

AVATARS

Fan Fiction

Written by G. Myles

Based on James Cameron's characters from the film and video game with my own characters and creatures added

FADE IN:

EXT. PANDORA JUNGLE FLOOR - EVENING

While mounted on the backs of titanotheres, JAKE SULLY, NEYTIRI, and their fellow blue na'vi, come to halts.

They meet face-to-face with a tall chubby reddish orange type of na'vi that ride strumbeests, plus a veiny muscular short gray kind of na'vi that ride direhorses.

After cussing in na'vi tongues:

NEYTIRI

We are all brothers and sisters; we should not be warring!

JAKE SULLY

Oh don't worry babe, if it's a turf war they want, then that's what they'll get all right.

The three opposing sides draw spears, staffs, bow and arrows, woody blowpipes, twin side-handled banana-shaped blades, let out war cries, then attack each other while riding their beasts which groan or neigh when injuring one another.

One gray na'vi climbs onto Jake's back, puts him in a full nelson, Jake struggles to try and break out of it.

With twin side-handled banana-shaped blades, one reddish orange na'vi beheads Jake to a slump, does an elbow drop on that gray na'vi, shakes the ground when crushing it to death. Jake and NEYTIRI'S SON sob when kneeling over Jake's headless corpse.

After he snuffles, gasps, wipes the tears from his eyes:

NEYTIRI'S SON

I swear to Eywa I will avenge him ma.

We slowly zoom out into the sky, where reddish orange na'vi that ride buzzing hellfire wasps, gray na'vi that ride stingbats, and blue na'vi that ride banshees, dart each other with blowpipes, and use bows to fling arrows into each other. A roaring toru swoops in, all three sides retreat.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. RDA BUNKER - DUSK

Three uniformed RDA SOLDIERS, two men and one woman, all lay down in adjacent pods.

RDA SOLDIERS

So, who else is using bloodstained na'vi bones as chew toys? That'd be me, plus I'm alpha female of our pack, since my viper wolf's the strongest. Pssh, whatever, you're still lettin' him and I sniff that ass girl.

They close their eyes. This scientist transfers their souls over into the lifeless bodies of their viper wolf avatars which are each a separate color with tiger stripes.

Within another room, they awaken in opening pods as the viper wolves. They smile, salivate, pant with tongues out. The males sniff the female's butt, she snarls at 'em.

Two regular viper wolves wearing RDA mind control collars join them to form a small pack. The pack howls, dashes out of the bunker's opened tunnel exit door then into Pandora's jungle.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. STATIONARY GARGANTUAN RDA SUBMARINE - NIGHT

MILES JR., Miles Quaritch's son, lays in a pod. A lady SCIENTIST prepares to transfer his soul over into his avatar's body.

SCIENTIST

Son of Miles Quaritch, still hurt about your father's death huh?

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

If you're thinking about avenging him, consider that you'll most likely fail due to being undertrained.

MILES JR.

Bitch shut the fuck up, and get me inside of my avatar already. Lord knows I wanna blow your goddamn brains out.

SCIENTIST

You might get revenge on your father's killer, but I won't stand by, and let you nuke all of Pandora's continents afterwards!

He guffaws, shuts his eyes, awakens inside the body of his reddish orange na'vi avatar that wears nothing but a loincloth within a different room, where he climbs out of a pod.

Next he grabs twin pistols, exits the surfaced submarine, hops onto one out of many RDA soldier steered powerboats that have rotary cannons mounted on them.

The lady scientist quickly turns an AMP machine suit on with three back-to-back torsos that each have their own pair of arms.

She transfers her soul over into her female gray na'vi avatar's body that's in a lab coat, rouses, grabs a sawed-off shotgun, leaves the submarine, hangs onto that triple torso AMP machine suit as it swims towards a fjord.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. A CAVE THAT'S FILLED WITH GLOWING CRYSTALS WHICH CHANGE COLORS - NIGHT

Neytiri, her son, and countless other blue na'vi sit crisscrossed eyes shut holding hands in a circle while facing a campfire. In na'vi tongues they say there grace aloud before they chow down on roasted fish, roasted hexapede deer legs, raw giant pulsating tubers, then they use their hands to drink from a stream.

Afterwards, most of them stand for a tribal dance; as seated na'vi play drums, vine harps, and woody flutes.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. PANDORA JUNGLE - DAWN

That viper wolf pack devours a tapirus carrion, pounces towards prolemurises which use their feet to slam the whimpering pack off of them when swinging from vine to vine.

In that fjord nearby, one blue na'vi child, one reddish orange na'vi child, and one gray na'vi child giggle while they race each other on the backs of maned giant lizards with gills, long fish fins for arms and legs, plus one long octopoid tentacle for a tail. One bellowing seahorse serpent emerges from behind them.

The shrieking na'vi children fall with splashes, crawl onto land, those giant lizard fish swim seaward when chased by the seahorse serpent. The viper wolf pack snarls, trots towards the cowering na'vi children for an assault.

That scientist intervenes while mounted on a roaring thanator. It helps her fight one of those male viper wolves who becomes transparent, the other male who temporarily blinds them with light flashes emitted from his head, the female whose scratch, bite, and gunshot wounds instantly heal, and those two mind control-collared regular viper wolves.

That triple torso AMP machine suit shows up then shuts down. Those na'vi children sit back-to-back in its torso seats, find a way to turn it back on, help the scientist fight the pouncing viper wolves by back-fisting, punching, kicking, and hammer-fisting 'em around.

The thanator sniffs out that transparent male who creeps up on it, claws through his heart offing him, his corpse becomes visible. With one arm, the scientist choke slams that female viper wolf, shoots those regular viper wolves dead, misses the last male whose light flash blinds her, her sawn-off's kickback knocks her off the thanator.

That female mauls the bleeding thanator lifeless. The na'vi children pull out the AMP suit's large knives, stab that light flashing male viper wolf to death, draw the suit's rotary guns, fire at the female until she flees. They exit the suit.

SCIENTIST

Run young ones!

In the fjord, RDA soldiers aim their assault rifles and powerboat's rotary gun at the petrified na'vi children.

All three types of adult na'vi rush out, leap between them, some hurl a dagger, some blowpipe a dart, some throw a spear, others fling an arrow from a bow, they kill every soldier, yet their bodies get lodged with bullets before they hit the ground halfway dead. The unscathed na'vi children goggle, tears drip from their watery eyes.

MILES JR.

Woohoo! Yeaaaaaaaah! Uh-huh, how on Mars did you tree-huggers miss me, your biggest target!?

Miles Jr. gets off the powerboat, aims his pistols, finishes them off, runs outta ammo.

SCIENTIST

Dodge this.

With her sawed-off's last round she grazes him, hand over wound he stumbles backwards, walks forward, pistol whips her noggin once which knocks her unconscious. Neytiri and her son arrive.

MILES JR.

Well, well, well, if it ain't the scum who offed my dad, been tracking you down for hours.

MILES JR. (CONT'D)

By the way, you look gorgeous in your RDA satellite taken profile pic. Even as a human I found you na'vi women sorta sexy. Who knows, maybe I'll cop a feel before I strangle you to death.

After Neytiri hisses at Miles Jr., and her son draws twin side-handled banana-shaped blades from sheathes strapped to his back:

NEYTIRI'S SON

You come near her I'll sever you. One of yours murdered my pa, so it's a head for a head.

Miles Junior's facial expression goes from amused to nervous. He flees onto the back of a giant lizard fish, Neytiri's son mounts on one also, pursues him as he rides towards that submarine.

They pass by the rest of those powerboat riding RDA soldiers who shoot at all three types of adult na'vi, who ride giant lizard fish, fling arrows from bows at the soldiers, and dart the soldiers with blowpipes.

MILES JR.

I'll ravage this planet's continents with sub nukes before I let ya slice me up!

TRANSITION TO:

INT. STATIONARY GARGANTUAN RDA SUBMARINE - MORNING

Neytiri's son follows Miles Jr. down a ladder which leads to a spacious room, Miles Jr. commences nuke launch countdown, launches one hundred nukes. Neytiri's son slashes the control panel up, prevents the launch, the nukes fall from the sky.

MILES JR.

DAMN YOU!

Miles Jr. grabs twin machetes. He and Neytiri's son blade fight, angrily parry, dodge, and gash one another. Neytiri's bloody son blade strikes the machetes out of bloody Miles Junior's hands, Miles Jr. drop kicks him so that he stumbles backwards.

Neytiri's son blade strikes this huge window shattering it, a seahorse serpent enters the opening as seawater pours in flooding the submarine, Miles Jr. screams underwater, the seahorse serpent gobbles him up, Neytiri's son rides it out of the submarine, through a kelp forest of fish that swim away then out of the ocean, where it bellows beneath the morning sun.

FADE OUT.