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Ghosts of Mars

By Larry Sulkis

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For weeks, rumors have
spread across Mars...
from outposts to settlements...
from town to town.
Something that had been buried for
centuries has just been uncovered.
And as this mysterious force
moves across the southern valley...
it leaves behind only silence...
and death.

Take your seats, please.
I just talked with the Cartel.
They're concerned that the rumors
are getting out of control.
They'd like to make a statement
in two hours.

Some of you may not know
we've had another incident.
At 1520 hours yesterday,
a freight train...
Trans Marineris 74 Yankee...
returned from the southern valley
on autopilot.

Get to your security stations now!
Let's move.

Initial reports indicated
it was a ghost train.
It appeared no one was aboard...
until a single survivor was
discovered in the rear compartment.

Call for a med tech backup.
Lieutenant Melanie Ballard...
second officer,
first squad of escort police.

They were assigned
to transfer a prisoner...
from the jail at Shining Canyon Mine
back here to Chryse.

Lieutenant Ballard was taken
to hospital under guard.
She had superficial wounds, but was
in otherwise good physical condition.
However, traces of an illegal

substance, tetramonochloride...

were found in her system.

Bring her in, please.

Lieutenant Ballard,

please be seated.

Do I get a lawyer, or don't police officers have rights these days?

Representation by counsel won't be necessary.

Your rights are protected by the Matronage.

You can speak freely.

- Then I'm not being charged?

- Sit down, Lieutenant.

This is a discovery hearing...

and your presence is required as ranking officer.

I want your after-action report.

Where's the rest of your team, the prisoner you picked up?

What happened at Shining Canyon?

Last Friday at 1750, we were slamming through a dust storm... on the edge of the southern valley.

74 Yankee was an ore hauler...

servicing the mines

in the outer sector.

My squad was hitching a ride into Shining Canyon.

You beat me.

- Looks like you played tarts before.

- No, I've never done this.

Let's spin 'em again.

One down and one up.

Fuck me! The five of bats.

You got the wheel up.

What's your wager?

Five bucks.

Helena? Hey.

Sorry.

Weather station's tracking a huge storm across the southern sector...

and we're right under it by now.

- What's the mark on it?

- 3,200 kliks.

We should be there by 1800.

Just let me know

if you need anything.

You high?

Fuck, Helena, it's just clear.

I'll be straighter than this track

long before we hit the canyon.

You better be. This prisoner

transfer is no sleepwalk.

- We're picking up James Williams.

- You mean "Desolation" Williams?

Cooling his heels

in the Shining Canyon jail.

Deep solitary.

- What's the charge this time?

- Murder.

The man's been up on murder three times.

He gets off every time on self-defense.

It's different this time.

Sounds like he finally went psycho.

Beaucoup corpses, all mutilated.

Williams shows up at the mine

with some bizarre-ass story.

Sends three officers to the medevac

before they locked him down.

- You starting to see the picture?

- And all we got is you, me...

and this new guy Jericho

and a couple of rookies?

What do you think

of Sergeant Jericho?

I was hoping we'd get a good,

solid woman we could count on.

I don't know.

I guess we'll see.

Well...

I need you straight, Melanie.

Don't worry about that,

Commander.

I'm as straight as they come.

Such a shame.

Check on

our transfer schedule.

Shining Canyon.
Shining Canyon,
this is Trans Marineris 74 Yankee.
They ready for us?
This storm's really kicking up a mess.
I can't get through to the tower.
Here's your coffee, Mr. McSimms.
Three sugars and two whites.
Just the way you like it.
You want some?
No, thanks.
How long?
About 40.
Shining Canyon.
Shining Canyon, this is
Trans Marineris 74 Yankee.
ETA, 40 minutes.
Everybody check your equipment.
I don't want any surprises.
Is everything all right,
Lieutenant?
I couldn't help but notice that charming
little scene with the queen bee.
Yeah, well, you know how
the service is, Sergeant.
She figures if I want to make captain,
I'll have to pay the price.
Thing is, I don't give a damn
about wearing another bar.
It could be that.
Or maybe she just has
good taste in women.
Sergeant, you are
seriously out of line.
I'd hate to spoil my record.
All right. I know you think
you're some pretty tough hombres.
You've had the best training.
You have the best gear.
You probably think this is
some routine prisoner transfer.
But that's what I want
to bang into your heads.
There's nothing routine

about this prisoner.
We are here to pick up
James "Desolation" Williams.
I want you all jack-ready
and double tough.
Officers, you can disembark here.
What time is departure?
We need at least half an hour
to secure our prisoner.
We got about
a four-hour turnaround...
and we'll be back
at this spot at about 2200.
You can re-board any time after that.
See if you can raise
the yard master, will ya?
Ed? Ed, you out there?
Rookies, use your breathers.
We're not gonna have air like Earth
for ten more years. Let's go.
- God, I hate this thing.
- You'll get used to it.
Two years ago, we were still
wearing full-face breathers.
It takes about a month to get over
the headaches out here.
So this is Shining Canyon?
God, what a dump.
- First time in the boonies, rookie?
- Standard layout.
Just another shitty boomtown
like all the others.
Seen one, you can go home.
You're always cold,
you can't get a decent shower...
and they don't tell you
that a one-year contract here...
equals two years' Earth time.
You gotta read the fine print.
Where is everybody?
Yeah. Friday night,
the place should be packed.
A whole 12 hours before sun up,
and there's money to burn...

whores to fuck
and drugs to take.
Instead, we got a graveyard.
Maybe they're all inside,
spending their money.
Mel, I'll get us squared away
at the rec-fac.
You and Sergeant Jericho
check in at the jail.
Save some hot water for me.
Where were you before Chryse?
Utopia.
It's the arse end of the universe.
A penal camp full of
work-amnesty cutthroats.
Sounds nasty...
but you seem to be
holding together all right.
What you see is nothing.
I have numerous
hidden talents.
Need some help with that?
You're persistent, aren't you?
I've changed a few minds
in my time.
There's not many
of us breeders around.
I'd hate to miss a chance
to give it a go.
What do you say?
Hello!
Anybody here?
Officer to front desk.
Well, hello, Mr. Williams.
No one seems to be about.
What do you make of it?
I don't know.
Do you want me to pop the lock
and ask the prisoners?
What do you mean, pop the lock?
That's a level-eight security door.
I've got a mystical way with
locks and mechanical objects.
There isn't a machine on Mars

that doesn't love me.
How about we check with
the commander first?
So what do you do for fun then?
Are you a gambler?
No. I'm short-time, Sergeant.
I believe in saving my money.
Don't worry about that.
I was gonna do it for free.
Let me put it this way.
Maybe I'd sleep with you
if you were the last man on Earth.
But we're not on Earth.
It's a voltage overload,
most likely.
You want to check it out?
It's probably nothing.
But on second thought--
Police officer.
Anybody there?
Shit!
- This is not making me happy.
- It's time to get backup.
Jesus Christ.
What are you doing?
- I almost killed you.
- What's going on?
- Rec-fac's a slaughterhouse.
- What?
Slaughterhouse?
That's the word Descanso used.
I didn't see it myself.
According to what
Commander Braddock told me...
right after we first arrived
in Shining Canyon...
she and the two rookies headed
towards the recreation facility.
Mel, I'll get us squared away
at the rec-fac.
You and Sergeant Jericho
go and check in at the jail.
Save some hot water for me.
Descanso, sweep left.

Bashira, stick with me.
Officer to train,
do you read?
The casino, barracks, dining hall,
rec center, no one alive anywhere.
- Commander.
- What?
- I can't reach the train.
- Well, keep trying.
How are we doing?
I don't know. This thing
was built to stay locked.
And Williams
is still locked up?
What do you mean?
Williams was arrested
on the suspicion of murdering...
six rail workers and a payroll courier
up at Klik 305 Hub Station.
The bodies were hung and decapitated,
just like the bodies in the rec-fac.
So how'd they pin that
on Desolation?
He showed up here
with the courier's payroll.
The cashier realized
it was a stolen scrip.
They made the arrest.
There's got to be a day log
here somewhere.
Sergeant's desk.
Here.
Last night the mine called in
a work stoppage.
Reported winds
gusting up to 60 knots.
- Sixty?
- That's what it says.
Anything else?
Arrest for theft, then nothing.
Got it.
What's going on around here?
We haven't had a meal
or a piss break in six hours.

Descanso, open the door.

All right, everybody, answer "here"
when I call your name.

- Akooshay.

- What?

Just answer "here."

- Yeah.

- Zimmerman.

I'm right in front of you.

Benchley.

- Who's that?

- She showed up last night.

Checked herself in. Insisted on
being locked up here with us.

Well, wake her up, sunshine.

Let's see what she has to say.

Somebody wants to talk to you.

- Who are you?

- Whitlock.

What are you doing
in the holding tank, Whitlock?

It's the only safe place
at the moment, okay?

- Can I go back to sleep now?

- No, you can't!

I need answers.

What's going on out there?

What's your I.D.?

Dr. Arlene Whitlock.

I'm the Spec Six science officer...
in charge of the mining operation
at Drucker's Ridge.

I left Drucker's about a week ago
with a weather balloon I'd modified.

There was a disturbance in town.

It seemed prudent to get out.

They said there was a riot
and the place was destroyed.

Yeah, something like that.

I was adrift for several days,
you know.

Ran out of food.

I followed the railroad tracks
until I got here.

Oh, shit.
Then the storm forced me too low.
I hit a windmill and crashed.
And they were kind enough
to take me in here.
Well, wasn't that nice of them.
Mel, Jericho,
go check out Williams.
See if he knows anything
about this.
Williams, do you know
what's going on outside?
Are you aware of
what's going on outside?
Let's go. This asshole
doesn't know anything either.
You got some balls, calling him
an asshole to his face.
That's Desolation Williams.
I heard he took out at least six when
they cornered him at Deimos Station.
And this is eight inches.
You men love to exaggerate.
Just goes with the territory.
Yeah, well, in my case,
it's a bit different.
Perhaps a connoisseur like yourself
would appreciate what I have to offer.
Go get the commander.
Disarm her.
Officer.
It was almost like she was...
possessed.
Like there was some kind
of force inside her.
- Who was she?
- She was a dispatch officer.
We tried to make her comfortable.
The rookies took her to a storage
room in the back of the jail.
Then the commander and I went
back outside to look around town.
- What do you think?
- That the science officer is lying.

- Tell me again about Williams.
- I didn't read the full file.
Caught him with the money,
but he said he didn't kill anybody.
- Course. They all died off right.
- Then cut their own heads off?
Put down your weapon!
Put it down!
Call Jericho.
Sergeant Jericho,
we need backup!
We're 20 southwest
of the rec-fac.
Don't open the door!
Don't let it out!
Who goes there?
I can't fight it!
It's in me!
Commander Braddock!
There's a man in there.
Open it.
The lock is destroyed.
I gonna need a cutting torch.
How long?
At least half an hour,
maybe more.
What the fuck
is going on here?
He committed suicide.
Before he slit his throat,
he yelled something...
something like, "Stay away!
Don't open the door.
Stay away."
And now
the commander's gone.
Maybe he was contagious.
Or crazy.
I don't know.
I say we take him at his word
and leave him locked in.
Look, one of us has
to stay with the rookies.
Why don't you go back to the jail?

I'll find the commander.
Let's get the hell
out of this place.
There's nothing we can do
for this guy.
You're right.
Okay, let's go.
Drop the weapon before
I cut this dyke bitch head off!.
What the fuck happened?
Bashira let him out
for some food.
Let me guess.
You unshackled him.
- What do you want, Williams?
- I wanna get the fuck out of here.
We'll let you walk.
Just let the girl go.
You think I'm falling for that shit?
I can't let you take the rookie.
Take me, okay?
Put the gun down.
Put 'em down!
Drop your gun, Descanso.
Yeah, drop the gun, Descanso.
Relax! Take it easy!
Just relax, relax.
- You'll get what you want.
- I know I'll get everything I want.
Now let's go.
Damn girl,
I like you already.
Shit.
You okay?
Just swell.
- Where's Williams?
- He took off out the air lock.
He went into the clinic.
I saw him go in
not even two minutes ago.
Let me guess.
He's got your shotgun, right?
Couldn't help it.
He was too fast.

He's still in there though.
I can see the back door from here.
All right,
you two take the back door.
I'll go in front and flush him out.
If he comes at you, shoot to kill.
Now what?
How the hell did that happen?
- Let's go.
- Wait a minute.
Looks like you're
coming with me now.
You see what's going on out there.
You know I didn't kill nobody.
- I said move it.
- I ain't going nowhere.
I just saved your life.
You should let me go.
And I saved yours.
Looks like we're even.
Now move it!
Let me ask you something.
If you're so innocent, how come we
found all that stolen flash on you?
I didn't say I was innocent.
I said I didn't kill nobody.
Okay, let's say I believe you.
What exactly happened
at K-305?
I don't know.
I was just changing trains
from Camp Sinai.
Had a little time
to get me something to eat...
so I went into the station.
It was just lying there,
so you took it.
You would have done
the same thing.
See, that's where you're wrong.
I'm a cop, not a crook.
It's a thin line between
a cop and a crook these days.
You think it's a big difference

between you and me?
You just got the woman
behind your bullshit.
Look at you.
You look high right now.
You know
I saved your life out there.
So why don't you save mine
and let me out of here?
Look...
my job is to bring you back
to Chryse to stand trial.
I don't think you did it.
But that's not my call.
So let's not make this any more
complicated than it has to be.
Yeah, it's gonna be
real complicated.
You can believe that shit!
I ain't going back!
Soyou secured your prisoner.
Where was your commanding
officer during this time?
I can only report what
Sergeant Jericho told me later.
After the man in the Rover
committed suicide...
Jericho went looking
for the commander.
Let's get the hell
out of this place.
There's nothing we can do
for this guy.
Yeah, you're right.
Let's go.
Commander Braddock!
Lieutenant,
we got a situation here.
Sergeant, you're breaking up.
I can hardly hear you.
The commander's dead.
Everybody in the mine
has gone insane.
Jericho, can you read?

Hey, come on!

Let us out of here!

Start at the beginning!

- I told you. I got here last night.

- Don't bullshit me!

Lieutenant!

What the hell is going on
out there?

What?

In semiarid regions on Earth,
there are certain organisms...
that live in small pools
that are formed by the annual rains.
When the pools dry up,
those organisms can't live.
But they don't die either.
They go dormant below the surface...
away from the hot sun
until the next rain cycle begins.

Then they reemerge.

I think something like that
is happening here.

I don't understand.

Whatever used to live here,
we woke it up.

It takes us, okay?

I'm talking about
a kind of possession.

Lieutenant, Sergeant Jericho
is on the radio.

He said he found
three people out there.

They're on their way in and
they got an ETA of five minutes.

You should get on the radio
and talk to him.

- He's found three people?

- That's what he said.

- You okay?

- No.

Something broken?

I'm all right.

But it's out of the body now.

Yeah, it's loose in here.

Lieutenant,
sergeant's on the radio.
Lieutenant, we're coming in.
Can you read me?
- Sergeant, where are you?
- We're right down the street.
We? Who's we?
I found three people alive out here.
Come on. Open the door for us.
I tried to reach you on the radio.
Just you make sure that door is locked.
There must be
200 of them fucking freaks...
and any minute now
they'll be coming to kick our ass.
Okay, relax.
Who are these guys?
I found them hiding
up in the mine shed.
Lieutenant,
we got a situation here.
Sergeant, you're breaking up.
I can hardly hear you.
The commander's dead.
And everybody in the mine
has gone insane.
Check the window!
They didn't see him.
They're gone.
- Who are you?
- Who are we? Who are you?
- The man asked you a question.
- My name's Jericho.
At least he's not one of them.
What's happening out there?
Who the fuck are those clowns?
What are they
all sparked up about?
Used to be miners.
Then everybody
in this place lost their mind.
Running around,
chopping people's heads off.
Ease up, man.

We were up on the rim
when they called a work stoppage.
- What are they doing?
- Shit, I don't know.
Look at that. They're
knocking off early for the night.
How will we sneak in on a shift change
if they knock off early for the night?
Shut up!
What the hell is that?
Let's get the hell out of here!
We hid till the storm was over.
Later, I went out
to take a look around.
I thought they were all dead.
Then some of them
started to come to.
They walked around
like they were confused or lost.
A few of them seemed okay.
They was trying
to help the others.
- Then they started changing.
- What do you mean?
They act different,
stand different.
Start cutting on themselves
for decoration.
Filing their teeth.
Making weapons.
Killing the ones
who hadn't changed.
Cutting people's faces off
and wearing them for masks.
You lads got any weapons?
I mean real weapons.
Only cops can have guns.
There's some detonators
in them cases over there.
Do you know
how these things work?
I know you need dynamite
to use them.
Okay, then.

We take our prisoner
and we all get on the train.
And what prisoner would that be?
That doesn't concern you.
If it's Desolation Williams...
it concerns me very much.
Now drop your weapon.
All of you!
Weapons on the floor.
So only cops have guns, eh?
You fucking pricks.
We lied.
Now go get Williams.
I don't think so.
What was that?
- Fucking kill me.
- No problem.
Look, will you two
stop fucking about?
Lieutenant, let Williams out.
Give me one good reason.
I just gave you
about 200 good reasons...
and they're probably outside
right now.
It doesn't matter that Williams
is wanted for murder...
and it doesn't matter
that this lot are scumbags.
What matters right now is that
we stick together to get out of here.
All of us...
including Williams,
including them.
Who are you calling scumbag,
motherfucker?
Now quit with all your fucking
stalling and take us to Williams!
I'll be goddamn.
Finally.
Man, this town done went crazy.
We had to improvise.
You like it?
I love it.

I want you to let him out.
What's up, D?
I'm still shackled.
What, are you pigs on a fucking break?
Free him up.
I knew you'd let me go.
- It's been a long time.
- I didn't think y'all could do it.
Piece of cake.
It was my plan, Desolation.
Fuck!
- I thought you was watching the door.
- I was!
- Bitch, you better open this door.
- I don't think so.
You don't open that door,
I'm gonna blow your head off.
Then your asses will never get out.
Someone will find you sometime...
probably tied upside down in here
with your heads cut off.
Tell your dogs to quit barking
so we can talk.
Put 'em down.
Put it down.
Listen to me, Williams.
We don't have a lot of time.
You need us and we need you.
We've all seen
what's going on out there...
and none of us is gonna survive
if we don't stick together.
I need you to give me
your word...
that if I open this door...
you and your boys will stand by
my command at all times.
I never give my word.
It's okay.
I never make deals
with criminals either.
- You got it.
- What?
You making deals with cops?

And you are too.
Give her your weapon.
Everybody, give it up.
Well, introduce us
to your friends.
These my compadres.
Uno must be the nice one.
You got that right, Butchy.
I'm not as nice as Desolation.
And I'll cut
your fucking titties off.
Who's in charge here?
You better let go of my arm.
Who is in charge here?
You! You!
Shit!
So, you just gonna stand there
and watch her break my shit.
Yeah.
And now that you're done mopping
the floor, get me a beer, killer.
What's next?
We get more deputies.
You're deputized.
Consider this
a martial law situation.
Let's go.
When did this start?
It started a few minutes ago.
- What should we do with him?
- We can't take him with us.
Then here he stays.
Guys, what is that?
It's a Laffer.
A black-market breather.
It has a 15 percent
nitrous mix.
It gets you high?
It turns your brain
into Swiss cheese.
- One gross of detonators.
- What are those good for?
It would help
if we had some dynamite...

but they make
a pretty good bang.
We could put them in some food cans
or something, make some hand grenades.
All right.
You got ten minutes.
Easy.
Here. Let me do it.
That's beautiful.
That's what you get, dumb-ass.
You're gonna be okay
to do this?
All right,
it's almost 2200 hours.
Here's the plan,
short and simple.
Descanso and Jericho take the lead.
Everybody else follows.
It's about 50 meters
from here to the station.
Bashira and I are in the rear.
Any questions?
Put your hand down.
All clear.
Let's do it!
Hey, bro, I don't see
no motherfucking train.
Hey, lady.
We don't see no train.
It'll be here.
Come on. Let's go.
That's the mine office.
What are they doing?
Looks like they're tearing the whole
town apart, building by building.
Come on. Pick it up.
Lieutenant.
Hold your fire.
Just keep on moving.
Go!
- Where's the train?
- I don't know.
You don't know? What the fuck
is that supposed to mean?

Lieutenant Ballard to the train,
come in.

Plan A is fucked up.

You got a plan B?

Yeah. It's the same as plan A.

You got any fresh ideas?

Yeah. What we should have done
in the first place.

Shit!

Come on,

you mindless motherfuckers!

- Second time I saved your life.

- Run a tab.

Jericho, grenade!

Come on, man. On your feet.

Let's move.

Shit.

Open that door.

We sealed the air lock doors, and
Sergeant Jericho dismantled the lock.

They couldn't open the door
from the outside, so we were safe...
for a while.

Get on the radio.

Try to reach the train.

Where's your brother?

- He didn't make it.

- Oh, God.

Uno was your brother?

Yeah.

Look at him.

Whatever is inside of him
has waited a long time to get out.
I didn't understand their design,
how they move.

But it's got to be the wind.

Yeah.

Yeah, the wind takes them.

And then once their hosts die...
they drift along the railroad tracks
from town to town, human to human.

What a perfect creation.

Vengeance on anything or anyone that
tries to lay claim to their planet.

What did you see
at Drucker's Ridge?
I was at the mine when
they called a work stoppage.
It was a Section 740,
a "scientifically significant find."
A 740 applies to any number
of things found on Mars.
A biological organism, an indication
of water, things like that.
After we dynamited the mountain,
we discovered an entrance.
It was a tunnel
carved into the rock.
it had been hidden underneath
the outer walls for centuries...
and someone other than man
had carved it.
Jesus!
- What the hell was that?
- I don't know.
Let's get the hell
out of here!
It was me.
I opened Pandora's box.
I let them out.
I contacted the train.
They're about three kliks north of town
on a decoupling spur.
- They said the tracks are blocked.
- Can they get through?
Yeah, they're working on it.
- You okay?
- Yes.
- Barricaded the rear door.
- Good.
There's a maintenance courtyard out
the back enclosed by a five-meter wall.
There's even
a Rover parked out there.
Maybe we can make
a run for it.
No, we wait.
Bashira got in touch with the train.

They're coming back for us.
Well, if a train comin',
they better hurry up.
What's the matter with you?
You did good out there.
Yeah, right.
It's a fucked-up situation.
I never put too much faith in cops,
but you did all right.
You trust me?
Hell, no.
I really don't understand you
at all, Desolation.
The only one looking out
for me is me.
Doesn't that bother you?
Nothing bothers me.
I stopped worrying
a long time ago.
Don't you believe in anything?
I believe in staying alive.
Yeah, but for what?
Stick around.
I might let you know one day.
When?
When the tide is high
and the water's rising.
Doing okay in here?
Check this out.
- What about it?
- It's pretty solid.
One way in and a back door out,
leading to the rear entrance.
- A good sturdy door.
- So what's your point?
It's rather cozy,
don't you think?
I don't believe this.
You lured me back here
to seduce me?
Yeah, well, the way
things are going...
I thought this might be
our last chance to--

to dance.
Yeah.
Fuck him,
whatever the fuck he is.
It's out of him.
Everyone go! Get out!
Let's take her out back.
What the fuck do you mean?
We aren't moving her anywhere.
It's taking her over, man.
There's nothing we can do.
Easy, man.
I lost a brother in this.
That's not her.
Come on.
Let's put her down
before they hear us.
This belongs to her.
- Where did you get it?
- I stole it.
Do you know what it is?
It's her stash.
This will mess
with anything in there.
Bon voyage, Mel.
Let's get the hell back in here.
I will not.
I was aware of having...
thoughts...
or memories.
Like I'd been invaded
by something...
and it was trying
to take me over.
Something inside of me wouldn't let that
other thing take over and I fought it.
I didn't know where I was at first,
and then it hit me.
I was outside alone...
unarmed.
The back wall's been breached.
Don't worry.
The back door's locked and secured.
Let me in.

It's me.
Shit! It's Melanie!
Open the door!
Looks like her to me.
I haven't heard any of
these things speaking English.
Come on, Williams. The tide's
getting high out here.
Give me those keys.
Come on!
Is it you?
Yes.
It's me.
I had a glimpse
of the Martians...
of their minds,
of what they want.
They won't rest short of the
destruction of any invading species.
As far as they're concerned,
we are the invaders.
Something's kicking out there.
Shit. They made
a battering ram.
Everybody to the rear
of the jail.
Bashira, you and Jericho
go back to the storeroom.
Load up on detonators.
You're the second line of defense.
We stay here?
We hold them off as long as we can,
then we fall back to the storeroom.
Soon as we kill one of them, whatever
is inside is gonna come after us.
I know.
So if one of us gets possessed--
Leave 'em.
Here we go. Party time.
- I'm out.
- I'm out.
- Clear!
- Move! Move!
Clear!

- Clear! Clear!
- Stand clear!
- Clear!
- Get out!
- I got it.
- Take them out back.
Get out of here.
Come on!
Come on! Let's go!
Look for the train. See if you
can get someone on the radio.
Jericho, get this thing started.
Whitlock, unlock the gate.
Come on! Hurry up!
The train's at the station.
- Officer to train, do you read?
- Where the hell have you been?
- Where the hell have you been?
- All right, Bashira, come down.
All right, wait for us.
We're on our way.
Let's go.
Get in!
Get yourselves ready.
Oh, my.
Come on!
Come on! Let's go!
Let's go! Come on!
Come on!
Okay, go! Go!
What the hell happened to you?
We got trapped a couple of kliks
north of here, trying to off-load.
I'll get us out of here.
We've got to go back.
Slow the train down outside of town,
then come to a complete stop.
No way.
- I'm giving you an order.
- I don't care. The answer's no.
The answer's yes.
Look...
even if we get back to Chryse,
those things will just keep coming.

We've got a chance here.
We've got a chance to stop this thing
before it goes any further.
This is about one thing--
dominion.
It's not their planet anymore.
What about him?
Isn't it our job
to take him back?
Is he still a prisoner
or is he one of us?
I can give a damn
about saving this planet.
Seems like it's been after me
since the day I was born.
If I'm gonna die,
I'm gonna die fighting...
not running.
If we blew up the nuclear
power station, what would happen?
I mean, there'd be
a huge explosion, right?
No, not unless you retract
the control rods and expose the core.
Then what?
Then you'd have a small
atomic bomb going "boom."
How small?
I don't know. It'd blow out
a radius of a mile, maybe two.
Would it kill them?
It would certainly destroy
their human hosts, but as for them...
I don't know.
Jericho, can you get us in?
I can try.
The plan was simple.
Sergeant Jericho, the science officer
and I jumped off the train...
and headed towards
the powerplant.
The others stayed aboard the train
as it backed into the station.
The idea was they provide cover...

and distract the Martians
as we set the charges in the plant.
And they'd swing back, pick us up
and we'd all get as far away...
from Shining Canyon as we could
before the place blew.
Like I said,
it was a simple plan.
The only problem was, it didn't work
the way it was supposed to.
- How are you doing, Jericho?
- I'm working on it.
Hurry up.
We've got to remove the waterjacket
and destroy the containment shell.
Where do I put the dynamite?
Officer to the train, they've
spotted us. Get your ass back here now.
Yeah?
Let's go.
We've got to get out
of here fast.
The Doc says the blast radius
could be up to two miles.
- What does that mean?
- It means step on it.
Stay here and keep it
full throttle.
What are you gonna do?
Lighten our load.
I think there's some
more dynamite in the rear car.
See you later,
you big motherfucker.
You okay?
Say your prayers.
I didn't know
you was cut this deep.
Should've taken care
of this hours ago.
You do that like a pro.
Yeah.
Me and my brother
been through a lot of battles...

ever since we was kids.
I never thought I'd go to war
with somebody like you.
I know when you get to Chryse, you'll
tell those people that I helped you...
and I wasn't the cause
of all this mess around here.
'Cause I know they're looking
for somebody to blame.
I swear to you, Williams...
as soon as I get back, I'm gonna tell my
superiors about this fucked-up planet.
They'll drop the charges
as soon as they get the report.
That ought to hold it.
When you get there,
have somebody look at it.
I couldn't get it perfect,
so it might leave a scar.
I'm getting a collection.
You'll be all right.
- Comfortable?
- Yeah.
I'll get you a blanket.
What the hell are you doing?
Oh, this is where I get off.
What are you talking about?
We'll be in Chryse soon.
Can't let you turn me in.
I can't let you walk.
What you gonna do,
fucking shoot me?
There's nowhere to run.
Anywhere is better than hell.
Catch you later.
Yeah, right.
Shit.
And what happened to Williams?
I don't know.
When I woke up, he was gone.
And you were handcuffed?
Must've done it
while I slept.
At that point,

I trusted him.
That's all you have to tell us?
That's all I know.
All right, Lieutenant Ballard,
I suggest you get some rest.
You're dismissed.
Is our statement to the Cartel going to
be that Mars is being overrun by ghosts?
Attention, all police personnel...
report to your nearest
munitions station immediately...
for weaponry assignment.
A security breach has occurred
in the south quadrant.
This is a level-ten emergency.
All police personnel, report to your
division sergeant for assignment.
All civilian personnel,
evacuate the streets immediately.
Please remain indoors
until further instructed.
Come on.
Tide is up.
Time to stay alive.
If you ever wanna come to the other
side, you'd make a hell of a crook.
You'd make a hell of a cop.
Let's just kick some ass.