

BEND

by

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U.S. Copy

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FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

BAY RIDGE

A Lincoln sedan navigates the residential streets.

INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

Driving is KAZAMIR GUSTOV, 50, black beard, Brioni suit.

Next to him, ALENA GUSTOV, 48, Burberry dress, turns and smiles into the beautiful emerald eyes of...

TATIANA GUSTOV, 19, gymnastics leotard peeking from within her Prada over-coat.

ALENA (RUSSIAN)

Tatiana, you were fabulous tonight.
We're both so very proud.

Tatiana smiles and then returns her attention to a mobile device: a STILL of a teenage BOY standing in Moscow.

KAZAMIR (RUSSIAN)

Universiade will be held in
hometown Kazan, next year.

TATIANA (RUSSIAN)

Mother, can I go? Please?

ALENA

You go for competition or you go to
see boy?

Tatiana's about to retort -- she resists.

KAZAMIR

My business is here, in the States.
We shall see what trainer says.

ALENA

Come now, trainer will say she is
best in bracket, cannot be beaten.

Mother and daughter return smiles.

KAZAMIR

All compete, no teenage fun --
worries me.

ALENA

And if it were other way around you
would complain also.

He grunts, turns and drives down a side-street.

KAZAMIR

Her sleepwalking has not improved
either. Yesterday night, I found
her dancing in courtyard. She not
even remember I was father. This is
continued cause for concern, no?

WHAM

A PICKUP TRUCK crashes into them. Front occupants are jolted
into airbags. Tatiana is tossed to the rear floor.

OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN

Both vehicles become one. The damage is totaling, but the
real problem is the three emerging MALES wearing black ski
masks, each armed with big-ass shotguns.

A MASKED GUNMAN, silver eyes, shoots into the windshield.

He places another slug into the same fracture. Armored glass
begins to compromise. A final slug opens a small hole.

INSIDE THE LINCOLN

Tatiana's parents try to release their seat-belts -- it's
too difficult around the deployed air-bags.

OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN

A Gunman swings a sledge hammer and further opens the hole.

The silver-eyed Gunman displays a GRENADE, pulls the pin and
tosses the explosive through the windshield opening.

MASKED GUNMAN (RUSSIAN)

Odessa sends regards.

The hammer's head is used to plug the hole.

INSIDE THE LINCOLN

The grenade falls to the floor. Kazamir tries to reach it...

NO DICE

KAZAMIR
Tatiana... Run!

He flips the door-lock switch to the OPEN position.

OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN

Rear door opens, out falls Tatiana, who gets up, takes a few steps and then pauses to look back...

BOOM

Her parents splatter everywhere. She howls. The vehicle has a new upholstery color: bright red.

Gunmen laugh -- spot Tatiana fleeing and begin to pursue. They chase her for a block or two, easily catch up and then corner her against the concrete of a parkway overpass.

Two gunmen pin her against the edge of the wall. To her right is a fifteen foot drop. The leader removes his mask...

PETROVIK SIDOROV, 30, intense silvery eyes.

PETROVIK (RUSSIAN)
Too bad we don't have more time
together. I easily get ten-g's
selling your body, but Viktor wants
you dead, so dead it will be.

He shoves Tatiana off the edge. She falls, instantly stops atop an iron fence and goes limp -- fully impaled onto the top of the ornamental steel spikes.

Petrovik leans, spits down on her and then turns to leave.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A dilapidated structure within a run-down neighborhood.

SUPERIMPOSE: Three years later...

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Petrovik races up a stairwell, slips on trash -- lands on his ass.

Slow to rise, he reaches for his left shoulder blade, feels a fresh PUNCTURE WOUND and then recoils from the pain.

He exits the stairwell and enters into a LONG CORRIDOR.

Leaky ceiling. Boarded up apartment doors. Garbage and graffiti everywhere. He leans over and gasps for air.

BASEMENT

Long tables hold drug synthesizing equipment and scales.

Three heavy hitters called BOEVIKS (Russian Warriors or mafia soldiers) anxiously fire their assault rifles into darkness as they retreat to a steel door.

The dark silhouette of their target cartwheels, leaps and moves rapidly through the shadows.

A Boevik catches a throwing dagger with his Adam's apple, drops to his knees and sprays like a geyser.

The other soldiers reload as they coral three CHEMISTS between themselves and the safety of their only exit.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOCKED DOOR

Pounding sounds rattle the hinges as frightened souls attempt to survive a harrowing ordeal. Gunfire resumes. More screams. Gunfire subsides.

The locked door holds against the struggle.

The sound of a blade SLICES across flesh, followed by the THUD of a dropping body. It repeats until...

SILENCE

At the bottom of the door oozes large quantities of arterial blood as it quickly spreads outwards, followed by the sound of the blade being wiped clean and then sheathed.

LONG CORRIDOR

Petrovik exhales and then musters the strength to rise. He sees a BUSTED WINDOW at the end of the moonlit hallway and then staggers towards it...

AT THE WINDOW -- he spots a rusty fire escape, hops onto the window sill, hand grips the frame, stretches, leans out...

WHACK

A throwing dagger practically severs his right MIDDLE finger -- sticks straight into the wood. Blood sprays, DIGIT momentarily dangles and then falls to the floor. A Soviet-emblem RUBY RING is attached to the mangled knuckle.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**TOP FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE -- TENTH FLOOR**

Petrovik crashes onto a steel LANDING, tightly clutches his finger stump, HOWLS like a wounded lion, immediately rights himself, painfully climbs up ladder rungs and is now on...

THE ROOF

He scans... small vents, not big enough for hiding, hobbles aimlessly, finally sees a ROOF TOP DOOR -- runs for it...

He swings open the door and unexpectedly collides with --

TERRY CONRAD, 25, techie-type, slightly over-weight -- wears a blue and red baseball jacket. Professional camera and press credentials dangle from around his neck.

TERRY

Sorry, my bad.

A startled Petrovik grabs USHERS and then PUSHES Terry off the roof -- tangled together, both upend and disappear...

LOOKING OVER THE PARAPET --

Both men scream. Petrovik falls ten stories, smashes onto a pile of debris -- bounces straight up before soft-landing.

ON TERRY as he continues to tightly clutch the edge of the ledge. His feet dangle high up in the air...

TERRY

Help!

He glances downward -- a clearing of concrete is where he will most certainly meet his maker. Looks up, sees --

HER FACE

Black half-mask. Black feathers arranged in jet-black hair. Call her **BIRD GIRL** for now -- early 20s in age.

TERRY

I can't hold...

Bird Girl leaps on top of the parapet and squats on stiletto boot heels. Her feline-balance ready to instantly pounce.

Black latex tightly stretches over her lean bod. Seductive straps crisscross against ripped abs. Silver throwing daggers are strapped to her arms and legs.

TERRY

Please!

She sneers at the wounded Petrovik. He slides down from the pile of trash and stares up and then directly back at her.

Bird Girl leans like she wants to jump down after the Russian, instead extends both hands outward and flips him the double *BIRD*.

TERRY

I don't wanna die!

Petrovik raises his right hand to return the gesture -- CAN'T -- he'd need a middle finger to do that. Laboriously switches to his left hand to accomplish the deed.

He turns, stumbles and then disappears into a dark alleyway, quickly as his battered body will allow.

TERRY

I'm slipping...!

Bird Girl eyeballs Terry, leans over, reaches down and grabs his ear -- tugs on it. He winces like a little girl.

BIRD GIRL

Who are you? Why you been following me?

TERRY

I work for the Brooklyn Voice -- doing a story. Help me, please!

She sighs, grabs him by his jacket and struggles to pull him up and over the edge.

BIRD GIRL

You weigh a ton. How bout laying off the Cheetos?

TERRY

Thanks. You saved...

A final pull and he's safely on the rooftop. He awkwardly rolls onto her legs.

BIRD GIRL

Get your fat ass off me!

Her heel then drives him into the side of the wall.

BIRD GIRL
What kinda girl you think I am?

TERRY
You're... *the Vigilante*.

She releases him, executes a kick-up and lands on her feet.

BIRD GIRL
That's a stupid word -- *HATE IT!*
Cuz' of you that asshole got away.

TERRY
He tried to kill me!

BIRD GIRL
Fucker's dead anyways.

Using a serrated dagger, she slices across his CAMERA STRAP.

TERRY
Hey, careful. That's brand new.

She could care less, activates and cycles through a...

PICTURE OF --

Bird Girl as she runs full speed down an alley...

PICTURE OF --

Bird Girl as she leaps from the roof of a car...

BIRD GIRL
Nice. Action shot.

PICTURE OF --

Bird Girl as she climbs over a wall, close-up of her butt.

BIRD GIRL
What the hell?!?

TERRY
Sorry. Everybody's talking about
you -- the hero who's cleaning up
the streets of Brooklyn.

She deletes the pictures and tosses back his camera.

BIRD GIRL
Hero?
(off the I.D. card)
(MORE)

BIRD GIRL (cont'd)
 ... wait, you ain't a reporter --
 you work in the fucking mail room!

She handstands, cartwheels and struts for the rooftop door.

TERRY
 You're right -- I'm not a reporter.
 I nail an interview with you and
 then the paper will definitely make
 me a junior writer.

BIRD GIRL
 Well, in that case, I still don't
 give a shit.

TERRY
 Countries suffering economic
 meltdowns, segregation, racial
 strife and an in-effective police
 force. Folks are desperate
 nowadays, you represent hope. I can
 help tell the whole world your
 story!

Bird Girl opens the door, about to exit the roof...

TERRY
 You have my word and my trust. We
 can sit, talk -- have some Chinese
 food or something.

She stops, spins on a dime and stares at him in amazement --
 her EMERALD eyes sparkle in the bright moonlight.

BIRD GIRL
 What did you just say?

TERRY
 Umm, I give you my word...?

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Terry sits, mouth completely ajar, his wide-eyed-look
 directed across a table and at Bird Girl who slurps --

CHICKEN LO-MEIN -- with a plastic fork -- and loves it!

BIRD GIRL
 (mouth full of noodles)
 Mmm, this is... AH-MAZING! What
 place you get it from?

TERRY
Pao Chon, four blocks away.

He stares. She continues to shovel it home...

BIRD GIRL
No chopsticks? How come they never
give you chopsticks anymore?

TERRY
I think you have to ask for 'em.

Terry recoils from her lack of table manners.

TERRY
How long you been a vigil -- I
mean, umm... Good Samaritan?

BIRD GIRL
I dunno.

TERRY
You have a bat-cave or something?

BIRD GIRL
A what?

TERRY
You know -- a secret safe house,
where you keep your knives...
(deep swallow)
... and skin-tight outfits?

She chortles, adjusts her latex shirt to cover more of her
boobs. Definitely a size too small. Terry's jaw drops.

BIRD GIRL
You mean... where do I live?

TERRY
Not that I can't keep a secret, how
about just generally where?

She laughs at his full-sized CARDBOARD cut-out of *BATMAN*.

BIRD GIRL
I dunno.

TERRY
Okay. What motivates you to take
the law into your own hands?

BIRD GIRL

Well, Terry Conrad, I'm glad you asked that. I firmly believe that now and then some assholes just need to be stabbed in the throat.

She laughs at him. He's not amused.

TERRY

I can't quote you on that.

BIRD GIRL

So, we done then? Got enough for your story?

TERRY

(frustratingly)

NO! You haven't told me anything yet!

She leaps onto the table directly in front of him, falls into a splits, grabs him by the collar and then pulls him in close -- displays: a silver throwing dagger.

BIRD GIRL

I cut things...

... throws the dagger across the room at his *AVENGERS POSTER* -- hits *Thor* directly in his lady-hammer...

BIRD GIRL

... but I can't *be* cut.

She lets go of Terry, unsheathes another knife -- holds and points it upwards, takes her other palm, hovers it horizontally and above the top of the blade --

which drops down onto the steel. The knife begins pushing its way through the middle of her hand but doesn't puncture or penetrate the top and keeps on going and going!

The sharp outline of the dagger emerges from the top of her hand as the surrounding skin tightly stretches way beyond normal tearing limits.

TERRY

Holy shit!

She flinches, almost climaxes at the experience -- but there's no blood, no emerging knife, just the morphing of her skin and bone as it assimilates the shape of the blade. Sharp enough that she cuts her egg roll with it.

She pulls out the dagger, displays the demented hand shape and then pushes the top of her hand back into place like it was made of Play-Doh or something. With help, the displaced area completely restores to normal.

TERRY

How... how did you do that?

BIRD GIRL

I dunno. Makes me hungry though.

Bird Girl stuffs the egg roll hallway into her mouth, bites down and then swallows -- smiles.

TERRY

Wow, superpowers! I knew it! You're a righteous superhero.

She looks around his crib -- superhero figurines galore.

BIRD GIRL

Righteous ain't really how I roll.

TERRY

What's your super-name?

BIRD GIRL

Huh?

TERRY

Your superhero name...?

She acrobatically dives off the table, shoulder rolls, arrives in his studio kitchen, fully ready for anything.

TERRY

Gymnastics-infused fighting style, love it! I gotta have a super-name for my super-story.

She cautiously opens the refrigerator, glances inside...

BIRD GIRL

Oh my... GOD!

TERRY

What? What is it?

Terry rushes into the kitchen of his modest studio.

BIRD GIRL

Look at all the junk food. You actually eat this stuff?

She cracks up and then completely swings open the door.

TERRY
Original Ghostbusters was a rad
classic.

BIRD GIRL
Ghost-what?

She reads a container, smiles and then glances at his
mid-section.

BIRD GIRL
You know they make fat-free milk
now, right?

She gulps it, wipes her milky chin, belches -- laughs.

TERRY
Classy. Your name should give hope
to the innocent and instill fear in
the guilty. I'm thinking you should
go with, ready for this: Raven.

He's so proud of his suggestion.

BIRD GIRL
Is that more of your comic book
shit?

TERRY
Ya, you kinda look like her. What
do you think?

BIRD GIRL
HAATTE ITT! Ravens eat like... road
kill and dead dogs.

TERRY
Yet, you... love Chinese food?

Her wicked stare almost burns through the mask. She dives
onto his couch, crosses her legs, extends her boots across
the coffee table and scratches... herself!

TERRY
Come up with something better then.

BIRD GIRL
WHAT--EV--AH, Terry Conrad.

Bird Girl is now known as: **RAVEN**. Terry is excited.

TERRY
Can you teleport and project your
soul?

She tilts her head, rolls her eyes and continues scratching.

RAVEN
Costume itches like mad.

Terry grabs a notepad and eagerly pulls up a chair.

TERRY
It's an outfit, not a costume. In
my article, I'll call it a uniform
of justice. Now, tell me
everything.

RAVEN
We're gonna need more Chinese.

He dials a number on his cell, awaits an answer...

RAVEN
Don't forget the chop sticks.

TERRY
This is great... you said we, like
we're a team -- reminds me of
Superman and Jimmy Olsen.

RAVEN
Oh, hell-no!

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A black LIMOUSINE arrives in front of a perimeter WALL made
from military-grade modular barriers. A huge eye-sore
directly in the middle of the borough.

SUPERIMPOSE: Crown Heights

Demilitarized Zone

A CIVIL DEFENSE GUARD approaches the driver side window.

GUARD
This area is restricted.

A Russian CHAUFFEUR blusters through the armored glass.

CHAUFFEUR
You must be new. Open gate quickly.

An unmistakable GUN SHOT resonates from within the zone.

GUARD
You wanna go in there?!?

A CIVIL DEFENSE SUPERVISOR arrives...

SUPERVISOR
Son, open the bloody gate.

GUARD
But... they aren't authorized.

SUPERVISOR
OPEN IT!

Guard goes inside of the GATE BOOTH. Supervisor tries to get a better look inside the back of the limo.

SUPERVISOR
Sorry. Is "the family" back there?

Chauffeur smugly ignores. Gate opens. The limo enters.

EXT. CROWN HEIGHTS DEMILITARIZED ZONE - NIGHT

A DESECRATED FIREFIGHTER MEMORIAL

Top of a flag pole -- OLD GLORY -- torn and faded.

Armored limo cautiously navigates the road -- passes boarded houses, crumbled buildings, burnt out automobiles and an infrastructure in full decay.

Limo continues to drive on New York Ave. Malcontents burn fires in barrels. Thugs and dirty criminals observe the luxury ride, but keep their distance. They turn onto Park.

BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

Wouldn't know it except for the busted signage. An UNDESIRABLE, 30, spots the ride and begins to follow.

Garage door opens. Two Boeviks holding automatic rifles greet the vehicle. Limo enters and stops. Driver exits, opens the passenger door and out steps...

Brigadier **DARYA** SIDOROV, 28, resting bitch face, white pinstriped vinyl suit & long jacket. Her eyes are subzero silver, razor-focused, and cold as Antarctica in August.

Gunmen are about to secure the garage door when the Undesirable runs at Darya. Boeviks quickly intercept.

UNDESIRABLE

I'll work for you. Please!

DARYA

You would be willing to die for
Odessa?

UNDESIRABLE

Yes, I'm loyal! Anything you say!

Darya grins, nods an okay to her Warriors -- machine-gun fire instantly cuts the Undesirable down to the ground.

She grabs a rifle, wickedly screams and further empties the magazine. The body convulses. She instantly calms her psycho demeanor, leans, spits and then reassuringly whispers...

DARYA

You are most loyal indeed.
(Russian, to Warriors)
I will see my brother immediately.

BOEVIK

(Russian)
Of course, Brigadier.

INT. BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - NIGHT

A cache of WEAPONRY and AMMUNITION are stacked against a wall. A third BOEVIK guards three wooden containers -- labeled: **NOVICHOK 7**.

Ceiling lights flicker from random power failures. Petrovik lays unconscious in a makeshift hospital bed.

A Russian DOCTOR checks an I.V. He greets Darya...

DOCTOR

Avtoritet.

The Doctor kisses her three times -- alternating cheeks. She moves to Petrovik's bedside and clutches his limp hand.

DARYA

(Russian)
He found a buyer for the
"newcomer". When Uncle arrives, he
better not learn of Petro's demise.
He's not nearly as merciful as I.

DOCTOR

Viktor comes to states? Infectious
poison entered from this wound...

He rolls Petrovik to expose the gash on his shoulder blade.

DOCTOR
... the strain is unknown.

The patient moans. Darya spots his severed finger...

DARYA
Armenian retaliation?
(Doc shoulder shrug)
Petro, who did this to you?

She fondles the ruby attached to her own Soviet-ring.

PETROVIK
(Russian, weakly)
Gama, gama... yun... it was... bird
lady!

He is now unconscious. She shakes him...

DARYA
Petro? Petro, wake up!

DOCTOR
I can't treat him any further until
I know specifically the poison. Two
days before permanent impairment.

She spins and angrily faces her Boeviks...

DARYA
Locate and bring this *Bird Lady* to
me immediately!

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

BRIGHTON BEACH -- ODESSA NIGHT CLUB

A line to get in. Populated with goth, soft S&M, drag, you name it. At the door, a Russian BOUNCER controls entry.

THUD

From above falls a masked female. RAVEN hops from the pain.

RAVEN
Fahh-uck.

Someone yells: "line cutter!"

A Russian Bouncer intercepts, grabs Raven by her elbow, takes a dagger thrust directly below his sternum -- so quick, you can barely see it. He dies as he falls.

She enters. A metal detector buzzes. Another BOUNCER advances, barely has time to react as Raven tumble-spins into his legs, sweeps him onto his back and rolls over and up his torso while driving his head into the floor.

His cranium bounces off the tile. Sleep time. Raven cartwheels onto her feet and then dusts off her hands.

RAVEN

Party time. Excellent.

The line of patrons cheer -- now they can enter as well.

INSIDE THE CLUB

Sultry, sweaty bodies move to the music, humping everybody and everything that has a pulse.

Raven squeezes through the dance floor, fits right in, brushes off male and female sexual advances -- moves deeper into the club -- seems to have a destination.

HALLWAY

She passes V.I.P. cubicles, glances at needle-injecting patrons -- mutters and continues to the OFFICE.

BAD-ASS BOUNCER, martial arts build, steps towards her and menacingly blocks her path.

RAVEN

Move or die. Make a decision.

He pumps his chest out, flexes and defiantly folds his arms.

RAVEN

Great choice.

She swings. He dodges -- back-hand counters across her face.

She resets, flurries dual edged weapons and slices him across his lapel. He's able to semi-dodge -- superficial wounds. He executes a series of strikes which disarm one of her edged weapons.

Despite taking blow after blow, Raven continues to swing away and even accelerates her edged attacks...

He can't continue to dodge them all. More of her slices connect. More body slams drive her into the walls.

He rages, locks her up against a door, applies a forearm technique directly into her windpipe, waits and watches her face for asphyxiation to consume her conscious.

Raven tauntingly laughs, continues to fight for leverage. Their tangled bodies trip-up and slam...

... down to the ground. Both grapple. His strength should win out. She contorts her appendages, slithers and locks him up in ways human joints are not designed to flex.

She flips her torso out of his grasp and completely reverses the advantage -- draws another blade.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

The super-quarrel is heard from the other side of the hallway door.

Odessa TREASURER, 60s, tightly clutches BANK-BAGS as he attempts to unlock the back exit. He drops the key-ring.

Sounds of fighting cease.

The door bursts open and Bad-Ass Bouncer staggers inside. Guy's a pin cushion for multiple daggers -- three steps and then he falls over -- very dead.

Raven enters and approaches the Treasurer...

RAVEN
Derzhatel obschaka?

Treasurer nods, emphasizes his grip on the cash-bags.

RAVEN
I'm here to make a withdrawal.

She steps closer. Treasurer lets go of a cash-bag and squeezes the trigger on his concealed Yarygin 9mm handgun.

Raven takes a round to the chest and then several more until the gun clicks. She screams, feels the burn, goes down to one knee and clutches the bullet holes.

Treasurer finally gets the back door open and escapes.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

BASEMENT

NYPD detective **MATTINGLY**, 38, neglected body and soul, operates his cell-phone camera at the perimeter of a --

BLOODY CRIME SCENE

Six bodies, three RUSSIAN WARRIORS and three CHEMISTS.

MATTINGLY

Another one for the Murder Book.
Clean up in aisle six.

DANTE DUGANTIS, late 30s. Clipped onto his lapel is an FBI placard. He approaches Mattingly who excitedly recognizes...

MATTINGLY

It's mudda fuck'n Double-D! Long time, bro. How's Quantico been?

DANTE

Good, but Washington needed a field agent up North -- voilà. You must be close to tapping that pension?

MATTINGLY

Eleven months, two days, not a God-damned minute more. What brings ya back here, G-man?

DANTE

F.B.I. wants this vigilante.

MATTINGLY

Shit storm the countries going through and that's what the fucking feds are worried about?

DANTE

Not a single case-close for almost two years. I could use an easy one.

A Police Tech, **PAULA** HOLMES, 30, curvy, yet kinda heavy. She wields a cane for a significant left leg limp.

PAULA

I hear you cussing across the room.

MATTINGLY

News flash, society's crumbling, just trying to fit the fuck in.

PAULA

Fit in, don't step on my evidence.

Dante extends his hand and introduces himself...

DANTE

Dante Dugantes.

Paula processes his name, turns to Mattingly to confirm, snickers, turns her back and walks under yellow police tape.

They follow her, approach bodies in white lab jackets -- their mid-sections sliced open like pigs at a luau.

PAULA
Three chemists...

MATTINGLY
Let me guess, the ones in the white coats with the pretty red stains?

She covers her forehead, flashes Dante a fake smile...

PAULA
F.B.I. huh?

MATTINGLY
The I.D. badge gave it away?

She flips off the detective. Back to Dante...

PAULA
You worked with Mattingly before, was he always this big of a prick?

DANTE
A very long prick, ya.

Dante laughs at his own terrible joke. They only grin.

PAULA
Oh, I get it. He's your BFF.

MATTINGLY
Go easy on him. He's gone soft living in cream-puff Virginia.

PAULA
GOODIES, I just love cream-puffs!

MATTINGLY
Any chance you can get us outta here before sunrise?

PAULA
I'll speak slowly, use small words so you love birds can follow along.

PAULA
Our heavy hitters over here...
(exposes Russian tattoos)
Odessa mob, Boevik in Russian. The assailant, gotta be our Vig, entered from the South corridor...

... points to circled slug holes in the brick.

A POLICE OFFICER, 25, interrupts...

POLICE OFFICER
Drone pics are positive.

He hands a TABLET to Mattingly who accepts and shows the image of an overhead still of Raven, prone and on the roof of this building immediately after pulling TERRY to safety.

MATTINGLY
Meet our girl.

PAULA
God-bless, you think that get-up comes in plus sizes?

DANTE
Who's the nerd with the camera?

POLICE OFFICER
We also found a finger, top floor.

PAULA
GOODIES! I love fingers.

Mattingly raises his hands in surrender fashion.

PAULA
I heard she moves like the wind and has the strength of a tsunami.

MATTINGLY
You fuck'n admiring her now?

PAULA
I clicked "like" on her Facebook page.

DANTE
Huh? She has a Facebook page?

MATTINGLY
Virginia!

NYPD laughs. FBI doesn't.

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Raven climbs through the open window and falls onto the floor. She's out of breath. Her body depleted of power. Terry photographs her.

RAVEN

Fuck'n shit... drago commie bastard
hiding a fuck'n gun.

TERRY

Raven! What happened?

He attempts to assist her.

RAVEN

Don't touch me!

TERRY

How can I help?

RAVEN

Lo-mein.

She sits on his couch and painfully picks at bullet holes.

RAVEN

And get me a spoon so I can dig
this shit out. Feels like I'm about
to burst into flames.

Terry hands her the box of noodles with a spoon.

RAVEN

Not a plastic one!

LATER ON...

Comfortable and extended on Terry's couch, Raven tosses an empty Chinese food carton onto the coffee table.

Terry gouges the last bullet from her abdomen using a metal spoon, watches the cavity slowly close and then adds the chunk of lead into an existing pile.

TERRY

I'm gonna work on your story all
night. Tomorrow, I'll present it to
the editor and then your legacy as
super-hero Raven will begin. Now,
tell me everything you can.

She rolls her eyes and then displays a look of capitulation.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

BRIGHTON BEACH AVENUE

SUPERIMPOSE: Brighton Beach

Home of Odessa

A commercial truck stops at a corner. Engine idles.

INT. COMMERCIAL TRUCK - NIGHT

BACK OF THE BOX TRUCK -- The Mexican Arrasar gang prepares heavy-duty weaponry for a fire fight.

ARRASAR LEADER, 45, weathered, scarred, lights up a cigar and then opens the side door...

SCOUT, 20, enters, offers his phone. Leader snatches it.

CYCLE PICTURES ON THE PHONE --

Odessa Warriors move WOODEN CRATES from a van into a warehouse. Stenciled onto the side of the crates: NOVICHOK 7, and other Russian MILITARY glyphs.

BACK TO SCENE

ARRASAR LEADER (SPANISH)

I seen this on Nat-Geo. Powerful
nerve agent. Black market gold.

SCOUT (SPANISH)

We still move on Odessa, right?

Leader shakes his head, exhales Cohiba smoke...

ARRASAR LEADER

Change of plans. We wait, take the
prize, then burn this place to the
ground. Revenge will be swift.

SCOUT

They outnumber us. We should move
now while we have total surprise.

Leader grabs, shoves the scout against the truck wall and then holds a buck knife close to his face...

ARRASAR LEADER

I want your opinion, I'll cut it
out of you. Besides, I have a plan
for evening out the odds.

OUTSIDE --

A block behind the truck, a black THUG, 20, runs surveillance on the Mexicans. He dials on his cell phone.

INT. BROOKLYN VOICE PUBLICATIONS - DAWN

MAIL ROOM

Terry types. Huge piles of mail overflow from nearby bins. A male JOURNALIST, 30, spots the pile of neglected work.

JOURNALIST

Hey, Mail-Bitch! Get your ass in gear. These bins ain't gonna sort themselves ya know!

TERRY

After the editor gets a load of this right here, I won't have to sort another piece of mail for you never, ever, again.

JOURNALIST

What's on there, your jerk off instructions for the day?

Terry remains impervious to insults, removes a flash drive, kisses and pockets it. He smiles and exits into the hallway.

JOURNALIST

What do you got Terry, huh? Lemme see. I'm the guy that gets the stories around here! TERRY!?!

CUT TO:

Terry sits in the EDITOR'S WAITING AREA. The door opens and out steps a woman with jet-black hair...

Tatiana, now 22, professional gait, holds a folder.

TERRY

Well? They gonna run it?

She lets him stew. He nervously checks his watch, pleads...

TERRY

Please, Tanya. We only have fifteen minutes till final call. Let me talk to the editor. You're just an intern. I know I can convince her to roll the story.

She smiles and hands him the folder...

TATIANA
Congratulations. You made it.

Inside is his new Brooklyn Voice journalist I.D. card.

TERRY
Woo! Sorry about the intern remark.

TATIANA
It's okay. You're passionate. Boss likes that.

TERRY
Can you pass along my blog?

She nods and accepts his portfolio.

TATIANA
Just remember, the editor has the final say on story content from junior journalists.

TERRY
She'll print my work though, right?

TATIANA
Don't worry Terry Conrad. Continue working your vigilante contact, what do you call her?

TERRY
Raven. That name was my idea, BTW.

TATIANA
Right. When Raven goes down, be sure to nab the exclusive.

TERRY
Goes down?

TATIANA
Sure. And sooner the better.

TERRY
Why? I can run a story every week off of her heroics. Wouldn't...

TATIANA
The finality of the vigilante *is* the story.

TERRY

Let me explain to the Editor the angle that we should be working.

He moves towards the suite. She blocks him.

TATIANA

Terry, uh... Conrad? You need to understand something around here. You don't write what the editor wants and she'll get someone else who will. The net's gonna close around the vigilante and I hope you're smart enough to get the credit for it when it does.

Terry thinks. Exits. Tatiana enters the Editor's suite.

INSIDE THE SUITE...

A desk with a computer and a chair. Not a single trace of anything personal and no sign of any working projects.

Tatiana looks up and rejoices...

TATIANA

Brooklyn Voice takes down Vigilante.

Tatiana drops Terry's portfolio into a paper shredder. She exits and locks the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. ODESSA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A Boevik Warrior TEAM is armed up and almost ready to deploy. Three Warriors test CATTLE PRODS -- electric current arcs off of the tips. Another four holster their Tasers.

DARYA (RUSSIAN)

She will be taken alive. Only I will do the interrogation. Petro's life depends on it.

Warriors stand tall, ready to please their master.

DARYA

We handle both tasks at once. Viktor will expect the newcomer moved, fully loaded and ready for the client soon after his arrival. Do not fail this task.

She studies today's edition of the *BROOKLYN VOICE* newspaper. Front cover caption reads: MY DATE WITH THE VIGILANTE -- by Terry Conrad. Below it is Terry's PICTURE of Raven as she climbs into his window.

BOEVIK

How will we find her, Brigadier?

With a Sharpie, she circles the background of the picture, to the right of Raven, an ISLAND TEXTILES sign.

DARYA

Terry Conrad shall tell us.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The Russian cargo ship ANDROMEDA cuts through the sea.

INT. ANDROMEDA - HALLWAY - DAY

In front of the door to the Captain's Quarters is the SHIP'S CAPTAIN, 65, white bearded, old Russian sea-dog.

He looks tense, exhales, pauses before knocking on the door to his own damn cabin. It opens to a monstrous shape of a totally naked man with muscles bulging from everywhere.

It's VIKTOR, 26. He wipes his groin with a dirty towel.

SHIP'S CAPTAIN (RUSSIAN)

With respect, Viktor. You wanted to know when close to Brooklyn terminal.

Behind Viktor are BLONDE TRIPLETS, 20s, naked, draped over the bed, tattooed head to toe with twisted images of naked and tortured bodies.

The Captain sees T&A -- swallows a lump in his throat.

VIKTOR (RUSSIAN)

Is cargo container fully modified?

SHIP'S CAPTAIN

Just about. May I ask what is purpose?

Viktor angrily slams the door in the Captain's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN VOICE PUBLICATIONS - LATE AFTERNOON

Employees are filing out of the building. Quitting time.

INT. BROOKLYN VOICE PUBLICATIONS - LATE AFTERNOON

LOBBY

Tanya passes the reception desk with the intent to exit.

Dante stands with BEVERLY, 20, receptionist...

BEVERLY

Tanya, the FBI's here to see the publisher.

Dante shakes her hand, also proves his credentials.

DANTE

Dante Dugantis.

TATIANA

Sorry, Mr. Dante Dugantis, both the publisher and editor are away on business. Beverly will schedule you first thing next Monday morning.

DANTE

Tanya, a few minutes of your time. It's very important. Please.

TATIANA

I must get home before dark. Streets are dangerous.

DANTE

I understand. Would it help if I mentioned this is life and death?

TATIANA

I wouldn't be much help to you either way.

Dante shows her a hard copy taken from the drone surveillance. Terry's I.D. card has been magnified.

DANTE

Is Terry Conrad officially working as a reporter for the Voice?

She thinks about what to say next. Dante picks up on it and then holds up the front cover featuring Raven.

DANTE

I'm only after the vigilante, not Terry or the paper. Just a cup of coffee, a few questions, and then I'll drive you anywhere you wish.

TATIANA

Don't drink coffee. Hungry though.

DANTE

Right this way...

Dante escorts her out of the building. A beat.

BEVERLY

I'm hungry too. Damn.

CUT TO:

INT. KASHKAR CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

Small, yet lovely decorated. Everything feels like home.

Dante sits at a small table across from Tatiana as she is served a plate of Chalachach with vegetables.

TATIANA

I've never been here before, yet this place feels... so familiar.

DANTE

See? Told you you'd like it. I was a cop in this sector. Awesome chow. What's your favorite eatery?

TATIANA

I dunno.

DANTE

You must have a favorite? Maybe you went out with your family...? Girlfriends...? Boyfriend...?

She responds to nothing on his list.

DANTE

Anyway, it's great to have company for a change. My job can be so routine. When I'm out on assignment, I always wind up eating and sleeping by myself.

She offers him a "guarded" look.

DANTE

I mean... it's nice to eat and talk with someone for a change.

He squirms. She smiles at his backtracking.

DANTE

I'm curious. Does the Publisher and Editor often go away and leave their intern in charge of an up and coming publication?

TATIANA

I'm hardly in charge.

DANTE

How about Terry? Last night he's on the roof with the Vigilante, a mail room ID card around his neck. This afternoon, he's scoring front page newspaper articles. Who gave him the promotion, Tanya the intern?

TATIANA

That was in the works for a while now. Editor likes to promote journalists from within. The vigilante, captured and identified, would make a terrific story for us. Will you be able to catch her?

DANTE

I will. Only a matter of time. My profile's almost complete. You see, this subject is mission oriented, semi-hedonistic and visionary. She thrill-kills, and is totally effective in doing so, yet her process is very sloppy, almost as though she could care less if caught. Haven't found any sexual domination to date. Unusual in the fact that she predominantly targets Russians. Most of them linked to Odessa, Russian mafia: home base, located right here in Brighton Beach.

CRASH SOUNDS come from somewhere within the kitchen. Glass breaks and pans bounce. Tatiana jolts and leaps from her chair. Dante notices her over-reaction, and so does GRANDMA (the patron at the nearby table.)

DANTE

Someone's paycheck gonna be a
little lighter this week.

She nervously scans the restaurant for a threat.

DANTE

You okay? Just a kitchen accident.

TATIANA

It comes when it gets dark.

He looks outside to the street. Dusk begins to set in.

DANTE

Who comes? It's not even 5:45 yet.

Tatiana fidgets. She's scared of something impending.

TATIANA

Not here. I can't be here!

A restaurant MANAGER yells. Tatiana jumps to her feet.

DANTE

Tanya, you feeling alright?

Car tires screech. A horn sounds. Tatiana accidentally
knocks her chair over. She runs out of the restaurant.

DANTE

Tanya!

GRANDMA

Trust me, sonny. Let the crazy ones
go. Better off in the long run.

Dante pursues Tatiana.

OUTSIDE

He sees her run along the sidewalk and then turn into an
alley. He loses sight and turns the corner to...

A DEAD END. The brick walls are high, topped-off with
another four feet of chain link fence above. Empty. No
Tatiana -- and no conceivable way out for her.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDROMEDA - NIGHT

CARGO HOLD

Mostly empty except a steel container. Workers hastily modify the structure with welding torches. A door opens.

Viktor, shirtless, freshly buffed, enters and watches the container preparations. The TRIPLETS follow, wearing leather body suits with studded accessories.

Viktor eagerly studies the progress of the project.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Raven navigates a rooftop ledge and tracks a target below.

ON THE STREET LEVEL, an Odessa COURIER covertly exchanges contraband for cash with a low level OPERATIVE.

Raven readies to leap and pounce on them. She hears a female SCREAM -- identifies it from a nearby rooftop.

A DIFFERENT ROOFTOP

Two black LIBERATED CRIPS, 20s, corner a BAR WHORE-type, 20s. They tear at her clothes. She fights them off.

BAR WHORE

Gimme back my shit you fuck'n
dicks!

"JAILING" jeans CRIP punches her in the face. She falls.

"JAILING" CRIP

My shit now. I be take'n a little
sum'n extra too.

He grabs his boxers, works his junk, now distracted by...

RAVEN -- her hips strut as she walks directly at him.

"JAILING" CRIP

DAMN, look at dis. I gots' some'n
fah-ya! Wanna get it ON, bitch?

RAVEN

I wanna take it off, asshole.

She proudly displays a hook dagger, smiles large.

CUT TO:

"Jailing"- jeans Crip as he grabs his bloody groin.

He drops to his knees and rolls onto his back. His harrowing screams echo throughout the night, legs kick like a wild bronco as he squirts like a fountain pumping kool-aid.

RAVEN

Ha ha, look at yourself. What a mess you are!

Second Crip makes a run for it. Raven spins, cracks her knuckles, draws a blade -- it fans open into a set of three.

RAVEN

Done raping already?

She rears back, arm super-stretches and blazes all three daggers into the back of his hamstring -- he stumbles, falls face first, grabs the back of his leg and screams.

RAVEN

It's only fun if they run.

She shakes and slaps her spaghetti arm until it returns to a 'NORMAL LENGTH' then nods her head in approval.

RAVEN

I can kinda get used to this hero shit.

A SWITCH BLADE sinks into the side of her left kidney...

Raven backhands Bar Whore's face, pulls out the blood-less blade from her side and tosses it...

RAVEN

You fucking loco, bitch?

BAR WHORE

Dats' my baby daddy you cut up!
When I tells' what you done, Crips
is gonna peg you out!

Raven checks on the bled-out and dick-less Crip...

RAVEN

He ain't making anymore babies.

She displays the bloody hook knife and smiles at the Whore.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

FAR ROCKAWAY

Establishing -- a real shit area.

INT. LIBERATED CRIPS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Black GANG MEMBERS arming up with weaponry.

SUPERIMPOSE: Liberated Crips

 They don't like the Arrasar Gang

 They don't like anyone

LIBERATED CRIP LEADER, 30, slides a machete along a sharpening stone, stands up...

 CRIP LEADER

 What's ever brown be ups' ta in
 Brighton, we cuts em's downs!

He slices the blade deeply into the corner of the table.

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Terry's table is romantically set for him and a future guest. He spit-shines his Brooklyn Voice I.D. card which reads: TERRY CONRAD - JOURNALIST.

He proudly hangs it around his neck, hears something behind him, turns and sees...

BATMAN --

the cardboard cut-out kind...

WHACK

His face receives a full SLAP from a rolled up newspaper.

 TERRY

 Ah, that hurt!

Raven's pissed. She slams the newspaper onto his coffee table. It uncoils. The front page features the picture Terry took of Raven.

RAVEN

What the fuck is this shit, Terry Conrad? How could you write this?

TERRY

Write what?

RAVEN

Your word and trust -- what a fuck'n joke.

TERRY

I thought you'd be proud of me!

She snatches the paper, opens and reads from it...

RAVEN

PROUD?!? "Confused super-hero thankful for author's guidance."

TERRY

I'm here for you anytime you need.

RAVEN

"Raven would have fallen off the rails if not for the wisdom and compassionate tutelage of yours truly, Terrence J Conrad, the second." -- shit, there's two of you now?

TERRY

Nothing wrong with a little personal career positioning. I am an actual reporter now, see...?

He attempts to show his I.D. card. She'll have none of it.

RAVEN

"Turns down her constant *sexual advancements* for the good of their *journalistic* relationship."

TERRY

I thought we had a thing?

RAVEN

A thing?!? You think we have a thing?!? I should've left you hanging from that roof!

TERRY

I can't tell if you're upset, or
just... you being you?

(off of her exasperation)

Think of the big picture here.

She tosses the paper into the air -- her *daggers-akimbo*
swiftly slice it to shreds before it can hit the ground.

RAVEN

The big picture is that you're not
in the picture! Get the picture?

TERRY

Hold on. Hold on for just a second.
I'm trying to help you here.

RAVEN

Oh, and here I thought you're only
trying to help yourself. Stupid me.

TERRY

You can't just keep going around
filleting everyone you don't like.

RAVEN

I haven't filleted you yet.

TERRY

Look. If you keep bulldozing your
way through the streets then
everyone in this city with a knife
or club will be gunning for you. I
just think that if you settled down
somewhat, you can slowly win over
the hearts of the people. Your
brand will be the better for it.

RAVEN

My brand?

TERRY

Yeah.

RAVEN

You know, you're so right, Terry
Conrad.

TERRY

I am?

RAVEN

I can change. Whenever I encounter a rapist Odessa thug, I'll try to see things from their misunderstood point of view. I can sit down, talk to them, check back in once in a while, eat egg rolls together -- be a super-social-worker. All will turn out just super-fine and super-dandy.

TERRY

See, now you're just being super-sarcastic.

Raven draws and shadow boxes with two daggers. She's serious and extremely deliberate...

RAVEN

They ALL gotta GO, Terry Conrad.
(spins in place)
Look at me, and not just my tits and ass -- see any handcuffs? How 'bout a gavel or black judge's robe?

TERRY

Well, no, but that's not a...

RAVEN

There are no innocents working for Odessa. I'm a dicer and a slicer. I run like a cheetah, climb like a monkey and sting like a black widow.

Terry pauses, seriously considers...

TERRY

I don't think we can copyright that line -- borders on plagiarism. But this constant carnage won't work image-wise. And your real-life movie can't be rated higher than PG-13 for maximum box office receipts.

RAVEN

What the fuck are you talking about, Terry Conrad?

TERRY
Never mind.

RAVEN
Stay on topic. You got me all
excited thinking about this shit.

TERRY
I did?!?

RAVEN
Don't get any ideas.

She displays her finishing weapon -- the HOOK KNIFE --
simulates raking into an adversaries mid-section...

RAVEN
You can write about how I like to
use this to tear into an abdomen.
Tons of nerves in the gut. Ever see
a grown man cry like a little
bitch?

(beat, realization)
Eh, you probably have seen it in
your bathroom mirror, I bet daily.

TERRY
Any chance we can move on to
something else?

RAVEN
Ever hear of a Cassowary?
(off his head shake)
It's an Australian bird that can
eviscerate dogs or even people with
a swift kick from a dagger-like
claw-foot. You want me to be a
super-hero bird-lady, Terry Conrad,
then that's the one I choose to be.

TERRY
That's it? So, there's nothing more
to you than just murderous revenge?

RAVEN
I'll never forgive them for kil...

A beat so she can exhale and collect herself.

TERRY
For what? For doing what, Raven?

Raven cartwheels to the open window. Terry shows her his
phone and scrolls through blog postings...

TERRY

Wait, Raven, you won't believe the positive feedback I'm getting from this article. People want to know everything about you. I knew you'd read my article and come back. I already ordered the Chinese -- should be here any minute. I'll make a correction in tomorrow's edition... okay, you're right, I shoulda' ran it by you first.

RAVEN

I'm done with your quack counseling. Surprised I hung out with your geek-ass this long.

TERRY

Raven, we've got a great thing here -- don't go...

She head shakes and then leaps through his open window.

He rushes after her and looks out and down to the street, then up and all around in every direction... Raven is gone.

TERRY

Well, I *had* a good thing going. God, she's so damn sizzling!

DING DONG

TERRY

Ah, man! What am I gonna do with six quarts of chicken lo-mein?

He opens his door...

Six BOEVIKS push inside and toss him face first onto his couch.

TERRY

Hey, easy guys, I'm a journalist!

Darya enters...

She scans the room -- squares off against *Cardboard Batman* -- smirks at it, arctic-eyes then lock onto Terry. Her expression changes to: extreme pity.

DARYA

Terry Conrad?

TERRY
Yeah, what's this about?

Darya grabs his blue/red jacket from the coat rack and tosses it at his face.

DARYA
You will come with me.

TERRY
What do you mean, where?

A devious smile stretches from the mouth of the brigadier.

Terry looks back at the open window and sees... nobody.

HALLWAY

Dante emerges from a stairwell and sees the Russian gangsters escorting Terry. He withdraws, hides and covertly spies while the Boeviks shove Terry into the elevator.

He curiously catches a glimpse of Darya just before the elevator doors close --

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

DEMILITARIZED ZONE - SOUTHERN GATE

The Arrasar box truck arrives and parks at the gate.

Civil Defense Guard walks to the driver side and then hears the sound of an approaching MOTORCYCLE...

GUARD
This is a restricted area.

INSANE MOTORCYCLE GANG MEMBER fires his sub-machine gun and cuts down the Guard before he can react.

A SEDAN approaches -- THUGS lean from the windows and fire automatic rifles at the panicked Supervisor. He's instantly dispatched into a puddle of blood and pulpy flesh.

A hand-held rocket fires and destroys the GATE BOOTH.

Arrasar Gang Leader gets out and lights up a stogie.

The truck rams into the middle of the gate, which --

HOLDS FIRM

Truck backs up, tries again -- same results. Leader shakes his head at the BOMBARDIER and points at the debris.

ARRASAR LEADER
I would've used the gate controls.

Bombardier scratches his head and then reloads a rocket into the launcher. He fires at the --

MIDDLE OF THE GATE -- which cracks open. Smoke settles.

ARRASAR LEADER
Or, you can do that, el amigo.

Leader opens the back of the truck, removes and holds an assault rifle high above his head -- on full display for...

AT THE GATE --

Malcontents and Undesirables exit the zone...

ARRASAR LEADER
You're all free now. I have done for you what Odessa would not. Take these weapons and seek revenge on their homes and businesses!

Distant emergency SIRENS grow with intensity...

The criminal elements from the Demilitarized Zone CHEER, begin to arm up with any weapon they can get their hands on.

Cop cars skid around corners, about to engage...

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

ODESSA WAREHOUSE

Secluded and accessible from only two directions.

P.O.V. -- FROM THE OPPOSITE ROOFTOP -- SPYING

At a door to the stash house -- P.O.V. tracks a man wearing a blue and red jacket who then enters through a door.

BACK TO SCENE

P.O.V. is revealed as RAVEN

RAVEN
(to herself)
What are you doing, Terry Conrad?

She leaps off the roof and lands somewhere below.

RAVEN (O.S.)
Ow! Fuck my life!

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

ROOFTOP -- crime scene.

Mattingly interviews a WITNESS, 30. Both stand somewhere near Raven's handy-work...

MATTINGLY
Okay, so you say the subject kills
two thugs trying to rob and rape
crack-whore here, then she decides:
what the fuck, may as well
eighty-six the victim as well?

Witness nods, Mattingly walks onward... approaches portable lights, and eventually Paula, who hovers over the dead Bar Whore -- a trail of bloody guts spewed across the pavement.

PAULA
Same disembowelment patterns. Gotta
be her.

Mattingly fights off a gag reflex, reaches for his stomach.

MATTINGLY
I gotta stop eating hot dogs on the
way to crime scenes.

Police Officer interrupts...

POLICE OFFICER
Speaking of hot dogs, we found a
black dick.

Paula reacts with an exaggerated attention stance...

PAULA
GOODIES, I just love black...

MATTINGLY
... don't say it! *Don't you fucking
say it!*

INT. ODESSA STASH WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Cartons of liquor are piled everywhere. From above, RAVEN lands, leaps upright, reacts to her ankle soreness.

Immediately spots her target -- blue and red jacket, standing with his back to her.

She struts up to and behind him...

RAVEN

Think you're some kind of a
detective now, Terry Conrad? Hey,
I'm talking to you!

He spins to face her, but it ain't Terry -- imposter Boevik
fires a Taser straight into Ravens mid section.

She jolts, recovers, knocks away the electric probes --
lunges and slices FAKE TERRY'S throat with a dagger swipe.

Another set of *barbs* penetrate her back. She goes for a
"ride" on the Taser-train -- stiffens -- stays on her feet.

More Boeviks emerge from hiding, flank her on both sides,
cattle prods deliver enough juice to power a small block.

Raven twitches and falls onto the floor. Russian Gangsters
all leap and pile onto her as though she just fumbled an
American football.

The pile disperses...

Boeviks carry a helpless Raven to a nearby TABLE.

They place her on her back -- spread-eagle. A dedicated
soldier each holds down a single appendage while a few
others circle and stand ready to assist.

RAVEN

Which one of you mudaks wants it
first? I get loose I'm gonna turn
you cossak-assholes into
thin-sliced cold cut meat.

Darya emerges from the shadows. Raven notices the Brigadier
and stops struggling...

RAVEN

MINT. You're next on my list. Saved
me the trouble of looking for you.
How's your pussy-brother doing you
albino looking bitch?

Darya smiles for a millisecond -- removes a dagger from
Raven's thigh holster and closely examines...

RAVEN

I put one just like that in your
brother's back.

... lowers the tip -- gently glides it up Raven's leg, over her hip and further up to her exposed naval.

RAVEN

Mind getting that itch? Little to the right. Hey, that kinda tickles.

Raven laughs. Darya holds back rage, pauses, and then forces a slight smile... it lasts about a millisecond.

DARYA

I'll ask you one time, what poison and which antidote?

RAVEN

That sleazebag still alive? Sorry -- I'm kinda having trouble remembering shit at the moment.

Darya drives the knife deep inside her gut --

Our reluctant hero screams...

With only the handle visible, Darya twists and then appears puzzled from the lack of blood -- removes the dagger and watches the hole begin to slowly repair.

RAVEN

Can't we just skip to the good part? You know, when your pulse reaches zero-beats-per-minute?

She plunges the dagger into her stomach -- psycho bitch RAGES right along with each one of Raven's screams.

Darya cranks it up a notch by stabbing Raven's mid-section again and again...

MEZZANINE OFFICE TO THE WAREHOUSE -- 2ND FLOOR.

Terry sits in a chair -- captive, while an armed Boevik looms behind. He hears the sounds of Raven's screams.

Boevik slaps Terry across the back of his head.

BOEVIK

(English)

Seems the party has begun for your friend. You are not valuable anymore, now are you?

This guy's armed to the teeth, assault rifle slung over his shoulder, grenades attached to body-armor -- even has a Taser sticking into the front of his pants belt.

He grabs Terry's camera and looks at the front of the lens...

TERRY

That's worth ten thousand bucks.
It's yours if you let me go.

Boevik laughs...

BOEVIK

It is, *already* mine!
(beat, perplexed)
How does it work?

BACK DOWN ON RAVEN'S TORTURE SESSION --

-- loud screams as the dagger rearranges her abs.

Darya stops... she's actually winded, checks her own hand which is bleeding a bit. Raven catches her breath, sees Darya's self-inflicted wound...

RAVEN

You're a slow learner, ain't ya?

Darya rage screams.

RAVEN

Better have that looked at before it gets infected... hey, I'm just concerned for your well being.

Evil bitch drops the dagger and yanks off Raven's mask.

DARYA

What the fuck are you made from?

Raven struggles to free herself.

RAVEN

You fuck'n twat. I'm gonna gut you like a flounder, make your brother watch while I show him all the bullshit you ate for dinner. Then I'll do the same to him and every other Odessa faggot I can find.

DARYA

What is POISON???? TELL ME!!!!

Darya is handed a cordless CIRCULAR SAW -- which she tests, spins up the blade and displays it to her prisoner...

RAVEN

OH, power tools... *that's hot!*

A Boevik removes Raven's boot and grips her higher-up on the leg. Darya goes tool-time with the saw -- directly on Raven's ankle. The teeth from the saw blade stretch and rearrange her joint.

Her skin and bones are blasted nearby and onto the table top. No matter how much cutting is done, everything that is Raven still stays, somehow, somehow, attached to her displaced foot...

RAVEN

AHHHHHH... SHIIITTT!

... which now begins to flop and dangle off the edge of the table, kinda like hot wax melting from a mannequin.

Darya has the saw blade so-far-buried into the table top that the tool takes off on her and begins cutting into Raven's other leg -- straight into her shin.

A new set of painful screams, a bit weaker though. Her breathing accelerates. This torture is now taking a toll.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The streets of Brooklyn are a war zone. It's cops vs. robbers, and the robbers are winning --

A police HELICOPTER illuminates the streets.

An R.P.G. lays a smoke trail as it slams into the tail rotor exploding into a large fireball. The steel bird spirals out of control and crashes nearby.

Automatic weapon fire from Arrasar gang members, along with newly-recruited prisoners, shred the shit out of cop cars.

The under-gunned police are forced to withdraw...

... only problem: they are retreating into the newly arriving Liberated Crips -- who fire at them as well.

An armored SWAT vehicle plows onto the scene -- Cops are positioned behind it, tank warfare style.

Arrasar Bombardier aims his rocket launcher at the vehicle and fires...

The rocket hits the sloped windshield, careens and redirects upward -- continues until striking a...

CELL-PHONE ANTENNA TOWER -- which explodes and burns.

A second rocket hits the front wheel of the SWAT vehicle and immediately cripples it.

From roof tops, Molotov cocktails rain down on top of the disabled personnel carrier. Cops inside burn alive -- those around the outside of the vehicle are cut down from gunfire.

ARRASAR LEADER
Stop shooting! Hold your fire!

Shooting quells.

Arrasar gang members (with the loyalty of newly acquired thugs) face the Crips, whom they now greatly outnumber.

ARRASAR LEADER
Don't shoot! Our history can wait.

Crip leader evaluates... his side doesn't stand a chance unless he negotiates.

CRIP LEADER
Ah-ight, no shoot'n. Whatchu up to?
Smells big.

ARRASAR LEADER
Fuck'n grande. There's room for
more, but I'll need help getting
something first.

CRIP LEADER
Black front'n brown? Shit ain't be
work'n in the past.

ARRASAR LEADER
How bout front'n green then?

CRIP LEADER
Oh...? How much green, nigga?

ARRASAR LEADER
More than you can probably count.

Crip leader checks his men, then orders them to lower their weapons.

ARRASAR LEADER
No reason to die today, Holmes.

Arrasar Leader extends a hand in gesture...

ARRASAR LEADER
We got a deal then?

CRIP LEADER
I gots' a choice? Da fuck we's
gonna be doin'?

ARRASAR LEADER
Gotta hit the Sixty-First.

CRIP LEADER
Police precinct? The hells' fahh?

ARRASAR LEADER
A new set of digs.

Crip Leader has no idea what he means. Neither should you.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

ALLEYWAY -- STREET LEVEL

An unmarked police car screeches to a halt, passenger door whips open. Mattingly is the driver. Paula approaches.

MATTINGLY
Shit's going down big-time.

PAULA
Where?

MATTINGLY
Everywhere! Come on! Hurry!

She falls into the passenger seat. Car speeds away.

INT. ODESSA STASH WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Darya slaps the side of the cordless-saw blade and turns to the Boevik that previously handed her the tool...

DARYA
Is it too much difficulty to fully
charge battery?

RAVEN
(weakly)
Stop... no more.

Boevik hands Darya a spare battery. She nods in approval, accepts it and swaps out the dead one.

RAVEN

It burns... can't... can't breath.

DARYA

You are not so much funny any
longer, are you? Her hand please.

A Boevik frees Ravens arm -- opens her weakened hand,
spreads her fingers apart and offers them to the hungry saw.

DARYA

The poison?

Darya spins up the blade and slashes it outwards...

... Raven's fingers look like bowling pins after a perfect
strike, all twisted up and blown out of position -- each
dislocated -- each dangle from the knuckles.

Weaker screams -- she's depleted, abused and broken.

Darya hovers the blade in front of Raven's neck.

DARYA

Let's see what happens if I cut
your head off.

She spins it up...

RAVEN

Stop, I'll tell you -- stop!

DARYA

I'm listening.

RAVEN

Hemolysis... from... Bushmen
beetle... poison.

Darya dials a number on her cell phone.

DARYA

You better tell truth, and for your
sake, it better bring back Petro.

She can't get a phone connection, hangs up and turns to her
subordinates...

DARYA

(Russian)

No bars. Which Durak forget to pay
wireless bill?

Boeviks check their own phones -- all register same disappointment. Darya hands the saw back to them...

DARYA
... have fun with her until I
confirm poison.

BOEVIK
And then, Brigadier?

DARYA
Bury her alive.

Exit Darya via her limo and finally through a garage door.

CUT TO:

MEZZANINE OFFICE TO THE WAREHOUSE -- 2ND FLOOR.

Terry visually instructs the Boevik on camera usage.

TERRY
Now, that right there is a Leica
lens. I've been thinking -- you
guys are a big operation, you need
a loyal liaison to the outside
world. I can be that guy.

BOEVIK
Just teach all of camera, fat man.
It is very nice lens indeed.

Boevik looks straight into the front of it as...

Terry snaps a picture -- LED-FLASH fires and momentarily
blinds the Russian.

Terry reaches for the Taser, still tucked into the front of
his pants, then pushes the dry-fire, side-button...

ZAP!

Boevik's balls sizzle from almost 50k volts. Terry removes
the Taser, aims at his face, point-blank, and then pulls the
trigger...

... Taser barbs blast outward and stick into each Boevik eye
-- electricity arcs throughout his skull.

Terry panics. The body falls. Wires are still connected to
eyeballs.

He rushes to the window, looks down onto the table, sees...

BACK DOWN ON RAVEN'S TORTURE SESSION --

Raven's ankle slowly repairs itself. Boeviks continue to hold down her weakened body.

BOEVIK

Who likes the breast meat?

They all laugh -- asshole Boevik spins up the saw, moves it close to her chest.

RAVEN

Please... no more.

MEZZANINE OFFICE TO THE WAREHOUSE -- 2ND FLOOR.

Terry looks around, checks for a pulse on the body... dead!

Retrieves a frag-grenade from the tactical belt -- then immediately takes back his camera and cradles it.

TERRY

My camera, jerk.

Back at the window, he pulls the primer pin out.

TERRY

Sorry Raven, this is gonna hurt them way more than you.

He tosses the grenade down and at them...

BACK DOWN ON RAVEN'S TORTURE SESSION --

Grenade falls, hits the table right between Raven's legs -- bounces up, tumbles at Boevik eye-level --

the look on all of the aghast faces belonging to the helpless Russians remains priceless just as...

BOOM

Everyone takes shrapnel at close range -- Warriors are blown back and to the ground, each totally disabled.

Terry stumbles down the stairs and arrives at the mess he just created, steps over bodies while photographing.

Raven's out cold...

TERRY

Raven! Raven, wake up!

He notices Raven without her mask...

TERRY

Tanya?!?

She remains motionless on top of the table -- add shrapnel holes and searing burn marks onto her body.

The original door swings open -- Dante enters, pistol pointed at them...

DANTE

F.B.I. -- let me see your hands!

TERRY

Help, she needs help!

DANTE

What in the blazes...?

TERRY

I gotta get her out of here.

DANTE

That was a grenade blast? She's dead, man -- they're all dead! This is a crime scene now.

Terry struggles to lift Raven, not gonna happen -- she flops back down, parts still dangling.

TERRY

She's much heavier than she looks.

He slight of hands a few daggers.

TERRY

Get her out of here. She'll heal.

DANTE

Who did this? *You Did?!?*

Terry sits Raven up. Her head falls limply into his chest.

TERRY

Hurry, before that frosty psycho bitch comes back.

Dante points at her...

DANTE

This is the psycho bitch!

... gets a clearer look at her face...

DANTE
 ... is that... *Tanya?!?* You gotta
 be kidding me!

TERRY
 What? You know Tanya?

DANTE
 Uhh, I went out to dinner with her
 yesterday. Son of a...!

Terry retrieves her mask and boot -- appears jealous...

TERRY
 Wait, out to dinner?!?

Dante snaps back into the moment. He attempts to dial out
 from his cell phone, realizes he doesn't have a connection.

DANTE
 You said more of these guys are
 coming back?

Terry nods. Dante tosses Raven over his shoulder and carries
 her to the door.

TERRY
 She needs Chicken lo-mein fast!

DANTE
 If you think I'm taking her for
 Chinese food, you're outta your
 mind.

TERRY
 You went out with her once already,
 now didn't you?

They exit the warehouse to the --

OUTSIDE ALLEY

and scamper to the road near Dante's car. Terry climbs into
 the backseat and receives Raven's limp body.

SNAP -- Dante handcuffs her. Begins to dial his cell.

TERRY
 That necessary?

Dante with a look: "you kidding?" Checks his phone...

DANTE
Lucky you're not in cuffs for
abating. No cell service. Dammit!

He hops into the drivers seat and slams on the gas.

INT. BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - NIGHT

A Boevik defends the unconscious Petrovik and the Doctor.

GUNFIRE echoes from the hallway.

Another Boevik frantically enters -- last stand.

BOEVIK
(Russian)
Dozens of them. All armed!

They overturn tables and aim at the hallway door.

Gunfire subsides. Sounds of SLICING and SCREAMING.

DARYA ENTERS...

her white suit splattered red -- wields 2 MAKHAIRA short
swords, both dripping with fresh blood.

She insanely scans for something else to slice, then
struggles to calm down.

INT. NYPD 61ST. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Cops are overwhelmed and gunned down. Shooting subsides...

BASEMENT

Arassar Leader enters the equipment room. He locates his
prize...

CHEMICAL WARFARE PROTECTION SUITS.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Dante's car speeds through West Brighton.

INT. DANTE'S CAR - NIGHT

Raven wakes -- looks around -- sees Terry.

RAVEN
What... where am I?

TERRY

Raven, I thought you were a goner!
Your boot...

RAVEN

Boot? Who's clothes are these?
Who's Raven? Terry?!? Oh God...
please don't kill me!

Terry reaches out in attempt to calm her.

RAVEN

Ahh... don't touch me!

She looks away, weeps -- *not Raven*, gotta be **TATIANA**.

TERRY

Holy shit, this is a mega mind
fuck. Tanya, you're Raven?!?

DANTE

Quiet down back there.

TATIANA

Mr. Dante Dugantis?

Terry laughs -- stops after seeing they are both quite serious.

TATIANA

Handcuffs? I'm under arrest?!? I
didn't do anything wrong!

Dante tosses a folder at Terry, then proceeds to power-up a police radio. Terry opens and examines...

DANTE

Her name is Tatiana Gustov, born
Kazan, Russia. Her family, Russian
bankers -- apparently pissed off
the wrong people. She somehow
survived a hit from the Odessa
mafia about three years ago. Went
into hiding. Family assets are
worth billions.

TERRY

How did you know she was the
vigilante?

DANTE

I didn't, well, didn't until I
followed you straight to her. Right
under my nose the whole time!

Terry checks the dossier folders, realizes...

TERRY
Hot *and* rich?!?
(further reads...)
Wait, I'm in here too!

DANTE
You were a legitimate query. I was
just interested in her. Turns out
she's also legitimate.

TERRY
You don't understand, she's a
superhero! Well, part-time
superhero.

DANTE
More like an outlaw and a murderer.

TERRY
Murderers and outlaws don't cry.
Gimme the key, I'm taking these
cuffs off.

DANTE
OH, SHIT...!!!

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD --

Malcontents open FIRE into their car. Tatiana SCREAMS...

Dante swerves the vehicle, enters a side road, sideswipes a
few parked cars and then careens onward. The front end
bounces off another car before accelerating around a corner.

DANTE
What the hell is going on?

Machine gun fire begins penetrating the rear of the car.

Tatiana squints, attempts to opens her eyes...

Terry registers horror after seeing her left eye mangled
from a gunshot entrance wound.

TERRY
Ahhhhhh!

TATIANA
Ahhhhhh! It burns! It burns!

She leans, looks for help. Terry has no idea what to do.

TATIANA
 BURNS! Get it out! BURNS!
 OOOUUUTTT!

Terry sticks his finger into her eye. Attempts to pull out the bullet. Can't quite grab it.

TATIANA
 Hot. Out!

He sticks a second finger inside, feels around...

TERRY
 I'm trying! Easier if I had chopsticks.

TATIANA
 Burns, burns... *it burrrnsssss!!!*

The car clips a lamp pole... Terry and Tanya are tossed across the back seat. Dante fights the steering wheel and regains control of the vehicle.

He checks behind for pursuers -- clear -- activates the police radio and grabs the mic...

DANTE
 Federal Tac-1 to NYPD headquarters?

The radio emits an error tone. He repeats the request... nothing.

DANTE
 Not good... not good at all.

Terry yanks out the bullet from Tanya's eye socket and tosses the lead out of the window.

TATIANA
 How's it look? Is it bad? Tell me!

TERRY
 Uhhh... nooo, *not really*... it'll barely leave a mark. Wouldn't worry about it. Trust me.

Dante fights the wheel, briefly turns his head...

DANTE
 Please don't be seriously hurt while in my custody!

EXT. BROOKLYN - 60TH POLICE PCT. - NIGHT

The NYPD MOBILE COMMAND BUS is an RV on steroids. It rests curbside in front of the 60th precinct.

Behind it is the SKYWATCH SURVEILLANCE TOWER ascending upwards and locking into active position.

Dozens of police officers and emergency personnel urgently prepare a perimeter on both sides of the block.

INT. NYPD MOBILE COMMAND BUS - NIGHT

Inside looks like Mission Control. Monitors track roving GANG MEMBERS as they loot and destroy neighborhoods.

ON THE MONITORS

Flat screen TV's parade over heads. Armenian suits are draped over shoulders. Sneaker boxes are tucked under arms.

BACK TO SCENE

Door opens...

Mattingly and Paula (already inside) stand and salute --

NYPD CHIEF BARTLEY, 60, body by Guinness.

CHIEF BARTLEY

Situation?

CAPTAIN ULTAN, 40, stands straight as an arrow, gotta be former military -- wears her "whites" tight and bright.

CAPTAIN

Chaos. 61st overrun. Multiple sector cars and SWAT units down. We lost local cell phone comms, internet, public security cameras and our police-band repeaters.

Mattingly whispers to Paula...

MATTINGLY

How come the drones still work?

PAULA

They're sat-relayed to us.

CHIEF BARTLEY

How long till we're back up and running?

CAPTAIN

All I keep hearing is: "We're working on it."

CHIEF BARTLEY

This a foreign terrorist militia?

CAPTAIN

Not likely. Local gangs busted out the scum from the Demilitarized zone, armed 'em all up.

CHIEF BARTLEY

What a relief. Glad it's only a domestic scenario.

On Paula, as she gives the: "Chief's an idiot" look to Mattingly. She notices...

A MONITOR which tracks the Arrasar gang as they carry the chemical suits from the 61st police precinct into awaiting vehicles.

CHIEF BARTLEY

Our perimeter is secure though, 10-4?

CAPTAIN

Affirmative, I have all available units, including riot and anti-gang assembled and ready. Just say the word and we'll move ou...

CHIEF BARTLEY

... good, keep 'em stationed here until the FEDS arrive. Give those that wish to destroy space to do so.

Perplexed faces are now everywhere.

CAPTAIN

Sir, those are our neighborhoods being destroyed, and our neighbors forced to barricade inside their own homes! These are not just some protes...

CHIEF BARTLEY

... we stay put. I'm not taking anymore casualties over this. Fuck'n police unions will have my head as is. It'll quell itself, always does.

PAULA

A drone recorded criminals stealing chemical warfare suits from the sixty-first, which means...

CHIEF BARTLEY

... that they probably think we're gonna use riot gas. Who are you, lad?

PAULA

Is that bourbon I smell?
(to the Captain)
Cap, they're all heading towards Little Odessa, if we...

CAPTAIN

(to Bartley)
I won't just stand by while...

Chief's heard enough.

CHIEF BARTLEY

... you are gonna stand by. And the rest of you are going to do exactly as told. Anyone not clear on that can resign immediately. Now, someone get me a cup of coffee, chocolate Irish cream.

PAULA

Shit must run *up* the chain of command cuz you are bursting at the seams with it.

CHIEF BARTLEY

Assigned personnel and ranking officers only -- everyone else I want OUT of here, right FUCKING now, especially you *toots!*

EXT. BROOKLYN - 60TH POLICE PCT. - NIGHT

Mattingly and Paula exit the command bus and walk through the perimeter.

PAULA

Asshole called me toots. Thanks for the help in there. You picked a great time to retire your mouth.

MATTINGLY
Hey, I told you I'm...

PAULA
... ya, ya, -- a year left, hear it
every other day.

MATTINGLY
By the way, when did you grow that
set of cojones?

PAULA
You like 'em?

She arrives at his car and gets into the drivers seat.

MATTINGLY
Hey, we were told to stand fast.
The fuck you think you're going?

PAULA
Gangs steal Chem suits then head
towards little Odessa. Coincidence?
I think not.

He realizes: *she's serious!* Car engine starts.

MATTINGLY
Wait, leaving here is such a bad
idea.

Mattingly falls into the passenger seat.

MATTINGLY
Shit, there goes my pension!

PAULA
Buckle up for safety.

MATTINGLY
You drive way too fast. You do know
that, right?

She grins, slams her foot onto the gas pedal. Good-Year
treads melt against pavement.

INT. DANTE'S CAR - NIGHT

Tatiana leans forward, tries to re-position her hands in the
cuffs. Her eye is almost fully repaired.

TATIANA

I think I can see again. My foot's
killing me. I'm really starving.

Terry displays a crushed fortune cookie. Hand feeds it to her.

TERRY

Where are we going?

DANTE

Like riding with two kids back
there. She's going to jail. You can
take a cab home from the precinct.

TERRY

Raven, you gotta tell him who you
are... what you can do.

TATIANA

Stop calling me Raven! I think my
rights are being violated.

DANTE

This some kinda bullshit act you
two are pulling to sell newspapers?
Cuz it ain't working. Not for a
second.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Burning cars block the road. Dante stops driving.

From above, Molotov Cocktails rain down and explode. He
reverses -- too late.

Fire spreads everywhere and melts everything.

DANTE

Out. Get out of the car!

The exterior of the car is engulfed in flames. They must
stop, exit and scurry for cover.

Dante fires into a balcony -- hits an Undesirable -- body
falls down to the concrete.

Terry ushers Tatiana behind the cover of another vehicle.
Dante joins, instantly sees the lifeless body...

DANTE

Holy jeez, I just killed that guy!

TERRY
I'm six ahead of you.

DANTE
Car's fried. We'll have to jog the
rest of the way.

TERRY
Jog?!? Can't you call for
re-reinforcements, back-up or
whatever you guys call it?

DANTE
You heard, the police radio's down
and my phone ain't getting through.
We need to go West, back to the
sixtieth, and fast.

TERRY
At least take her cuffs off.

Tatiana cowers against a car, petrified with fear...

DANTE
Ya... think I'm stupid?

Terry contemplates... wants to retort.

Dante aims his flashlight down the dark road. They move out.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

OUTSIDE OF ODESSA HEADQUARTERS

Odessa warriors fire at Arrasar gang members. They provide
cover fire as the Novichok is loaded into a white van. Crip
members advance and side flank.

Weapons cycle and tear up everything in the streets.

Odessa slowly gets picked off one by one.

A brave Mafia Warrior is last to defend the van. He fires at
every charging Arrasar -- doesn't see...

Crip Leader sneak up behind him and go bush-master with a
machete. Odessa collapses into his own pool of blood.

Arriving tires loudly screech...

Mattingly fires from the passenger side window as Paula rams
the front of the car into the Crip Leader which slams him
into a brick wall -- crushed like a grape.

Their car gets sprayed with gunfire from gang members.

Both cops exit and seek cover behind their own vehicle. They struggle to gather tactical intelligence.

Mattingly reveals an ankle holster, draws a "baby" Glock and then passes it to Paula...

MATTINGLY

Shit, shit! Make 'em count!

Arrasar advances -- gunfire continues to erupt. Glass shatters. Loud explosions echo throughout the block.

PAULA

The crates -- you see the name on the side?

MATTINGLY

Huh... the what?!?

PAULA

Novichok -- it's a Russian bio-weapon. Ten times more powerful than Sarin gas!

MATTINGLY

I'm more worried about the lead poisoning!

PAULA

That's why they stole the bio-suits -- they intend on deploying it.

Arrasar leader gets behind the wheel of the van -- tries to start it up -- has difficulty turning the engine over.

Dante arrives behind them and opens fire towards Arrasar. Terry pulls Tanya behind the cover of a steel dumpster.

DANTE

Precinct is overrun! Fuck!

EXT. BROOKLYN - 60TH POLICE PCT. - NIGHT

SWAT SERGEANT, 36, salutes Captain Ultan as she arrives at his armored personnel carrier.

Ultan gets into the drivers seat...

SERGEANT

Cap, what's the plan?

CAPTAIN

Chief won't authorize action.
Anyone asks, I stole your vehicle
and didn't say a word afterwards.

The Sergeant to his anxious officers...

SERGEANT

Squad, file into the Bear-cat!

CAPTAIN

Sergeant, I'm disobeying direct
orders. I can't ask you or your men
to jeopardize careers.

SWAT cops secure themselves inside of the carrier.

SERGEANT

Boss, anyone asks -- we were hiding
in the back of the transport. I
won't say a word afterwards.

Captain smiles and then drives away with a team of six.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Mattingly and Dante rise and return fire. The slides on
their service weapons lock back. They return behind cover.

DANTE

I'm out!

MATTINGLY

Same.

Arrasar Gang Member fires a full spread at them until empty.

Paula rises and snipes the Arrasar Member in the middle of
his mouth, bends, checks her weapon...

DANTE

Nice shot!

... she's empty -- pockets the gun, flips open a tactical
knife, hides -- awaits her faith as more bad guys advance...

AIRBORNE -- a news helicopter chops the air above -- It
hovers in place, dangerously low, intent on filming the
battle.

CU on Tatiana as she cowers behind the dumpster.

Terry holds her close to him. Both are pinned down.

TERRY

We're not gonna make it...

Terry KISSES Tatiana directly on the lips. In awe, she pulls away from him.

CLOSE-UP of the handcuffs still secured behind her back...

CRACK -- her thumbs easily dislocate -- hands instantly slip free as the bindings freely fall onto the pavement.

WHACK

She smacks him across his face. He winces.

TATIANA

Are you fuck'n out of your mind,
Terry Conrad?

TERRY

Raven, you're back!

RAVEN

Duhhh. Where's my mask?

Terry produces -- she puts it on. He also gives her the confiscated throwing daggers.

RAVEN

Superheroes need masks. You should know that. This is some amazing shit, Terry Conrad. First, you blow me up, then you take advantage of a girl in bondage? You can't possibly be that fuck'n desperate, can you?

TERRY

Uhh... no.

She stands, looks around...

RAVEN

We'll deal with it after I find that albino bitch.

Nearby gunfire ricochets. Malcontents are advancing.

TERRY

Raven?

RAVEN

Yeah?

TERRY

I never doubted your righteousness.

She rolls her eyes at him. Draws her daggers...

RAVEN

Who the fuck's these *dick-bags* that
are shooting at us?

SWAT carrier arrives...

Criminal gunfire tracks the cops. Mattingly and Dante
withdraw to the cover of the armored rear.

Raven leaps from the top of the dumpster -- lands and carves
up a Malcontent with precision dagger slices.

MATTINGLY

Paula! Now!

Paula sees the opportunity -- attempts a hobbled run for the
armored carrier, slips and falls down to the street. She
crawls...

Mattingly sprints to help her -- pushes her towards the
vehicle and takes a stray round into the side of his leg.

MATTINGLY

Ahhhh! Fuck'n shit!

Arrasar Leader wearing a full CHEMICAL WARFARE SUIT exits
the rear van doors -- leaps onto the street. He fires a hand
held GAS LAUNCHER at the cops...

A metallic canister hits Mattingly square in his back --
hisses like a cobra as it deploys the Novichok nerve agent
-- instant and undetectable horror.

Mattingly's the first to inhale this stuff.

Additional Arrasar members each wearing chem-suits aim video
cameras, with the full intention of documenting the horror.

Mattingly immediately feels the effect from the Novichok.
The gunshot to his leg is now the least of his worries.

He rapidly twitches while his muscles convulse with
super-spasms. Cartilage tears as the bones they are
connected to fracture and splinter.

REPULSIVE CRACKING SOUNDS ECHO THROUGHOUT THE STREET

Mattingly gasps for air, lips turn blue. His mouth drools a yellow mucus. The panicked look on his face makes up for his inability to scream.

Terry arrives near Paula who ushers him inside the carrier along with SWAT team members. They quickly seal the door.

INSIDE THE CARRIER

CAPTAIN

What the hell is that shit?

PAULA

It's a nerve agent called Novichok!
Oh no, *Mattingly!*

The Captain slaps the on-board button labeled: OXYGEN.

CAPTAIN

Atropine. Can we get him
Atropine?!?

PAULA

Useless against this chemical
variant.

Mattingly's lifeless body is seen through the safety glass portal.

PAULA

Oh no! Oh no!

OUTSIDE THE CARRIER

Raven sprints, picks up the canister -- examines...

Novichok appears to have zero effect on her. She flips it into the dumpster, cartwheels, evades incoming gunfire -- tosses daggers -- hits criminals with pinpoint precision.

Arrasar Leader fires another canister into the street, turns to reload with more product from the back of the van.

Raven dives, rolls at him, sweeps his legs and then rips off his protective head gear. He has no choice but to inhale.

RAVEN

Smells minty-fresh, don't it?

Leader rolls around the street and gasps for air as the fumes of death enter into his lungs.

His muscles constrict as his bones snap and his body discharges it's innards.

RAVEN

Ewwweee. Make sure you clean up
after yourself. Kinda too old to be
wearing a diaper -- also too young.

She scans, cartwheels, spin kicks another Arrasar member --
knocks his mask clean off and stabs him side of his head.

Raven sees Darya climb into the van.

THE VAN tires screech as it takes off down the road.

INSIDE

Darya removes her re-breather.

She jams on the brakes, back van doors slam shut. Foot slams
on the accelerator.

OUTSIDE

The van speeds away, but a new threat arrives...

Insane Motorcycle Gang Member -- who cackles -- stops and
fires off defensive cover-rounds for the escaping van...

Raven dodges the lead, cartwheels and executes an exotic
gymnastic move while charging the cyclist -- spins, flips
and then lands on the seat behind him.

She simultaneously plunges a dagger into each of his temples
-- tosses his dead body from the bike, grabs the handlebars,
contently pets the gas tank...

RAVEN

Ceh, ceh, ceh... nice horse.

She leans forward and twists the throttle to full speed.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CARRIER - NIGHT

The Captain leaps into the drivers seat.

CAPTAIN

I'm backing us outta here.

PAULA

The van! That quantity of Novichok
can easily take out most of
Manhattan.

Captain turns to her Sergeant who checks gauges...

SERGEANT

She outta hold an airtight seal for
at least twenty minutes.

The Captain drops it in drive -- nails the gas, looks
through the windshield...

CAPTAIN

Anyone see it? Where did it go?

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Van proceeds Westbound. Raven is in hot pursuit as she
dodges abandoned vehicles and giant potholes.

She veers onto the sidewalk, pulls a wheelie and hops the
bike onto the hood of a car -- airborne for a brief moment
before she lands and pulls along side of Darya.

Raven kicks the side of the van door. Darya swerves in an
attempt to drive her off the road.

INT. ARMORED CARRIER - NIGHT

The Captain shifts gears as she scans the roadway...

CAPTAIN

Come on, where is it?

Paula switches radio frequencies and then activates the
microphone -- talks into it...

PAULA

Black news copter above sixtieth,
you have your ears tuned to
Aviation UHF?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Copter four.

PAULA

Copter four, this is NYPD SWAT. We
need your assistance tracking a
white van, Westbound on sixtieth.

Beat.

PAULA

Copter four, do you copy?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Affirmative, white van speeding
Westbound on Sixtieth... has a
motorcycle in pursuit.

PAULA

Copy that, it's imperative you do not lose sight of that vehicle. Do you understand? Do you copy?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

We just lost visual... somewhere inside the Brooklyn Army Terminal.

PAULA

It's heading to...

The Bear-Cat lurches through an intersection...

CAPTAIN

... I heard. I freak'n heard!

EXT. BROOKLYN ARMY TERMINAL - NIGHT

A Gargantuan 1920's concrete structure once used for transporting wartime equipment overseas and to distant battlefields. At one time considered the world's largest "post office for the United States Military".

INSIDE THE --

WAREHOUSE BAY -- ARMY TERMINAL

Van passes LOADING DOCKS. It travels deeper into the structure and turns a corner to where armed Boeviks wait.

Raven's cycle follows. Machine guns unload on her.

She tumbles, bike-slides and comes to a halt after hitting pallets of machinery. The van eventually stops about a hundred yards for her position.

A bullet clips her thigh which blasts skin and muscle away from her leg.

She YELPS, gets up and tuck N' rolls behind the cover of the machinery -- grimaces while extracting the hot round.

RAVEN

Out of the fire and into...

She waits for a reload, peers to see...

AT THE VAN

Darya exits the driver side. A warrior greets her and begins to unload the crates of Novichok into an old FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

Boeviks send more gunfire into the machinery. They finish reloading and advance.

Tires SCREECH. Russian Warriors turn, scatter for cover, weapons now cycle at --

The arriving NYPD armored carrier -- which skids to a halt. The P.A. activates...

CAPTAIN (P.A.)

This is the police. Drop your weapons and get down on your knees with your hands up.

The SWAT Sergeant quickly leads his troops out of the vehicle and into position for the ensuing firefight.

THE CARGO ELEVATOR

The final crate of Novichok is now inside the elevator next to Darya. The cage door begins to close.

A single Boevik remains alertly by her side.

INSIDE THE ARMORED CARRIER --

Dante and Paula reload their pistol magazines with fresh ammo. The Captain preps her assault rifle...

CAPTAIN

Zero comms to inform headquarters of our location! No one knows where we are. We gotta get this done by ourselves.

She turns to Terry, Dante and Paula...

CAPTAIN

You three, lock the door and stay here.

Terry snaps a picture of her...

CAPTAIN

Do that again and I'll break that over your head!

TERRY

Why does everyone wanna hurt me?

DANTE

I have a solid idea why.

The Captain exits, shuts the rear doors and joins the others in the firefight with the Boeviks.

PAULA

There's a stairwell over there. We can get around them and intercept the Novichok.

DANTE

You kidding me? They'll just gas us again!

PAULA

None of them are wearing protected suits. They won't risk it. I'll bet there's a boat waiting nearby.

DANTE

I'm not a tactical officer and neither are you. Let's just let these guys do their thing and then we clean up.

PAULA

The one in the elevator, wearing white -- she's a high level Odessa officer. If you want the Vigilante, then you need to follow her.

DANTE

Alright. Let's finish this.

Terry moves to the exit.

DANTE

You were told to stay here.

TERRY

So were you. Besides, I'm a reporter, see...?

Terry flashes his credentials -- snaps a picture of them. Paula briefly smiles.

DANTE

You're really looking to get your ass shot off aren't you?

They exit.

HALLWAY

Concrete corridors stretch as far as the eye can focus. The Novichok rests on a cart and is being wheeled down the hallway by a Boevik -- Darya is on point.

WAREHOUSE BAY

SWAT Sergeant aims -- takes out a dug-in Boevik. Machine gun fire exchanges between both sides...

BAY DOOR opens --

Out steps...

Odessa FLAMETHROWER PERSON, ??, armored head to toe -- sprays napalm at the SWAT officers.

Assault rifle rounds clank harmlessly off of the chest armor.

CAPTAIN

Fall back!

They back up to the carrier, all previous gains now lost.

Napalm engulfs a cop's back. He bursts into flames, loudly SCREAMS as his riot gear melts into his skin.

BEHIND THE HUMAN ARSONIST --

Raven pounces -- carves the jugular of an unsuspecting Boevik -- spins and launches a dagger into the ear of a second Gunman, who instantly drops to the floor.

She uses her speed, rolls to the rear of the flamethrower, reaches and spins the valve on the fuel tank.

And just like that, she disables his fuel flow.

The flamethrower powers down -- arsonist checks on the malfunctioning equipment. The cops charge the armored beast and drive it to the floor. They wrestle...

The Captain aims -- places the red-dot from her rifle laser onto Raven's chest...

A stare-down ensues...

RAVEN

I'm having a record day for getting shot.

A short moment later -- the Captain lowers her weapon, nods her head in appreciation.

RAVEN
I'll just be on my way. Got some
really bad gas I need to deal with.

Raven turns and sprints to the freight elevator.

SEVERAL FLOORS HIGHER -- AT AN INTERSECTION

Dante and Paula fire at a single Boevik from the cover of a hallway corner -- their pistols are a tough match-up for the long-gun holding them at bay.

DANTE
Try to bounce a shot off the corner
of the wall!

Back and forth, the firefight ensues...

STORAGE BAY

Multiple rows of double doors line a far wall.

Darya enters, pushes the Novichok cart into the only set of open doors, turns, about to secure the deadly weapon inside -- notices a figure strutting as she approaches.

It's RAVEN

RAVEN
Miss me, bitch?

DARYA
You are most persistent, but time
for play has now expired.

Raven laughs.

RAVEN
Expired. You're so stuffy.

Darya removes, discards her bloody COAT and draws the twin swords strapped to her waist. She's now...

NAKED... from her pants up --

-- and her entire torso is covered in Eastern TATTOOS. Three dome towers prominently cover her chest.

A set of large OPEN EYES are under her throat area, along with stars, bells, bulls, scorpions, knives, long blades and a setting sun with faces of tigers clutching keys...

... and finally on both shoulders: the tattooed epaulette from the Soviet uniform.

Raven ecstatically processes...

RAVEN

Fantastic! Wish I could get tats
like that.

Darya points both swords at her and then spins the blades
like a highly skilled samurai.

Raven reaches for a dagger -- *she's out!*

Darya closes the gap, lunges and slices outwards...

Raven barely dodges, tumbles to her left -- leans backwards
-- avoids another sword strike, executes a tuck and roll to
her flank.

She's back onto her feet as Darya quickly advances and
positions herself to initiate another sequence of attacks.

Raven dodges a sword thrust to her torso. Pivots, hops over
another twirling slice meant to take out her knees. She
slides laterally -- front kicks into Darya's hip and fully
connects.

Darya stumbles. She can't help but rub for soreness.

They both separate and reset. Raven circles...

Darya twirls her swords above her head, executes a tornado
whirlwind strike --

The first swing barely misses Raven's head. The follow up
slices deeply into Raven's left forearm.

RAVEN

Ahhh, mudda -- mudda's day!

She staggers to achieve separation -- backs up into a steel
door and grasps her arm tightly.

Darya smiles.

DARYA

I know there is limit to amount of
punishment you can endure.

Raven hops, clutches her arm damage...

RAVEN

I have a small request -- mind just
shut'n the fuck up?

Darya spins her blades, whirlwinds like the Tasmanian Devil -- forces Raven back, who then bobs off the line of attack.

The sword master advances and attacks with a flurry...

Raven dodges -- can't hold her ground any longer -- must retreat. She eventually flees the room through an open service door, realizes she's on a --

CARGO BALCONY -- still inside the complex.

It's small and square, with dozens more scattered above and below -- yet another remnant of the ancient wartime operation that once existed here.

Raven dodges another swinging thrust, leans backwards over the ledge -- upends over the railing and falls one floor down...

BELLY SLAM -- she crashes onto another balcony. Gets up, sees Darya set to leap...

Raven exits the balcony and runs inside of another section of warehouse.

ON DARYA

she successfully makes the jump, rights herself and resumes pursuit...

ANOTHER WAREHOUSE TERMINAL

Stacks of worthless machinery everywhere. Darya twirls her razor-sharp steel, fully ready to strike yet again.

She checks behind a hydraulic press -- nothing. Scans left to right.

DARYA

I know you remain inside of here.

Darya moves to the next possible hiding spot...

CLANK -- a handful of ball bearings bounce and roll onto the floor. Some scatter under Darya's feet, which then slide out from under her. She falls onto her back.

Raven emerges from hiding, both hands clutch a RUSTY PIPE -- she swings away like a kid in a carnival...

... a sword parries the pipe -- her off-hand sword, counter strikes and then slices into Raven's shin.

Painful sighs as both "ladies" are now prone on the floor.

Raven rolls. Punches deep into Darya's side -- got some good force behind it...

CRACK -- evil bitch screams -- must have been the sound of a broken rib or two.

Slow to her feet, Raven gets up and holds her disabled arm, reaches and feels the gash in her shin. Immediately realizes that she lost sight of Darya.

A tattooed arm swings and locks across her neck --

Darya, from directly behind, forcefully drives one of her swords up and through Raven's back...

FRONT OF RAVEN'S CHEST --

the curved-point of the sword tip emerges, extends and disfigures the middle of our heroes chest --

-- up and outward -- two feet of sharp "sword-skin" now emerges from between her tits.

Raven HOWLS...

... then headbutts to the rear and catches Darya in the face -- a popping sound is heard as her nose deviates.

Darya releases her grip on Raven and covers her bloody face.

DARYA

You broke nose... *bitch!*

Raven turns, staggers -- howls, and then charges straight into the front of Darya...

both bodies meet head on with the sword handle still buried deep within Raven's back. Her momentum drives the forward-facing "sword-skin" directly into the front of Darya's heart which then easily emerges from her naked back.

Darya's blood explodes outward.

They face each other, each skewered together like a Kabob. Their equal momentum ceases when both strike a chain-link partition.

Eyes lock --

One set remains determined, another set is moments from bleeding out and dying, yet both opponents close enough to share an intimate moment.

RAVEN

Now, what have we learned?

Darya chokes on her own blood and dies.

Raven pushes her face away and struggles for separation.
Goopy flesh closes as they part.

She reaches behind her back for the hilt...

Getting the sword out is gonna be a helluva bitch.

HALLWAY

Dante and Paula are still pinned down at the end of the hallway. Bullets ricochet off concrete walls and floors.

Gunfire ceases...

Dante emerges, about to advance -- immediately stops after he sees a small canister bounce and roll directly at him...

... it's a FLASHBANG!

DANTE

Oh shit!

A blinding white flash. A deafening noise and then "distortion." Ear drums begin to recover...

... sound of coughing. Smoke quickly dissipates.

Dante is down on the floor. He gingerly rolls onto his side -- looks around...

sees Paula, also prone and recovering, further focuses on...

A set of combat boots, belonging to a charging Boevik with both hands clutching a huge combat KNIFE.

Dante checks the floor for his firearm... *where the hell is it?* A cane handle trips up the charging combat boot -- Paula just bought Dante a few seconds more time.

He staggers to his feet -- Boevik recovers and is about to plunge his blade into the vulnerable agent.

BOOM

A single gunshot. The warrior falls to the floor, drops the knife, hands clutch his side -- directly even with his heart-level.

Dante sees Terry pointing a smoking gun.

Paula regains her footing...

PAULA
Nice shot, Terry!

STORAGE BAY

Raven stumbles back into the loading bay. Still not fully healed, she now spots the Novichok cart and rolls it back into the storage bay.

She hears a thud inside of the dark container, re-enters the opening to investigate...

INSIDE THE CONTAINER

Spring loaded PRISON BARS snap shut. She turns, pounds on the steel. Feels for a release... no dice.

The container lifts up and away from the bay.

SOLID STEEL CARGO DOORS snap completely shut.

OUTSIDE -- TERMINAL HARBOR DOCKS

Spot-lights work overtime.

Raven's "prison container" rises via a cargo crane. It swings out and over the dock and settles high above...

... the Russian cargo vessel ANDROMEDA

Container lowers and disappears below the deck.

Prop-wash sprays over the docks. Andromeda's THRUSTERS work hard to station-keep.

LOADING BAY

Dante and Paula both arrive. They immediately notice the Novichok cart. Move to secure.

Other end -- SWAT units enter and quickly take a defensive position...

CAPTAIN
Police, don't move!

PAULA
Police, don't shoot!

Satisfied from the response, all weapons lower.

CAPTAIN
Didn't I tell you to stay put?

Paula shifts through the crates. The Novichok canisters are secure. She turns to Dante and displays a victory grin.

PAULA
We got it! We got the Novichok!

CAPTAIN
You two could've gotten yourself
killed along with that reporter.
(beat)
Where the hell is that annoying
kid?

Dante and Paula eagerly look for Terry...

CAPTAIN
(off their looks)
Tell me he's safe in the bear-cat?

OUTSIDE -- TERMINAL HARBOR DOCKS

The Andromeda clears the terminal slip, spins to port and throttles up.

A SHORT TIME LATER...

INT. ANDROMEDA CARGO SHIP - CRACK OF DAWN

DEEP INSIDE THE BELLY OF THE SHIP

A dimly lit CARGO HOLD is mostly empty.

In the middle rests Raven's prison container -- intact and perfectly silent -- doors remains tightly secured.

Interior lights activate. An access port opens...

Viktor enters -- blue jeans, shirtless, freshly buffed.

Petrovik staggers behind him, along with the Triplets, each wearing studded leather body-suits.

Viktor arrives at the end of the container, slides a large lever. He walks to the other sides and repeats the procedure...

... then steps back.

All four sides release from the frame of the container, teeter for a moment and then freely fall to the ground.

THUD

Steel prison bars expose. In the middle of the cage and upside down, hangs...

RAVEN --

her arms are comfortably folded, eyes fully closed.

Viktor moves for a closer look...

VIKTOR
(Russian)
Get down from there.

Her eyes remain shut...

RAVEN
(Russian)
Come in here and make me, asshole.

Viktor unlocks the cell.

Raven reacts, falls down into a handstand, somersaults onto her feet -- sees Viktor step inside with her.

His massiveness blocks the egress.

He checks his watch...

VIKTOR
I suspected you would surface
sooner than later, Ptichka.

RAVEN
Baby bird, my ass! Darya is dead
and you lost the Novichok. You
killed my family, so I'll be
returning the favor. Got any last
words?

VIKTOR
Novichok?!? Such a messy asset. I
have warehouses more back in
motherland. Standing right before
me is a weapon to claim all of
Russia and then rest of world. The
sole reason I'm here.

Raven laughs.

RAVEN
If you're stupid enough to think
I'll join you then you make
Petrovik look like Einstein.

Petrovik inquisitively turns to the Triplets...

PETROVIK
(Russian)
Who is Einstein person?

The Triplets giggle in unison.

Viktor produces a large knife, holds it in front of his chest -- flips it between his fingers like a carnival knife thrower.

RAVEN
Got plans for that?

He fires the knife at her face. She catches the point deep inside of her palm and pulls it out... shows him her hand as it slowly repairs itself.

Victor nods. He likes what he sees.

Raven calculates her options for a beat...

... then grins at Viktor -- war screams. She tightly grips the knife handle --

-- charges full speed, spins mid-air, thrusts the point of the knife outward and straight at Viktor's heart...

... and Viktor remains perfectly still, arms extended outward -- lets her stab him as hard as she can!

The blade enters into Viktor's chest and buries all the way up to the hilt. Dead center and directly into his heart.

VIKTOR
ARRAAHHHHH!!!

Viktor backhands Raven's head, which sends her spinning backwards and hard into the bars.

She rolls, face ripe with pain, watches Viktor grab the handle of the knife and slowly pull it out from a bloodless and self-sealing chest wound.

Viktor exhales, removes his sunglasses. His emerald eyes glare back at her.

VIKTOR

One week sail to motherland. You
have much training to still do,
Ptichka. Together, we shall rule
entire world... *forever!*

Viktor once again checks his watch -- exits the cell.

Petrovik angrily slams the door behind him. Spits at her
through the bars...

Raven attempts to stand, clutches her forehead, closes her
eyes and falls onto her knees -- braces herself for
transition.

She quickly looks around to grasp her whereabouts --

Tatiana is now scared and confused as she cowers deep inside
of the prison container. Her head goes limp. She loses
consciousness...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. RUSSIA - DAY

Ten miles outside of Moscow. Establishing.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Ornamental ceilings, lavish mirrors, mahogany rails and
plush mats -- the best the Russian Government has to offer.

SUPERIMPOSE: Ozero Krugloye, Russia

16 years ago

TATIANA, 6, screams bloody murder, sits flat on a mat with
both of her tiny legs extended together and outward --
ankles propped up on a wooden block.

Her female trainer, VARINKA, 50s, groom-less uni-brow. She's
bare foot, steps and applies pressure downward and on the
top of Tatiana's knees, which now both hyperextend.

She then releases her, flips and folds her in half at the
waist -- steps on the back of her hamstrings and drives both
legs into her tiny torso.

Tatiana screams. Nothing Varinka does is gentle...

... and the same can be said for the other half-dozen kids
-- each with their own trainer and each enduring the same
PERMANENT JOINT STRETCHES as does Tatiana.

TATIANA (RUSSIAN)
Please, no more. Please, hurts!

VARINKA (RUSSIAN)
You want Olympic glory?

TATIANA
No!

The trainer stands the tot upright, moves shiny black hair away from her cute little face. Smiles exchange. The trainer gently straightens her arm and tenderly strokes it.

Tatiana displays a look of relief.

Varinka's face instantly turns venomous -- twist-locks her tiny arm and easily forces her little elbow backwards...

POP!

Tatiana SCREAMS, pulls her arm away, sees it flop and then settle into an unnatural dangle.

VARINKA
You now have excuse to quit.
Complete waste of my time.

Varinka turns her back on the young girl...

VARINKA
Leave here in shame.
(towards a doorway)
NEXT!

BACK ROOM

Little Tatiana enters, collapses to her knees -- clutches her busted elbow and weeps. She holds her arm outward, straightens, regroupes and rubs the recovering elbow.

She wipes her cheeks and further tests the range of her arm -- fully functional.

HALLWAY

Tatiana hides before an open doorway and peers into a workout room...

Inside, a group of Russian military ELITES circle a young boy...

it's VIKTOR, 10, unbelievable muscle tone for his age. He dead lifts 140kg's of barbell weight, raises it over his head and then angrily tosses it into the corner of the room.

The Elites proudly clap at his super display of strength.

Viktor bows, soaks up more of the admiration and then directly looks at Tatiana. Their emerald eyes clash. She immediately flees the encounter.

VIKTOR (RUSSIAN)
Baby Ptichka flies away.

GYMNASIUM

Varinka bends at a horizontal bar, secures the footing to the mat-hook and rises to see Tatiana staring back.

She inspects her arm, extends and bends it.

VARINKA
You now ready to excel towards full potential?

TATIANA
I dunno.

Varinka flashes an even more dangerous look. Tatiana's expression changes to determined.

She lifts the young marvel and makes her hang from the bar.

VARINKA
You hold on for five minutes straight, no less!

BACK TO PRESENT

CUT TO:

EXT. NORWEGIAN SEA - NIGHT

UPPER DECK -- ANDROMEDA -- AFT

Viktor and his crew of Deviants stand at the aft railing of the ship. The climate is arctic like.

Raven is wrapped in heavy chains over a canvas sleeve and propped next to a coil of rope attached to a weight with a marked buoy.

She is gagged, yet struggles to spurt every epitaph known to man.

VIKTOR (RUSSIAN)
You need time to cool off, Ptichka!
We come back to see you in a week
(MORE)

VIKTOR (RUSSIAN) (cont'd)
or two. Petrovik shall decide
which.

He pulls the canvas over her head, secures it in place with more chain and then shoves her completely over the ledge along with the buoy marker.

Raven sinks straight to the bottom. They laugh and then leave.

The canvas cover of the life boat slightly parts -- peeking from within is the petrified face of Terry...

who looks around, quickly shuts the canvas and remains hidden inside of the life boat.

RELEASE ANDROMEDA...

The stern of the Russian cargo ship (registered out of Murmansk) continues to sail past Iceland.

FADE OUT

THE END