

REPUBLIC OF INFIDELS

Chapter #1: "The Remains"

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11th Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS - EARLY EVENING

AERIAL: A drifting view of the Himalayan Peaks. The familiar silhouette of Mount Everest.

Then, as the perspective moves south, the steep base of the mountain slopes disappear into lapping waves.

This is Himalaya Territory.

What once was land is now covered by ocean. It hugs the base of the Himalayas, creating jagged little inlets, choking off the lower elevations.

SUPER: Himalaya Territory - 2047

A colossal dam - **The Crown Dam** - is visible in the upper reaches of the mountains, curving between two spurs.

Hugging the slopes of the peninsula, city lights.

EXT. LOWER SLOPES

Loose shale slides down the side of the mountain. RACHEL KORI (25, Indian, Russian) slides down on her butt. She catches herself and flings herself behind a rock outcrop.

She's a mess - her torn gray Oxford hoodie is covered in bloodstains. There's blood on her hands, blood spray on her face.

A soldier, DEVERE (30s, black fatigues) pursues her.

He slides until he reaches her traces. He looks around, but can't see Rachel from where she is hiding. He tries not to make a noise as he searches for her.

The ledge Rachel clings to gives way. She slides down the mountain face until she comes to rest on a patch of more level ground.

The dust cloud hides her from view, but Devere tears after her. He stops, can't see her, and proceeds more carefully down the unstable rock face.

Rachel rolls, and lands on her hands and face. A small bird catches her eye through the encompassing dust- **a red-billed chough.**

It perches on something alien to the landscape- **a black antenna that rises three inches above the ground**. The sound of SLIDING ROCK scares it away, alerting Rachel.

She slides away as quickly as she can but falls again on her backside. The air clears, and suddenly Devere is there at the bottom of the incline five yards away.

Silently he beckons: come to him, but she shakes her head. Then she sees them- **dozens of the little black antennae**, sticking out of the ground at regular intervals.

Devere sees them. He takes a step back. His boot disturbs one of them. A tiny light flashes at the tip of the antenna. An electric HUM turns into a WHINE.

Rachel throws herself down. The **EXPLOSION** obliterates Devere. She is knocked back into a boulder, crumples, concussed.

As her vision fades, she sees the chough. It hops towards her, tilting its head inquisitively. She passes out. We leave her there, lying on her back, unconscious.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. THE CROWN DAM - DAWN

Rachel stands at the lip of the dam, staring down into the slowly lightening expanse. Distant city lights illuminate the slopes.

The dam faces south, and the sun breaks the east. The streaks of colour are a little too intense: hints of acid green and purple here and there.

She looks down. Her toes touch the edge. She seems calm, almost sedate, as she contemplates the drop. She wears the same Oxford hoody, but **it's clean and intact**, if frayed.

Her brother VIKRAM (27) approaches. There's something bookish and old-world about his dress and appearance. Twenty-five years ago he might've been a hipster.

He approaches her slowly. Rachel doesn't look up from her study.

RACHEL

I miss the watching the eagles from up here. The best hunters could take an antelope. After the antelope disappeared, the eagles were the first to die.

VIKRAM

Except the ones that learned to scavenge with the vultures.

RACHEL

I guess they wanted to live.

VIKRAM

So do you.

She finally looks at him.

RACHEL

You say that every year.

VIKRAM

I wouldn't have to if you'd find a different way to mark the occasion.

RACHEL

(heavily)

Seven years.

VIKRAM

Please, Rachel.

He holds out his hand, pleading. After a long, long beat, she takes it. He breathes a sigh of relief.

He pulls gently on her hand, urging her away from the edge. She turns to follow -- then stops, pulling his hand to get his attention. She looks out at the brightening sea.

RACHEL

Vikram, wait.

VIKRAM

What is it?

RACHEL

A ship.

VIKRAM

It's probably another salvage.

She shakes her head. Something is different about her expression. Curiosity.

RACHEL

Come look.

Vikram looks too. He looks closer. Then he looks at his sister. He too is stunned.

EXT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - MORNING

Vikram and Rachel make their way up a long path cut out the mountain face towards a towering black stone building.

This is the ancient Black Monastery, beautiful, imposing and built for discomfort. Ornate columns are carved directly into the reaching southwest spur of the mountain.

Rachel looks up at the monastery, which is too large and too high up the rock face for comfort. It is both intricate and intimidating.

EXT. BLACK MONASTERY - VERANDA - MORNING

NADIA KORI (50s, Russian) sits erect in an old rattan chair, looking south east towards the dam. She has dark hair streaked with grey, and her aspect is patrician.

From her perspective, the curving eastern edge of the dam is visible, but her eyes scan the causeway cut into mountain face, leading to the monastery.

Mist obscures part of the view, not yet dissipated by the warming sun.

RADHESH KORI (50s, Indian) comes from behind her, two cups of steaming tea in his hand. He hands one to his wife, squeezing her shoulder in a comforting way.

He also has the appearance of premature age, but is also dignified. This is a couple who has fallen from a lofty height, but still somehow managed to remain elevated.

RADHESH

There they are.

In the middle distance, walking the causeway, are Vikram and Rachel. They walk in single file, Rachel hunched under her hood, hiding her face.

Nadia watches them approach, observes her son reach out to his younger sister, take her hand. Rachel hesitates, looks out at the water -- then follows. Nadia lets out a breath.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - KITCHEN/DINING AREA

Radhesh prepares breakfast, bustling a little excessively with the chipped bowls. It's nothing fancy - oats - but he makes a show of it.

As his slightly damp children saunter in. Nadia watches them carefully from one of the table, keeping a side eye on Rachel.

But Rachel, suddenly animated, goes straight for the countertop and grabs a bowl from her father. She goes over to the window, eating as she looks out.

This is clearly not normal procedure. Nadia glances at Vikram for explanation. He smiles, and walks towards the veranda.

NADIA
What's going on?

VIKRAM
(to Rachel)
You should tell them.

Rachel does not stop eating, and doesn't turn her gaze -- she frowns out at the view.

RACHEL
(mouth slightly full)
--Ship.

Nadia turns around in her chair.

NADIA
(bone dry)
I beg your pardon.

Radhesh looks to his son. Vikram gives him a small nod, and beckons him. Radhesh drifts towards the window.

NADIA (cont'd)
(to Vikram)
It's probably--

RADHESH
Nadia.

Frowning, she gets up and goes to the window, and looks out.

INSERT: The ship, distant but shining. Something distinctly military about it - it has a tall bridge tower.

NADIA

My god.

Vikram backs away from the window, catches Rachel's eye. She sets her bowl on an end table.

RADHESH

Where have they been all this time?

Vikram looks directly at his sister, introspective. Why are they here now?

EXT. THE CRADLE - SHELL TOWN - DAY

A large military personnel truck drives fast through an incredibly filthy, impoverished slum that clings to steep, furrowed hills.

It speeds along one elevated main road, clearly built prior to this settlement. It cuts north-south straight through the slopes.

Narrow irregular alleys make up the crossroads, running east-west. A thin strand separates the sharp elevation from the surf.

It looks like a cross between Liberian slum and a Shanghai shipping container village, with Porto-esque alleys, both narrow and steep.

This is **the Cradle** - the newest, largest, and last of all urban human habitation.

The "nicer" homes are made from welded together cargo containers, secured to the steep grade by networks of guy-wires.

The worst are just shacks or boards cobbled together and piled on top of each other. There are sick and starving people everywhere.

The destitute people who are mobile enough take cover when the truck passes.

EXT. THE CRADLE - THE MARKET DISTRICT - DAY

This area is more orderly, with sales stands and blankets manned by healthier, though still ragged looking people. The truck trundles through.

Everything is for sale - cans of food, books, weapons, scrap, radio and electronic parts, anything and everything.

Each seller's personal condition is reflected by the value of their wares. There are also open workshops where craftspeople repair and build electronics and goods.

These people also look apprehensively on the passing truck, but they don't cower, but business freezes. They follow it with their eyes, then avert them.

EXT. NORTH BARRACKS

The truck fishtails and makes its way towards a leveled complex, including large squat building, a modern cement construction that resembles a colonial armory.

It has four corner towers, gun emplacements, and ramparts around its borders. It stands about four storeys high.

Behind it in the middle distance rises a switchback road cut into the side of the mountain. Close to that, partially obscured, a corner of the dam.

The truck goes through the gates into a large yard, which contains a few more trucks. It comes to a stop.

Two men, TYREK (30s) and our friend Devere get out from the drivers and passenger's side respectively.

These men are uniformed in the same black fatigues, and are armed with pistols, knives and other weapons.

On their shoulders, they bear **rank stripes, a patch with Russian A and G, and below, a patch depicting a vulture skull.**

These are the insignia of the **Lammergeiers** - an elite paramilitary that appears to be extremely well resourced when compared to the squalor and degradation of others.

Another small group of Lammergeiers stands in the shade of the building.

Easily the most impressive of them is SERGEI VETROV (28). Unlike the others, he wears a black commando sweater, and his insignia includes commander stripes.

Six feet in height, with white blonde hair, he's all heavy muscle and grace, built like he trained at the Bolshoi when he wasn't doing knuckle pushups on concrete.

He cleans his nails with a large knife, seemingly disinterested in the truck's arrival. Everyone waits on him while he finishes this task.

He lowers the blade and moves forward. Devere approaches him but Sergei cuts him off with a hand before he can speak. He gestures instead to the truck.

They haul a prisoner, a TATTOOED MAN (40s) out of the truck and throw him on his face. His whole body is tattooed, he's strong, but bloodied.

Sergei puts one boot on his shoulder and shoves him over. He looks down at the man, and shakes his head in mock pity.

SERGEI

(softly)

You should've put up a better fight,
after what I did to them.

The Tattooed Man, his eyes red from pain and rage, comes alive suddenly and lunges for Sergei's legs. Sergei steps aside gracefully.

The man staggers to his feet. He tries to take a step towards him, but he's on his last legs. Sergei approaches him, leans in close, as though he's going to speak into his ear. He smiles.

The man tries to speak, but his words turn into blood. Sergei gracefully pulls the knife out of him as he falls to his knees, collapses, and bleeds out.

Sergei looks to Devere, now inviting him to approach with his news. He speaks into his ear. Sergei looks at him: **speaking sense, man.**

INT. NORTH BARRACKS

Sergei, followed by Devere and Tyrek, head up the stairwell.

EXT. NORTH BARRACKS - ROOF

Sergei heads for the southern wall. He stares out at the ship. He looks at the closest guard, in the tower to his right. He whistles.

The guard approaches, tosses him a pair of binoculars. Sergei raises them.

INSERT: An aircraft carrier of huge size. Too far to see the colours or markings, but still close to be recognizable.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - LIVING AREA - DAY

INSERT: The binoculars lower from the view.

Rachel lowers the binoculars, and contemplates the silver dot out to sea.

Nadia sits at the couch while Radhesh sits at the table, looking tense.

RADHESH

Can you see any markings? Insignia?

Rachel shakes her head and puts the binoculars down on the table.

NADIA

We need to find out how they survived out there for so long.

Rachel shows her silent agreement. She moves to sit down when Vikram and Sergei arrive, stopping her cold.

Sergei's eyes immediately go to Rachel.

BEGIN
FLASHBACK:

EXT. CROWN DAM APPROACH - DAY

It's a beautiful day on the mountain, with massive rhododendron trees peeking up from gullies.

RACHEL (10) watches Radhesh and Sergei's father MIKHAIL (50s) change a tire on their Landrover. Behind, a long convoy of heavy construction machinery.

She turns away and crests the hill.

SERGEI (13) and VIKRAM (12) stand close to a wake of vultures. Sergei amuses himself by flinging stones at them. Vikram looks on, a stone in the hand by his side.

Rachel beelines for Sergei, and shoves him. He takes a step back to catch himself. He looks at her in confusion.

RACHEL
Stop it.

SERGEI
(blank)
Why?

RACHEL
They're not hurting you.

The older boy just looks at her, like he's trying to place her show of emotion. She glares at her brother, then turns away. Vikram follows her up the slope, leaving Sergei behind.

INT. LANDROVER - DAY

Rachel and Vikram sit in silence in the back as the vehicle jounces them around.

RACHEL
Why were you doing that?

VIKRAM
Doing what?

He takes the stone from his pocket - it has a white band of quartz through it. He tips into her hand. She closes her hand over it.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - LIVING AREA - DAY

Rachel turns her annoyance on Vikram. He frowns at her: **don't make a scene.**

RADHESH
Sergei. It's been some time since we've seen you.

NADIA

But we've certainly heard about you.
More every day, it seems.

He smiles benignly at her, taking in his surroundings.

SERGEI

You shouldn't be concerned about
rumours, Mrs. Kori.

Nadia looks at him coldly. Rachel moves closer to the veranda door, arms crossed around herself protectively.

Nadia rises from her seat, and looks directly at Sergei, utterly without fear. He ducks his head respectfully, but his smile matches her frown for coldness.

NADIA

I expect my son has brought you here
for a reason.

VIKRAM

Yes.

Vikram gestures.

Sergei holds Nadia's gaze for a beat. Then pulls out a dented, battered looking iPad and holds it up before setting it on the table.

SERGEI

My father collected these American
military magazines as far back as I
remember. He kept them on here.

He activates the slightly cracked screen, then sets it to show a jittery, but none-the-less watchable hologram.

It shows a vessel, the aircraft carrier we've seen. It's now clear: it's a US carrier, **hull number CVN - 90, "The Loretta P. Walsh"**

HOLOGRAM

(scratchy female
voice)

The Obama-class aircraft carrier has been designed to meet the US Navy's new family-deployment mandate and is the first naval vessel equipped with IBM's gesture-controlled **Neurocommand technology.**

(MORE)

HOLOGRAM (cont'd)
 The first O-Class carrier, the
Loretta P. Walsh, is currently under
 construction and is scheduled to
 launch this coming fall.

Radhesh taps the iPad, freezing the image and silencing the
 voice.

RADHESH
 We need to meet with them.

SERGEI
 I agree. I'll provide security.

NADIA
 That's thoughtful of you.

VIKRAM
 Mother. We don't have an alternative.

NADIA
 Ashram's team should be perfectly
 adequate.

VIKRAM
 We can't know that.

Rachel, incensed, steps outside.

EXT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - VERANDA - DAY

Rachel stands and looks out at the ship, now much larger.
 The DOOR OPENS behind her, but she doesn't turn around.

RACHEL
 I can't believe you brought him here.

SERGEI
 Admit it.

She tenses as she realizes it's Sergei, not Vikram.

BEGIN
 FLASHBACK:

INT. BARRACKS - SERGEI'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sergei and Rachel, intimately close to each other, lit by
 unnatural green light.

Rachel recollects in **lightning quick flashes**:

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Sergei's hand, fingers brushing over her throat.
- Sergei's mouth whispering something into her ear.
- Rachel looks up at him, expression desperate.
- Sergei thumbs away her a tear from her cheek. He sucks it from the end of his thumb. He smiles wolfishly.

END FLASHBACK.

SERGEI

You missed me.

Rachel balls up her fists. He looks her up and down, takes in her lank hair, her holey Oxford hoodie.

SERGEI (cont'd)

You look tired, Rakhila.

RACHEL

Don't call me that.

Behind him through the plate glass she can see her parents and Vikram arguing. Sergei follows her gaze, then looks back to her.

SERGEI

(Russian, subtitled)

It's been two years since we last saw each other.

RACHEL

(Russian, subtitled)

No reason to break with tradition.

She turns away to go inside -- he catches her hand.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Let go of me.

SERGEI

Don't you think I've tried?

She glares at him, but doesn't withdraw her hand.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Look out there. Your tradition ends today.

He tilts his head. Something in his playful expression slips, turning to naked hunger. She yanks back her hand, sneers and goes to the door, stepping back inside.

He turns and contemplates the ship, in a good mood.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - LIVING AREA - DAY

Rachel approaches the table.

RADHESH

I understand your concerns, Vikram, but I agree with your mother. It will change things forever if we become associated with him.

NADIA

Thank you, Radhesh.

VIKRAM

Without his cover, we go without protection. We'll be completely vulnerable. While we don't know their dispositions, they have the initiative.

RACHEL

We don't have a choice.

They look at her. They fall silent as she approaches.

NADIA

My darling, listen to me --

RACHEL

All of us, all together...it's too great an opportunity. If we don't go, then Sergei gets to decide how he'll deal with these people. And if it comes to shooting, at least he and his men will get shot first.

Nadia contemplates her daughter. Then she stands.

NADIA

All right. But I want to make radio contact first. I don't want to go in blind. Vikram, come with me so we can discuss security arrangements.

He and Nadia leave. Rachel goes to her father's seat. They watch through the plate glass as Sergei drops into a chair and props his boots up on the table.

RADHESH

His father was such a good man. I'll never understand it.

EXT. THE WALSH - FLIGHT DECK - AFTERNOON

HUDSON FORD (34) plays soccer with a group of Marines. He's average height, fit, a mix of southern creole and Crow Indian. He wears a sweaty Navy t-shirt and he's given to smile easily.

One of the other players kicks the ball off the deck. Hudson jogs to the edge, where the **disappeared ball suddenly reappears - a fully 5-sense interactive illusion.**

It makes a distinctive soccer ball "thwack" as he bounces it off the tarmac and rejoins the game.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE

DELAWARE FORD (36) lounges in the captain's chair. He wears a khaki uniform, with captain's stripes and a few insignia that appear to be Native American in design.

Like Hudson, he is distinctly mixed, though taller. Unlike Hudson, he has a slow simmering stillness which makes him appear both relaxed, but prepared for altercation.

Also on the bridge are Marine Lieutenant SADIE GOSSETT (25) and Marine MAJOR JULIA ORTEZ (50s).

They're idle, not really watching the controls, but looking out at the mountain coastline.

Delaware gets up, and goes to the floor to ceiling 260 degree windows. He looks out. Hudson is about to take a penalty kick at the goal.

INTERCUT:

EXT. THE WALSH - FLIGHT DECK

Hudson makes the kick -- it soars into the air towards the goalie -- they're about to miss--

On the bridge, Delaware makes a gesture with his hand, his fingers cutting the air. **Glowing, pale orange light strands trail after his fingers, like pixelated anemones.**

Out on the deck, the ball **dissolves** in a puff of the same glow before it can hit the net. Hudson gestures in frustration and disbelief while the Marines point and laugh.

Delaware almost grins to himself. Gossett covers her mouth, trying not to laugh. Ortez catches his eye, arching one judgmental brow. He smiles at her, a quick show of warmth.

ORTEZ

You ready, Captain?

He takes his smile with him as he exits the bridge.

INT. CORRIDOR

Hudson, now with a fresh shirt, wet hair and towel over his neck, approaches Delaware from behind. He pulls the towel from around his neck.

HUDSON

Hey, asshole.

Delaware turns -- just in time to dodge as Hudson snaps the towel at him. Delaware grins, cracks his knuckles.

DELAWARE

You wanna do this here?

They both have marked Louisiana accents, though Delaware's has more recoil.

Hudson chucks the towel and beckons: come at me, bro.

They grapple, and then Delaware gets the upper hand, and pins Hudson's arm behind him.

Hudson grouses, notices a couple of sailors passing at the end of the corridor grinning at this display. He gives up, and taps out against the wall.

Delaware lets him go. Hudson rolls his shoulder and looks resentfully at his older brother.

Delaware straightens, assumes a more solemn expression, and glances at the sailors, who have lingered to watch. **He raises his eyebrows at them.** They hurry on.

Hudson looks at him, now concerned. He picks up the towel.

HUDSON
You've heard back.

Delaware looks at him, equally concerned, but also anxious, and a little sad. They start walking.

DELAWARE
They agreed to discuss it, but only in person.

HUDSON
You don't like it.

DELAWARE
I don't like any of it.

Hudson puts a hand on his shoulder.

HUDSON
I promise I'll find out what happened.

Delaware holds up a hand -- a hand with a **wedding band** on it.

DELAWARE
You're not going to put yourself in danger just to confirm what we already know.

HUDSON
You know, you can send someone else. Ortez, Schick. Someone from the River, even.

They stop, and look at each other.

DELAWARE
But I can't really do that, can I?

HUDSON
(sad smile)
No.

They hold each other's gaze for a beat, then walk on.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rachel sits alone on her bed in her cluttered room, staring into the middle distance. Surrounding her are medical textbooks, and tattered posters of Nirvana and other grunge bands.

Nadia knocks twice at the half open door, and enters the room. She looks her daughter up and down. She looks as unmade as her bed.

NADIA
You're a mess.

Rachel smiles weakly. Nadia goes over to the chest of drawers and grabs a brush, and an armload of clean, presentable clothes.

Nadia nudges Rachel off the bed. Rachel looks at her -- **do I have to?** Nadia nods. Rachel goes to sit in an old Jefferson desk chair, which faces a dusty floor length mirror.

Nadia drops the clothes on the bed, goes around behind Rachel and begins to work the knots out of her long black hair, brushing it until it shines.

NADIA (cont'd)
Dorogaya Rakhila. Where have you been?

Rachel shrugs, but it's clear she's soothed by the attention.

NADIA (cont'd)
Do you think you might stay with us for another year?

Rachel looks at herself, and her mother in the reflection. Nadia kisses the top of her head, eyes full of sadness.

INT. PERSONNEL TRUCK - EVENING

Rachel, hair now braided and dressed in a neat black knit top and jeans, sits up front with Vikram, and a Lammergeier driver.

Rachel looks out, watching the people withdraw resentfully. They forget their arguments and amusements, and flee for cover. She leans back away from the window.

RACHEL
I hate being seen like this.

VIKRAM
We're not flush for options. Ashram's not enough to protect all of us from anyone who has a grievance. And they all have a grievance.

Rachel looks over at him resentfully.

RACHEL
And why is that?

EXT. THE CRADLE - DOCKS - EVENING

Three personnel trucks in total pull up to the docks, and disgorge at least 30 Lammergeiers, armed with assault rifles.

Sergei gets down from one of the truck cabs. Nadia and Radhesh, and Rachel and Vikram from the others. Sergei gestures, and a set of four Lammergeiers approach.

He snaps his fingers and points down, as though to a dog: **stay.**

They salute, and go at-ease. At a nod from him, four of them break ranks, and follow.

The Kori family walks towards the docks, tailed by the four soldiers. Sergei sidles up to Rachel.

SERGEI
Don't you like what I've done with
the place?

She studiously ignores him. He grins, then moves back to walk with Vikram.

SERGEI (cont'd)
One day...

VIKRAM
One day she'll cut you up for lab
specimens.

SERGEI
If she wants my specimen, all she has
to do is ask.

Vikram grabs his shoulder.

VIKRAM
This isn't a joke.

Sergei casually shrugs off his grip. Nothing about Vikram fazes him.

SERGEI

Don't worry. Of course I'll keep her safe. She's family.

VIKRAM

Don't use words you don't understand.

INT. MARK 8 PATROL BOAT

The sizable, well armed boat approaches the docks.

Delaware and Hudson, now very well groomed, wear their green camouflage Navy uniforms. A group of ten Marines fill the patrol boat with them. One pilots it towards the docks.

DELAWARE

I make it twenty six, less the four body guards.

HUDSON

Plus one commander. Must be Vetrov. Lots of chatter. 100 percent negative mention.

DELAWARE

Looks chummy, doesn't he.

EXT. THE CRADLE - DOCKS

Four Marines exit the patrol boat on to the dock, and stand at attention. They part neatly for the Ford brothers, and salute.

Sergei stands at some remove from the family, watching Rachel as Nadia approaches and holds out her hand to Delaware.

NADIA

Captain Ford.

He shakes it, his expression difficult to read. She offers it then to Hudson.

DELAWARE

Ma'am.

NADIA

Commander.

HUDSON

Just Dr. Ford is fine, Mrs. Kori.
It's a pleasure to meet you.

NADIA

My husband, Radhesh. My children,
Vikram and Rachel.

Delaware turns his attention to Sergei.

DELAWARE

And you are?

SERGEI

Just a friend of the family.

DELAWARE

A friend in what particular?

RACHEL

No particular.

Delaware turns his attention to Rachel. She just stares right back at him in suspicious dislike. Nadia steps forward.

NADIA

We spoke about an exchange. A demonstration of good will. And an opportunity for each of us to become better acquainted with the facts.

Hudson moves forward.

HUDSON

I would be honoured to be your guest in that capacity, ma'am.

Delaware, meanwhile, looks over the family as though selecting a victim. He looks at Rachel, singling her out as the weak one.

Sergei's face turns flat murderous when he sees this. But Vikram steps forward. Rachel turns to stare at her brother, sudden dawning on her face.

VIKRAM

I would be happy to answer any questions you might have about the situation here, Captain Ford.

Delaware nods, satisfied but not particularly interested. Radhesh puts a hand on Rachel's shoulder, warning her not to speak.

Delaware goes to his brother. They grasp each other's forearms, and embrace.

They don't say anything, but exchange their sentiments in silence. Delaware almost speaks -- but Hudson just smiles. **They know what they'd say.**

Rachel pushes her father's hand off her shoulder and pulls Vikram aside.

RACHEL

Are you out of your mind?

VIKRAM

Everything will be all right. Trust me.

He kisses her forehead. She fights tears, not quite succeeding. Vikram follows Delaware to the patrol boat. He makes a show of being primitively intrigued by the vessel.

Hudson watches Rachel, noting her extreme distress at this, taking the opportunity to get a long look at her.

Rachel watches the boat sail away back towards the distant ship. She turns and walks back toward the trucks, fists clenched. Scenting her pain, Sergei follows.

Hudson follows Nadia and Radhesh towards one truck, then hesitates, looking after Rachel. He motions that he'll be right back. Nadia and Radhesh look at each other, and smile.

EXT. BETWEEN TRUCKS - EVENING

Rachel stands, arms crossed, looking up at Sergei as he leans over her.

SERGEI

You think you can trust him? Don't be a fool.

RACHEL

Oh, like I trust you.

She turns to go but he grabs her shoulder and pulls her back, just this side of gentle. He turns her to face him.

SERGEI

You know I would never hurt you.

She pulls out of his grip.

RACHEL

If you ever touch me again, I will
flay you living.

Sergei smiles, bends closer, bringing his mouth close to her ear.

SERGEI

(whispers)

You always know what to say to get me
hard.

She shoves him back against the truck, and he grins at her. Then they both notice Hudson standing nearby - it's clear he's been there this whole time.

HUDSON

Hope I'm not interrupting.

Rachel walks off without another word. Sergei says nothing, only smiles a nasty smile, and heads to the passenger side of the truck cab.

EXT. THE CRADLE - MARKET DISTRICT - NIGHT

Rachel stands alone in the open space, looking out at the ship. Hudson comes up beside her.

HUDSON

What do you know about flaying
someone living?

A beat. She evaluates him.

RACHEL

(abruptly)

In classical depictions the victim is
inverted before the procedure, in
order to maximize the blood flow to
the head, and keep the victim
conscious for as long as possible.

He considers her in turn. Then he looks back in the direction of the trucks.

HUDSON

How long has that been going on?

Rachel does not want to disclose this painful information. She lets out a held, tense breath.

RACHEL
Fifteen years.

HUDSON
Fifteen.

RACHEL
Forty five days, twenty seven hours,
three minutes and 34 seconds...give
or take.

He looks at her for a moment, taking this in.

HUDSON
Is there anything I can do?

Rachel just gives him a ironic look, and walks away towards her parents, who wait a stone's throw away.

EXT. THE ACADEMY - NIGHT

Nadia, Radhesh, Rachel and Hudson make their way through the more-or-less deserted thoroughfare in the direction of squat cement building, surrounded by high chain link gates.

Behind them, one of the trucks follows slowly.

In spite of its stature, it somehow still manages to be a friendly building, with pillars decorated with chalk, and prayer flags.

NADIA
(to Hudson)
I wanted you to see this before I
left you for the evening.

HUDSON
You aren't returning with us, Mrs.
Kori?

RADHESH
My wife conducts seminars in the
evening. This was intended to be a
pumping station, but...well.

HUDSON
Well?

RADHESH

Needs must.

Nadia keys in to a keypad and opens the door, pulling it all the way back to the chain link, and securing it. Rachel hangs back slightly as she watches.

NADIA

(to Hudson)

Reading and writing, mainly. Maths for some of the older students. But education is a poor substitute for food in the belly.

They go into the complex.

INT. ACADEMY

ERIC ASHRAM (50s) sits just inside on a chair, reading an old worn book.

He wears a friendlier short sleeved version of the Lammergeier uniform - the patch on his arm a Cyrillic ASC, showing a faded embroidered pine tree and mountain peak.

He wears a t-shirt under his uniform, and looks for all the world like an ordinary security guard.

The room is sunken like a shallow amphitheater, with what appear to be sealed off pipes welded flush with the walls. A chalk board stands in the middle of it, surrounded by desks.

Ashram rises as the family and Hudson enters.

ASHRAM

You're early.

He looks at Hudson, the newcomer, tilts his head. Nadia touches his elbow.

NADIA

I'll explain later, sergeant. Would you mind?

Ashram nods, and ducks out.

NADIA (cont'd)

Sergeant Ashram's one of our old friends.

Hudson looks around after Ashram. Then he glances at Radhesh questioningly.

RADHESH

He's a good man. His team is small, but they've been with us since the beginning.

Nadia goes down to the chalk board and begins to wipe it clean.

Children begin to trickle in, many of them undersized and scabby, but not yet starved enough to really feel it. They're still pitiable as they take their seats.

They look on Nadia with a hunger of a different kind -- a hunger for a break in the monotony of their reduced circumstances.

Rachel watches this, her face closed, not sure how she feels about it. **A little girl, ANGELICA (10), blonde with gigantic blue eyes, turns and looks at her** -- then turns away.

Hudson watches as Nadia begins to chalk the lesson on to the board, covering his mouth. It's clear that this display touches him, and that the state of these kids hurts him.

Radhesh quietly touches his elbow -- time to leave. The children stare at them curiously as they go.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Ashram leads them towards a different personnel truck - this one marked ASC, with a logo matching his arm patch.

Rachel approaches from the outside, but Radhesh motions -- you're in the back. She stomps off. Hudson, bemused, follows.

INT. TRUCK - BACK

Rachel gets in the back, and sits on the bench hugging herself. Hudson follows, sitting opposite.

As they get underway, Hudson pulls open the canvas and looks out at the passing scene.

INSERT: Near the market square and the harbour, dwellings are mostly containers welded and tied together. People look out windows, curious but afraid.

Outside, people sleep on the street under what they can find.

Hudson looks at Rachel.

HUDSON
Is it radiation?

Rachel sighs, waits a beat to answer.

RACHEL
That and scarcity, mostly. There just isn't enough of anything. Half the population has cancer.

HUDSON
And your family...your father built the dam. That's why you've been able to...

RACHEL
(ironic)
Yes, we're very privileged.

INSERT: Rachel looks out at the trucks following, full of armed soldiers.

HUDSON
And Sergei Vetrov commands the security team.

Rachel laughs softly.

HUDSON (cont'd)
Something amusing?

RACHEL
Crown Hydro hired the Alpine Security Company to protect the works. Sergei took over when his father died.

HUDSON
And changed the mandate.

RACHEL
They call themselves the "Alpine Guard", but the people who live in the Cradle call them the Lammergeiers.

HUDSON
What is a Lammergeier?

Rachel doesn't answer. He'll see.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIG - GENPOP - NIGHT

Vikram wanders through the open general population cell with its bunks and lockers, looking around with interest. Ortez is nearby, but not hovering.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIG - HALLWAY

He walks out, and turns down the narrow hallway that leads towards the isolation cells.

VIKRAM

I don't imagine these get a lot of use.

Ortez lingers at the end of the hallway.

ORTEZ

I avoid coming down here, if I can.

VIKRAM

Claustrophobic, major?

He goes to the last cell, and looks into it. The walls are painted a muted greyish pink.

ORTEZ

It's the colour of the walls. Gives me a headache.

Vikram indicates the cell.

VIKRAM

May I?

ORTEZ

May I ask why?

Vikram shrugs.

VIKRAM

Among the many things lost to me was the opportunity to experience consequences for my...delinquent behavior.

Ortez looks him up and down. Even in this ragged new world, he's too preppy to fit the bill.

ORTEZ

Delinquent behaviour, sir?

VIKRAM

That's my point, I never got around to it.

She walks up to the door, keycards it. It opens. She pulls back the door, and he noses his way in.

ORTEZ

I'll be outside.

She turns her back and walks a few steps back up the hall.

Vikram glances at her. Then he goes to the narrow bunk. He sits on it, testing it. He leans out, just slightly to check -- she's out of sight.

He lays back on it, hands on his chest, and absorbing every sparse detail.

INT. THE WALSH - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Vikram makes his way up the stairs leading from below into the night air. Ortez, he notices, appears to be smoking a cigar.

She looks out at the rough mountain valleys, their climbing spiderweb of lights, and flicks an ash from the cigar.

Vikram follows the progress of the ash - **and notices it disintegrate in midair, in a little orange glow of pixels.**

She notices him looking, and smiles.

ORTEZ

Would you like one, Mr. Kori?

VIKRAM

Not much of a smoker, I'm afraid.

She smiles, ashes the cigar again, then tosses it out to sea. It vanishes in a little ripple of glowing orange pixels. Vikram stares in unblinking fascination.

He looks to Ortez for an explanation. She blows smoke -- which also glows, pixelates and vanishes.

ORTEZ

Captain Ford will explain. He should be finished with his meeting presently.

INT. CAPTAIN'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Vikram is shown into the dim room. He alone in the space, which is pleasant but utilitarian, luxurious only by its spaciousness.

There are couches, and a coffee table, but it does not feel like a living space.

As Vikram moves forward at a leisurely pace, the lights slowly come up.

Empty picture frames on the wall flicker -- and fill with perfect, tactile looking photographs, gently illuminated. Some of them show a slow slideshow, some remain static.

These catch his eye. He slips around the coffee table, and approaches the wall, hands folded behind his back like he's examining the wall of an art gallery.

He passes over each image - Delaware, Hudson, family, strangers - and pauses at one.

INSERT: A U of Hawaii Faculty of Medicine graduation photo - class of 2036.

Hudson is visible close to the middle front. Next to him, a beautiful **Hawaiian woman wearing a lei over her black robe.** Vikram marks her.

DELAWARE (O.S.)

I apologize. My briefing ran longer than expected.

Vikram glances over at Delaware, who stands by the entrance, unsmiling.

VIKRAM

Not necessary. This is your ship. I'm just your guest.

Delaware looks hard at Vikram for a beat, not sure what to make of him. He walks over to the wall, and looks at the photos. His eyes flicker to the U of Hawaii one, too.

DELAWARE

You're not what I expected, Mr. Kori.

VIKRAM

You were expecting the spoiled son of a despot.

DELAWARE
About the size of it, yes.

VIKRAM
Does my family strike you as
despotic?

DELAWARE
I imagine I'll find out when my
brother reports back.

Vikram holds his gaze. Then indicates the **woman in the class photo.**

VIKRAM
I don't know her.

Delaware looks at it -- at **Rhiannon**, his wife -- and then looks down, as though the glance were casual. Unspoken question answered.

VIKRAM (cont'd)
But I've seen her.

Delaware looks up. A small fracture in his mask of command.

DELAWARE
When?

VIKRAM
Seven years ago. Almost exactly.

Delaware's face hardens as he forces the grief down. He doesn't try to hide it -- but he doesn't want to confide it, either.

Vikram gives him a look of quiet pity. He notes the wedding band on Delaware's finger as Delaware gestures -- the photos all go dark. The characteristic NCOM pixel glow follows his hand.

VIKRAM (cont'd)
Forgive me...Major Ortez said you
would explain--

He indicates his own hand.

Delaware relaxes a little, grateful for the change of topic.

DELAWARE
Yes, of course. It's called the
Neurocommand. We just call it the
NCOM.

Vikram puts on his naive face, pretending this is news to him.

VIKRAM

I read something about it at the time it was being developed. It was being used for virtual control of prosthetic limbs. Therapeutic situational programming. Fully immersive.

Delaware stares at him for a long beat.

DELAWARE

You want me to give you access to it.

VIKRAM

I might be able to...assist.

DELAWARE

Son, I think you are overestimating yourself. It's not like playing a file on a hard drive. No human memory is that perfect.

VIKRAM

But in theory it could be done.

DELAWARE

With months of training, possibly.

Vikram evaluates Delaware, as though preparing to choose his words carefully.

VIKRAM

Captain Ford, if I gave you a verbal account of that woman's fate, would it be enough to satisfy you?

This gives Delaware pause.

DELAWARE

No.

VIKRAM

I do remember her. But perhaps it would be cruel to subject you to my nightmares.

Delaware looks at him for a long, heavy moment.

DELAWARE

We all have nightmares.

They stare at each other for a long beat. Then Delaware gestures, using the NCOM to give Vikram a clearance.

INSERT: Floating text in a box - ARCHIVAL CLEARANCE

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE CRADLE STRAND - MORNING

Delaware follows alongside Vikram as he picks his way over the steep new beachhead.

Radhesh, Mikhail and Sergei work with the Alpine Security team to assist refugees, and move washed ashore bodies.

Delaware looks out. There are hundreds of corpses in the water, many of them not yet bloated, but atop floating refuse they died clinging to.

There are also living people trying to make their way towards the land, on makeshift rafts or small boats.

Vikram stops. He looks at Delaware, who is **astonished by this level of detail**, and the horrible vista. He looks at Vikram with narrowed eyes, realizing he's been holding out.

VIKRAM

It's a form of hyperthymesia. My sister has it too, though it affects her in different ways.

DELAWARE

So you have what...perfect recall?

VIKRAM

Not exactly. It's more that living in the present is an act of constant discipline.

Vikram goes over and takes his place next to his father, watching as Sergei and Mikhail, both in the Alpine Security uniforms, lift a woman's body from a boat full of refugees.

Some of them are still alive, but more are dead, and the team lays them out. Vikram fits himself into the memory.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

(to Radhesh)

There'll be more survivors. At least for the next few days.

RADHESH
We can only hope.

Radhesh trudges over to Mikhail, and Vikram follows. He looks down at the woman's body. She has dark skin, and wears soggy blue scrubs.

Gently, Vikram lifts the woman's body with Radhesh, and pulls her dark hair from her face.

Rhiannon Ford. She almost looks asleep, but as she's lifted, her body's limpness belies her death.

Visible are distinctive silver earrings, and under her collar over her heart, a small tattoo -- a **Polynesian turtle**.

INSERT: A nametag reading DR. RHIANNON FORD

Behind him, Delaware makes a sound like the wind's been knocked out of him. Vikram looks around at him -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Delaware, sweating around the collar, holds his shaking hand up as though to indicate: **halt**. It glows for a second, then he lowers it.

Vikram looks at him, adopting a sympathetic expression.

VIKRAM
I'm afraid I've caused you more
grief, Captain Ford. I'm sorry.

Delaware holds up a dismissive hand, but it's clear he's still hurting.

VIKRAM (cont'd)
Would you prefer if I--

Delaware doesn't speak. He nods. Vikram ducks his head, and goes to the door.

DELAWARE
Mr. Kori.

Vikram stops, looks at him.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Thank you.

Vikram nods again, acknowledging him, and smiles to himself as he leaves, pleased with his night's work. Delaware's expression turns to stone.

INT. THE WALSH - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Delaware storms through the door, calling up an NCOM communication.

ORTEZ

(O.S., sleepily)

Captain?

DELAWARE

I want him off my ship, I want him off now. Call up the Koris, get Hudson back here. We are sailing the fuck away from this place as soon as he's back on board.

He closes the communication, and sits down on the edge of his bed, fighting back tears. He tears off his khaki shirt and undershirt, and looks at himself in the mirror.

There's a small Polynesian horse tattooed there. A clear match to the little turtle tattoo on Rhiannon's corpse.

Reminded of this, he knows there is **no way Vikram lied to him**. His shoulders heave as he covers his face.

INT. PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

The Mark 8 patrol boat heads towards land.

Vikram leans against the bulkhead as he looks back out at the ship. He's contemplative. He has a plan, and he's only just begun.

EXT. THE BLACK MONASTERY CAUSEWAY - NIGHT

Hudson follows, single file, behind Rachel, who follows behind her father as they navigate the approach.

It's been widened and reinforced, but Hudson moves carefully - the drop is intimidating.

He looks up as the monastery looms, only a few windows lit.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - HALLWAY

Hudson follows into the dim corridor. Radhesh beckons him on, and looks at Rachel.

RADHESH

I'm sure you're tired, Dr. Ford. Show
me to his room, won't you, Rachel.

Rachel says nothing but walks forward. Hudson shares a glance with Radhesh, who rolls his eyes, giving a little exasperated shake of the head.

Hudson turns and follows Rachel.

INT. ROOM

Rachel pushes the door open. The room is dark.

She reaches inside, finds a gas lantern, and turns it on, revealing a small room that was once a monk's cell. It has a narrow bed, a desk, a chair.

Hudson follows her in, and drops his pack on the bed. Rachel hangs the lamp on a hook where it hisses gently. She turns to go.

HUDSON

Rachel.

RACHEL

What?

HUDSON

I know it's none of my business--

RACHEL

It really isn't.

HUDSON

I'd like to -- if there's anything...

He holds his hands out - **help?**

RACHEL

Good night, doctor.

She leaves him there.

INT. VIKRAM'S ROOM

Rachel walks into Vikram's darkened bedroom. A stream of moonlight illuminates it.

It's different from the others - with unusually high ceilings, walls hung with **ten foot tall sliding blackboards**.

It has the feel of an old university lecture hall, but smaller. Whereas Rachel's room is a mess, Vikram's is dictated order.

There are intricate, exact drawings and diagrams on every available chalkboard surface. Rachel goes to look at them.

INSERT: List of all the regions of the Cradle, before and after the rising water.

INSERT: A diagram of the rising water's progress.

INSERT: A diagram of the earth's tilt

INSERT: A diagram of a massive satellite with the words ATMOSPHERIC REGIONFREE CLOUD - ARC emblazoned on the side, next to a nuclear warning symbol.

INSERT: Calculations amounting to 78,012.988 MTs, and diagrams depicting a change in the earth's axis as the result of deep impact penetration.

INSERT: An alphabetized list of names, underlined: Revelation, the Church of.

Rachel sits down at the edge of Vikram's perfectly made bed. She looks at around at the emptiness, puts her arms around herself and sniffs, trying to force down tears.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - KITCHEN/DINING AREA - NIGHT

Radhesh prepares dinner. Hudson arrives from his nap, dressed smartly. He looks around.

HUDSON

Just the two of us?

Radhesh turns around and puts a plate of rice and roast pigeon in front of Hudson.

RADHESH

I'm sure Rachel's sulking. She's hasn't been apart from Vikram, not since they were both at university.

Hudson considers, calculating in his head. Radhesh hands him a cup of tea, and they sit together.

HUDSON

They both must have been quite young.

RADHESH

Vikram finished his masters in diplomacy at Georgetown when he was seventeen.

HUDSON

And Rachel.

RADHESH

She was a semester from completing her pre-medical requirements at Oxford. She wanted to study general surgery.

Hudson pauses to consider this, putting it together. Surprised by this information.

HUDSON

How old...?

RADHESH

Sixteen. Understand, I am the least gifted member of my family, but as a result, I'm the also the most content. It hurts me to see my children so unhappy.

HUDSON

Maybe I can help.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE - DAWN

Delaware is alone, looking out at the brightening sky. He looks like he hasn't slept. He gestures, summons a communication screen.

DELAWARE

I sent Vikram back. Time to come home.

EXT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - VERANDA - DAWN

Hudson holds his walkie talkie, staring out at the beautiful, strangely green sunrise. He lifts it, depresses the button.

HUDSON

One more day.

INTERCUT WITH THE WALSH:

DELAWARE

What for?

HUDSON

Just...trust me. I need more time.

DELAWARE

One day. Then you come straight back.

Delaware closes the screen, and leans back in his seat, a headache visible on his face.

Hudson bends down and picks up a gym-sized bag with a medic symbol on it. He walks down the steps, purpose in his stride.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Rachel wanders in to the room to see her parents seated at the breakfast table, looking at her expectantly. She has circles under her eyes.

NADIA

Did you sleep at all last night?

RACHEL

(snide)

Where is the good Dr. Ford?

RADHESH

Rachel.

NADIA

He wants to meet you at the school house.

Rachel frowns.

RACHEL

What for?

Nadia, annoyed, takes her daughter by the elbow and leads her towards the door. Radhesh looks on with mild interest, then returns to his tea.

Nadia turns to Rachel.

NADIA

This has to stop. This isolation. You can't cut yourself off any longer or your spirit will starve.

RACHEL

Why bother? There's nothing left.

NADIA

We have an obligation to the society that remains, and I will be damned if I let you spend the rest of your days slowly degrading because you're still mourning for a dead past. You no longer have the luxury of deciding who benefits from your gifts. And you are wasting them.

Rachel bites her lip. She looks at her mother uncertainly. Nadia reaches out and touches her hair.

NADIA (cont'd)

Go.

She puts a small pear in Rachel's hand, and nudges her towards the door.

EXT. SCHOOL HOUSE - DAY

Rachel munches the remains of the pear as she picks her way through the neatly landscaped gravel paths.

Some short ways ahead of her, Hudson and ALI (40s) carry **something heavy**, wrapped in a tarp.

Rachel, stone confused now, follows their progress. She tosses the pear away, and trails after them.

INT. SCHOOL HOUSE

The friendly space has been transformed by the addition of several tarps. Dividers have all been pushed to one side of their railing.

Rachel wanders in, but lingers at the doorway to watch the proceeding.

A stainless steel table dominates the centre of the room. Hudson and Ali lift the heavy object on to the table, and carefully unwrap it.

Inside is the freshly dead body of a woman, MARI (60s) dressed in a white linen shift. They pull the tarp out from under her.

Hudson takes a step back, folding his hands behind his back and watching respectfully.

Ali straightens the woman's limbs and touches her face gently, smiling. He reached out and grasps Hudson's shoulder.

ALI
(in Nepali,
untranslated)
Thank you for doing me this service,
my friend.
(to Rachel,
translated)
I will return for her before sundown.

Rachel nods, still obviously confused. Ali leaves.

HUDSON
What did he say?

Rachel holds back a beat.

RACHEL
He said...he's grateful for your
service to him.

While this conversation continues, Hudson arranges his tools and supplies, taking special care with his black canvas roll of bright scalpels.

Around him are other pieces of equipment: **a large stock pot of boiling water on a stove, garden shears, tongs, wire, hacksaw, a bludgeon, and a blowtorch.**

Most ominously, an 8mm Glock.

On another desk is more medically conventional equipment, including bandages, tape, gauze, so on.

HUDSON
Your father introduced him as the
village undertaker, and he agreed to
provide me with a body. I wasn't
aware I was doing him a service.

RACHEL

This is his mother, Mari. I think he's relieved at not having to prepare her corpse himself.

HUDSON

I was explicit in my intentions. They aren't in the nature of ritual.

Rachel, for the first time, smiles broadly. She approaches the table, and looks down at the dead woman's face.

Gently she brushes a lock of grey-black hair away from her jaundiced forehead.

RACHEL

Have you ever seen a sky burial, Dr. Ford?

HUDSON

Can't say that I have.

RACHEL

If I guess your intentions rightly, this is the nature of the ritual. More or less.

She goes around the table to his side, and heads over to the little medical station he's set up. As though performing a ritual herself, she dons an apron and disinfects her hands.

Hudson watches her closely as she stands, breathing steadily, holding her hands away from her in the air to evaporate the alcohol.

He offers her a pair of vinyl exam gloves. She accepts them, slides them on with practiced ease, and approaches the corpse again.

RACHEL (cont'd)

I take it we're not performing a post mortem.

HUDSON

No. And there won't be much pathological scope in the present circumstance, so I'm keeping it practical. Fractures, burns, wounds, amputations.

He studies her to see if she can handle this. She smiles at him, a little sinister.

RACHEL
My favourite things.

He looks at her steadily, all seriousness, then grins as he turns away to grab a tool. Rachel looks down at the roll of scalpels, and selects one. She examines it.

INSERT: An inscription: "**Primum non nocere**".

RACHEL (cont'd)
(to herself)
First do no harm.

Hudson turns to her, scissors in hand. He nods to the body. Rachel rolls the scalpel between her fingers. He cuts a line down the linen shift, and lays Mari bare.

MONTAGE:

1. Rachel makes a Y-incision in the chest. Hudson trades her the scalpel for a pair of large hedge-clippers. With audible SNAPS, she snips through the ribs.

2. She pops the sternum out, and drops it into a bucket. Then follows the internals -- lungs, heart, liver, stomach, bowels.

3. Hudson uses the stout stick to break an arm, a leg, and the skull. Rachel looks on in fascination. Then he instructs her on setting the bones, feeling the skull for fractures.

4. Using the blowtorch, he burns the meaty part of the woman's thigh -- a first degree burn, then a second, then a third. Rachel follows his lecture on how to treat them.

5. Together they work to amputate a leg using hot wire. He shows her how to cauterize, and how to stitch the arteries. They are increasingly bloodied by this point.

6. He inflicts wounds on the woman's shoulder using the serrated hack saw, a standard pocket knife, and the scalpel. Then he oversees Rachel's stitching.

At this point, he stands back to allow her room, and in a **notebook embossed with the US Navy seal**, he appears to be taking notes.

7. Hudson takes up the gun. They put foam earplugs in.

Rachel watches Hudson load the gun and cock it, her gaze now more respectful, a little more than respectful.

He fires several SHOTS into corpse. Rachel jumps slightly at the first shot, but adjusts easily. Hudson does not jump at all. He is completely comfortable with his weapon.

8. Hudson shows Rachel how to perform an bullet extraction with forceps.

9. Lastly, he shows her how to perform the application of a tourniquet on the body's intact leg. His hands brush hers as he tightens the knots.

INT. SCHOOL HOUSE - EVENING

Hudson sweeps away flies from the pot full of internal organs, and pours them back to the body cavity.

RACHEL

Do you want me to stitch her back up?

HUDSON

I'll do it. Get cleaned up.

He begins stitching the Y-incision with catgut, using a lazy whip-stitch. Rachel cleans up, pulls off the apron, disinfects, but does all of this slowly.

She watches him -- **not his work, but him**. She waits for him to speak, but he remains focused on his task. He finishes quickly.

HUDSON (cont'd)

All right. Help me with this.

She approaches and helps him close up the tarp, running a cord through the eyelets, obscuring the body completely from view.

EXT. SKY BURIAL GROUNDS - DAWN

The slanting light illuminates the steep green slope. There are patches of oddly coloured moss, but no remains in sight.

A further hundred yards up the winding path, a small black temple is visible in the distance.

Ali and his two sons cart the wrapped body up the irregular path. Behind him follows his wife ZARAH (40s) and a pair of Buddhist monks, who shake goat hide rattles in time.

The entire Crown has turned out, and follows behind -- some thousand people. Rachel is joined by her parents.

Hudson walks behind her, his uniform and unfamiliarity drawing looks from everyone.

Hudson meanwhile notices the approach of the vultures, mainly Griffon Vultures but also **Lammergeiers**. They are golden, distinctive, intelligent looking.

The procession stops. With the help of his sons, Ali removes the bundle from the cart. They draw the cord out of the tarp's eyes, then step away, and back down the steps.

Zarah, a stately woman with a long veil of salt and black hair, steps forward. Working confidently, she rolls the tarp forward, then pulls it off the body.

One son takes it from her and bundles it away with the cart.

Hudson and Rachel look on as she holds her hand over it, apparently satisfied by its condition. She catches their eyes, and nods in gratitude.

She walks a respectful distance down the path. Then, turned away from them, towards the vultures, she begins to SING.

She sings a song in some dead language, **her voice like a cello**. The vultures rise to the sound -- it is a summons they have understood for generations.

They hop, flutter towards the body. The outnumbered Lammergeiers bully their way through the Griffon vultures. They investigate the body -- then swarm upon it.

They rip, tear, fight each other, and gulp down the torn flesh.

Zarah makes a small bow towards the birds, silently thanking them. Then she turns her back on the scene, and joins her family. They lead the rest of the villagers back down the path.

Nadia and Radhesh turn to go also, but not before Nadia squeezes Rachel's shoulder. She then gives Hudson a pointed look. They move off.

Rachel looks to Hudson. He walks forward towards the remains. The vultures flutter slightly, only momentarily distracted from their meal.

He looks directly at one of the **lammergeiers**, which appears to have paused its feasting to look at him.

HUDSON
Lammergeier.

He looks at Rachel. She indicates the bird.

RACHEL

In their natural state they prefer bone fragments to fresh meat, but the scarcity of prey has forced them to adapt.

He turns away, eyes now looking towards the glittering urban streak miles below them.

HUDSON

It's a good strategy.

RACHEL

We're all just meat in the end, I suppose.

HUDSON

Is that what I taught you today?

Hudson looks back at her, tears in his eyes. She goes to him. She looks at him as though he were an interesting specimen, demonstrating interesting reactions.

RACHEL

Corpses don't feel pain, Dr. Ford.

He looks back at her, struck, harmed somehow not by her words, but by her sense of peace and contentment. He watches her walk away.

Then, angry, he catches up with her, grabs her arm and turns her around.

RACHEL (cont'd)

What are you---

HUDSON

You know, you could do some good in the world if you weren't such a perfect coward.

Her zen evaporates. She glares at him.

RACHEL

What did you call me?

HUDSON

I think you remember.

RACHEL

Remind me.

HUDSON

You're more concerned with the loss of the status and admiration you had when you were a child prodigy than you are with helping anyone now.

She crosses her arms.

RACHEL

That's rich coming from a man who spent the last seven years as far from the suffering of others as possible.

A beat. He doesn't have an immediate answer for that. She's right.

HUDSON

I'm here now.

Rachel looks out at the ship, than back to him.

RACHEL

For the moment.

She turns on him, and walks away, hiding her own angry tears from him.

INT. TRUCK CAB - AFTERNOON

Sergei sits behind the wheel, drumming his thumbs. Next to him, Devere looks out into the darkness.

Vikram opens the passenger side door. Devere gets out, and heads around to the back. Vikram pulls himself in besides Sergei.

VIKRAM

Well?

Sergei says nothing, just smiles, and starts the engine.

INT. HUDSON'S ROOM

Hudson packs up his gear, expression stony. He sits, hesitates. He opens his **notebook** and begins to make notes. Then, he opens a new page, and begins to sketch.

INSERT: A silhouette of Rachel's neck, bent gracefully as she looks down - a portrait from his memory of her work on the body.

He seems to calm as he continues to sketch.

EXT. CAUSEWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Nadia waits alone by herself at the ornate causeway arch. She watches the prayer flags strung above it flutter. Below, down a series of steps, the village spreads before her.

She shivers inside a shawl. She looks pale.

EXT. VERANDA

Rachel sits with a book, pretends she's not watching the distant figure.

EXT. CAUSEWAY

Hudson approaches, pack on his shoulders.

NADIA

Are you sure you want to do this?
It's hours until dawn.

HUDSON

I'll radio my brother when I get
tired. He'll send a vehicle.

Nadia holds out her hand.

NADIA

I hope this is a beginning, Dr. Ford.

He smiles, grips her hand warmly.

HUDSON

So do I, Mrs. Kori.

He glances back towards the monastery. Nadia follows his gaze. She coughs, then smiles.

EXT. VERANDA

Rachel sinks behind her book.

EXT. DAM - NIGHT

Hudson walks along the dam towards the switchback approach. The personnel truck passes him on its way towards the monastery.

He pauses, watches it trundle along, then looks again at the monastery.

EXT. CAUSEWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The truck pulls to a stop. Vikram gets out, and faces his mother. Her eyes flick to Sergei behind the wheel. He gives her a little two fingered salute, and turns the truck about.

She catches the sight of combat boots under the flapping canvas.

Nadia looks at Vikram. He's about to speak -- she cuts him off.

NADIA

I don't want to hear it.

VIKRAM

It's not what you think.

NADIA

I think your boredom is overcoming your common sense. And did you even think about your sister? She-- she's...

VIKRAM

She pauses, blinking like she's just been hit with a dizzy spell. She puts her hand out on the wall to steady herself.

Then her knees go out from under her. Vikram, eyes wide with shock, catches her before she can fully collapse.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

No.

EXT. VERANDA - NIGHT

Rachel, having seen this at a distance, throws down her book and bolts down the stairs towards the causeway.

EXT. CAUSEWAY - NIGHT

She skids to a halt before Vikram and her prone mother. Behind her, her father approaches from the monastery entrance, jogging hurriedly.

She leans down, touches her mother's pulse. Her eyes are just open. Rachel bends down to listen to her heart and lungs. She looks at her brother.

VIKRAM
Go. Fetch him back.

She takes off running.

EXT. SWITCHBACKS - NIGHT

Hudson hikes down the switchback road. He pauses to look at the dam - colossal, the height of a skyscraper, its lights bright enough to illuminate his way.

A SCRAPING sound, FEET ON GRAVEL. Rachel pelts towards him, catches him on the shoulders. He steadies her, looking at her for an explanation, but she's breathing too heavily.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Radhesh and Vikram lift Nadia into bed. Radhesh looks at his son, who shakes his head, dumbstruck.

Rachel and Hudson come through the door. Hudson immediately opens his bag, and pulls out a field medic kit. He hands Rachel a small IV kit.

She looks at it for a moment. Then at him. He jerks his head: **get to work.**

Vikram gets out of her way, and goes to the other side of the bed, where his father bends down to his wife's side.

RADHESH
What is it?

Hudson pulls out a stethoscope and listens to Nadia's lungs. There is a CRACKLING WHEEZE when she breathes. Hudson listens to one, then the other, and frowns.

HUDSON
There's fluid in both lungs. Double pneumonia.

RADHESH

How is that possible? She wasn't sick ten hours ago.

Nadia coughs, wheezes painfully. Rachel shoots Hudson a frightened look.

HUDSON

Morphine, in my bag.

Rachel rummages through the bag.

INSERT: she pushes aside the old scalpel kit, nicking herself on an uncorked blade. She winces, but continues.

She pulls out a tiny bottle and a packaged needle. She tears open the needle, draws out a tiny dose, and injects it into the IV line.

Nadia's breathing relaxes. Vikram goes over to Hudson.

VIKRAM

She needs antibiotics. We don't have them.

Hudson looks at Rachel. She holds his gaze, then settles down next to her mother, and takes her vitals again.

HUDSON

I'll do what I can.

Vikram's expression tightens. **He knows he's being lied to.** He goes over to Rachel, puts a hand on her shoulder. Hudson withdraws.

INT. WEST TOWER - NIGHT

Hudson, sits at the radio console, hands together. He contemplates his notebook, which is made up of words in the **Crow Sioux dialect.**

INSERT: Crow Sioux language.

The DOOR opens. He turns to see Rachel, looking exhausted. He stands.

HUDSON

Any change?

Rachel shakes her head. She looks at him long and hard.

RACHEL
The antibiotics?

He sighs. **He really doesn't want to tell her this.**

HUDSON
In the event they would get here in time, they're unlikely to be effective.

RACHEL
In the event?

She stares at him, waiting for him to explain himself.

HUDSON
Rachel.

RACHEL
Your brother, he could send a helicopter. He could send one right now, it would take ten minutes to get here.

HUDSON
He's had time to survey the military situation in the Cradle and he's not going to risk the lives of his pilots against the possibility of being shot down.

RACHEL
You think she's going to die.

HUDSON
What was it you said? Corpses don't feel pain? I suppose it's different when it's someone you care about.

Rachel takes a step back as though forced by the impact of his cruelty. She backs away, about to turn.

HUDSON (cont'd)
Rachel, wait.

He catches her just as she's about to bolt, pulls her around to face him. Her lip quivers.

HUDSON (cont'd)
I shouldn't have said that.

She can't hold back the tears. He tries to hug her but she stops him with a hand. She looks directly into his eyes.

RACHEL

Why not? You're right. I never wanted to help people. I just wanted to see what they looked like inside, find out how they work. It was never really about "practicing medicine". It was just about...playing. Taking human bodies apart and putting them back together, like toys.

He holds her gaze while she waits for judgment.

HUDSON

I started by dissecting western fence lizards on my grandparents' ranch in Montana. When I was 12 I tried to perform a heart transplant between a Snowshoe Hare and a raccoon. My gran sent me to three different psychologists.

Rachel looks up at him, wide eyed, skewered by his empathy.

RACHEL

And?

HUDSON

And nothing. I figured it out on my own. Nobody gets into this field if they don't enjoy the sight of blood to some degree, and if they say they don't, they're lying-- or they are in the wrong line.

She goes quiet, processing this. He gives her a little shake.

HUDSON (cont'd)

Your focus inhibits your empathy but that does not make you incapable of it. You already have the discipline. You already know how to do the work. You are already a brilliant physician.

Incrementally, she calms. He strokes her hair, knuckles away her tears.

Then, realizing the intimacy of these gestures, he pulls away just as she leans in and brushes her lips against his.

He hesitates, turning his head as to deepen the kiss, then pulls back.

HUDSON (cont'd)
Rachel.

RACHEL
Help me.

HUDSON
You know I can't.

RACHEL
Why?

HUDSON
Because. Your mother may not survive.
Because I am a stranger here. Because
there are... there other men,
younger, closer at hand--

She shoves him away with sudden force.

RACHEL
Oh, like Sergei?

HUDSON
That's not what I meant.

RACHEL
Sergei, or one of his men. Because,
Dr. Ford, those are the only young
men left are soldiers in his army. He
is a virtuoso of brutality. The men
and women of his battalion follow his
example. You do not understand.

HUDSON
Then help me understand.

RACHEL
When one of his lieutenants tried to
challenge his rule, Sergei drowned
her in a pool of motor oil behind a
tavern with his own hands. Her son
was the one who betrayed her - so he
got her job. But according to you,
after my own mother dies I should try
and find a nice local boy to settle
down with.

Hudson just looks at her, far too much pity in his eyes. He reaches out and touches her face, gently.

HUDSON

I thought I'd grow old and die before meeting a woman like you, in this life or the one before. But in the cold light of day, you will understand why I cannot allow this to happen right now.

She pulls away from him, hurt, angry. Then she turns and walks away. She hesitates at the door -- those words "right now" -- and almost looks back.

He remains behind, shuddering with intense emotion. He goes to the window and looks down, trying to breathe through the waves of self denial.

He sees, far down below, an AG personnel truck cresting the top of the approach. He notices it turn -- it doesn't head towards the main road, but turns off a side road.

He stares.

Something **clicks**.

Hudson grabs his coat and stuffs himself into it as he exits the room.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT

Hudson stands in the shadow, looking through a chain link gate at the rear end of the truck as it drives away from him.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Sergei sits in the passenger side, watching aimlessly.

The truck turns down a road marked with a sign reading "WATER MAINS" and another reading "CAUTION: MINES" with an image of landmines lining a narrow path.

EXT. TRUCK

The truck parks.

EXT. ENTRY WAY

Hudson gets some elevation and is able to spot the truck by the sound of the TRUCK DOORS SLAMMING. It's too far to see more more than the edge of the canvas roof.

EXT. TRUCK

Sergei indicates "round up" with his hand. The other two Lammergeiers begin unloading something unseen from the back.

They carry out their task - there's a series of FAINT SPLASHES -- and then form back up.

EXT. ENTRY WAY

Hudson, hearing the TRUCK approaching, wedges himself into a shallow rock alcove not far from the gate. The truck heads out as the automatic gate opens for it.

Hudson waits for the truck to fully exit

And waits

And waits --

He breaks cover at the last minute and slips through the closing gate before it shuts.

INT. TRUCK

Sergei glances in the side mirror: **did he just see movement?** He indicates to the driver, slow up.

EXT. ENTRY WAY

Hudson, having thrown himself behind some rock face for cover, remains still.

The truck slows...but then starts up again. It drives off. Hudson breathes. Then he brushes himself off, and heads up the road the other way.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Radhesh sleeps uneasily in a chair. Nadia breathes lightly, but she's gotten paler. Rachel stares at her, Vikram paces slowly.

Radhesh wakes up, and blinks at them.

RADHESH
You should get some sleep, both of
you.

Vikram shakes his head. He turns to Rachel.

RACHEL
I'm not tired.

RADHESH
Nonsense. Go get some sleep. In your
own bed. Or else you'll be no use to
anyone.

She looks at Vikram.

RACHEL
If anything changes.

Vikram gives her a thin smile, and kisses her forehead. She goes to kiss her father on her way out.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - RACHEL'S ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Rachel, mostly clothed, sleeps on top of her bedcovers, still wearing her shoes. It looks like she fell asleep sitting at the edge.

Hudson lets himself quietly into the room, kneels down and shakes her gently.

She comes awake, and he puts his hand over her mouth before she can speak, indicating silence. She looks him up and down -- he's bloodied, his jacket is torn.

She sits up.

RACHEL
(whispering)
What's going on?

HUDSON
There's something I need to show you.

He grabs her Oxford hoodie off her chair, and shoves it into her arms.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - CORRIDOR - PRE-DAWN

Rachel, pulling on the hoodie, follows Hudson in confusion as he leads her towards the main hall, and the exit.

Neither of them notice **Sergei loitering at the corner** behind them, looking thoughtful. He turns around the corner, disappearing the other direction.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - ENTRY WAY - DAWN

They arrive at a tall chain link barrier. It's topped with razor wire, and completely surrounds the path going forward, and the narrow channel beyond.

Rachel notices the place where the razor wire is bent, and looks at Hudson, noting the corresponding wounds.

RACHEL
Why didn't you just ask me?

HUDSON
There wasn't time.

Rachel keys in the passcode for the door, looking at Hudson suspiciously. He's busy scanning the area for possible followers.

EXT. WATER MAIN COMPLEX - MORNING

They head up the path, careful to keep in single file. They walk along the right bank of the channel. Clean, clear water courses down it, the flanking paths mined on either side.

A few yards in front of them, a turning in the path forms an observation bridge over the place where the channel flows gently over a sudden drop.

Rachel glances at Hudson. He holds out a hand, inviting her to go to the bridge.

As she steps on to it, she looks down: A deep, elongated reservoir stretches out before her, terminating at the end in a large water main.

Abutting the netting that covers the water main entry are at **least eighty corpses in varying states of decay.**

Most of them feature visible symptoms of disease: bubonic growths, skin discolourations, gangrene. There is one distinctive body - the **TATTOOED MAN** Sergei murdered earlier.

Rachel wavers as her knees weaken, her eyes round, her expression absolutely stunned. Hudson steadies her.

She turns to him, her mouth open but unable to form words.

EXT. SKY BURIAL GROUNDS - MORNING

Rachel and Hudson hike up the twisty path. Hudson picks up his pack, which he's hidden behind a rock. Rachel frowns at this, but follows.

They pass Mari Rai's remains - nothing left but a stain on the grass. Vultures track their steps, but don't come closer.

RACHEL

It doesn't make sense.

HUDSON

I saw what I saw. So did you.

RACHEL

It still doesn't make sense.

He turns to her as they walk.

HUDSON

You can't be suggesting Sergei's not capable. Not after what you told me.

Rachel stops.

RACHEL

That's exactly it. Why create a plague in secret when your entire power-base is founded on open intimidation?

HUDSON

You know him better than I do.

RACHEL

I need to go back.

HUDSON

Oh yes? What then?

RACHEL

If someone is targeting my family --

HUDSON

I don't think they are. That water main leads directly to the Cradle. Those are the people drinking that water. If it is Sergei and he wanted your family dead, he wouldn't go to that trouble - he'd come in person. I think this goes deeper.

RACHEL

They're my family. I need to warn them. My mother --

HUDSON

Control of the dam is the only thing that protects your family. If word gets out that the water is contaminated, how long do you think they'll last?

She stops, and just stares at him, caught between her desire to return home, and the truth of his words. He puts his hands on her shoulders, and kisses her gently.

HUDSON (cont'd)

(quietly)

We can't act from here. It's better for all involved if it looks like you've been taken prisoner by me.

Torn, in pain, Rachel looks back towards the distant monastery. Then at Hudson. He squeezes her shoulder.

Without seeing if she's following, he turns towards the path. Up, far ahead of them, the Black Temple peeks out from behind a slope.

EXT. THE BLACK TEMPLE - DAY

They make it to the doors, breathing heavily.

They enter the space. The windows are all covered with old rattan, muting the dusty light inside. The room is octagonal, about 20 feet across.

An altar with a large Indian Buddha sits and looks on serenely. The space has been recently swept, and old incense sticks litter the altar.

Rachel shuts the door behind them. Hudson dusts off a place on the altar and sets down his bag, **an outside mesh pocket containing the scalpel case we saw them use.**

He pulls out his radio and presses in a series of MORSE CODE. He's not as quick as he could be.

BEEPS come back, and he listens, then tunes the frequency. He sends another MORSE CODE string, then turns the frequency again.

RACHEL
Give it to me.

Hudson surrenders it to her. She makes an adjustment.

RACHEL (cont'd)
What do you want me to say?

HUDSON
(deep breath)
To Captain Ford, U.S.S WALSH: Urgent.
Requesting Shrike One at six and a
half clicks northwest--

She rapidly inputs the code as he speaks, then stops when he does, startled by the the sound of ENGINES AND TIRES. Then -- BOOTS ON GRAVEL.

Hudson snatches the radio out of her hand and flings it out of sight.

HUDSON (cont'd)
Hide.

RACHEL
No. I'm not afraid.

He takes her by the shoulders and hustles her back to the altar.

HUDSON
I know. For my sake.

He pulls his **notebook out of his inner jacket, and shoves it into her hands**. She drops down beside the altar, barely concealed.

He then reaches over her and rips the rattan window open. She moves to go through it, but then ducks at the sound of CRUNCHING from the front entrance.

Hudson rises and moves aside just in time to see **Sergei's boot** kick in the old rattan door. It flies off its hinges and comes apart.

He strides through, his presence greatly enhanced by full black fatigues, Kevlar vest, assault rifle, side arms, knives.

Tyrek and Devere trail him.

SERGEI

There you are, doctor. We've been looking all over for you.

Hudson takes in Sergei's appearance, just as Sergei takes in his.

HUDSON

Here I am. Wanted some fresh air.

SERGEI

That's a long way to walk with all of your equipment. Are you sure you aren't going somewhere?

Hudson smiles blandly. Instinctively he reaches down to his holster, where his Glock is. Sergei watches him, amused, not the least bit concerned.

Hudson lifts it -- **it's too light**. He pops out the magazine and checks: **empty**. He takes it in stride, and checks the chamber. Nothing.

HUDSON

You thought this through.

SERGEI

Where is Rachel? She should be with her mother. They're very concerned.

HUDSON

Is that what you are? Concerned?

SERGEI

Actually, I expected to find you fucking like a couple of minks, but Vikram seems to think you're some kind of gentleman.

HUDSON

Well, I am sorry to disappoint if your expectations were otherwise.

Behind the altar, Rachel fumes. Her eyes travel to the medical bag, with the tip of the scalpel roll case peeking over.

Sergei's eyes flick to the gently flapping rattan cover hanging off the window over Rachel's hiding space. He moves slowly, intending to walk around Hudson.

Hudson blocks his path.

SERGEI

Are you going to make this fun for me?

HUDSON

No, son, I am not.

Sergei looks to Tyrek and nods towards the outside.

SERGEI

Find her.

Tyrek turns and leaves, and is momentarily visible through the broken window.

Hudson looks anxiously out the window, playing up his "concern" about this new wrinkle, hoping Sergei will believe Rachel's gone.

Sergei, meanwhile, surprises him by disarming. He hands off his weapons to Devere.

SERGEI (cont'd)

She likes you.

HUDSON

(extra southern)

I couldn't say, Commander Vetrov. All I know is that she doesn't like you.

SERGEI

My Rachel. She's always been stubborn.

Sergei stretches his neck, limbering up. He bends down and pulls a stiletto blade from his boot, and passes it from hand to hand.

SERGEI (cont'd)

You know, she kicked me in the mouth once when we were kids. It was worth it. Nothing like squeezing a new tit, is there?

Hudson stares at him, mouth thin with rage. He shrugs off his fatigue jacket and tosses it aside. Now down to his t-shirt, he rolls his shoulders and gestures to Sergei.

RACHEL (cont'd)
(screams)

NO!

Hudson turns to Sergei. He tenses, adjusts his step, ready for an attack.

Sergei moves gracefully with him, then draws from behind his back a **ten inch Bowie knife**.

He drives it into Hudson's stomach.

Rachel SCREAMS. Hudson looks down, grunts as Sergei twists the blade once before withdrawing it.

Rachel goes to him as he falls to his knees.

RACHEL (cont'd)

No.

Hudson blinks up at her. She puts her hand over his wound, trying to stop the blood. Slowly, he shakes his head, his expression resigned.

Sergei stands over her, and allows his man to re-armor him.

SERGEI

He's a spy, Rachel. Whatever he's told you, it's just lies.

RACHEL

NO.

SERGEI

Stealing you away while your mother dies, that makes more sense to you?

RACHEL

LIAR.

Sergei wipes his mouth and raises the bloody knife. He points it at Hudson.

SERGEI

There's a better way to settle this.
(MORE)

SERGEI (cont'd)
 (to Hudson)
How much time would you say you've
got? Ten minutes? Twenty?

 HUDSON
 (weakly)
You didn't think this up on your own.
Sabotaging the water supply,
infecting the people living down
there. That's not your style, is it?

He coughs, winces in pain, blood wetting his lips. Sergei approaches, holding the knife out at Rachel.

 SERGEI
Move.

Rachel stays by Hudson's side and refuses to move.

Her hand searches behind her, finds buried in the layer of sediment - a scalpel. Her fingers close over it.

She holds it tight at her side and rises, putting herself between Sergei and Hudson. Sergei sighs, and drops the knife to his side.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
 (in Russian,
 subtitled)
Get out of the way.

 RACHEL
Make me.

Sergei looks to Devere, and nods to him. He goes to snatch Rachel, but she raises the little blade and points it directly in his face. He takes a step back.

 SERGEI
For fuck sake. Go wait outside, I'll
deal with this.

Devere, keeping an eye on Rachel, backs out. She turns the blade to Sergei, her hand shaking.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
Put it down.

 RACHEL
No.

The guard takes off after her. Sergei looks at his bloody hand, giving us a flash of the terrible wound.

He presses his hand back over his face, kicks one of the ancient bricks into crumbs, and lets out a growl of frustration and pain.

EXT. THE SKY BURIAL GROUND - EVENING

Rachel bolts down the path. The Lammergeier chases her. She pelts full tilt, covered in blood and tears.

She makes a hard turn and heads down the rocky face of the mountain, surfing down in a stream of shale.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

The Lammergeier doesn't make the turn as quickly, and loses some distance as he follows after her.

Rachel tumbles, falls, rolls, becoming even filthier.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Rachel falling through the dust cloud.
2. The Lammergeier in pursuit.
3. The cough on the mine antenna
4. The Lammergeier appears. Rachel faces him, quivering.
6. The Lammergeier grins, beckons.
7. Rachel looks down at the mines.
8. The Lammergeier looks down also.
9. The foot steps back.
8. **The explosion, this time experienced from Rachel's POV.**
9. Darkness.

FADE OUT