

THE REPUBLIC OF INFIDELS

CHAPTER 3: "Aqua Vitae"

Written by

Victoria De Capua

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vdecapua@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. CNN STUDIO - "CALLOW INTERNATIONAL"

LEON CALLOW (late 40s) stands behind the cameras, a perfectly coiffed blonde man in peak fitness, with a relaxed affect.

Vikram (21), sits in a chair with absolute stone stillness as a makeup assistant powders down his face.

He wears a well tailored dress shirt and slacks, TV-crisp. He seems accustomed to this, his manner almost indolent boredom. He rises.

Leon extends his perfectly manicured hand to Vikram, who shakes it.

LEON

Thank you for coming. I know you've got a lot on your dance card, Mr. Kori.

VIKRAM

We've met, actually.

Leon frowns, clearly doesn't remember.

LEON

I don't recall.

VIKRAM

IR conference. Edinburgh. "Global Refugee Media Coverage Implications."

He holds his arms up to allow the assistant to mic him. Leon loses a little bit of his chill.

LEON

That was at least...what, fifteen years ago?

VIKRAM

Don't worry about it.

INT. STUDIO SET

Traditional CNN studio - lots of shiny surfaces, bright lights and glitz. Behind them, a holographic logo reading "CALLOW INTERNATIONAL".

Vikram sits comfortably at a canted desk across from Leon, hands folded.

LEON

I hear you say "war crimes" - does that mean the United Nations is going forward with Enforcement/Containment?

VIKRAM

(Sorkin mode)

We tabled the policy and we expect the vote to pass. We've made sanctions into a positive - sanctions in the form of tariffs, which, yes, go to fund the UN's enforcement capabilities - but also civic rehabilitation, infrastructure --

LEON

You were instrumental in removing Russia from the Security council -

VIKRAM

I wouldn't say instrumental --

LEON

-- but there are transparency issues --

VIKRAM

Transparency is a euphemism used by people who want to know what happens before it happens without having to do the necessary legwork of investigating for themselves. It's all public record.

LEON

There's mounting evidence that the CIA interfered in Georgian and Chechen elections.

VIKRAM

There's mounting evidence that CNN shareholders count on a pro-Russia point of view, but again, transparency. Look. It's not my job to take sides on the grounds of nationalism.

LEON

Though you are half Russian yourself.

VIKRAM

I'm a linguist and I am the communicant for this policy, not its author.

LEON

Pretty modest for a guy who speaks, what, eighty languages?

VIKRAM

Sixty-three on a good day.

LEON

But the all time record holder.

VIKRAM

It's really not about me. And it makes me a little conspicuous for all that back channel dealing I'm supposed to be up to, don't you think?

LEON

I wasn't making a personal --

VIKRAM

No, let's get this straight. The Americans, the Russians, the Israelis, the Turks, they all thrive on conflict economies, and they all do it on the premise that the people they victimize will always fight, but won't ever win. Well, go look for the Putin family now. And if Russia can't now protect its citizens from the legacy of unlawful expansionism, then it is up to the rest of the world to secure their future safety.

LEON

The term New World Order has come up in recent months in response to this new reorganization.

VIKRAM

You know where I hear that term the most? From cyber-terrorists. The Church of the Revelation preaches "God's New Order" in your heartland, and the "End of Days" in the West Bank. Not a coincidence.

LEON
(grinning)
Probably not.

Leon takes a breath, regroups. Vikram hasn't broken a sweat.

LEON (cont'd)
Okay, we've got a couple more minutes. Just...lay it out for us. How do you define the New Geneva Convention?

VIKRAM
Well, phase one has been in place for over a year now. Global draw down of nuclear weapons, but also reduction of powerful ordnance, ships, submarine power, air power, so on. Restrictions on the destructive capability of new technology. Every major country supplies to one global armed force. The Security Council governs as before.

LEON
Without Russia.

VIKRAM
Russia will be eligible again if and when she can prove a sincere commitment to democracy.

LEON
What about the Heartland Conflict?

VIKRAM
I would recommend to the President of the United States to stop bombing her own citizens and focus on reparations, because that land isn't going to be arable again for another million years. UN investigations have found a negligible amount of terrorist servers. Americans should have learned this lesson with Iraqi Freedom, and if you don't learn it after this-- and it is a war crime-- then the Council will have to ask whether you're democratic enough to make security decisions for the rest of the world. And that would be a great tragedy for one of the UN's founding members.

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WALSH - DAWN

The American flag snaps in the wind as the carrier rolls gently in the waves. A pair of Marines patrol, walking past the illuminated 90 hull designation.

INT. BRIG - DAWN

Rachel lies on a bunk, staring upwards, still covered in Hudson and Sergei's dried blood.

SEVERAL PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS echo down the hall.

She glances up at the bottom of the upper bunk's mattress.

A corner of Hudson's notebook peeks out from a tear.

She pushes it further into the mattress and adjusts it so it's covered by a slat.

Delaware, tailed by two assault-rifle toting Marines, walks briskly to the bars. He glances at the younger of them - Sgt SADIE GOSSETT (20s).

Gossett keycards the door with a BEEP. The bars slide aside to admit him. Rachel glances over at the Marines, sizing them up. Then her eyes go to Delaware's slight limp.

Delaware crosses his arms over his chest. He's wearing the friendlier short sleeve officer khakis. A shower, a shave - he looks pretty good compared to her.

DELAWARE

(to Gossett)

Some privacy, sergeant.

Gossett moves off. The moment she's out of sight, Delaware reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out the bloodied scalpel, sealed in a bag.

Her eyes instantly go to it, and he tracks her reaction as she braces herself.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
 Three different types of DNA. Yours--
 (he looks her over)
 -- incidental. The other two belong
 to my brother, and Sergei
 Mikhailovich Vetrov. I was surprised
 to find his juvenile record in our
 naval intel database. Apparently he
 was being groomed by the Vory.

Rachel hesitates, but he knows this much.

RACHEL
 He was rejected. The Vory
 apparatchiks felt he lacked a proper
 sense of reverence for the
 occupation. Members are meant to
 undertake their work with a sense of
 sobriety.

Delaware cocks a brow, waiting for an elaboration.

RACHEL (cont'd)
 He enjoyed himself too much where
 killing was concerned.

DELAWARE
 Did he confide this to you himself?

RACHEL
 We were not confidential growing up.

Delaware considers this. He looks at the blade, turns it
 over. He takes it out and holds it for her to see. His face
 is hard.

DELAWARE
 My brother's blood. Arterial blood.
 We found the same when we tested your
 sweatshirt. Enough to...

His stoic mask cracks for an instant.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
 Enough to indicate fatal blood loss.

Rachel touches the matted front of her Oxford hoodie. She
 notices a tiny, missing patch. She closes in on herself, and
 watches him.

RACHEL
 Why didn't you just ask?

DELAWARE

We found it in your hair, too. His blood, Vetrov's blood. I think I can guess the reason for the latter.

He holds the blade over his face, indicating Sergei's slash.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

When I first encountered Sergei, your friend in no particular, he was quite fresh-faced. Now he looks like he ran headlong into a table saw. Was it Hudson who did that to him? In self defense?

Rachel's eyes flick up to him, cold.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Was it you? Did you trim Commander "Vulture Chief" up like that?

He draws the blade over his cheek, demonstrating.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

This is the thing that confuses me. If someone passed this through my flesh all the way to the bone, and I encountered them subsequently, I would not hold my fire the way he did when you stood up in front of me.

RACHEL

(sneering)

He remembers.

DELAWARE

I do remember. I will continue to remember. Don't think I can't see why my brother might take a shine to you. I'm less sure about why you cut Sergei's face, instead of his throat. Unless there is or was something that signifies between the two of you. Because that

(indicates the
"wound")

Is one hell of a candle to be holding, Rachel.

Rachel stands, chin out, all defiance.

RACHEL

There is nothing significant between me and Sergei.

DELAWARE

But he doesn't know that, does he. He saw Hudson getting close to you and he didn't like it. Is that why he killed him?

RACHEL

I never said --

DELAWARE

And he didn't just make you watch.

He nods at her filthy, bloody clothes and hair. Rachel says nothing - only looks at him steadily, betraying just the slightest quiver as she holds her arms over herself.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

You're not a coward. But you are a bad liar.

RACHEL

You seem to have all the answers already, so it hardly matters.

DELAWARE

I know there's something else to it.

RACHEL

How can you know that when I don't?

Delaware pulls Hudson's notebook out of his pocket, and holds it up. Rachel frowns - she just stops herself from turning to look at the hiding place.

DELAWARE

Don't bother. There's nothing.

RACHEL

He gave that to me.

DELAWARE

In order for you to give it to me. Which you failed to do.

Rachel turns red, and gets right up in his face.

RACHEL

YOU LOCKED ME UP. Don't you dare lecture me about good faith.

He looks down on her from this intimate distance. Whatever he sees softens him, just a little. Then he moves away from her, towards the door.

DELAWARE

The sergeant will see that you get cleaned up, fresh clothes. Something to eat.

He leaves the cell, and the barred door slides shut behind him. He takes a step - then pauses and looks at her through the bars.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Oh, I nearly forgot. I'll be speaking to your older brother in a few hours. Do you think he'll say something to change my mind?

Rachel glares at him.

RACHEL

How the hell should I know?

Delaware gives her a tight smile - and walks off. Rachel falls against the bed with a defeated thump. She looks at the hiding space where the notebook was. Empty.

INT. THE WALSH - SHOWER - AFTERNOON

Rachel strips off her clothes and steps into a small shower module and showers while Gossett reads a book in a seat nearby.

Rachel soaks in the heat and works the blood off her skin, out of her hair. Pink water swirls down the drain.

BEGIN
FLASHBACK:

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rachel steps out of the shower, squeezing out her wet hair. The room is dark, but flashes of silent lightning outside light up the window.

She pulls on an old oversized Nirvana t-shirt, and moves slowly, in a disconnected haze, out the door.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING AREA

Rachel moves along the hallway towards a low MURMUR of voices. She pauses at the entry way to the large kitchen and gathering area.

It is full of people, including Radhesh and Nadia, presided over by Vikram. Mikhail Vetrov sits in rigid shock - he's not the only one.

Rachel looks to Vikram, catches his eye. He gives her a short smile, then holds up his hand to her as though to say: *wait, I'll get to you.*

Rachel stares at Vikram as he turns his attention away from her, focusing instead on a map being drawn by Radhesh. Clearly devastated by being brushed off, she steps back.

By the time Vikram looks up again, she's gone.

EXT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

A featureless door. Rachel raises her hand, hesitates, then knocks. A beat - the door opens, revealing...Sergei.

He frowns at her, confused by her presence. No playfulness. No teasing. Just a dead eyed stare. He takes in her attire, her wet hair.

Rachel looks down at the large, chrome plated Desert Eagle he's holding next to his thigh. She meets his eyes, questioning. What has he been expecting?

He looks behind her to see that there's no one else, then uncocks the gun, and moves aside for her. She walks past him into his suite. He shuts the door.

INT. SERGEI'S QUARTERS

Rachel looks around the space. It's a studio, spartan except for the small arsenal of handguns and rifles spread out over the kitchen table and sofa, in various states of assembly and cleaning.

Sergei hesitates by the door, stares at her, still waiting on the punchline. Then he unloads the pistol, setting it and the magazine on the table.

He takes a bottle of vodka and a glass from the counter, fills the glass, shoots it.

SERGEI

What do you want, Rachel?

She does not look at him. She touches the corner of the Desert Eagle, tracing the contour of the grip.

RACHEL

I want you to promise me something.

Sergei waits on her, giving away nothing. She continues her study of his prolific collection of deadly weapons, still does not look at him.

RACHEL (cont'd)

I want you to promise you won't tell me everything is going to be all right.

He absorbs that. Then pours a second glass of vodka. He offers it to her

SERGEI

When have I ever lied to you?

She finally condescends to look at him, and accepts the glass, knocks back the contents and shudders before setting it down.

He reaches out, brushes his fingertips over her cheek, barely touching her. Tears start to roll down her face, but she doesn't notice. Her mind hasn't caught up to her grief.

Sergei leans in, and gently kisses away her tears, one cheek after the other. Rachel stands quivering as he does this.

Then she loses patience with his tenderness. She grabs his shirt front and kisses him. For an instant, he freezes, not quite convinced this is happening, then --

They're on each other, devouring each other with abandon. Rachel shoves him back in the direction of his bed, straddling him as he falls back on it.

He shucks off his tanktop, then gets her out of her night shirt. He pauses, feasting his eyes on her, his long awaited prize. Then slides a hand down between them, making her gasp.

Sounds of FABRIC TEARING - he dangles her panties on one finger, grinning as he displays them for her. Then he flicks them away.

Rachel puts her hands on his shoulders, but inexperience causes her to hesitate. He smiles, sits up, presses his mouth against her ear.

SERGEI (cont'd)
(Russian, subtitled)
Have you been saving yourself for me,
Rakhila?

Rachel opens her mouth to say *don't call me* -- but he cuts her off with a kiss. He assists her as she takes him-- her first. She's tentative. Then she adjusts.

Sergei, eyes locked on her, helps her into the rhythm, then surrenders it to her and just basks in her. She gives herself over to his embrace, both of them gone into the void.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. NORTH BARRACKS - DAWN

Sergei sits on the ramparts, using his knuckles to scratch at the healing cut across his face. He looks contemplatively out at the silhouette of the distant ship.

Vikram appears, holding a cup of tea, sipping it as he watches his associate watch the ship. Then he walks up and sits near, but not too near.

VIKRAM
I had a transmission from the ship.
Delaware Ford wants to meet. To
parlay.

Sergei perks up at this.

SERGEI
I'll send a detachment.

VIKRAM
No. I'm going myself.

SERGEI
Then you'll be the one stuck out
there. You should let me arrange a
meeting.

VIKRAM
Like you arranged Hudson Ford.

SERGEI
That was different.

VIKRAM
That was stupid. Now she's afraid of
you. You will be no where in
evidence, understand?

SERGEI
Rachel, afraid of me.

He touches the wound on his face, and laughs softly. Then
relents, and heads towards the stairs. Vikram watches him in
extreme dislike, then looks back at the ship.

EXT. THE CRADLE - NORTH STRAND - DAY

Fifty yards offshore, the Mark 8 Patrol Boat rests at
anchor.

Vikram walks away down towards a small boat with an outboard
motor and boards. One of the locals operates it, piloting it
out towards the anchored boat.

INT. PATROL BOAT

Delaware waits in the cabin for Vikram, who is escorted down
into the vessel by a Marine.

VIKRAM
Where is my sister?

DELAWARE
Safe.

VIKRAM
Safe in my definition would mean safe
at home, not aboard your ship.

DELAWARE
You're going to tell me about Hudson.
Then we'll discuss Rachel.

Vikram grimaces, and puts his hands together.

VIKRAM
He disappeared shortly after my
mother took sick. It was my
understanding he intended to meet a
courier sent by you. I can mount
another search if you want me to.

Delaware considers this earnestly told lie.

DELAWARE
What if I sent my own people?

Frustrated, Vikram makes an invitational gesture.

VIKRAM
I would, in your place.

DELAWARE
Like you sent your people after me in the Cradle. What do they call them? Lammergeiers?

VIKRAM
The Lammergeiers don't serve me. They are Commander Vetrov's independent concern.

DELAWARE
He was with your family when we first met. But you claim to be unaffiliated. Tell me another.

VIKRAM
I'm here alone, unarmed.

DELAWARE
Unarmed, but hardly weaponless, am I right, Vikram?

Vikram pauses. His solicitousness goes cold.

VIKRAM
I hoped we could be friends, Captain.

DELAWARE
How many languages do you speak?

Vikram, caught off guard, shrugs.

VIKRAM
Sixty-three fluently, twenty-six to a lesser degree.

DELAWARE
But every language that still exists.

Delaware holds up the notebook.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
Except this one.

Vikram frowns. Delaware opens up the book, flips to a certain page, then holds it open for Vikram to see. Next to a page of Sioux dialect, a drawing of Rachel.

It's sensuous, done from memory, the graceful lines of her neck extended as her head turns away.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

You didn't like my brother's interest in her, did you. Or was it her interest in him?

VIKRAM

(cold)

I considered his interest a feigned expedient, but I never said anything about it.

DELAWARE

And Sergei liked it even less, I imagine.

VIKRAM

I've already told you I don't speak for him.

DELAWARE

What's in here does not shine well on you.

He taps the book. Vikram half rises, clearly desperate to know what's in it.

VIKRAM

At least let me see her.

DELAWARE

I know you're wondering. She doesn't know what's in here. There are no serious accusations, only surmises. But then, I had more time to become acquainted with you than Hudson did, or he might have drawn stronger conclusions.

VIKRAM

It has nothing to do with Rachel. She knows nothing about it.

Delaware pockets the book, and rises.

DELAWARE
Before I send you back, I am curious
about something.

VIKRAM
What?

DELAWARE
How did you lose Rachel in the first
place?

VIKRAM
(gritted teeth)
I didn't lose her.

DELAWARE
She was someone else's captive when I
found her, presumably not by choice.

VIKRAM
Whose captive?

DELAWARE
So you don't know anything at all.
That must be an unfamiliar sensation
for you.

VIKRAM
I can't leave here without my sister.
Take me captive. I'll be your hostage
again. But let her go home.

His earnestness is too sincere. A tiny spark lights up his
eyes. *Vikram wants this outcome.*

DELAWARE
I don't think so. But I'll take good
care of her.

VIKRAM
Please, Captain Ford. Tell me what I
can do. Anything.

DELAWARE
Next time, bless your heart, you'll
tell me the truth.

INT. PERSONNEL TRUCK - DAY

Sergei's behind the wheel. Vikram gets into the passenger
side. A breath - then he SLAMS his fist against the dash.
Sergei watches him, amused.

SERGEI

You didn't really think he'd let her go, did you?

VIKRAM

That wasn't my objective.

Sergei looks at him, lip curling in contempt. He starts the truck and backs out.

INT. THE WALSH - WORKSHOP - DAY

Delaware watches as a technician uses a ceiling mounted laser cutter to carve the face of a black stone slab.

Delaware looks down at it.

INSERT:

Hudson John Ford

2011 - 2043

The technician slides a photo frame into a purpose made space, showing Hudson's smiling face.

Delaware's eyes fill with tears. He holds it together - barely.

LECTURE THEATRE

A wake for Hudson is underway. The speeches are done, and now the crew - some hundreds of them - drink and eat, and talk together.

Delaware, dressed in his whites, sits on the edge of the dais. Ortiz sits down next to him and offers him an entire mickey of tequila. He smiles wanly, takes a slug.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIG - BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel stands before the mirror, an open robe over her shoulders. She's covered in bruises sustained from her trip down the mountain.

She pulls the robe closed and belts it, then goes to the bed and tries to get more sleep. She closes her eyes...then shudders awake.

She curls into a ball.

EXT. THE CHURCH OF ETERNAL PENANCE - COMPLEX - AFTERNOON

Vikram walks side by side with Sergei, leaving behind a contingent of Lammergeiers with the truck.

They head towards an A-frame house of worship three storeys tall, surrounded by a complex nestled into the base of the inland foothills.

The complex is full of low-slung multi-family residential structures. In sharp contrast to the rest of the Cradle, the place is clean and organized.

They enter the church.

INT. THE CHURCH OF ETERNAL PENANCE - DAY

The pews are amphitheatre style and rise high on three sides. It can accommodate more than a thousand, but there is no congregation at present.

MIRYAM LECLERC (50s) waits for her two guests in one of the central pews.

She is a maternal presence, but there is something a little too tranquil, and yet vital about her. She rises as Vikram and Sergei approach her.

MIRYAM

Friends.

Vikram and Miryam shake hands -- Miryam pats the top of Vikram's hand in a power-shake gesture, which Vikram notices.

Vikram gestures to Sergei, who is standing lazy at-ease just behind.

VIKRAM

You know my associate, Sergei Vetrov.

MIRYAM

We've never been formally introduced.

Sergei extends his hand. Miryam takes it -- meeting his eyes as he holds her hand a little too long.

SERGEI

Reverend.

She is unfazed. He smiles, releases her hand.

MIRYAM

Miryam, please. Only my Penitents
calls me Reverend.

She beckons them to follow.

INT. THE CHURCH OF ETERNAL PENANCE - MIRYAM'S OFFICE - DAY

For a Penitent, Miryam has a fairly comfortable office. She invites Vikram to sit. Sergei opts to remain standing, a menacing shadow. Miryam notes him.

VIKRAM

I admire the work you've done with
this...organization.

MIRYAM

I prefer "ministry".

VIKRAM

I'm afraid the Holy Spirit is beyond
my remit. My concern is the public
welfare.

MIRYAM

Are they not one in the same?

VIKRAM

It's difficult to say, Reverend
LeClerc. Your antecedence is
destructive...to put it extremely
mildly.

Sergei watches Miryam intently as she puts on a good show of conflicted contrition.

SERGEI

I think my associate is referring to
the time when your friends killed
most of the human species.

He's untroubled as he says this. Miryam looks from Sergei to Vikram.

MIRYAM

I deserve your contempt. I know that.

VIKRAM

It's not personal.

MIRYAM

Of course it is. I won't pretend my part in it was large, but I believed it was the lord's will that we surrender custody of this planet. I gave into despair. And I was terribly, terribly mistaken. That's why I came here, where I was needed.

VIKRAM

You were among the first refugees, as I recall. You must have been quite inspired to make the journey in the midst of that chaos.

MIRYAM

I happened to be close by.

VIKRAM

Divine coincidence?

MIRYAM

God works through us. He doesn't require us to understand.

Sergei snorts. Miryam looks to him.

MIRYAM (cont'd)

Your soldiers were very active last night. There was more screaming and gunfire than usual.

Vikram cuts across Sergei before he can answer.

VIKRAM

The Americans have made incursions into our territory. They hold my sister hostage.

MIRYAM

Please. How can I help?

VIKRAM

I'm overseeing the recovery effort. The important thing right now is that we establish an alliance, to defend us against these enemies.

MIRYAM

We were always allies, Vikram. I only wish you hadn't waited so long to reach out to us.

Vikram stands, restless.

VIKRAM

I'm beginning a program of civic rehabilitation.

MIRYAM

Wonderful.

VIKRAM

I won't be recruiting for the Penitents. No forced conversions, no missions. No evangelizing.

MIRYAM

Of course. We hold that forced conversion is no conversion at all.

Sergei shifts, crosses his arms.

SERGEI

You're well provisioned here, Reverend. What is your secret?

MIRYAM

The grace of God is no secret, Commander Vetrov.

SERGEI

You should tell that to the people out there in the slums and the boxtowns. Maybe you aren't praying hard enough for them. Or maybe God doesn't love them as much as he seems to love you.

Miryam rises, her expression calm. She meets Sergei's eyes.

MIRYAM

If you attempt to investigate my ministry in your accustomed fashion, you will not find answers.

VIKRAM

That is not our objective.

Vikram turns to Sergei.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

(in Russian,
subtitled)

I'll see you outside.

Sergei sneers. He doesn't like being ordered. He gives Miryam a cold smile, then walks out. Vikram waits for a long beat, then turns to Miryam.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

I apologize.

MIRYAM

Do you speak for men like him, who call you patron, and murder and torture for sport?

VIKRAM

We can't always choose our allies.

MIRYAM

Sometimes we can.

Vikram leans in, using his wide eyed earnest mask to full effect.

VIKRAM

We have both made mistakes, Miryam. There is no little amount of blood on our hands. But I can't act against Sergei alone. If I cut his supply, he will do slaughter.

MIRYAM

I'm not sure how I can help. My people are innocents, not warriors. You have your own fighters, I've seen them.

VIKRAM

Ashram's force is small, and aging. I don't ask --

Vikram takes a moment to gather himself.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

My family is disappearing before my eyes. That's my primary concern.

MIRYAM

Naturally. I can't field an army for you, but is there anything else?

VIKRAM

There is something you can do for me, personally.

Miryam gestures, as if to say "tell me."

VIKRAM (cont'd)
Put your eyes and ears out for Rachel. Use your influence to widen the surveillance. If you can intercept her before the Lammergeiers do, I would be in your debt.

Miryam touches his arm.

MIRYAM
Consider it done.

Vikram nods and turns to leave.

MIRYAM (cont'd)
Vikram.

He turns back.

MIRYAM (cont'd)
I pray for you, and your family.

EXT. THE CHURCH OF ETERNAL PENANCE - DAY

Vikram and Sergei walk briskly towards the northern gate.

VIKRAM
Do it tonight.

Sergei smiles.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY- KITCHEN - DAY

Radhesh fixes himself a cup of tea. He has the aspect of an injured person slowly recovering. He puts on a ratty old coat, and takes his tea out with him.

EXT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - VERANDA - DAY

Radhesh heads out with his cup of tea. He looks out on the wide vista of the drowned world.

The Cradle is visible below - hundreds of thousands of shanties, boxtowns. He finishes his tea, and makes a decision.

EXT. THE CROWN DAM - DAY

Radhesh walks north along the parapet of the dam, his hands in his pockets. A few WORKMEN perform an inspection, and wave to him.

He gives them a tight smile, and walks on. Other people pass him- this is a main commerce and production area.

At the northern end of the dam is the Lammergeier Outpost, which consists of two duplex-sized structures that flank the Crown Road.

They are spanned by a bridge, and the far building is outfitted with tall, powerful radio antenna.

EXT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - DAY

Four LAMMERGEIERS stand guard outside the building. They know Radhesh and stand aside for him as he heads to the northern outpost building.

He looks at them thoughtfully, then nods and moves on.

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - DAY

A young female Lammergeier, ORSINE (20s) monitors the radio console. She pulls off her headphones and stands when Radhesh enters the room.

ORSINE

Mr. Kori. May I be of assistance?

RADHESH

Please radio my son.

ORSINE

At once, sir.

RADHESH

You don't really have to call me that.

But she's already on task. She picks a channel and sends out a MORSE CODE tap.

INT. LAMMERGEIER VAN - DAY

Sergei drives. Vikram lists, looking out at the passing squalor, the filthy, diseased people. The radio BEEPS. It's his call sign.

VIKRAM
Headphones.

SERGEI
In the glove box.

Vikram pulls them out, and plugs the jack into the radio receiver.

VIKRAM
Yes.

ORSINE
(O.S., Filtered)
Your father for you, sir.

Vikram frowns.

VIKRAM
Put him on.

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - DAY

Radhesh takes the headphones from Orsine and sits down at the console.

RADHESH
Is Rachel with you?

VIKRAM
(O.S., filtered)
The Americans won't release her. They want the doctor back.

RADHESH
I want to negotiate personally with Captain Ford.

INT. LAMMERGEIER VAN - DAY

The van bounces along as Sergei drives. Vikram is distressed by what he's hearing.

VIKRAM
 Father, they already have one
 hostage.

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - DAY

Radhesh fidgets, drums his fingers.

RADHESH
 Let them take me. You don't need me
 to carry on with all your plans. At
 least then she wouldn't be alone out
 there.

INT. LAMMERGEIER VAN - DAY

VIKRAM
 Don't talk madness, father. I need
 your help.

RADHESH
 (O.S. Filtered)
 What help can I give from here?

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - DAY

VIKRAM
 (O.S. filtered)
 You can help me by staying safe and
 keeping watch from there. I'll call
 you the instant I have news.

RADHESH
 Tell me what you need. There must be
 something I can do.

INT. LAMMERGEIER VAN - DAY

Vikram thinks for a beat.

VIKRAM
 Father?

RADHESH
 (O.S., filtered)
 I'm here.

VIKRAM

I need a bribe. A large one. Radios,
solar panels, cloth. Items they can't
make easily here.

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - DAY

Radhesh leans back in the chair, looking confused.

RADHESH

Do you really think Ford will trade
Rachel for a couple of trinkets?

VIKRAM

(O.S. Filtered)
This isn't for him.

RADHESH

Then for whom?

INT. LAMMERGEIER VAN - DAY

VIKRAM

I have another plan.

EXT. GUILD TOWN MARKET - DAY

Wearing a thick coat to conceal his muscular bulk, a
baseball cap and aviator sunglasses, Sergei approaches a
water stand -- the Penitent's water.

MARIA (30s) stands waiting, accompanied by ERIC (30s) an
impressive man in humble patched clothing. Sergei sizes them
up.

SERGEI

How much?

MARIA

Five.

SERGEI

No, I mean how much--

He waves a hand, indicating all of the visible bottles of
water. Maria perks up at the prospect of a big sale.

EXT. GUILD TOWN BACK ALLEY - DAY

A pickup truck emblazoned with a spray-paint stencil of the Church of Everlasting Penance logo backs on to another vehicle, this one a fifteen-foot cargo truck.

In the pickup are crates of glass bottles of water, as well as two large barrels.

Eric backs the truck up, while Maria directs him from outside. Sergei signals to his men, also dressed in plain clothes, and they roll back the canvas to show the promised goods.

Sergei jumps up into the back of the van, and offers his hand to Maria. He pulls her up easily.

She turns her attention to the crates, which are filled with expensive items of good make.

Sergei signals to his people to start loading the water from the truck into the van.

Eric remains in the driver's seat, drumming his thumbs against the wheel. Maria oversees the transfer.

INT. LAMMERGEIER VAN - DAY

She reaches down to pick up the first crate, but then stops, unable to lift it because Sergei's put his foot on the edge.

She looks up at him, the hat and sunglasses are gone, and she recognizes him instantly.

She stands up, spooked. There is a SILENCED SHOT as one of the Lammergeiers puts a bullet in Eric's head. Maria takes one look around, and tries to bolt.

Sergei catches her by her long hair and drags her back into the van. The canvas rolls down, and everything goes dark.

INT. VAN - DAY

The van drives along. The back is dark, lit only slightly by the daylight that filters through the canvas

Sergei stands, gripping one of the bows, while bound Maria rocks back and forth in a corner, muttering chanted prayers.

The SOUND OF A GARAGE DOOR OPENING distracts her, and the light goes dark as it closes behind them.

She HYPERVENTILATES in the dark, then YELPS as a flame appears before her face. It's a match struck by Sergei. It illuminates his face.

He grins, and lights a cigarette.

SERGEI
I didn't mean to frighten you.

MARIA
I know who you are.

SERGEI
Everyone knows who I am.

He pauses for a beat, then sits down on the bench opposite her.

SERGEI (cont'd)
What is your name?

She defies him. She turns back to her chanting.

MARIA
(muttering)
*"And I saw one of his heads as it
were wounded to death; and his deadly
wound was healed: and all the world
wondered after the beast."*

He slides down the bench to be closer to her, then sucks a drag on his cigarette. Then, without preamble, takes it and **jams the cherry end into her neck.**

She SCREAMS and jerks away.

SERGEI
Let's try again. What is your name?

He takes another drag, pinches the cigarette between thumb and forefinger, and aims it at her face. Slowly, he moves it closer, until it nearly touches her cheek.

SERGEI (cont'd)
Come on. You have such a pretty face.

MARIA
(gasping)
Maria.

SERGEI
That wasn't so hard.

He flicks the ash off the tip.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
Maria. That was my mother's name. She
was also very devoted to the church.
Probably praying in a pew in Sakhalin
when the first earthquake destroyed
everything. We never really found
out.

She watches him in disbelief as he reels off this maudlin
little autobiography.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
My father was never the same after
that. Of course no one was the same
after that. I tried my best to help
him, but I couldn't cheer him up,
so...

He mimes a suicide shot to the head.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
Sad, right?

Her fear becomes more evident now, her eyes glossy. She
looks helplessly around, hoping some new escape will present
itself.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
Are you thirsty? I'm thirsty.

He picks up one of the CoEP water bottles, and cracks it
open. He takes a long drink, considers the taste.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
It's a bit harder than what I'm used
to. Tell me. Do you like it hard,
Maria?

He stands over her, and takes the bottle, holding it against
her lips. She closes them.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
Too proud to drink after me? That's a
very unchristian attitude.

He pours some on her face. She splutters.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
Where does this come from?

MARIA

I don't know.

SERGEI

How does Miryam transport it?

She looks directly up at him, and he drinks in her fear. He smashes the bottle, turning it into a wicked sharp weapon.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Tell me how it all works. Tell me now, while you're still in your right mind...or tell me after, when you've renounced your Christ and surrendered the last of your dignity. I'll be happy either way.

She looks defiantly at him and tries to stand, but doesn't make it very far. He crouches down in front of her, holding the bottle lazily, his body intimately close to her.

MARIA

My faith will protect me from the servants of Moloch.

He grins -- this is just delicious to him, his favourite game -- and moves closer. He touches the glass to her face, and she draws back, but can't get far.

She can only pull on her bonds, and stares at him. She subsides into chanting, and closes her eyes.

MARIA (cont'd)

"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints."

Sergei sets the broken bottle aside.

SERGEI

Look at me.

She opens her eyes. He licks his lips slowly, deliberately, takes her face in his hands. He softly kisses her mouth with parted lips, a perfect facsimile of tenderness.

She's too shocked, too frozen to pull away. When he does, she stares, stunned. He leans in, his lips brushing her ear as he whispers.

VIKRAM

I'm not talking about Miryam.

Sergei shrugs, sheaths his knife and walks off. Vikram remains, and watches two Lammergeiers lift the the shredded body of the Penitent from the back of the truck.

A third sloshes a bucket of seawater into the back. Vikram watches this dispassionately, then watches Sergei get into the passenger side of a fresh personnel truck.

Vikram's expression says it all: *there is an expiry date and it's coming soon.*

INT. THE WALSH - CABIN - EVENING

Rachel, dressed in the bathrobe, is led into a cabin. There are folded clothes on the tightly made bed, and a covered plate on the small desk.

She looks at Gossett, surprised. This isn't the brig.

GOSSETT

Captain Ford asked me to tell you he'll be busy until later this evening. I'll be back to check on you in a little while.

Rachel stares blankly for a moment, then blinks out of it.

RACHEL

Thank you.

Gossett nods, then ducks out. Rachel looks around - and notices some photographs on the walls. Photographs of Family Ford.

She opens one of the cupboards, and sees a row of old medical texts, some of which she has. This is Hudson's old berth.

She sighs heavily. Then sits down at the desk and takes the cover off the plate - then sits back in astonishment.

Pasta with basil pesto, and small cherry tomatoes on top. Rachel touches the green oil, tastes it, and groans. This is the most beautiful plate of food she's seen for years.

She piles some on to a fork and takes an experimental bite. Then, slowly, savouring it, she eats.

EXT. SOUTHERN FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

Dying and dead woods surround the steep road. A truck turns off on to a dirt track that's barely visible. A beat up Tesla creeps along behind it.

INT. TESLA - NIGHT

Sergei watches through the sprayed-over windshield. The truck, it appears, has stopped in a clearing. The driver gets out, goes around and opens the door.

The people inside stand meekly, every one of them blindfolded. In addition to the people, three figures in black exit the truck.

They wear dark clothing and balaclavas, and they carry assault rifles.

These are Revelationists, Christian terrorists. They saddle each worker with plastic water collecting bags, hanging them over their shoulders.

SERGEI

Go.

The two Lammergeiers JACOB (20s) and VERA (20s) in the back seat exit, carrying their object with them. Sergei gets out, and puts his field glasses to his eyes.

EXT. SOUTHERN FOOTHILLS - CLEARING - NIGHT

The two Lammergeiers stick to the dead woods, following the blindfolded workers as they trudge up a dark path.

There are three Revelationists guiding the workers, and it's steep, slow going. They begin to drift apart slightly, the three lights moving further from each other.

Jacob, with the package over his arm, moves stealthily, creeping up behind the tail. They get within five feet, but Jacob's foot slips audibly on the rough path.

The masked foot soldier turns. His eyes go wide, as does Jacob's when the light hits him full in the face. Vera intercepts the Revelationist and cuts his throat.

Startled, the last person, BILL (40) turns around, but being blindfolded, is unable to see anything. Disoriented, he stumbles. His bag falls partway off his shoulders.

Jacob helps him recover. Then, quickly, with Vera's aid, pulls something from the bag they've been carrying:

It is a **remote-detonated suicide vest**. They sling it over Bill's shoulders. Vera pats him reassuringly on the arm. He smiles, and turns to follow the rest of them.

EXT. THE SOUTHERN FOOTHILLS - CLEARING - NIGHT

Sergei waits beside the Tesla. The lights are now on, illuminating the form of the DRIVER, tied up and bloody on his knees.

Vera and Jacobs appear. Vera hands a remote detonator to Sergei. He looks to Jacobs, questioningly.

Jacobs holds up two fingers. Sergei nods, examines the detonator in his hand. He looks down at his captive, who is painfully conscious.

SERGEI

One-mississippi. Two-mississippi...

Sergei arms the device.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Three-mississippi...

INT. WATER MINES - NIGHT

Bill wades into the watery caves behind his fellows, struggling to keep his balance. One of the Revelationists helps him recover himself.

He pulls off Bill's blindfold, then the next person's, then all the rest.

REVELATIONIST

Get to work. We don't have all night.

The others shrug off their water bags, and begin to fill them. Bill goes to do the same -- then he looks at himself. **Then he realizes something's not right.**

He struggles with the vest, **but it's belted to him.**

EXT. THE SOUTHERN FOOTHILLS - CLEARING - NIGHT

Sergei triggers the device.

INT. WATER MINES - NIGHT

A WHINE emits from the vest. Everyone now turns and takes notice. Bill's face goes white as a small light flashes in time with FOUR RAPID HIGH PITCHED BEEPS.

An EXPLOSION engulfs the nearest people. The ones further in turn their heads in shock. The remaining Revelationist takes a step forward.

There is a RUMBLE. They all look up. A crack forms in the low, limestone ceiling. Then it breaks, and the entire cave collapses, crushing and burying all inside.

EXT. THE SOUTHERN FOOTHILLS - CLEARING - NIGHT

Sergei watches through his field glasses.

INSERT: A plume of debris and steam rises from the mountainside.

Sergei sets them down, satisfied. He indicates the kneeling, wide eyed driver, and looks him in his terrified eyes.

SERGEI

Take that one. I want to question him later.

The Lammergeiers follow his orders, tossing the man into the trunk of the Tesla. They get in, and drive off.

EXT. THE CHURCH OF ETERNAL PENANCE - NIGHT

An injured REVELATIONIST (20s) limps towards the A-frame church.

INT. MIRYAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Miryam sits at her desk, tight lipped. She's replaced her simple rough spun garb with a more svelte black turtleneck and fatigues.

The arm patch separates her costume from the Lammergeier fatigues -- that and a priest's blood red stole draped around her neck.

She stares up at the REVELATIONIST.

REVELATIONIST

Some kind of explosion --

Miryam slaps her desk impatiently.

MIRYAM

Yes.

INJURED REVELATIONIST

Sergei.

MIRYAM

You saw him?

INJURED REVELATIONIST

No. But who else?

MIRYAM

Double the watch on the Market District. Let it be known that we're offering a substantial reward to anyone who assists us.

The REVELATIONIST leaves. Miryam sits back, deep in angry contemplation. She pulls a radio out of a drawer.

MIRYAM (cont'd)

(into the radio)

It's nearly time. Make sure you're ready.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rachel, now dressed in a simple grey t-shirt and olive green fatigue pants, braids her hair. Then, she goes to the door, and taps it.

No answer. She presses the slide, and to her surprise, it opens. She looks out. No one in the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rachel frowns. A few sailors pass, glance at her, but no one's stopping her. She walks out into the corridor, then - determined now, follows an arrow that says HANGAR DECK.

INT. HANGAR

Rachel makes her way through a small door, and arrives in a massive, cavernous space.

Almost the entire surface area of the ship covers over this deck, there are about ten aircraft and helicopters.

The rest of the space is taken up by an enormous mobile vertical farm. It is colossal, greenhouses and open-air units, built on top of each other in towers rising up to 70 feet.

Halogen lights illuminate the whole space. It is extraordinary. This abundance is enough to feed hundreds.

She wonders at it. It's beautiful.

A Young Marine (20s) sidles up to her.

YOUNG MARINE

Miss, I don't think you're supposed to be here.

RACHEL

(overawed)

You're right.

YOUNG MARINE

How about I just escort you back to your cabin, and we won't say any more about it.

Gently, he takes her by the elbow. She follows, looking over her shoulder.

INT. THE WALSH - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Marine leaves her at the door to her cabin, but does not remain to see her in. She wonders at this for a moment, watching him disappear around the corner.

She shrugs, walks off in the opposite direction.

She walks lightly until she comes to an open door. From what she can see inside, a small group of 18-20 year old sailors and Marines are gathered.

They're all paying attention to a floor-to-ceiling screen, and a person Rachel can't see behind the door. She nudges it slightly.

Delaware stands before the screen, which now depicts a photograph of a bust of the Roman Emperor Caracalla. He indicates it with one hand.

DELAWARE

This is what happens when you privilege your military above all else.

The image changes - a depiction of Caracalla's death, murdered by a soldier.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, deeply surprised, watches Delaware conduct his class with the ease of any tenured professor.

She edges in, not trying to hide her presence, but remaining quiet. Delaware acknowledges her with narrowed eyes, and continues his lecture.

DELAWARE

Your civic structure erodes because all of your revenue goes to the legions. Your legions demand higher pay, so you raise provincial taxes, encouraging your vassals and governors to rethink their allegiance to you. Why pay tribute to you when they can buy off your legions?

He points to the photograph, and the one that appears next to it.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

I want you to think about Caracalla when you do the reading. Be ready to discuss the Severan dynasty's importance to the crisis. All right.

The kids, like any college class, stand up at once, clutching around their books and notebooks, and make their way out.

A TALL SAILOR (female, 18) stops and turns to Delaware. She holds open her notebook to show him a family chart.

TALL SAILOR

Is this right?

DELAWARE

Geta was co-Augustus by that time, so annotate that. Otherwise it looks good.

She nods, then heads out with her class, leaving Rachel and Delaware alone in the room together.

RACHEL

Vikram --

DELAWARE

I was not able to make an arrangement with him.

RACHEL

You're letting me walk around freely.

DELAWARE

You're not as free as you think you are.

She looks away. Then meets his eyes.

RACHEL

That vertical farm on the hangar deck. That's what this is really about. Protecting that from...us.

DELAWARE

We call it the M-CAS. Mobile Controlled Agriculture System.

RACHEL

Why did you let me see it?

He shrugs.

DELAWARE

Anyone who wants to take this ship or destroy it already has plenty of incentive. Come with me.

He heads away. She follows.

INT. DELAWARE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Standing apart, Rachel looks at the floor-to-ceiling map of the region. It's covered with push-pins, sticky notes, and now, colour printouts that appear to be aerial photographs.

There are images of her, Vikram, Radhesh, Sergei, others.

The patterns are not elegant or perfectly rendered- in fact, it's kind of a mess.

Delaware comes out of his bedroom, now dressed down in a button down shirt and slacks. He stands next to her, looking up at it.

DELAWARE

Anything particular to interest you?

Rachel steps back, and examines the whole picture.

RACHEL

Lots of detail. Not much planning.

DELAWARE

No.

RACHEL

When you found me, you were all alone. Why?

DELAWARE

I didn't set out to find you, especially. The message claimed information about Hudson.

RACHEL

But you came by yourself. You left here without a single soldier to stand at your back. That doesn't strike you as foolish?

He says nothing, but goes over to his refrigerator, and pulls out a dish. Pecan pie. He plates two slices. He also grabs a decanter of bourbon from the counter.

She's interested in this, but more interested in him. He catches her staring just as she looks away.

He sets the plate down in front of her.

RACHEL (cont'd)

How is this even possible?

Delaware sits back, loads his fork and looks at it.

DELAWARE

Some parts lab created, some parts produce from the MCAS. Gran's recipe. Try it.

She does. It's delicious. Meanwhile, he pours them both a bourbon. She doesn't ask about this, but takes a sip, and leans back in satisfaction.

RACHEL

I understand why you stayed away.
It's like you live in a completely
different world. Like the ARC never
fell.

DELAWARE

It fell. Believe me. I was in
Honolulu. The entire island erupted.
All those people who weren't lucky
enough to be us died in hideous ways.

This puts Rachel in mind of something. She steels herself by
drinking the entire glass of bourbon. Delaware watches this,
suddenly nervous.

RACHEL

Why didn't you send medicine when my
mother was ill?

DELAWARE

I wasn't made aware she was ill until
the other night.

She blinks at him.

RACHEL

Hudson contacted you. He told me you
said no, that you didn't want to risk
one of your pilots in case of an
attack.

Delaware sits back, takes in this information.

DELAWARE

He did not contact me. He... he was
entitled to use his discretion in
that matter. Maybe you misheard.

She narrows her eyes at him. **She does not mishear and he
knows it.**

RACHEL

He told me you "had time to assess
the military situation."

She stops. She realizes she has been taken advantage of.

DELAWARE

I didn't know.

RACHEL

Why wouldn't he contact you?

Delaware sips his bourbon, looks at it critically to avoid her gaze. Then sighs.

DELAWARE

I suspect that he knew that any chopper I dispatched with medication for your mother would also carry orders for his immediate return. Can you think of a reason why he might want to remain?

Now he does meet her gaze, mild accusation in his expression.

RACHEL

He told me antibiotics were unlikely to be effective, that my mother wouldn't survive. But he didn't even try. He said...he said that...

She stands, paces to fight the rage, the sadness, fists clenched.

DELAWARE

Rachel, he would not have said that if he had not believed it. I swear to you.

RACHEL

Oh, go to hell. He lied.

DELAWARE

Do you really think that?

RACHEL

What I think is immaterial. What is true is that my mother is dead, my brother and father might be next. What is true is that I'm your hostage and you're keeping me from them.

DELAWARE

I'm also keeping you safe.

RACHEL

From what? You have no idea what you're talking about. You didn't last ten minutes in my world. You just charged out there like a one man invasion because underneath all your authority, you're just as desperate for conflict as Hudson was. Trusting either of you was stupid.

He rises, growing angry now.

DELAWARE

I am not "desperate for conflict".

RACHEL

Is that so.

He activates the NCOM with a gesture. A version of Hudson's notebook manifests. He tosses it to her. She frowns, opens it. Reads it in English.

DELAWARE

(reciting)

"She has almost perfect recall and absorbs new information effortlessly. However, there is a lack of genuine confidence" -- he calls it a "a depressive malaise that stems from isolation."

Rachel throws down the book like it's a red hot coal.

RACHEL

Stop it.

He takes his time as he walks towards her.

DELAWARE

To wit: "she has no peers beyond her elder brother. I initially considering fostering her hopes to exploit her trust, but it seems as though her desperation has done the work for me."

She looks at him, now more hurt than angry, but she stands her ground when he approaches her.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

So yes, in essence, you did fail to understand the balance of motivation between the two of you. That does not give you the right to judge him, or the right to keep the details of his last moments from me.

RACHEL

I have every right.

DELAWARE

Tell me how my brother died. Describe it.

RACHEL
I won't. I can't.

She sees it before her eyes. She backs away from Delaware.

INSERT: Sergei's knife going through Hudson like butter.

INSERT: Rachel's scream as she pulls the scalpel across Hudson's throat. Blood, flooding down from the cut, soaking her.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Get away from me.

DELAWARE
Rachel.

RACHEL
Send me back to your cells. Anything.
I don't care.

The about face throws Delaware off guard. Exasperated, he presses in on her, looking into her face.

DELAWARE
Christ, what do you want from me?

RACHEL
I want to go home.

DELAWARE
(snarling)
You can go home when tell me what happened.

RACHEL
You know what happened.

She can't stop the tears. Not just tears of trauma, but of mourning. She looks at the NCOM facsimile of the notebook on the floor. Delaware follows her gaze. The book vanishes.

When he turns to look at her again, Delaware's eyes are also full of tears. He is so close the air goes heavy between. Rachel's shoulders go slack at the sight of his pain.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I'm sorry--

They stare at each other for moment. Delaware cradles her face in his hands and presses his mouth against hers. He kisses her hard -- then stops himself.

Rachel remembers Hudson, almost returning her kiss, pulling away. She remembers his death.

Delaware pulls away.

DELAWARE

I'm sorry -- I shouldn't --

She throws her arms around his neck and kisses him back, just as hard, just desperately. He returns it, losing himself completely.

INT. DELAWARE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clumsily, still locked together, they move backwards towards his bed. He pushes her back down on it, presses himself against her.

She arches, cries out as he marks her neck with his teeth. His hands seize her wrists, pin them over her head.

He goes to kiss her again, but --

RACHEL

(panting)

Wait.

He lets go of her, rising to look at her in confusion. She sits up, braces herself, then:

RACHEL (cont'd)

I killed Hudson.

Delaware blinks. He stands up straight.

DELAWARE

What?

RACHEL

(stuttering)

Sergei intercepted us at the temple.

He knifed him--

(she indicates with
her hands)

There was no way anyone could survive that. Hudson knew it.

DELAWARE

Why didn't you contact me for help?

He falters. Rachel, now in floods of tears, struggles for breath.

RACHEL
I'm saying this all wrong.

DELAWARE
No. You've said enough.

Rachel stands, gets right in his face.

RACHEL
(snarling)
You don't understand. You don't know
what it looks like when Sergei
tortures someone.

This fazes him. He opens his mouth, then doesn't speak. Instead, he wipes her taste from his mouth, and moves towards the door, like one in a trance.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Where are you going?

DELAWARE
(deceptively calm)
Away from you.

He says no more, but exits, and leaves her alone there. She allows herself on moment of despair, sheds some disappointed, painful tears.

Then she pulls herself together, sets her jaw, and bolts out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Delaware charges down the hall, enraged. He heads to the bridge.

BRIDGE

Delaware goes and fires up a weapons console. He paces restlessly, kicks a chair, contemplates launching some missiles, going so far as to call up a weapons screen.

EXT. CARRIER - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Rachel heads straight for the emergency life boat station and deploys the zodiac. It zips down in a controlled line-aided fall to the water's surface. Rachel rappels down after it.

She fires up the motor and heads off in the direction of the Cradle city lights.

INT. DELAWARE'S QUARTERS

Delaware casts around. He struggles. He sits down in his chair. He opens the drawer at his desk and rummages around until he spots the scalpel.

He reaches for it, cuts his thumb on its razor edge.

He hisses, then pulls the thing out and lays it on his desk. He sucks his thumb, looks at the cut, which is clean edged.

He looks back at the scalpel and rolls it until the inscription faces him. The Latin for "First do no harm".

He holds it, contemplates it. He heads out of his cabin, holding it in his fist.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE HUDSON'S CABIN

Delaware bangs on the door.

DELAWARE

Rachel.

He bangs on it again.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Come on, I just want to talk.

There is no answer. He opens the door. The cabin is empty.

INT. THE WALSH - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Delaware walks in.

He looks around, pulls open the desk drawer. He places the scalpel inside an antique black case clearly made for it. The other slots remain empty.

Then he pulls the notebook out from his back pocket.

He flips through the pages until he comes to the folded leaves, the sketches of Rachel.

Hand shaking, he unfolds them, smoothing them flat on the desk.

Every manner of salvage item, crude craft, and raw material is for sale. Canned goods are at a major premium, as are weapons.

There are also medium sized transport trucks. The drivers wait around, most heavily armed. Rachel goes straight for them. She approaches the nearest- a SHORT DRIVER (50s).

RACHEL
Who's going to the Crown?

SHORT DRIVER
Piss off.

RACHEL
I'm Rachel Kori. Take me home and my father will reward you.

SHORT DRIVER
Sure you are. I'm going to drive you through a Lammergeier cordon and get "rewarded". Piss off, I said.

Rachel wants to argue. She doesn't care. Then she notices a Lammergeier patrol at the far side of the square. She moves, putting a truck between herself and their direct view line.

A middle aged woman, raw boned but striking, gives a little whistle. Rachel turns. This is MARTYA (40s). She leans up against another delivery truck, an AK-47 over her shoulder.

MARTYA
I'll take you.

RACHEL
You will?

MARTYA
I have to make one stop first.

INT. MARTYA'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck trundles along the Guild Road, heading east. Rachel is taciturn in the passenger seat. Martya is relaxed, composed.

MARTYA
Sergei and his soldiers have been tearing the Cradle apart looking for you.

RACHEL

I know.

MARTYA

A lot of dead bodies behind this little disagreement of yours.

RACHEL

That being the source of the disagreement.

MARTYA

Then I have no quarrel with you. Man is a beast.

RACHEL

Sergei, or men in general?

Martya just smiles.

EXT. MARTYA'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck pulls into the Church of Everlasting Penance complex.

EXT. CHURCH OF EVERLASTING PENANCE - NIGHT

The truck backs into a warehouse loading dock.

INT. MARTYA'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Martya puts the truck in park.

MARTYA

Wait here. I need to speak with the Reverend.

Martya exits the truck. Rachel watches in the side mirror as Miryam approaches, and speaks with Martya.

Martya jerks her head back to the truck cab, almost certainly referring to Rachel. Rachel stiffens.

Before long Martya is at the door of the truck. She opens it.

MARTYA (cont'd)

Miryam wants a few words.

RACHEL

What for?

EXT. MARTYA'S TRUCK - CHURCH OF THE EVERLASTING PENANCE -
NIGHT

Miryam lounges against the edge of the loading dock. Rachel approaches her, warily.

MIRYAM

Miss Kori. Please, be welcome.

RACHEL

Reverend.

MIRYAM

Let's get out of the wind.

RACHEL

I can't stay.

MIRYAM

Oh, this won't take long.

She heads up the stairs to the garage-style door. Rachel follows her, more and more uneasy. Miryam presses the button on the door, which rolls back to reveal:

Not a warehouse, but a room, walls and floor panelled with ceramic. There are what appear to be rust stains in the grout- but they're actually old blood stains.

The central feature is something akin to a dentist chair, but with straps. It's angled so that the head is slightly lower than the midpoint.

In addition, there is a collection of car batteries and jumper cables, along with buckets, towels and other sinister miscellany.

Rachel spooks instantly. She turns, tries to run. Miryam pulls out a taser and jams it into her ribs.

Her SCREAM is cut short into a gasp, as her body is paralyzed by the current of electricity.

A set of followers -- though it is increasingly clear these are Revelationists, not congregation members, appear and grab Rachel by the arms and legs.

She struggles, but she's in too much pain to fight back.

Martya makes her way up to the platform and faces Miryam.

MIRYAM (cont'd)
Yes, your reward.

She indicates a pair of Revelationaries carrying a sealed water barrel between them. They set it down. She goes to the truck and pulls up the door, then drops the lift.

She climbs up into the trailer.

MARTYA
What are you waiting for?

The Revvos have stopped. A split appears in the bottom of the barrel. Sand leaks out.

MARTYA (cont'd)
(to Miryam)
What the hell is this?

MIRYAM
The wages of sin.

She looks up. Miryam raises a pistol, aims, and puts a bullet through her skull. She dies instantly, falling into a heap in the trailer.

The two Revvos look to their leader and she nods. They get the keys from Martya's body, pull down the door, and head to the cab.

Behind Miryam, Rachel, in a stupor, is strapped down into the chair. Miryam steps inside the space, and presses the button to lower the door.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - VIKRAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vikram power-broods. He has his radio on his desk, and, on a whim, punches in his and Rachel's MORSE CODE CALL SIGN.

He gets nothing but STATIC. He throws the radio across the room. It bounces, and lands on the floor.

Vikram is surprised when he realizes Radhesh has been standing at his door.

RADHESH
What did you expect?

VIKRAM
I don't know what to do.

He goes and sits down heavily on the edge of his son's bed, and looks around at the towering collection of detailed plans of the carrier, the weaponry, the aircraft.

RADHESH

They aren't invulnerable. There must be some kind of weakness.

VIKRAM

None that we can exploit.

Radhesh turns to his son and looks directly at him.

RADHESH

You know that isn't true. Sergei has ordnance and all the boats he can commandeer.

Vikram won't meet his father's eyes. He goes silent, into himself.

RADHESH (cont'd)

You don't want to sink it. You want to take it. Vikram, are you out of your mind?

VIKRAM

Father, you don't understand.

Radhesh stands.

RADHESH

No. I see your logic. You're prepared to trade your sister for a fancy boat with a lot of fancy guns.

Vikram rises also, rigid with anger.

VIKRAM

I have no intention of trading Rachel for anything. There is nothing I wouldn't do to get her back. I will get her back.

RADHESH

The instant you move against them, they'll kill her. Did you think of that?

Over in the corner, the radio CRACKLES. Vikram snatches it up, and answers.

VIKRAM

I'm here.

SERGEI

(O.S., filtered)

--spotted her. Truck driver. Market Square.

VIKRAM

Detain him. I'll be there.

He hooks the radio into his belt and turns to his father.

RADHESH

I'm coming with you.

VIKRAM

No.

RADHESH

She's my daughter.

VIKRAM

You can't leave. What if we're attacked?

RADHESH

What makes you think you can stop me?

Vikram shrugs on his coat, and makes to leave. He turns at the door.

VIKRAM

I'll send for you the instant we locate her. I swear it. Monitor the situation from here until then.
Please.

EXT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - VERANDA - NIGHT

Radhesh walks out to the veranda and watches as his son gets into a Lammergeier vehicle and drives down the switchback. He returns to his son's room.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - VIKRAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Radhesh looks at the intricate chalk drawings on Vikram's oppressively tall chalk boards: 10' high diagrams of missile arrays, fighter jets, the highly complex desalinator array.

He reaches out to a hanging board, and pushes it aside, revealing another below it.

On it is a detailed map of the Cradle, with the regions labelled, and a corresponding list of various "Operations", one of which is "Operation Baptist".

Radhesh looks more closely at it. Then he frowns as something occurs to him. He turns on his heel and heads out.

EXT. THE CROWN - THE CHANNEL - NIGHT

The dam rises in the background.

Radhesh walks down the cement path. There are signs that declare WARNING: MINES on either side. He looks over at the channel, wide and deep as a swimming pool.

This, we realize, is the reservoir we've seen before.

He comes to a place where it splits, and spills into two six-foot-wide cement water mains.

He picks his way over a narrow utility bridge, and looks straight down at the left-hand channel.

Buffeting before a great net that covers the entrance to the water main the eighty human corpses. Radhesh, horrified, stares down at them.

They are in much worse states of decay -- they still feature visible symptoms of Bubonic plague, and other diseases. Radhesh covers his mouth, gripping the rail of the bridge.

INSERT: Vikram's board. The notation: Operation Baptist.

INSERT: Nadia, dying in bed, beginning to become a corpse.

Radhesh looks out at the Cradle, realizes what his son has done.

INT. MIRYAM'S INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel jerks awake. The room is sterile, bright. Miryam lounges against a counter, looking at her with a banal, friendly smile.

She's no longer in his pastoral garb, but wears Kevlar over a black turtleneck.

Rachel looks at her.

RACHEL
Vikram should have seen it.

MIRYAM
He does. He just isn't prepared to begin an open conflict while his precious little sister whores herself to the Americans.

Rachel rolls her eyes. She doesn't give a fuck any more.

RACHEL
You people never really change, do you? Different creed, different outfits. The same small ideas.

Miryam approaches her.

MIRYAM
I like to think we become more pure. But I don't expect you to understand.

RACHEL
You're right, that one is clean beyond my capabilities.

MIRYAM
Then God denied you real genius, Rachel. Even your brother understands.

RACHEL
What are you talking about?

MIRYAM
I thought Vikram shared everything with you.

RACHEL
Is this some clever plan to turn us against each other? It won't work.

Miryam stands over Rachel, and puts her hands together.

MIRYAM
Tell me about the Americans. The ship. The ordnance and air strength. Delaware Ford and his dispositions. Tell me about Hudson Ford, the doctor.

Rachel laughs softly.

RACHEL

No.

MIRYAM

But you have travelled both rivers.
Or maybe I should say you've crossed
this one.

She smiles at her own joke as she touches Rachel's neck, tracing the shape of Delaware's bite mark. Rachel jerks her head away.

RACHEL

Are you deaf? I said no.

MIRYAM

Hm. Tremendous loyalty in such short acquaintance. Did he offer anything in return?

Rachel just glares resentfully.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

The Patrol Boat speeds towards the harbour.

INT. PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

Delaware sits alone in the stateroom, holding Hudson's journal. He opens it to the series of sketches, and stops at the one of Rachel working with the scalpel.

There is a slight smile on her face. Delaware touches it, frowns. Then he shuts the book decisively and grabs his handheld radio.

DELAWARE

New orders.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

The Short Driver Rachel accosted earlier oversees the loading of goods into his truck. A convoy of Lammergeiers arrives in a rush.

They disgorge from the trucks and aim their weapons at the DRIVER. He raises his hands, a rabbit in the headlights.

The line of armed soldiers parts for Vikram and Sergei. Seeing Sergei, the DRIVER tries to run.

He doesn't get far. Sergei draws one of his two Desert Eagles, allows the man to get a sporting distance, gets into the Weaver stance, aims, and blows the DRIVER'S leg apart.

The man cries out as two of the Lammergeiers drag him back to the square. Sergei kicks him on to his back, and Vikram looks down at him.

VIKRAM

Where is she?

The man only stares up at him, terrified.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

All right.

Sergei moves closer. The DRIVER looks between the two men, his face glistening with sweat.

Sergei ejects the round in the chamber of his pistol and flips it in his hand, butt end out. He raises it, showing his teeth in a broad smile.

SERGEI

Say when.

He brings it down with a meaty SNAP, somewhere below frame. The DRIVER SCREAMS.

INT. MIRYAM'S INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Miryam beckons to two of her men. They bring a bucket and a towel. Rachel can't see them -- they're behind her.

Miryam pulls on a pair of latex gloves.

MIRYAM

Let's try a more holistic approach.
Just say whatever comes to mind.

Rachel is nervous now. She tugs at her bound wrists and feet.

RACHEL

You could just kill me. Isn't that
part of your whole grand plan anyway?

Miryam laughs.

MIRYAM

I don't want to kill you, or anyone else. But salvation demands sacrifice.

RACHEL

I'm no use to you. All you're doing is making an enemy of my brother.

MIRYAM

You are the keystone, Rachel. All of these destructive forces, your brother, your Sergei, your American whore, they're all part of God's plan to return humanity to the time before sin.

Rachel frowns as she scrutinizes the other woman.

RACHEL

You don't really believe that.

Miryam takes this in stride.

MIRYAM

Be honest. Wouldn't it be peaceful after so living so long in the chaos of your own crucified mind?

Rachel looks at her, makes as though she's considering this.

RACHEL

No. It would be boring.

She spits full in Miryam's face. She jerks back, her face a mask of shock. Then she wipes her face, and resumes her beatific expression. She beckons her assistants and they move forward.

Now Rachel can see the bucket. Now she sees the towel.

RACHEL (cont'd)

What are you doing?

We see from her perspective as they lay it over her mouth and nose. The sound of RUSHING WATER fills her ears. She screams, a muffled, wet sound.

Then darkness. Then the sound of her own GASPING, LABOURED BREATHING. SPLASHING WATER.

MIRYAM

Again.

She GASPS and STRUGGLES for breath, WHIMPERING. SPLASHING WATER. CHOKING.

MIRYAM (cont'd)

Again.

EXT. SHELL TOWN BEACH - NIGHT

Two amphibious craft beach themselves on the sand. Urchins running around draw back into the shadows watch as two Marine L-ATVs disembark, and drive up the beach.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Delaware sits passenger side, holding headphones to one ear. The MARINE DRIVER (20s) looks over to him.

MARINE DRIVER

Sir?

DELAWARE

Nothing yet.

MARINE DRIVER

Coordinates?

DELAWARE

Head for the city center. Someone must have seen her. We'll knock some heads together if need be.

INT. MIRYAM'S INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel struggles weakly, the towel still on her face. Miryam goes over and folds it up over her eyes.

Rachel shuts them, and makes a small rhythmic whimpering noise.

MIRYAM

Now. What do you have to tell me?

RACHEL

(gasping)

There's nothing to tell. Delaware doesn't know and doesn't care about the Cradle.

MIRYAM

Vikram does. Vikram has been very busy. I still find it very difficult to believe he didn't include you in at least some of his plans.

RACHEL

I told you already --

MIRYAM

All right, all right. Maybe I can foster some insight, then we can both understand each other better.

RACHEL

Insight?

MIRYAM

My friends up in the Crown keep me informed, you see. They told me about your brother's little "civic project".

RACHEL

Let me go. I have nothing to tell anyone, and no reason.

MIRYAM

You, Rachel, are a wholly incompetent liar. Maybe that's why you're so easily deceived.

Rachel's eyes go wide. Then Miryam snaps her fingers, and the towel is laid over her face again. She SCREAMS through it until the water silences her.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

The Lammereiers heave the driver's body into the harbour. Vikram paces, while Sergei stands still.

SERGEI

So we find this other driver. So what?

VIKRAM

She was Crown-bound.

SERGEI

Radio your father.

VIKRAM

No.

SERGEI

What could it hurt? Even if it's nothing, it will give the old man something to do.

Vikram looks at him, and then he surrenders, his shoulders dropping. He goes over to the radio.

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

A MORSE CALL SIGN comes through the radio. Orsine answers it.

ORSINE

I understand. At once.

She looks up to see Radhesh walking briskly towards her, his face a mask of anguish and rage.

INT. MIRYAM'S INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The waterboarding of Rachel continues. She sobs and gasps intermittently.

The CALL SIGN -- ORSINE'S CALL SIGN -- beeps on a handheld radio on the counter. Miryam holds up a hand for pause, then goes to answer it.

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Orsine speaks into the microphone.

ORSINE

It's time.

She smiles up at Radhesh.

INT. MIRYAM'S INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Miryam smiles too, and sets the radio down. Then she pulls the towel away from Rachel's face and tosses it aside.

MIRYAM

How are you feeling, my dear?

She doesn't say anything, just looks at her with red swollen eyes. Miryam crouches down by her, a maternal look of concern on her face.

Rachel's lip quivers. She's on the edge.

MIRYAM (cont'd)
(slowly, savouring it)
It was Vikram who ordered Sergei Vetrov to fill the staging reservoir with diseased corpses. It was Vikram who instructed Sergei to dispose of poor Dr. Ford. And it was Vikram who, albeit unintentionally, killed your mother. But that doesn't help much, does it?

She bends down and picks up the nearly empty bucket of water.

MIRYAM (cont'd)
Neither did he intend for his beloved sister to drown in that same diseased filth, yet here we are.

Rachel stares at her, aghast. Miryam dumps the remaining water over her face. She turns her face away, chokes.

RACHEL
Vikram would never. He never--

She doubts. Her face shows abject terror. **This is worse than the waterboarding.**

MIRYAM
You have to admire the elegance of it. Manufacture a plague to reduce the population, lift the strain on resources, then use those resources to rebuild society in his image. Not just a prophet, but a self-made deity. The greatest infidel ever to profane this earth.

Rachel looks at Miryam, in shock, in denial.

RACHEL
(whispers)
No.

MIRYAM

Good news. You won't need to take my word for it. You can ask him yourself.

Miryam sets the bucket down, and then goes to one of her assistants.

MIRYAM (cont'd)

Open a public frequency. Announce that have Rachel Kori and that we're prepared to give her back.

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Radhesh grabs up the radio, and sends out VIKRAM'S CALL SIGN.

INTERCUT:

VIKRAM

(O.S. filtered)

What is it.

RADHESH

It's your father. We're going to talk.

INT. LAMMERGEIER PERSONNEL TRUCK - NIGHT

Vikram beats his palm against his forehead in frustration, then clicks the mic.

VIKRAM

I'm so close. Just give me time.

INT. LAMMERGEIER OUTPOST - RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

RADHESH

We're going to talk about your mother. And your sister. And that young man, Dr. Ford. Then we're going to talk about all of those people who are floating in the Cradle's water supply.

Radhesh throws the mic away. It bounces off the console. Orsine catches it, and gently sets it back in its cradle.

ORSINE

Mr. Kori?

Radhesh looks at his hand. It shakes before his eyes.

RADHESH

Would it be too much trouble if you
drove me down to the Harbour? I don't
think I'm...

He closes his fist, takes a deep breath.

ORSINE

Of course, sir.

Orsine smiles, and pats his arm as she leads him out of the
room.

INT. LAMMERGEIER PERSONNEL TRUCK - NIGHT

Vikram, stunned, places the microphone back on the hook. He
sits back. Sergei looks at him.

SERGEI

What is it?

Vikram blinks. He is silent for a beat.

VIKRAM

It's nothing.

EXT. GUILD ROAD - NIGHT

Vikram and Sergei arrive with a second truck behind. They
unload.

As they do so, a small group of masked individuals arrive on
the scene a pickup truck and stand ready. They are all
wearing visible suicide vests, and are heavily armed.

Two of them half drag, half-carry a soaked-through Rachel
towards the beam of light cast by the headlights of the van.

Sergei walks forward, but Vikram stops him.

VIKRAM

Don't.

SERGEI

They're vulnerable.

VIKRAM

The only important thing is getting her out safely.

As he says this, the two Revelationists drop Rachel on her knees in front of the light, about fifty feet out from where Vikram and Sergei stand.

Behind them, a complement of Lammergeiers at least fifty strong. Rachel is still gagged and bound. Her face is tear streaked, terrified.

Miryam emerges from the darkness, apparently unarmed. She goes over to Rachel and puts her hand gently on Rachel's wet hair. Rachel cringes away.

MIRYAM

I wanted to make certain myself that she got safely to you, Vikram. I know how much you care for her.

Everyone looks at everyone else. It's not exactly a Mexican standoff, because no one has the draw on the suicide cult members. Miryam steps back, flanked by her fighters.

MIRYAM (cont'd)

Slowly now.

Vikram signals to Sergei to wait, and then approaches alone. Then, a sound of TIRES, a flash of headlights. A Navy L-ATV approaches, skidding across the gravel.

Delaware gets out of the passenger side, and walks forward. Behind him, five Marines unload from the another vehicle.

VIKRAM

(to Miryam)

This is not what we agreed.

MIRYAM

We agreed to nothing, boy.

EXT. THE CROWN - NIGHT

Radhesh gets into a Landrover with two other Lammergeiers, and Orsine at the wheel. She checks her watch. Smiles.

EXT. GUILD ROAD - NIGHT

Miryam checks her watch. They all watch her. She looks lost in her reverie for a moment, then looks up and smiles.

MIRYAM

I wish all of you the best of luck in
the coming conflict.

She and her people move towards their vehicles, and get in.
They depart. The Lammergeiers look after it, but Vikram
looks to Sergei.

VIKRAM

No.

Sergei shifts his weight. He sizes up the crew Delaware has
brought with him, and likes the odds.

His Lammergeiers seem to sense his state of mind, but hang
back. Vikram marches straight towards his sister, but
Delaware is closer.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

Get away from her.

Delaware ignores him, and approaches Rachel. He goes down
next to her, knife in hand, and cuts her bonds.

She coughs, and kneels forward, catching the ground with her
hands as she chokes and spits.

DELAWARE

Rachel.

Vikram increases his pace and aims to impose himself
between Delaware and his sister by force if he has to.
Delaware rises, and sheaths his knife, staring him down.

VIKRAM

Don't.

Delaware looks at him, narrow eyed, then looks down at
Rachel. He doesn't want to back away from her.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

You have no right to lay hands on
her.

His face is anguished, tone accusatory. Delaware hesitates
for another beat, and then backs off a step from Rachel and
allows her brother to get close to her.

She's still on her knees, still breathing raggedly, heeled
forward. At her perspective, she sees lights, boots, guns
barrels.

Then she sees a rock -- a stone with a quartz stripe through it --

She remembers.

*INSERT: the stone her brother gave her when they were children. The one he **didn't** throw at the birds.*

Her fear turns to rage. Unnoticed by Vikram and Delaware, she palms the stone. Vikram bends down before her, and catches her under the elbows, helping her to rise.

She stands unsteadily before him. Once on her feet, Rachel stares at Vikram, livid. He frowns at this- she has never looked at him like this before.

VIKRAM

Rachel.

With all her strength, she swings her fist, stone clenched in it, and **smashes it into the side of his face.**

With a cry of pain and shock, Vikram staggers to the side, almost losing his footing.

The momentum is too much for Rachel, and she loses her balance. Delaware is there in time to catch her. He steadies her.

Sergei, now alerted to the scent of blood, signals to his troops to advance with him. The Marines behind Delaware advance as well.

Vikram touches his face -- his fractured cheekbone -- and looks at his sister, his heart completely and permanently broken.

Blood pools at the corner of his eye close to where she hit him, and mixes with tears. He touches it with his finger, tries to wipe it away, but it keeps bleeding.

Leaning against Delaware, Rachel looks feral hate at her brother, too incensed to form words.

Then she sees Sergei approach, and pulls against Delaware's grasp, enraged, demented enough to attack him unarmed.

Sergei steps in front of Vikram, who is still in shock. Sergei signals to his Lammergeiers to halt, and they do, arrayed.

Rachel struggles against Delaware's grip. She gets a hand on his boot knife and pulls it out.

She shakes him off, and advances towards Sergei, arm extended, blade pointed.

Using the knife, she indicates the red scar bisecting the lower half of his face.

RACHEL
(rasping)
Come closer. I missed a spot.

SERGEI
(in Russian,
subtitled)
*You know I love it when you flirt
with me like this.*

Vikram straightens from his grief, and walks forward, shoulder to shoulder with Sergei now.

VIKRAM
Rachel.

Rachel makes a sound that's half sob, half laugh.

RACHEL
Why did you do it?

VIKRAM
Do what?

RACHEL
I know about Hudson. What about
mother? Did you even care, or was she
in your way?

VIKRAM
It was an accident. I swear it.

She turns the knife on him. He moves closer, slowly, ignoring it.

VIKRAM (cont'd)
You can't hate me more than I hate
myself, Rachel.

RACHEL
I can.

VIKRAM
I'm your family. I've always taken
care of you. Please come home.
Please.

Rachel wants to cut him. She adjusts her grip on the knife, but her hand shakes. Sergei watches her, his own hand poised over his sidearm.

Delaware watches him, watches Rachel, while the Marines wait on him.

Rachel drops her arm and lets the knife fall. She gives her brother a look of pure contempt.

RACHEL
You are not my family.

She turns her back on him, takes a few steps and then goes down, her strength failing her.

Delaware catches her in one arm, drawing his pistol in the same movement - just as all of the Marines and Lammergeiers raise their weapons.

Sergei steps forward. He's **thrilled**.

SERGEI
Is this how you want to play it,
Rambo?

Delaware considers. He shrugs. The Lammergeiers edge forward, cocking their rifles. Then, a sound- one that hasn't been heard here in three years- a CHOPPER.

Not just one, but FOUR. Sergei and his soldiers look up.

Lights appear in the sky above them. The heavily armed personnel helicopters descend slowly.

Delaware lifts Rachel's prone body into his arms. Sergei snarls, and raises his weapon anyway, aiming it squarely at both of them.

VIKRAM
No!

Sergei shoulder checks Vikram as he takes a step back.

SERGEI
You heard her. She chose them.

Arms raised as he holds the gun steady, he aims it directly at Delaware.

Then something odd happens: a **small, red dot appears** on Sergei's centre of mass.

He doesn't notice at first, but then another joins it, quivering over his heart.

Then twenty, thirty, a hundred more red laser points appear, dancing over the assembled Lammergeiers, easily visible against their black uniforms.

They notice. Sergei notices. There are six laser beams targeting him directly.

DELAWARE

This is how I want to play it,
Witiko.

One of the choppers makes a low pass.

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

A gunner takes aim at Sergei from the open hatch as the chopper descends.

EXT. GUILD ROAD - NIGHT

The Lammergeiers hesitate. A cadre of Marines appears out of the darkness, guns raised, laser sights aimed.

There are maybe a hundred to Sergei's 50, and they now have the Lammergeiers surrounded. Ortiz is at their head.

Sergei, recognizing defeat, unloads and throws down his weapon in a rage. Delaware spits in contempt, and carries Rachel in the direction of the waiting chopper.

Vikram tries to follow.

VIKRAM

Rachel.

SERGEI

It's no good.

Vikram persists. Sergei catches him, pins his arms behind him. Vikram struggles. The other choppers land, and the Marines board them, covered by the on-board machine guns.

VIKRAM

Rachel!

His voice is lost in the CHOPPER noise. Sergei holds him back, until the chopper begins its ascent.

He lets Vikram go. Vikram watches, helplessly, shattered and weeping, as the choppers all rise, and fly away.

INT. CHOPPER - DAWN

Delaware straps Rachel in. She struggles against this, clearly experiencing immediate trauma reactions. Unable to get out, she subsides into whimpers.

Delaware goes to touch her face, to comfort her, but she shies.

The hatch is open, so the wind blows their hair around. Dawn breaks in the east, illuminating the junky, nightmarish city below. The chopper rolls gently, and turns for the south.