

THE REPUBLIC OF INFIDELS

CHAPTER 5: "Who Dares Wins"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BULLET TRAIN - DAWN

EDWARD BLYTHE (33) sits hunched up in a chair, working a glass of Scotch. There's a duffle bag next to him, and he wears British Army fatigues.

He's got an SAS winged dagger patch on his arm and major's stripes. His beret is off, sitting on top of the duffle bag.

He checks the time, digs his mobile out of his bag, and makes a call.

He waits.

EDWARD
Pick up, tosser.

GREGORY
(O.S. filtered)
Fuck off.

EDWARD
Did you get my present?

GREGORY
What time is it?

EDWARD
06:42

GREGORY
Goodbye.

EDWARD
Make sure there's breakfast. I'm
starving.

GREGORY
No.

INT. KING'S CROSS STATION - MORNING

GREGORY BIRCH (30s, Ira Glass-esque) yawns at the platform. He's prematurely grey at the temples, and he has distinct, patient adulthood about him.

The bullet train pulls into the station. People disembark. Edward, beret on, steps off the train. He glances through the crowd, but then stops to help RACHEL (18) get her carry-on from the corridor bin.

She wears her Oxford University hoodie. She gives him a quick tight smile that vanishes that same instant, and rolls her way towards a Heathrow-bound platform at a trot.

Something odd happens:

Edward looks at Gregory, smiles -- then for no reason, turns to look at the teenage Rachel, dragging her luggage. Reality slows. He frowns.

Rachel becomes a fragmented artifact in the crowd, stuttering, then disappearing altogether. Then everything goes back to normal, Edward included.

Gregory wends his way through the crowd to where Edward is.

Edward is genuinely happy to see Gregory, dips him, kisses him, a full on-movie kiss - the sailor and the girl in Times Square.

INT. GREGORY'S CAR - DAY

Gregory guides the steering wheel with one finger. The car does most of the driving as they head south.

GREGORY
Who was that girl?

EDWARD
Just some kid. Probably going home after a term filled with drugs and regrettable sex.

GREGORY
Halcyon days.

Edward smiles. He stares out the window. The skyline of London recedes in the distance -- it's dark with smog.

EDWARD
Filthy old whore.

GREGORY
Speaking of which, your ma rang
yesterday.

EDWARD
(exasperated)
Laenat allah.

GREGORY
Oh grow up.

Gregory swats Edward. Edward flinches, swats back and laughs.

EXT. DOVER - DUSK

The car drives into the city limits.

INT. FLAT - EVENING

Edward, now in civilian clothes, hovers behind a small gathering of people. He and everyone else nurse glasses of wine. Frank Sinatra's "Under Your Skin" plays softly.

TRACY (35) and MARK (40) sit next to Gregory on a very fine leather sofa.

On the flatscreen, Gregory shows them a series of moody black and white war zone photos, combined with some goofy shots of him taking a selfie with locals, and soldiers.

TRACY
Greg, these are great. Oh I like that one.

She giggles at a candid photo of some soldier taking a piss on a burnt up Welcome To sign, the town name totally obscured.

MARK
Where is that?

GREGORY
Somewhere outside St. Louis. I'm not sure exactly. The sign's no help at all.

Edward makes his way around the couch.

EDWARD
The state lines have all gone a
little fuzzy in the Midwest.

TRACY
(to Edward)
Is that where you've been working?

Edward sits down next to Gregory and puts an arm around his
shoulders.

EDWARD
Now, Trace, you know I can't tell you
that.

TRACY
I bet it was somewhere tropical. I
picture you somewhere sticky.

GREGORY
He was doing training exercises in
John O'Groats.

Edward gives him a push.

EDWARD
Thanks. Now everyone will think I'm
not the cool one.

GREGORY
I never agreed to keep that secret.

They laugh. Gregory gets up to go handle something in the
kitchen. Mark follows him.

Edward sinks back into the sofa cushions, nicely tipsy. He
stretches his feet out, raises a hand and gestures in the
air. The TV photographs flick past, one after the other.

TRACY
That's a good one.

INSERT: A photograph of Edward and Gregory's wedding -- a
civil service, just the two of them in suits, exchanging
rings.

TRACY (cont'd)
I wish you'd told us.

EDWARD
He wanted it private.

Tracy moves closer to him.

TRACY
 (whispers)
 Because of his dad?

Edward grimaces an affirmative.

TRACY (cont'd)
 You should knock him off. Whack him.
 Take him out, whatever.

EDWARD
 Don't tempt me.

TRACY
 Is that why you bought him that boat?

EDWARD
 Okay, that was a deposit on a
 lifetime of sexual favours.

She rolls her eyes, and recovers her own wine glass from the table. They continue to flick through the images.

Edward looks over his shoulder, watches as Mark and Gregory debate over a turkey that's just been de-ovened.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward and Gregory have sex. Gregory's on top, while Edward arches back, gasping mid-O.

They both collapse, and breathe heavily through the afterglow. Then Gregory rolls on to his back. He stares at the ceiling for a long beat.

GREGORY
 I want you to take it back.

EDWARD
 (drowsy)
 Take what back?

GREGORY
 The boat.

Edward, now alert, props himself up on his elbows.

EDWARD
 Has Jerry been facebooking again?
 Tracey thinks I should kill him. I'm
 beginning to agree.

GREGORY

No. Only I get to kill the old sod,
only I won't cause he's too fucking
sad.

EDWARD

I thought you liked the boat.

GREGORY

Yeah, but I don't need one. It's just
ostentatious and...really gay,
somehow.

EDWARD

Come on. This is about Jerry.

GREGORY

I appreciate the gesture, but just...
take it back.

EDWARD

What do you want instead?

Gregory doesn't say anything, just gives Edward a long kiss.
Then he turns out the light.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Edward sleeps. Gregory's hands shake him.

GREGORY

Wake up. Edward, wake up.

He shakes him harder. Edward comes awake. He looks blearily
up at Gregory.

EDWARD

What is it?

GREGORY

I don't know, something mad. Just get
dressed.

INT. FLAT - DAWN

Edward, in fatigues, follows Gregory out to the street-side
windows. Below, the quaint Dover street has been replaced
with a canal of water.

There are people struggling with small craft, and other people floating face down. The sky has gone an unnatural yellowish blue. Edward looks up.

EDWARD

No rain.

A streak of crazy green lightning surges across the sky. They both flinch. Edward stares.

GREGORY

It started less than an hour ago.

Edward is taken aback by this. He needs a moment. Then he takes charge.

EDWARD

Get the keys.

Edward grabs his black duffle bag. Gregory gets a set of keys out of a drawer.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Edward and Gregory navigate through chest-high water, moving between different boat hulls, holding bags over their heads. They find theirs, the GYRFALCON, a 60' 2030 model yacht.

Edward slings his bag up over the gunwale. He's able to pull himself up by the lowest rung of the ladder. He helps Gregory up, grimacing as he lifts him one armed.

He climbs up to the deck, and sees a shotgun barrel, directly in his face.

PETE (50s) cocks the gun.

PETE

Get away now. Go on. Find your own boat.

Edward, slowly, ascends.

EDWARD

This is my boat.

GREGORY

What's going on?

Pete pushes the duffle bag to the side with his foot, and aims the gun at Edward.

PETE

I give you one warn--

Edward jerks the gun out of his hands, turns it, and fires shot directly through the man's sternum. Gregory quickly climbs up the rest of the way.

GREGORY

Fuck!

EDWARD

Give me the keys.

Gregory stares at the corpse.

GREGORY

Edward--

EDWARD

Give me the fucking keys.

Shaking, Gregory gives him the keys.

EDWARD (cont'd)

And get rid of that.

Gregory looks down at the body. He shuts his eyes, hugs the ankles to himself, and drags it overboard.

EXT. THE BOAT - DAY

Edward backs the boat out of the debris, turns it, aims it south. As they go, they stare at the Dover waterfront as it collapses into the water.

INT. BOAT - DAY/AFTERNOON/DUSK

Now with beards, Edward and Gregory stare out into dark fog. A body floats past. Gregory photographs it.

Radiation symptoms start to show for Gregory. Edward doesn't bother with the helm, just tends his husband.

Gregory, blind, lies across the stern, in excruciating pain. Edward, now dried out and haggard, gives Gregory the last of the water.

Edward lifts him in his arms. He kisses the top of his head. With a shaking hand, Gregory reaches up and touches Edward's. He gives a tiny nod.

Edward takes a deep breath, closes his eyes tightly, and snaps Gregory's neck. He holds him, rocks his body, keening softly.

Around him, the yellowed sky darkens, flushes red, green, purple. Staggering, Edward lifts Gregory's weighted body, and lets him fall into the sea.

Silent lightning arcs across the horizon as Edward goes and lays down in the cockpit to die.

INT. GYRFALCON - NIGHT

Edward closes his eyes, and breathes deep. Then his radio BEEPS. He frowns, trying to shut the sound out.

It BEEPS again. Then BEEPS again. His eyes open.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EDWARD'S BUNKER - NIGHT

Edward's eyes open. His radio console BEEPS. He gets out bed and goes over to it, slipping headphones over his neck.

He taps out a CALL SIGN of his own. Then he waits. Then he receives a TAP. He adjusts his tuner, then slips the headphones over his ears.

EDWARD

So, my darling -- where do you want me?

EXT. THE CRADLE - THE MARKET HARBOUR - NIGHT

Edward walks down towards the dock where the Arkangel waits. Odessa stands, smoking a pipe, looking doubtfully out at the brightly lit Walsh.

ODESSA

You're late.

EDWARD

Why so anxious?

She beckons him, and he follows her on to the boat.

INT. THE ARKANGEL - NIGHT

She heads down to the cockpit. He follows, lingering behind her.

ODESSA

If we do it your way, we're going to be seen.

Edward puts a hand on her shoulder.

EDWARD

We're just one civilian boat all alone. We pose no threat to them. Follow my instructions exactly and you won't have to worry.

Odessa frowns at him, uncertain. Then pulls the boat out of the slip, and sails off.

INT. THE WALSH - VIKRAM'S CELL - NIGHT

Vikram sits on his bunk, keeping time with his left forefinger. He taps it against the edge of the bunk -- two taps repeated, like a second hand, almost soundlessly.

The guard changes -- the Caucasian private HARRY BAKER (20s) currently standing guard is relieved by ARJUN WILLIAMS (20s), a private, like Vikram, of mixed Indian complexion.

Vikram perks up, just a hair. His eyes watch the young man like a leopard waiting in a grass hide. BAKER'S FOOTSTEPS sound down the hallway.

Private Williams glances once into the cell, satisfies himself, then settles into at-ease, facing away from Vikram.

Vikram listens for the sounds of RECEDING FOOTSTEPS -- hears a DOOR SLAM. He waits. A long beat. He fishes something black out from under the bunk, slips it into his waistband.

Vikram taps, taps, taps with one finger. Then, a shift in the pattern.

Now with his right hand, with all his fingers, he drums his nails against the metal edge of the bed, an incessant clicking.

Private Williams' eyes narrow. He glances over his shoulder just slightly. Vikram keep on, slouching into an attitude of petulant boredom. He reaches behind himself...

A long beat. Then another. Until finally, Williams can't take it any more. He turns to face the bars.

WILLIAMS
That's e-fucking-no--

Vikram is waiting as he approaches. **He drives a taser directly into Williams' stomach.** The man convulses in silent agony.

As Williams goes down, Vikram grabs his lapel through the bars, and guides him down to the floor. Williams twitches, drools, unable to work his limbs or mouth.

Vikram, gracefully, bends down to grab the keycard on its lanyard. He slides it through the lock, and opens the door, shoving the prone Williams out of its way.

He exits the cell, steps around Williams, and looks down at him. The man is starting to recover some mobility, but not enough to effectively fight Vikram off.

Vikram, perfectly calm and measured, grabs the private by his lapels and drags him part-way into the cell.

Vikram stands, evaluates, readjusts, yanking Williams back just a little, until his neck is positioned between the cell door and the door frame.

Williams tries to sit up, but not fast enough: Vikram grabs the heavy barred door, and **slams it as hard as he can.** Williams groans as his vertebra fracture.

Vikram isn't satisfied. He slams two more times, until Williams is well and truly dead. Blood pools under his broken neck.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIG CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Vikram, now attired in Williams' gear stands waiting for the exchange. He wears his hat down low as Gossett approaches him.

GOSSETT
Still quiet?

VIKRAM
Not a sound.

She recognizes him, but can't get a scream out before he cuts her throat with William's utility knife. He lets her down slowly to the floor.

INT. THE WALSH - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Vikram makes his way down the corridor. It's night, and except for a drowsing duty officer, there's no one about. He finds William's small berth, enters.

INT. THE WALSH - WILLIAMS' BERTH - NIGHT

Vikram locks himself in. He goes to the built-in computer, calls up a raw data screen. He begins to type.

EXT. THE ARKANGEL - NIGHT

Edward keeps an eye on his wrist watch, staring at the hull of the Walsh, its football stadium lights. Odessa gnaws her pipe, while Chhaya sits, trims her nails.

INT. THE WALSH - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Though still clothed, Rachel and Delaware make out, clearly revving up for an involved session.

INT. THE WALSH - WILLIAMS' BERTH - NIGHT

Vikram continues to type on the keyboard.

INSERT: Raw Code Menu list scrolls: NAV, CLMT, WPNS, SEC, EMERG...

He gets to whatever function's he's looking for, hits a key. With a HUM, the lights immediately go dark, then illuminate again.

EXT. THE ARKANGEL - NIGHT

Edward sees the ship's lights dim. He smiles.

INT. THE WALSH - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Rachel and Delaware immediately stop, looking alarmed.

DELAWARE
What the hell was that?

Gently, he pushes her away. Rachel slides off him, and kneels upright on the bed.

Delaware pulls on his boots, quickly, then goes over to his gun locker. He pulls out a handgun, pulls the slide, checks the clip, and holsters it.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Stay here.

She's already up suited up. She slides her knife into her belt. Delaware grimaces.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Fine. Keep behind me.

INT. THE WALSH - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They walk down the hallway. Everything seems normal, no one is unduly alarmed. They pass the youth common room, where some kids play video games.

Delaware starts to turn down towards the brig, following the sign that reads BRIG, but Rachel stops him.

RACHEL

Not that way.

He looks at her, then looks in the direction she's indicated.

INT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge is dark. Delaware enters first, pistol raised. Rachel pushes past him and heads straight for the 280 degree windows. Her jaw drops.

Delaware comes up behind her, and his eyes go wide.

DELAWARE

How?

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Outside, at least a hundred black-fatigued soldiers hold their guns on kneeling sailors, and a few Marines. Ashram heads them, standing in the centre of the group.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rachel sees Ashram. She frowns.

Then: Delaware appears in the crowd, hands on his head, a soldier training his assault rifle on him.

Rachel looks beside her. Delaware hasn't seen. She grabs his arm, digs her nails into his forearm. He winces.

DELAWARE

What?

He turns, follows her gaze, and sees himself looking back at him from the deck - **smirking**.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Wait.

VIKRAM O.S.

Too late.

Delaware and Rachel turn around. Vikram stands before them, his arm lit up with wavy NCOM strands to the elbow. His smile is a perfect mirror of the one on the NCOM Delaware.

RACHEL

How many of them are actually down there?

VIKRAM

Five.

(to Delaware)

With plenty of ammunition, in case you're feeling heroic, Captain.

Vikram mocks the title, his grin broadening. Delaware crosses the room in two steps, grabs Vikram by his throat and slams him back on a console.

RACHEL

Delaware. Don't.

DELAWARE

(manic)

You get one chance, son.

VIKRAM

(choked, still grinning)

Or what?

DELAWARE

I'm going to make you into my little meat puppet.

The glow around Vikram's hand intensifies. There's a CLICK. Delaware turns, but Edward materializes behind Rachel, gun raised to her head.

EDWARD
Slowly now.

Rachel turns to face Edward.

RACHEL
Vikram won't let him hurt me.

EDWARD
Kill you, no. Hurt you...that is debatable.

He smiles, lowers the gun -- then raises it, aims at Delaware.

EDWARD (cont'd)
Call off your puppy, or I'll put one in his neck.

RACHEL
Let him up. Delaware, let him up.

Delaware, breathing heavily, looks over at Rachel. She gives him a pleading look. He lets Vikram go. Edward keeps the gun trained on Delaware as he sidles up to Vikram.

EDWARD
(to Vikram)
See what happens when you forget your safe word?

VIKRAM
I'm fine.

Edward helps him to his feet, and touches the bruises on his neck. Rachel follows this, noting the hint of intimacy between them with a frown.

Edward looks down his pistol at Delaware.

EDWARD
You know, Delaware, I've noticed in our short acquaintance that you have a serious problem with manners.

DELAWARE
(extra southern)
That's awfully entitled, coming from an uninvited guest.

EDWARD

Fair enough.

Vikram massages his neck, and looks at his sister. Then to Delaware.

DELAWARE

When I allowed you to show me your memory. You did something, found a workaround to hack in.

VIKRAM

I copied you.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. STRAND - DAY

Vikram and Delaware walk through the memory.

VIKRAM (V.O.)

I knew I would have one chance to interact with the Neurocommand. I showed you my memory while simultaneously memorizing you. It was easy to create a facsimile that the NCOM would accept.

INT. CAPTAIN'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Vikram and Delaware stand, both psychologically arrested. Vikram snaps out of it, and another Delaware stands before him.

Vikram slips inside the 3D image of Delaware, puppets it and opens a screen. He resets a series of security codes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BRIDGE

Delaware sniffs, catching on.

DELAWARE

You breached security. Left yourself a hole into the system.

VIKRAM

Don't worry. I repaired the loophole to prevent it from happening again. I only needed the copy once, you see.

RACHEL

You knew the day this ship arrived you wanted to capture it. That's why you've done so fucking poorly up until now.

He looks at her, his face becoming impassive.

VIKRAM

Yes. It was a gamble. But now...

He waves a hand, and magnified images of the Marine landing appear in midair, along with crosshairs over them, and a weapons menu.

Delaware moves forward, stops as Edward trains the pistol on him.

DELAWARE

Shoot me if you're going to shoot me, but you have no reason to harm them.

Rachel goes to Vikram.

RACHEL

Let him go. Sergei's out there, unopposed. He has unimpeded access to the Crown and more infantry than the rest of us combined. He'll kill you as soon as it suits him.

VIKRAM

I have the ship.

RACHEL

Don't be an idiot. You're not invulnerable here.

Edward, annoyed, raises his pistol and brings it close to Delaware's head.

EDWARD

His chain of command is intact. His people can die perfectly well without him.

RACHEL

NO.

She moves towards Edward, fists clenched. He raises his eyebrows, cocks the gun. Delaware's eyes stay on her. He's afraid for her. She turns to Vikram.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Let him go. I'll stay.

DELAWARE
No.

RACHEL
(to Delaware)
Take your people to shore. I'll --
I'll think of something.

Vikram looks on, between Edward, and Rachel. He chooses Rachel. Edward is fully aware of it, but his face is closed.

VIKRAM
This is the only time. And only--
(to Delaware)
Because I owe you a debt.

EDWARD
Vikram.

VIKRAM
Send for Ashram. Tell him to evacuate
the crew...and their captain.

EDWARD
Are you out of your mind?

VIKRAM
Now.

Edward glares. Then raises his radio, and puts in some MORSE CODE. He holsters it.

EDWARD
Hands behind your back.

Delaware hesitates for a beat, then obeys, eyes still on Rachel, who looks back helplessly as Edward cuffs him.

Ashram and two other soldiers arrive. They go to take Delaware in hand. Edward holsters the pistol.

EDWARD (cont'd)
(to Delaware)
One more thing. If you don't mind.

Vikram and Rachel look at him, confused. Delaware, however, has cottoned on. He turns around, faces Edward, and sighs.

DELAWARE

All right.

Edward draws back and lands a solid punch across Delaware's face. Delaware reels, but keeps his feet. He comes back up, lip split.

EDWARD

Ta.

Rachel and Delaware lock eyes. Then Ashram and his two take him away.

She runs to the windows, and watches as outside, he's led down. His crew has already been shepherded down a gangway on to a transport boat far below.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAWN

As Delaware is marched through the crowd of soldiers, they begin to dissolve, leaving only five heavily armed infantry. He looks up at the bridge, eyes blazing.

INT. BRIDGE - DAWN

Rachel puts a hand on the glass as he's marched down the gangway. The boat pulls away, and heads towards shore.

Vikram contemplates the magnified, cross-haired image of the boat, well within range of his guns and missiles. He closes it. Behind him, Edward sulks.

Rachel turns to Vikram. He smiles at her.

VIKRAM

Tell me you aren't at least a little impressed.

RACHEL

Oh, I'm very impressed.

She backhands Vikram as hard as she can. He goes down like a ton of bricks. She's about to kick him in the ribs when Edward yanks her back by the shoulders.

She fights, spitting mad, to try and get to her brother.

RACHEL (cont'd)
(demented)
Let me go.

EDWARD
I don't think so, little sister.

Vikram crawls to his feet. He has a bruise on his face where her knuckles caught him to go with the bruises around his neck, and the cheek fracture from their last encounter.

He walks up to Rachel, eyes wide.

VIKRAM
Do you want me to change my mind?

RACHEL
I'll hate you either way.

Vikram sighs, emotionally defeated.

VIKRAM
(to Edward)
Take her to a cabin and put a guard
on her.

Rachel glares.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Edward holds Rachel's arms pinned behind her back. She struggles for a little while, but he's too strong -- he jerks her back.

EDWARD
Behave.

RACHEL
Fine. Let me go. I'm not running
anywhere.

Edward hesitates, then lets her loose. She rolls her shoulders, and looks at him.

RACHEL (cont'd)
If you're hoping for his loyalty,
you're going to be very disappointed.

EDWARD
Walk.

INT. HUDSON'S QUARTERS - DAY

Two guards, DRAKE (50s) and NELSON (40s), search the cabin. They check under the mattress, rummage the closet, look under the bed.

Drake rolls out the desk drawer -- a pile of pencils and pens roll together -- **he misses the scalpel, right where Delaware left it.**

He closes the drawer as Edward enters with Rachel. Edward's eyes flick to the drawer, and then up to Drake.

DRAKE
All clear, sir.

EDWARD
Fine. Wait outside.

Drake nods -- he and Nelson duck out. Rachel looks around -- she knows this suite well. Then back at Edward, contemplative.

RACHEL
"Sir"?

Edward indicates the perfectly made bed.

EDWARD
Sit down.

Rachel doesn't move.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I just want to talk.

She sits down on the corner of the bed, and massages her bruised knuckles.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I anticipate that we might be seeing
rather a lot of one another.

RACHEL
I wouldn't count on it.

EDWARD
Why not?

Rachel glances around.

RACHEL

You're not just a thug, are you? You were someone before. Vikram wouldn't be interested in you, otherwise. There's something else.

She frowns at him. Tilts her head, looking at him from a different angle.

EDWARD

Why does it matter to you?

Rachel stands, stretches her arms out, still sore from his rough treatment of her.

RACHEL

Before all this, you were a soldier. You had a mission. Now you're just another terrorist.

She flashes a small smile. He arches a brow at her. He places a hand over his heart.

EDWARD

I am a high ranking, well educated, highly decorated member of the British special forces. I am weapons technician... who happens to supply terrorists.

He grins. She stares at him, sudden understanding coming to her.

RACHEL

Oh.

She tilts her head again - she's caught it.

RACHEL (cont'd)

We've met.

He pauses. Something clicks in his memory too, but he's not as quick as she is.

RACHEL (cont'd)

He died, didn't he? That's what this is about.

Edward cocks his head like a confused dog: *who is she talking about?*

RACHEL (cont'd)
The man on the platform. The one you met on the day you helped me get my luggage out of the carriage compartment, three years ago. I saw you kiss him. I don't think I've ever seen anyone kiss someone like that.

Edward stares at her, absolutely stunned. She looks back at him, and then taps her temple.

RACHEL (cont'd)
What Vikram has, I have it too. I don't cultivate it like he does, but I do remember most of what happens. Not all at once, not all of the time, but it's always somewhere in there. The date. The time. The colour of his shoes. Black Armani glasses.

Edward stands, rigid.

EDWARD
Enough.

RACHEL
Do you think Vikram can take his place?

Edward grimaces.

EDWARD
Would you say that about your Dr. Ford?

He pulls **Hudson's Notebook** from his inner pocket, and opens it to the image of her, the intimate one, then holds it up for her to see.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I couldn't make heads or tails of it, but I remember this drawing. He must have fallen the instant he saw you. Do you think he knew what it would cost him?

Rachel stands now, equally angry.

EDWARD (cont'd)
But you've moved on. You and big brother Delaware.

He taps the book against his hand, looking around the cabin.

EDWARD (cont'd)
It's almost like young Hudson never
existed.

Rachel takes a step forward, clearly about to do something
rash.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I don't blame you. We both know that
living in the past is just another
form of suicide.

RACHEL
Vikram doesn't care about you. He'll
just use you, and discard you.

Edward nods, smiles.

EDWARD
Probably so.

He steps over to the desk, and slips the book inside the
drawer. Then he turns to the door. Then he stops, and looks
at her.

EDWARD (cont'd)
For what it's worth. I'm glad you
made your train.

Rachel watches him leave.

A beat.

She goes over to the drawer, pulls it open. She lifts the
notebook. Underneath it, **a silver shine**. She recognizes it
instantly, almost reaches for it.

She slams the drawer shut instead.

EXT. DEADWATER - STRAND - DAY

Delaware's boat comes ashore, with Ashram and four others
training their weapons on the crew, which is seated down
inside the boat.

INT. BOAT - DAY

Delaware sits on the gunwale, handcuffed.

DELAWARE
You're just going to let us walk
away?

ASHRAM
Those are my orders.

DELAWARE
(bitter laugh)
Your orders.

ASHRAM
These men aren't Lammergeiers. They
work for me.

DELAWARE
And you work for Vikram. Why?

ASHRAM
The Koris are more than friends. I
watched him and Rachel grow up.
They're family.

DELAWARE
Vikram's family gets smaller every
day.

EXT. DEADWATER - STRAND - DAY

Major Ortiz, Lieutenant Haines and a platoon of Marines wait
on the shore.

Delaware waits for the rest of his people unload. Ashram
turns to him, and unlocks his handcuffs.

ASHRAM
For your sake, Captain Ford, I hope
we don't meet again.

DELAWARE
You are correct to hope that,
lieutenant.

He gets out, and follows his people up the beach. The boat
pulls away from the strand and heads southeast, back towards
the distant Walsh.

Ortiz approaches, threading through the small stream of crew
members, to Delaware.

ORTIZ
Where's Rachel?

Delaware can't bring himself to say it. He indicates the ship.

ORTIZ (cont'd)
What happened?

DELAWARE
Where's the River?

ORTIZ
Captain.

DELAWARE
I asked you a fucking question, major.

Ortiz looks at him in astonishment. He's never spoken like this to her, and she's not about to take it.

ORTIZ
Pardon me, sir, but you appear to have lost your ship, sir, and I'm the ranking soldier in this outfit. Would you mind telling me what the fuck is going on, sir.

Delaware sighs, breathes.

DELAWARE
(slowly)
I will explain, Major Ortiz, after I've briefed my unit. Would you please, kindly, direct me to them, ma'am.

Ortiz perceives his emotional bruises, grasps his shoulder. She beckons him to follow her.

INT. MAKESHIFT TENT - DAY

A group of heavily equipped Navy SEALs-style fighters lounge under a tent strung up between two armored vehicles with mounted machine guns.

At the head of the "room" is a board with a rough sketch of the Cradle drawn in chalk, mounted flat on a trestle.

The group, six in all, is split down the middle in gender, and there's something extra about them.

It might be the slouch, or the squadron-like uniformity of attitude. They're like a pride of lions, part of the same hunting group - lazy and dangerous.

This is the River.

Delaware walks into the tent. They all scramble to their feet and throw off salutes.

DELAWARE

Sit down.

They sit, looking expectantly at him like a pack of obedient hounds. Delaware steels himself.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Vikram Kori's taken the Walsh. I don't precisely know how he did it, only that he found a way to hack the NCOM.

They look at each other, shocked.

ANGELINE SAVAGE (28) the oldest, rawboned and fit, cocks an ear.

SAVAGE

What about the girl?

DELAWARE

What about her?

ALEX FRENCH (25) looks at his commander in disbelief.

FRENCH

Boss...

Delaware flips the makeshift board. Maps and markers go flying everywhere. He kicks the thing aside, then sits down in the folding chair, and runs his hands through his hair.

DELAWARE

Daddy fucked up. Is that what you want to hear?

French puts his hands up.

FRENCH

I wasn't gonna say it.

Savage goes to say something, but Delaware holds up a hand.

DELAWARE

Don't blame Rachel. She's the only reason you aren't a smoking crater.

BLAKE WAILEA (26) stands up. He doesn't say anything, but goes over to the knocked over board. He props it up on the side of the armored vehicle.

He picks up a pin, and looks at Delaware, indicating.

WAILEA

Here?

Delaware nods.

Wailea pins a spot to the southeast, indicating the Walsh.

The other, younger members - JASON OATES (jock, 25) JOANIE LITTLEHAWK (native, sharpshooter, 25) and SUNNY KUROSAWA (petite, 24) look on.

WAILEA (cont'd)

How do we get her back?

LITTLEHAWK

You mean the ship. Not the girl.

WAILEA

(glancing at Delaware)

I mean both. We need the sister to get to the brother.

DELAWARE

None of us stand a chance of breaking Vikram's grip on the Walsh unless we do something stupid.

OATES

Stupid's what we're best at.

He high fives Kurosawa. They give a little seal bark. Delaware glares at them like he wants to berate them, but then rolls his eyes.

Littlehawk gives Oates a shove. He pouts at her. They're clearly a thing.

Delaware looks at Savage, who looks right back at him, eyes narrowed, like she's trying to decide something.

DELAWARE

Speak your mind, Savage.

SAVAGE

I think your threads are stripped,
Captain. I think you're too
distracted to lead us anywhere.

Delaware's face hardens at this assessment. Then he nods.

DELAWARE

You're right.

He goes over to the board, grabs another pin, and drives it into the place where the estuary narrows at the north point of the inlet.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

(to Savage)

You, French and Oates, get your kit together. You're going to take Schick and his squadron, get the Mark 8, and get as far up this bitch as you possibly can.

FRENCH

And then what?

DELAWARE

And then you wait to hear from me.

Savage wants to say something. He stares at her. She desists.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Get moving.

French and Oates get moving. Oates stops to kiss Littlehawk. Savage hesitates at the door.

SAVAGE

Boss...

DELAWARE

What is it?

SAVAGE

I didn't mean--

DELAWARE

I know. Go.

She salutes, and follows the others out. He turns his attention to the others, of which Wailea is now the most senior.

WAILEA

What about us?

Delaware goes over to the back seat of one of the vehicles, pulls out his modified M-16, and loads the magazine.

DELAWARE

I've had a really, really bad day.

Kurosawa grins goofily and claps her hands together like a little girl.

They tear the tarp off the L-ATVs. Kurosawa runs around to the driver's side. Wailea heads towards the back, followed by Littlehawk, who gets behind the 50 Cal.

INT. L-ATV - DAY

Delaware gets in the passenger side and opens a frequency.

DELAWARE

Americans, this is your captain speaking. Shiloh Team get ready to move out. Jackson Team is with me.

EXT. MARINE CAMP - DAY

Three L-ATVs, Jackson One, Two and Three, drive through the corridor left open in the centre of the camp.

Approximately seventy Marines scramble into activity, getting gear together, rounding up personnel trucks, weapons, supplies.

Ortiz goes to one of the personnel trucks, gets in the passenger side and grabs up the radio. She turns to a private frequency.

ORTIZ

Orders, Captain.

DELAWARE O.S.

(filtered)

Go hard at the Crown approach.

INT. L-ATV - JACKSON ONE - DAY

Kurosawa drives along the main road, south. Delaware speaks into the microphone.

DELAWARE

Don't take unnecessary risks. Make it look good. Make them chase you. Keep their eyes on you as long as possible, you understand?

INT. PERSONNEL TRUCK - DAY

The personnel trucks head north along the same road.

ORTIZ

Yes, sir. And Captain -

DELAWARE O.S.

(filtered)

Yes ma'am.

ORTIZ

God bless you.

INT. L-ATV - JACKSON ONE - DAY

Delaware hangs up the microphone. He sets his jaw, and looks forward. He's not happy, but he is ready.

INT. CENTRAL BARRACKS - SERGEI'S QUARTERS - DAY

Sergei dozes, naked. Lucretia slips her dress on, pins back her hair, and moves to leave.

Sergei's hand shoots out of nowhere and catches her wrist. She gasps, startled. He hasn't been asleep.

SERGEI

Where are you going?

LUCRETIA

Home.

SERGEI

Why?

LUCRETIA

I have a business to run.

SERGEI

But I want you to stay.

Lucretia cocks a brow.

LUCRETIA

Do you really want to try and keep me
here against my will?

She looks down at the hand holding her wrist, and with one finger, lightly brushes over his pulse. His hand snaps open like a trap being released.

Sergei pouts, pushing out his lip, stretching the scar on his face. Lucretia smiles in spite of herself.

Then Sergei grins back, shoves himself out of bed on to his feet in one fluid motion. He catches her shoulders, only more playful this time.

SERGEI

At least stay for breakfast.

He drops down on his knees and shoves her skirt up, burying his face between her legs. Lucretia laughs, then whimpers, gripping his albino hair in her fingers.

There's a rapid KNOCK on the door. At first neither of them notice. Then a second KNOCK, harder than the first.

Growling, Sergei rises, grabs his Desert Eagle from the bed stand. He opens the door with one hand and presses the muzzle of the gun to the guard's forehead with the other.

SCARED GUARD (30s) quails, holding his hands up to fend him off and trying not to move at the same time.

SERGEI (cont'd)

(calm)

What?

SCARED GUARD

T-t-th

Sergei cocks the gigantic pistol.

SERGEI

Sounds like...

SCARED GUARD

North Barracks is calling. The
Americans. The switchbacks.

Sergei rolls his eyes. He can't believe he's being cock-blocked by this drone. He presses down on the guard's forehead, really considering it.

Then he relents, uncocking the pistol.

He grins, and goes back down on her. He's good -- she's fully distracted. She bites her lip as she glances at this pistol on the dresser, then at herself in the mirror.

INT. HUDSON'S QUARTERS - DAY

Rachel sits on the bed, glances out at the porthole. She goes over to the door, and knocks on it.

It opens. Drake, the older guard, looks at her. It's clear they're familiar with each other.

DRAKE

Better make it quick, Miss Kori.

RACHEL

I'm getting hungry. Would you mind?

EXT. HUDSON'S QUARTERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Drake and Nelson look at each other. Nelson sighs, and heads down the corridor.

Rachel watches him go. He's younger, fitter -- no wedding ring, unlike Drake.

RACHEL

I'm going to take a shower. Can you just bring it--?

Drake frowns at her, but she ducks back inside.

DRAKE

I think you should -

He turns to look in.

INT. HUDSON'S QUARTERS - DAY

Rachel starts to shuck off her shirt. Drake watches for a split second as she goes into the shower and turns it on.

Then he recovers his modesty, and turns to face outward, shutting the door.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Nelson moves among other guards who laze about, and makes up a plate.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Nelson carries the tray down the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - HUDSON'S QUARTERS - DAY

Drake listens to SHOWER through the door as Nelson approaches. Nelson looks at him, confused. Drake gestures with his head - bring it in.

Drake keycards the door, then keycards it shut behind him.

INT. HUDSON'S QUARTERS - DAY

Nelson heads in. His eyes are turned towards the slightly ajar shower door as he guides the tray to the desk.

Rachel pounces on him. She pulls a rolled up towel between his teeth. They grapple, but she's got him off balance.

She draws the scalpel over his throat. He tries to fight, but he has no chance - he bleeds out. Rachel pants for breath, sweating as her very first victim bleeds out.

She takes a moment, and decides she's good with it. She takes his gun, his knife, and his radio.

She goes to the door, and taps on it with the gun, then flips it butt-end out.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE - DAY

Drake keycards the door open. Rachel's hand flies out, and the butt of Nelson's gun impacts Drake's temple. He drops, and shivers. She drags him inside by the lapels.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Clean and wearing fresh clothes, Vikram and Edward hang around. Vikram scrolls through windows of information, ship protocol, CCTV screens, his eyes scanning like waking REM.

These windows scroll through the air like album covers, one after the other.

Edward lolls in an officer's chair. He's bored.

EDWARD

You've been at it hours. Time to take a break.

VIKRAM

I need to understand these protocols.

EDWARD

You'll give yourself a migraine.

VIKRAM

I've had a migraine since I was born.

EDWARD

Maybe you should learn to relax.

Vikram pauses in his scrolling to stare at him.

VIKRAM

I'm not making you stay.

He goes back to his scrolling. Edward fumes. Then -- he notices. Out on the flight deck, the figure of Rachel, walking into the wind.

If Vikram stops what he's doing, he'll see through the screen and notice her.

Edward steps up to Vikram, spins him around so he's facing away from the windows, and kisses him, hard. Vikram is too surprised to fight him off.

Edward shoves a hand down the front of his pants, and leans him back over the console.

EDWARD

You're done now. Say it.

Vikram's eyelids flutter slightly. Edward knows what he's doing.

VIKRAM

Okay, I'm done. I'm done, I'm done.

Edward grabs him by the lapels and drags him back to the captain's chair. Edward sits back in it, and pulls Vikram into his lap, gets his fly open.

EDWARD

Isn't that better?

EXT. WALSH - FLIGHT DECK

Rachel edges over to the life boats, but she's not able to get the panel open - it's locked out. She glances up at the bridge. Then towards the harbour. She smiles.

EXT. THE WALSH - HULL

Rachel climbs down the last few rungs. About a hundred meters away, the *Arkangel* waits in the gently rolling water.

Rachel takes off her shoes and ties them together around her neck. She dips her foot into the water, and shivers. This is the shady side of the great ship.

She dives in, and comes up spluttering.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Partly undressed, Vikram and Edward go at it on the captain's chair, hard. Edward grins, putting one over on the smartest man alive and getting off at the same time.

EXT. THE ARKANGEL - AFTERNOON

Odessa stands with Chhaya, and watch as Rachel makes the slow crawl towards the yacht. Odessa gestures to Chhaya, who a line out to her. Rachel catches it.

They pull her aboard. She shivers violently. Chhaya goes to start the motor, and turns the yacht away from the ship.

INT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Positions have changed slightly. They've moved to the floor.

Edward's on his back now, an arm around Vikram's neck. Faced away, Vikram is just at the end of his climax. Edward releases him, and they both sprawl.

INT. THE ARKANGEL - AFTERNOON

Rachel continues to shiver, with hot tea and a blanket around her wet body.

RACHEL

How did you get here so quickly?

ODESSA
It's not far from where I anchor.

RACHEL
May I use your radio?

Odesa smiles.

ODESSA
I'm already transmitting. He'll be
waiting for us.

Rachel nods gratefully, and looks down into her tea.

ODESSA (cont'd)
You love him. Your captain.

Rachel looks up at her.

ODESSA (cont'd)
Don't wait too long to tell him.

Rachel smiles, then, exhausted, she slides against the
bulkhead and falls asleep.

INT. THE ARKANGEL - MASTER CABIN - AFTERNOON

Celeste punches out a MORSE CODE tap on the radio.

INT. CENTRAL BARRACKS - RADIO ROOM - DAY

Lammergeier operators man the radio. Celeste's TAP comes in.
They look at each other.

INT. CENTRAL BARRACKS - SERGEI'S QUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Sergei lays back in his bed, arms behind his head. He's not
asleep -- he doesn't really sleep -- but he is absent behind
the eyes.

Lucretia sleeps on beside him.

MATCH CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON - SLOWED DOWN SERIES OF SHOTS

- Rachel's eyes, wide, fearful, and wet.

- Rachel's mouth, lips parted, gasping in slow motion.
 - Sergei's hand, stroking her throat, moving down.
 - Sergei's fingertips, moving down over her stomach.
 - Rachel's closed eyes.
 - Rachel's fingers tightening in his white blonde hair.
- A loud, confident KNOCKING breaks into the moment.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CENTRAL BARRACKS - DAY

Lucretia turns over, ignoring it. Sergei, eyes closed, doesn't seem to have heard.

The PERSISTENT KNOCKING rouses Sergei out of his memory. Lucretia, evidently trying to ignore the goings on, presses her face into the pillow.

SERGEI

Come.

The TALL RADIO OPERATOR (30s) ducks his head in.

TALL RADIO OPERATOR

There's a boat heading into harbour, broadcasting on an open frequency.

SERGEI

What boat?

TALL RADIO OPERATOR

The *Arkangel*. They're saying they have Rachel Kori, and they're bringing her in.

At once, Sergei's whole aspect changes. He rises out of bed, ignoring Lucretia - **she doesn't exist now**. He pulls on his fatigues, his weapons.

SERGEI

Assemble my guard. Put out the call to secure the Market District.

TALL RADIO OPERATOR

Yes, sir.

Lucretia, now concerned, looks after him, but he's out the door and gone. An armed platoon crosses the door, following after him at a brisk walk.

Lucretia draws herself back into the room. She waits for a beat, then looks out again at the empty corridor. Just like that, he's gone.

INT./EXT. L-ATV - JACKSON ONE/THE CHOKE - AFTERNOON

Delaware and his crew are jounced by the rough road as Kurosawa drives along.

The radio CRACKLES to life.

ORTIZ O.S.
(filtered)
Calling Jackson Team. Over.

Delaware picks it up.

DELAWARE
Yeah.

ORTIZ O.S.
(filtered)
Switch it over.

Delaware reaches down to the radio, switches over to a frequency.

DELAWARE
What've you got?

ORTIZ O.S.
(filtered)
There's a message going out over the airwaves. It's in Russian, so we missed it the first time.

DELAWARE
Tell me.

ORTIZ O.S.
A ship called the *Arkangel* claims to have Rachel Kori on board. She's on her way into harbour.

DELAWARE
Understood, thank you.

He hangs up, suddenly animated.

KUROSAWA
Coordinates?

Delaware pulls the rough map out and unfolds it. He picks up the radio and changes the frequency.

DELAWARE
(into the radio)
Jackson Team, new orders. Rerouting to the Market District, eight clicks due south. I'm expecting hostile resistance, but don't engage without my green light.

He hangs up the radio.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
(to Kurosawa)
Full throttle.

Kurosawa floors it. Wailea grabs hold of the seat back. Outside, Littlehawk pulls on her goggles.

EXT. MARKET DISTRICT - EVENING

Two personnel trucks rumble through the market. People nearby hurry to get out of the way.

INT. PERSONNEL TRUCK - EVENING

Sergei rides shotgun. He looks at the driver, IGOR (20s).

SERGEI
Don't fail me.

Igor nods. Sergei gets out.

EXT. MARKET DISTRICT - EVENING

Two other Lammergeiers follow behind Sergei as he walks slowly down the avenue. He takes his time. No one looks at them.

INT. ARKANGEL - EVENING

Rachel, now mostly dry, and groggy, opens her eyes. She looks out the porthole, and makes for the hatch. Odessa stops her.

ODESSA

Stay out of sight for now. Your man would never forgive me if anything happened to you.

Rachel bends to her wisdom, and retreats. She sits back down, bites her lip. She waits. Then she can't stand it.

She looks around for her things -- the items she stole from the guard-- and doesn't see them. So she wanders into the cabin.

INT. MASTER CABIN - AFTERNOON

The boat sways slightly, the ENGINE lowering to a purr. The ANCHOR SPLASHES into the water. Rachel regains her footing, and looks around.

It's a nice cabin. There's an en suite shower, and a radio rig on the table. Near it, the gun, magazine removed, the knife, the radio.

She reaches for them, when she notices something. The radio -- the frequency. It's set to a wide broadcast frequency.

Rachel realizes -- something's wrong.

RACHEL

Fucking bitch.

VOICES FROM ABOVE. Russian. The sound of a SLAP. FOOTSTEPS.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Fuck!

Rachel scrapes the gun and knife off the table and pulls it with her into the shower. The microphone falls off the hook and dangles off the table, a few inches from the ground.

LOUD FOOTSTEPS. The door to the cabin opens. **Rachel tries to load the magazine into the gun, but her hands are shaking. It drops, making a clatter.**

The FOOTSTEPS STOP. Then advance closer. Rachel sees the shadow of a gun held out towards the floor, long black-fatigue covered arms. A Cyrillic AG arm patch. Blonde hair.

Rachel takes the knife and drives it into the blonde Lammergeier, up under the armpit into the ribs. Right through the heart.

He grunts and staggers sideways, blood flooding out of him. He doesn't even get a shot off as he falls.

She goes for his gun, but Sergei kicks it well out of reach, and aims his pistol at her.

SERGEI

You've improved, Rakhila. Did you learn that from your sailor boy?

RACHEL

Don't call me that.

SERGEI

I didn't see him outside. Did you lose him?

Rachel rises, slowly. Sergei, just pleased as punch, takes a step back to accommodate her. She snatches up the **magazine-less pistol from the shower and aims it at him.**

Sergei tilts his head. He can see there's no magazine.

SERGEI (cont'd)

You're going to shoot me with an empty gun?

She adjusts her grip on it, trying to show confidence.

RACHEL

There's one in the chamber.

SERGEI

All right. Take your shot. But you'd better kill me the first time, or I'll break your pretty neck and fuck you while you're still warm.

Rachel aims and FIRES. The bullet goes wide, and punches through the bulkhead about ten inches to the left of Sergei's head.

He turns full around and looks at the hole, the light shining through. **He howls with laughter.** Rachel reddens. All at once they're teenagers again.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Oh my god. Who taught you how to fucking shoot?

RACHEL

Shut up!

SERGEI

How does it feel, being that bad at something? That must be completely new for you.

Rachel, shaking with rage, bends down and yanks the knife out of the dead man. She raises the bloody blade and aims it Sergei.

RACHEL

I won't miss with this.

SERGEI

Oh, Rakhila. You're not going to cut me again.

She adjusts her grip.

RACHEL

I'm not? Let's find out.

Sergei raises his pistol, and without breaking eye contact, shoots the knife out of her hand. She snatches her hand to herself, and shakes her head, ears RINGING.

The bullet punches another hole through the bulkhead - only this time, water begins to pour in and soak the carpet.

As she cringes down, Rachel realizes the microphone is dangling a couple inches above the water. **There's a taped-over tear in the cable.**

If she can get Sergei to step closer...

She straightens, and glares at him, holding her hand.

SERGEI

I told you.

RACHEL

Bastard.

SERGEI

I can teach to you shoot straight. If you ask very nicely.

RACHEL

You're the only person I really want to shoot.

Sergei grins, makes as though he's going to hand her his Desert Eagle.

RACHEL
 (choking)
Let go of me.

She catches her feet up against the wall and tries to shove him back, but he gets his forearm across her throat, and increases the pressure until she's unconscious.

He indulges in a wet kiss on her cheek, inhaling the smell of her, then slings her over his shoulder in a fireman's lift.

EXT. THE ARKANGEL - AFTERNOON

Odessa waits on the dock with Chhaya. Three of Sergei's men stand by them, assault rifles in hand, but not raised.

He hands Rachel off to them. They bind her feet and hands. Odessa turns to Sergei, who contemplates her.

ODESSA
 (Russian, subtitled)
You have what you came for.

SERGEI
She had weapons. She killed one of mine. Are you trying to set me up, Odessa?

Odessa just looks steadily at him. He smiles blandly. Then raises the Desert Eagle, and **fires a shot into Chhaya**. It goes right through her forehead. She falls into the water.

Odessa **screams, horrified**. She tries to go for Sergei's eyes, but he flashes his knife across her throat, and she goes down, clutching at the wound.

Sergei takes Rachel's unconscious body from his soldiers, lifting her in his arms.

SERGEI (cont'd)
 You should choose your friends more carefully next time.

INT. L-ATV - JACKSON ONE - AFTERNOON

They crest the ridge that leads down to the harbour. Delaware leans forward, and spots the Lammergeier trucks.

DELAWARE

Slow down.

Kurosawa reaches out the window to signal to the other two L-ATVs to slow down, and watches them in the rearview.

Delaware pulls out a pair of binoculars.

INSERT: The bloodbath around the boat. He sees Chhaya's floating body, and Odessa, her throat cut.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

What in the almighty hell.

WAILEA

What is it?

INSERT: Delaware looks slightly further afield, and spots Sergei by his bright white-blond coif. Sergei shields his eyes from the sun, and scans the ridge.

Delaware puts down the field glasses.

DELAWARE

He's seen us. Littlehawk?

EXT. L-ATV GUN TURRET - AFTERNOON

Littlehawk looks through a spotter scope.

INSERT: She follows the two Lammergeiers as they drag the struggling Rachel between the two trucks.

LITTLEHAWK

They have her. They're dragging her to the trucks. Lost the visual.

WAILEA

(from beneath)

What about their boss?

Littlehawk puts down her glasses.

LITTLEHAWK

Too far for a shot. Get me closer and I can put one under his chin.

INT. L-ATV - JACKSON ONE - AFTERNOON

Delaware looks on and shakes his head. He can see the trucks pulling away from his vantage point.

DELAWARE

No room to maneuver down there. We'd have to go on foot.

Kurosawa looks at him.

KUROSAWA

They know we're here.

DELAWARE

Back us up. Get us off the high road. Let's see where they go.

LITTLEHAWK

What about Vetrov?

DELAWARE

When I give the order, you can take his fucking head off. Not until.

LITTLEHAWK

Yes, sir.

EXT. L-ATV - JACKSON ONE - AFTERNOON

They back out into the lanes, and the other two L-ATVs follow.

INT. LEAD PERSONNEL TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Sergei rides shotgun next to Igor. He drums his fingers on the window ledge, then grabs the microphone.

SERGEI

(Russian, subtitled)

Wait until we get to the Choke.

EXT. L-ATV GUN TURRET - AFTERNOON

Littlehawk continues to look through the binoculars

INTERCUT: INT/EXT L-ATV - JACKSON ONE

DELAWARE

Well?

LITTLEHAWK

They're both northbound.

KUROSAWA
Is there an alternate route?

LITTLEHAWK
Nope. Just the high road.

DELAWARE
So be it.

He gets on the radio.

EXT. L-ATVS - MARINES - AFTERNOON

The three L-ATVS round up and get out on the high road approximately 300 meters behind the personnel trucks.

DELAWARE O.S.
Wait for my signal. Keep your fire
away from the chassis.

AERIAL: The three L-ATVs roar after the two personnel trucks. Jackson Team has the advantage, with the mounted 50 cal's, and advanced traction. The trucks lumber along.

INT. LEAD PERSONNEL TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Sergei checks the rearview. Delaware's L-ATVs are right on schedule. GUNFIRE spits overhead. They come up to a bend in the road.

He snatches up an AK-47 from the floor of the passenger's side.

SERGEI
Now.

EXT. PERSONNEL TRUCK - AFTERNOON

The lead truck makes a hard left turn and stops -- the other truck turns in behind it, shielded by the lead truck's broadside.

INT. L-ATV - AFTERNOON

Kurosawa looks over the wheel.

KUROSAWA
What are they doing?

Delaware hunches down to get a better look. Through the windshield, he watches as the canvas drops. Four Lammergeiers man two **Mk 19 grenade launchers**.

DELAWARE
PULL RIGHT.

Kurosawa keeps her cool. She jerks the wheel over just as the grenade launchers begin to unload.

EXT. L-ATVS - MARINES - AFTERNOON

A stream of grenades penetrates the windshield of the second L-ATV.

INT. L-ATV - JACKSON THREE - MARINES - AFTERNOON

The Marine driving the vehicle SCREAMS. The vehicle fills with fire.

EXT. L-ATV - MARINES - AFTERNOON

The gunner throws himself off the turret before the magazine catches, only to be filled with automatic fire from Sergei's AK.

Delaware's L-ATV pulls into a dip in the slopes that flank the high road's eastern side, which offers some cover - but there's only room for one vehicle.

INT. L-ATV - JACKSON ONE - AFTERNOON

DELAWARE
(on the radio)
Get out of here, Wailea, we'll catch
up.

EXT. L-ATV- JACKSON TWO - AFTERNOON

The L-ATV retreats, but not before the gunner is hit with a grenade round. It takes off the top half of her body.

EXT. L-ATV GUN TURRET - AFTERNOON

Littlehawk aims her custom sniper rifle. An eagle feather tied to the stock flutters in the breeze.

DELAWARE
(from below)
One shot. Can you do it?

Littlehawk adjusts the sight, pulls the slide.

INSERT: The scope view - she moves the sight over Sergei,
over the gunners.

LITTLEHAWK
On my count. Three -- two --

INT. L-ATV - AFTERNOON

Kurosawa throws it into reverse and slams down the gas.

EXT. L-ATV GUN TURRET - AFTERNOON

Littlehawk takes aim.

EXT. PERSONNEL TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Sergei sees the L-ATV shoot backwards out of the dip.

**He sees a tiny flash -- and is just able to throw himself
down the roadside ditch.**

**The bullet hits the personnel truck right in the gas tank.
The entire thing goes up in a fireball. There's a RATTLE
LIKE FIRECRACKERS from exploding grenades rounds.**

EXT. L-ATV GUN TURRET - EVENING

Littlehawk works the slide again.

INT. L-ATV - EVENING

Delaware looks anxiously out the windshield.

DELAWARE
See him?

EXT. L-ATV GUN TURRET - EVENING

Littlehawk looks down the scope.

INSERT: Burning truck frame, twisted bodies.

LITTLEHAWK

Nope.

DELAWARE

What about the other truck?

INSERT: Igor jumps into the other truck and speeds away due north.

LITTLEHAWK

Heading north.

Delaware slaps Kurosawa on the shoulder.

DELAWARE

You done good, kid. Let's go for a ride.

Kurosawa does a salute and a wink, and lays on the gas. They shoot forward.

EXT. L-ATV GUN TURRET - EVENING

Littlehawk FIRES the 50 Cal as they pass the flaming wreckage and tear after the second truck.

DELAWARE O.S.

(filtered)

Jackson Two, keep on the move. Try not to get caught up in any engagements. I don't know how many more Mk-19s they've got.

INT. L-ATV - WAILEA - EVENING

Wailea, passenger seat, speaks into the microphone. Outside, a bunch of wide-eyed Cradle residents stare at the heavily weaponized vehicle.

WAILEA

I'll do what I can from here, boss, but if they want us, they're not going to give a fuck about disturbing the neighbours.

DELAWARE O.S.

(filtered)

Understood. Trust your instincts.

EDWARD (cont'd)
Man or woman?

VIKRAM
Man.

EDWARD
Tell me about him.

Vikram blinks, a little confused by this unusual line of questioning.

VIKRAM
My graduate adviser. He was...he felt very strongly about me.

EDWARD
You encouraged him?

VIKRAM
Why not?

EDWARD
Married with children, I bet.

Vikram nods.

VIKRAM
Well. Not anymore.

EDWARD
You're not upset about it. He was just a tool for your personal advancement.

Vikram gets out of bed, stretches, knows that Edward is watching him.

VIKRAM
He wasn't a tool. I didn't need tools. There was no barrier to my advancement.

EDWARD
Ever read the Picture of Dorian Gray?

There's an URGENT KNOCK on the door out in the main room. Vikram frowns, pulls on a bathrobe. Edward doesn't bother, but walks naked out into the room.

He opens the door.

A FRIGHTENED GUARD (20s) looks in. He's fishmouthing -- he can't get the words out.

INT. HUDSON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Flies buzz over the corpses of the two guards Rachel killed. Vikram now dressed, stares down at the mess. Edward looks over his shoulder.

The neck wounds gape obscenely.

FRIGHTENED GUARD

My partner and I came here to relieve them.

EDWARD

Where is he?

FRIGHTENED GUARD

In the head, sir. He's not feeling well.

Frightened Guard looks a bit green himself.

VIKRAM

Go to the bridge and wait for me there. Tell Ashram to clean this up.

The guard leaves in a hurry, leaving Edward and Vikram standing there.

Something catches Vikram's eye. The scalpel, not bloody but polished clean, stands quivering with its point buried in the desk. It's clearly deliberate.

Edward sees it too. He steps over the corpses and snatches it up. He looks at it as though he's never seen it before.

EDWARD

Clever girl.

Vikram narrows his eyes.

VIKRAM

Did you help her?

Edward ignores him, testing the blade. Then, as though just hearing, he doubletakes.

EDWARD

What?

Vikram straightens, his mouth going hard.

VIKRAM

I was curious, so I watched your
little conversation with her.

He snaps his fingers, causing the NCOM glow to spark to life around them.

3D, almost transparent, fully true to life figures that are nearly opaque begin to move backwards, as though being fast tracked.

They watch in reverse as Rachel kills the guards. Vikram speeds it up, until they hit the point where Edward slips the notebook into the drawer.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

This part confused me.

He allows the recording to play on, showing her tiny reaction as she notices the blade.

EDWARD

You think I helped her escape by
planting this?

He holds up the scalpel.

VIKRAM

Not by planting it, no.

EDWARD

I had the room searched. I can't help
that your people are amateurs.

Vikram stares at him, convinced he's hiding something. Edward moves close to him, and holds the blade up in his face.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Did it fail to occur to you that your
sister is every bit as brilliant and
rather more resourceful than
yourself?

Vikram goes to open his mouth -- Edward places the scalpel over his lips.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Did you really think you'd get to
keep her if she didn't want to be
kept?

VIKRAM

You captured her a day after she left the Crown.

EDWARD

Yes. I'm a professional. You're just a boy. And she would've done for me and escaped eventually if I'd tried to keep her past date.

Edward slips the scalpel into his pocket and shoves Vikram out of the way as he exits the room. Ashram and two other guards arrive and begin to remove the bodies.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Vikram follows after Edward, red faced. He has to quicken his stride to catch up.

VIKRAM

Where are you going?

Edward ignores him. Vikram shoves his shoulder. Reflexively, Edward grabs him by the throat and slams him against the wall.

Seeing he's in danger of hurting Vikram, Edward releases him, and looks intently at him.

EDWARD

I'm going to get her back for you. Or I'm going to try, in any case. Don't expect me to stick my neck out just because the two of you couldn't work it out.

Shamed and a little intimidated, Vikram just looks at him, and then touches his own neck.

VIKRAM

What if --

EDWARD

No.

VIKRAM

Are you coming back?

Edward shrugs. Then turns on his heel. Once out of Vikram's sight, he grins wide to himself. He's enjoying the chase.

Vikram turns -- and yawns. His eyes go cold, now that his performance is no longer necessary.

He watches as the corpses drip thick arterial blood on the floor as the men carry them away.

VIKRAM (cont'd)
 (to himself)
 Rachel.

EXT. THE DEAD CHOUGH - NIGHT

Leaning against the dark side of the box, Lucretia taps out a cigarette -- a real one. She savours the smoke, performing a french inhale. She doesn't see Edward slip in beside her.

He's kitted out in tactical gear. In the dark he could be any one of the soldiers.

EDWARD
 Got one for me?

She looks at him, but her surprise is momentary. He bends down to kiss her, drawing smoke into his lungs, then exhaling it. She stares.

He just grins. She puts her hands on his chest and shoves him back.

LUCRETIA
 Are you trying to get me killed?

EDWARD
 I thought you were in complete control.

LUCRETIA
 Did anyone see you?

He looks at her, brow arched -- does she really have to ask?

Then he reaches out to stroke her neck, and she slaps his hand away.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
 Enough.

EDWARD
 Are you Sergei's fucking property now?

LUCRETIA
It's better if he thinks so.

EDWARD
You're afraid of him.

LUCRETIA
I didn't make an alliance with him
because of his tender reputation.

She walks away from Edward down to the darkened alley made of box structures, sometimes two or three stacked high.

EXT. BOX ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Edward trots to catch up.

EDWARD
Lucretia, he'll kill you. If he's
feeling kind, that's all he'll do.

LUCRETIA
I told you --

He pulls her to face him. She glares, exasperated.

EDWARD
I know you can take care of yourself,
love. That's all I want you to do.

LUCRETIA
No, you want something else. You
wouldn't have left your new plaything
otherwise.

Edward grimaces a little.

EDWARD
If something happens. If Sergei
threatens you, tries to hurt you...I
want you to contact me.

LUCRETIA
You think Sergei is going to catch me
napping?

He presses a scrap of paper into her hand.

EDWARD

This is one of my lesser-known call signs. If you continue to hang around him, you will need it.

LUCRETIA

I won't.

EDWARD

Don't be an idiot. It's not you he wants. You're just a placeholder.

Lucretia tilts her head.

LUCRETIA

You'd know something about that, wouldn't you.

He's hurt by this, but tries to hide it. She's not fooled. She takes the paper and slips it into a hidden pocket in her dress.

She touches his face. He kisses her palm, then pulls her in for a good hard snog.

EDWARD

If anything ever happens to you, I'll burn what's left of this world to the ground.

She lets him hold her for a moment, then pushes him away -- but gently, this time.

LUCRETIA

They'll return soon. Go back to your young man. He'll need you.

EDWARD

No doubt, but I have some business here. Are you sure you don't want to slip off...?

LUCRETIA

Go.

He grins, kisses her one more time, then heads towards the opening of the alley. He pauses, and looks over at her.

EDWARD

If you should...see or hear anything unusual. You will tell me.

She narrows her eyes at him. Then turns her back, and walks away.

INT. L-ATV - JACKSON ONE - NIGHT

Jackson One drives along towards a large smoking wreckage, surrounded by a clutch of Marines. It's the other personnel truck -- its tires are flat.

Kurosawa slows down the vehicle, then stops. Delaware, alarmed by what he's seeing, gets out.

EXT. THE CHOKE - HIGH ROAD - NIGHT

Delaware jogs the to where Ortiz stands waiting for him. As he closes, Delaware sees the Lammergeier driver, Igor kneeling under the guns of three Marines.

Delaware looks to Ortiz.

DELAWARE

Rachel?

ORTIZ

No sign.

DELAWARE

What's the situation to the north?

ORTIZ

I've got twenty doing recon and setting up a perimeter. Not much good cover up there.

DELAWARE

We won't dig in any longer than we have to.

ORTIZ

What do you want us to do with him?

Delaware looks at Igor, who looks back apprehensively. Delaware gives him a predatory stare. without looking behind him, beckons his team with one finger over his shoulder.

The L-ATV drives forward. Delaware smiles at the man. Igor stares back, totally unsure of his position.

INT. INTERROGATION TENT - NIGHT

Kurosawa and Littlehawk haul Igor to a chair. They truss him to it, tying feet to chair legs, and hands together behind his back. Delaware follows them in, dangerously calm.

Lieutenant Drozdova follows behind him, looking prim. Delaware stands before Igor, towering over him. Littlehawk ducks out.

DELAWARE

They tell me you don't have much English. That's not true, is it?

Igor blinks, and shakes his head.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Well, don't worry. If you make any noises that I can't interpret, Lieutenant Drozdova is here to help.

Drozdova stares icily at Igor.

Littlehawk returns, holding the M16 Hudson gave to Delaware. She's respectful of the weapon as she fixes a knife as a bayonet. Igor's eyes follow it as she hands it to Delaware.

IGOR

Nothing. I don't know nothing. I just drive.

Delaware rolls his head on his neck, then rolls his shoulders.

DELAWARE

I've been sitting all day. I hope you don't mind if I stand.

Delaware performs a perfect two handed spin with the rifle, and **drives the point of the bayonet directly into Igor's left foot**. The three women look on stonily as Igor SCREAMS.

IGOR

(in Russian,
untranslated)

I swear -- only drive to North Barracks. Just driving!

DROZDOVA

He says he was ordered to drive to North Barracks.

DELAWARE

Why? What's at North Barracks?

IGOR

The commander, he told us to -- he orders--

(lapsing into Russian)
Defend the approach until reinforcements...please take it out.

DROZDOVA

They're expecting reinforcements.

DELAWARE

What was that other thing?

DROZDOVA

He wants you to take the knife out of his foot.

DELAWARE

(extra southern)
People in hell want ice water.

Igor looks at him in confusion.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Where is the girl?

Igor glances at Drozdova. Delaware twists the blade, and Igor SCREAMS again. Slowly, Delaware withdraws the bayonet.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Rachel. Kori. You know that name.

Igor, sweating now, opens his eyes wide.

IGOR

I don't know. Sergei took her. They didn't tell me the plan. They said only go north.

DROZDOVA

He says Sergei took her prisoner.

DELAWARE

(to Igor)
No kidding?

Igor frowns. Delaware spins the rifle again, and breaks Igor's arm with a CRACK. Igor cries out, then whimpers. Littlehawk and Kurosawa look at each other.

DROZDOVA

He also said they kept him in the dark.

Delaware pops the knife off the bayonet, and beckons to Kurosawa. She takes it from him.

DELAWARE

(to Littlehawk)

They won't take her to north. It'll be Center or South.

LITTLEHAWK

Even with Jackson Two, we can only make a run at one of them.

Delaware nods. Then he looks at Kurosawa.

DELAWARE

See what else you can get from him. Littlehawk, go talk to communications and see if you can raise Wailea. I want to know what he's seeing before we go back in.

Delaware meets Drozdova's eyes, and then steps out. Kurosawa passes the knife from one hand to the other, smiling down at Igor.

EXT. TENT - DAWN

Delaware and Littlehawk walk towards the encampment. Behind them IGOR'S TORTURED SCREAM rings through the air.

INT. CENTRAL BARRACKS - CELL - DAWN

Rachel, seated on the floor, leaning against the wall, drifts between consciousness and unconsciousness.

She's gagged, and chained wrists and feet. The wrist chains are suspended by the ceiling, but are loose.

Sergei sits on the other side of the cell at a simple table and chair. He looks at her, his body still like he's holding himself back from movement.

He watches her intently, but his gaze goes beyond her.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - DAY

Rachel and Sergei go at it in her bed - they're good at each other now - and finish together. They roll apart, panting.

After a moment, Sergei tries to put his arm around her but she slides away, and sits up, not looking at him.

RACHEL

You can go now.

She pulls a bathrobe off a hook, and puts it on, belting it tightly. Sergei lies back, arms behind his head like he owns the place.

SERGEI

They won't be back for another hour.

RACHEL

What's your point?

When he doesn't answer, she deigns to meet his eyes. He gazes back at her - looking at **her**, not her body under the robe. Her face.

SERGEI

I want to ask you something.

She looks over her shoulder at him. This isn't like him.

RACHEL

(cautious)

What is it?

SERGEI

You know I've been recruiting. I have the beginnings of an army. A very good army, once I've trained them.

RACHEL

(coldly)

I'm still waiting on your point.

He sits up, puts his hands on her shoulders, and kisses the back of her neck. Rachel tolerates this with indifference.

SERGEI

There's no reason for me to stay here any longer. Just...you.

RACHEL

What about your father? Doesn't he need you?

Sergei rolls his eyes, and lays back against her pillows.

 SERGEI

He doesn't need anyone, he's going to off any day now. It's all he talks about.

 RACHEL

Not if you bothered to take care of him.

He gives her cold-fish eyes. She laughs.

 RACHEL (cont'd)

So you want to leave. Then leave.

 SERGEI

I want you to come with me.

She blinks at him, surprised.

 RACHEL

Why?

He tilts his head at her like a confused dog: **how does she not know?** She looks critically back at him.

 SERGEI

Rachel, I love you.

She stares at him for a long, long beat. Then, she **laughs**, a full throated laugh. More at the absurdity than mocking him.

He glares at her, red in the face. She pants to recover.

 RACHEL

Sergei, you can't love. You can't even imitate it convincingly. Vikram didn't even try to teach you that one, did he?

 SERGEI

You're a fucking bitch, you know that?

 RACHEL

Whatever. I don't love you.

 SERGEI

(relaxed)

I know.

She cocks a brow at him.

SERGEI (cont'd)

How could I love you, if you loved me? If you could love a man like me, you wouldn't be you.

RACHEL

Then why the hell would I want to go with you? So you can be happy? You think I don't know what you do in your spare time? What happens when you get bored of using radiation poisoned refugees for target practice?

SERGEI

You'd have fun. You're good at those things, strategy, tactics.

He slips his arms around her and presses his mouth against her ear.

SERGEI (cont'd)

I could teach you to be good at those other things. I could teach you to be very good.

He slides his hands down under her robe, over her body. She slips out of his grip, and grabs his clothes, tossing them at him.

RACHEL

Go. Now.

SERGEI

What is there here for you? You know it's all bullshit. You can't do damage control for Armageddon. You're not going to build a university, like your brother dreams about. You're not going to create a democracy. This is it, princess. Kill or be killed.

RACHEL

(shuddering with rage)

I would rather feed myself to the vultures than become one of you.

Sergei rises from her bed, quickly enough to make her jump. He looks at her, sneering as he dresses himself, managing somehow to make the act intimidating.

SERGEI

You had power, before. Your family. Now I have the power to make them go away if I want to. I can take them out of the world so completely it will be like they never existed. And you'll just be another pathetic little orphan.

Unmoved, she stares him down. He finally has to choose between harming her, and being defeated by the humiliation.

He takes a step forward. She stands firm, chin up, mouth set, eyes open. She is completely without fear. It defeats him.

He leaves. She sits down on the bed, ramrod straight, and stares into nothing.

INT. BARRACKS - COMMANDER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sergei, dressed in motorcycle leathers and carrying a duffel bag, walks into his father's quarters. Mikhail, unshaven, unshowered, sits out on his small deck.

After a delay, he glances over at his son.

MIKHAIL

Seryozha.

Sergei rummages his desk.

SERGEI

Where are the keys?

MIKHAIL

Why do you need them?

SERGEI

The keys for the North Barracks. Where?

MIKHAIL

Left.

Sergei opens the left drawer.

MIKHAIL (cont'd)

You know, I've been thinking. Maybe we could...maybe we could take a ship out there. To Sakhalin. Not because...just to say goodbye.

SERGEI

(tsking)

Electrocution. If you want to die,
Rakhila, there are cleaner ways.

She narrows her eyes at him, sniffs disdainfully.

SERGEI (cont'd)

But you don't want to die. I don't
want you to die. Nobody has to die.

(a beat)

Of course, everybody dies, but -- I
always thought we'd work things out,
eventually.

He paces around her, tapping his knife against his palm. She
follows him with her eyes, totally unimpressed.

SERGEI (cont'd)

You should've come with me when I
asked you.

He worries his knuckles against the new scar that runs up
the side of his face.

SERGEI (cont'd)

You could have killed me. You should
have, if you loved him. But you
didn't, why?

He walks up to her, close to her, pressing his body against
hers as he grips the knife handle like a pencil, touches the
knife point to her cheek just under her left eye.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Will his big brother still love you,
if I write my initials, here?

He carves an S - V in the air over her skin.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Maybe a little heart around them.

He presses the edge of the blade just slightly harder. She
doesn't flinch. He sighs, slips the blade under the gag, and
cuts it away.

She spits out the taste of the gag, licks her dry lips.

RACHEL

Go on then. Cut me, if it makes you
feel better.

He stares at her for a long beat, then sheathes the knife.

 SERGEI

 You know, from an evolutionary perspective, I'm perfect for you.

She stares back at him, dumbstruck for a moment.

 RACHEL

 Are you suggesting that you're the result of natural selection? Or have you just been looking at the pictures again?

 SERGEI

 Look around. Your captain couldn't protect you, not with his guns, not with his jets or his helicopters. His little brother couldn't protect you. Vikram can't protect you.

Rachel looks up at her chains, and gives them a little tug.

 RACHEL

 But you think you can protect me.

 SERGEI

 That's all I've ever done, princess.

He reaches to stroke her face. She doesn't jerk away - she's too astounded by his delusion.

 RACHEL

 You're the most hated man in the known world. Just being seen with you puts me in danger.

He sighs.

 SERGEI

 I suppose I could give you back to Vikram.

She frowns at him.

 RACHEL

 Why wouldn't you?

 SERGEI

 I don't like the way he's been treating you. He has always been unreasonable about...us.

He brushes a strand of her hair from her face, looking directly into her eyes. She holds his gaze for a moment - the spark is there - and then it dies cold.

She narrows her eyes at him.

RACHEL

So what, I give in to you and together we'll repopulate the world with the master race?

Sergei grins.

SERGEI

Actually, it's embarrassing. They sterilized me as part of my juvenile sentencing. But if it's really important to you, we could get a rescue.

He smiles brightly. Rachel snorts, just a little genuinely amused. Then he moves in closer to her, making the distance more intimate.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Why didn't you stay with me?

She sighs.

RACHEL

Sergei, the only reason I ever went to bed with you in the first place was because I thought it might be an interesting way to commit suicide.

Sergei, deeply offended, pulls away. Then pain contorts his face, a moment of genuine anguish. Rachel can't quite believe it.

RACHEL (cont'd)

My god, you really believe it, you psychopathic defect. That's the only thing you actually feel. Do you know how sad that is?

Sergei's eyes go wide, face red, ROARS as he shoves her away from him. She doesn't move far in her chains.

SERGEI

(roaring)

If I'm such a defect than why do I feel this

(MORE)

SERGEI (cont'd)
 (Russian,
 untranslated)
chuvstvovat.

 RACHEL
 (in Russian,
 subtitled)
*Because you're a fucking child and
 you don't like being told no.*

He takes a step back from her. The show of emotion evaporates.

He tilts his head like he's evaluating a cut of meat, then goes to the ring in the floor and drags the chains again, forcing her arms further so she's almost hanging.

 SERGEI
 (softly)
 You know that isn't true. I quite
 enjoy being told no. "No." "Stop."
 "Please." "You're hurting me." "I'll
 do anything."

He undoes the laces of his fatigue pants and approaches her.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
 Say "no", Rachel.

He grabs a fistful of her hair, reaches down his pants to try and make himself hard...and can't. Rachel watches him, almost sympathetic.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
 (Russian,
 untranslated)
Fucking bitch-pig whore.

He snarls in frustration, and pushes back from her. He goes over to the table and punches it in half, then throws the chair into the wall, where it shatters.

He turns -- but he can't even face her. There are tears in his eyes. He leaves.

A INT. LAMMERGEIER BARRACKS NORTH - HALL - NIGHT

Lucretia strolls lazily along the hall. She is ignored by most of the Lammergeiers, though she notices two standing guard over a cell. The door slams itself open, making them jump

LUCRETIA

No, don't --

SERGEI

(shushing)

No more talking.

He shoves his hand into her mouth, using the space between forefinger and thumb like a bit, forcing her head back.

With his other hand, he holds her arms pinned behind her.

She weeps silently, unable to make a sound. Sergei closes his eyes, mouths the name "Rachel" once, trying to invoke her image.

He can't do it. Rage clouds his brow. He holds Lucretia down, thrusts roughly into her a few more times, finishes and collapses over her.

She quakes under him, tears falling, bleeding from several cuts, her face a mask of pain. He leans down, kisses her temple, her cheek, strokes her hair, seemingly oblivious.

SERGEI (cont'd)

You don't know how much I needed that.

Lucretia just stares, her cheek still pressed to the ground, her lower lip quivering.

He lifts himself off her and subsides into his bed, still mostly clothed.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Tell the guard to wake me in an hour.

Too traumatized to move, Lucretia lays there staring, tears flowing into blood.