

REPUBLIC OF INFIDELS

CHAPTER 8: "La Paz"

Written by

Victoria De Capua

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vdecapua@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Miryam LeClerc makes a cup of tea in front of her kitchen window. Outside, rows of wheat blow serenely in the wind under a blue sky.

She contemplates this as she drinks her tea. Then turns, and walks back through the kitchen to the --

LIVING ROOM

We see the abrupt change of landscape through the living room windows.

The wheat field is a blasted brush fire. A lone FIGHTER JET ROARS low.

Miryam pulls a bluetooth from her pocket, slips it over her ear, and walks outside.

INT. BUNKER

Miryam ducks low as she walks down into the converted tornado shelter. Inside, a motley group of domestic Heartland terrorists sit around an iPad bible study.

One looks up. She waves him off, goes to a map pinned on the wall.

MIRYAM
(into the earpiece)
Do you see it?

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

DYLAN (18) lays back on his bed, computer on his stomach, headphones on, vape pen hanging out of his mouth.

He pauses his game, reduces the screen and calls up a video window.

ON SCREEN: the POV of a fighter PILOT inside his jet, roaming over the cratered wheat field.

DYLAN
(grinning)
Yeah.

MIRYAM (O.S.)
Focus. This isn't a game.

INTERCUT DYLAN/JET PILOT

DYLAN
Sure.

Dylan hits a key. ALARMS ring inside the jet. The PILOT begins to flip switches -- but the machine won't respond. Desperately, he punches the EJECT button. No dice.

DYLAN (cont'd)
Boom.

EXT. JET

The fighter jet rolls violently, and SCREAMS towards the blasted landscape. It crashes, skidding through the debris.

INT. BUNKER

The ROAR of the crashing jet rumbles over their heads, sending dust down on the group. They look to Miryam. She holds up her hand.

INT. DORM ROOM

Dylan grins at his screen. He watches the PILOT struggle to free himself, while on the side, positive messages and laughing emojis appear in their hundreds.

He's live streaming this.

INT. BUNKER

Miryam sips her tea. Her team suits up - body armor, makeshift gas masks. They line up at the bunker entrance, then, at her nod, they storm out.

INT. DORM ROOM

Dylan vapes as he watches the PILOT pull himself free of the belt. The reaction window goes crazy with DINGING ALERTS as the terrorists lean over the PILOT.

ON SCREEN CHAT

"TASTE THE RELEVATION, PIG"

"do it for :heart: land!"

"govt pig!!!!"

"heartland 4 jesus!1"

Dylan grins, treats himself to another pull on the vape, as one of the TERRORISTS raises a pistol. We experience the close range SHOT from the PILOT'S PERSEPECTIVE.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PRAIRIE TECH UNIVERSITY - COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Miryam sits behind her desk. A nameplate "Reverend Miryam LeClerc" rests before her.

Across from her, Dylan. Time has passed, and he's worse for wear. He's unshaven, eyes bloodshot.

MIRYAM

How long as this been going on?

DYLAN

How the hell should I know?

Miryam looks sternly at him. He avoids her eyes.

MIRYAM

Dylan, you knew Misaki might decide to go home, promise or no.

He sniffs. Fidgets with a silver promise ring on his finger.

MIRYAM (cont'd)

What does it say in Proverbs 28:13?

Dylan frowns, trying to remember, but Miryam is patient with him.

MIRYAM (cont'd)

"Whoever conceals his transgressions will not prosper, but he who confesses and forsakes them will obtain mercy."

Dylan looks up at her. Something about her serenity seems to calm him. He brushes his tears away.

DYLAN
Sorry, Reverend. I know you're right
but I can't help...I feel so...

She takes his hands, squeezes them.

MIRYAM
God sees you, Dylan. You've done
incredible things with the gifts He
gave you. Struck a real blow against
the darkness. But you can do better.

DYLAN
I'm trying.

MIRYAM
Are you?

She meets his eyes. He stares, unable to look away.

DYLAN
I want to do something real.
Something good. Something bigger.

MIRYAM
Do you think you're ready? Truly?

He nods, squeezing her hands.

MIRYAM (cont'd)
All right.

She releases him, gets up, and checks her window, then
closes the blinds. Dylan gets down on his knees, and she
touches his head gently.

MIRYAM (cont'd)
Christ, our lord, bless this sinner,
your son Dylan.

EXT. CAMPSITE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MIRYAM (V.O.)
That he may become a warrior, so he
may fight for the salvation of these
lands.

A junky Tesla pulls into the parking lot. Dylan gets out,
puts on a backpack, and shuts the door. He makes his way to
the trailhead.

EXT. FOOTHILL - NIGHT

MIRYAM (V.O.)

That he may draw the poison from the
wounded, and wound those who would
poison your flock.

Dylan looks at his phone, stumbling a little as the light of
the chat window blinds him.

ON SCREEN CHAT

"im so ready"

"i know, finally"

"what r the coordinates??"

Dylan thumbs in a message: *"wait im almost there."*

He locks the screen, which shows him with a cute Japanese
girl - MISAKI. He sighs.

EXT. PEAK - NIGHT

MIRYAM (V.O.)

That he may slay the few, and save
the many. That he may burn the
blighted crop, so the seed may grow
again.

Taking his laptop out, Dylan lays back on his back, pack
under his head. His breath plumes, but from cold, not from a
vape.

He boots up his computer, opens a map app, sets it to "TRACK
SATELLITES". He opens up another raw code screen.

He slips his bluetooth headset on, looks up into the dark
sky.

A BRIGHT LIGHT, the Atmospheric Region Free Cloud server
nuclear powered satellite, drifts overhead.

DYLAN

(into the headset)

Coming up on 37° 28 9 .

The chat window scrolls along his computer screen but he's
not paying attention. He looks at his phone. Thumbs through
pictures of him and his ex, Misaki.

ON SCREEN CHAT

"@everyone Target: 0°03'25.7"N 27°24'11.9"W"

"OK 10.6 mins @everyone"

DYLAN (cont'd)
Yeah, yeah, whatever.

He opens a message window on his phone to text Misaki, hesitates. He looks at the computer screen, adds a few lines of text to the black raw code screen.

ON SCREEN

ARC VENTRL ADJ -000782 DGRE.

WARNING: CDNTS TERRA INTERCEPT. OVERRIDE? Y/N

The satellite nears the region of the Marianas Trench.

MOBILE SCREEN

Dylan sends the text to Misaki:

"hey, u up?"

The message shows a "read" icon. Dylan sends another text:

"miss u".

The text turns red, and below it: "Message Not Delivered."

Dylan blinks. He looks at the map. He looks at his phone. Then, as if in a trance, he scrolls out of the map, showing Japan in proximity to the Marianas Trench.

He can't help it. Tears of rage start to pour from his eyes.

DYLAN (cont'd)
You...fucking...whore.

Typing frantically now, he adds lines of code into the black window.

DYLAN (cont'd)
(shaking with rage)
Fucking...you fucking bitch. You think you can...see how you like this, whore.

His finger hovers over the keyboard. He presses Y.

ON SCREEN

The code zips itself up. Dylan cuts and pastes a message in all caps, but it disappears before we can read it.

A moment passes.

His chat window blows up.

ON SCREEN CHAT

"WTF D"

"Too soon11!!"

"wrong coordnts, off target!"

"ABORT D, SHUT IT DOWN."

Dylan rips the bluetooth from his ear, tosses it away, and falls back against the bag.

DYLAN (cont'd)
(snivelling)
See how that feels, cunt.

INT. OFFICE - ATMOSPHERIC REGION FREE CLOUD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Miryam, unclips her bluetooth earpiece. Tight faced with rage, she gets up from her seat in front of a bank of computer screens.

Around her, five REVELATIONISTS - true, professional terrorists armed with automatic weapons. They aim pistols at a TECHNICIAN, who shakes in front of his console.

On the floor, hundreds of employees lay dead, shot down in cold blood.

TECHNICIAN
I don't understand.

MIRYAM
What don't you understand?

TECHNICIAN
The coordinates were set for the south atlantic, but...

MIRYAM
What do you mean, "were set"?

TECHNICIAN

The ARC is going to hit the Marianas Trench. It's the deepest place in the world. That much nuclear power, that far down- the possible damage to the whole planet is incalculable.

MIRYAM

Can you reverse the trajectory?

TECHNICIAN

No. Whoever's hacked the satellite has broken every other code structure.

MIRYAM

How long?

He just stares at her, paralyzed with fear.

MIRYAM (cont'd)

Well. In that case I suggest you start your praying now.

She motions to her team. They follow. The TECHNICIAN just looks aghast at the screen, unable to tear himself away.

EXT. SKY SCRAPER HELICOPTER PAD - NIGHT

A chopper, blades turning, waits for Miryam and her team as they load in. It takes off at once.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

On her phone, Miryam watches the message, the video footage from the satellite we've seen before.

ON SCREEN

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

Miryam sneers, and tosses the phone out the chopper window. She puts on her headset.

MIRYAM

Get as much altitude as you can. Head
towards the mountains.

EXT. MIDAIR

The phone, still showing the message, falls, seems to shatter in mid air as though on impact, but it continues to fall.

A DEAFENING ROAR rises as the fragments distingrate into an EYE-PIERCING GREEN LIGHT. The ROAR fades into a persistent RINGING.

FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN:

INT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

It is a bright, white morning. The RINGING turns into the sound of BIRD SONG.

Edward Blythe relaxes on one of the old couches, while across the coffee table sit Rachel and Delaware, both stiff. Behind their couch, Kurosawa, French and Wailea look on.

Edward's been stripped of his weaponry. He lazes, shirt partly open, beret still in place on his head. They stare at each other in odd silence for a long beat.

RACHEL

I'll do it.

EDWARD

I knew you would, sport.

RACHEL

But we're doing it my way.

Edward tilts his head -- he's not keen, but he's listening.

RACHEL (cont'd)

I'm going to break Vikram's hold on the NCOM. No one else can do it. It has to be me.

He considers her evenly, and nods. Delaware gets up abruptly, a physical portrait of anger. He heads out to the veranda.

Rachel looks after him, then back at Edward, who shrugs and smiles. She goes after Delaware.

The three members of the River continue to stare at lounging Edward. Kurosawa seems especially interested -- she looks at him like he's a piece of raw meat she wants to barbecue.

EDWARD

I don't believe we've been properly introduced.

No response. Stony faces. Edward shifts a little, laces his fingers together, stretches his arms out before his face and cracks his knuckles.

EDWARD (cont'd)

You'll all rather fit young things.
Did Captain Ford hatch you himself?

Kurosawa's mouth tightens.

EXT. THE BLACK MONASTERY - VERANDA - DAY

Delaware looks out at some early-morning farmers below, working at their planting beds.

Rachel observes him for a moment, then puts her hand on his shoulder.

DELAWARE

I didn't think it would be this beautiful.

RACHEL

I know you hate this.

He remains silent for a beat, just taking in the view. Trying to delay the moment. He sighs.

DELAWARE

Yes, I do. But it's also the only way. If we stay up here, eventually he'll shell us, and if he doesn't do that, he'll raise an army and storm the approach. Maybe destroy the dam, and starve our water supply. We can't stay here. Even if it seems peaceful.

RACHEL
It does, doesn't it.

He smiles at her, wistfully.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The standoff continues. French rounds the couch and then sits down, looking across at Edward. He toys with his beret.

FRENCH
You killed my friends.

EDWARD
And would again. I was killing your countrymen in the heartland while you still were still in training wheels.

Edward rises abruptly, causing all three members of the River to draw their side arms. CLICKS of safeties being turned off sound in the low space.

He grins at them, settles the beret back on his head, adjusting it to a jaunty angle.

EDWARD (cont'd)
Go on, then. I'm one old man, unarmed, unprotected. Teach me about war.

Delaware appears in the doorway, Rachel behind him.

DELAWARE
What the hell is going on here?

WAILEA
Boss.

DELAWARE
Get out of here. The grownups have work to do.

FRENCH
Captain--

Delaware steps up to French. They're nearly of a height, but even without his gear, stripped down to his under shirt, Delaware owns the space.

DELAWARE
I said out, French.

Cowed, French and the others holster their weapons. Edward smiles sweetly at them as they go.

Kurosawa pauses and looks at Edward.

KUROSAWA
Anything happens to her, I'll pull
your guts out through your eyes.

The River leaves.

EDWARD
(to Rachel)
Do we have a deal?

His smile drops. He's dead serious now. He offers his hand. Rachel blinks. She takes his hand. Behind her, Delaware meets Edward's eyes. They understand each other.

EXT. MARKET DISTRICT - DAY

Sergei, much recovered, stalks through the market stalls, followed by a guard of eight Lammergeiers.

These are not the elite corp of his better days. These are more like armed thugs, in various physical condition, not especially good at holding a line.

They swarm around Sergei more like a posse. Zhukov, the fat under-commander, sidles up to him.

ZHUKOV
Here, boss.

EXT. BOX TAVERN WALL - DAY

A scrawl of graffiti ten feet high reads "TWO BIRDS ONE STONE - DEATH TO THE VULTURES" along with an illustration of a yellow bird being beheaded.

SERGEI
Not bad. A little impressionistic.

He looks to his lieutenant. He doesn't get it. Sergei sighs. Even for him, this is slumming.

SERGEI (cont'd)
Which one?

The lieutenant points out one of the general goods merchants. Below his table, a box of spray paint for sale.

INT. SOUTH BARRACKS - TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

Two goons hold the OLD MAN (60s) up by his arms. Sergei sits in a chair before him, flipping a knife in his hand. The man is already bleeding from a broken nose.

OLD MAN
Kids! Just kids. I don't know their names. I swear it.

SERGEI
Of course you do. But that's all right, it's just a semantic detail.

OLD MAN
Please. Please.

Sergei gets up, moves closer.

SERGEI
Please...what?

OLD MAN
(wheezing)
Please...pl...pl

The man chokes. He goes stiff, and his face turns white. He appears to be having a heart attack. Sergei, sighing like he's been robbed, slams the knife into the man's heart.

The knife jumps as the heart beats against it and the old man expires quickly.

SERGEI
Take him out.

The goons haul him away. Sergei looks at the blood on his hand, then flicks his wrist, sending it spattering. This isn't bringing him as much joy as it used to.

INT. RADIO ROOM - DAY

Kiryanova listens intently, and jumps when Sergei appears in the doorway.

KIRYANOVA
Sir. I didn't see--

SERGEI
Call everyone in from the field. I have an assignment that requires the whole garrison.

KIRYANOVA

At once, sir.

She begins to tap out a MORSE CODE signal. The SOUND CARRIES OVER TO-

EXT. MERCHANT'S STALL - EVENING

The old man's body sits propped up in his chair, a red hole in his chest, his tongue lolling out.

MACHINE GUN FIRE cuts through the air. People, merchants, scream and run for cover as roving bands of Lammergeiers overturn stalls, and fire into the doorways.

SCREAMS ECHO -- carrying over to --

EXT. SHELL TOWN - NIGHT

Lammergeiers kick in doors, and unload their rifle magazines. Several shanties go up in flames.

INT. SHANTY - NIGHT

A mother and father try to shield their son KALEB (12) from Sergei and his guard as they advance. His Lammergeiers pull them apart and drag them to corners of the room.

Kaleb shields his face with yellow-paint stained hands. Sergei grins, unholsters his pistols, stretches out his arms like Christ crucified.

He shoots the boy's parents in the head without breaking eye contact with him.

The child stares, broken with shock, paralyzed with terror. Sergei holsters one pistol, and ruffles the stunned Kaleb's hair affectionately, clearly feeling better.

EXT. SHELL TOWN - NIGHT

Miryam and her gang of Revelationists stand around, just out of the way. The one standing nearest her looks up.

REVELATIONIST

Should we intervene?

MIRYAM

It's not time.

They draw back into cover as Sergei and his posse emerge from the hut.

EXT. HANGAR DECK - NIGHT

Vikram, nursing a scotch, watches as fires begin to sprout up along the Shell Town strand.

A window sketches itself in the air next to his head, showing an audio waveform.

EDWARD

Vikram.

VIKRAM

Is there any point asking where you are?

EDWARD

Oh, near. Sorry for the delay, I couldn't think what to get you.

VIKRAM

What are you talking about?

EDWARD

You'll see.

VIKRAM

Fine. Just...hurry up.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

Edward pilots the boat, but he takes his time. Together, they look out at the mounting devastation.

RACHEL

What the hell is going on?

EDWARD

Sergei's throwing a party to celebrate his recovery.

He turns on his radio and sets it to an open frequency. Sounds of MACHINE GUN FIRE, FRANTIC GARBLED WORDS. Across the water, one of the box towers goes up in flames.

RACHEL

Of all the people you could have failed to kill.

EDWARD

Lay that one at your brother's door step. He's the one who wanted to play it out. He likes to show off.

RACHEL

Vikram's being an idiot. He knows how dangerous Sergei is, better than anyone.

EDWARD

He's been...taking things personally.

RACHEL

Sergei?

EDWARD

Vikram.

A beat.

RACHEL

Oh.

EDWARD

What?

RACHEL

That's why you're helping me. As long as he controls the NCOM and the ship, you're just a kept man.

Edward stops the boat. It rolls in the waves as he turns to look at her full in the face.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Oh, come on, Edward. It's my turn, don't you think?.

EDWARD

Fair enough, girl.

She offers her hands, pressing her wrists together. He binds them with zip-ties.

Edward reaches under the seat and pulls out slender black case about the size of a magazine.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Pardons for this.

RACHEL

Just get it over with.

He indicates that she should turn around, then lifts her shirt and tapes the case to her back.

EXT. SHELL TOWN - NIGHT

Sergei's Lammergeiers continue to wreak havoc. He himself wields his two pistols, putting holes in anyone fool enough to come close.

Over at the end of the lane, a movement draws his attention. One of his bigger, dumber men menaces a woman wearing a dress, and holding a cane.

Sergei lowers his weapons and moves closer. It's Lucretia. She looks up at the goon, completely without fear.

When he moves on her, she splashes something on his face - **sulfuric acid**. He SCREAMS, falling to his knees.

Lucretia glances up, but Sergei gets under shadow before she sees him. She turns her attention back to the Lammergeier, who whimpers pathetically on the ground.

Lucretia shoves him on to his back with with one kick. She looks down on her victim.

LUCRETIA

Give Sergei a kiss for me, won't you.

Then she turns down the alley way, leaving the mewling soldier behind. Sergei turns behind a piece of debris. She doesn't see him, and continues on at a limping gait.

He lifts the pistol and aims it at her back. Then lowers his arm, and uses the top of the barrel to itch at his groin, like he's trying to bully an erection into submission.

He raises his radio to his mouth and speaks into it.

SERGEI

Fall back. They get the point.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

Rachel sits, now thoroughly bound, as Edward pilots the boat towards the ship's aircraft elevator.

RACHEL

What are you going to do if we pull this off?

Edward shrugs.

EDWARD

I don't know. I'll busk it.

He holds up a piece of tape. She rolls her eyes, and allows him to put it over her mouth. He smiles, touches her cheek gently.

EDWARD (cont'd)

I should have kept you. You looked lovely on my wall.

Rachel just glares at him, then lies down in the bottom of the boat.

EXT. THE DAM - NIGHT

Delaware, in the presence of most of his people, paces along the top of the dam, staring off into the sea. He's anxious, and he's also trying to form a plan.

Wailea walks down to him.

WAILEA

Captain.

DELAWARE

What?

WAILEA

Respectfully, you need to get your shit together.

Delaware stops, and stares at him.

DELAWARE

I'm not taking suggestions right now.

WAILEA

Then would you mind throwing us a fucking bone, sir?

Nearby, Kurosawa and French look on hopefully. Delaware looks back at them, then back down at the Cradle.

DELAWARE

All right, gear up.

The River saunters off and he heads towards the Black Monastery. Major Ortiz approaches, following along with him.

ORTIZ
You have a plan?

DELAWARE
I have an objective.

ORTIZ
That's not a plan.

DELAWARE
Be ready to move.

She looks off at a couple of Old Guard, talking together a little ways away. These, like most of those stationed in the Crown, are not very old at all.

ORTIZ
What about them? They'll cut off our retreat if we don't hold our position.

Delaware stops. He turns away from Major Ortiz and strides over to the group of soldiers that look like Lammergeiers, but aren't.

DELAWARE
Which of your people is in command?

He scrutinizes them while they hesitate to answer the question. There are three of them, and the oldest, YASMEEN (20) stares back at him.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
(to Yasmeen)
Okay. You're in command.

EXT. THE MARKET DISTRICT - NIGHT

A black personnel truck rolls through the deserted, desecrated market. There's evidence of violence -- destroyed stalls, a smattering of corpses, and buzzing insects.

In the front of the truck, Yasmeen rides in the passenger side. Her partner, VIKTOR (20) looks over the wheel at the devastation.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

VIKTOR
Bastards.

Yasmeen reaches back and knocks on the rear door of the cab.

INT. TRUCK REAR - NIGHT

Delaware, Kurosawa, French and Wailea sit in the dark under the canvas, all in full kit, all contemplative and quiet. Delaware opens the rear port, blinks in the light.

YASMEEN

Look outside.

Kurosawa slides down the end, and pulls the canvas open a crack. They look out through the gap, and see fire, corpses, scattered goods.

KUROSAWA

What the hell happened?

YASMEEN

Lammergeiers.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck rolls on, heading towards the Strand.

EXT. SHIP YARD - NIGHT

The ship yard is mostly abandoned, though there are a few barrel fires roaring, and a few people linger in the shadows.

Lying at anchor against the dock is the Mark VIII patrol boat, dented with a few bullets, but otherwise not much worse for wear.

The truck rolls in. Taking it for a Lammergeier vehicle, most of the people run for cover.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Delaware looks at his people.

DELAWARE

We're not here for a fight.

One man, KHAN (70s) rises from the darkness, a shotgun clutched in his hand. He spits in contempt and stands between the truck and the boat.

Delaware steps down. The River follows, but they hang back out of sight.

Yasmeen exits the passenger side. She tentatively starts towards the old man, but Delaware puts a hand out to stop her.

Khan pumps a round, and levels it at Delaware.

KHAN

You turn around now. This isn't your place.

Delaware points to the patrol boat.

DELAWARE

Maybe not, but that's my boat and I'd like it back.

Behind Delaware, Kurosawa, French and Wailea slip back into the darkness.

YASMEEN

We're not here to hurt anyone.

He shifts his aim over to her. She raises her hands in a conciliatory gesture.

KHAN

Tell that to my wife. Tell that to my daughter. If you can find what's left of them.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

Wailea makes his way through the junk quickly and quietly, and makes it over to the bow of the boat.

WAILEA

(whispering)

Mark 8, this is voice signature
Sergeant Blake Wailea.

EXT. SHIP YARD - NIGHT

Kurosawa and French circle around the other side. French heads for the boat, while Kurosawa peels off, stepping lightly as she makes for the old man.

DELAWARE

We don't work for Sergei. In fact --

Delaware takes a step forward, hands raised before him. Khan swings the shotgun back to him.

KHAN
Not another step, young man.

DELAWARE
Okay. Let's all just calm --

Out of the darkness, Kurosawa pounces on Khan, putting him into a choke hold. Delaware moves before Khan can react, snatching the gun out of his hand.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
-- Down.

Delaware empties the ammunition out of the weapon, and hands it Yasmeen. Khan staggers, the lack of oxygen affecting him.

Once Delaware has the gun, Kurosawa lets the old man go. He goes to his knees, wheezing.

The Mark 8 comes to life with a RUMBLE. Delaware hands the gun to Yasmeen.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
You should take him up to the Crown.

YASMEEN
Yes, sir.

DELAWARE
You don't have to call me that,
Commander.

He pats her shoulder. He and Kurosawa head to the boat.

INT. MARK 8 PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

They pull away from the dock. Delaware meets French and Wailea in the cockpit.

FRENCH
What's the plan?

DELAWARE
Head north.

KUROSAWA
What then?

DELAWARE

We wait.

INT. BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Vikram sleeps fitfully in the captain's chair. Edward, moving quietly, slips behind the chair and leans over Vikram.

EDWARD

Wakey-wakey.

Vikram jerks awake, stands bolt upright, then realizes it's Edward. He winces, holding his injured ribs.

VIKRAM

Where the hell have you been?

EDWARD

Out and about. Visiting old friends. Thinking things over.

VIKRAM

I hope you came to a satisfactory conclusion.

EDWARD

I did. Do you want me to share it with you?

VIKRAM

Later. I'm tired.

He pushes past him, but Edward grabs his arm.

EDWARD

Vikram.

Vikram, visibly exhausted, looks at him almost pleadingly.

EDWARD (cont'd)

I have a present for you.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAWN

Vikram, followed by Edward, walks through a set of four Old Guard into the Captain's quarters.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Vikram walks in, briskly, not particularly interested in whatever Edward's got planned -- then he stops dead.

Rachel sits calmly in one of Delaware's worn old sofas, zip-tied hands in her lap. She rises, and looks her brother in the face. Then she turns her attention to Edward.

RACHEL
We had a deal.

She holds out her hands. Edward draws his knife, and cuts the zip-tie. Then he draws back.

EDWARD
I'll be outside.

He pauses on his way out, putting a hand on Vikram's shoulder and placing a kiss on his temple. Vikram hardly registers him.

Vikram takes a wary step closer to his sister.

RACHEL
They frisked me already, if that's what you're worried about.

VIKRAM
What deal?

RACHEL
That's my business.

VIKRAM
(ordering)
What deal?

Rachel smiles at him, then laughs bitterly.

RACHEL
What a little tyrant you've become.

Vikram opens his mouth -- then shuts it, taking in her words.

VIKRAM
What do you want?

RACHEL
I want you to come home.

He smiles thinly.

VIKRAM

(gently)

You're a terrible liar. You've always been a terrible liar. That's why it's always been so easy to deceive you.

Rachel frowns.

RACHEL

Anyone can take advantage of genuine affection. It wasn't my failure. I loved you. You betrayed me.

He sighs, casts around.

VIKRAM

Why did you really come here? You knew you wouldn't be able to sway me. You've put yourself in my power again, separated yourself from your allies. What are you up to?

Rachel paces, ranges around the space.

RACHEL

First tell me your plans.

A long beat. Should he disclose this to her?

VIKRAM

I want to leave. I want to take as many healthy, capable individuals as I can, and sail away. I want to start over in some other place, or even just aboard this ship. The Americans have proven that it can sustain a human population.

RACHEL

Would that make you Noah, or God?

VIKRAM

It makes me responsible.

RACHEL

But not accountable.

VIKRAM

What do you want from me?

RACHEL

I don't know. Just thinking about you makes me feel hollow and sick.

VIKRAM

According to Sergei, that's how you felt about me the night you decided to fuck him.

She remains impassive.

RACHEL

He promised he would never tell you. Not that he ever had much incentive.

VIKRAM

Don't hold it against him. He waited until he was sure he was going to kill me.

RACHEL

So your argument that being a liar makes you less vulnerable to lies...

VIKRAM

He might've killed you.

RACHEL

You might've killed me. You almost did, repeatedly. If Delaware had left me to your care, I'd be dead now.

She meets his eyes, accusatory, but her lip trembles. He covers the distance between them in one stride, and wraps his arms around her.

She struggles against him, but puts no heart into it. She gives in to her emotion, drops her head onto his shoulder, and sniffs.

VIKRAM

I should have seen. I was there in Sergei's way every moment until...I didn't protect you from him when you needed it most.

He starts to cry, too.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

Or from me. I should have --

He holds her at arm's length. Then he loses all control, sinks down on to his knees, and cries against her knees.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Rachel knuckles her tears away. She crouches down, presses her forehead against his.

RACHEL

Then prove it. It's not too late.

Vikram struggles to his feet, and looks down on her. His aspect shifts to cold fury, and Rachel visibly tenses.

He gestures, and suddenly the scene immediately following Rachel's waterboarding springs to life. Delaware and Haines carry her unconscious body through to the bedroom.

Rachel scrambles to her feet.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Stop it. Vikram, stop it now.

Delaware's recorded form bends over Rachel, his whispered apology just audible.

He gestures again, and it jumps to the conversation just after -- Rachel demands to know why Delaware doesn't hate her.

Vikram approaches the ghost of Rachel, and examines her face. He turns to the real Rachel.

VIKRAM

I think it was here.

RACHEL

Don't.

VIKRAM

I've watched all of it, the two of you. You can see it in the way his eyes follow you when you aren't looking.

Rachel turns on Vikram, eyes blazing. She grabs him by his shirt front and slams him against the wall. He lets it happen, still staring at the projection.

RACHEL

Look at me.

He does, almost pitying.

RACHEL (cont'd)

He doesn't want you dead as much as I do.

VIKRAM

All right. Here I am. I'm injured.
You're strong, now. It'll be easy for
you.

Rachel pushes him away, frustrated, and sits down moodily on the sofa. He stares at her. Then makes an adjustment with the NCOM.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

Welcome home, little sister.

Four guards enter, armed to the teeth. She sighs.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Vikram, looking haggard, steps out, where Edward waits. Rachel follows, escorted by the four guards. Vikram stares after her until they disappear around a corner.

VIKRAM

The system's set to track her and
restrict her access. Otherwise, I
want her left alone.

EDWARD

What about you? Do you want to be
left alone?

VIKRAM

No.

Edward runs a hand over the back of Vikram's neck, into his hair. He kisses his forehead. Vikram leans into it. Then turns and heads back into the captain's quarters.

Edward looks down the corridor where Rachel was a moment ago, smiles smugly, then follows.

INT. SOUTH BARRACKS - MORNING

Sergei dozes in bed. Kiryanova, naked and bruised in several places, lies awake next to him, eyes hollow from lack of sleep.

Carefully, she moves away from him, and goes to rise from the bed.

SERGEI

Where are you going?

She jumps.

KIRYANOVA
For a cigarette.

SERGEI
Hurry up.

She rises quickly and goes for her clothes.

SERGEI (cont'd)
Kiryanova.

She looks back at him with frightened eyes. He looks over her slender frame.

SERGEI (cont'd)
Eat something.

INT. SERGEI'S QUARTERS - SHOWER - MORNING

Sergei takes a quick shower, and rinses himself quickly under the spigot. He shakes out his wet hair like a dog.

EXT. SOUTH BARRACKS - MORNING

Kiryanova fumbles with her cigarettes. With shaking hands, she manages to light one. She takes a long drag, sucking half of the thing down, then exhales, calmer.

She takes another drag. A SHOT rings out, and a hole appears in her cheek. The side of her skull blows out. Supported by the barracks wall, she slides down into a heap.

Cigarette smoke leaks out of the hole in her cheek.

Kaleb, the boy whose parents Sergei shot, steps out from behind a pile of old tires. In his hand, he holds a revolver.

Six or seven other children appear. They converge on Kiryanova's body.

INT. SERGEI'S QUARTERS - MORNING

Sergei sits at the corner of his bed, towel across his lap, one leg working impatiently. After a beat, he stands up.

INT. BARRACKS - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Sergei, now fully kitted out in his black fatigues and commando sweater, walks through the common area. Zhukov, stands with a posse. Everyone looks anxious.

ZHUKOV

Boss --

SERGEI

No.

ZHUKOV

But boss --

Sergei wheels on him, his face dangerously set. Zhukov is taller, but Sergei's fitter by triple, even with his injuries.

SERGEI

Do I have to repeat myself?

ZHUKOV

Sir. It's --

There's a sudden CRASH of glass, just audible. Sergei's head turns. He gestures to the posse, and heads out the back.

EXT. BARRACKS - MORNING

Sergei stops dead. The body of Kiryanova lies quartered on the ground, her head neatly atop her chest. Sergei pulls out his side arm, eyes searching the junky cover.

A Molotov cocktail comes winging out of the dense slums. Sergei, lightning fast, fires into the air. The bottle explodes, far enough from them to prevent damage.

Traces of it fall to the ground. The fire catches on a winding stripe of gasoline that traces the ground around the corpse.

ABOVE: The ribbon of fire spells out the word REPENT.

Sergei stares into the fire. It fills his eyes. He turns to Zhukov.

SERGEI

With me.

He draws his knife, supports his shooting hand over it, and walks straight through the fire into the maze of junk.

SHOTS. SCREAMS. A SCREAM abruptly silenced.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Edward leads the 14-odd Old Guard in push up sets. All of them are sweating puddles, and except for Edward, they're struggling.

Edward, at 40, is older than the rest of them, but is in markedly better shape.

EDWARD

Come on.

One of the Old Guard goes down and stays down, panting and blowing.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Pathetic.

As if to prove his point, he shifts over to one-handed push ups, and does two sets of three.

A stone's throw away, Vikram watches. He crosses his arms, his attention turning to the Crown. From where he stands, he can't see the Mark 8, just behind the mountain's curve.

EXT. NARROWS - DAY

The Mark 8 floats in the still water of the dry-riverbed estuary. Sheer mountainous walls shelter it from view.

EXT. MARK 8 PATROL BOAT - DAY

Delaware, French and Wailea laze on the bow, shirts off, all of them sweating in the heat.

Delaware watches the distant Walsh with a pair of binoculars, his aviator sunglasses pushed over his forehead.

INSERT: Just visible above the bridge, a cluster of thick missiles shine dully in the sun. There are three visible, and then an additional seven empty banks.

He lowers the binoculars just as Kurosawa picks her way over the bow. She looks down at the three fit, sweaty men.

KUROSAWA

Is this where you start talking about how horny you all are, but how you'd never do it with another guy?

Delaware ignores her, pulling his sunglasses over his eyes as he lets the binoculars rest on his chest.

Wailea looks at French.

FRENCH

I prefer redheads.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Rachel looks through a view port at the group. She spots Vikram in the shade, looking on. She turns and walks -- not quickly, but in measured steps -- down the corridor.

A guard stands at the far end, but doesn't move or acknowledge her.

She turns into her cabin.

INT. RACHEL'S CABIN - DAY

Rachel shuts the door, and immediately goes to work. She pulls the iPad out from under the single mattress, then sets it on the desk.

She wakes up the display, finds an app and runs it.

INSERT: Screen showing two hundred tiny photographs. A progress bar titled "compositing" loads. It completes.

Rachel taps the "3D Render" command.

A 3D projection rises from the iPad's 3d holographic projector. It assembles an image of Vikram, made up of hundreds of different photographs.

The image is imperfect-- there are tiny gaps, and the shapes are not fully detailed -- rather it is made up of many small facets, which give it a more-or-less human approximation.

Rachel gestures, and pulls the projection off the ipad, over to where she stands. She ties her hair back in a bun. Then, taking a deep breath, she steps into the image.

The stitched image of Vikram conforms to her body, smoothing out as it reads her physical dimensions. It still looks like him, but it's more responsive.

Tentatively, she gestures -- and the NCOM responds, but in a jittery way. She tries it again, articulating with Vikram's image -- and she's able to get a command through --

The traditional computer on the desk -- the 2D projected screen and standard keyboard -- flickers to life.

Rachel goes to work immediately, sending signals to the NCOM. She opens the weapons screen -- then gestures, and makes it copy itself.

As she does so, she shuts down the original screen. On the second screen, the image of the large missiles -- the mortars -- appears.

She keys in a string of time code, degrees of adjustment, and sets "burn protocol". She closes the screen.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Vikram turns away from the work out group, and heads back towards the lower decks.

INT. RACHEL'S CABIN - DAY

Rachel opens the "mirror" settings. She has to go even deeper code for this one. A KNOCK sounds on the door. She nearly loses her focus.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Vikram knocks again.

VIKRAM

Rachel.

INT. RACHEL'S CABIN - DAY

She fumbles the gesture, and almost loses her screen. She recovers it, adds another line of code, then runs it.

The screen on the desktop computer flickers to life, mirroring the display in the air.

She steps out of the Vikram image, and shoves the ipad back under the mattress.

There's another KNOCK.

She pulls her hair down and scruffs it, making it look like she slept on it. She goes to open it. Behind her, the display is still on.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Rachel opens the door.

RACHEL

What now?

INT. RACHEL'S CABIN - DAY

Rachel looks behind her, realizes the display is on. She makes a "damn" face.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Rachel holds the door closed as much as she can while still being able to fit her face in it.

VIKRAM

I thought you might want to get some fresh air.

RACHEL

Does it mean having to talk to you?

VIKRAM

No.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - AFTERNOON

Rachel sits on the bench just under the bridge, looking out at the Old Guard as they finish their workout. Vikram sits next to her, just inside arm's reach.

Edward, turns to them, his wife beater clinging to him. He ambles towards them, still a dozen yards away. Rachel watches him. She indicates Edward.

RACHEL
How did you manage that?

VIKRAM
I thought we weren't talking.

RACHEL
He knows you're playing him.

VIKRAM
You're right.

RACHEL
He loves you.

Vikram sits back, arches a brow.

VIKRAM
I'm sure you're coming to a point.

RACHEL
You should be more afraid.

Rachel rises as Edward approaches.

EDWARD
Don't look so fucking grim, the two
of you. The family's back together.

Edward grabs a towel that's hanging over the bench, and moves to kiss Vikram. Vikram dodges out from under him, and stalks off.

Edward looks on, then wipes his face with the towel, and turns to Rachel.

EDWARD (cont'd)
What did you do to him?

RACHEL
Told him the truth.

EDWARD
Oh, yeah. He doesn't like that.

The wind picks up. Rachel turns and looks at Edward.

EDWARD (cont'd)
Did you manage to...

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

Find a way to keep him busy around
sun down.

EDWARD

I thought you could just...you know,
flip the system.

RACHEL

It doesn't work like that. The only
way to cut his gesture profile out of
the system completely is to manually
override the whole protocol.

EDWARD

Manually override how?

Rachel gives him a long, level gaze, then walks away. Edward
looks after her, then follows.

EXT. SHELL TOWN - AFTERNOON

Sergei and his crew prowl through the burnt out shacks, and
the various piles of junk. It all gets denser as they move
south.

HALF A KM AWAY

Miryam directs her people. They're mostly teens, and even
children, but her main five are uniformed Revelationists.

Two teens and one of the smaller kids hustle a gas canister
with them as they move to a fresh position. Miryam and her
armed soldiers withdraw, moving to a position further north.

Sergei signals his five to stop. He sniffs the air,
identifying the smell.

SERGEI

(to Zhukov)

Petrol. Stay here.

He and one other of the fitter Lammergeiers scale the junk
pile. On the other side, the kids fill Molotov cocktails.
They're faced away from the Lammergeiers.

Sergei whistles through his teeth. The kids turn. Sergei
shoots two of them, but misses MIKEY (10).

Mikey scoots back into some cover, but he's totally pinned.
Sergei and his second pick their way down the side of the
junk pile, taking their time.

The Mikey grabs a piece of wood, and uses it to shove the canister over. Petrol spills on to the ground. Mikey, breathing heavily, reaches slowly into his pocket.

He watches, waits -- until he sees a Lammergeier boot hit the gas-soaked sand. He shuts his eyes tight and **flings a zippo lighter into the petrol.**

Sergei's second is consumed almost instantly, and dies screaming. Sergei is just, through sheer athletic ability, to leap out of the blaze.

The fire catches, and travels. In no time, he'll be surrounded.

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE sounds from another quarter -- a full exchange of fire. It's over on the other side of the burning mountain of trash -- he's completely cut off from this side.

He heads out the only way available to him, and jogs a wide circle, searching out the source of the gun reports.

He arrives in small cleared area. Three of his men are dead, riddled like Swiss cheese. He stays low, and discovers Zhukov cowering behind a piece of corrugated steel.

SERGEI (cont'd)
You fucking idiot. Why didn't you
call for reinforcements?

Zhukov, with a shaking hand, points vaguely towards the barracks. Sergei ascends the wall of junk hand over hand, staying low. Behind the junk, he sees:

EXT. SOUTH BARRACKS - AFTERNOON

The building is on fire, the heat of the blaze causing the framing to collapse under the bricks.

As Sergei looks on, the last bottom of the barrel members of his army are shot, one by one, as they run out of the burning building.

Sergei slides back down and comes to rest next to Zhukov, whose ashen face is sweating profusely.

ZHUKOV
What do we do?

SERGEI
Shut up. I'm trying to think.

ZHUKOV
But everyone's dead.

Sergei looks at him, and sneers.

SERGEI
Not yet.

Zhukov looks at him, confused, tearful.

Sergei stares back, then reaches down, takes Zhukov's pistol out of his holster, shoves the muzzle under his chin and **blows a hole straight through the top of Zhukov's head.**

He gets to his feet, looking around for an exit. The fire is creeping in, but he can't go back the way he came. There's nothing to go back to.

A figure appears in the smoke. A small figure, a slender little girl with pale unkempt blonde hair. The smoke blows away, revealing Spirit, one of Odessa's orphans.

She stares at Sergei with preternaturally large eyes. Unsettled, he raises the pistol and aims it at her.

SERGEI (cont'd)
(in Russian,
untranslated)
Go away.

She shakes her head slowly, eyes locked on him. He cocks the weapon, adjusts his aim.

SERGEI (cont'd)
(in Russian,
subtitled)
One more chance. Go.

She tilts her head back and sticks her chin out, looking down her nose at him in a very Rachel-like gesture of contempt.

He snarls, loses patience, and jerks the trigger. It CLICKS.

Spirit smiles at him. Then opens her mouth and SCREAMS LIKE A BANSHEE, an unearthly sound we've heard before.

Sergei charges towards her, ready to kill her barehanded. Then the sound of GUNFIRE rents the air, now disturbingly close. Spirit steps out of his grasp.

He looks at her, hesitates, then bolts in the opposite direction.

EXT. BARRACKS - AFTERNOON

Miryam stands before the barracks, which is now a few standing timbers and a thick smoky fire. Her SECOND (20s) approaches.

MIRYAM

What is it?

SECOND

We killed all of them. Except...

MIRYAM

Sergei.

The Second bows his head in regret. Miryam pats his shoulder.

SECOND

Should I sent out a posse?

MIRYAM

No. He's broken. His house is destroyed.

SECOND

With all respect, Reverend --

Miryam holds up a hand.

MIRYAM

Sergei Vetrov's time is coming. Be content with our victory.

She gathers his followers, beckoning them to come by her side. Together they sink to their knees and pray before the conflagration.

Another piece of timber succumbs with a crash, sending up sparks and a gout of flame. Smoke churns up into the blue sky.

INT. THE WALSH - COMMON ROOM - EVENING

The Old Guard clean and load their rifles, oil their knives, lace their boots.

Edward lounges on one of the sofas, trimming and cleaning his nails. He's again fully dressed out in his 22 SAS gear, sans beret. His appointed second, JUAN BAPTISTE (20s) approaches him.

BAPTISTE

Sir.

Edward ignores him, continues to trim his nails.

BAPTISTE (cont'd)

Sir?

EDWARD

What is it?

BAPTISTE

Why are we mobilizing?

EDWARD

When I know, you'll know, Lieutenant.

BAPTISTE

You mean you don't, sir?

Edward gives him a long, dangerous look. Baptiste senses his peril, returns over to the table where his people work on their cleaning their broken down rifles.

Annoyed, Edward tosses his nail clipper down, gets up and heads to the door. He pauses on the way, looks at Baptiste.

BAPTISTE (cont'd)

Attention.

The Old Guard members rise at once.

EDWARD

There will be killing tonight. Anyone not now prepared to kill, prepare now to die. One way or another.

He uses his knife to indicate an external threat, then points to himself. He looks to Baptiste.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Stand by for my signal.

Edward leaves.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - EVENING

Vikram stands at the bow as far out as he can go, looking at the blue sky as it deepens. He turns his attention to the water, twenty storeys below.

EDWARD

I've been looking all over for you.

Vikram doesn't seem to hear him. He's too lost in the vista...and a little too close to the edge.

Slowly, Edward steps up behind him and touches his shoulder. Vikram blinks, his reverie broken. He turns to face Edward.

He notices Edward is in his kit. He lays a hand on his chest.

VIKRAM

Are you expecting trouble?

EDWARD

Aren't you?

VIKRAM

Always.

They kiss, Vikram unaffectedly passionate for once. Then he pushes Edward away, just slightly.

EDWARD

What is it?

VIKRAM

Why did you bring her here?

EDWARD

I thought it would make you happy.

Vikram takes a half step back, his eyes watering.

VIKRAM

I thought you understood. After she escaped, I was ready to...ready to... let her go.

Edward sighs. He pulls Vikram towards him.

EDWARD

You want me to give her back? Say the word and I'll see it done.

VIKRAM

No.

EDWARD

What can I do to make it better?

VIKRAM

Tell me you love me.

Edward pulls back, stares at him, considers this poisoned fruit.

EDWARD

Why? Because you feel guilty? Because you're lonely? Or is it all just a distraction for you?

Vikram shoves him back with one hand. He places another over his own temple.

VIKRAM

Do you have any idea what it's like? It never stops. Every memory is perfect. Everything I've done since I was two years old. I remember my sister's first words. I remember the smell of my father's blackened body when they pulled him out. I remember my mother's eyes as she lay dying. I did that. And I will live with that every moment of every day until I die. It's not a metaphor, it's a fact.

EDWARD

Vikram.

VIKRAM

I'm a monster, Edward. You're just a man. You should get away while you still have the chance.

Edward cuts him off with a hard kiss.

EDWARD

I know how to make it stop.

He hooks his leg around Vikram's and sends him down on his back. Before Vikram can get his breath back, Edward's on top of him. Vikram turns his head, trying to catch his breath.

Edward catches his chin, forces his head back.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Look at me. Keep looking at me.

Vikram does. Edward kisses him again.

INT. CORRIDOR - OBSERVATION PORT - EVENING

Rachel watches the proceedings. She lingers for a moment, noting several pieces of clothing being shed, then heads back to her cabin.

EXT. SHELL TOWN - BOX ROW - EVENING

Sergei lingers in the shadow, waiting for several people to pass by his hiding place. They run, WHOOPING joyfully, towards the huge fire still burning where his last barracks recently stood.

Once they pass, he ducks out, and crosses the dirty lane in one stride. He passes the first four of the large box container shelters, and stops at the fifth.

He scales the back of it, and climbs as quietly as he can on to the roof.

EXT. LUCRETIA'S CONTAINER - EVENING

Natalie sits out front, armed with a shotgun. Her hearing muffled by the distant ROAR, she doesn't see or hear Sergei until he drops down on top of her.

She goes down on her back. He straddles her before she can find her feet.

She gets one shot off before he rips the shotgun out of her hand. He doesn't trouble to shoot her, but instead brings the butt of it down in a brutal blow to the head.

Blood spatters Sergei's face. Natalie twitches, still conscious. He bludgeons her again, then searches her pockets for more shells.

He rises, loads the gun, and makes his way into the container.

INT. LUCRETIA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Lucretia sits at a dented vanity, applying lipstick in an idle way. The mirror faces the opposite wall, and therefore doesn't pick Sergei up as he creeps closer.

Lucretia notices the sound of FOOTSTEPS, but doesn't look up.

LUCRETIA

Be a love and tell the old lady
there's more petrol if she wants it.

Sergei cocks the rifle. Startled, Lucretia looks up.

SERGEI

I'll keep that in mind.

A beat. She tries to make a break for it, but Sergei's too fast for her.

She pulls down the vanity to block him. The glass SMASHES but he mounts the bed and comes down on the other side, now between Lucretia and the exit.

She tries for it, but her wound slows her. Sergei body slams her, then pins her back against the wall with the long gun over her throat. She tries to shove it, can't budge it.

For a moment they struggle. Then she surrenders. Sergei pulls back. He hefts the shotgun, aims it at her.

SERGEI (cont'd)

Clever girl. Was that your idea or Miryam's?

LUCRETIA

I just helped. Good cause.

SERGEI

You never struck me as the pious type, *Lucrezia*.

LUCRETIA

Just do it.

She stares down the barrel, lip quivering, but her spine straight.

He hesitates for a beat. Then a longer one. Then lowers the gun. She stares at him as he opens it and dumps the two shells, then tosses the thing on the ground.

SERGEI

Why?

LUCRETIA

What?

SERGEI

Everything was so good between us.

LUCRETIA
You're serious.

SERGEI
Okay. I shouldn't have cut you. But I
was angry.

LUCRETIA
That's the least of it, you bastard.

What is she referring to? He has to think about it for a
moment.

SERGEI
That?

She glares at him, colouring.

SERGEI (cont'd)
I told you I would make it up to you.

She is lost for words.

SERGEI (cont'd)
What would you like?

LUCRETIA
Let me go.

SERGEI
Except for that.

He stares intently at her, dead-eyed, already looking at a
corpse. She sees it in his eyes.

Lucretia casts around, not sure what to do. She passes her
hand over her mouth to cover a grimace. Then she looks at
Sergei.

She walks right up to him, a little stiffly, but still
confident. She presses her mouth to his, surprising him. He
recovers quickly, returning the kiss with passion.

The sound of RIOTERS UPSTAIRS MAKING NOISE distracts him,
but Lucretia turns his head back and kisses him harder. He
gives in completely, caught up in her.

She shoves the gun off the bed, where it clatters on the
floor, then pulls him down with her.

SERGEI (cont'd)
Do want me to be gentle this time?

LUCRETIA

Close your eyes.

She pulls him down for another whopper of a kiss -- a full helping of tongue.

As this sustained kiss goes on, **something odd begins to happen**: a tiny black drip makes its way from the corner of Lucretia's mouth down her cheek.

Sergei doesn't notice -- he's too lost in her. He slides her skirt up with one hand.

INT. RACHEL'S CABIN - DUSK

Rachel sits before her computer console, hands folded in her lap, eyes half mast as she mentally ticks down the seconds.

EXT. THE CROWN - DUSK

Major Ortiz oversees the loading of ten Marines into the transport chopper, which has been spray painted with black to cut the reflection of smooth green metal finish.

Commander Schick stands ready. He signals to Ortiz. Ortiz looks out at the wicked, poisonous sunset as she lifts the radio to her mouth.

ORTIZ

We're ready.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - DUSK

Delaware and his crew are all suited up and ready.

INT. PATROL BOAT - DUSK

Delaware walks down to the cockpit, where French waits by the helm. He steps aside for his captain. Delaware look out at the darkening sky.

The lights come up on the ship.

DELAWARE

(into the radio)

Start your engines.

INT. CHOPPER - DUSK

Ortiz gets into the passenger side, and straps in. She looks around the back -- all of the Marines strap themselves in securely.

Across from them, the attack chopper, the Shrike, also starts its rotors. The other pilot thumbs up through the window.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTER'S - NIGHT

Edward and Vikram go at it with sweaty abandon. Both of them are upright on their knees, and Edward gives it to Vikram with enough force to evoke whimpers.

INT. RACHEL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Rachel's eyes fly open. She reaches out and begins to type.

EXT. MORTAR BANK - NIGHT

TINY CLICKS sound along the banks, and the two mortar rockets light up with LEDs.

INT. LUCRETIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's grown dark. Sergei still hasn't noticed the blackness staining Lucretia's lips. Now it stains his own. He reaches down like he's going to put himself inside her.

LUCRETIA

No.

SERGEI

What?

He pulls back from her -- realizes there's something wrong with her face. He reaches over, pulls the cord on her bedside lamp.

It reveals her face -- her eyes have gone blood dark, and her mouth and teeth are stained with black. He draws back, shocked.

SERGEI (cont'd)

What did you do?

He touches his mouth, realizes that the black stuff is on it, too.

SERGEI (cont'd)
You fucking bitch!

He moves to strike her, but her ghastly smile has fixed itself. She's dead.

He stands upright...then sways a little, clearly dizzy. He looks out the little window at the ocean -- and staggers as fast as he can for the door.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Edward lays his forearm over Vikram's throat, pulling back him back towards himself. They both climax at the same time, collapsing next to each other.

They pant for breath. There is a sudden MECHANICAL THUNK that shakes the whole ship.

Vikram sits bolt upright.

VIKRAM
What was that?

Edward moves quickly, and begins to dress. He tosses Vikram his clothes.

EDWARD
Can't you find out?

Vikram begins to sketch in the air. The weapons screen shows nothing, no access, no changes.

VIKRAM
Why won't it show me?

INT. RACHEL'S CABIN

Rachel completes her typing -- almost.

INSERT: The mortar turret rotates 180.

She opens another screen entirely.

INSERT: A printer dialogue - 3D PRINTER: PRINT MSTRKY.3D

INT. 3D PRINTER LAB - NIGHT

One of the 3D printers flickers to life, and makes a friendly BEEP.

INT. RACHEL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Rachel taps through the options until she gets to a protocol entitled OVRDKY.

ON SCREEN: It prompts for a password, under the user name "CPT.D.JAS. FORD. She types in the password.

She takes a deep breath, presses the Y key, then bolts out the door.

INT. 3D PRINTER LAB - NIGHT

The printer begins to work, forming a needle fine outline of some kind of key.

EXT. MORTAR BANK - NIGHT

The two mortars SCREAM INTO THE AIR, one after the other, firing in broad arcs due south -- away from land.

INT. TRANSPORT CHOPPER - NIGHT

Ortiz sees the falling mortars, and signals: go.

EXT. CHOPPERS - NIGHT

The choppers both go over the dam noses down, into the narrow gullet of the mountain.

INT. PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

Delaware guns the engine, sending the boat forward towards the Walsh at full speed.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rachel pelts full speed, bowling over a couple of Old Guard on their patrol.

INT. 3D PRINTER LAB - NIGHT

Rachel ducks into the lab. Under the dim light, a perfectly formed key in thick day glow orange plastic waits. She snatches it, pockets it and heads out.

EXT. STRAND - NIGHT

Sergei runs headlong towards the sea -- he falls forward, just close enough to catch the surf.

He puts his head down and drinks the seawater, as much of it as he can manage -- swishes his mouth out, then spits, then drinks more.

Clutching his stomach, he rolls over and vomits black bile. He watches the mortars explode out to sea through dimming eyes, then he collapses, unconscious.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Vikram walks along with Edward as they pound down the corridor.

VIKRAM

I don't understand. How did she do it? It's infallible.

EDWARD

Doesn't seem like it, does it?

VIKRAM

You don't understand. I've been through every --

He stops dead.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

Did you help her?

Edward grabs him.

EDWARD

You're really asking me again?

Vikram, livid, stares at him. They're both suddenly distracted by sound of CHOPPER BLADES, coming from outside.

EDWARD (cont'd)

I don't have time for this.

He splits off from Vikram, heading down towards the common area. Vikram kicks the wall, then runs in the opposite direction. He gestures to the NCOM as he goes.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rachel throws herself into the darkened bridge and pulls the door shut. She hunkers down, but still manages to get a glimpse outside.

INT. TRANSPORT CHOPPER - NIGHT

The chopper soars over the ship, circling.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Baptiste stands at Edward's elbow.

BAPTISTE
Shouldn't we fire on them?

EDWARD
They'll cut us down with that machine gun. Get into the corridors, spread out, find whatever cover you can. Don't stay in one place for too long.

They rush to obey. Edward grabs Baptiste, and another soldier, MARJANE (25).

EDWARD (cont'd)
The two of you with me.

He plunges headlong into the maze of the ship's internals.

EXT. THE WALSH - STERN - NIGHT

Grappling hooks appear over the rail.

EXT. THE WALSH - HULL - NIGHT

Delaware, Kurosawa, and Wailea make their way up with guided winches.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

The transport chopper, covered by the Shrike, descends on to the deck. A few half-hearted bursts emit from the deck entrances.

The Marines pour out of the chopper, take up positions and answer the fire.

Schick flips on his flood light, bathing the Guard's cover in exposing light.

The Marines advance while the Shrike covers them, flying low.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The four Guard all but trip over each other as they retreat further into the cover of the ship.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rachel peeks out over the console, avoiding the light that floods in from the chopper. She covers her eyes, follows the progress of the Marines as they move into covered positions.

Behind her, the heavy door opens with a BANG. Vikram steps in, snaps his fingers, causing a CLANK as the entrances, including the external ones with windows, lock down.

Blast shields roll down over the windows.

Rachel scrambles to her feet, but not before Vikram launches himself at her. He grabs her by her shoulders and bounces her off the console.

She's equal to that. He's not physically powerful as Sergei or Edward. She gets a boot on his chest and kicks him square across the bridge. He hits the bulkhead.

Winded, he can't get his feet under him fast enough. Rachel, calmly, goes around the captain's console, and delivers a kick to his ribs that causes him to curl up in pain.

Vikram rolls on his back. Rachel leans down and yanks the dynamic splint off Vikram's broken fingers.

He winces in pain and pulls in his left hand before she can stomp on it.

RACHEL

It's a real testament to my blind affection for you that I never really considered the reason you surrounded yourself with bigger, stronger men.

VIKRAM

Figured it out, have you?

Rachel bends down and looks him in the eye.

RACHEL

Because you're weak. Too weak to fight, too weak to take what you want. Too weak to survive in a world you don't control.

VIKRAM

You're not wrong.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Delaware and his two River members make their way down one of the corridors, cradling their assault rifles. They halt at a corner.

Wailea flings a smoke grenade down the hallway. A RATTLE OF GUNFIRE sounds, but it goes wild, punching holes into the bulkhead.

Kurosawa, the smallest, gets down on her stomach, and peaks around the corner. Two Old Guard cough, unable to shoot straight. She takes careful aim, and fires once, twice, dropping both.

The team continues, covering their faces as they plow through the corridor.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Edward leads his two down the corridor. He pauses, sniffs the air - smells the smoke. He turns around and goes the other way.

Delaware and Kurosawa come to another corridor. He sends Wailea the other way.

DELAWARE

(under his breath)

Get ready to draw them off. We'll hit them from the back.

In that instant, Edward ducks out the opposite way, and catches Wailea in the open. The two of them open fire on each other, but Edward gets the draw.

He puts several shots in Wailea's torso and leg. Most of the fire is slowed by Wailea's kevlar, but a shot to the leg downs him.

Edward walks over to him, nudges his rifle away, pulls his sidearm, and presses it against his cheek.

EDWARD

Do you feel lucky?

Wailea looks up at him.

WAILEA

Do it, haolie motherfucker.

Edward smiles, he beckons his people, walks over Wailea's prone body, and heads down the hall.

Around the corner, Delaware and Kurosawa wait, poised. After a beat, he pokes his head around and sees that it's empty. Then he sees the blood pooling past the far corner.

They head that way, see Wailea wedged between the walls on the floor.

Wailea sees them. Kurosawa moves forward to get him.

WAILEA (cont'd)

No! Get away!

Delaware yanks Kurosawa out of the way just in time to miss a hail of bullets from Edward and his seconds.

EDWARD

Come on, Delaware. Your mate's still got a chance. Are you really going to let him bleed out?

DELAWARE

Motherfucker.

WAILEA

(in Hawaiian,
untranslated)

Give me some fire.

Delaware looks at Kurosawa.

KUROSAWA
How much ammunition do you have?

INT. CORRIDOR - CORNER - NIGHT

An assault rifle slides down the floor towards Wailea. Before Edward can fire on him, Wailea jerks the trigger and sends a hurricane of automatic fire down the corridor.

Edward gets clipped in the cheek, but manages to out of the way. Marjane goes down with a scream, shot in five places. Baptiste also gets out of the way without taking a hit.

Delaware and Kurosawa advance down the corridor and press their advantage towards the blind corner.

Baptiste raises his weapon, but Edward jerks him by the shoulder.

EDWARD
You go that way.

Baptiste moves off. Edward heads the opposite way. Halfway down the hall, GUNFIRE and a SCREAM meets his ears. He picks up his pace.

At the end of the hall, he hits a T-- one side says bridge -- he heads the opposite way.

Delaware and Kurosawa turn down the T, and head towards the bridge.

Wailea remains behind, along with several additional clips of ammunition. He pulls out a morphine needle and jabs his leg with it.

Another set of Old Guard come around the corner. He cuts them down.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Edward, now wielding his pistol, slips down the corridor, keeping close to the wall. He crosses a partly open door labeled 3D LAB. He stops, nudges the door.

Inside, he sees the printer, lit up, the display showing a diagram of its last print - the OVRDRVKY, and its silhouette.

He pauses. He realizes -- just as the machine powers down. He jabs a few keys, but there's no response.

He turns around, then pelts full-tilt down the hallway the direction he came.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rachel and Vikram continue to stare each other down. He sits upright now, hand over his battered ribs.

VIKRAM

What did you hope to accomplish by coming here? They have no chance of getting through.

RACHEL

You're going to let them in.

VIKRAM

I am?

He laughs, then winces. Rachel glances through the window door, looks on with approval as the Marines make their way into the ship's interior. Muffled GUNFIRE is audible.

RACHEL

This is their home. They'll die to defend it. Your people have other options.

Vikram looks at her dolefully. She bends down to look at them.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Stand them down. Send them home to their families.

Vikram blinks. Looks as though he's seriously considering it.

There's a BANGING on the interior door.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Open it.

A long beat. Vikram sighs. With his left hand, slowly, he tells the NCOM to unlock the door.

Edward charges in. Rachel, totally unprepared, is unable to defend herself when he seizes her by the throat, lifts her and slams her against the console.

He bares his teeth, eyes wide and crazed as he bears down on her.

EDWARD

Where is it?

Unable to speak with her throat obstructed, she struggles. He gives her a shake.

VIKRAM

Get your hands off her.

Vikram launches himself at Edward's back, sending him off balance enough for Rachel to deliver a knee to Edward's solar plexus. He buckles.

She slips out from under his grasp. Edward, bent over, still has the presence of mind to draw his knife.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

Edward.

EDWARD

(to Rachel)

We had a deal. Give me the key.

VIKRAM

What key?

EDWARD

The override key she printed.

RACHEL

After he helped me clone the system.

Vikram, shaking with rage, and stares at Edward.

VIKRAM

You fucking traitor.

Edward turns to him and delivers a vicious backhand blow that sends Vikram to his knees. Edward turns back to Rachel, raising the knife.

EDWARD

We both know how this ends if we leave him in charge, Rachel.

RACHEL

Really? That's your negotiating position?

A banging comes from the outside door, turning all of their heads.

EXT. OUTDOOR BRIDGE ENTRY - PRE-DAWN

Delaware slams his fist against the door, uselessly.

KUROSAWA
Can't we blast through somehow?

DELAWARE
Nothing big enough.

FRENCH
Schick blasted it plenty. Might be
some kind of weakness.

Delaware grabs the top frame of the door and heaves himself up over it. He climbs on to the roof of the bridge and steps across it.

INT. BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

Inside, they hear the STOMPING of Delaware's boots.

EDWARD
What in the fucking hell is he doing?

Rachel ducks past him and goes to Vikram, who sits propped up against the wall.

RACHEL
(in Hindi)
Unlock the emergency hatch. Please.

VIKRAM
No.

RACHEL
Please.

He shakes his head. Rachel turns to Edward. He leans cross-armed against the console. Vikram rises painfully, and goes to look out the windows.

The remaining Old Guard walk out on to the tarmac, hands behind their heads.

Rachel stands, defiant.

RACHEL (cont'd)
It's done, Vikram.

Edward, rage suffusing his expression, kicks a chair aside, strides over to Rachel's, wraps his arm around her so his knife edge rests against her throat. She stiffens.

EDWARD
For the last time.

VIKRAM
Rachel...

Rachel says nothing. Edward turns her to face him.

EDWARD
I don't want to have to search your
dead body.

He nicks her cheekbone. She turns her head away, grimacing in pain, but still silent.

VIKRAM
Edward, stop it. I'll give you
access. I'll make things equal
between us.

EDWARD
(to Rachel)
Poor lamb. He thinks we can be
equals.

He levels the knife against Rachel's throat.

EDWARD (cont'd)
(breathing into her
ear)
Are you ready?

Before he can strike, Vikram tackles him, reaching with broken fingers to try and wrest the knife from his hand.

Edward overpowers him, turns him around and pins him. They stare at each other, nose to nose. Vikram gasps in sudden pain.

Edward's knife goes deeper into Vikram's side. Edward then tears it out, his face blank with rage.

Rachel makes an anguished sound. Edward gets out of the way as she goes to her brother, laying her hand over the wound.

VIKRAM

Rachel.

He touches her hair with his broken fingers.

RACHEL

No.

VIKRAM

(whispered)

Don't. I earned this.

There's a THUMP from overhead. Rachel blinks. Then she slips the splint over Vikram's broken fingers, unseen by Edward.

RACHEL

(whispers)

Please.

Another THUMP. Footsteps on the roof.

Edward looks up. He sees the Emergency Hatch above him. It dawns on him --

He charges towards Rachel, raising the knife to plunge it into her back. Vikram, seeing this, twitches his fingers.

The Emergency Hatch opens. Delaware drops straight down and lands on his feet before Edward.

Edward is momentarily stunned. Then he recovers, slashing at Delaware. Delaware arches back to avoid the cut, but it catches him across the shoulder.

Edward comes on. He's too close. Delaware hemmed in, unable to draw his pistol or go for his own knife.

Rachel, seeing her opportunity, snatches Delaware's boot knife and catches Edward across the forearm. Hissing with pain and rage, he draws back a pace.

Rachel steps in front of Delaware, holding the knife out, pointing it at Edward's face.

DELAWARE

(To Rachel)

Where is it?

Rachel reaches behind her, and pulls the key from under her hair. She slips it into Delaware's hand. They both stand, tense, waiting for Edward to move.

Finally Edward loses patience. Rachel ducks under his cut and drives her heel into his foot. He goes off balance just long enough for Delaware to take his chance.

He goes to the console, slides the key into it, turns it.

The whole ship flickers, lights, displays -- There's a split second of vertigo as the turbines holding the ship in place against the current pause.

Delaware lays his palm over a reader, and the system reactivates.

Rachel takes advantage of the tiny interruption. She body checks Edward into the bulkhead. He's knocked off his feet, and slides down.

She stomps hard on his forearm.

He SCREAMS with pain as the bones fracture. She picks up his knife and stands over him.

The doors open, and Kurosawa, French, Ortiz and the Marines flood into the bridge. Delaware immediately takes charge.

He indicates Vikram.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
Get him to medical bay. Stop his
bleeding.

The Marines obey. Edward follows with his eyes.

KUROSAWA
What about that one?

She indicates Edward. Delaware looks to Rachel, who still doesn't appear to have made up her mind.

DELAWARE
Rachel?

Rachel steps back. She hands the knives to Delaware. She kisses him.

RACHEL
I need to go.

DELAWARE
I know.

She leaves, following the Marines carrying her wounded brother. He turns his attention to Edward.

INT. BRIG - ISOLATION - DAWN

Edward, hogtied, is tossed on to the floor of the small isolation cell to wait the captain's pleasure.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - DAWN

Rachel, masked and dressed in surgical garb, enters the operating room. Vikram lies on the table, connected to an IV, under a sheet that's bleeding through.

His eyes, though dimmed, follow Rachel as she approaches, holding her gloved hands away from herself.

One of the Marine medics slides a needle into the back of Vikram's hand. Rachel watches his eyes as they close.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. MARKET DISTRICT - DAY

Sergei opens his eyes, clearly still dazed from his adventure. He lies on the ground, staring up into the sky. He realizes that there are people surrounding him.

MIRYAM O.S.

You, you. Take both arms.

Sergei groans as he's lifted, borne away. Miryam comes into dim focus, then out again as Sergei's world darkens.

He wakes again, but now he's bound -- though rather oddly. His arms are spread on either side of him, tied with coarse rope to a long beam. He's shirtless.

Weakly, he tries tugging his arm out of the rope, but to no avail.

Then it hits him. He becomes fully alert, and struggle to free himself.

It's no good. He's securely tied to the cross beam. He tries to curl upwards, to see what's around him, and takes in the sight of a hundred people all gazing up at him.

At their head, Miryam and her band of terrorists stand, victorious and proud.

MIRYAM

There you are, Commander. I was afraid you'd never wake up.

Sergei stares. His nostrils flare.

 SERGEI

 (voice shaking)

 You fucking...you -- all of you. I'm
going to eat your hearts. I'm going
to feed you your own entrails. I'm --

He SCREAMS as one of the Revelationists drives a thick, twisted nail into his wrist, pinning it to the wood.

 MIRYAM

 You were saying?

Panting and blowing like a bull, his eyes wide and red, Sergei directs his attention to Miryam.

 SERGEI

 You. I'm going rip your fucking eye
out and rape your skull through the
socket.

He SCREAMS again as the nail goes through his other wrist.

 SERGEI (cont'd)

I'm -- I swear to Christ I --

Nails go into his feet. He subsides in incoherent grunting and hyperventilating.

Miryam goes to stand over him.

 MIRYAM

 Do you believe that Christ forgives
all, Sergei Vetrov?

Sergei just stares at her, rage personified.

 MIRYAM (cont'd)

 Repent. Repent your crimes, and I'll
hasten you to your reward.

 SERGEI

 Come closer.

Miryam edges slightly closer. Sergei spits in her face. Miryam maintains his dignity. He rises, wipes her face, then signals to one of her followers.

The follower draws a short knife. Working quickly, he draws thin lines across Sergei's body. Sergei pants in pain, chest heaving.

SERGEI (cont'd)
 (voice breaking)
 W-what are you doing?

Then he sees, gathered not too far away, a small committee of Griffon vultures. His eyes widen.

 SERGEI (cont'd)
 Stop.

He twists and groans as the follower applies incisions across his face, his chest, and one deeper cut down his belly.

 MIRYAM
 That's enough.

The follower steps back, then joins his fellows to help lift the cross into a hole dug for the purpose. Sergei SCREAMS as the nails tear into his wrists, his feet.

The SCREAM hits a higher pitch as the vertical beam drops into the hole.

The jolt causes Sergei's stomach wound to open, and shows a glimpse of his bowels. His SCREAM chokes off into a growl of agony.

The people watch, their faces hard, their grim satisfaction evident. One of the vultures lights on one end of the cross beam. Then another. Then a lammergeier appears.

The birds have trouble finding purchase for this unusual setting. At first they're put off by Sergei's screaming. He's unable to sustain it, and subsides into whimpering.

The Griffon vultures peck at his arms, trying to open the red seam. Then the Lammergeier, bolder than the rest, sinks claws into the wood beam, and flaps its wings to stay in place.

Another joins it. Sergei's SCREAMS renew themselves as they rip into him. Vultures cover him.

The SCREAMING echos over the assembly, and bounces off the steep mountainside.

INT. BRIG - ISOLATION - DAY

Rachel, still wearing her scrubs and stained with no little amount of blood, approaches the cell where Edward lies on the bunk, now untied.

He is silent as he watches her walk in. He looks up malevolently.

RACHEL
Vikram's going to live. He'll
experience constant pain, and severe
nerve damage, but he'll survive.

EDWARD
Bully for Vikram.

RACHEL
He's recovering now.

Edward wants to say something cruel, but instead, he rises from the bunk and goes to the bars.

EDWARD
Am I supposed to celebrate, or
lament?

RACHEL
You tell me.

He sighs, and leans against the bars.

EDWARD
What do you want, Rachel?

RACHEL
I want to know the truth.

He gazes at her, then nods for her to continue.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Do you love him?

Edward stares bleakly into space.

EDWARD
Yes.

She scrutinizes him.

RACHEL
Thank you for being honest with me.

EDWARD
Why does it matter?

RACHEL
Because you tried. Even though I
warned you.

(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)

If it was up to me, maybe I'd let you live out your days in this room, because I admire your contradictions. I know you came by them honestly.

Edward curls his fingers around the bars, and looks down at her coldly.

EDWARD

Something in him is missing, but you have it. Why is that?

RACHEL

Maybe it's because I'm the youngest. Did you have siblings?

EDWARD

No.

Rachel looks down at her feet, and then up at Edward.

RACHEL

Recent trespasses aside, I owe you a favour. You may have saved my life, that day at King's Cross. I was stubborn, but you insisted on helping me. Recent trespasses considered, I choose the conditions of that favour.

Edward blinks. Then he grins, realizing.

EDWARD

You want me to choose my own method of execution

He laughs.

EDWARD (cont'd)

You and Vikram, you are still each other, aren't you. Captain Ford won't stay cuntstruck forever. Eventually he'll see the real you.

RACHEL

It was his idea. My other plan was to to use your body to practice some advanced surgical techniques.

EDWARD

Did you plan on killing me first?

She shrugs. He grins a jack-o-lantern grin, then resumes his place on the bunk.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I want to think on it. Come back in
an hour.

Rachel nods, satisfied, and turns to leave.

EDWARD (cont'd)
Rachel.

She pauses, looks back.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I don't care what state he's in. Make
sure he's there to watch. I want him
to remember.

EXT. MARKET DISTRICT - NIGHT

It's still. The crowd has departed, and Sergei is alone,
hanging still, the ropes holding him in place.

He's a mess -- his wrists are ragged from the thick nails.
He's covered in cuts, gouges from sharp beaks and talons.

His guts are visible in the now-ragged slice up his belly.
His vitality has mostly bled away, and now he's almost as
pale as his hair. He appears to be dead.

The sounds of FEET ON GRAVEL rouses him. He's alive, but
barely. He's bleeding at the mouth. His breathing is
laboured.

SERGEI
(hoarse)
Who's there?

Even the speaking the words hurts him, but he forces himself
to raise his head.

Suddenly the form of Rachel comes clear in the darkness.
She's well scrubbed, healthy looking, her hair tied back.
She looks up at him, serene.

SERGEI (cont'd)
Rakhila.

Rachel walks forward, right to the foot of the cross. She
smiles up at him, radiant with victory.

RACHEL
I couldn't leave without saying
goodbye.

He smiles, wistfully.

SERGEI

Come to have the last word.

RACHEL

You know me. I'll give you that much.

SERGEI

Kill me. Please. It's what you want.

She tilts her head. She reaches up and touches his calf.

He winces, shies slightly, as she strokes the well developed muscle, like stroking the flank of a fine horse. It's not sensual -- it's humiliation.

RACHEL

Even if I could.

SERGEI

What do you mean, even if.

She smiles again. Then she raises her hand, palm out. A little mirror chrome plated drone appears in it. It hovers there, just above her palm.

Sergei frowns at it, not sure what he's seeing.

RACHEL

It carries a remote NCOM signal. I built it myself, last night. I thought this would be the perfect way to test it. I wanted to see you for myself.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rachel sits alone in the dark, in a chair, eyes closed, absolutely still. Strands of gentle light pulse around her.

EXT. MARKET DISTRICT - NIGHT

Suddenly, she flickers, then reappears at Sergei's side, standing in mid air. He twitches in surprise, then hisses in pain from the small exertion.

RACHEL

Tell me. Can you feel this?

She draws her fingers up along the open wound in his stomach, **then presses one into it.**

His SCREAM is muffled through his bloody, gritted teeth. Every muscle in body strains in agony.

Rachel shows him her fingertips, totally free of blood.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I'm hundreds of miles away by now. So
I'm afraid I can't kill you, Sergei.
Only torture you.

Panting, he rolls his head over his shoulder to look at her.

SERGEI
You know that I loved you. That's why
I didn't slaughter your family years
ago.

RACHEL
You helped my brother do it, instead.

He wants to speak, but the pain halts him. She looks thoughtfully at him.

RACHEL (cont'd)
In other circumstances, perhaps
things might have gone differently
between us. I was ready to give up.
You might've helped. You've always
been so good at violence.

SERGEI
Never. Not you.

She puts a hand to his mouth. The touch is so real he reacts to it, his expression melting as she lets that touch drift over his chest.

RACHEL
While you might feel all the symptoms
of unrequited love, the fact is,
you're hollow inside. You're a junkie
who's addicted to death. You've never
once denied yourself. Not once.

SERGEI
Then why are you still alive?

RACHEL

I asked myself that, after I left you.

He stares at her, eyes filling with tears of shame for the first and last time in his life. He's in too much pain to sob, but this hurt is somehow worse.

Rachel looks intently at him, feeding on his anguish. This is why she's come. She guides his head up. The artificial sense of her touch is enough to lift his chin.

He gazes at her, helpless. She palms his face in both hands kisses him deeply, with what looks like real passion.

His body tenses again. He whimpers from the pain, but he gives over completely. This is the only real human connection he's ever felt -- and she's not even really here.

She pulls back, and smiles brightly, patting his cheek.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Well, I should be going. Take care of yourself.

She gives him a peck on his cheek, right on the jagged scar she she gave him, then reappears on the ground. She turns away.

SERGEI

Rachel.

She pauses, looks at him inquiringly. The moment of humanity is gone. Sergei is again as he always was -- a black hole.

SERGEI (cont'd)

You're right. I should have killed your family and raped you in their blood. I should have made Vikram watch while I used you. Then made you watch me joint him like slaughtered meat.

Contemptuously, he spits blood through his teeth. Rachel cocks her head, not perturbed by this in the least.

A long beat.

RACHEL

Well. I've heard that forgiveness is the release of all hope for a better past. So you should try to get over it.

She opens her palm again. The little drone flies to her side. With a smile, and a small mocking wave, she disappears, leaving the drone behind.

He looks out into the darkness. His head drops. He weeps pathetically, tears dripping off his face, blood leaking from his mouth.

The little NCOM drone zips away up into the sky.

INT. THE WALSH - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rachel's eyes open, the NCOM strands fading away. She smiles with cold satisfaction.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAWN

Six Marines, Kurosawa, and French stand together in their dress uniforms in a neat line. They all hold old bolt-action rifles.

Wailea, on crutches, also in his dress uniform, stands behind the line.

The entire remaining complement of Marines stands at attention. Ortiz also wears her dress uniform. Delaware is in his captain's blues. Rachel stands next to him.

Off to the side, grey faced and in a wheelchair flanked by Marines, Vikram looks on. An IV remains attached to the wheelchair, and his eyes are glazed, but open.

They follow the figure of Edward, hair cut, face shaved, his beret in place, as he is walked by two Marines down to the boat's edge.

He wears his SAS uniform, pressed for the occasion, though none of his equipment or his kevlar. His hands are ziptied behind his back.

He walks calmly and stands before the firing line, looking coolly into the stony faces staring back at him.

WAILEA

Major Edward Yousef Blythe. You are guilty of acts of treason, of supplying arms to terrorists and war criminals, of betraying a standing alliance with the forces of the United States.

(MORE)

WAILEA (cont'd)
You have dishonoured yourself for
personal gain, and have dishonoured
the colours of the British Special
Air Service. Do you have any last
words?

Edward ponders for a moment, then smiles and shakes his head. The Marines step back from him, and he stands alone between the blue sea and the rifles.

He turns his eyes to Vikram. Vikram looks back at him steadily, his face pale, his expression wan and tired.

WAILEA (cont'd)
Ready!

The firing squad raises their M1s and cock them.

WAILEA (cont'd)
Aim!

Edward watches Vikram. Vikram swallows, but stares back, unblinking. Delaware and Rachel watch. Everyone watches.

WAILEA (cont'd)
Fire!

They fire, their shots clustering around Edward's centre of mass. He goes down like a ton of bricks, instantly dead. Blood spreads out from him. On his face, a hollow smile.

The firing squad returns to attention.

DELAWARE
At ease.

He turns to the Marines, and indicates Edward's body with one gloved hand.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
Get this off my deck.

He walks away. Rachel goes to follow, then pauses, looking at her brother.

Vikram stares at her with wide eyes rimmed with tears. Then, unable to stand it, he looks away, watching as the Marines bind sandbags to Edward's body, and carry him over to the edge.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIG - GENERAL POPULATION - DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Vikram (26) sits and works at a drafting table. He's aged considerably in a short space of time -- he's already going grey in the temples, and his neatly trimmed beard.

This part of the brig has been converted for his convenience into a living space, and is quite homey -- except for the bars. There are books piled on all the vacant bunks.

A Marine guards the door, vigilant. There is no sign of computer technology in the space.

Vikram works on a series of drawings detailing the angle of the earth's axis, and figures on the sea level relative to the sea floor.

He goes to the door, this with the aid of a cane that stabilizes at the arm. His gait is severely impaired by nerve damage.

VIKRAM

I'd like to go to the hangar deck,
please.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTER'S - DAY

The interior of the quarters has changed considerably. It now reflects Rachel as much, if not more than Delaware.

Here too there are a proliferation of books, but also simple things from the Kori home - tapestries, a dented copper tea kettle, some of the nicer antique furniture.

The sounds of GRUNTING is audible out in the main living area.

INT. CAPTAIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rachel and Delaware have vigorous sex on the edge of their bed, Delaware standing. Both of them wear wedding bands.

Rachel is more toned and more muscular than she was, and Delaware is more tan.

The room around them is, again, slightly different -- there are more photographs, including Rachel, Delaware and members of the River.

There are also a series of photographs from their ad hoc wedding.

INSERT: Delaware wears his dress whites, while Rachel wears a purple sundress.

INSERT: They exchange vows on the Mark 8 while Wailea officiates.

INSERT: A subsequent photo shows Delaware shoving Rachel off the boat into the tropical blue.

They give it a couple more hard thrusts, then both finish - loudly. Delaware falls down next to Rachel, panting and sweating.

DELAWARE

Fuck.

Rachel turns into him, and lays her head on his chest. He strokes her hair. Then looks at his watch.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

Time to get going, babe.

Rachel makes an indistinct sound of annoyance. Delaware lies there for a beat, then gets up and rummages through the closet.

Rachel closes her eyes like she's going to drift off to sleep, when a set of sweatpants land on her. Grumbling, she takes them and begins to dress.

RACHEL

You know this is stupid.

DELAWARE

It's not stupid to my crew, and they outnumber you.

RACHEL

As long as you know it's stupid.

DELAWARE

No free meals, kiddo.

Hopping on one foot as she pulls on her socks, Rachel goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Now wearing a "NAVY" t-shirt, Rachel combs her hair and pins it back.

Behind her on a hanger, khaki officer uniform two lieutenant stripes, and oak leaf and acorn Medical Corp insignia.

In spite of her words, she clearly does respect the uniform. she takes care to remove a piece of lint from it, and brushes her fingers off the sleeve.

On the name tape: KORI.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Rachel runs laps with a group of Marines and Navy crew. This former group has been seriously increased by the addition of approximately a hundred people.

They run around the edge of the aircraft carrier, compensating as it powers forward and rolls slightly.

Around them, groups of civilians -- citizens of the Crown who have elected to come with them -- eat lunch.

Every now and then, the group training stops to do push ups.

Vikram sits in the shade and watches as his sister does laps, his Marine guard standing sentry close by. She sees him, meets his eyes, then continues her training.

They finish their run, take a breather, then break up for individual training with the members of the River.

Rachel goes with Kurosawa to work on rifle training. She's better, but still misses more than she hits.

Vikram indicates to his guard that he wants to go to the edge. He looks down at it contemplatively.

Rachel heads over to Vikram. He looks her up and down.

VIKRAM
You look ridiculous.

Rachel, sweating profusely, shucks off the fatigue shirt.

RACHEL
At least I can walk in a straight line.

VIKRAM

Bitch.

RACHEL

Cripple.

VIKRAM

Are you like this with all your patients?

She crosses her arms and raises a brow.

RACHEL

What are you even doing out here? You hardly ever come outside.

VIKRAM

I've been working. Walk with me.

Rachel beckons to the Marine, who takes Vikram's crutch. Vikram slips his arm into Rachel's and walks with her, awkwardly.

VIKRAM (cont'd)

I want your husband to give me all the sounding depths going back to the day of the ARC.

RACHEL

You know no one is going to let you near the mainframe.

VIKRAM

Give me a dummy. Put it on a digital photo frame, it makes no difference to me. I just need to look at it.

RACHEL

Why?

Vikram smiles.

INT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Rachel stands on the other side of the console from where Delaware lounges in his chair. The other bridge crew members continue on, except for Wailea, who perks up.

RACHEL

He says the sea level might be going down.

DELAWARE

He thinks --

RACHEL

I believe him.

DELAWARE

I'm not giving him access to anything. Nothing. There's no chance.

Rachel steps around the console and leans against his arm. He stares off through the windows at the sea.

RACHEL

You don't need to. I'll process the figures, and I'll operate the NCOM manually.

Delaware purses his lips, then looks at her.

DELAWARE

With a fully armed guard.

She looks intently at him.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

You think I'm being paranoid?

She sighs.

RACHEL

No.

DELAWARE

Okay. We'll talk later. Get back to your post before I tell on you.

RACHEL

Tell who? I'm the highest ranking medical officer on board.

Delaware points, significantly, to himself. Rachel straightens, makes as though she's about to throw a salute, but gives him the finger instead, and leaves.

Delaware catches Wailea looking at him.

DELAWARE

What?

Slowly, Wailea raises a radio to his mouth and speaks into it.

WAILEA
Sixty-One.

FRENCH O.S.
(filtered)
Fuck!

KUROSAWA O.S.
(filtered)
I fucking told you.

DELAWARE
Explain, Commander.

WAILEA
Sixty-One court martials under
Article 89: Disrespect Toward a
Superior Commissioned Officer, sir.

DELAWARE
Are you...wagering on the number of
times my wife does something
obnoxious?

WAILEA
It's a mix of different variables,
since the Article 89 violation trend
is exponential until one of you dies,
or until she makes equal rank.

Delaware leans back in his chair.

DELAWARE
You realize in order to make this
work you and your little buddies are
obligated to exclude yourselves.

Wailea considers.

WAILEA
That's one way of looking at it.

DELAWARE
All right, kahuna. Go get the rest of
the River and flow on down to the
brig.

Wailea's face falls.

WAILEA
But Capn'...

DELAWARE
I have a job for you.

INT. VIKRAM'S CABIN - BRIG - EVENING

Vikram sits on his bunk while Rachel operates the NCOM with a laptop. Meanwhile, Wailea, Kurosawa and French stand before Vikram, cocked and loaded weapons aimed at him.

FRENCH
This is a really boring job.

KUROSAWA
For which we are overqualified.

WAILEA
Well, you feel free to register a complaint, I've taking my hiding for the day.

Vikram stands up, causing an unscheduled aim adjustment.

FRENCH
Hey now. No sudden moves.

Vikram turns his eyes to him.

VIKRAM
Are you afraid I'm going to physically overpower you, Lieutenant French?

FRENCH
You just keep under the speed limit.

Vikram grips the side of the bunk to steady himself, then moves close to his sister. Rachel pulls up the screen, showing a graph covering seven years.

Together, they stare at it. The line is incremental, but the trend only climbs. Towards the end, it increases rapidly.

Rachel and Vikram look at each other. The River, catching their excitement, also looks closer at it.

INT. BOARD ROOM - EVENING

The River, the other officers, Rachel and Delaware sit together in the Board Room. Vikram sits on the opposite from most of them, further away.

Except for his two Marine guards, he's isolated.

Delaware looks at Rachel, who operates a display showing the graph. She plays an animation that shows the slowly, but steadily sinking water level.

RACHEL

If the trend continues, the water level will be down 500 meters in the next six months. In another three months, maybe double that. High altitude urban settlements that were previously under water will begin to emerge. In time, cities in China, India, Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina will rise above the water.

Kurosawa raises her hand. Rachel nods to her.

KUROSAWA

This is him, isn't it?

Rachel opens her mouth to speak, but Vikram raises a hand.

VIKRAM

I started tracking the stars some months ago, and noticed a change in our orbit.

KUROSAWA

You say the earth's axis is recovering from the tilt. But what if you're lying?

RACHEL

Lieutenant Commander, we have the data. It's our data, my brother had nothing to do with it.

KUROSAWA

We have the sounding data, but what if the earth's axis isn't stable? How do we know it won't tilt the other way? And how do we know that he's
(she points to Vikram)
isn't deliberately misleading us?

DELAWARE

Sit down.

WAILEA

I agree. There's no reason he should be in this room right now. Any future decisions we make, any discussions about what chart we course should not include this man.

Rachel slams her hand down on the table, making a SMACK that startles everyone.

RACHEL

Commander Wailea, Vikram drew our attention to this change. I probably would have taken notice, but because he alerted me we have an opportunity to make decisions, instead of finding ourselves beached or trapped in a land depression. This is happening right now, and your feelings -- my feelings -- are immaterial.

WAILEA

Listen, sister --

Delaware shoves Wailea down in his chair. He stands up, and looks around at his crew.

DELAWARE

I respect your concerns. We will resume this discussion tomorrow. We will not do anything rash, nor will we make assumptions, nor will we take anything for granted. Is that understood?

He looks at the River, who continue to look resentful.

KUROSAWA

Yes, sir.

FRENCH

Yes, sir.

DELAWARE

(to Wailea)

I said, is that understood?

Wailea rises. He glances at Vikram, then back at his leader.

WAILEA

Yes, Captain.

DELAWARE

All right. I'll have briefs for you
in the morning. Dismissed.

They file out, except for the Marines guarding Vikram. He rises unsteadily, and grabs his cane-crutch from the wall. He moves slowly around the table and faces Delaware.

VIKRAM

Look at me, Captain. Do I look up to
plotting a coup to you?

DELAWARE

You look like roadkill to me, son.

Vikram stares up at Delaware. Then quirks his head, lip twisting into a sneer.

VIKRAM

Still not as bad as your little
brother looked after I put my boot
through his skull.

Delaware snaps. He grabs Vikram by the front of his shirt and lifts him bodily up against the wall. Rachel darts forward and puts a hand on Delaware's shoulder.

RACHEL

Let him down. He's impotent. Look at
him.

Delaware gives him a little shake, then drops him. Vikram crumples.

DELAWARE

(to the guards)
Take him back to his box.

Rachel stands, and stares as they sling his arms over their shoulders and carry him away.

Delaware touches Rachel's shoulder. She slides a hand over his.

RACHEL

He's baiting you. I think he's...
well.

DELAWARE

(sighs)
I know. I wish you wouldn't--

Rachel looks at him, silently pleading.

DELAWARE (cont'd)
Go. I don't think I killed him, but
you probably want to look him over.

She kisses him, hard and quick, then strides out.

INT. BRIG - NIGHT

Vikram lies on his bed, staring up into the bunk above him.
Rachel approaches the bars.

RACHEL
Did you really mutilate Hudson's
corpse?

Vikram glances at her. He shrugs.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Why?

VIKRAM
That's my modus operandi. I only
physically harm people who can't
fight back. I've been lying here
thinking that Sergei was the
authentic one. He never spoke a
hypocritical word in his life.

RACHEL
That's because hurting people got him
off and he wanted them to know it.

VIKRAM
I've been thinking about him lately.

Rachel signals to the Marines. They open the door for her.

RACHEL
He's dead. What's to think about?

She sighs. Then looks at him.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Let's go for a walk.

He looks at her balefully.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Just a short one.

INT. HANGAR DECK - NIGHT

A strong wind kicks up. Rain spits from the sky as storm clouds gather. Vikram and Rachel walk past the gently HUMMING MCAS farms.

They go and stand by the aircraft elevator, which is raised above them, revealing the massive ingress, and the ocean beyond.

The Marines remain ten yards away.

THUNDER rumbles, lightning flashes in the distance.

VIKRAM

Has your captain decided on a course?

RACHEL

We're discussing it.

VIKRAM

I know you don't want my advice, but if you decide to sail anywhere, go to South America.

RACHEL

Any particular reason?

VIKRAM

No. Just don't go back to Himalaya. Promise me you won't.

RACHEL

Why not? We could still --

VIKRAM

Rachel. Please promise me. Don't try to be Noah's ark. Don't get sucked into a war with fanatics just to save a few innocents.

RACHEL

Is that what you tell yourself you tried to do?

Vikram limps out to the edge. He looks out at the horizon where the lightning flashes. The THUNDER rumbles again.

VIKRAM

It's beautiful.

RACHEL

I know.

VIKRAM

For what it's worth, I wish I was sorry. But I'm not. The only thing I regret is losing mother and father. And you.

RACHEL

I'm right here, Vikram.

He cups her cheek in one hand, then, though it pains him, leans forward and kisses her forehead.

Then, she realizes what he's about to do.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Vikram, don't.

It's too late. He smiles on her as he takes a step backwards, and **disappears over the side.**

Stunned, Rachel freezes. Then she looks over the side, but there's nothing -- just a splash that disappears in the wake.

The Marines, alerted, jog to her side. One of them pulls her away. The other speaks into his radio, calmly.

MARINE

Man overboard, port side, flight deck. I repeat, the prisoner has gone overboard.

Rachel, in shock, stares into the dark water, her view obscured by sheets of rain.

She stands, held firmly by the shoulders by the Marine until Delaware appears, and folds her into his arms.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Rachel sits huddled in bed, her hair wet, a blanket wrapped around her. Delaware brings her a cup of hot tea, which she accepts gratefully.

DELAWARE

Nothing.

RACHEL

Call off the search.

DELAWARE

Are you sure? I could always send out the patrol boat.

RACHEL

No. The water's too cold. It'll be at least two, three weeks before -- before anything surfaces.

She sips her tea, blinks, her face apparently calm. Then she curls forward and starts to cry.

Delaware takes the tea out of her hand and sets it aside, then pulls her into his arms.

RACHEL (cont'd)

(crying)

I know you hated him...and I hated him too, but now...now there's--

DELAWARE

No one who knows you the way he did?

He pushes her hair back and looks her in the face.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

That's what he'd want you to believe.

RACHEL

But it was true. No one was like us even before. I know that it was never...we were never going to resolve any of it, but -- he taught me how to live with this...madness.

She indicates the side of her head.

DELAWARE

Look at me.

She looks at him.

DELAWARE (cont'd)

He was a coward, and the only honourable thing he ever did in his life was leave you out of his designs.

RACHEL

He was my brother.

DELAWARE

I'm your family.

She stares at him. Then crumples into his chest. Slowly, her sobs subside, and her breathing returns to normal.

He bends over, kisses her hair and strokes it. His expression, now that she can't see it, turns to cold satisfaction.

EXT. WATER - DAY

A seagull perches on Vikram's floating body. It flutters as the corpse rolls in the waves. Then another joins it. The first begins by pecking at Vikram's eye.

A few minutes pass before the two seagulls turns into a flock. They swarm the corpse. Then a shadow surfaces, and snatches it, dragging it down.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

AERIAL:

We see a land mass jutting up sharply from the water, its face covered with dried up organic sea material.

Our view moves east, revealing the ruins of a vast cityscape stretch below an imposing mountain. This is the ruin of La Paz, Bolivia. The mountain is Huayna Potosí.

The Walsh drifts lazily towards the cliff face. As it approaches, it becomes evident that the cliff, while sharp, is over topped by the carrier by 10'.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

The Walsh's crew line the flight deck as the ship slows, backs water, then comes to a halt. The sailors extend a gangway.

Slowly, the members of the crew begin to filter down the gangway. They are fitted out with survival gear. They are followed by the three hundred former Crown residents.

The crew rolls gear down the gangway.

Delaware heads down the gangway, and walks out on to the eroded stone surface. Rachel follows behind him, but it's clear she's uneasy about something.

She steps out on to the strange ground. Delaware looks at her, extends his hand. She goes to take it --

A TRILLING SQUEAK turns her head. An Alpine Chough, a stowaway from Himalaya, flutters on the gangway's guard rail. Delaware follows her gaze.

She watches it hop a few times along the rail. It looks at them, tilts its head. Gives another SQUEAK. Then it takes flight over their heads.

Rachel turns, follows its flight path as it wings its way over their heads. She takes Delaware's hand. They follow the chough, and walk down towards the spiky ruins of La Paz.