

Republic of Infidels

CHAPTER 2: "First Do No Harm"

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FADE IN:

INT. LECTURE HALL - AFTERNOON

SUPER: 2040 - 3 days before The Fall

RACHEL (19) stands by the podium in a medium sized lecture hall. Above her, the end slide of a projected presentation. She is fighting fit, sharp and in control.

She commands the attention of her students, a scattered set of 20s somethings mostly older than her. One in particular, ALEC VIGNA (20) watches her intently.

Above her, a holographic projection of a diagram entitled OSTEOPATHIC TRAUMA - PATHOLOGY.

RACHEL

This isn't a memory test. The point is to evaluate your knowledge. If it's on the study sheet, it'll be on the exam. Anything else is extra credit. Now, I'm going out of town so I won't be proctoring it, but you know my office hours. If you have questions, don't hesitate.

They gather their things, and head out. Some of the young men glance back at her, but they move on. Alec, however, lingers.

She looks down, gathers her iPad and supplies into a messenger bag. Finally, she regards him.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Get lost, Alec.

He puts a hand on his heart. Big silly grin.

ALEC

I'm always lost when I'm with you.

He has a faint Italian accent, which he's playing up for effect.

RACHEL

(pointing)

Out. That way.

He gets up, but pointedly leaves a piece of newsprint folded on the desk.

She waits until he's good and gone, then retrieves the paper. In a sketch style that looks torn out of the Renaissance masters, he's drawn a sensual rendering of her, bare shoulders up.

Something odd happens: a jitter in reality - the paper in her hand is replaced by Hudson's notebook, a different sketch of her. Then it resolves back to the paper.

Rachel sighs. She opens her briefcase, and we see a sheaf of other similar sketches neatly packed into it. She adds this one, then shakes her head like she's trying to clear it.

INT. OXFORD - DEPARTMENT COMMONS - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rachel checks herself out in the mirror, thumbing away a slight mascara smudge under her eye. She wears a dress - nice, but casual.

She walks out into the gathering, surrounded by Oxford staff and graduate students, all of them older than her, but she seems comfortable with their respect. She's one of them.

Alec Vigna is also there. He's handsome, almost pretty, and he gives her a suggestive look as she passes him. She narrows her eyes, and walks on. He grins. Hope lives.

LOUNGE

Rachel, now with a gin and tonic, sits down next to her adviser, JAMAL SALIM (70s) by a roaring fire. He's very natty in a raw silk suit, but he looks pale.

There's an oxygen tube in his nose. The tank is out of sight.

He looks past her, where Alec Vigna loiters, shooting the occasional glance their way. He raises a glass of red wine to salute her as she sits.

SALIM

So that's the one. You failed to mention how attractive he is.

RACHEL

You, Jamal, should not be drinking.

She notes the oxygen tank tucked discreetly by his chair. He takes a slug of the whiskey, clearly enjoys it, then gestures.

SALIM

Go talk to him.

RACHEL

It doesn't feel quite appropriate,
somehow.

SALIM

You've turned in the marks. Which
means he's no longer your student. No
conflict.

RACHEL

That's not the point.

She flushes.

SALIM

The point is, my dear young friend,
you are severely underfucked, and you
know it.

She glares at him. He only laughs - then coughs a little.
She sighs, pours him a glass of water from a nearby pitcher,
takes his whiskey glass, and then bends down to check his
oxygen.

RACHEL

I'm going to stay here with you. I've
got an early flight tomorrow.

He puts a hand on her shoulder.

SALIM

I want you to go ruin that boy's
life. I'm a dying man so I should get
what I want. Go on.

Rachel looks up. Alec's disappeared. She looks back at the
old man.

RACHEL

Don't get excited. I'm coming back.

Salim sets the water down and grabs his whiskey. He sips it,
smiling.

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

Rachel takes a few tentative steps out into the quad. A couple of groups of students and teachers are standing around, talking, smoking.

Alec sidles up to her. She jumps a little, recovers.

ALEC
Looking for someone?

RACHEL
I needed some air. Nothing at all to do with you.

ALEC
You make it difficult. Standing me up, every other week, even just for coffee.

RACHEL
More fool you, you keep taking my classes. You know I can't date students.

ALEC
But I want to be your student. I have so much to learn, still.

He moves closer. She hesitates - unknown terrain for her.

RACHEL
You know that you're a walking parody of yourself.

He grins, takes her hand and leads her to a more secluded corner.

ALEC
We call it *sprezzatura*.

RACHEL
(Italian, subtitled)
Oh, is that what you call it?

He laughs, delighted, then goes to speak - but she goes for it, cutting him off with a kiss. It's her first kiss: clumsy but sweet. She pulls back, now furiously blushing.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Sorry. I...

Alec looks at her - then he gets it. He grins.

ALEC
You've never...?

She meets his eyes.

ALEC (cont'd)
Let's try again.

He kisses her - hard, passionate, until they're both gasping. They break apart. She looks at him, questioning.

ALEC (cont'd)
Good, but there's room for improve-

She grabs him, kisses him while he laughs. They stumble back against the wall, wrapped up in each other with the awkward passion of the new.

They really go at it for a moment, before Rachel pulls back, breathless.

RACHEL
I want to.

ALEC
I know. The old man.

RACHEL
He doesn't have much time left.

She smiles sadly. Then sniffs, holding back her pain. He kisses her forehead.

ALEC
Of course, you must go be with him.
I'll be here when you return from
Nepal.

She turns away, moves back towards the light of the entrance. Their hands cling together, unwilling to let go. He pulls her back and kisses her again.

Then he lets her go with a smile. Reluctantly, she walks away.

EXT. THE CROWN - DAM - DUSK

Rachel stands before the mountainous vista, phone in hand.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

Thinking about you.

Vikram holds out his own mobile phone to her. The screen is the same.

VIKRAM

It's not just you. It's everyone.
Look.

He points to the darkening sky. One bright light hangs in place.

SERGEI

Is that the ARC?

RACHEL

It should be in orbit. Moving.

They stare at it for a moment.

RACHEL (cont'd)

(to Vikram,
whispering)

You don't think...

He look back at her, his expression deeply disturbed. As they watch, the light begins to move - down, towards the horizon.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Alec Vigna, shirtless, sweats in his little studio. He's surrounded by canvases, a little paint spattered himself.

He works on a detailed landscape, adding little strokes, but appears to be unsatisfied. He puts the canvas aside, reaches around for his phone.

Before he can unlock the screen, he's distracted by a MASSIVE ROAR that blocks out all noise and leaves his ears ringing.

He looks up to see something tearing a **ten-lane highway of black smoke** through the bright blue sky overhead, curving towards the horizon.

The glass in the greenhouse FRACTURES from the noise. He cries out as shards pierce into his bare shoulders. He throws himself outside.

EXT. VIGNA VILLA - AMALFI COAST - DAY

Alec struggles towards the patio where his mother is picking herself up, the RINGING in his ears competing with the sounds of CAR ALARMS and DOGS BARKING.

As he reaches the patio, he looks out at the dazed, confused people on the narrow streets. Alec puts his hands out to catch his mother's. They embrace.

Alec pulls out his phone, and sets it to holographic projection mode. It shows a text field that types, and retypes itself:

PRAISE BE TO OUR LORD JESUS, PROPHET OF GOD AND THE END OF DAYS. WE ARE THE REVELATION AND HE WILL TAKE US TO HIM, TOGETHER WITH ALL THE RIGHTEOUS. THE WICKED WILL BURN. SO IT IS WRITTEN.

GODSPEED TO HIS CHOSEN. DAMN THE SINNERS. SO IT IS WRITTEN. AMEN.

Horrorified, he looks around to his mother, but she doesn't speak English, so she just frowns in concern and waits for him to explain.

There is WORLD-SHAKING BOOM. A glow as bright as the sun surges up over the horizon, throbbing as lightning issues from it, covering the sky in a spiderweb of electricity.

The remaining windows in all of the surrounding villas and cars SHATTER.

The hillside seems to ripple, and more than one house collapses under the seismic force.

Alec looks over, deafened, to see his mother has cut herself on the shattered glass table top. He tries to help her up.

A THUNDERING ROAR, growing closer, causes him to lift his head. He straightens up and perceives his death, roaring towards him in the form of a colossal wave.

It speeds towards him, blocking out all light, tearing through old stone buildings like tissue paper, climbing the slope like a reverse avalanche.

Then the water reaches the deck. Alec and his mother are consumed by wet, blue darkness.

FADE TO WHITE.

SOUND OVER:

MOUNTAIN SOUNDS. WIND WHISTLES. Then the sound of BIRD SONG. The shrill SQUEAK of an Alpine Chough.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

POV Rachel. Her eyes open. Everything is dim. She can see the shape of a small black bird hopping in front of her.

It becomes clearer, resolves itself into an Alpine Chough. Rachel just stares at it for a moment. It takes wing. Suddenly a Griffon vulture lands before her.

She's up on her feet immediately and kicks rocks at the bird. More vultures approach.

She's a bloodied mess. She looks around, but there's no sign of pursuit. Devere, the Lammergeier from yesterday, is a red smear on the rocks.

Vultures pick at the last of his limbs. A real Lammergeier hops past with a bone, and looks at her. She decides it's time to go, but which way?

She looks up the slope, then down, then in the distance her eye is caught by the silhouette of the U.S.S. Walsh, floating on the horizon.

She orients herself and begins to make her way down in that direction.

INT. CAVERN - DAY

Vikram, Radhesh and Ali the Undertaker stand together in the dim cavern. The space has been shaped and widened, and is carved with ancient Buddhist devices.

At the far back of the cave is a large Indian Buddha, sitting over a pool of trickling water. Before it, a bier, where the body of Nadia rests.

There are candles everywhere, but it is still cold and dark. Radhesh stands next to the bier, gazing down at his wife, paralyzed with grief and shock.

Vikram stands at the head of the bier, staring ahead. He glances down at his mother--

INSERT: Her eyes open wide and accuse him.

He blinks away the vision. She's dead, eyes closed as before.

Ali touches his elbow, and indicates in the direction of the cavern's entrance.

INT. CAVERN FOYER - DAY

Sergei waits at the entrance. It's dark inside - we can't immediately see his face. He wipes his face with a reddening piece of cloth before Vikram can see.

Vikram goes to him, then follows behind him.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

They walk to a sheltered alcove in the mountain face, away from prying eyes. Vikram blinks at him, exhausted, eyes sensitive to the light.

Sergei keeps his face turned - Vikram hasn't seen the wound.

VIKRAM

Rachel?

SERGEI

She ran.

Vikram looks up. Then he sees a trickle of blood. He grabs the cloth out of Sergei's hand and shoves his face to the side.

He stares at the wound. Sergei snarls, takes Vikram by the wrists and slams him back against the rock face.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Get your fucking hands off me.

VIKRAM

What did you do?

The two young men stare off at each other. Sergei could easily snap Vikram in half, but a pair of mourners pass by the gap in the rock at a distance, distracting both of them.

Vikram glares at him, too grief stricken to care about his own safety.

Sergei releases him, and puts his hand over the cut in his face, which bleeds freely.

 SERGEI
I'll find her.

 VIKRAM
Yes, you will.

Vikram walks away, returning to the cave entrance. Sergei stares after him, then stalks off.

EXT. CRADLE SLUMS - ALLEY - PRE-DAWN

Desperately, Rachel searches for somewhere to hide. She finds a fence and scales it before anyone rounds the corner.

EXT. SHACK - PRE-DAWN

Rachel drops down from the fence. The yard is open, exposed, full of junk. She goes to the shack, looking for some way inside. Then she sees the gap under the floor.

She is just able to wriggle under the floor and get herself underneath into a hollow between the boards and the earth.

INT. UNDER SHACK - AFTERNOON

Rachel curls up in the dirt under the floor. There are exposed nails and a worm working its way through the wood.

From her perspective, she can see the bottom of the yard fence, and the Lammergeier boots milling around.

 GINGER LAMMERGEIER (O.S.)
We need more eyes. She could be
anywhere in this mess.

 TALL LAMMERGEIER (O.S.)
Spread out. Radio the barracks.

Rachel stays curled up. She pulls Hudson's notebook out of her pocket and opens it, looking at the nonsensical words and accents. The Sioux language presents her with no reference.

She sees that there's blood on it, and she tries to thumb it off the page. She notices a place where a leaf has been torn out.

INSERT: The page's edge. English letters, nonsensical. The top: R-a-.

She looks closely at it, touching the rough torn edge. She closes it, frustrated.

In her mind: Sergei's knife. Hudson's death. Her hand on the blade.

She presses her forehead against the cover, closing her eyes against the violent memory.

EXT. SKY BURIAL GROUND - DAY

Vikram, Radhesh and the rest of the village attend Nadia's funeral. The service is just coming to an end.

Ali and his assistant cart Nadia's wrapped body off to some unknown spot to the west. Radhesh and Vikram remain together.

Radhesh is a shell, but Vikram is in numb shock.

RADHESH

Why take Rachel?

VIKRAM

We'll find her. It's only a matter of time.

Vikram squeezes his father's shoulder.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

Go home. You're exhausted.

RADHESH

You aren't coming?

VIKRAM

I need to walk. Think.

RADHESH

Don't go too far.

He hugs his son fondly, a little desperately, then turns and walks away.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE - EVENING

Delaware leans against the wall, looking out through the floor to ceiling windows at the beginnings of a lingering, acid sunset.

Major Ortiz stands by him, looking at him with deep concern. He looks at her as though just noticing her.

DELAWARE

Anything?

She shakes her head. He goes silent.

She approaches him, and touches his elbow gently, trying to reassure him. He tries to smile, but can't quite. She leaves.

He turns his eyes back to the blazing, mindbending sunset, and sits down in the captain's chair.

BEGIN

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HONOLULU - PEARL HARBOUR - BASE HOUSING - DUSK

DELAWARE (28) and HUDSON (25) jog together through verdant, beautiful residential blocks, lit up pink by the Hawaiian sunset - this one pristine and wholesome.

They both wear t-shirt with "NAVY" emblazoned on them, and behind them in the middle distance, the massive USS Walsh looms in the harbour.

Further down the hill, planes and cargo are begin prepared and loaded, though everyone's work day appears to be winding down.

Delaware and Hudson keep pace easily, both sweating in the heat.

HUDSON

So Annie got her fellowship.

DELAWARE

Yep. Three months.

HUDSON

Where?

DELAWARE

Somewhere in the subcontinent. It's a mobile clinic. She'll be moving around a lot.

HUDSON

Three months is a long time.

DELAWARE

After which she will owe me a lifetime of marital favours.

They come to a halt, both panting, in front of a shaved ice stall. Hudson buys them both bottles of water.

HUDSON

You know she knows you're a chauvinist.

He tosses the bottle to his brother. Delaware catches it, uncaps it and takes a drink.

DELAWARE

You had your chance, kid, and you blew it.

Their moment is interrupted by a sudden SHOCKWAVE.

Fiery debris streaks over the horizon. They both look at each other - Is the base under attack?

They run full tilt towards the ship.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Delaware and Hudson burst into the bridge, which is alive with activity. CAPTAIN GUILLERMO MORENO (50s) stands before the consoles, sweating, eyes wide with confusion.

DELAWARE

Captain?

Moreno is too busy looking at the NCOM screen that now dominates the bridge.

In one corner, an image of a satellite orbiting placidly around the planet. Text on screen indicates this is live.

MORENO

It's internal. Someone on the inside. All the satellites are under their control.

HUDSON

When I was in intel, we had half a dozen groups trying to hack in.

DELAWARE

The Manifests?

HUDSON

They wouldn't hack the ARC, even to make demands.

MORENO

The Revelationists.

DELAWARE

They're bluffing. That end of days bullshit is just...

Hudson grabs his arm.

The satellite, which reads A.R.C - Atmospheric Regionfree Cloud, and has a large nuclear warning symbol on it, fires thrusters and turns towards the planet.

They look on in dawning horror.

The image shifts to a camera mounted on the satellite, looking through fire as it plummets. It screams into the water - down, down into darkness.

The image MAGNIFIES into the larger screen, though it remains dark.

A crack, bright as fire, lights up the scene. A little drip of magma escapes. Then a bigger one. Then, the camera's view is obscured by white fire.

EXT. DIAMOND HEAD

AERIAL

The old volcano ERUPTS, pouring sluggish magma down its slopes.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR

AERIAL

Desperately, crew members and civilians run towards the ship.

Fires break out everywhere as vents in the ground open under the houses. Water begins to surge forward, overflowing the seawall. Tsunami SIRENS blare.

From above we watch as the the entire neighbourhood of low-slung houses is swallowed by the ocean.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A graceful little drone races over the water, flitting to avoid the sluggish waves. Then, it tilts forward and dives into the water.

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The drone adjusts itself for underwater propulsion and heads deeper, deeper into the dark blue. After a short while it disappears.

Then: a light. It illuminates particles, empty water, until there's a flash - and the drone sees itself in a reflective surface.

A window. It adjusts its light and looks inside of the window: an office. Office chairs float against the ceiling.

The drone pulls back -- and widens its light. As it does so, we realize that this is a canyon of skyscrapers.

It is downtown New York, but we only know it by the piece of orange Staten Island Ferry hull sticking out of the sea floor.

INT. FERRY

The drone slips around the curving orange wall, looks into the seating area.

Its light catches a hint of skeletal remains on the other side of the deck -- then lights up a skull with some eel-like sea creature slipping through the eye socket.

SMASH CUT:

DELAWARE (O.S.)
Jesus Christ!

INT. DELAWARE'S CABIN - DAY

Delaware throws off a pair of light weight goggles with D18-ALBATROSS etched in the side off his face. He ruffles his hair and sits up in his office chair.

Hudson, who's been apparently standing there for a while, looks on ruefully.

HUDSON

Well?

Delaware, not realizing he was there, jumps. Hudson offers him something - a piece of beef jerky. Delaware tears off a piece and chews thoughtfully.

DELAWARE

It's the same everywhere. I don't know why I bother.

He picks up the headset, looks at it, then tosses it aside. He activates an NCOM screen and calls the Albatross Drone back.

HUDSON

There's still a chance.

Delaware looks at him, tired. He gets up, and heads towards the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Hudson follows behind Delaware as he heads towards the flight deck.

HUDSON

We know we're not the only ones out here.

Delaware activates an NCOM screen and calls the Albatross Drone back.

DELAWARE

The clinic is at the bottom of the ocean, Hudson. I've seen the remains.

HUDSON

Delaware.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

They enter the bridge. The small crew, including Ortiz, tends the controls.

DELAWARE
Give us the room, please.

The crew acknowledges, then filters out. Delaware walks over to the windows, looking out at the yellowed blue.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
If we appear on that horizon, every single person on that rock will want a piece of us. We can't feed them all. You can't bind up all their wounds. Even if we had the ordnance, what do we do? Kill them?

HUDSON
What if Rhiannon's there?

Delaware grimaces, rubs his face in his hands. Hudson scrutinizes his brother.

HUDSON (cont'd)
You think she's dead.

DELAWARE
I don't know. But the people on this ship are alive. She would understand that.

Hudson nods, opens his mouth to speak, then frowns.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
What is it?

HUDSON
Outside of this ship, Himalaya is all that's left of civilization. We can't give up on them or we give up everything.

DELAWARE
We won't.

HUDSON
The longer we wait --

DELAWARE
We need time. I know you understand.

Hudson gives him a long look - then bows his head, and walks out of the bridge. Delaware looks after him for a moment, then sinks down into the captain's chair.

END FLASHBACK

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Delaware's present day self, again prematurely gray at the temples, sits in the same captain's chair, now in the darkness of the unlit bridge.

Tears are just visible on his cheek. He takes a deep, shuddering breath of pain.

EXT. SKY BURIAL GROUND - NORTH TRAIL - NIGHT

Vikram walks alone, ascending the winding gravel path that climbs north. It's clear by his sweaty face he's been walking for hours.

Most of the vultures have left for the evening, but a few younger birds gather around a fresh corpse, not immediately identifiable in the dark.

The body is turned on awkwardly on its side, stripped down to the skin. The scavenger birds hop away as Vikram comes closer, though they're clearly used to humans.

He nudges one keen Griffon vulture away with his foot. Then he turns to the body, uses the same foot to roll it towards him.

It's Hudson Ford. His ribs are laid bare, and his stomach wound is now a ragged hole.

His face, however, is mostly intact - except for the missing eyes. His mouth is drawn up in a rictus.

Vikram stares down at him, his face empty. Then tearful, anguished rage fills him. He raises his boot and stomps on Hudson's dead face, crushing the facial bones inwards.

He repeats his action until the face is an unrecognizable ruin.

He exerts so much effort he exhausts himself and stumbles backwards, breathing heavily. He only just catches himself and regains his balance.

After another lengthy contemplation of the mutilated corpse, he wipes the blood from his boot on the pale grass.

He gazes out at the Cradle, just beginning to twinkle in the darkening vista. At his feet, the remaining vultures begin their cautious approach.

He scuffs his foot on the grass. One of them flutters into the sky, startled.

Vikram leans down and grabs the body by the feet.

He drags it over to the sleep incline, then shoves it off the edge with his boot. He watches it fall, break apart on the rocks.

He sinks down on to a large boulder, pushing his hair away from his face. He can't suppress a sob. He closes his eyes against his tears.

INT. UNDER SHACK - DAY

Rachel's eyes fly open. The SOUND OF CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER is heard. Light spills down into the tiny space. ANGELICA (5) and MICHAEL (6) are off screen playing in the yard.

We have seen Angelica before - in Nadia's school.

ANGELICA O.S.
Give it back!

MICHAEL O.S.
It's mine now!

ANGELICA O.S.
Give it or I'm telling!

MICHAEL O.S.
Go get it!

Rachel is startled by the intrusion of a small red ball. She almost screams in surprise but covers her mouth. Angelica's dirty little face appears at the gap under the shed.

ANGELICA
(whispers)
Can I have my ball?

Rachel nods slowly, and gives her the ball.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
 (whispers)
 Are you hiding from the Lammergeiers?

RACHEL
 (whispers)
 Please don't tell them where I am.

Michael's little face joins his sister's.

MICHAEL
 DAD!!!

The two kids are shoved aside. DAVIDE (30) reaches in and drags Rachel out by the hair. Hudson's Notebook is left behind under the shed.

EXT. SHACK - YARD - DAY

Davide, a scrappy looking man who is attired in a stained wife beater and shorts, drags Rachel out by the hair.

RACHEL
 Let go of me.

DAVIDE
 You're the one they're looking for.
 The bounty's more ration than we get
 in a week.

RACHEL
 You think you're going to get a
 reward? They'll kill you.

Angelica looks up at Rachel, disturbed. Michael is excited by the action.

EXT. SHACK - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Sergei approaches the door, followed by a posse of eight Lammergeiers.

His face is a mess- the slice Rachel gave him is held together with butterfly bandages.

He cop-knocks on the door.

SERGEI
 Open up or I'll burn you out,
 parasite.

With one jerk of his hand, he rips the flimsy door out of the frame, then tosses it aside - no one inside. He beckons his troop to follow him down the narrow side gap.

EXT. SHACK - YARD - DAY

Rachel hears this. She gives Davide an elbow to the solar plexus. He groans, crumples.

Rachel is up over the fence as fast as she can go, but Sergei, coming along the side of the building, sees her.

SERGEI

Rachel!

He turns to his soldiers.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Around.

They fan out, dashing back the way they came. Davide runs out to follow them, and Michael follows.

Angelica, now alone, shimmies under the fence.

EXT. CRADLE SLUMS - ALLEY - DAY

Rachel is exposed. She can hear them coming, but she doesn't know which way to go. Angelica appears beside her and grabs her hand.

ANGELICA

This way.

Rachel, bemused, follows the little girl.

OVERHEAD

Rachel and Angelica take a twisting route through the maze of slums. The Lammergeiers close in from all sides.

EXT. CRADLE SLUMS - ALLEY - DAY

Angelica pulls her towards a run down plywood building with low windows.

ANGELICA

Hide!

RACHEL
Because it's poisoned. Say you won't.

ANGELICA
Okay.

Rachel looks around, trying to make a plan of escape.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
Here.

Angelica takes her over to a covered well. She pulls the plywood cover off. Rachel looks down into it.

It's a sewer that connects to the sea, running rich with a combination of filth and sea trash. The smell must be awful.

ANGELICA (cont'd)
You get used to it.

RACHEL
You go down there?

ANGELICA
When I need to hide. My brother is mean sometimes.

RACHEL
Is he mean a lot?

Angelica nods. Rachel squeezes her little shoulders, and then climbs down into the sewer.

INT. SEWER - DAY

Rachel's feet touch a narrow ledge. She looks up, and sees Angelica's little face. She waves. Rachel motions.

RACHEL
Go!

Darkness as the plywood covers the manhole. Rachel can barely see anything, except a distant shaft of light maybe fifty meters down the sewer.

She edges her way along the ledge, her eyes falling on a tide line on the wall. She can't stay here long. The sewer water sloshes, rising by inches.

EXT. CRADLE - BROKEN DISTRICT - AFTERNOON

We see the Broken District, another slum but with the addition of a brothel row.

The nicer "establishments" are constructed from length-wise shipping containers, while the worst of them are cobbled together shacks.

There are prostitutes of all genders and all ages. The youngest is maybe 12. Rachel is a bit staggered to see this.

She makes her way through the filthy dirt alley, avoiding everyone's eyes and drawing everyone's attention.

A shadow lingers under the portico of one of the fancier box brothels. This is EDWARD (40), a long, lank man whose scruffy unshaven face is well groomed by local standards.

He wears a faded green canvas jacket with a few patches on it, and slips on a pair of sunglasses on as he moves closer.

He observes Rachel, and follows her at a modest distance.

EXT. CARGO CONTAINERS

Rachel lingers in the shadow between two of the cargo container buildings. A WHISTLE turns her head to the other end of the corridor.

EZRA (30s) a skinny rawboned man nods his head to her solicitously.

EZRA
Vetrov's looking for you.

Rachel takes a step back. Ezra takes his time following her down the corridor.

EZRA (cont'd)
Though I might be convinced to look
the other way if you're thinking
about going into harness.

He grins, lecherously, looking her over.

EXT. BROKEN DISTRICT ROAD

Rachel moves to run into the crowd, but a gang of four thugs stand waiting for her. They perk up as they see her, taking a cue from Ezra, their leader.

EZRA

Up to you, gorgeous.

He unsheathes a telescoping baton, and extends it. Rachel braces herself to run.

Edward drifts closer, and Ezra looks up, over Rachel's shoulder. He frowns.

Rachel stiffens as Edward sidles up next to her, and slides an arm around her shoulders.

EDWARD

There you are, darling.

He's English - and something about the primness of his accent makes Rachel hesitate. Ezra glares at him.

EZRA

I saw her first. She's mine.

EDWARD

Not any more.

Rachel tries to shrug him off.

RACHEL

(through her teeth)

Let go of me.

He doesn't-- but he squeezes her shoulder, trying to reassure her. Ezra raises the baton. He looks to his thugs, and motions them towards Edward.

EZRA

Kill him.

Edward surveys them as they size him up.

EDWARD

What do you think, lads?

They look at him, then at Ezra. They look at their second in command, KARIM (20s). He looks over at Edward, then Ezra, then shrugs, and walk away, leaving Ezra alone. They follow.

Enraged, Ezra turns to Edward. Distracted, he doesn't expect it when Edward seizes the baton, and turns it on its owner. He swings it around and slams the end into Ezra's wrist.

Ezra screams in pain, and drops to his knees, clutching his broken wrist. Rachel takes the opportunity to bolt.

Edward lets her go, and gives Ezra a little finger wave before walking off.

EXT. CRADLE EAST WEST LANE - NIGHT

Rachel loses steam quickly- she's weak and dehydrated. Edward comes jogging up behind her.

EDWARD
Come on, love. You're not going to make it far on your own.

RACHEL
(panting)
Why did you do that?

EDWARD
Do what?

Rachel holds up the little scalpel and aims it at his face.

RACHEL
Try again.

Edward heaves a stage sigh. He pulls out the baton, and for an instant Rachel thinks he's going to threaten her. But instead he tosses it at her feet.

EDWARD
You're clever, Miss Kori. But you're long past out of your depth.

Rachel takes a deep breath, then another, and lowers her weapon.

RACHEL
Why would you help me?

EDWARD
I haven't agreed to help anyone, yet.

RACHEL
Then what do you want?

EDWARD
Let's walk.

EXT. THE WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Edward and Rachel walk along the strand. There are scavengers out picking up sea junk that has washed up, but they aren't interested in the them.

EDWARD

I don't imagine you've caught the latest broadcast.

RACHEL

No.

She frowns and looks out at the ship. Then she blinks, and sits down abruptly on a cement traffic barrier.

EDWARD

You're parched.

RACHEL

I'm fine.

EDWARD

Nonsense.

He pulls out a bottle of water, uncaps it and offers it to her. She's tempted, but then she recoils.

RACHEL

No.

EDWARD

It's clean. Scout's honour.

She hesitates- then takes it from him, and drinks it, downing half of it in one gulp. He sits down next to her.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Careful. You'll drown.

She nods, and takes little sips.

RACHEL

Thank you.

EDWARD

My pleasure.

Rachel finishes the water, and hands back the bottle.

RACHEL

Do you miss it?

EDWARD

Miss what?

She evaluates him - measuring his accent.

RACHEL

Kent.

He cocks his head.

EDWARD

Have we met before?

She blinks at him. Has she met him? But she'd remember, wouldn't she?

RACHEL

I'm familiar with the accent.

EDWARD

That's right. I heard you were at Oxford.

She looks at him, suddenly... a little confused, a little disoriented.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Sergei talks about you when he's in his cups. Quite a lot, actually. Has he always had that nasty little crush on you?

Spooked, she gets to her feet- but something's wrong. She's unsteady.

RACHEL

You-- you're --

EDWARD

All right, love?

RACHEL

Dizzy.

He stands up, puts a steadying hand on her shoulder. She looks at it in confusion, then narrows her eyes as she looks up at him.

EDWARD

I'm afraid I was expelled from the Boy Scouts. Sorry.

Rachel passes out, knees buckling. He catches her before she hits the ground, and slings her over his shoulder. He walks off, whistling.

EXT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - VERANDA - NIGHT

Vikram looks down from the veranda. He watches the distant city lights for a beat, then turns his attention to the aircraft carrier in the distance. He goes indoors.

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - KITCHEN

Radhesh stands before a table, with a copy of a book about ancient engineering. He's haggard, and ignoring the untouched plate of lentils and rice on the table.

He flips lazily through the book, but he's not reading it. Vikram comes in.

Radhesh rises.

RADHESH

News?

VIKRAM

She's been seen near the Choke.
Please eat something. Mother wouldn't want you to do this to yourself.

RADHESH

I keep thinking that she would know what to do. Then I remember, and it's like I've lost both of them all over again.

Vikram grips his hand. They both share a long look, a moment of solace.

Radhesh sits. Reluctantly, he pulls the plate towards him, and begins to nibble. Vikram fixes a cup of tea for both of them, and then sits down.

VIKRAM

I'm going to the Cradle. I think it's better if I'm on the scene. But I can't leave not knowing whether you'll starve yourself.

RADHESH

You should go. If anyone can bring her back, it's you. I'm no help to you.

VIKRAM

That's not true. Someone needs to be in charge here. The dam needs you to operate.

RADHESH

I still don't understand. What do we have that they could possibly want?

VIKRAM

Resources.

RADHESH

But Rachel?

VIKRAM

A hostage.

RADHESH

Unless she went of her own accord.

VIKRAM

She would never abandon us. Not for them, not for anyone.

RADHESH

I worry about the two of you, what's beyond your experience. Imagine being a lovely young women of exceptional brilliance. She thinks her prospects are nonexistent. Then this young man, this doctor, this gift, appears out of nowhere. Of course she'd be tempted.

VIKRAM

Not Rachel.

RADHESH

I don't say this to hurt you, Vikram. But you must be prepared to forgive her mistakes.

VIKRAM

She did not run off with Hudson Ford.

RADHESH

You don't know that.

VIKRAM

I know it.

RADHESH

How can you be certain?

Vikram rises.

VIKRAM

I need to go. Can I trust you to be kind to yourself, father?

Radhesh rises and embraces his son.

RADHESH

In deed, if not in word.

Vikram grips his shoulder and leaves. Radhesh follows him with his eyes.

INT. VIKRAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sergei stands alone in the light of a single lamp. His rent face has begun to clot under the butterfly bandages, but he still looks ghastly.

He looks up at the towering chalkboards. Gone are the mathematical explorations of the earth's axis, now replaced with storey-high, freakishly detailed diagrams.

Sergei moves closer, investigating them with interest. They depict the complex workings of the U.S.S. Walsh, its weaponry, its water filtration systems, its aviation.

Vikram walks into the room, annoyed to see him. He goes to his desk, and stands by it, looking out into the darkness.

SERGEI

You look tired.

Vikram turns and looks at him.

VIKRAM

I just fed my mother to the vultures, you savage.

Sergei shrugs. Emotion's not his specialty.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

You know what my sister calls you? a "piece of the void dressed up in a human suit".

This does prompt a smile, which stretches out the wound on Sergei's face and causes it to bleed anew. He wipes the trickle away, the sobers.

SERGEI

The man on duty didn't reactivate the Academy's filtration system before Nadia returned. There was a twenty minute window of exposure. You can speak to him yourself before we finish with him.

VIKRAM

What about Rachel?

SERGEI

(shrugging)

My entire force is mobilized. It's a matter of time.

VIKRAM

I find trusting you difficult. Instead of decoying Dr. Ford away as I asked you to, you killed him in front of her.

Sergei gets a faraway look as he recalls.

SERGEI

I didn't kill him.

VIKRAM

I've seen his corpse.

SERGEI

Rachel did it.

VIKRAM

How?

SERGEI

I cut him -- here.

He indicates with his thumb, a line up his stomach.

SERGEI (cont'd)

She cut him here:

With the same thumb, draws a line over his own throat.

Vikram moves closer to him.

VIKRAM

Then she cut your face open.

He indicates the slash in Sergei's face with evident pleasure. Sergei touches his own throat almost absently, and smiles again.

SERGEI

Well. She likes me.

VIKRAM

You were going to torture him. To punish her for rejecting you.

SERGEI

You hate it, don't you? That I'm your only chance of protecting her.

Vikram glares at him in disgust. He doesn't want to remind Sergei of his power. He grabs a black hoodie from his desk chair and shrugs it on.

Sergei moves closer, and looks down at Vikram, affecting something like concern.

SERGEI (cont'd)

We will find her. She knows something is wrong with the water. It won't be like Nadia.

VIKRAM

What does she know?

Vikram walks past him. Sergei glances again at the towering boards, all those plots, smiles, and follows.

INT. EDWARD'S BUNKER - AFTERNOON (UNDERGROUND)

Edward's bunker is lit by harsh naked bulbs, full of junk- a work area full of disassembled guns, blades, and home brewed explosives. There's an old dart board full of knives.

He sits on a weight bench. Across from him, on a spinal board bolted to the wall, Rachel is strapped down and unconscious.

He finishes a can of peaches, then goes to his workbench and picks something up: Hudson's scalpel.

He examines the scalpel, the dried blood on it, and then stands, going to her. He turns the blade to the dull side, and brushes it against her cheekbone.

She jerks awake, and looks frantically around, struggling uselessly against her bonds.

The spinal board is set up as to make her face just under his height, her feet off the ground a few inches.

EDWARD

There she is.

RACHEL

Bastard.

EDWARD

I apologize for failing to introduce myself. Edward Yousef Blythe. Charmed.

RACHEL

Who do you work for? Sergei?

Edward steps back, and cocks his head.

EDWARD

Do I look like a fucking Lammergeier to you?

She glares, perfectly aware he isn't. He smiles indulgently, and holds up the scalpel.

EDWARD (cont'd)

All right. Who does this blood belong to?

At first, Rachel pales. Hudson's blood. But she catches herself.

RACHEL

Sergei.

EDWARD

That man is a walking virus, and yet you seem guilty. Or is there something I don't know?

Rachel clamps down. Edward laughs.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Okay. What about the water? You wouldn't touch it until I told you it was clean.

RACHEL

The water you drugged?

EDWARD

There's a rumour that you became a brain surgeon at the age of 14. Now, I think that's laying it on a bit thick, but I expect you remember your lessons.

She just looks at him, unsure of how to play this. He takes a step back, grabs up something from his workbench. A high powered dremel. He returns to her and holds it up.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Tell me, clever girl, which is the part of the brain that controls language?

(he indicates her head with the dremel)

I don't want to damage that bit. I need you to be forthcoming with me, but I imagine a girl as brilliant as you could probably lose a good third of her grey matter and still be light years ahead of the rest of us.

He doesn't power it up, but he does lightly touch her forehead with the disc blade. Rachel realizes, looking at this guy, that he is dangerous past her experience.

RACHEL

The Cradle's water is tainted.

EDWARD

Tainted how?

RACHEL

The reservoir. We -

EDWARD

We?

RACHEL

I was-

EDWARD

You said we.

For long beat, she stares blankly at him, trying not to blink.

RACHEL

Just me.

EDWARD

Try again, pet.

He fires up the dremel and brings it close to her face. She turns away, closing her eyes tightly. She bites down on her lip. She isn't going to give it up easily.

Edward persists for a long beat, then pulls the thing away and purses his lips.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Look at me, Rachel.

Her eyes are tight shut. She's expecting pain. After a few seconds, she opens her eyes, and looks at him.

EDWARD (cont'd)

I can cut the truth out of you if I have to, but you won't be much good for anything afterwards.

RACHEL

I'm not afraid of you.

EDWARD

I can see that. You're... something else.

He tosses the dremel away, and picks up the scalpel again, looking it over. He stands close to her, an intimate distance.

EDWARD (cont'd)

I was closer to the mark before. You are guilty. Guilty of what?

RACHEL

(teeth clenched)

You're the one with all the answers.

He grins, looks again at the scalpel, thumbs its inscription.

EDWARD

So you and this young doctor. Was it love at first sight?

She opens her mouth to spit something but he holds up a hand.

EDWARD (cont'd)
You're right. You don't need to tell me. In fact I'd prefer it if you didn't.

RACHEL
Then let me go. I don't have anything else you want.

EDWARD
I think you do. But you've given me something to chew on and you're charming company. So I'm going to let you go...intact.

Rachel looks him up and down, trying to decide if he's serious.

RACHEL
Take this thing off me.

He goes around a corner and wheels over a canister with a mask attached to it.

EDWARD
I want you to count backwards from ten.

RACHEL
No.

EDWARD
Or you can multiply all of the prime numbers in alternating order if that's more your speed.

RACHEL
No.

He puts the mask over her face and turns on the canister. She struggles, and struggles- and then she's out.

EXT. THE WALSH - FLIGHT DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

The flight deck is busy, though there are only a pair of personnel choppers visible on deck. The rest of the space is occupied by people.

A team of Marines performs laps around the edge of the ship, pausing every now and again to do a set of push ups.

Major Julia Ortiz drives 5SVR golf balls off the bow. She's good-- she makes a workmanlike swing and sends a ball winging off into the distance.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Over at the communications console, COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER Lieutenant VALENTINA DROZDOVA (20s) lounges in her chair, headphones over her ears. Suddenly, she sits up.

The sound of MORSE CODE is audible -- a "tap" or a telegraphed message: this world's text message.

Drozдова gets to her feet and heads off right away.

EXT. THE WALSH - FLIGHT DECK - DUSK

Drozдова approaches Ortiz. Ortiz takes another swing, and drives the VR ball off into the westering sun.

She puts a hand over her eyes, then spots Drozдова.

ORTIZ

News?

Drozдова nods, handing her a piece of paper. Ortiz opens it, and reads the message.

INT. THE WALSH - CORRIDOR

Ortiz walks briskly through the corridors. She passes various different tableaux in open doors -- Marines playing video games, younger Navy crew cleaning, doing maintenance.

The general impression is of a lively, busy community, ordered and clean compared to the chaos on shore. There is advanced technology here, but it's utilitarian.

She heads towards the Captain's Quarters, as detailed on the wall signs.

INT. THE WALSH - OUTSIDE CAPTAINS QUARTERS - NIGHT

Ortiz approaches. ENSIGN CODY TRIERS (20s) salutes.

ORTIZ

How long has he been in there?

Triers shrugs his shoulders.

TRIERS

Hasn't left since 1600 hours, Major.

She sighs, knocks on the door.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - MAIN ROOM - DUSK

A KNOCK.

DELAWARE

Come in.

Ortiz walks in, and halts inside the door.

Delaware works on a map drawn on butcher paper, pinned up on his wall. It includes printed photographs of the Kori family, and of Sergei, as well as written notations.

The map depicts the Crown and the Cradle, and is blocked out in a grid of labelled sectors. The whole thing is covered with sticky notes.

He takes one, moves it, then moves it again.

ORTIZ

Why not use the NCOM?

DELAWARE

Something about the real thing makes me feel like I'm doing something.

He looks over at her, then tosses a pack of sticky notes in front of her.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

These are the world's last Post-It Notes, Major. It's never the big things like, there's no Los Angeles, or Walmart is gone. Once I finish those Post-It Notes, that's it.

ORTIZ

Some yobo call signalling himself "E. Blythe" says they have information concerning Doctor Hudson Ford.

Delaware stares at her, attention fully arrested.

DELAWARE

Where?

ORTIZ

The Cradle. Somewhere the locals call
The Choke.

She goes to the map and identifies the area called The
Choke - a narrowing of the habitable area between the slopes
and the strand.

DELAWARE

Hudson's last message was a truncated
request for a bird. We assumed he was
transmitting from the Crown. Maybe he
wasn't.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ortiz follows at Delaware as he walks briskly, almost runs,
through the corridor.

ORTIZ

You can't be serious, Captain.

DELAWARE

Someone down there knows where he is.
I'm going to find that person.

ORTIZ

By yourself?

DELAWARE

Correct.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Delaware plows towards the boat crane. He gestures to one of
the Marines overseeing the operation to speed it up.

The crane lowers not a boat, but an unmarked, battered old
Jeep. It's difficult to see the amour plating under the
distressed paint.

The crane operator adjusts it, and lowers it down to a
barge, hitched to the waiting Mark 8 patrol boat. Tied along
the Mark's gunwale is a packed emergency zodiac.

ORTIZ

It's a trap. It has to be.

DELAWARE

Very likely you are right, in which case the objective would be to invite me to bring a fully equipped company directly into an ambush.

ORTIZ

But why you, Captain?

DELAWARE

He's my brother.

ORTIZ

Oh and you don't want to obligate the rest of us? He's our man, too.

They walk to the edge.

DELAWARE

I expect you to be ready when I call for support. Now hold still.

He raises his hand and performs a mocking cross-in-the-air, causing the NCOM's wavy golden strands to follow his motion.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

By the power invested in me as the captain of the U.S.S Loretta P. Walsh, I designate you, Major Julia Ortiz as the grown up in charge until my return.

His gesture opens a clearance authorization screen, which he confirms.

ORTIZ

At least take the River with you.

Delaware strips down to his under shirt and hands her his fatigue shirt with its rank insignia.

DELAWARE

Intelligence gathering isn't what I trained them for.

His pants are featureless fatigues, and he decides they'll pass. He tucks his dog tags down his shirt, ruffles his hair out of its disciplined grooming, and looks at her.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Think I'll stand out?

She looks him up and down - he's a pillar of well-fed muscle.

ORTIZ
Like a sore damn thumb.

Delaware gives her a tight smile, then grabs the assisted rappelling line and rappels down to the patrol boat.

EXT. THE DEAD CHOUGH - LATE AFTERNOON

A large, square cement structure - an out building of the nearby barracks- constructed out of a disused pump station.

INT. THE DEAD CHOUGH

Sergei holds court at a high table in an area situated in the back of the tavern. A collection of Lammergeiers sit around him.

Karim, Ezra's thug, kneels before Sergei, his hands bound behind his back.

SERGEI
Edward Blythe took the girl. You're sure it was her.

Karim nods, doesn't meet Sergei's eyes.

SERGEI (cont'd)
Your subordinates say that you let him go.

Karim opens his mouth, but evidently can't find a good argument.

KARIM
It was my decision.

SERGEI
(pointing over his shoulder)
But they didn't contest it.

Karim meets Sergei's eyes.

KARIM
It was my decision.

SERGEI
I understand.

Sergei rises, hand on the pommel of his bowie knife. He goes around to where Karim kneels, and draws the blade. Karim flinches, expecting to feel its edge.

Sergei reaches down to the radio in his belt, and depresses the signal button twice.

EXT. THE DEAD CHOUGH

Karim's two subordinate thugs lean against the wall and share a cigarette.

Two Lammergeiers stride out of the front entrance, side arms in hand. Before the thugs can react, the soldiers raise the pistol. The first shot hits one thug in the head.

The other tries to run, but is shot in the back.

INT. THE DEAD CHOUGH

Karim, now on his feet, stares in the direction of the shots. Sergei waits by him, the knife in one hand.

The Lammergeiers return, holstering their pistols. They nod to Sergei. He cuts Karim's bonds.

KARIM

But I was the one who let him go.

SERGEI

Only an idiot would've done otherwise. Edward is a legend for a reason. That said, you let him take Rachel. Which means that you owe me.

KARIM

Tell me what to do.

SERGEI

Serve me well, your fortunes will improve. But if you ever run again, I'll make dice out of your kneecaps.

KARIM

Yes, commander.

Sergei sheathes the knife, slaps Karim on the back, making him jump. He gestures, and one of his soldiers takes Karim in hand and leads him out.

Sergei turns his attention to a figure in the corner, face obscured by a hoodie - Vikram. He looks displeased.

Taking a glass and a half full bottle of vodka, Sergei pours one for himself, and tosses it back.

SERGEI

Why are you making that face at me?

VIKRAM

That was touching but we still don't know where she was taken.

SERGEI

It doesn't matter where she was taken.

VIKRAM

Oh, doesn't it? You know where she is?

SERGEI

No. But I know where she's going to be.

EXT. THE CRADLE - DEADWATER - ABANDONED BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Edward stands waiting by the back of his pickup truck. Rachel lays there, unconscious and bound.

He fiddles with his radio, looks around, clearly bored, then pulls out the scalpel and toys with it.

A pair of headlights blaze into view, and Delaware drives on to the scene. He shuts off his headlights, and gets out of the jeep, hand on his side arm.

He looks suspiciously at Edward, approaches him slowly. Edward looks at him with sincere and undisguised lechery.

EDWARD

Captain Ford. My, but you are an impressive specimen.

DELAWARE

E. Blythe. Correct?

Edward does a little half bow. Delaware leans to the side to look around him, and sees unconscious Rachel in the truck bed-- and recognizes her, filthy though she is.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
Your message said you had information
about my brother.

EDWARD
Better than that. I have a person who
has information about your brother.

DELAWARE
And I noticed you shared that
information on an open frequency.

Edward takes a step forward, the opening of a conciliatory
gesture.

EDWARD
My apologies. It slipped my mi--

Delaware cold cocks him. Edward goes down like a ton of
bricks, rolls on to his back, bloody from nose to chin.

DELAWARE
I accept your apology.

He goes over to Rachel, picks her unconscious body up
easily, and heads towards the jeep.

EDWARD
Captain.

Annoyed, Delaware turns around. Edward is still on the
ground, but he's reaching out. The scalpel is in his hand.
He spits blood.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I couldn't help notice the
inscription. "First do no harm"?

Delaware snatches the item away from Edward.

DELAWAREO
(extra southern)
I took a different oath, Mr. Blythe.

He puts Rachel in the front passengers seat, gets in to the
driver's side, and drives away.

Edward rolls over, and then picks himself up. He adjusts his
jaw, feels for broken teeth.

Behind him, two sets of ENGINES turn on. They belong to two
Lammergeier military trucks.

He gets out of the way in time to avoid being spotted, and watches as they cruise past at a leisurely pace. He grins a bloody grin.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Sergei drives. Vikram looks out from the passenger's seat.

VIKRAM
They're heading towards the approach

SERGEI
Good.

Her jerks the wheel to the side. They turn off to the right.

VIKRAM
What are you doing?

SERGEI
I'm going to kill him. You'll just
get in the way.

VIKRAM
Turn back.

Sergei pulls to a stop, and looks at Vikram.

SERGEI
Would you like her to see you with me
when I kill him?

Vikram looks at him, fighting his anger. He gives in. Sergei drives on.

EXT. NORTH BARRACKS - NIGHT

Sergei's truck pulls up outside, and Vikram gets out. He makes his way into the building.

EXT. NORTH BARRACKS BATTLEMENT - NIGHT

Vikram walks out to the ramparts and watches the convoy roll away into the darkness.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Rachel starts to come to. Delaware, still driving, pulls out a wicked looking tactical knife and cuts her bonds.

She becomes fully conscious when she sees the knife, and immediately panics like a trapped animal.

She hunches herself down and tries to kick Delaware, but she's still too loopy from the knock out gas. Delaware is able to fend her off one handed.

DELAWARE

Calm down.

Rachel takes a deep breath, staring at him wide eyed. Then another.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Hey. I don't know what that prick put you through--

RACHEL

Where are we?

Rachel looks out the window.

They're in Deadwater, near where she landed in the Cradle. She checks around the jeep, and notices two crates- one marked CLAYMORE x10, another that says "Grenades".

DELAWARE

I'm taking you home. Then your family is going to tell me where my brother is.

RACHEL

We can't go this way.

DELAWARE

And why not?

RACHEL

Turn us around, now.

DELAWARE

Just slow down. Tell me what --

RACHEL

Captain Ford, we can have this discussion later. Do as I say before you get us both killed.

Delaware does not like this at all. He pulls over and turns off the ignition. Rachel looks around outside, but everything seems still.

DELAWARE

If you know something about Hudson, then you need to share it with me before I'm forced to do something unbecoming.

RACHEL

We're too close to the barracks. Get us off this road.

DELAWARE

After you explain yourself. Start talking.

There is a THUNK THUNK THUNK OF BULLETS as they riddle the passenger's side of the vehicle. Both Rachel and Delaware flinch.

It's difficult to see where the shots are coming from, but there are a lot of them.

Delaware grabs Rachel's arm and hauls her out with him through the driver's side.

EXT. BARRACKS ROOF - NIGHT

Vikram looks on as DISTANT GUNFIRE lights up the night. Disturbed, he paces.

EXT. DEADWATER - NIGHT

Sergei and his team take aim at Delaware from a junky redoubt.

SERGEI

(in Russian,
translated)

Shoot the American. Do not touch her.
Understand?

Acknowledgment from his men. They move forward.

EXT. DEADWATER - THE JEEP

Together they hunch against the flank of the jeep, while bullets WHIZ overhead, and continue to hit the jeep. The tires deflate with a HISS.

RACHEL

Good work.

DELAWARE

Those are your friends shooting at us, not mine.

Rachel searches out the row of shacks, about 30 yards distant, looking for a way through.

RACHEL

Sergei is no one's friend.

DELAWARE

I have an idea. Why don't you surrender?

Rachel takes to her heels and makes a straight line for the row of shacks. Delaware, surprised, gets to his feet and follows.

The RATTLE OF AUTOMATIC FIRE increases as they gain the minimal shelter of the shacks.

Sergei's detachment advances out into the open. He walks out in front, scanning the area.

SERGEI

(voice echoing in the empty space)

Come on, Rachel.

(Russian, subtitled)

I'll even kill him quickly.

He signals to a group of six Lammergeiers.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Search the shacks. Go quietly.

A BEEPING from the truck catches Sergei's attention.

EXT. SHACKS - NIGHT

Rachel and Delaware hear the BEEPING too. Delaware, silently, indicates where it's coming from. They move deeper into the slums away from the sound.

EXT. BARRACKS ROOF - NIGHT

Vikram furiously signals on the radio, unable to get a clear view of the action.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Sergei walks up to the driver's side and reaches through the open window. The beeping radio issues MORSE CODE. He grabs the radio, and rips it out of the dashboard.

With a sneer he tosses it aside, shoulders his assault rifle and heads back.

EXT. THE CRADLE - SHACKS - NIGHT

Rachel and Delaware go from shack to shack, searching the meagre, junk filled back yards for a way through to the lane.

GUNFIRE sounds from the other side of shacks, and along the lane.

RACHEL

That way.

DELAWARE

We need some cover until they're past the corner.

He sniffs the air. Then looks around. Then grabs her hand and drags her along with him.

RACHEL

What are you--?

EXT. DAVIDE'S SHACK YARD - NIGHT

Delaware's foot kicks in the flimsy partition, and he and Rachel run inside. Then he tears open the rear of the shack. They go inside, keeping low.

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Rachel run inside. Then he tears open the rear of the shack.
They go inside, keeping low.

INT. DAVIDE'S SHACK - NIGHT

The tiny 7' by 8' space is filled with Davide's dead family.

Rachel does not immediately recognize them, but watches with
disgust as Delaware gets down on his back and attempts to
cover his considerable bulk with corpses.

She hesitates. Then an assault-rifle mounted flashlight
sweeps over the window. She drops down and follows suit.

The bodies are fresh, only just beginning to decay. As she
pushes herself against Delaware, he grabs the shirtfront of
the corpse and pulls it across them.

Rachel tries not to look, but sees the face- it is Davide,
the man who tried to fink on her. Horrified, she realizes
that the other two, smaller corpses must be his children.

Michael is to Delaware's other side, but as she turns her
head, she looks right into the face of the child Angelica.
She is dull-eyed dead, but still pretty.

Rachel stuffs her knuckles into her mouth to keep from
making a sound. Another set of flashlights pass over them.

They linger, searching across the faces of the dead. Through
squinting eyes, Rachel is just able to make out the figure
behind the lights. It remains for a beat, and then moves
off.

EXT. THE CRADLE - ROW OF SHACKS - NIGHT

Sergei holds a hand up to halt to the troops he has ordered to remain close. He signals to them silently, indicating they follow his lead.

He looks to two lieutenants, each of them holding Molotov cocktails. They move off.

He catches the Jeep out of the corner of his eye, and then looks at it. He smiles.

INT. THE CRADLE - DAVIDE'S SHACK

Rachel pushes the corpses away from her.

DELAWARE
What are you doing?

RACHEL
We have to see where they are.

Delaware, annoyed, pushes Davide's body aside like a sack of potatoes, then edges over to the window. They look out and see the Jeep on fire.

INSERT: inside the Jeep, the flames lick towards the crates of Claymores and grenades. They catch.

EXT. JEEP - NIGHT

The Jeep EXPLODES.

INT. DAVIDE'S SHACK - NIGHT

Rachel rises to join Delaware at the window. His eyes go wide.

DELAWARE
DOWN.

He hauls Rachel down with him. BALL BEARINGS punch holes through the wood, ripping up the corpses. One hits Angelica's face, leaving a neat hole.

EXT. THE CRADLE - ROW OF SHACKS - NIGHT

Three of the Lammergeiers that remain with Sergei are shredded by ball bearings.

Five of them and Sergei are able to get behind a junk pile, and just miss sharing their fate. One of his personnel trucks EXPLODES when a bearing hits the gas tank.

INT. THE CRADLE - DAVIDE'S SHACK - NIGHT

The blitz continues. Delaware is hit in the calf, the ball tearing through him and lodging itself in his muscle. He grunts, but Rachel doesn't see.

RACHEL

Now. Come on.

Delaware, running on adrenaline, makes it up. They go out the back way.

EXT. THE CRADLE - DAVIDE'S SHACK - NIGHT

Delaware pries off one of the plywood fence pickets.

He tries to pull Rachel through, but she pulls away from him and runs to the space under which she hid during her first escape.

DELAWARE

(hiss)

Rachel!

INSERT: Under the shed. Rachel reaches down and snatches Hudson's Notebook.

EXT. THE CRADLE - DAVIDE'S SHACK - NIGHT

Rachel shoves the notebook into her shirt and follows Delaware out into the alley. The row of shacks is on fire, each catching like tinder.

EXT. CRADLE SLUMS - ALLEY - NIGHT

A pair of Lammergeiers, GINGER (20s) and TALL (30s) spot them from the far end. Delaware goes for his Glock, but his hands are slippery with blood. His shots go wide and he ejects the empty magazine.

Rachel yanks on his arm. He follows her down the lane, and they make it around a blind corner. The Lammergeiers pound after them.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Rachel skids to a stop at the low window. She vaults over it, but Delaware has more trouble. She pulls him over. The fire catches this building.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Rachel searches, finds the plywood manhole cover. She pulls it open, and goes first.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

Delaware lowers himself down using his arms. He's tall enough that his feet make it down to the ledge.

RACHEL
Pull the cover shut.

Delaware looks up, tries to figure out how to do accomplish this. He grabs a piece of exposed rebar and does a one-armed chin-up.

He tugs the cover overhead, throwing them into darkness.

EXT. CRADLE SLUMS - ALLEY - NIGHT

The two Lammergeiers search the area, but the fire is now out of control. They're close to being hemmed in.

TALL LAMMERGEIER
Come on. If they're still here, they
won't make it out.

The other one looks around, and then follows. Sergei and the decimated remainder of his troops appear at the far end of the alley. They approach.

SERGEI
Did you see which way they went?

GINGER LAMMERGEIER
No, sir.

SERGEI
How hard did you look?

TALL LAMMERGEIER indicates the encroaching flames, as though to say - "how hard can I look?"

Sergei unholsters one of two chrome plated Desert Eagle .50 pistols, and shoots him in the foot.

The hapless man falls, crying out in pain as his foot is blown apart. Sergei turns on his heel, and his other men follow him out of the conflagration.

The Lammergeier, now in a puddle of his own blood, looks on as the flames creep closer along the fragments of dry plywood. Then, from the other side, a shack collapses.

The burning plywood and materials bounces and rolls so close to him that the fire is now inches from his face. He uses his arms to try and crawl out, but now he's surrounded.

EXT. THE CRADLE - ALLEY

Sergei leads his detachment out on foot. Behind him the rest of the shacks collapse. An anguished, painful SCREAM rents the air behind them.

EXT. BARRACKS ROOF

Vikram, seeing the conflagration, and hearing the SCREAM, abandons his post. He throws his hood over his face and heads downstairs.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

Rachel and Delaware creep along the narrow ledge. The filthy human waste mixed with sea water surges in a wave-like rhythm. Rachel eyes it, and notes the water line mark on the wall.

Delaware limps along behind her. His adrenaline has worn off, and he's bleeding profusely from the ball bearing wound.

Together they make their way towards a landing area. Both of them collapse on to it, shaken and exhausted.

DELAWARE

What the hell is going on?

Rachel turns to him, and looks at the blood soaked leg of his fatigues.

RACHEL

Let me see it.

He slowly peels up the soaked fabric to reveal a neat little hole.

RACHEL (cont'd)
No exit wound.

Delaware unsheathes his large tactical knife, and makes as though he's going to pry the bearing out of his calf.

RACHEL (cont'd)
What are you doing?

DELAWARE
You might not want to watch this.

Rachel snatches the knife from him and stands up.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
Hey!

RACHEL
You idiot. That projectile is the only thing keeping you from bleeding out.

DELAWARE
Pardon me, but if you don't give that back, I will drown you right now.

RACHEL
Please. You can hardly stand up.

Delaware tries to rise, to prove her wrong, but slides down the wall as the pain hits him. She holds the knife out of his reach and glances around.

RACHEL (cont'd)
We can't stay here.

DELAWARE
We should at least--

RACHEL
Look.

She points to the water mark with the knife.

RACHEL (cont'd)
In about twenty minutes the sewage water will be over this ledge. If even a little of it contacts your wound, it'll go septic.

DELAWARE

Look, honey, this is cute and all,
but --

RACHEL

--Or, if you have some piano wire and
a lighter, I could perform an
amputation.

She holds the knife where he can see, and mimes a cut. He
stares at her, realizes that she's serious.

DELAWARE

Do people shoot at you on a regular
basis?

She tucks the tactical knife in her boot, and looks around,
trying to form a plan.

RACHEL

Stop talking. It's distracting.

DELAWARE

I didn't really believe Hudson when
he told me about you.

She turns and stares at him, trembling with anger.

RACHEL

Told you...what?

DELAWARE

He said you made a perfect mark.

RACHEL

You're an awful liar, Captain.

DELAWARE

He described you as "hungry, lonely,
and almost friendless". Do you think
that's because of your winning
personality, or--

She backhands him with enough force to send his head
snapping to the side. She stands over him as he stares at
her in stung astonishment.

RACHEL

Let me give you a *precis* in language
that you can understand.

DELAWARE

Oh, please. Brief me.

RACHEL

This isn't your world. You're wounded. You're at my mercy and dependent on my help.

DELAWARE

Get to the point.

RACHEL

In our present disposition, you are either my prisoner, or I am your commanding officer. Your choice.

Delaware, with some effort, rises to his feet. Even in this narrow space, he towers over her. He just stares at her, adding a few notes to his assessment.

She looks at him. She has him completely figured. The figures are not complex. She takes the knife out of her boot and kneels down in front of him.

He narrows his eyes at her, but doesn't flinch when she cuts away the bloody fabric of his pants cuff and tosses it aside.

She then hacks off a piece of his other pants leg, a strip broad and wide enough to act as a tourniquet.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Your pistol.

Delaware glares at her.

DELAWARE

Excuse me?

RACHEL

Your Glock. Give it to me.

DELAWARE

I'm not giving you my Glock.

RACHEL

Do you want to bleed to death?

Delaware hurts physically and emotionally as he submits. He draws his side arm, checks the chamber, and hands it to her.

She disassembles it and takes the slide, tossing the rest of the thing into the sewer water.

DELAWARE
(shuddering with
anger)

My mother gave me that gun.

Rachel waves the slide at him.

RACHEL
Smart woman.

She fashions a windlass, and turns it until it's taut. Then she uses a separate strip to tie the tourniquet down.

Delaware tests his weight on the leg.

DELAWARE
It'll be slow going.

She stands, and looks him right in this face, almost nose to nose.

RACHEL
Well, that does seem to be your
speed.

He wants to retort, but he knows he has to depend on her now, so he follows as she creeps along. The water has risen since their dust-up.

EXT. THE BROKEN DISTRICT - NIGHT

Rachel and Delaware emerge from the same manhole that Rachel climbed out of before. She's warier now, more cognizant of her surroundings.

The Broken District is much more active than it was earlier in the day.

Hookers linger around doorways, most of them emaciated and sad-looking, though the more expensive ones are healthier and look less abused.

Slowly, Rachel moves into the middle of the street. Delaware follows, not troubling to conceal himself. The women watch him, and so do the young men in the throng.

They haven't seen anything like this gigantic pile of muscle in years.

DELAWARE
They're looking at me like they want
to eat me.

RACHEL
Cannibalism is not unknown here.

A flashlight drifts across the opening of the street. Rachel pulls Delaware against one of the corrugated walls, but it's hard to conceal someone of his height.

The two-man patrol continues. A light flashes from the other side, and another patrol passes. Rachel leans out just far enough to get a look down the whole street.

The Lammergeiers comb through methodically.

RACHEL (cont'd)
At least twenty.

DELAWARE
How do we get past them?

RACHEL
I don't know yet.

Ezra, the pimp that accosted Rachel earlier, suddenly materializes in front of them, wrist bandaged.

EZRA
Look who it is. If the Lammergeiers wanted me, I wouldn't show my face around here again.

He's alone, but his eyes drift over to an approaching patrol, Delaware is about to move on him, but Rachel holds him back. She can't risk the noise.

EZRA (cont'd)
Oh, it's too late for that. You just sit tight while I go call your friends over.

He turns to go, but the sound of METALLIC CLICKING turns his head. Rachel stands before him, his old telescoping baton in her hand.

She clubs him hard across the head, and he goes straight down.

They move around to the other side of the building. Inside the thin metal walls, the sounds of GRUNTING are audible.

They look back and forth, trying to make a decision about which way to go.

A presence suddenly draws their attention. A little boy, JAMIE (10) stands before them. He points back in the direction of the fallen pimp.

JAMIE

He dead?

Delaware again wants to speak, but Rachel stops him. She looks at the boy. He looks back at her, tapping his mouth with his finger in an oddly adult attitude of pondering.

RACHEL

You know who I am?

JAMIE

They want you real bad, Miss Kori.

RACHEL

What's your name?

JAMIE

Jamie Olevsky.

She pulls out the folded telescoping baton, and offers it to him, then pulls her hand back when he goes to take it.

RACHEL

You help us get out to the Strand,
I'll give you this, and you can go
kill him the rest of the way.

The boy grins, and snaps his fingers. He takes her hand and pulls her towards a dark row of dwellings. Delaware looks on, bemused. Rachel turns to him.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Move.

He shows his teeth, and then follows at a limping pace.

EXT. ODESSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie, Rachel and Delaware wait at a blind corner while another patrol passes.

Once they've turned down the street, Jamie leads them towards a squat metal shipping container with canvas over the open door.

JAMIE

Inside.

DELAWARE

I'll wait outside, if it's all the same.

JAMIE

You stay here, you meet the Vulture Chief. That one got claws like you ain't seen.

He demonstrates, curling his fingers.

Rachel brushes past Delaware and follows the kid into the container. Delaware lingers outside, but when another flashlight catches his eye, he ducks inside.

INT. ODESSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small refuse fire burns in a grate. Several women sit on sleeping bags around it. KATYA "ODESSA" OLEVSKAIA (50s) sits on an overturned milk crate, smoking some ersatz cigarette.

Jamie runs to her, and whispers in her ear.

Odessa is still a handsome woman, going grey. There is something regal about her, in spite of the shabbiness.

The women around the fire are prostitutes: HALEE (30s), CHHAYA (20s) and CELESTE (20s).

They seem more relaxed and less hungry than the ones outside. They're napping, chatting, but that stops when they see who has entered.

They follow Rachel and Delaware with their eyes. Jamie goes to Odessa and whispers in her ear.

ODESSA

I am impressed. Ezra is not one to be caught napping.

JAMIE

(laughing)
He asleep now.

RACHEL

Who are you?

ODESSA

They call me Odessa. These are my girls.

RACHEL
(looking at them)
You know who I am.

ODESSA
Nobody will talk to them.

She nods her head towards the door: "them".

DELAWARE
Why should we believe you?

She looks at Delaware, and he looks back at her, shifting uneasily. She's not fooled by his reduced dress.

ODESSA
You're in pain. Sit.

She pats the crate next to her. Something in her eyes draws Delaware into submission, and he goes and lowers himself gingerly next to her.

Rachel approaches, sitting down on her haunches.

ODESSA (cont'd)
They come due, men like Ezra.

She fixes her eyes on Rachel.

ODESSA (cont'd)
Commander Vetrov is overdue.

Rachel glances at Delaware. He looks at her, his face difficult to read.

RACHEL
(in Russian,
subtitled)
Sergei has infected the water supply
with diseased bodies. You have to be
careful.

Delaware notices he's been cut out of the conversation. Rachel ignores his deep frown.

ODESSA
(in Russian,
subtitled)
How do you know this?

RACHEL
 (in Russian,
 subtitled)
 I saw it. My mother got sick, she was
 exposed to it.

ODESSA
 Nadia was a friend to all of us. I'm
 sorry.

Rachel narrows her eyes. Was?

RACHEL
 What?

Odessa smiles sadly. Rachel stares at her. She stands, and
 covers her mouth.

RACHEL (cont'd)
 (whispering)
 When?

ODESSA
 We had news yesterday.

Delaware gets awkwardly to his feet, and goes to touch her
 shoulder.

DELAWARE
 Hey.

She bats his hand away.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
 We can't do anything more from here.

She fights tears. Her face is stoic, but they keep getting
 away from her. She ducks out of the box by a back entrance.

Odessa rises slowly to her feet. She helps Delaware up. He
 moves to go after Rachel, but she stops him.

ODESSA
 My boy's gone for the truck. I'll
 send word to jam the radio towers.

DELAWARE
 That sounds dangerous. What if your
 people are intercepted?

ODESSA
 Move quickly. Spirit will distract
 them. She's gifted.

Jamie returns and with him is SPIRIT (10) a young girl whose short hair is so blonde it's nearly albino. She could be a relative of Sergei's, except for her huge pale eyes.

She looks like a ghost, and watches them Delaware with big eyes. He shifts, unsettled.

DELAWARE
Are these your children?

ODESSA
They are now.

Jamie beckons them.

DELAWARE
Thank you, Odessa.

ODESSA
Her mother was a good woman. She is,
too, even if she doesn't know it yet.
You tell her: come back here when
it's time. Do you understand me?

Delaware looks more confused, but nods his obeisance.

EXT. ODESSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel stands, arms wrapped around herself, trying to fight back a wave of tears.

Delaware touches her arm.

DELAWARE
I didn't know your mother was sick.
I'm sorry.

She shies away from him, and looks up at him with unrestrained hate. He takes a step back, feeling it like a physical blow.

RACHEL
You knew. You knew, and you did
nothing.

DELAWARE
Rachel, I swear --

Jamie appears at his elbow, and gives him a prod.

JAMIE

Quiet, big man. There's gonna be some noise soon. We about to break curfew.

The lights of a pickup truck, painted over, dimly illuminate them. They climb into the back of the truck, and cover themselves with a tarp.

Jamie gets into the front seat.

INT. TRUCK BED - NIGHT

Rachel lays away from Delaware, and he doesn't make an effort to get close to her again. Through a gap under the tarp, Rachel can see Spirit, walking out into the lane.

Spirit waves to them, a dazed expression on her face.

Then she turns, slips into the rows of container box houses, and disappears. A long beat, and then - a BANSHEE SCREAM.

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE lights up around the corner, but the SCREAM continues.

Rachel wants to exit the truck to go after the girl, but Delaware puts his hand on her shoulder.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Jamie puts the truck into gear. He floors it, and they shoot forward through the lane.

EXT. OUTSIDE ODESSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ezra, barely conscious, groans as the TRUCK ENGINE fades into the distance. A long beat as he lies on his back. A black boot nudges his face.

He jerks awake, and tries to focus his eyes on the shape above him. Sergei.

SERGEI

Which way did they go?

Ezra frowns. He can't quite form words. Sergei rolls his eyes and gestures. One of his men lifts his boot, and stomps on Ezra's neck, killing him.

They return to the trucks, and drive off.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Vikram sits in the passenger seat. He fiddles with a handheld radio - static.

Sergei gets into the passenger's side. Throws it into gear and drives towards the dust cloud.

INT. TRUCK BED - NIGHT

Under the tarp, Rachel and Delaware are thrown together as the truck takes a tight turn. The sound of GUNFIRE increases.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Jamie, remarkably competent as a driver given he has to stand to reach the pedals, runs the the truck south along Longwater Avenue.
2. A Lammergeier personnel truck appears in his rearview.
3. He jerks the wheel.
4. Rachel and Delaware are thrown together again.
5. Jamie turns the truck down a narrow alley, ripping off pieces of the slum shacks on either side as he plows through.
6. He takes another tight turn, heading south.
7. Rachel wedges herself between the two sides of the truck. Delaware holds the edge of the tailgate, using his upper body strength to keep himself anchored.
8. Jamie performs a U-turn, and drives back up Strand Row until he hits Choke Row Lane.
9. The truck turns on to Broken Strand Ave. A clear straight run.
10. GUNFIRE in the distance.
11. The Lammergeiers kick down doors, and shoot the people behind them. They're roused now. SCREAMS.
12. Jamie looks in the rear view mirror: clear. He drives on to Broken Point.

EXT. BROKEN POINT - PREDAWN

The pickup plows up sand and beach junk as it fishtails towards the place where a zodiac craft is hidden.

INT. TRUCK CAB - PREDAWN

Jamie drives the truck expertly, doing a half donut to position the truck bed towards the pile of camouflage and junk.

EXT. BROKEN POINT - TRUCK - DAWN

Rachel and Delaware spill out of the back. Delaware, clumsy and now bleeding again, moves to pull the covering off the zodiac. Rachel helps him.

Jamie gets down from the truck. He gathers the covering from the zodiac and pushes it to the side.

INT. ZODIAC - DAWN

Delaware shoves the zodiac into the water, and gets in. Rachel follows him. The craft jerks forward, churning sand behind it. GUNFIRE sounds, but it's distant.

Delaware picks up the radio and taps out MORSE CODE. He starts the engine, the sound of which carries.

RACHEL

Come with us. You're not safe here.

JAMIE

Odessa's waiting. They won't catch me.

He follows them right to the water's edge. His eyes go to the silhouette of the massive U.S.S. Walsh in the distance.

RACHEL

Hey.

She tosses him the telescoping baton. Jamie catches it easily. He waves to her.

As he does this, a patrol of Lammergeiers appear from behind the pickup truck. Sergei is at their head. n

He steps up behind the unsuspecting boy. Rachel, horrified, watches as Sergei's bowie knife sprouts from Jamie's little chest.

Jamie looks down, surprised, confused. He drops the baton.

Sergei's eyes don't leave hers as he pulls the knife out of Jamie and, languidly, wipes it clean on the boy's dirty shirt before his little knees go out from under him.

He smiles an almost tender smile, and puts his lips together to make a kiss face.

Rachel SCREAMS. She surges forward, fully intending to charge through the surf and kill him with her bare hands.

Before she can, Sergei signals his men to open fire over her head at Delaware.

INT. TRUCK - DAWN

Vikram, hood covering his face, looks on in horror. He flings himself out of the truck and makes for the strand.

EXT. STRAND - DAWN

Vikram tears towards Sergei and his men. Sergei pops a new magazine into his rifle, and squeezes off another round.

VIKRAM

What the hell are you doing??

SERGEI

I told you -- I'm going to kill him.

VIKRAM

You're going to hit her.

SERGEI

Don't distract me.

INT. ZODIAC - DAWN

DELAWARE

Rachel, get down!

He turns to look over his shoulder, and observes the scene on the beach. He sees the kid, still alive, twitching, bleeding out. Bullets ZING overhead.

He has to make a decision, and he makes it. He GUNS THE ENGINE.

RACHEL
We have to go back.

DELAWARE
I said get down. Or get shot, I'm done worrying about you.

RACHEL
They're not aiming for me.

Working to find her balance, she gets to her feet, placing herself between the gunfire, and Delaware.

He looks over his shoulder and turns to her. He reaches for her.

DELAWARE
Are you out of your mind?

EXT. THE STRAND - DAWN

Seeing this, Sergei spits.

SERGEI
Ceasefire!

Before he can stop himself, one of the Lammergeiers makes a bad shot - it hits Rachel's arm.

INT. ZODIAC

The bullet clips her shoulder. She gasps in pain, bends down and grabs the gunwale.

DELAWARE
Rachel?

RACHEL
It's nothing. Just a graze.

They're out of easy range now. They cruise steadily towards the looming aircraft carrier.

EXT. THE STRAND

Sergei looks sharply at the man who clipped Rachel. In an instant, the Lammergeier realizes what's about to happen - he raises his weapon.

Sergei calmly changes to manual and puts a shot in the man's hand. He drops his weapon with a SCREAM.

Sergei puts another shot in his forehead, dead centre. His other men stare at him. They get the message.

Sergei goes to join Vikram. They watch the boat disappear. Sergei puts a hand on Vikram's shoulder, but Vikram shoves him away, and makes his way back towards the truck.

INT. ZODIAC - DAWN

Delaware glances at Rachel, unable to suppress his concern.

DELAWARE

There's a first aid kit under the seat.

Rachel looks at the wound. It's angry and red, but it's not deep.

RACHEL

I'm fine. You're bleeding.

He looks down at the makeshift bandage around his calf, which is turning darker.

DELAWARE

We're almost there.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE - MORNING

Major Ortiz, followed by Lieutenant ALEX HAINES (20s) stop to look out over the water and see the approaching zodiac craft. They look at each other and head out the door.

EXT. ZODIAC - CRANE - MORNING

Delaware pilots the craft until it's just beside the descending boat crane. The crane grabs on to the craft, and begins to hoist it up to the flight deck.

INT. ZODIAC - MORNING

Rachel sits apart from Delaware, who monitors the progress up the side of the ship.

EXT. ZODIAC - MORNING

The vehicle just crests the lip of the flight deck.

INT. ZODIAC - MORNING

Rachel grabs his shoulder.

RACHEL
There's something I have to tell you.

DELAWARE
It can wait.

Rachel looks at him squarely, but he's still focused on wrangling the crane rigging.

RACHEL
Hudson is dead.

His attention is instantly arrested. He looks at her like he can't believe what he's seeing. He turns to look back at the Cradle, barely visible in the distance.

The craft sways slightly as it lifts over, and comes to rest on the deck.

EXT. THE WALSH - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Four Marines wait for them. Ortiz and Haines move to assist their leader, while Rachel stands off to the side, uncertain of how to act around these people.

ORTIZ
I was about to send a detachment.

Haines kneels down to look at Delaware's leg.

HAINES
You're losing a lot of blood, boss.

DELAWARE
Major Ortiz, Lieutenant Haines --
this is Rachel Kori.

Ortiz looks her over.

ORTIZ

Ma'am.

DELAWARE

Take her to the brig.

Rachel, exhausted and confused, blinks-- but then snaps to attention. Two of the Marines grab her by the arms. She struggles, but is totally physically outmatched.

She glares at Delaware.

RACHEL

I saved your life!

He looks back at her, his own face a mask of suppressed rage.

DELAWARE

That does not make us allies.

He nods to Ortiz, who signals the Marines. Rachel continues to struggle, absolutely unwilling to give up the fight.

HAINES

Sir?

Delaware is exhausted. His grief creeps up on him. Haines gives him a shoulder to lean on, and he supports his captain to the elevator.

Delaware stares out at his new captive as she disappears around a corner, fighting wildly against the men holding her.

He and Haines disappear behind the closing elevator door.

FADE OUT