

# BLOOD VESSELS

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"The carnage I saw that night will  
haunt me forever. Even now, I am  
undone."

-Survivor's Testimony

INT. MODEST APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dish fragments are scattered about. The clock reads 11:20 PM.

LT. SALEM DIMITRIOS (40s) stern and square jawed, fights with his pregnant wife MERCEDES (30s) through thin walls and thick Eastern European accents.

MERCEDES

Salem, I don't know what happened to you in that war but my husband died. You're a ghost to me now.

Dimitrios' brooding- half drunk. He pulls on his correctional officer uniform.

DIMITRIOS

Stop talking about the Goddamn war. The war is over.

MERCEDES

Not in your head. You're cursed by it. We'll starve to death come winter. Ekaterina will freeze-

DIMITRIOS

I'm already on double shifts. What else do you want from me?

MERCEDES

I hate you. What you've become. Suffering alone in that misery factory while your family rots away. Goddamn the Ministry.

DIMITRIOS

Don't ever speak that way about the Ministry you ungrateful votkal.

He raises a fist to strike her- but stops

MERCEDES

Salem I've stuck through everything with you. The war, the violence and alcoholism but I can't do this alone with Ekaterina. I won't. You're drifting away from me when I need you most. I'm leaving you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMITRIOS

Leave with my daughter and I vow to bury you. Don't ever forget your place woman. This conversation is over.

Dimitrios pulls his coat on and exits.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

Dimitrios speeds down an isolated highway on his motorcycle. He passes a large prison graveyard.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

How can Mercedes ever understand the world I live in? The hatred, the violence. The walls I must put up. Absolutely institutionalized. She's right. We are drifting apart. I can only depend on myself. And the sacred Ministry.

The gravestones are marked not with names but inmate numbers.

TITLE: MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON,  
KAFKANISTAN, EUROPE 1984

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Bleak. Sterile. A crowded warehouse of humans. Orchestral music plays over the speakers.

3 BRUTAL GUARDS attempt to force-feed a defiant prisoner.

BRUTAL GUARD

I don't give a damn about religious hunger strikes. Eat it! Open your mouth or I'll break your jaw!

The inmate squirms-- clenching his teeth-

OPENING CREDITS roll as NIKO, a gang member tattooed with violent imagery, walks down the isle, dinner tray in hand.

Suddenly, he swings his tray into another inmate's head. Violence explodes--

NIKO

Where's my deck of smokes, tavavak!? You'll pay me in blood-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Instantaneously, an alarm rings. Niko continues to thrash--  
 CONVICTS provoke the violence-- back away against the wall--  
 or lay on the floor in the prone position.

Blood splatters-- Dimitrios races to the action.

DIMITRIOS  
 (into a walkie-talkie)  
 We've got an incident in the mess  
 hall. Damn it!

Dimitrios leap slides across the table.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
 Cease and comply, now!

Niko leers at the officer. The seated inmate chokes to death  
 on his own blood.

Niko flings his tray into another approaching officer,  
 catching him in the teeth.

NIKO  
 Fuck you, hack! If I'm going to  
 die, so are you!

The inmate produces a glass shard shank from his sleeve and  
 wildly lunges for Dimitrios--

The lieutenant narrowly dodges-- Dimitrios goes on the  
 defensive--

Niko, like a madman, cuts deep gashes into his face- he  
 bleeds profusely--

NIKO (CONT'D)  
 Come on, pig! Take me-

CONVICTS  
 Waste him! Take him out! Niko!

Niko swings again nicking Dimitrios' brow-- blood fountains  
 down his face--

Dimitrios barrel rolls out of the way.

They circle each other, poised, ready to strike-

Dimitrios drops the inmate with a baton to his kneecap-- the  
 prisoner falls-- grimacing with pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Another CORRECTIONAL OFFICER jumps into the scramble.

C.O.

Break it up. Break it up! On the ground.

ADDITIONAL GUARDS assist, forcefully containing the situation--

ADDITIONAL GUARDS

(various)

Do not resist! Submit! Pacify the bastard.

The guards wrestle the convicts to the floor and apply pressure points.

Dimitrios handcuffs Niko, practically breaking his arm--

As quickly as the situation began, it ends.

The prisoners' hollering dies off. Dimitrios bends down.

DIMITRIOS

That's the third mark on your record, Niko. You know the Ministry regulations: termination.

NIKO

Rot in hell, pig. I ain't ratting out a soul. Torture me to death--

DIMITRIOS

I'd prefer it not come to that. We could secure you in the infirmary. You'd provide intel for morphine and I'd oversee your execution. No torture.

Niko spits and hisses.

NIKO

You're a lying piece of shit. To hell with the Ministry! Do you actually think we fear death?

Niko laughs. Dimitrios stands.

DIMITRIOS

Very well then. Get 3289 to the infirmary and 3793 to an isolation cell at D-Block.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OVERWEIGHT GUARD  
Gas chamber for you, boy.

DIMITRIOS  
As for the rest of you: Lock down.  
Now!

The prisoners groan. The guards follow their orders.

CONVICTS  
(various)  
It wasn't us! Goddamn fascists!  
What the hell?

Dimitrios touches gash above his eyebrow. He exits.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DEATH ROW - CONTINUOUS

The bleeding victim is rushed via stretcher to the infirmary.  
Niko's drug behind by 3 guards.

The convoy is followed by Dimitrios with a handkerchief  
clutched to his brow.

The DEATH ROW INMATES, packed 3 to a cell, taunt and jeer,  
excited by the spectacle.

DEATH ROW INMATES  
(various)  
A 1,000 korunas says he doesn't  
survive. 2,000! Niko! Dead man  
dragging. Filthy pigs! Whores!

Dimitrios speed-walks while instructing his men.

DIMITRIOS  
Lock down is in effect until I say  
otherwise. When you're finished  
with him, gather the men, I want  
full shake downs.

Niko is thrown into an open cell by the vicious guards.

OVERWEIGHT GUARD  
This is for the 11 year old  
Romanian girl!

The guards brutally beat the convict into submission and  
tears. Dimitrios passes, turning a blind eye to the violence.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Dimitrios sits on the metal operating table. Cage grate lines the windows.

A female PSYCHIATRIST (50s), equal parts wisdom and compassion, enters the room, medical supplies in hand.

Medics perform surgery on Niko behind a glass window.

DIMITRIOS

How is he?

PSYCHIATRIST

Forget him, how are you? I heard about your mindless exploit in the mess hall. Pure male bravado.

Dimitrios grumbles. The psychiatrist cleans his gashed forehead with alcohol. He flinches.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)

I see your wife finally left you.

Dimitrios' startled.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)

Your wedding band's missing, dear-heart.

He fakes a weak smile.

DIMITRIOS

Oh. Right.

Dimitrios takes his ring off his dog-tag chain. He slides it on.

PSYCHIATRIST

Men. Always married to their work, eh lieutenant?

DIMITRIOS

It's for her protection. The inmates can't know about my personal life. They exploit weakness.

PSYCHIATRIST

And how is Mercedes? She's due in December, no?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMITRIOS

She's fine. We're fine.

He opens a silver cigarette case/wallet to reveal a sonogram image. The opposite photo is of Mercedes. Dimitrios sighs.

PSYCHIATRIST

Absolutely beautiful. Have you thought of a name for her yet?

DIMITRIOS

We're not sure. Ekaterina...maybe.

Dimitrios stares at the ground.

PSYCHIATRIST

Lieutenant these times are difficult for everyone. Many veterans have had severe anxiety adapting to civilian life. I'm worried about you.

A beat.

DIMITRIOS

As I said before, everything's fine.

PSYCHIATRIST

I just want you to know-

A knock on the door interrupts. A prison ORDERLY intrudes and salutes.

ORDERLY

Sorry for the intrusion, this came for you, Lieutenant.

The orderly hands Dimitrios a sealed telegram. He reads the urgent message.

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dimitrios signs out at the guard booth. He sports sutures across his split brow.

BOOTH GUARD

Have a pleasant evening, sir.

Dimitrios nods. He walks out to a vintage motorcycle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The parking lot is surrounded by guard towers, gun turrets, and a razor wire fence. The sign reads: "No Warning Shots Fired. Kills: 163."

The lieutenant notices a transport truck backed up to the fortress' delivery loading bay. He raises an eyebrow.

A group of shadowy Black Ops soldiers discuss matters with prison personnel.

Dimitrios cranks his motorcycle and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE HEADQUARTERS- NIGHT

Dimitrios pulls up to the ominous, concrete building.

Bleak, old world architecture permeates the structure. It's decorated with gargoyles, Ministry of Defense insignia, and the maxim: "Sacred is the Empire."

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE HALLWAY

The hallway is lined with a forest of mounted deer heads and antlers. Dimitrios speaks into a pay telephone.

VOICE (O.S.)  
...After the tone. >Beep<

DIMITRIOS  
Mercedes it's me. Something came up  
I'll be home when I can. I'm sorry  
about tonight. We'll talk soon.

Dimitrios hangs up the receiver-- he sighs wearily.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE CHAMBERS

Fascist banners, the Kafkan flag, and the Ministry seal decorate the darkened, pristine chamber.

A high power, wigged MAGISTRATE sits perched at a desk.

There's a knock on the door. A staunch, grey haired PRISON WARDEN stands at strict attention.

PRISON WARDEN  
I've done as you ask, sir. My most  
loyal officer, Lieutenant Dimitrios  
waits in the corridor. He's a  
machine sir. Loyal to the death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGISTRATE  
(without looking up)  
Then you are excused, Warden. Send  
him in.

The Warden leaves. Dimitrios enters, hat in hand, and salutes.

The Magistrate looks up and notices the injured eyebrow.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)  
An occupational hazard, I'm to  
assume?

DIMITRIOS  
Indeed, sir.

The Magistrate studies Dimitrios. He reads over the dossier:  
"Lt. Dimitrios suffers Hergo-Telsa Syndrome. Reported  
nightmares... tendency towards violence/alcohol dependency...  
mentally unstable... HIGH RISK LIABILITY."

MAGISTRATE  
Salem Vladislav Dimitrios, very  
curious. Orphaned by the First  
Great War at 7 and raised by the  
Sovereign Empire. Took arms against  
Beirut. 34 confirmed kills. After  
the Hergo-Telsa Conflict ended you  
became prison lieutenant by age 29.  
The Ministry appreciates all that  
you've done.

DIMITRIOS  
Anything for the Throne. I owe it  
that much.

MAGISTRATE  
Another stabbing incident tonight?  
#3899 nearly choked to death on the  
cafeteria floor. It seems to me  
unnecessary to prevent termination  
of a death row inmate. No?

Dimitrios holds his tongue.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)  
Speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIMITRIOS

Forgive me sir, but with that ideology the inmates will execute each other without regard.

A beat. The Magistrate closes the file folder and lights up a large, elegant hookah. He exhales smoke.

MAGISTRATE

Lieutenant, what I'm about to say is extremely sensitive. As a prison instrument, you're well aware of the escalating felon epidemic. Our penitentiaries have become dangerously overcrowded with vile, repeat offenders. Penitence doesn't work, and the death sentence is hardly adequate.

DIMITRIOS

Hard times test our strength.

MAGISTRATE

As the Throne's wealth deteriorates so does her morale. She's wounded. The savagery drains her spirit. But fear not, salvation waits in distant lands.

DIMITRIOS

I'm not sure I follow.

MAGISTRATE

The UN's approval of the Sanctuary Convention has taxed us greatly. You've been drafted to supervise a covert transfer of 1000 death row inmates. Level 5: the worst of the worst, sinister occultists, heretics, gang lords. Degenerates.

A pause. Dimitrios nods.

DIMITRIOS

Then I'm honored.

MAGISTRATE

It's called the Trosenberg Solution, a means to an end. The damned are to be exiled before the Red Shield arrives next month.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

The convicts' mere presence, of course, a major violation. During passage through the Crimeka, they'll be prisoners of nowhere, in international water with no jurisdiction. You're to rendezvous with Captain Uri Lugosi of the detention ship Kazabian. Any questions?

DIMITRIOS

Just one sir, when does the expedition begin?

The Magistrate leans back in his chair, fingers interlocked.

MAGISTRATE

Midnight.

Dimitrios stares, taken aback.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

A sedan races down the road carved through a Gothic forest. Snow falls. Dead leaves scatter aimlessly. Industrial cranes loom in the distance.

INT. SEDAN

A black bag covers Dimitrios' head. His heavy breathing suggests uneasy dread.

EXT. SHIPYARD

The sedan enters through a gate guarded by MILITARY PERSONNEL. They check the lieutenant's ID.

MILITARY PERSONNEL

All clear.

The auto pulls up to a docked medium sized commercial container ship.

Her hull rots with corrosion and barnacles-- stacked across the deck is a multicolored labyrinth of freight containers.

Men paint over the ship's faded name KAZABIAN. Welding sparks fly. Dockworkers finish loading cargo.

A bearded stevedore FOREMAN calls up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOREMAN

Move your asses! She leaves port in  
15 minutes.

The crane hoists a welding rig dolly with torches and argon tanks out of a decrepit cargo bay. A WELDER shouts from the upper deck.

WELDER

We've got another torch rig in the  
hull. Tanks, gear, everything.

The foreman checks his wristwatch -- frowns.

FOREMAN

Leave it down there. Finish the  
welds and disembark. Double quick.

The vehicle stops and both men exit. The sedan's skinny CHAUFFEUR, bald with haggard teeth, speaks.

CHAUFFEUR

Farewell, sir.

Dimitrios nods. The driver tips his hat and enters the sedan.

Dimitrios lights up a smoke and marches up the gangway to board.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

As the dilapidated freighter looms  
over me I cannot help but harbor  
dread inside. For tonight, I board  
the voyage of the damned.

Crows are perched on the deck's handrails.

EXT. DOCKED KAZABIAN - DECK

The sea hardened FIRST OFFICER (50s) intercepts Dimitrios.

DIMITRIOS

Evening.

Dimitrios hesitates before boarding.

FIRST OFFICER

(off look)  
Superstitious, Lieutenant?

DIMITRIOS

I can't swim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The First Officer grins. He leads Dimitrios towards the cargo bay hatch.

FIRST OFFICER

Your quarters are below deck with the cargo. There's no liquor or drug use permitted aboard.

The First Officer continues onward.

DIMITRIOS

Officer, I've been briefed by the Ministry, but I wasn't told where we are heading, or when we'd return. I'd like to know.

FIRST OFFICER

As would I. The helmsman was only given mid-point coordinates. Ministry security measures.

The First Officer departs. Dimitrios flicks his cigarette and descends the metal stairwell into darkness. FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - NIGHT

The infinite sea sleeps. Stars glow iridescent, mirrored above the glassy abyss.

The sound of a distant buoy rings. Kazabian emerges through heavy fog. She trolls at 14 knots.

TITLE: CRIMEKA SEA DAY 3

EXT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - CARGO HOLD

The corridor consists of freight containers that run parallel on either side. The expansive cargo hold is quiet, save for the hum of the engine.

Ladder-wells cut down through containers stenciled with Japanese characters-

Correctional officers patrol the floor with rifles.

7 uniformed correctional guards play cards and drink. AK-47s and poker chips lie on their makeshift table.

RUDOLPH (30s) slick-witted, finishes up a card trick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUDOLPH

And afterwards, the kings' ransomed  
pawns were never seen again.

The guards roll their eyes.

Officer TREPPOS (45), an unshaven brute, redirects the  
attention to SIDKO (40s) his right hand goon.

TREPPOS

Give me 2 cards. Sidko, you're from  
D block, did you hear about the  
disappearing inmates?

SIDKO

Yeah, 3 cards. Who hasn't?

TREPPOS

Their families.

The guards laugh. LARS (late 40s), balding, chimes in.

LARS

2 cards. No shit, they just up and  
vanished?

SIDKO

Swear to Christ.

TREPPOS

Good riddance.

GUSTAV (40s) the cynic, tries to chew a food ration. He  
spits.

GUSTAV

God, is the Ministry trying to kill  
us? These food rations are stale.

Dimitrios approaches. Rudolph stands.

DIMITRIOS

Officer, when was the last check?

RUDOLPH

18 hundred sir.

DIMITRIOS

And they've all been accounted for?

RUDOLPH

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIMITRIOS

I expect another done by the time I return. I need not remind you how dangerous these men are.

RUDOLPH

Understood.

Trepkos waits until Dimitrios leaves.

TREPKOS

Checks on mid watch? If he wanted us to count sheep we'd be sleeping like the rest of these mongrels.

The guards chuckle.

RUDOLPH

You shouldn't talk about the lieutenant like that. He's a war hero.

GUSTAV

I don't understand why the Ministry needs us here.

TREPKOS

They don't. Waste of time and manpower.

Further down, Dimitrios marches the length of the passageway. He unlocks a hatch door and climbs up the ladder shaft.

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - NIGHT

Ominous speedboat shadows sway in the water-- watching the Kazabian through the fog. A radar screen tracking device beeps.

VOICE #1

There she floats, the jackpot.

VOICE #2

Begin stage 1. Jam the frequencies. Mine the shipping lane. Let's send a message.

A figure pull-starts the speedboat' outboard.

EXT. KAZABIAN - OBSERVATION DECK - BOW

CAPTAIN LUGOSI (60s) overweight, his face hardened by cold and exhaustion, glassy eyes bloodshot.

Lugosi lights a cigar with a strike anywhere match.

He approaches a rail overlooking a garden of statues on the bow and past that, the open sea.

The statues are that of school children, holding hands and dancing around a crocodile.

LUGOSI

(slurring)

She beckons, silent yet prowling,  
hell hath no fury greater. Revenge,  
gorgeous? I suppose I deserve  
worse.

Lugosi produces a flask from his jacket pocket.

Dimitrios climbs the ladder-well. He salutes Lugosi--  
Dimitrios removes his metal thermos lid and pours coffee.

DIMITRIOS

Now is the winter of our discontent  
no Captain?

Lugosi hands the flask to Dimitrios-- who accepts, he adds a healthy dose to his mug.

LUGOSI

Evening, Lieutenant.

DIMITRIOS

I wouldn't assume a sea captain  
appreciates such questionable art.

LUGOSI

You're a fascist, what do you know  
about art? I asked you here to  
ensure that you keep your patrolmen  
alert tonight.

Dimitrios lights up a cigarette.

DIMITRIOS

You needn't doubt my men's  
capability. The sentries are  
vigilant, tyrannical if need be.  
The ship will remain on lock-down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUGOSI

All of this shrouded in an veil of  
secrecy, aboard an unnamed vessel  
with armed defense boats?

DIMITRIOS

Both the convoy and secrecy are  
standard Ministry protocol.

Lugosi retrieves his pocket chain compass. He sighs heavily.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

You reserve dark thoughts, Captain?

LUGOSI

Aye, as should you. Fret now,  
vorukai, for the sea will be  
treacherous. The barometer  
indicates storm. Perhaps we should  
drop anchor for the night and  
continue at daybreak.

DIMITRIOS

Absolutely not.

LUGOSI

If not for our sake then consider  
your foot soldiers below.

Dimitrios takes another drag of his cigarette.

DIMITRIOS

Nonsense. The Ministry has  
commandeered the Kazabian, and  
since rewarded you a civilized  
amount-

LUGOSI

A Goddamn bribe!

DIMITRIOS

To provide shelter for the cargo  
until we reach port. Have trust in  
your government.

LUGOSI

Trust the Ministry? You bastards  
invade my vessel for classified  
renovations and then kidnap a  
dozen crewmen in the middle of the  
night to rush cargo at half  
capacity! And you expect trust?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIMITRIOS

The Ministry's actions benefit the country, not the individual. In any case, all is secure.

Lugosi practically breathes on Dimitrios--

LUGOSI

Illegally shipping felons through international waters is not my idea of security!

Dimitrios finishes his drink in one gulp.

DIMITRIOS

Tread carefully, Lugosi.

LUGOSI

I'd never dared agree to a prison transfer aboard my vessel! You forget I've served time in the katavila before.

DIMITRIOS

And you'll spend eternity there if the Ministry desires. I read your dossier: drug trafficking, arms smuggling, paroled 1978.

LUGOSI

Murderers, rapists, treacherous filth. Had I known, I would demanded twice as much.

DIMITRIOS

You've signed a contract.

LUGOSI

I've signed our death warrants! These waters are notorious for tragedy.

DIMITRIOS

Don't paint the devil on the wall.

LUGOSI

Rumor is he's caged below deck as well. Mephistopheles incarnate!

DIMITRIOS

Enough. Your paranoia is discomfoting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

None of the men below deck are of your concern. They don't exist. Your superstitions are irrational, our course remains fixed.

A pause-- more considerate.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

Forgive me, but my orders won't allow delay.

LUGOSI

As you wish.

DIMITRIOS

And Captain, this information exchange was a courtesy. None of what was said leaves this deck. Understood?

LUGOSI

(menacingly)

In spades, sir.

The men exit the observation deck. Lugosi stops and listens quietly. The faint but growing roar of motorboats.

Suddenly, a loud explosion erupts! The vessel surges forward. Both men violently hit the deck.

INT. KAZABIAN- CARGO HOLD

The startled guards are thrown. They leap to their feet, grabbing their weapons.

TREPKOS

What in Christ's name was that?

The officers stare in bewilderment.

EXT. KAZABIAN - FORWARD DECK

Dimitrios, already on his feet, helps Lugosi up.

LUGOSI

I'll be Goddamned!

Missiles scream through the fog and plow into containers.

Smoke billows from the smoldering cavities in the infrastructure.

Panicked, they run through a maze of freights.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Incoming gunfire ricochets-- mortar shells rain down.

Sparks shower the fleeing men-- they duck for cover behind a container.

Their shouting is drowned out by the vessel's blaring high level alert.

DIMITRIOS

What in the hell? Has the convoy gone insane?

LUGOSI

(out of breath)

No, bakarka. They're hyenas. Mercenaries.

More shells bombard the deck. The men exit cover and run--

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - PIRATE SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

A spotlight on the roof of the Kazabian's bridge fires up, illuminating a carpet of 10 speed boats.

The armada of MERCENARIES wear masks and bulletproof vests. They ride under a crimson pirate flag.

An ajar beach cooler reveals grenades, machetes, ammunition.

The channel is lined with World War II star-burst mines that the pirates maneuver around.

Their squadron encircles the vessel. The attack is violent, quick, and executed precisely.

A SKI MASK commando fires mortar shells from his speedboat.

The HOCKEY MASK mercenary has a skull spray-painted on mask. He fires a RPG round into a container on the deck.

HOCKEY MASK

I'm dry. Reload!

A BANDANA guerilla loads another missile into the rocket launcher. He taps the back of Hockey Mask's head.

BANDANA

Fire 2!

Hockey Mask fires.

EXT. KAZABIAN - BRIDGE - STERN

The rocket decimates the spotlight--

Glass shards rain on Dimitrios and Lugosi as they race up the stairs to the bridge.

Before they reach the door, Lugosi grabs Dimitrios by the collar. He slams the lieutenant against the wall.

LUGOSI

As I told you before, the voyage is not safe! You've endangered us all.

Lugosi releases his grip and collects himself--

Dimitrios' too overwhelmed to reply. Lugosi pounds once on the door.

LUGOSI (CONT'D)

It's Lugosi. Vercoskoc.

The lock clicks.

INT. KAZABIAN - BRIDGE - CHART ROOM

Dimitrios and Lugosi enter the bridge.

A skeleton crew of spooked navigational TECHNICIANS run through defense strategies at their stations.

They wear life jackets and look over the ship's inventory.

TECH #1

Sir, they came out of nowhere. Our visibility's nil.

LUGOSI

First Officer, update status!

FIRST OFFICER

Aye, captain. We've shut down the engines, the voltage has been rerouted toward navigational and emergency. We've entered Citadel mode and await further orders.

The pirate siege outside loses momentum.

DIMITRIOS

Here's an order, turn off that Goddamn alarm!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUGOSI

Agreed. Activate the bilge pumps  
and ballast. Dog the hatches.  
Retrieve the Captain's Log and  
somebody get those fires out!

2 Technicians rush out, fire extinguishers in hand.

LUGOSI (CONT'D)

Radar report?

TECH #1

Nothing, sir, she's a snowfield.

LUGOSI

Hyena blitzkrieg. Hidden under the  
fog bank.

TECH #2

Out here, a hundred nautical miles  
into the shipping lanes?

LUGOSI

The bastards knew we were coming.  
They've mined the channel,  
encircled and opened fire. The  
speedboats are too small to be  
picked up on radar.

Dimitrios notices the razor blades and cocaine on the command  
console.

FIRST OFFICER

They must have stowed a tracking  
device aboard, then shadowed our  
route with another vessel anchored  
out of range.

LUGOSI

And out came the wolves.

TECH #3

Christ.

DIMITRIOS

And what of the Ministry convoy?

TECH #1

As far as we know they've been  
compromised. The mercenaries now  
use the gunboats against us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIMITRIOS

What do they want?

FIRST OFFICER

They're trying to board the vessel,  
murder the crew, and claim her as a  
phantom ship.

TECH #3

Captain, we've suffered severe  
damage to the communiqué tower.  
She's down.

LUGOSI

Then we're blind, adrift, and  
crippled. Damn it!

He slams his fist on the navigational equipment.

LUGOSI (CONT'D)

Tell me Channel 14 is functional.

TECH #3

Unknown, sir.

Lugosi picks up a VHF radio mic. Dimitrios grabs his arm.

DIMITRIOS

The Ministry ordered radio silence.

Lugosi shoves Dimitrios back. He clicks the mic's button.

LUGOSI

Mayday, Mayday, Mayday.

An eerie VOICE speaks through the static.

VOICE (O.S.)

<static>.. This is FKKD, state your  
emergency, over.

LUGOSI

This is Captain Lugosi of the  
sailing vessel Kazabian, Sierra,  
Whiskey, Kilo 4 0 9 3. We are  
declaring an emergency. Under  
pirate attack in international  
waters. Our bearing is 41 decimal  
46 North, 15 decimal 05 West. We've  
sustained moderate damage.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUGOSI (CONT'D)  
Surrounded by at least 10 armed  
attack crafts. Beginning to flood.  
Request immediate assistance.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Copy, how many passengers aboard?

Lugosi glares at Dimitrios.

LUGOSI  
7 crewmen, including myself.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Then if you don't want to die I  
suggest to listen carefully.

LUGOSI  
Know this: we are a merchant vessel  
shipping concrete. There is nothing  
of trade value aboard and we don't  
negotiate with pirates.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Don't insult me again. Our concerns  
lie in the contents below deck.

DIMITRIOS  
What do you know about this  
transport?

VOICE (O.S.)  
More than you think. We know your  
convoy has failed and you're  
illicitly smuggling a thousand  
prisoners from Kafkanistan.

TECH #2  
What the hell?

FIRST OFFICER  
Jesus!

VOICE (O.S.)  
We have intercepted, surrounded  
your position, and are currently  
making demands. Surrender or face  
death.

LUGOSI  
What do you seek?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VOICE (O.S.)

Crewmen are to go into the cargo hold and retrieve the prisoner inside freight 3762: the Minotaur, unharmed.

DIMITRIOS

Arkadin Marterknecht has been dead for 20 years.

VOICE (O.S.)

I don't doubt you believe that. Once he's above deck, fire a distress flare. We will then board as you yield the prisoner. After which you'll never see us again.

LUGOSI

And if we refuse?

VOICE (O.S.)

The consequences will be most severe. I'm sure you're familiar with dead in the water.

For the first time, a troubled look crosses Lugosi's face.

ALONG THE KAZABIAN-

A GAS MASK commando with spurs on his boots idles a retro jet ski--

He primes a block of C-4 and attached it to the ship's gigantic, impending hull.

GAS MASK

(filtered; walkie talkie)

The weapon's almost ready, Nikita.

Gas Mask runs several wires and electrical cords run from a car battery to the bomb--

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - PIRATE SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

NIKITA BELLAC (40s) a vicious commando in fur coat commands from the steering wheel. Burn scar tissue pollutes the side of his menacing face.

He wears an Iron Cross an umbrella shields him from light snowfall.

Nikita shakes a Magic 8 Ball: "Ask again later."

INT. KAZABIAN - BRIDGE - CHART ROOM

Lugosi paces. He clicks the mic.

LUGOSI

We'll need more time to consider.

NIKITA (O.S.)

We'll give you until zero two  
thirty to retrieve the convict.  
Afterwards the explosive charge  
mounted to your hull detonates. And  
remember, the captain always goes  
down with the ship.

Dimitrios checks his wristwatch, 1:05 AM. He stares at  
Lugosi.

LUGOSI

Bastards!

Lugosi throws his flask.

DIMITRIOS

Was this the misfortune you were  
anticipating, captain? They knew we  
were coming.

The captain beams at Dimitrios.

LUGOSI

How dare you accuse me! My shipping  
trade's been square since the  
katavila.

DIMITRIOS

Anchoring for the night only would  
have made their attack more  
unanticipated. You've betrayed your  
country.

LUGOSI

You betrayed us by failing to  
mention the hundreds of convicts  
you wanted transferred!

Dimitrios prowls closer with a look of utter contempt-- He  
unbuttons the Beretta sidearm at his belt.

DIMITRIOS

I should kill you myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUGOSI

And what of law and order?  
Shouldn't I stand trial lieutenant?  
The entire voyage is inadmissible!

DIMITRIOS

In any case, the penalty for  
treason is death.

Lugosi stares unflinching.

LUGOSI

Ah, a man of principle. We can use  
him still.

Dimitrios and Lugosi stare daggers.

TECH #1

By 0600 the Ministry send a search  
and rescue.

LUGOSI

By then it won't matter.

Tech #3 tears off his headphones.

TECH #3

Captain, a Kafkan icebreaker, the  
Miskatonic, just responded to our  
Morse code. They're en route, 36  
knots. They'll be here in 2 hours.

LUGOSI

Thank Christ for that. Activate the  
beacon, seal the watertight doors,  
and prepare the ditch kit-- we  
already list something fierce.

FIRST OFFICER

(reading an instrument)  
7 degrees. It'll be 15 within an  
hour.

TECH #2

And what of the Goddamn prisoners?

LUGOSI

Left for dead. What evidence the  
sea doesn't erase, the Ministry  
will. They don't want this going  
public.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lugosi produces a small black book from his pea coat and flips through the pages.

LUGOSI (CONT'D)

We'll retrieve weaponry from freight 4668: automatic rifles headed for Uzbekistan. We'll arm ourselves to the teeth and hold down the vessel until the Miskatonic arrives.

DIMITRIOS

In leagues with the Uzbekistanis as well?

LUGOSI

Lieutenant, you know they'll slaughter us if we don't surrender the prisoner.

DIMITRIOS

Even if Arkadin's aboard, the mercenaries will betray us. The defense boats alone can sink the ship.

LUGOSI

We're already sinking.

FIRST OFFICER

Wait a minute, just who the hell is this Minotaur?

DIMITRIOS

That's classified.

LUGOSI

Answer him, Goddamn it.

All eyes on Dimitrios-- he sighs and lights up a cigarette.

DIMITRIOS

He's cancer. Kafkan warlord of a band of drug-dealing butchers. He's been declared dead for 2 decades. Captain, I need to get into the hull.

FIRST OFFICER

The power's been rerouted. God himself is not unlocking that cargo pit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIMITRIOS

We can haul her open manually.

LUGOSI

And risk mutiny? With the locks disengaged, those animals can escape any second.

DIMITRIOS

The prisoners are heavily sedated.

LUGOSI

We're taking on enough water already. Even with the doors sealed, the Kazabian will list starboard until the freight shifts and the bulkheads give way. She'll capsize and go under.

TECH #3

We're absolutely fucked.

DIMITRIOS

How long?

LUGOSI

3 hours at most-

DIMITRIOS

There are other entrance points.

LUGOSI

Where? The Ministry welded the bay doors shut. They're sealed below.

DIMITRIOS

As commanding officer, you'll do what I say Goddamn it. 12 of my men are down there, people I'm responsible for.

LUGOSI

And as Captain of the vessel, my word is law. It was you that said "none of the men below deck are of my concern. They don't exist."

DIMITRIOS

Then I'll go it alone to retrieve my officers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LUGOSI

Damn straight you will, to retrieve this butcher. We'll need him as ransom. Anyone else is irrelevant.

DIMITRIOS

Lead the way.

Lugosi speaks to a Technician.

LUGOSI

Crew hand, man your station, keep on the horn. Find out about closer vessels. When you see the flare, join us on the deck.

The Kazabian crew members exit leaving Tech #4 behind.

EXT. KAZABIAN - ABOVE DECK - NIGHT

The seamen follow as Lugosi leads. Snow falls.

LUGOSI

You can gain access to the hull through chute hatch number 4.

Dimitrios eyes Lugosi's black book.

DIMITRIOS

You're one of the very criminals that deserve to be caged below. What else is in that book?

LUGOSI

More than you want to know. Now's hardly the time for morality.

Lugosi removes a folded structural blueprint from the book.

LUGOSI (CONT'D)

Here, take this. And there's only 1 lifeboat so focus on retrieving the Minotaur and what's left of your men. The Miskatonic should be here by the time we go under.

DIMITRIOS

If not for your actions, none of this would have happened. If either of us survive, I'll see that you're tried on criminal maritime charges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUGOSI

Then I can only hope that you die  
down there.

Dimitrios descends into the open deck hatch.

INT. KAZABIAN - VENTILATION CHUTE

Dimitrios slides down the dark, claustrophobic shaft. He  
crawls onward through the tunnel.

His breathing is quick-- uneven- Muted shouts ring out in the  
distance-- the calm before the storm.

Dimitrios removes a metal grill. He emerges through the hole  
into:

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 1

The dim light rigs sway and flicker casting bizarre shadows  
on the freight containers.

Dimitrios approaches a huddled group of 9 armed guards.

SIDKO

Jesus! Lieutenant Dimitrios? What's  
happening up there?

TREPKOS

What in the hell was that?

DIMITRIOS

(to the group)

We're under mercenary siege. Lugosi  
ships guns for the bastards.  
They're trying to spring Arkadin  
Marternknecht.

RUDOLPH

The Minotaur? He's been dead 20  
years.

DIMITRIOS

They seem to think otherwise.

TREPKOS

And you agreed?

DIMITRIOS

Didn't have much of a choice. The  
defense boats were overtaken, the  
ship is flooding.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

The overhead lights flicker. A rattled OFFICER orders commands through a loudspeaker.

OFFICER

Lay face down on the floor of your cells! Comply or we'll use extreme force!

Not phased, the overcrowded INMATES bash on freight doors-- and yell in different languages--

TREPKOS

They're tearing each other apart in there.

Dimitrios wearily steps back.

DIMITRIOS

Sidko, hand me the radio.

The metal buckles and dents outward with each blow- until the door lock BREAKS!

15 malnourished, overcrowded convicts in grey jumpsuits tear open the freight doors with a bunk bed battering ram.

The convicts rush out-- trampling each other in the scramble-- welcome to hell.

INMATES

Kill 'em all! No mercy!

Homicidal felons attack each other in the dark-- they hurl fists and debris-

DIMITRIOS

Rüeger, status critical. Electrify the breach fences, lock down the blocks.

But the lieutenant's orders fall on deaf ears.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - ELEVATED COMM CENTER

RÜEGER, (60s) lies wheezing and shaking on the metal grate floor. His hand clutches his rib cage-- heart attack.

Dimitrios' crackling voice can be heard over the radio attached to Rueger's belt. The elderly man expires.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 2

Convicts sprint down the passageways to free other heathens.

SNIPERS provide cover from the scaffolding above the bay floor-- however the strobing lights affect their accuracy.

SNIPER #1

We can barely see up here.

On the prison floor-

TREPKOS

They're escaping!

Dimitrios realizes that they're losing control. He yells into his walkie-talkie.

DIMITRIOS

Guards, riot formations. Vlad,  
release the wolves! We need  
containment, damn it!

More sharks are released into the feeding frenzy-- hellbent on bedlam.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

Vlad, what's your situation?

Dimitrios starts to move-

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 1

A frantic VLAD (early 30s) dashes up and unlocks a container. Suddenly, a rabid wolf leaps out and pins Vlad to the floor-

VLAD

Nooo!

The vicious wolf hacks up blood and falls dead-

Vlad, shaken, sits up- he cautiously pushes the freight door open to the droning buzz of insects.

VLAD (CONT'D)

(into walkie-talkie)

Lieutenant, the wolves have been  
poisoned. The freight reeks of  
arsenic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside lies the bodies of attack wolves, illuminated by his quivering flashlight.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 2

The color drains from Dimitrios' face-- the others have heard the transmission as well.

DIMITRIOS  
(gut-punched)  
Christ have mercy.

GUSTAV  
This can't be happening.

The guards look absolutely terrified.

Death steadily approaches-- screams of agony continue.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 3

Prison guards beat back the inmates with riot batons, electric cattle prods, and shields. The loudspeaker voice persists.

GUARD  
Stay back! Back!

Another freight door is broken open. Prisoners run amok.

A NERVE-RACKED GUARD raises his rifle and orders to his comrades--

NERVE-RACKED GUARD  
Shoot through it!

The guards spray gunfire through the freight container.

Hundreds of INMATES careen through the corridors with improvised weapons: shanks and pipes-- full-fledged mayhem--

INMATE #1  
Where the hell are we?

INMATE #2  
Goddamn warehouse.

An OBESE INMATE beats another convict down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OBESE INMATE

You owe me on that gambling debt,  
vorukai! They can't protect you  
now.

Several felons wear bandanas or sheets over their faces. Bed mattresses are shredded and burned.

ELSEWHERE-

Another guard holds a handkerchief to his face and deploys 2 tear grenades into the hordes-- noxious smoke clouds billow.

Prisoners cough, vomit, and claw their eyes.

INMATES

Arg! It burns! My eyes!

The guard sprays a chemical agent onto an inmate. Flesh sears off the howling prisoner's arm and face.

Convicts charge from the smoke like blood-crazed zombies.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - PROTECTIVE CUSTODY

PRISONER #8475, a muscular beast, runs with other convicts-- dragging a sharpened bone shard knife across containers.

PRISONER #8475

TESLAV, you snitch! I know you  
ratted on my cousin. I'm going to  
carve out your heart!

The men tear open the gate and enter-- only blood-curling screams escape.

TESLAV (O.C.)

No, no- It wasn't me! No-

Gunfire echoes wildly as inmates have seized guards' weapons.

Anarchy erupts through the heinous corridors.

The inmates build barricades out of bunk beds, wreck cells, and light fires.

20 or so detainees shout wildly-- and overturn an empty container.

A BLONDE CONVICT desperately flails as his pants are ripped off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLONDE CONVICT  
No! Please. Don't!

The Blonde weeps with stark terror as he clings to the freight door- he's finally retched off and drug inside.

The depraved animals go to work behind closed doors.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 2

Dimitrios and his guards stand in a phalanx formation, fingers on the triggers.

WALKIE TALKIE  
<static>... Officers down... The perimeter's breached- we've suffered multiple casualties.

Dimitrios-- senses on high alert, fights to remain levelheaded. He clears his throat.

DIMITRIOS  
Steady, men. Steady. Hold your positions.

Beads of sweat cling to their nerve-racked faces. The men shakily hold their ground as impending doom closes in.

Total fear storms the face of a slack-jawed guard named SEVASTIAN (20s)-- tears stream down his cheeks.

SEVASTIAN  
Please, God, help-

Dimitrios watches as a pool of urine leaks around Sevastian's boots.

DIMITRIOS  
Christ, kid.

Unexpectedly, Sevastian runs full sprint down the passageway in blind panic.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
Sevastian, get back here! You're not safe alone. Goddamn it!

TREPPOS  
What in the hell, Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Legions of frenzied prisoners converge on the guards --

DIMITRIOS  
Conserve your ammo, small  
concentrated bursts.

RUDOLPH  
Head-shots and vitals.

The cascading wave of prisoners rushes closer-- closer--  
closer--

DIMITRIOS  
Open fire!

The guards open fire. Bullets shred the convicts.

More inmates bolt toward the guards from every direction.  
Dimitrios' AK 47 jams--

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Dimitrios un-jams the shell with a utility knife from his  
belt.

RUDOLPH  
There's too many-

Dimitrios' ammunition clip runs dry.

DIMITRIOS  
Cease fire! Fall back!

Adrenaline kicks in. The prison guards sprint through the  
battlefield.

Trepkos in back, fires at the crowd. He blows open a pipe  
marked: CAUTION: STEAM and scalds 3 inmates.

LARS  
Where are we going?

DIMITRIOS  
Keep running. Don't look back!  
Move!

We follow the guards with shaky handheld footage. This  
combined with the grainy strobe light is nauseating.

Salvatore, the overweight officer, slips on a floodwater  
puddle and falls- hard. His glasses shatter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A cutthroat inmate jumps onto Salvatore and swings wildly at the defenseless officer.

LARS  
They got Salvatore.

SALVATORE  
Get him off! Don't leave me!

A sniper's bullet blows the convict's head off.

Lars and Gustav backtrack and quickly help Salvatore up-- He favors a limp ankle.

GUSTAV  
Come on, Sal.

The chasing maniacs close the gap now merely 10 meters away.

INMATES  
(various)  
After them! There's nowhere to run,  
pigs! Tear 'em apart! Payback's a  
whore.

The guards reach the locked gate in the chain-link fence that separates Hold 2 and 3.

DIMITRIOS  
Quickly! Move! Move!

Rudolph grabs his key-ring and frantically searches--

Lars holds the flashlight. The others look back and anxiously wait as Rudolph fumbles--

TREPKOS  
Come on! Hurry up-

RUDOLPH  
I'm trying!

The infuriated prisoners foam at the mouths and run full speed toward the terror stricken guards--

GUSTAV  
(frantic)  
Let's go! They're coming-

Trepkos fires his pistol at the mob-- the magazine runs empty. He grabs an wire attached to the fence marked High Voltage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREPKOS

Heads up!

Trepkos cuts the cord with his utility knife and touches the crackling wire to the puddled floor.

KSH!! The lights burst out- spraying sparks-

The current electrocutes a wave of barefooted prisoners, charring their feet. The guards' combat boots protect their extremities.

Rudolph tries a key-- then another -- finally, success.

He opens the gate as men funnel through with mere seconds to spare--

Rudolph tries to close it but the dead bolt lock protrudes-

RUDOLPH

Damn!

Rudolph snatches his handcuffs from his belt- he latches one end to the gate and the other to the fence pole.

A VICIOUS CONVICT, Rasputin with fangs, rushes up and spits through the fence into Rudolph's face--

VICIOUS CONVICT

Where you going boy? You know  
there's no escape, we'll find you-

The convict reaches through the narrow crack, just missing Rudolph. Other convicts begin to scale the fence.

Rudolph, wide eyed, bolts off to catch up with the others.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 2

Sevastian, petrified, races through the prison corridors, hopelessly lost-- the sound of murder and mayhem surrounds.

SEVASTIAN

(harsh whisper)  
Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

Out of the shadows leaps a snarling, MANIAC CONVICT.

Sevastian freezes, gripped in shock. He chokes out a shriek--

The convict eyes his prey- savoring the terror-- deliberately encircling--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANIAC CONVICT

You don't know how long we've  
hungered for vengeance. Glorious  
vengeance.

The maniac lashes out-- beating Sevastian with a bola made  
from a padlock at the end of a chain--

SEVASTIAN

Nooooo!

Sevastian never has a chance-- Blood pools around his  
desolated body.

The convict takes the key ring from Sevastian's belt.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - CATWALK

The SNIPER officers pick off a few additional rioters.

SNIPER #1

Empty!

SNIPER #2

Enough. They're on their own. You  
heard the lieutenant, E-Vac.

Gradually, the men race to the end of the gangway and exit  
through a hatch.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 3

Dimitrios and the surviving officers dash through the cargo  
bay --their pulses racing.

The light rigs flicker and shut off--

It's pitch black save for the red emergency lights--

LARS

(losing his breath)  
Go! Go!

SIDKO

I think we lost them.

DIMITRIOS

In here, the freight!

Dimitrios shoots off the lock and opens the door. The men  
flee inside.

INT. KAZABIAN - FREIGHT CONTAINER

They slam the door shut and stumble to the ground. Sidko hyperventilates and throws up.

Dimitrios hacks up phlegm-- Salvatore's lips quiver as he gratefully clings to Gustav.

SALVATORE

Thank you- thank you.

The sound of psychotic inmates continue outside the fence.

INMATES (O.C.)

(muffled)

You're all dead!

TREPPOS

That fence won't hold them. It's not safe here.

GUSTAV

(fighting hysteria)

Why is this happening? First hijackers, now a Goddamn prison riot.

Gustav kicks the metal wall. Salvatore examines his broken glasses--

SALVATORE

Everything's gone all helter skelter.

RUDOLPH

Now what? Lieutenant?

DIMITRIOS

Shut up! Everything's happening too fast. Let me think.

Dimitrios paces, trying to grasp the chaos.

DIMITRIOS (V.O) (CONT'D)

I have no idea what to do. This is a nightmare. We're suffocating under fate. Alone and desperate. The honest truth is that I doubt any one of us will make it out of this alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREPPOS

Think? About what, negotiations?  
They're going to tear down that  
fence and hunt us down.

SIDKO

Don't we have a fail-safe?

DIMITRIOS

Not for something like this.

TREPPOS

Containment's impossible, we can't  
localize the problem, it's already  
spread.

DIMITRIOS

Panicking won't help. And in a few  
hours it won't matter. We need to  
keep our heads straight and move  
quick if we're going to survive.

Trepkos spits on the floor.

TREPPOS

Survive? You've cut off our only  
escape. Fuck hostage taking, do you  
have any idea what those savages  
will do? Christ look what they do  
to themselves. There aren't any  
reinforcements. Your leadership has  
failed.

SIDKO

We can rot here and they'll torture  
us or we can run like hell.

LARS

I'd rather die fighting than  
hiding.

RUDOLPH

Lieutenant, he's right. We can't  
stay here.

DIMITRIOS

We aren't. We need a plan to find  
the Minotaur.

TREPPOS

He's a lost cause. Let's get out of  
here while we still can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIMITRIOS

Collect yourselves. Calm your nerves.

Trepkos looks exasperated. Dimitrios lights up a cigarette. The flame reveals prone inmates on bunk beds. Their macabre faces covered with flies and sores.

SIDKO

Jesus Christ. What the hell is this?

DIMITRIOS

Show some respect. One of them caught the Harlequin plague, we had to seal off the unit.

Dimitrios distributes cigarettes to those without.

GUSTAV

They asphyxiated within minutes.

DIMITRIOS

Strip their uniforms and change.

Trepkos coughs.

TREPKOS

Rob from the dead? You've gone berserk.

DIMITRIOS

Don't argue. The inmates are wasting their energy rioting. They'll self-destruct soon enough.

Trepkos immediately exits-- Dimitrios pursues.

INT KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - PRISON CORRIDOR

Fires light up the cargo hold-- ash rains

The rampage persists-- an orgy of violence and chaos decorate the slaughterhouse.

DIMITRIOS

Trepkos, stand down.

High pitched squealing erupts-- the paranoid men ready their weapons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, thousands of rats scurry at their feet.

The rodents flee in away from the rising floodwater.

TREPKOS

We should follow the rats. They'll lead us out of this hellhole.

DIMITRIOS

Negative. We haven't obtained the target.

TREPKOS

We go now while we still have blood in our veins.

DIMITRIOS

And how would you like to perish, Trepkos? These sociopaths, frigid water, or at the hands of assassins? We'll leave when we have the bartering chip, otherwise we're as good as dead.

TREPKOS

I refuse. I'd rather follow rats than your orders. Anyone who agrees come now, we leave.

The deserting team splits up. Trepkos, Lars, and Sidko head off in the direction of the fleeing rats.

DIMITRIOS

Wait a minute, we need to act as a single unit.

Trepkos spins around, gun in hand, accepting the challenge--

The 2 groups of correctional officers face off-- rabid dogs ready to strike.

TREPKOS

Or what?

Tension builds as neither crew submits.

GUSTAV

Come on, guys, you don't want this.

SALVATORE

We need each other. Our unit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The standoff steadily holds. Pride- the deadliest sin.

DIMITRIOS

I won't tolerate disloyalty. We all have a duty to our country, our families, and each other. Do not forsake us. Please.

Trepkos smirks and walks off into darkness.

TREPKOS

We'll see you in hell, Lieutenant.

DIMITRIOS

Stand down. That's an order, officer!

But the group departs. The rats are gone as well. Rudolph spits.

RUDOLPH

Good riddance.

Only Dimitrios and his loyal officers: Rudolph, Salvatore, and Gustav remain.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - SEGREGATION UNIT - NIGHT

Inmates use mechanic tools to dismantle the hinges off the handcuffed fence gate.

A convict fashions a shank with a carpenter's file.

They're soon inside the division. A sign reads: Solitary Confinement, Level 5 Offenders.

A convict distributes half of Sevastian's keys to another FELON.

FELON

Can you believe it? Finally caught the bastards with their pants down-

Once inside, they spilt up.

CONVICT

You bust Valentine. I'll get Pluto.

The convict approaches the freight marked with a biohazard symbol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A rectangular slot in the freight door slides open revealing a pair of menacing eyes in the darkness.

CONVICT (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Valentine, we riot. All hell breaks loose.

VALENTINE  
Release me.

The raspy voice is low. The freight door opens.

VALENTINE, muscular, a Swastika decorated sociopath-- the alpha male. Large, black splotches of cancerous cells trek down the side of his face and neck.

PLUTO, Valentine's right hand hatchet-man, joins the group. He's albino covered with tattoos of religious iconography.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)  
How did we get on a Goddamn ship?

PLUTO  
No idea.

Other inmates wander over.

VALENTINE  
Vengeance is ours. By hour's end, we'll bathe in blood. Pluto find weapons. We need a group to set traps. We can't underestimate these snakes.

The felon leaves a freight locked.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)  
Oi, fish, unlock that miserable bastard.

FELON  
Not I, no telling what that deranged fuck will do.

VALENTINE  
Whose cell is it?

FELON  
FAUSTINO SAINT PETROV.

Some inmates whisper. Valentine stares down the Felon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VALENTINE

Then open it. That's no way to  
treat a guest.

The prisoner nervously approaches the freight. The Felon  
peers inside the slot and looks back. He opens the lock-

The door slowly swings ajar. Faustino St. Petrov, gritty,  
strait-jacketed, steps forth. He's excited by the violence.

He slowly approaches Valentine and Pluto.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

For our most sinister artist, we  
present a canvas of flesh and  
blood. Suffering. Eternal  
damnation.

Felon reaches into his pants to uncomfortably retrieve a  
soiled sock. He unrolls a dagger and cuts off Faustino's  
straps.

FELON

I'd muled the blade in for a  
nemesis hit.

Felon surrenders the dagger to Faustino.

FAUSTINO

It's judgment night. They're paying  
for all of our sorrows tonight.  
Let's make the hacks remember why  
they've kept us locked away.

Faustino slowly smiles.

INT. KAZABIAN - ATOP FREIGHT UNIT - NIGHT

Dimitrios wears a convict uniform and watches the  
destruction.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

The cargo bay belches fire as the  
abyss floods inward. Time's running  
out. It's all gone directly to hell  
and there's nothing I could have  
done to stop it. Just as the War  
did years before. Only one thing is  
certain, this will get worse.

He climbs down off the roof and raps a safe knock.

INT. KAZABIAN -FREIGHT UNIT

The guards finish changing into the prisoners' jumpsuits--  
Rudolph futilely tries the walkie-talkie.

RUDOLPH  
Come in-- Unit 3, acknowledge.

DIMITRIOS  
Any luck?

RUDOLPH  
Negative, sir.

Dimitrios glances at his watch: 1:36 AM. He lights a  
cigarette.

DIMITRIOS  
Keep trying.

Gustav wraps a splint made from a pistol magazine and his  
necktie around Salvatore's swollen ankle.

GUSTAV  
What did you see?

DIMITRIOS  
They're through the crash gates and  
into segregation and death row  
blocks.

SALVATORE  
Lugosi's as good as dead.

DIMITRIOS  
No. I thought Lugosi betrayed us  
but no way in hell he could've  
engineered this. Not alone.  
Poisoning the wolves, the sedatives  
wearing off early. This was done  
from the inside.

GUSTAV  
There's a saboteur aboard?

The prison guards search each other's faces-- suspiciously.

RUDOLPH  
A stowaway? Here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMITRIOS  
Somebody sold us out.

RUDOLPH  
I'd wager my teeth it was that  
prick, Trepkos.

SALVATORE  
The Minotaur will know. He  
orchestrated the mess-

GUSTAV  
I'm going to be sick.

Gustav, queasy, sits down. Salvatore counts their collective  
AK-47 bullets.

SALVATORE  
17 rounds.

Another blow to the humbled officers.

DIMITRIOS  
Load one of the AKs completely.  
They don't know how little  
firepower we have.

RUDOLPH  
Scare tactics? "Hope for the best,  
prepare for the worst."

DIMITRIOS  
Look, I'm doing everything I can  
think of-

The radio crackles alive.

WALKIE-TALKIE  
Come in, did anyone get out alive?  
...<static>... Jesus, respond- we  
found a way out...

SALVATORE  
10-4. Read you, officer.

WALKIE-TALKIE  
This is Alpha Team, what's left of  
it anyway. Where are you?

SALVATORE  
Our locale is sector B, freight-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dimitrios grabs Salvatore's wrist-- he takes the walkie-talkie.

DIMITRIOS  
Officer, this is Lieutenant  
Dimitrios. Identity yourself in  
Ministry code-

WALKIE-TALKIE  
Hacks! We don't speak that pig  
Latin shit.

DIMITRIOS  
Goddamn it.

WALKIE-TALKIE  
You're dead, you hear me, you're  
all-

Dimitrios turns off the radio, he tears out the battery--  
another light of hope burns out.

GUSTAV  
They're going to find us.

The guards huddle together as they study the Kazabian's  
blueprints with a dying flashlight.

DIMITRIOS  
We know the prison layout even in  
the dark. The inmates won't  
recognize our faces. They'll soon  
grow tired.

Dimitrios traces their intended route on the map.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
We'll have to travel 500  
meters towards unit 3762. It's  
critical we reach the Minotaur  
before the inmates find him.

SALVATORE  
But that's straight through  
protective custody.

DIMITRIOS  
It's the quickest path.

RUDOLPH  
And our escape route?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIMITRIOS  
I'm working on it.

A beat.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
I know you're frightened. You don't think I am? Consider what's at stake. We know how these men settle scores. Use that fear, your bodies are releasing stored fuel and adrenaline. We can make it out of this. You all must want to see your wives again. Your children. I know I do.

Dimitrios stammers.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
My wife Mercedes and I fought bitterly the night we shipped out. Goddamn it, I can't forgive myself for some of things I've said to her. I swear to Christ I'll see her again. Or die trying.

Dimitrios clears his throat.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
Remember the Ministry's creed fear is acceptable, failure is not.

RUDOLPH  
Whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

DIMITRIOS  
Exactly. Now let's move.

The officers exchange frightened glances. Dimitrios snubs his cigarette.

INT. KAZABIAN - PRISON CARGO BAY

The bloodbath continues-- defiled corpses line the cargo bay-- a swarm of heathens search and reek havoc.

Some inmates run towards the mayhem, others away from it.

Prisoners with mutilations, wander aimlessly -- others add fuel to the fire --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An DEMENTED CONVICT mutters to himself-- He sprinkles pills from an oversized jar.

DEMENTED CONVICT  
Meds! Get your meds!

The water level rises ankle high.

Prisoners use crow bars to break the chains off freights-- inside are oil drums marked with toxic symbols.

INMATE  
It's says flammable.

The prisoners unload the drums and pour it onto rags for torches. Other convicts huff the combustible substance.

CANNIBALS spread barb-wire fence over a freshly lit inferno and throw the bodies on top.

CANNIBAL #1  
At last, we feast.

CANNIBAL #2  
So hungry...

The barbaric inmates engage in devouring the stringy meat.

INT. KAZABIAN - RESTRICTED AREA

Valentine leads the investigating psychopaths-- attached to his belt are the grisly heads of his enemies.

VALENTINE  
I want them found. Now. The ship is sinking. We'll need to escape this hellhole soon.

The inmates break open more containers, searching for the guards. Convicts rejoice.

CONVICTS  
Over here. Czech vodka. 80 proof.

Bottles are unloaded and distributed among the crowd.

Fights soon break out as the horde roars. Valentine approaches a freight where inside stands Pluto.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VALENTINE

What have you found?

Pluto emerges: an officer uniform held in one fist, a walkie talkie in the other. He discards the clothing. Valentine inspects the damaged radio.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Clever bastards shed their insignias.

Pluto smells one of Dimitrios' snubbed cigarettes.

PLUTO

They've been here. Recently. You can still smell the fear.

VALENTINE

Can you track them?

PLUTO

Without fail, they couldn't have made it very far.

VALENTINE

And the death traps?

PLUTO

Almost finished.

VALENTINE

Like moths to the flame.

The convicts continue down the corridor, hunting. Pluto suddenly eyes his prey-

CUT TO:

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - PIRATE SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

The darken waves swell-- Plasma lightning crashes overhead. Nikita inspects the looming clouds with binoculars--

NIKITA

Just as forecasted, sleeting rainstorms eastbound.

SKI MASK

Will they affect our mission?

Nikita grins and shakes the Magic 8 Ball-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKITA

"Very unlikely". The conditions are ideal. Little moonlight. Total surprise. The skeleton crew is unarmed. Unprepared.

Nikita gnaws on beef jerky. A worst-for-wear rottweiler sleeps on the deck--

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Come, Astro.

The dog awakes and obeys. Nikita feeds him a piece.

SKI MASK

Do you think they'll retrieve the target?

NIKITA

They had better for their own sake.

SKI MASK

What do you know about the Minotaur?

NIKITA

He's a legendary crime lord. His reign of terror plagued Kafkanistan for decades. Gang wars. Narcotics. They speak ill tales of his carnage. He has burnt entire Blocs to the ground to rid his foes. Any man with powerful friends has made many enemies.

Nikita fingers the scar tissue side of his face. He spits.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

And then he vanished without a trace. Until now.

SKI MASK

I can't even fathom how much the crime lords will pay for him.

Nikita chews another strip of jerky.

NIKITA

All good things to those who wait. Begin stage 2. Suit up the armor. Take hit squads to the rally point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He watches the Kazabian's blind-spot on a portable radar screen. He unrolls a small map of the Kazabian and draws a triangle.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Stay inside the blank sector, their dead zone and wait for the signal. They won't have firearms but operate quickly. And comrade, I want this executed like clockwork. First sign of trouble and I blow the rotten ship. I have no more patience.

SKI MASK

Yes, sir. Commandos, vacate.

The mercenaries crank up their speedboats and depart toward the Kazabian.

EXT. KAZABIAN - FOREDECK - NIGHT

Lugosi and the navigational technicians unload rifles from the freight. Tech #1 stares out into the darkened ocean.

TECH #1

They're out there. Watching us.

TECH #2

Give it a rest already. We have men on watch patrol.

LUGOSI

Help unload the AKs.

The First Officer inspects a rifle.

FIRST OFFICER

Ah, an old friend. Ministry Forces standard issue. We've killed many Cossack dogs together. Very reliable.

Lugosi hands a crate marked LAND-MINES to the Technicians.

LUGOSI

Plant these on the foredeck. Careful!

TECH #1

From the war? You sure these are still live?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUGOSI

I'd hope so with our lives at stake.

The men stare solemnly at one another.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 3

Trepkos and his partially stripped 3 man cabal break.

Lars urinates while the rest drink from their only canteen.

They don't notice convict silhouettes watching their every move.

The unit hastily backtracks through the ransacked, grotesque corridors.

TREPKOS

Stupid bastard will get us all killed.

LARS

Blind spot up ahead, watch it!

Abandon hope, all who enter is written in blood on the wall--

The men see a partially torn down fence-- criminals roam freely between blocks. An annihilated carcass is sprawled out on the floor.

SIDKO

The necrophilia's already begun.

The hallway is narrow-- dark. The officers cautiously search the perimeter- rats scamper at their feet, feeding on corpses-

TREPKOS

This way, stay against the walls.  
Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

Without warning, the adjacent freight doors behind the guards flip open to create a make-shift wall entrapping the prey.

SIDKO

It's a Goddamn trap!

The guards sprint through the gauntlet.

LARS

Run for Christ's sake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the end of the corridor slams shut with another makeshift wall.

A razor-wire trip cord lifts off the ground 4 inches-- the opposite side reveals a prisoner pulling the wire taunt.

Sidko, running in back, trips and slams to the floor-- his ankles gashed.

Pluto throws a wrench from a freight roof and hits Lars.

TREPKOS

Open fire!

The officers piss away limited ammo-- they race in horror-

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 4 - CONTINUOUS

Dimitrios whips his head towards the disorder.

DIMITRIOS

They're compromised.

RUDOLPH

It's coming from Block A.

Dimitrios rapidly double backs-- Gustav intercepts.

GUSTAV

Leave them.

DIMITRIOS

We have to go back!

GUSTAV

They're beyond help. Either in enemy hands or worse. The wolves are feeding back there.

RUDOLPH

At least they've created a diversion.

Dimitrios stares daggers at Rudolph.

SALVATORE

Let's just get to the Minotaur before anyone else has to die.

Screaming and gunfire continues.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 2

Trepkos sprints in blind panic--

He plummets through the bed sheet on the deck. A bloodcurdling scream follows--

TREPKOS

Ah! Help!

An improvised punji pit lies in a descending stairwell.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Oh Christ, it hurts.

The spikes are sharpened bunk bed poles-- sadistic inmates cheer--

VALENTINE

We got 'em!

Convicts descend upon Lars and Sidko.

Trepkos twitches-- The silhouettes of convicts approach the suspended body impaled on a forest of spears--

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

K-kill me, oh God, kill me.

Valentine enters triumphantly.

PLUTO

You stupid bakarka! Look at you now.

The convict wipes his palm down Trepkos' inverted face and smears the war-paint on his own.

VALENTINE

Cut him down. Place them with the others.

Trepkos sobs uncontrollably.

TREPKOS

No, please, no--

The inmates remove the skewered body. They drag the mangled hostages toward their lair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. KAZABIAN - PRISON DECK- HOLD 4

Dimitrios and the team march onward. Gustav follows behind anxiously glancing over his shoulder.

GUSTAV  
Rudolph, don't you see them? All  
around. Spectres. Wretched  
phantoms.

Gustav's POV: Ghastly pale, distorted apparitions haunt the corridors. Their eerie, black eyes beckon. Watching-

RUDOLPH  
Stay sharp, Gustav. We need you on  
point.

Rudolph advances to Dimitrios.

Gustav falls behind, staring into the eyes of a decapitated head on a pike.

Gustav walks closer. Mesmerized- lulled under its spell-

The eyes open as it whispers into Gustav's ear.

He's hallucinating-

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
Dimitrios, it's Gustav, he's acting  
mad. I saw the bastard drinking  
seawater.

Dimitrios glances back.

DIMITRIOS  
Gustav, what in the hell?

The officers whirl around to find Gustav with a pistol to his temple.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
Officer, stand down.

Dimitrios slowly walks toward the disgruntled guard. Gustav backs away, teary eyes darting, his lips quiver-

GUSTAV  
Goddamn it! We're going to die.  
Tortured... in pieces. I can't die  
like that. I won't!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIMITRIOS

We're not going to die, help is en route. We will survive this.

GUSTAV

Survive? Tell that to Trepkos and the others. We're 10,000 kilometers from civilization. Who's going to save us? You?

Dimitrios glares. Gustav's struck a nerve.

DIMITRIOS

I'll die trying with every last breath to protect you. I can swear to that.

Gustav smirks-

GUSTAV

That's not nearly enough.

He squeezes the trigger-

DIMITRIOS

Nooo!

The gunshot echoes off the freight units.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - HOLD 3

Trepkos and the captured guards are marched down the corridors by the cruel prisoners.

Sidko's dragged behind the group by razor wire.

A burning prisoner races up and trips over him. The officer is drug to the top tier.

Valentine wraps a barb-wire noose around Sidko's neck and licks the side of the officer's face.

SIDKO

Wait, wait! Please-

VALENTINE

Officer Sidko, you're found guilty of crimes against humanity and the Crown itself, how do you plead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIDKO

(choking)

No- Please don't do this, I've got  
a family-

VALENTINE

I had a family once too. So what?  
It didn't matter that they starved  
to death. Guilty as charged, you're  
condemned to death.

The bloodthirsty inmates toss Sidko over the handrail. Sidko  
chokes as the barb-wire digs into his throat.

TREPKOS (O.C.)

Don't! Don't! No!

VALENTINE

Pluto, he'll pass out if the pain's  
too severe. Pour that in the wounds  
to keep him conscious.

Valentine points toward a barrel. Pluto wears a feral grin.

TREPKOS (O.C.)

Don't please-

PLUTO

Please, no. Boo hoo. You're only  
making this worse on yourself.

Pluto puts on the latex gloves from Trepkos belt pouch.

TREPKOS

Why are you doing this?

Pluto stops.

PLUTO

Why? The things that we're going to  
do to you defy reason. How the  
mighty have fallen, now you suffer  
our wrath. You're my prisoner.

Pluto breaks an empty vodka bottle and picks up the shards.

PLUTO (CONT'D)

Open your mouth and chew it.

Pluto tears open Trepkos' mouth and sprinkles in glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Painstakingly Trepkos chews the shards. He tries to opens his bloody mouth.

Trepkos writhes in pain while chewing the shards-- Pallid and sweating-

PLUTO (CONT'D)

Ah. Now, swallow it.

Trepkos' slowly closes his fluttering, wet eyes.

EXT. KAZABIAN - ABOVE DECK - NIGHT

The snowfall worsens. Lightning strikes as 5 correctional SNIPERS stumbles across the ship's crewmen.

SNIPER #1

Here they are.

The snipers approach the crewmen.

SNIPER #1 (CONT'D)

Thank Christ we found you, Captain.  
Thought you'd be on the bridge-

LUGOSI

I have a technician stationed there  
signaling Morse.

SNIPER #2

The bastard with his wrists slit?

The ship crew look hurt. Saddened.

FIRST OFFICER

Goddamn coward. Well, where's the  
prisoner?

SNIPER #1

The inmates woke up, they're  
rioting- tearing each other limb  
from limb. Dimitrios and the others  
haven't made it out yet.

TECH #2

Black hell!

LUGOSI

Then they've failed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SNIPER #1

No, not Dimitrios. Give him more  
time-

LUGOSI

Enough waiting. Officer send up the  
Goddamn flare.

SNIPER #2

No, you bastard!

The sniper is restrained.

FIRST OFFICER

Back off. We're in charge here.

SNIPER #2

Like hell you are.

LUGOSI

Dimitrios has failed you. I won't  
let the same happen here.

The First Officer inserts the distress mortar flare.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - PROTECTIVE CUSTODY

Dimitrios and the guards splash through the aftermath of  
blood soaked mayhem-- the trenches.

DIMITRIOS

Gustav couldn't hack it. He failed  
himself and us. The man had weak  
nerves. Weak conviction. We have to  
shut off our emotions or we'll  
never make it out.

Most of the container doors have been torn off. Gore covers  
the ravaged hallways.

RUDOLPH

"Snitch alley".

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

Alas, the gates of hell.

Dimitrios clears his throat.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

(grim)

Prepare yourselves, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The guards cautiously advance. The wailing of grown men intensifies.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
Some of the informants must have  
jammed their doors shut.

RUDOLPH  
Jesus... It reeks of blood.

SALVATORE  
I can't take much more of this. God  
give me strength.

DIMITRIOS  
Don't touch anything. Christ only  
knows what disease they carry.

A SCREAMING INMATE runs out of the shadows with his eyes gouged out. They back against the wall as he streaks by.

SCREAMING INMATE  
Heeeeelp!

The bodies on the floor are mutilated-- darkness hides most of the atrocity.

Dimitrios bends down to a CORPSE. He grimaces.

DIMITRIOS  
Animals. Goddamn animals.

Salvatore cringes.

RUDOLPH  
Let's keep moving.

With a shriek, the Corpse's eyes spring open. He clamps onto Dimitrios' ankle, desperately.

CORPSE  
[foreign language]

Shocked, Dimitrios tries to pull away but the abomination tightens his grasp. He's sobbing and pleading.

DIMITRIOS  
Jesus! Get him off me.

Rudolph steps on the Corpse's elbow to release his grip. They study the marred prisoner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUDOLPH  
What's he speaking?

SALVATORE  
Romanian.

Another inmate runs by down the hallway, chased. Dimitrios looks back at the Corpse.

RUDOLPH  
Shut him up.

SALVATORE  
He thinks we're inmates... he's begging us not to torture him. He wants us to kill him.

RUDOLPH  
I'm not touching him.

DIMITRIOS  
You're sure?

Salvatore nods.

SALVATORE  
We can't just leave him like this.

RUDOLPH  
Why not?

SALVATORE  
Because it's inhumane.

RUDOLPH  
We shouldn't waste the round.

SALVATORE  
It's Dimitrios' call.

The men look to their lieutenant.

DIMITRIOS  
We haven't the time. Too much blood has already been shed.

Dimitrios continues onward through the belly of the beast-towards its heart of darkness-

Sevastian's nearly unrecognizable body is crucified on the freight wall. Grisly and morbid-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
(gagging)  
Mother of Christ.

RUDOLPH  
Don't touch him, he's probably  
booby trapped.

DIMITRIOS  
There wasn't a damn thing we could  
have done for him. None of us. The  
fault was mine alone. Sevastian  
will not die in vain. He'd want us  
to succeed where he's failed-

Faustino steps out of the shadows with Sevastian's badge  
pinned to his chest.

He wields a piece of wood with nails sticking out.

Sal's jaw drops-

SALVATORE  
Faustino Saint Petrov.

FAUSTINO  
Admiring my handiwork? "Infidelitas  
Absit" an original exhibit.

DIMITRIOS  
We're not looking for any trouble.

A convict appears behind the guards with a pipe.

CONVICT  
Too late for that, barkaka.

FAUSTINO  
You're trespassing. There's a blood  
toll through these parts.

3 more convicts emerge from darkness-- the battle begins.

Faustino dives through the air. Dimitrios strikes with his  
baton.

They fall to the floor with the convict on top.

Dimitrios struggles with the nails' tips inches from his eye--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FAUSTINO (CONT'D)

I'm going to open you up-

Faustino struggles to plunge his weapon into Dimitrios' eye socket--

Dimitrios can't last much longer-

The other guards barely hold their own in the brawl--

Dimitrios grasps for a pipe- but it rolls away--

He reaches out further while wrenching from side to side-

Dimitrios' fingertips touch the pipe-- almost wrapping around it-- the haggard carpenter nails hover closer--

Finally Dimitrios grabs the pipe. He swings it into Faustino's skull.

Dimitrios straddles and ravages the inmate-

DIMITRIOS

You're going to execute me? Die!  
You bastard! Die!

Blood cast off covers Dimitrios--

DIMITRIOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am desperation. I am blind  
hatred. Hear me roar.

Faustino goes limp, his flailing ceases-- Dimitrios doesn't.

The lieutenant's delirium fades-- he begins to take in the situation.

The guards stare perplexed. Dimitrios' sanity is slipping.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Christ... What have I done? I've  
killed people before in the war but  
this was different- this was  
intimate cold-blooded murder--

Dimitrios shudders and cradles his head in his arms.

RUDOLPH

Come on. We have to keep moving.

Dimitrios lurches to his feet. They exit-

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - PIRATE SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

4 vintage speedboats are moored together.

A tape cassette stereo plays punk rock. Ski Mask exposes his face to smoke marijuana through the chamber of his shotgun.

They play dice with bullet slugs for good measure.

Gas Mask spray-paints a swastika on the Kazabian's hull.

SKI MASK

Oi, what's that for?

GAS MASK

It's a swastika. For good luck.

The pirates laugh.

SKI MASK

Nikita instructed us not to leave evidence behind.

GAS MASK

What's it matter? The whole rotting ship will be at the bottom of the Crimeka-

Pirates watch as a flare explodes in the night. They cheer and fire their machine guns off. Hockey Mask speaks into a walkie-talkie.

HOCKEY-MASK

They have the prisoner topside.

NIKITA

(filtered)

Board, but wait until he's out of the way to murder the crew.

HOCKEY-MASK

Affirmative, Nikita.

Ski Mask pulls out a cigarette pack with a strike strip down the side. He pulls out an inverted cigarette and strikes it.

SKI MASK

Smoke 'em if you got 'em. Time to pay the devil. 1000 korunas.

The commandos pony up their share.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKI MASK (CONT'D)  
First kill wins 6000.

Ski Mask spins a Rambo knife in a fashion similar to spin the bottle. It lands on Pumpkin Mask.

SKI MASK (CONT'D)  
I'll hold the cash.

Hockey Mask passes around a bottle of liquor. He uses a shotgun ammo shell for a shot glass and raises it.

HOCKEY MASK  
To violence, that lovely disease.  
And to our opponents, may they all  
rot in hell.

They toast and prepare to board.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - ISOLATION BLOCK

Dimitrios' disturbed crew presses onward.

They reach the caged-in 20 by 20 meter block of freights. The sign reads: RESTRICTED AREA

Rudolph unlocks the gate. The men enter apprehensively-

The freights are reinforced with locks and wire mesh windows.

DIMITRIOS  
Spread out, find 3762, and stay  
sharp. Use silent signals.

SALVATORE  
Wilco.

The officers survey the perimeter.

RUDOLPH  
Area secure.

Salvatore heaves a sigh of relief. The units' red warning icons indicate DANGER and EXPERIMENTATIONS.

Dimitrios is beckoned to Freight 3762. The plague reads: TOP SECRET. TO BE DESTROYED 10/24/84

He advances--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

Here I stand, to release a ghost  
from his forgotten tomb.  
Trepidation clouds my mind as I can  
only wonder what awaits on the  
other side.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

Men, regroup. Now.

As the guards approach, a quick look crosses Dimitrios' face--  
Doubt. Dimitrios inhales and opens the container.

INT. FREIGHT #3762

The unit is draped with spiderwebs. Papers are shewn about-  
stamped with the words CLASSIFIED and Seal of the Ministry.

DIMITRIOS

What is this?

Damaged file cabinets spill covert intel: a marble torso  
bust, religious artifacts, relics, books, a sealed coffin.

Salvatore inspects several paintings with a flashlight.

SALVATORE

My God, this is a Kayaveksty. And  
an original Rezkeren. I thought all  
of these were lost in the war.

Rudolph opens a cardboard box with thousands of Kafkan bills  
stamped "COUNTERFEIT".

RUDOLPH

Damn!

Dimitrios leafs through the sealed documents.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

They've fucked us. The Ministry is  
eradicating all evidence. They  
aren't transferring prisoners  
they're sinking the ship. We're  
expendable. The low guard staff,  
the radio silence. No destination,  
no ETA. How many good men have  
fallen by their treachery?  
Bastards. Goddamn bastards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUDOLPH  
Lieutenant what the hell's  
happening?

Dimitrios punches the wall of the freight. He cannot bring himself to answer.

A low, icy voice penetrates the darkness-

MINOTAUR (O.C.)  
Like loyal dogs that still don't  
know when they're beaten. They've  
sentenced us to death out here. All  
of us.

The MINOTAUR (50s) sits strapped to a chair with a spit guard and blindfold.

He has a gray beard, fingernail claws, and faded chest tattoos. Knife scars transverse his neck with symphonic F holes tattooed on either side. Mephistopheles incarnate.

Dimitrios rushes up and pistol-whips the Minotaur.

DIMITRIOS  
That was for the soldiers of the  
convoy.

Dimitrios strikes again.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
For my fallen officers.

Dimitrios strikes the Minotaur in his teeth shattering several.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
And for me.

RUDOLPH  
Jesus. Enough.

Dimitrios backs off. The Minotaur laughs, blood fountains down his neck. He spits teeth fragments.

MINOTAUR  
Hate me officer, but don't deny  
that the road has 2 directions.

Dimitrios lights up another cigarette. 4 left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIMITRIOS  
Order and disorder.

MINOTAUR  
Precisely. You use violence to maintain order, we do to destroy it. Beaten, raped, murdered, a riot's no different from the average day in prison, only the power has changed hands.

DIMITRIOS  
The Ministry should have sentenced you to death long ago.

The Minotaur grins like a Cheshire cat-

MINOTAUR  
As they have you? This isn't an accident. It's fate. Sabotage at the hands of the Ministry. As you're well aware I've made arrangements off the vessel. I had to trade my soul to the devil himself and his minions for passage off the Kazabian.

DIMITRIOS  
Shut your face. Get him up. We're leaving.

The men remove the blindfold and lift the prisoner up.

MINOTAUR  
Men like you are dinosaurs, your morals are eroding. We, the savages of the world, own the future. Society doesn't apply. Lives don't matter. Only bloodshed. Jungle law. The survival of the strongest. Me.

Dimitrios stands. He drops his dog-tags to the floor. The Minotaur grins.

Dimitrios unfolds the blueprints and stares-- memorizing. With his Zippo, Dimitrios burns the paper.

Dimitrios glances at the others. He checks his watch- 1:46 AM

INT. KAZABIAN - PRISON CORRIDOR

Dimitrios leads his crew. The Minotaur studies the ravaged corridor and chaos.

MINOTAUR

Tsk, Tsk. Desperate men indeed. The work of the hopeless. You kept treating them like monsters until they finally became. What could you expect?

DIMITRIOS

No man deserves to live who'd commit such atrocity.

MINOTAUR

You haven't warehoused humans but human misery. Suffering. Violence. Hatred. We've learned it from your terrible system. Now Pandora's Box is open and it's all out on the table.

They continue onward.

Each corner is checked. The men are clearly on edge as the water level reaches shin high-

DIMITRIOS

Stop here.

The dehydrated guards stop to drink from their only canteen.

SALVATORE

I can't feel my feet.

RUDOLPH

None of us can.

DIMITRIOS

Not too much or your muscles will cramp.

They wash their faces with icy floodwater. Dimitrios removes the Minotaur's gag.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

Drink.

Dimitrios pours water into the Minotaur's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINOTAUR  
Give me a gun.

DIMITRIOS  
No.

MINOTAUR  
Your numbers dwindle. Face reason,  
you need me.

DIMITRIOS  
How do we know you won't try to  
kill us?

The Minotaur lunges his handcuff chains at Dimitrios' throat.

MINOTAUR  
Because I could kill you whenever I  
want, the fact that I haven't is a  
courtesy. Now give me a Goddamn  
weapon!

Dimitrios head butts the Minotaur.

DIMITRIOS  
I said no.

A heavy scraping sound drags across metal. Dimitrios' crew  
looks unnerved-- voices speak quickly.

Rudolph's eyes dart.

RUDOLPH  
What the hell?

SALVATORE  
Not again-

Dimitrios stares off screen.

DIMITRIOS  
Nobody moves.

Dimitrios cautiously approaches with his AK47 ready. Bizarre  
huffing sounds escape from the freight ahead.

He walks up the stairs to find...

A wolf-pack of inmates snorting mountains of opium from an  
opened freight. Bodies with blue faces overdose and twitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Others talk nonstop-- some to themselves-- and grind their teeth away.

Dimitrios' backup guards advance.

RUDOLPH  
No wonder the inmates haven't  
tired. Amphetamines.

MINOTAUR  
Fortune shines. Verchek opium, all  
of you have some.

DIMITRIOS  
You must be insane.

The fatigued guards stay back, weary of the substance. The Minotaur approaches.

MINOTAUR  
Look at you, use your reasoning.  
You're starving and dying from  
hypothermia. The convicts have the  
upper hand.

DIMITRIOS  
Absolutely not.

The Minotaur scoffs-

MINOTAUR  
And you speak for everyone?

Dimitrios glances at his weary men. Bags under their bloodshot eyes.

RUDOLPH  
Maybe we should... I mean what  
could it hurt at this point?

DIMITRIOS  
I can't watch this. I'll be on  
point guard. We leave in 3 minutes.  
Do as you will.

Dimitrios takes the rifle. The Minotaur stops him.

MINOTAUR  
Aye, boy. Unlock me-

Dimitrios begrudgingly does so-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Minotaur puts his face down and snorts.

MINOTAUR (CONT'D)

Goddamn!

He tilts his head back revealing a beard of opium.

The guards succumb and taste the powder off their fingertips.

Dimitrios marches perimeter and lights up a smoke. 2 left.

Suddenly, a leathery faced drug FIEND runs up to the Minotaur's group. Dimitrios watches from a distance.

FIEND

Have you tasted the soda? It's Cadillac-

MINOTAUR

Verchek Terror Drome, the best narcotics in Eurasia. I should know- it was once my product.

The inmate turns to face the rest of the group.

A look of tension crosses Rudolph's face. The Fiend's eyes light up-- recognition.

FIEND

Jesus Christ! Hey-

The Minotaur slams the junkie against the freight.

MINOTAUR

Silence.

But it's too late. Other prisoners murmur and whisper. Sharpening their talons.

INMATES

(various)

I'll be damned! Look who it is.

Beads of sweat cling to the guards' forehead. Tension mounts. Their eyes dart around the floor--

The officers are ready to make their last stand.

MINOTAUR

Lower your weapons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RUDOLPH

What?

MINOTAUR

Do as I say, now.

Rudolph nods, the guards follow.

RUDOLPH

One wrong move and I kill you  
myself.

MINOTAUR

You can't. I'm your only pawn in  
this freak-show.

The Minotaur now controls the show. Inmates encircle like  
hungry vultures. Valentine leads.

VALENTINE

How I don't believe my eyes. A  
ghost of the past. The Minotaur of  
Verchek in the flesh-

MINOTAUR

And what of it, barkaka?

The convicts invade closer, enthralled-

MINOTAUR (CONT'D)

I've been dead too long. But  
tonight I reign again. Let any who  
challenge step forward.

A beat. Valentine approaches.

VALENTINE

Very well, my lord. And your  
friends?

The Minotaur flashes a quick smile-

MINOTAUR

These men? They're my hostages. The  
escape route.

SALVATORE

Bastard!

Salvatore lunges toward the Minotaur. Inmates swiftly  
overtake Salvatore and Rudolph-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

Goddamn it. I can only watch as the  
last of my men are swallowed up.  
The convicts, they're stolen  
everything from me. Whatever sins  
I've committed in the past, I will  
not forsake my men to these  
savages' will.

Dimitrios broods from a distance- helplessly--

Suddenly, convicts approach-- investigating-- Dimitrios  
quickly and silently lays down and plays dead.

CONVICT (O.S.)

I know there's more pigs here.  
They're close. Real close.

Dimitrios holds his breath. The convicts search-- inches away  
from Dimitrios--

The convicts recede-- continuing their hunt elsewhere.

EXT. KAZABIAN DECK - NIGHT

The ship lists more radically. Tech #1 and Tech #2 cautiously  
check the upper deck as they set the land-mines.

TECH #1

No sign of the hyenas.

TECH #2

They could be anywhere.

NEARBY-

An crate is pried open from within-

A CLOWN MASK mercenary emerges wearing night vision goggles  
and a trench coat. His weapon of choice is a pistol with a  
silencer.

Another distress flare shoots up and erupts in the night sky.  
PFF! PFF! Clown Mask murders both patrolling crewmen.

Clown Mask then approaches a small hydraulic crane that  
extends over the hand rail.

He cranks a lever to lower the chain to the awaiting pirates  
below--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - PIRATE SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

The pirates fasten large C-clamps to the cable as makeshift footings.

The cable is cranked up to the platform with the mercenaries in tow, clipped on with rock climbing rigging.

The pirates have AK47s with bayonets strapped to their backs--

Clown Mask removes a Bowie knife clenched between his teeth makes a throat cutting motion--

CLOWN MASK

2 dead.

SKI MASK

Good work. Many dogs, rabbit's death. Find them.

The mercenaries go to work. Searching. Stalking. Gas Mask marks their way back with a spray-paint trail.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK- PRISON FLOOR

The inmates cheer and savagely taunt the guards as they're paraded down the corridor-- Dead men walking.

INMATES

(various)

Kill em all! Let me get in him in the guts!

A bestial roars sweep the cargo hold. Salvatore cries and fingers his rosary beads

SALVATORE

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

VALENTINE

Shut up.

SALVATORE

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Valentine cracks Sal's rib-cage with a pipe. The inmate delivers another blow to the crowds' frenzied delight. Rudolph stiffens.

VALENTINE

I said shut up. You don't remember me do you? I pissed blood for a month because of you. And don't start praying yet, this is far from over. Do you think God is going to save you? God is dead. You want something to pray for? Pray for death.

The venomous convict ravages. Masses surge inward. The Minotaur steps forward and fires the AK 47. The crowd halts.

MINOTAUR

Enough. I already told you all that these are my hostages.

Valentine backs off Salvatore.

VALENTINE

(to Salvatore)

How do you like being beaten?

Dimitrios watches from the crowd of rallied prisoners. He lowers his head in despair.

INT. HOSTAGE FREIGHT UNIT

The door opens and the traumatized hostages flinch.

The captured guards are herded in and handcuffed to chains hanging from the ceiling.

Vlad, the guard earlier attacked by rabid wolves, repeatedly bangs his head against the wall.

VLAD

I don't want to die. I don't deserve this. I've never done anything.

Pluto eyes Vlad.

PLUTO

You've never done anything wrong?  
NEVER?!

Vlad is grabbed by 2 prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VLAD

No! No!!

The other officers grow frantic and resist in vain.

GUARDS

(various)

Let him go. Take me, you bastards!

Vlad is dragged out. The door SLAMS shut- total darkness-

VOICE

We are in hell.

And the worst is yet to come.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - FREIGHT

Vlad is thrown to his knees. He cries out at carnage in the corner. Pluto steps forward machete in hand.

PLUTO

I am only going to ask you this  
once so think carefully about your  
response. Where's the escape hatch?

Vlad weeps uncontrollably.

VLAD

(pathetic)

But I don't know.

Pluto urinates on the graveling Vlad.

PLUTO

You don't know huh? That's too bad.  
How cruel fate must be. What could  
you have done to deserve this?

Pluto steps toward Vlad as a scream cuts over to:

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - PRISON CORRIDOR

Dimitrios marches down the pillaged corridors and aftermath of the riot. He sashes through ankle-high water and enters a container.

INT. CONTAINER

Dimitrios checks his watch- 2:05 AM. The second hand doesn't move. He taps the watch face glass and sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opens the cigarette case wallet to view pictures of Mercedes and Ekaterina.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)  
Mercedes. I've pissed you away. How  
can you ever forgive me? How can I  
forgive myself?

Dimitrios breaks down. He punches himself in the head.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
Shut up. Survive if you want to see  
her again. Think, Goddamn it,  
think.

Dimitrios pick himself up, reinvigorated. Driven.

INT. KAZABIAN - PRISON CORRIDOR

The prisoners are drunk, exhausted, or drugged up--

Dimitrios picks up a vodka bottle from an unconscious  
prisoner and takes a swig--

He drops bullet slugs in the bottle creating an incendiary  
cocktail and throws it--

KA-BOOM! A corridor goes up in flames. The shells act as  
flaming shrapnel--

INMATES  
(various)  
Up there! What the fuck? After him!

The Minotaur's eyes narrow.

MINOTAUR  
Resistant bastard.

Dimitrios dashes up the stairs into the hostage camp--

VALENTINE  
Don't let him escape!

DIMITRIOS  
Hang on men, I'm coming.

Dimitrios beats his way through the crowd with his baton-- He  
takes cover behind the hostage freight--

Dimitrios bashes the lock off the freight and opens the doors  
to reveal his fellow officers-- slain--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

Oh god. No!

Dismembered limbs still hang from the chain cuffs overhead--

Dimitrios chokes back a sob-

WHAM! He's cracked with a pipe and collapses-

VALENTINE

Where are you running to?

Valentine continues to thrash Dimitrios--

Dimitrios painfully attempts to crawl away.

His face black, swollen-- teeth fragments and blood leak out.

Valentine enjoys himself as he kicks a defeated Dimitrios' arm out from underneath--

The convict stomps Dimitrios' rib cage producing bone shattering CRACKS!

EXT. KAZABIAN - FORE DECK - NIGHT

Captain Lugosi crouches and peers around the side of a freight--

In the distance pirates advance toward the crew hands' positions--

LUGOSI

(whispering)

Wait for it.

Clown Mask stealthily leads the group with his night vision goggles--

He stops and listens--

Suddenly, the LOOK-OUT on the crow's nest cries out.

LOOKOUT

Now!

Kazabian crewmen emerge from inside freight containers.

TECH #1

Flank the bastards!

They appear from underneath tarps- guns blazing-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tech #2 breaks off the head of a pressured tank sending the projectile blasting through Gas Mask's leg and skidding off--

The pirates return fire as an all out gun battle erupts on deck--

A commando GUERILLA steps on a land mine. BOOM!

HOCKEY MASK  
It's a Goddamn ambush!

The crew has the upper hand with their surprise attack--

SKI MASK  
Where did they get automatics and mines?!

The 7 surviving mercenaries are out for blood-

A PUMPKIN MASK mercenary feeds another magazine into his Uzi- he catches a reflection off a puddle of 2 crewmen sneaking up-

PUMPKIN MASK  
They're behind us!

Pumpkin Mask ducks-- returns fire and hits Tech #2--

Tech #4 retreats and slips on shell casings. He tries to brace for impact but snaps his lower arm. The haggard bone shard protrudes--

TECH #4  
Ahhh! My arm!

TECH #1  
Stay down.

Ski Mask heaves ninja stars and catches Tech #1 in the face--

TECH #1 (CONT'D)  
Arg-

Ski Mask slides on a pair of brass knuckles. A switchblade flips out of the handle- creating the ultimate mêlée weapon.

Ski Mask leaps from behind and punches Tech #1 in the jaw before repeatedly burying the blade into his neck--

First Officer's shotgun blast tears through Ski Mask's upper arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKI MASK

Damn!

Ski Mask backs up against a freight, leaking blood--

Wincing in pain, he unscrews a hollowed knife handle to reveal needles filled with morphine-

He administers the shot to his chest and is rejuvenated-

CLOWN MASK

What's the count?!

HOCKEY MASK

3 dead, 3 alive!

CLOWN MASK

Glorified amateurs.

Pumpkin Mask fires his Uzi shooting Lugosi in the back--

PUMPKIN MASK

You shouldn't complain. We're making fatter cuts.

Hockey Mask takes cover from the Tech #4's automatic gunfire--  
He reloads and returns fire with a Desert Eagle--

He knocks over an drum spilling oil and kicks it rolling toward the technicians--

HOCKEY MASK

Goodnight, sweethearts.

Hockey Mask lights the oil trail and KA-BOOM!

The barrel explodes, both technicians catch ablaze, helplessly burning-

The First Officer runs out of ammo. He ducks behind a freight container--

FIRST OFFICER

Goddamn it.

The First Officer breaks open a emergency fire axe shield with the butt of his rifle--

Hockey Mask stops to take an expensive wristwatch from the Tech #3's corpse--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The pirate never notices as the First Officer sneaks up behind, axe raised--

The First Officer buries the axe into Hockey Mask's back with a sickening thud--

On the opposite end, Pumpkin Mask inserts ear plugs--

PUMPKIN MASK

Stars!

He throws down a cylinder flash-bang. It explodes with an shattering echo and white blinding light!

Everyone's blind and deaf as bullets streak by--

Ski Mask races up and plunges his AK47 bayonet tip into the First Officer's throat-- The officer drops to his knees, gurgling blood--

The mercenaries put down the few remaining Kazabian crewmen and prison snipers- All hope is lost.

INT. KAZABIAN- BELOW DECK - PRISON FLOOR

The Minotaur triumphantly marches down the corridors. Below, hundreds of prisoners chant. The Minotaur grins.

VALENTINE

We've finished collecting the pigs,  
sir.

The Minotaur approaches the prisoners. He speaks over a loudspeaker.

MINOTAUR

23 years I've been rotting in the  
Hole, declared dead by the  
Ministry. Waiting. Planning.  
Preparing for the day that I'd  
strike back.

The prisoners cheer-

4 hostages remain. Rudolph and Salvatore are lined up with Dimitrios in front.

RUDOLPH

I never thought I'd die like this.  
I just want to see my family again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INMATES

(various)

Torch 'em. Skin the bastards.

Dimitrios swallows hard. The Minotaur smirks.

MINOTAUR

Gentlemen, we've saved one of the  
best for last. Fascist elite  
Lieutenant Dimitrios.

The convicts cheer louder. The few remaining guards tremble  
and break-down.

DIMITRIOS

We had a deal, Goddamn it. Arkadin,  
you need us!

The Minotaur glances at the pandemonium.

MINOTAUR

I very much doubt that.

Dimitrios grows desperate-- pathetic.

DIMITRIOS

We're your only escape.

MINOTAUR

And remind me: what's to stop us  
from torturing you to death for the  
escape hatch? One of you will  
snitch for merciful death.

Dimitrios squirms to fight as he's dragged toward the mob.

DIMITRIOS

Goddamn you, Arkadin!

The prisoners chant.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

No! No!

The convicts revel in the anarchy. Dimitrios' eyes are wide  
like a sacrificial lamb to the slaughter.

INMATES

Thrash him! Kill the pig!

Dimitrios' knees wobble. The Minotaur unrolls a cat-o-nine  
whip made from chains with bloodstained hooks at the ends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dimitrios is barely able to choke out a final request.

DIMITRIOS

Wait! Cigarette. Grant me a last  
smoke.

MINOTAUR

What do you think, men?

The prisoners scream out dejected blasphemies.

MINOTAUR (CONT'D)

Fair enough. 3 minutes. It will  
give you a moment to weight your  
decision.

The Minotaur retrieves Dimitrios' cigarette case.

Minotaur takes one for himself and places the last one in  
Dimitrios' quivering lips.

He lights both and notices the images of Mercedes and  
Ekaterina. A devious grin crosses the Minotaur's face.

MINOTAUR (CONT'D)

Ah, the wife with fetus.  
Innocence. Prey.

His eye catches the address on Dimitrios' driver license.

MINOTAUR (CONT'D)

1680 Takonak Bloc, apartment 2.  
They're probably asleep as we  
speak.

Dimitrios stops dead.

DIMITRIOS

So help me Christ-

MINOTAUR

Enough theatrics. You can't save  
yourself but don't think they're  
beyond our grasp. I'll cut it out  
of her womb myself. Now tell me:  
where is the escape hatch?

Dimitrios takes a deep drag, wincing with pain.

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - NIGHT

Nikita, the pirate commander, watches the shoot out on the Kazabian's deck through binoculars.

SKI-MASK (O.S.)  
 (filtered; walkie-talkie)  
 They've double crossed us! There's  
 no sign of the Minotaur. The  
 bastards never had him. Awaiting  
 orders.

NIKITA  
 Kafkan barkaka. Why must they  
 torment me so?

Nikita shakes the Magic 8 Ball and waits for the reply.

NIKITA (CONT'D)  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 To hell with it. They've terminated  
 negotiations. Execute plan B. I'm  
 blowing the ship. Save yourselves.

Nikita presses the red button.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - PRISON FLOOR

KA-BOOM! The C-4 detonates. Water violently surges in. Dim emergency lights shut off. Total darkness.

INMATES  
 Nooo!

Prisoners scatter, unconcerned with bloodshed--

In the mayhem, Dimitrios stabs Pluto in the ribs with his utility knife. He twists the weapon--

PLUTO  
 Arg! Bastard!

The convict bellows as he drops to the floor. Dimitrios snatches the prisoner's set of keys--

Valentine springs for Dimitrios but Rudolph intercepts--

He chokes out Valentine with handcuff chains. Valentine expires. Rudolph dumps the body--

RUDOLPH  
 Quickly, Lieutenant. Cut us loose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dimitrios releases the other guards' shackles--

The guards run with the inmates, who remain oblivious-- The Minotaur intercepts, AK-47 drawn--

MINOTAUR

You have the way out, I have the gun. Start using that survival training of yours.

DIMITRIOS

I'll kill you before this is through.

The men disappear into the mass hysteria--

EXT. KAZABIAN - ABOVE DECK - NIGHT

Ski Mask lights a cigarette off burning debris from the gun battle--

Clown Mask is wounded but he's up-- Pumpkin Mask is dazed and limping--

SKI MASK

Let's get to the lifeboat, now.

The pirates depart. They follow the spraypainted trail back towards the lifeboat.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - OPPOSITE END

The cargo bay floods. Its floor tilts- Freight containers crash into each other--

Panicking convicts stack bodies and debris- They futilely claw toward higher ground--

DIMITRIOS

Tear the ladders off the bunk beds.  
I won't die down here.

The water is waist high-- they grab 2 ladders and climb up onto a freight roof--

Dimitrios hauls up the ladder--

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

Got it.

SALVATORE

So cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUDOLPH  
Let's get out of here!

Dimitrios strips off his belt and wraps it around the ladders-  
to create a makeshift ladder--

DIMITRIOS  
Strap them tight.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
On 3. 1, 2, 3.

They set the ladder up to reach the elevated scaffolding 12  
feet above the cargo bay--

The men scurry up-- The Minotaur goes last-- his foot slips  
but he pulls himself up and kicks the ladder down--

It sinks to the cargo bay floor.

INT. KAZABIAN - BELOW DECK - CORRIDOR

Dimitrios leads the charge through the smoky labyrinth. He  
runs through the blueprints in his mind.

The men vault through the narrow, swaying corridors, bouncing  
off each other-- The smoke grows impenetrable--

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Up a flight, down 2 corridors, left  
once.

Dimitrios, disoriented, stares wildly down the branching  
corridors-- right or left?

MINOTAUR  
You don't remember?!

DIMITRIOS  
Shut up! I'm thinking-

He charges left, running on instinct alone-- Ocean water  
pours through the overhead vents-

Dimitrios and the survivors reach the escape hatch at the top  
of the stairs- it's locked shut--

RUDOLPH  
Goddamn it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MINOTAUR  
For Christ's sake.

Dimitrios' mind reels. Adrenaline surges through the men--

DIMITRIOS  
The welding torch! The shipyard  
workers left one behind the night  
shipped out.

Dimitrios backtracks down the corridor- He returns with the  
argon torch cart.

SALVATORE  
Hurry.

The crew works together. Dimitrios lights up the torch and  
cuts the hinges off the metal hatch.

They push heavy door aside and escape onto:

EXT. KAZABIAN - ABOVE DECK - NIGHT

The dizzying, vertical deck is near impossible to maneuver  
down in the sleeting rain.

The crow nest tower crashes over the deck and plunges the  
flailing Look Out to the sea below.

The folding of metal cries out. Cable lines snap and whip  
across the deck--

DIMITRIOS  
Watch it! She's coming apart.

Freight door's open as oil drums ricochet out, barreling into  
the sea--

The bridge smokestack collapses-

A wild sliding freight unit mauls over Rudolph and into the  
ocean--

RUDOLPH  
Ahhh!

The men scurry like frantic spiders down the treacherous  
gauntlet--

They race across the face of the bridge. Dimitrios breaks  
through the window beneath and clings to edge--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Minotaur stops and helps him out--

MINOTAUR

You won't be much good to us dead.

Dimitrios and Minotaur finally reach the lifeboat only to find pirates. Gas Mask holds his AK 47--

GAS MASK

Right there, bastard.

Ski Mask checks the Minotaur's mug-shot attached to his wristband.

SKI MASK

About fucking time!

(to walkie-talkie)

Nikita, we have the Grail.

Evacuating now. There's 1 survivor,  
a convict. What should we do?

NIKITA

(filtered)

Bring both to me. Alive.

The men cling tooth and nail as the bow rises more radically.

PUMPKIN MASK

Steady. She's giving way!

SKI MASK

Cut us loose.

Gas Mask saws through the lifeboat's rigging lines with a chain saw--

Dimitrios boards just in time. The lifeboat slides recklessly down the deck--

DIMITRIOS

Oh shit. Watch out--

Dimitrios braces himself for impact. He flips out of the raft and into the black, icy abyss.

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - NIGHT

Time slows down. Dimitrios struggles to swim beneath the sea. The gigantic freighter slowly sinks into darkness below.

He watches as a fleet of jellyfish swim by in the turmoil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

It's cold and dark. Quiet. Death reaches up from the abyss below welcoming me. The cold water numbs me to the bones. Gone. Everything. Dying is not hard.

Dimitrios opens his eyes.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

No, fight old man. Mercedes needs you. I can't die here.

Suddenly an oil drum floats up from below. Dimitrios catches a ride up to the surface. He gasps loudly.

MINOTAUR

There he is!

The mercenaries haul Dimitrios back aboard the life raft.

PUMPKIN MASK

You're not out that easy.

The Kazabian, belches petrol and catches ablaze---

Violent bubbles erupt as the Kazabian disappears beneath the black surface.

The garden of statuesque children at the ship's bow are the last to submerge.

Hundreds of inmates flail in the abyss: drowning each other in panic. Burning.

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

The surviving pirates cruise amongst the drowning men-- They beat the convicts back.

INMATES

Save me! Help us!

Some convicts cling to makeshift rafts of cargo or wood.

Exhausted by the elements, they struggle in vain, and one after another drown.

The survivors breathe easier having escaped the anarchy. The Minotaur cackles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINOTAUR

Nothing makes you feel more alive than death. But we already know this. Tell me comrade, who do I owe the favor for my prison break?

The pirate stare silently. The Minotaur arches an eyebrow.

Nikita's speedboat appears from the darkness. The diabolical commando boards the lifeboat.

Dimitrios' shivering- freezing to death- Ice patches cling to his eyes and hair.

NIKITA

Ah fortune shines, convict. You've escaped the jaws of hell and delivered to us the monster.

MINOTAUR

And who the hell are you?

NIKITA

I'm Nikita Bellac. Long have I've searched for you. The gang-lord that massacred my village. My family. How cruel fate can be.

Nikita unsheathes a machete. Ski Mask grabs the Minotaur.

MINOTAUR

No, you bastards! Release me!

NIKITA

You see the Ministry contracted us to sink the Kazabian but after I learned Arkadin Marterknecht, the butcher of Verchek, was aboard I had to retrieve you. And claim your head myself as revenge. 17 years I've waited for destiny. Retribution. You took my face, now I'll take your head. Hold him down.

MINOTAUR

Don't! Noo!

NIKITA

Without further ado, I present the beheading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nikita decapitates the Minotaur off screen with the machete. Dimitrios flinches, still not desensitized to violence.

NIKITA (CONT'D)  
Prepare the head.

The mercenaries place the severed head in a beach cooler with ice. Nikita spits into the box and padlocks the lid.

NIKITA (CONT'D)  
I congratulate you on being alive.  
What's your name convict?

Dimitrios stutters.

DIMITRIOS  
Salem Dimitrios.

NIKITA  
I can respect a man such as  
yourself. Ruthless. Conniving.

Nikita produces a stack of paper Kafkan bills.

NIKITA (CONT'D)  
Payment for your service. There's  
more, all you have to do is pledge  
your alliance to us. We are your  
only hope of survival out here.  
Join my battalion.

DIMITRIOS  
I can't.

The SONAR PIRATE with headphones speaks up.

SONAR PIRATE  
Nikita, sir, another vessel  
approaches. 56 knots. ETA 16  
minutes.

NIKITA  
Shit, begin stage 3. Dump the gear  
and radio the serpent. We're  
phantoms in 10.

The pirates hastily move. They discard their weapons, ammo, and the Minotaur's body into the Crimeka.

Some chop holes in their speedboat hulls with hatchets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They board a central speedboat leaving Dimitrios and Nikita in the lifeboat.

Nikita raises his machete to Dimitrios' throat. Nikita smiles and shakes the Magic 8 Ball. He glances down at its response.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

I could kill you just as easily...  
But I've quenched my thirst for  
blood tonight. Farewell.

(Subtitled)

"Pray that our paths don't cross  
again."

Nikita drops his Magic 8 Ball to the lifeboat floor. It rolls aimlessly.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Here. Keep it as a souvenir. It  
brings luck.

The mercenaries disembark speeding off into the night.

Most of the evidence is gone, leaving only a battered Dimitrios and debris. The ocean is silent. Calm.

The nightmare is finally over. A flashing distress beacon illuminates Dimitrios' face.

He breaks down and sobs.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

So many dead. So much chaos.  
They're all gone and only I remain.  
And after all this deceit and  
bloodshed and agony, all that I  
truly care about is reuniting with  
Mercedes. Home. I want to go home.

Dimitrios curls into the fetal position, shivering to death. The 8 Ball prophesies: "Lookout not so good."

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FADE IN:

EXT. CRIMEKA SEA - LIFEBOAT - EARLY MORNING

A horn blares. The icebreaker UFK MISKATONIC slowly emerges through the fog, search lights activated--

The floodlight illuminates Dimitrios' life-raft. He chokes out a hoarse yell.

DIMITRIOS

Help me. Save me.

And for the first time, Dimitrios smiles. Faint but visible.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I cannot believe I walked away from this intact. But I'm alive and that's all that matters now. That and Mercedes. It's a bitter victory with the loss of my men. My soldiers.

Dimitrios closes his weary eyes as the massive ship slowly approaches.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. UFK MISKATONIC - MEDIC STATION - CORRIDOR

A shaken up MEDIC emerges from a doorway hatch to speak with an elderly CAPTAIN.

MEDIC

CAPTAIN, the man's exhausted. I've sedated him to help the night terrors and a electric blanket for the frostbite. Son of a bitch sure can take a beating. Couldn't get a word out of him. Not even a name.

The captain furrows his brow and scratches his beard.

CAPTAIN

Lone survivor of the sinking of the Kazabian. Only he and God know what happened out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDIC

As Alice said, curiouser and  
curiouser.

CAPTAIN

No matter. He's wearing prison  
issue uniform ergo he's property of  
the Ministry. They'll interrogate  
him once we reach Kafkanistan. No  
doubt, they'll get their answers.

The men disperse.

Dimitrios, through the glass port, sits shrouded in a  
blanket. He stares into oblivion. Haunted.