the powers that be,
didn't like the way my
sympathies lay, so, Trajan
son of a bitch, Trajan he got
made Commander and me...
I got dumped off out here.
Trajan?
General Trajan?
General?
Yeah, yeah, that figures,
I always knew that son of a bitch
would suck his way up that greasy pole,
hell even when I knew him
back then, he had his nose stuck
so far up the brass's ass,
he could smell
what they had for breakfast.
Duty calls.
That's where I meet up with
them noids, right over there.
You make sure you're shooting
straight those 30 odd six
cartridges have got a kick and
I do not want to be getting
a dose of lead poisoning
before this lots all over.
Too small to be a humanoid.
Who are you?
Aw shit, Kix.
Who?
Why's that man pointing
a gun at my husband?
Don't let them hurt my man.
Shut her up.
Stay down, Nazi bitch.
No! Pookey, Pookey.

Pookey, no, no, no, no, no.
Pookey no, please no, don't.
Don't leave me please, no please.
It was a bad plan anyway.
The strategy is to destroy
the enemy from within,
to conquer him through himself,
don't become the enemy, Bishop.
Personification of the devil
is the symbol of all evil.
Assumes the living shape
of the humanoid,
that's you black blood.
Let me go you, you sub Second bastard.
The fuck off of me, we'll
kill every last one of you.
Save your breath for your attempt
to make peace with God, Spartan.
What the fuck do you
noids know about God?
You're hatched like rats in a lab.
Is the color of our blood so different?
Are we not all God's children?
God didn't make you, we did,
you just a soulless abomination...
I'm sorry, I cannot hear you,
your heart is in pain?
Well, let me have look.
Ancient warriors believed
the heart was sacred.
That a hunter who tasted it's flesh
gained insight into the spirit world.
But I see no spirit world,
perhaps she was the one
devoid of a soul.
Food for God's creatures.
You disappoint me, Bishop.
I expected so much more
from the husband of Mara.
You're more of a bully than a man.
Barbarous and cruel.
A daughter, our daughter, Mara.
Come on Bishop, come on.
Come this way.

Hut.
Waiting for you, waiting for you.
Are you my daughter?
My name is Alucia,
I've been waiting for you.
Am I dead?
Do you feel dead?
Not exactly,
just exhausted.
You've been dreaming.
Yes, I have.
And you were there.
I didn't want you to get lost.
Leave him be, Alucia.
Okay, daddy.
Why am I still alive?
I made a promise to your wife.
You killed her.
No, that is what they
want you to believe.
Why did you do it?
Why did you take her from me?
Mara was my creator, she
nurtured me even though I was
different, she was my mother.
You don't have mothers.
The Federation quarantined us
for testing after we began
to show slight genetic anomalies.
Anomalies that high command didn't like.
Like what?
Hair?
Some of us.
Others such as myself
were more... advanced.
We had developed
the ability to reproduce.
Your wife kept it a secret
for a very long time,
when she threatened
to expose the secret,
High Command stepped in.
They thought it was
a secret worth keeping

at all costs.
Stop this, you have no right, this is...
Your research here is finished,
you noid herding bitch.
No! You killed her,
I saw it with my own eyes.
I didn't kill her, I tried to save her,
she died in my arms.
She begged me to take the baby, but...
It was to late.
Liar!
I understand why you do not believe me.
It is hard to accept
that your world is broken,
even as you begin to pick up the pieces,
but maybe, you'll believe her.
Come Alucia, let's play elsewhere.
Bishop, I'm sorry my love.
I wanted to tell you but...
I feared for your life
I learned the truth to late.
I was wrong, we were all wrong.
We created them but
we do not control them.
We are not their God,
their fate is their own.
Like us, they can love and
they can create offspring.
They have souls that long for freedom.
The humanoids must be set free.
Do you remember we talked
about going to this place?
Yes.
All the way across this land to here.
And can you remember what
this place was called?
Selegna Soul.
That's right, Selegna Soul,
so we're gonna be leaving
this cold cave to Selegna Soul
where it's warm and nice,
are you looking forward to it?
Yes.
Me too.

Why did you come back
and risk all this?
I was once a slave who
dreamt of the day I could walk
on the ice a free man, no matter
how many men tried to beat
that dream outta my mind
I just hid it deeper within my
heart, and now that I am a
free man that walks on the ice.
I find myself tending
to this beautiful flower.
Who thirsts for more
than my simple dream.
This is no place for
the mind of a child to thrive.
Your wife talked of a
magnificent place to the west.
Where the ice is known to
thaw and seasons have been
recorded for decades.
It's a myth, anyone
who's ever searched for it
has never returned.
Would you return to this
desolate place if you even found
one shred of beauty?
Just one tiny flower in
bloom could change the
course of mankind,
let alone a man's mind.
Your wife promised to show me
the way to this place.
The next day they cut her down.
And the promise of
Selegna Soul died with her.
No, she hid the coordinates
deep within my DNA somehow.
My intuition was guided
to rediscover it.
Selegna Soul.
It's a pretty long hike to
the other side of the world.
It will be the journey of a life time.

Trajan will send us
Spartan's to hunt you.
Not if he thinks I'm dead.
This is one of the original
prototypes for
the Ash 300 series,
murdered during the rebellion.
I induced DNA synthesis through
epigenetic reprogramming
of my own embryonic stem cells.
Once symmetric infusion occurred his DNA
became identical to mine.
You made a barbecued clone of yourself.
I will travel with you
to deliver the body.
No, you are a free man.
But promise me one thing.
Name it.
Alucia makes it to Selegna Soul.
Done.
It's just you and me now, Mara.
Just you and me.
All alone on the ice.
You were right about them,
you were always right.
It is murder and always was
the crime that I'm guilty of.
I surrender.
I surrender everything,
even that waterfall of
memories I chose to drown in.
Mara.
With this final act,
this deliverance,
I give up everything
I ever hoped to be.
Commander Bishop, it's
good to see you alive, son.
Trajan Spartan mission
winter stream accomplished.
Ash's body is wrapped and ready,
send in the extraction team.
Well done, Spartan.
You'll be a hero back in the world.

Not interested.
Did you find out where the rest of those
alabastards are hiding?
Oh come on now Bishop, we
know they've been out there
reproducing like jack
rabbits for decades.
Why don't you slither
outta that hologram
and find them yourself Trajan?
Now look Bishop, if you
don't wanna cooperate
we can always extract
the information from your
neural implant posthumously
if necessary.
Is that what you told my wife
before you murdered her?
It was never personal
Bishop, she would of made
replication as a capital crime
it was your wife's scientific
ambition that signed her death warrant.
The survival of the human
race takes precedence
over your petty grievances.
I died 1000 times to get here, Trajan,
and I'll die 1000 more to
see your head on a pike.
I trained you well Bishop, to well.
I figured you'd be dead by now,
would've saved me
a whole lot of trouble.
Cut out the last loose ends
of this very messy situation.
Sorry to disappoint you, General.
Check the body.
He's our man, General.
Ash 393 is dead as a door nail, sir.
Excellent, the Federation
just got a little safer.
Now give us the coordinates
to the humanoid settlement
or prepare for a lobotomy.

I don't think so Trajan.
Let's see if your implants
can survive a good old
fashioned grenade blast.
Come on now, Commander,
you knew how this would end
and so did your wife, you
have to choose where your
loyalties lie, with those
ice monkeys, they're one step
above machines without us,
they have no future.
They were built for us, by us,
they aren't our children,
they're our slaves, our survival
will ultimately depend
upon their extermination.
Open your eyes Bishop,
we're surrounded by ice,
this planet is dead, there's
just not enough resources
to go around these days.
Would you choose them
over your own species?
If this is what we've become,
then yes I choose them.
You've descended to the rank of fubar,
fucked up beyond all recognition
and ate up to your Spartan core.
Alpha Mike Foxtrot otherwise known as
adios mother fuckers.
Kill them, kill 'em all!
What's wrong?
What's wrong with the weapons?
My weapons are malfunctioning.
Experiencing weapon malfunction, sir.
Welcome to the dead zone, assholes.
This ain't over Bishop,
you just made my shit list.
I will see to it personally
that you hang as a traitor
to the Arizona Federation.
Hanged by the neck until dead!
She brought me good luck.

Almost went full popsicle until
I met my new friends here.
It's good to see you alive, brother.
Who was it that put us in charge
of the world?
How did that lie become our truth?
No one cares to remember.
Only the hardened heart of nature
casts honest men on to the ice now.
And out of the dead zone comes life,
after 300 years of slavery,
the humanoids are
walking towards freedom.
We did it, Mara.
Thank you, my love.
I'll see you at the top.
In a world overrun by cowards,
the only thing left for
a man to do is fight,
fight 'em til hell freezes over,
then fight 'em on ice.