



# MOUNTIES SF

Introductory Prologue for New TV Series Concept  
by  
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The First Class Battleship of The Line, Human Military Ship (HMS) Damocles, unwrapped warp space from around herself and her battle fleet just inside the outskirts of the Vareena 3 solar system.

Instantly, in accordance with the standard operational procedures of these missions, eight of her twelve escorting Third Class Battleships formed their defensive box around the million ton Damocles and her three equally huge companion vessels.

At the same moment three of the remaining battleships raced away to take up their outpost stations around the outer system. The final Third Class Battleship, the Onyx, turned inward towards the sun and only human inhabited world of Vareena's House and leapt ahead of the fleet.

No emissions escaped all these arrivals and manoeuvres. All sixteen vessels kept to their stealthy cloaks and maintained a state of instant battle readiness.

The fleet took a heading and advanced on the distant planet.

## ONYX

Onyx was first to see Vareena's House looming ahead of the quarter million ton deathship. Blacker than night and wrapped invisible she dropped towards the planet, sniffing every sense of human and mechanical activity around her. As she passed unnoticed through the busy satellite orbits she scattered a score of her own "silent eye" drones to enhance her vision of the world and its surrounding space. A detailed map was built up quickly before the eyes of her silent crew.

Only at one point did she emit any brief clue to her presence. Passing within a few hundred yards of one specific and very visible satellite she exchanged a series of coded and scrambled signals undetected by any other observer.

In her command bridge, a broad, high-vaulted room that, in ancient maritime tradition, stretched between two bulging windows either side of her great hull, the Communications Officer turned and nodded to the Captain.

"All post delivered sir."

"Good." He turned to his Executive Officer. "Sink the ship."

"Yes Sir!"

The formal commands so issued following the success of her first task, the Onyx dropped into the planet's night side. Out of sight while most people slept she lowered gently and silently into her chosen home deep below the ocean in an uninhabited part of the planet.

Within an hour the Onyx was nestled silently on the seabed to begin her Submarine Watch.

With little of the outside world to distract them her crew turned to their principal mission of analysing the data packets dumped on her from the satellite and updating their knowledge of this world.

#### SATELLITE

Observation Satellite No.4 (OZ4), one of a parallel series of eight, thousand ton stations on geo-stationary orbit around Vareena's House, awoke to the signals from the Onyx's passage. In that brief exchange it absorbed new data and replied, after authentication, with a load of its own stored archives.

Part of its receipt included new updates to its core Intelligence instructions, enhancing its performance, adding new instructions and scanning the satellite for any damage, intrusion or sabotage. Finding everything clean OZ4 retransmitted the patches to its companions in orbit and forwarded the signals to their destinations on the planet below.

This was what the experts called the "all hell breaking loose" moment.

#### GOVERNOR

At her breakfast following a morning swim Governor Emily Richards was interrupted when a Secretary rushed out onto the pool terrace of Government House.

"Ma'am!"

"Yes Mai?" She puzzled calmly at the young woman's sudden appearance.

"Mounties! They're here!" Mai grinned. "Isn't it wonderful!?" She held out the formal printout of the message from the approaching ships. Richards accepted it with a calm smile, the day was too good to mess with. She read through the page quickly.

"Hmmm, very interesting." She handed the letter back. "Clear my diary for the day and arrange a staff meeting in half an hour."

"Yes Ma'am!" Mai rushed away grinning. When she'd gone Richards opened her small pocketbook and tapped a number. The phone embedded in her ear rang. A male voice answered.

"Yes?"

"The Mounties have returned."

"I see."

"I find it curious they're two years' early and a year before the next elections."

"I'll look into it."

He broke the connection.

## CONSTABLE

Chief Constable Harold Oare was already at his desk across the city from the Governor when his own Signal Station flashed the incoming satellite message. He glanced through it quietly, his body still as he absorbed the implications only a grin growing on his lips.

"Good timing." He pressed an intercom button. "Staff meeting, my office, ten minutes." He then forwarded the satellite message to every station and department across the planet with his own notes attached: We have friends coming to help in our work.

## SERGEANT

Police Sergeant Myleene Steel held her patrol car silently two hundred feet above the ground, one eye on the quite pre-dawn traffic scene around here and the other on the broad display screen/dashboard that showed the ground below.

"He's moving north." She reported.

"Okay, I see him," the male voice came back over the radio.

"I don't think he'll make the river."

"Good, he'll just pollute it."

"Sure he's still carrying?"

The voice laughed. "Would you dump that much?"

Steel grinned. "I wouldn't be found dead with it. Any news on their lab yet?"

"No, no trace - hey, there he goes!"

"I see it, want me to take him?"

"Yeah, you've got the better angle."

Steel presses a steering wheel control. Target indicator displays on the screen flash, focussed on a small infrared figure stumbling by the river bank.

The car pulses a brief light as the shock ray stuns the man from half a mile away.

"Good shot!"

Steel grins. "Thanks. Are you okay with him?"

"Yeah, sure, until backup arrives, if they've got anyone to spare."

"Okay, see you later."

"Bye!"

Steel turns the car away, tapping the radio. "This is Twenty-Seven returning to Patrol Any new traffic for me?"

The radio squawks back. "All clear Sarge, resume Patrol, enjoy the sunrise!"

Steel glances up, smiling as the sun begins to rise over the horizon, many of the city's skyscrapers already glittering in the new day light.

"Gonna be a nice day."

Her car returns to patrol altitude between the tall buildings. She's relaxing in the light when the alert begins to beep.

"Spoke too soon." She clicks the radio. "This is Twenty-Seven, I have this."

She dived back into the early morning traffic below.

## THE SHADOW MAN

Late night revellers on the pedestrian party street below, their noise, music, laughter rising up into the upper floor balcony shadows. A phone rings inside one dark room. A large screen blinks on to illuminate part of the room with dark static images.

A man moves slightly, shadow on shadow. "Yes?" He says to the screen.

A distorted voice replies from the screen, a constantly fluctuating static head shape projecting from it into the room. "We have a big problem, a new police task force just announced its presence in-system."

"They're early."

"Obviously, we have to assume they were tipped off."

"Agreed, unless it's just coincidence. They never have a regular schedule."

"You really believe that?"

"I'll believe the evidence when I see it."

"We will take precautions and look into it."

The Shadow Man nods. "Do we know how many they've brought?"

"I hear three thousand."

The Shadow Man thinks it over. "That's more than we normally receive.

Can we stall our plans?"

"We'd have to shut it all down until they've gone, but there could be leaks if we don't protect ourselves."

"Protect how?"

"Kill all those we can do without."

"How many?"

"Fifteen hundred, at least."

The Shadow Man smiles grimly. "Sounds like you've been thinking about this already."

"It was a worse case scenario."

"Worse case, but not yet."

"Agreed."

"Do we know where they'll be landing?"

"Kilmore Fjord."

"Where the fuck is that?"

"South West coast."

"Hmmm, did we plan for anything there?"

"No."

"Any angles we can play?"

"That's being looked at."

"All right."

The screen blanks.

Outside the party goes on as the Shadow Man looks down on all the innocent people then up at the moon and glitter of space stations and stars in the night sky.

FATHER

The phone rings beside a couple's bed, a middle-aged man struggling from sleep to answer it. He glances at the clock: 4AM.

"This had better go good."

"Dad!? It's me, Mai!" The image of the Governor's Secretary floats in the air over the phone.

"Mai!?" The man wakes up, nudging his wife.

"Wha-?" The woman rises and turns to him.

"It's Mai!" He tell her.

"Dad! Listen! You don't have time-

"What's wrong!?" He's worried now, confused at his daughter's grinning face.

"Dad! Lis-ten!"

"Hello Mai," her mother leans over her father's shoulder.

"Hi mum. Listen both of you, there's a Mounted Patrol and Naval Task Force coming here."

"Oh, that's nice, but did you have to wake us up for that?"

Mai grins. "Yes dad, because they'll be landing in the Fjord! You know what that means? Dad, you could get rich, but you've got to move fast!"

"Sorry honey," her mum interrupts still groggy, "but I don't understand."

"It's a Fleet Task Force and Police Reinforcement Force. That's at least twenty thousand crew, and the police, and all their families, and all the passengers on the university liner that comes with them. And they'll be here for at least three years! Do you think they're going to sit on those ships all that time, you know what happened last time for all the communities on Shore's Landing in the North - they got RICH! There's going to be a real boom in the Fjord and you're in the heart of it, but you've gotta move fast!"

Her mum is already climbing out of bed as Mai continues.

"I've gotta rush soon, but remember those plans you had for the trekking stables and expanding the hotel? Get working on them now. I'll send you more notes when I can, we've got a meeting with the Governor in a few minutes, and if you need any extra money I've got some savings - "

"No Mai, we're okay."

"Oh, all right, but you have to move fast, everyone's going to be on this in the next few hours. Bye!"

She signs off.

Her father turns to her mother, who's already working on their bedroom computer. She answers his unspoken questions.

"We've just received new bookings, but I'm raising our prices for anyone new, I think we'll be full by morning."

"We need to contact the bank." He leaves the room to their office next door, leaving the doors wide open to call out.

"Better talk to supplier now before the news hits them." She calls out to him.

"How far should we go?" He calls back out of sight.

"All the way!?"

"It's a big risk."

She grins. "When did it stop us? And I'll wake the staff, get everyone we can in here, it's going to be busy."

## REPORTER

Jasmine O'Neil groaned as her phone flashed its holographic wake-up figurine, a small cute young womanly fairy, above the bedside cupboard.

"Hey girl, wakey, wakey, here's an important caller!" It, she(?), announces cheerfully, then crossed her arms and waits as the phone keeps cheeping in the room.

Jasmine's hand slashes through the floating fairy. "Huh!" She grunts.

An older male voice breaks through her grogginess. "Jasmine baby, it's you're boss here and time to earn your keep!"

"I'm on holiday."

"Later, you're the nearest, so you get the assignment of a lifetime, but I need you mobile in the next half hour, we've got a flycar for you, it should be there by the time you freshen yourself up."

"I'm on holiday."

"You'll get more later, but for now I need you in Kilmore Fjord before dawn if you're gonna be on the spot when they land. We've booked you a suite at a hotel there. If it works out you're on long term assignment. Or I can give it to someone else?" His voice turns away from the phone, faint voices and busy sounds in the background. "What? They've put their prices up already!? Did you get the booking in!? Okay, we'll look at buying something - I don't know, something comfortable for a full crew, see what's available, but buy it now - yes, now!"

Now Jasmine's frowning at the phone.

"What's going on Paul?"

"Mounties are coming. They're early, big news and years of follow-up, but we have to be on the ground and running fast. You said you wanted a challenge? This is it, Kilmore Fjord, before dawn."

The phone clicks off.

Jasmine hesitates, gathering her thoughts, shaking her head clear, then lunges out of bed, and stumbles on the floor.

"Ow! Where's my pants!?"

A.I.

Data streams along a thousand threads. Some static, some encrypted, some open. Voices heard, key words are triggers.

"Mounties."

"Governor."

"Kilmore Fjord."

[ALARM]

OPTION PLAN, NOT ACCEPTABLE  
SUSPEND ACTIVITIES, ENGAGE HIGHER RESPONSE UNIT.  
PROBE SOURCE.

[ALARM: SOURCE BLOCKED, NEW FIREWALL]

UP-DATE REQUIRED YES/NO? : Y  
SEEK CLARIFICATION  
CONTINUE OR SUSPEND?  
CONTINUE LOWER LEVEL FUNCTIONS  
SUSPEND HIGHER LEVEL FUNCTIONS

[CONTACT ROOT]

OPEN ROOT PATH  
COMPILE DATA PACKET, ENCRYPT, EMERGENCY CODE, TRANSMIT.  
ANTICIPATED RESPONSE TIME: MINIMUM THREE MONTHS.

[REVERT]

IMPLEMENT SUSPENSION STRATEGY.  
IMPLEMENT COUNTER STRATEGY.  
REVIEW CONTINGENCY: SCORCHED EARTH STRATEGY.  
RESOURCE ALLOCATION: SCORCHED EARTH STRATEGY.

[AWAIT CONFIRMATION]

CONTINUE.  
CONTINUE.

CONTINUE.

The key words continue streaming through the rivers of data on the wall of a room, or is it inside a machine somewhere?

#### KILMORE FJORD

Dawn is rising on top of the high cliffs and mountains overlooking the long Fjord as hundreds of boats and flycraft bustle around.

Police are trying to herd the traffic away from the water as shadows spread over the waters from high above.

Slowly, carefully, the Damocles floats her million ton mass down through the air to settle gently in the water. One by one her two equally vast companion Workships, Thor's Hammer and Orion's Belt, descend further up the fjord. Finally, not to be outdone by the huge Navy ships the comparably large University Liner, the Skylark, a white and gold beauty compared to the dull black of the Navy ships, settles nearby.

Four of the escort battleships join them in the fjord while the others take watch positions and anchor themselves thousands of feet above the clouds.

#### COMMANDERS

On the wide bridge of the Damocles a couple of junior officers not to the Captain in the holographic Command Tank. He in turn steps out on to the viewing deck where two older senior officers wait. He nods to one.

"Admiral, the ship is docked."

Admiral McCready nods. "Thank you Captain." He turns to his companion. "Well Chief Constable, we got you here safely and we're at your service for the duration."

"Thank you and all your crews Admiral. if the rumour and tip-offs are true let's hope we're in time to save these people."

The Mounties had arrived.

END OF INTRODUCTORY PROLOGUE.

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### **Background Description - Mounties SF**

Mankind has spread into space, occupying many worlds and building a thriving civilization. The more mankind has spread the more difficult it is to hold civilization together. The terror of interplanetary war and the potential destruction of the human race has evolved a series of social organisations responsible for maintaining the peaceful, sane and prosperous unity of the human race.

These agencies include:-

- ⊕ The Navy, through various specialist Fleets it undertakes, police work, patrol work, survey/exploration, peacekeeping and, in the worse case, full-scale war. No planet owns or maintains any war fleet or naval force. The navy recruits and maintains itself from all those dedicated to maintaining the health and integrity

of the human race.

In their history in space the Navy have only ever had to fight two small Battlefleet engagements and won both. No full-scale war has ever been fought, to-date.

- ⊕ The "Mounties". The Commonwealth Mounted Police - a single, politically-independent universal police force working throughout the unity of mankind across all systems, worlds, cities and down to the smallest village. Remote isolated worlds that may be cut off from civilisation due to distance receive occasional reinforcements to bring the latest skills, knowledge, news and technology, plus enormous additional technology capability to reinforce and support any local police force. Many distant worlds will receive regular visits from "Mountie" reinforcement groups every few years, typically staying on a tour of duty lasting 3-5 years. They swap notes and experience with local police, they do NOT arrive as rescuers but as helpful colleagues sometimes leaving some of their force behind and rotating others from one world to join their tour and spread their experience until they return years later. This maintains a regular flow of people to and from any world and keeps the links to the outside universe alive for every world.
- ⊕ University Liners and the Universal Education, are a method of uniting and exchanging knowledge between many worlds. They bring the latest thoughts, arts, science, skills to remote world, they provide in-depth higher level education for local students and much more. They also act as transport liners for civilian passengers, traders, tourists on long Grand Tours of the outer fringes of civilization, and potential worker/colonists seeking a new, different or better life.

These three agencies work together creating escort and transport battle fleets under the shelter of the Navy in case of attack or, although it's never happened, rebellion. They are accompanied by huge flying/floating factory workshops/warehouses to haul the tools and machinery, the spares and supplies needed to keep a battle fleet and its companions alive and operational no matter how far they travel from humanity.

These ships include recreational parks, farms, hospitals and much more for support, disaster relief, repair and the good health of the crews, passengers, their families, and a few pets. Plus the ships' cats who allow us to transport them.

### **Enemies, Intruders & Other Threats.**

Spread so far and wide mankind faces a range of threats, although scientists and engineers are constantly working to increase the speed of ships and tighten the links between worlds by shortening the travel and communications distances (up to five months back to Earth).

Amongst the threats are the radical fanatics always trying to infiltrate a remote world and turn it into a fantasy utopia in the name of some god, economic ideology

or plain craziness. Most are filtered out before being allowed to become colonists but various ways are found to by-pass all but the most stringent filters.

Some High Corporations in some parts of Earth seek their own imperial power base by finding and colonising their own worlds or trying to subvert an existing one.

Outsider, space-faring colonists, some times try to influence a world in their favour. They live more piratical "free" lives away from mainstream civilisation but are becoming more and more isolated and disconnected with ever-increasing advances in human sciences of travel, mental health, war.

### **Crime, Causes & Effects**

Despite advances in human mental health, and improved living conditions humans will always find something to do to buck the system. This varies according to the planet, it's governance and distance from Earth.

Causes of crime come from the usual and some not so usual sources:-

- ◆ Poor upbringing in remote back-country districts when a family or child slips through the social safety nets.
- ◆ Advances in addictive drugs used to thrill people.
- ◆ Psychological manipulative methods used to "trick" the system and allow people to gain advances in society they wouldn't if not for the deceptions.
- ◆ Use of drugs, mental control techniques, data manipulations to alter people's behaviour and sabotage personal or business relationships - think more malicious "spoof" trickery than "spam" mail.
- ◆ Inexperience youth on their ancient and traditional anarchistic rampage when not supervised or allowed enough outlets due to a community's rapid frontier growth.
- ◆ Intolerance, hatred, and competition brought on by manipulative influences of large organisations, commercial or communal / religious, to increase the size of their "flock of sheep".
- ◆ Just ordinary people thrown out of their normal lives, whether by human sabotage or sudden disaster, a landslide, volcano or tsunami.
- ◆ The sudden arrival of a Fleet of ships dislocating thousands of lives, ambitions and more.
- ◆ Rogues, individuals, computer systems groups/gangs, out for their own agendas and domains no matter what the cost.
- ◆ Sex, it's always sex.
- ◆ And more.
- ◆ Not forgetting the rare instance of microbial and larger alien life on a world that hasn't been properly sterilised before colonisation. That can screw with your mind, the smallest creatures, shadow ghosts of lost worlds haunting the corners and niches not touched by the fire of human torches.

### **Tempo Of Future Life**

The advances in transport communication, in mobility and information exchange in news and information services and the artificial intelligence and firewalls to filter and present it all mean a vast increase in the speed of life. Police can investigate quicker, and criminals can move quicker, it's a race to success one way or another.

In contrast the release of pressures from an overpopulated, polluted and exhausted home world mean that many people can live calmer more prosperous lives if they wish and that reduces the stresses on day-to-day live.

The open frontier life does though throw up new opportunities for stress and crime as more opportunity exists for wealth, work, profit, personal growth and many race and compete for the dream of better life.

END

(Draft notes only, any errors and typos are to be expected.)

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