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Ultramarines: A Warhammer 40,000 Movie

By Dan Abnett

Move, Nidon. Move!
Brother Nidon, report to the Chapel...
Guard the Codex!
I must protect the relic
in the Emperor's Holy name.
I must protect the relic.
I must protect the relic...
It is the forty-first millennium.
In the grim darkness of the far future,
there is only war.
The Emperor of Mankind
wages a constant battle
to protect humanity
from the horrors of space.
On the fringes of the Imperium,
alien races lurk and plot,
and Chaos daemons leak into our reality
from the torment of the Warp.
All that stands in their way
are the mighty Space Marines.
They are more than mortal.
They are steel and they are doom.
They are the champions of Mankind.
And the greatest of them all
are the Ultramarines.
Chaos breaks men's souls.
Chaos brings the pestilence of daemons.
Every time we march from
our beloved fortress home on Macragge...
we march to face down Chaos...
and banish it.
Do you think you're ready to do that,
Proteus?
Yes, Captain. I do.
Do you yield to me, Captain Severus?
Remove your helm!
Yield to me!
You fight well, Proteus.
Do you yield to me?
Victory is mine, Proteus.
We never yield.
You must be steel.
You must be doom.
You must use everything you've got.

Chaos has no honor.

Close in!

No more drills, no more practice.

You are about to receive the honor
of going into combat for the first time
as Ultramarines.

- Brother Pythol.

- Captain Severus.

You shall make your battle pledges
upon this sacred warhammer.

This hallowed weapon has fought
in the hands of our greatest veterans,
it has slain alien beasts and daemons alike.
One day you may be worthy enough
to wield it.

Until then you may kneel before it.

We march for Macragge.

And we shall know no fear!

Sergeant Crastor.

Look to your battle gear
and it will protect you.

We guard it with our lives.

As your armor guards your life.

As it has - my fallen brethren.

Honor the craft of death.

We serve only the Emperor.

Honor the battle gear of the dead.

We ask only to serve.

So, a shooting war, you think?

A real one this time?

Maybe, Verenor,

if the Emperor is smiling on us.

Pray that he is.

My belly growls for a taste of actual combat.

Any word of the drop?

Probably just another false alarm,
brother Hypax.

- Like Algol.

- Algol.

There wasn't even a scrap of glory
for us there.

So eager to die?

Glory is a two-edged blade.

You shy away from combat, Pythol?

Oh, Proteus...
You novices are all alike.
And I'm the one
who has to put you back together.
It isn't combat I resent, brother,
it's the thirst for glory
that gets men cut to ribbons.
Look at you.
You all look so very fine,
and I do not doubt the fire in your hearts,
but you do not yet know war as I do.
Well, with respect, that is why we are here.
We do not want to go back to Macragge
empty-handed.
I know.
Just don't be in such a hurry.
Death will find you soon enough.
War is not about glory.
War is about victory.
Looks like
you are going to get your fight after all.
With your strength you protect me.
With My care I repair you.
With sacred oil I appease you.
Be quiet, good spirits.
All Servitors to complete
ammunition blessings and leave the hangar.
Thunderhawk clear for take-off.
Lock in!
I will serve the Golden Throne of Terra,
for the wings of Aquila will shield me,
for the Emperor protects...
Pre launch position.
Descent window 84-40.
This backwater is called Mithron...
There is only one significant site
on this planet.
An Imperial shrine
guarded by a detachment of Space Marines
from our fellow Chapter, the Imperial Fists.
Captain Severus,
do they respond to our astropaths?
No, Hypax, they do not.
However, an emergency beacon

is still transmitting.
Well, then someone's still alive, Captain.
The beacon, brother Proteus,
may be on auto-cycle.
What size was the Imperial Fist
contingent, Captain?
Data says one hundred battle-brothers.
A full company,
and we're just a dozen strong.
The nearest fighting unit
is six weeks away, Pythol.
This one belongs to us.
First blood will be mine.
In your dreams.
If I get there first,
there will be no blood left for you two to spill.
If you get there first.
Still so eager to be heroes?
Someone has to be, apothecary.
I heard you turned the job down.
Beacon signal located.
Thirty kilometers to shrine site.
- Site visual.
- Show me.
That weather pattern
is directly above the shrine, Captain.
Set us down here.
We march for Macragge!
And we shall know no fear!
Deploy! Deploy!
Proteus! Right sweep!
Verenor! Left! Cover the angles!
Full scan!
The Emperor protects,
but it does no harm to double-check!
Crastor! Gun-seat! Scope ahead!
Yes, Captain!
Not natural, Captain.
- Weather expert now, Pythol?
- No, Captain.
Ultima Squad! Form up!
Pilot, extraction here in two hours.
Keep a good spread.
Crastor? Status?

Clear six hundred meters, sir. Standby.
Drop the speed, Lycos.
You see something?
No. Just got a feeling.
Something wrong?
- Can you hear that, Hypax?
- Hear what?
Voices. In the wind.
Just vox distortion.
Proteus is hearing voices!
Probably that smack to the head.
Wait here!
- Boreas!
- Holy Throne!
- Be vigilant, brothers!
- Put it out! Put it out, now!
Be calm! It's just corposant!
Verenor is right.
It's just corposant. Bale-fire.
The weather's doing it.
It is a bad omen is what it is.
Think silently, Pythol.
Simply reflecting, Captain.
A bad omen.
Just bale-fire, Pythol.
I thought you were the weather expert.
This is impetuous.
We do not know what we're walking into.
Do we ever?
We're the Emperor's chosen, my friend.
Of course, Captain.
- Captain?
- Go ahead, Crastor.
- We have reached the edge of the storm.
- Anything to report?
Scopes are blind.
Visibility is shut right down.
Do you want us to advance?
Negative. Hold your position.
Acknowledged.
- Something's wrong...
- What?
You really don't hear that?
There!

Lycos! Punch it!
Cease fire! Cease fire!
Who was that?
Verenor?
Proteus discharged his weapon, Captain.
Brother Proteus, report!
There's something here, Captain.
Something shadowing us.
I ran an auspex sweep, Captain.
There is nothing.
- I saw something!
- What?
I'll tell you what.
The effects of first-time nerves
on the trigger-finger, that's what!
I saw something, Captain!
- Captain?
- False alarm, Crastor.
Pull yourself together.
There will be plenty to shoot at
soon enough.
When command is mine,
I will not tolerate weak links.
He will be ready when it counts.
Ultima Squad vox test. Call off.
- Lycos, aye.
- Crastor, aye.
- Junor, aye.
- Maxillius, aye.
- Remulus, aye.
- Boreas, aye.
- Decius, aye.
- Verenor, aye.
- Hypax, aye.
- Proteus, aye.
Pythol, aye.
Squad is aye, Captain.
Captain! Captain Severus!
Great Terra!
Imperial Fists.
The shrine guard.
Dead. Decayed.
Nothing left to save...
This is desecration.

This is vile desecration.
This is the handiwork of Chaos.
Continuing with this mission
would not be an act of valor.
It would be a waste of this squad...
In your opinion, apothecary.
We have an obligation
to warn the Chapter House.
Your courageous recommendation
is noted, Pythol.

- Crastor, scout ahead.
- Yes, Captain.

Do we still have a fix on that beacon?
Fix is still clean, Captain.
That beacon may lead us
to someone who can...
...explain.
There was no valor in this end.
They gave their lives
in the service of the Emperor.
That is valor enough for me.

- Crastor, report!
- First bridge ahead, Captain.
Crastor's halted, Captain.
Crastor? Lycos? Report.
Verenor, advance with me.

- Captain, I...
- Verenor, I said.
Stay here, Proteus.
Keep the squad here.
Crastor? Lycos?
Throne of Terra!
Take cover!
Supporting fire!

- Come on!
- The Captain ordered us to hold position!
- The Captain is in trouble!
- Boreas! Hold fast!

Boreas!
- You intact?
- Yes, Captain.

First blood to you, Verenor.
So, now we know our enemy.
Chaos Space Marines.

Yes, Chaos indeed.

Black Legion.

Tell me.

Three.

Crastor and Lycos.

Boreas.

- Outright?

- Yes, Captain.

- Permission to extract their gene-seed.

- Granted.

May the Emperor bless and protect

this sacred legacy,

so that the strength of these brave warriors

may live on in Ultramarines as yet unborn.

For the abiding honor

of our fortress home, Macragge,

in the name of the Chapter

and the Primarch, to whom we owe all.

We shall mourn them later,

if the Emperor grants us time.

Who is to carry this now?

- I will, Captain.

- Is that so, Proteus?

No.

- Hypax.

- Yes, Captain.

You carry that safe.

I will.

If anything happens to me,

you know my wishes.

- Captain, I...

- Do not argue.

We are dying.

Sergeant Crastor is gone,

and I am not miraculously exempt.

Verenor! Proteus!

Secure an entry point!

- Can you make that?

- Of course I can make that.

- The next one is further.

- Then let me show you how it is done!

Come on!

- Grab my hand!

- Your hand is not required!

Blocked.

- You made a kill?

- Yes.

Black Legion, so the Captain said.

Hard to believe they were like us once.

If it is tainted by the Warp,
corrupted by Chaos, I will kill it.

The Warp is cunning and insidious.

- Are you sure you will recognize it?

- Just follow my lead, Proteus.

- What?

- I think I saw something.

Think you saw something?

Captain? We have secured a way in.

Good, Verenor. Stand by.

Keep it tight.

Head wound, fatal.

Hostiles!

Daemon!

Kill it!

Up there!

Get the squad back!

Proteus! Take the Chain Sword!

Captain!

Now we know what is here.

Death and daemons.

We need to get a report back to Macragge.

Pray we live long enough

to get back to the transport.

We are not going back to the transport.

Throne of Terra! Are you insane?

And since when

did you make the decisions, Proteus?

- Tell him, Pythol! Tell him I...

- The Captain was quite clear.

Command should go to Proteus.

I say we go back. So say your brothers.

The beacon is still sending.

It's on auto-cycle!

There is a chance it is not.

- We march for Macragge!

- And we shall know no fear!

Brother Hypax?

That standard catches light.

You warn me.
Aye, Proteus.
Hold your fire!
In the name of the Emperor,
identify yourself!
Carnak. Chaplain of the Imperial Fists.
How many are you?
This is Nidon.
Well, Nidon can point his weapon
somewhere else.
Anymore?
We are here to get you out.
Not us.
The Liber Mithrus.
The sacred Codex of this shrine.
The Emperor himself entrusted it to us
at our Chapter's founding.
Countless generations have stood here.
Our purpose, to protect it
from the abominations of the Warp.
No one touches the relic.
Brother Nidon is responsible
for carrying and defending the tome.
He takes his responsibilities very seriously.
My apologies.
How long have you been here, Chaplain?
Since long before the darkness fell.
- What happened?
- They assaulted the shrine.
We fought for three weeks,
all the while transmitting requests for aid.
Then some horror was unleashed.
A Warp Gate must have opened
and through it,
vile legions of demonic furies descended...
You have seen the results.
But how did you survive?
I have no comforting answer, battle-brother.
All I know is that we must
get this sacred artifact to safety.
Nidon?
Steady...
My name is Verenor, brother.
It is time to move out.

I confess, Chaplain, I was beginning
to doubt our mission's purpose.
Everything has a purpose, Proteus.
So the Emperor ordains.
Those two worry me.
They have been through a lot.
Too much, if you ask me.
How did the two of them survive?
I don't like it, Proteus.
What are you saying, brother?
How can we know they are not...
tainted?
That is a serious accusation.
We are taught that Chaos corrupts,
eats away at you from the inside.
You never know
who may fall victim to its touch.
And they've been cut off in this hell pit
for how long?
Keep your eye on them.
Oh, I intend to.
Slaughter them!
Here they come.
Move, Ultima! Transport is waiting.
Pilot, prepare for immediate extraction!
Acknowledged.
- You must be happy.
- I'll be happier when we're gone.
Proteus!
Proteus?
Ultima Squad.
Rally to me.
- Vox test.
- Carnak, aye.
- Nidon, aye.
- Junor, aye.
- Hypax, aye.
- Verenor, aye.
- Remulus, aye.
- Decius, aye.
- Pythol, aye.
- Squad is aye, Proteus.
Defend and advance only on my command.
There is higher ground.

This was planned.
They'll be expecting us to take that position,
but I doubt they will be expecting
a Chaplain.
I would not be so sure.
The Emperor protects.
But having a loaded bolter never hurt, either.
Kill the Imperium scum!
For the Emperor!
Attack!
Chaplain, have you not a weapon?
Burn, Heretic!
Ultima Squad.
To the ridge line.
- Are you hit?
- It is nothing...
More of them!
- Is the Crozius ready?
- No, it needs more time!
I fear no evil, I fear no death
for the Emperor will protect me!
Spill their blood!
Junor!
Fall back!
They are coming in for the kill.
Captain Severus!
Captain!
Praise the Emperor!
Follow the Captain! Follow his lead!
- Captain!
- Proteus.
- How are you alive?
- The Emperor protects.
Come on! Extraction is waiting!
Move out!
Proteus. Report.
We're maneuvering to leave orbit, Captain.
Drive is set to fire in ten minutes.
And then a straight voyage
back to Macragge.
I can't wait to see the Chapter House.
Something else, Proteus?
Speak your mind.
How do you recognize the taint of Chaos?

We have a Chaplain with us.
Let him sniff out taint.
It is the Chaplain that I am worried about.
- Where is he?
- The armory, Captain.
Chaplain Carnak?
Captain Severus?
A moment, please.
I am a Captain of the Ultramarines Chapter
and this is my vessel,
so put that away.
This is improper, Severus.
Indulge me.
The Codex is empty?
Do you see?
This is what has burdened me!
I thought it was Chaos' trickery!
This is deceit.
Heresy.
I don't know the purpose or the point,
but I know evil when I taste it.
This is your work.
Captain, you are making a mistake.
No mistake, daemon.
No! You...
Heretic!
Be resolute in the face of heresy.
Deal with it
before it's demonic force can manifest.
If the daemon is dead,
why is this still burning?
Daemon!
We couldn't have done it without you.
Mithron was a trap.
Why else would I have left the Chaplain
and his lackey alive?
Begone!
No!
Main engines start in five minutes.
Proteus, can you walk?
What in Throne's name?
We have five minutes to kill your Captain
or this ship will be delivering a daemon
directly to your precious Macragge...

thanks to Proteus.
The daemon!
Brother Pythol!
- Brother Pythol.
- The Captain...
Our Captain died on Mithron.
Tell me, which way did it go?
The reclusiam.
Main engines start in four minutes.
Take this and follow my lead.
Proteus, left side.
Nidon, with me.
Main engines start in three minutes.
That codex is a Warp Gate,
it will destroy Macragge!
Then we must destroy this beast, now.
Above. Up there.
Jammed!
There!
Proteus. Draw it out.
Main engines start in two minutes.
Come out...
Come out.
Come out, daemon.
Show yourself.
Macragge first...
and then we shall destroy a million worlds...
I need new flesh to wear.
Yours, I think.
Imagine how they will whisper your name...
...after you walk into your Chapter House,
your precious Macragge,
holding this great trophy aloft.
Think of the glory, Proteus.
Forget glory! Get up and kill this beast!
I can't take it alone!
Yield to me.
Yield.
Main engines start in one minute.
One minute Proteus,
and your death will have no purpose.
Everything has a purpose.
The Emperor ordains it so.
You may corrupt the souls of men,

but I am steel!
I am doom!
I march for Macragge.
And I know no fear.
How can I ever explain
what I have done to the sacred reliquary?
Brother Proteus,
it will be an honor to help explain.
Engines start in five seconds...
Four...
Three...
Two...
One...
Close in! No more drills.
No more practice.
You are all about to receive the honor
of going into combat
for the first time as Ultramarines.
- Brother Verenor.
- Brother Proteus.
You shall make your battle pledges
upon this sacred warhammer.
This hallowed weapon has fought
in the hands of our greatest veterans.
It has slain alien beasts and daemons alike.
One day
you may be worthy enough to wield it.
Until then you may kneel before it.
We march for Macragge!
And we shall know no fear!