

SOLITARY FORCE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

The sound of a spinning rotor cuts through the air. A black helicopter swoops down and lands on the rooftop. A dozen SECURITY GUARDS gather around the craft.

PAULSON (35), a man in a dark suit with a metal briefcase in hand, exits the helicopter. Two more MEN IN DARK SUITS step out of the craft. Paulson approaches two other men nearby.

GREER (50), a bespectacled man in a lab coat, steps forward. OAKLEY (45), the bearded security chief, stands beside him. Paulson shows both men his ID.

PAULSON  
Paulson, CIA.

GREER  
Greer, R 'n' D.

OAKLEY  
Oakley, Security.

PAULSON  
You have a package for me.

GREER  
It's in the lab. Follow me.

Greer and Oakley lead Paulson away from the helicopter.

OAKLEY  
My men are ready just in case.

PAULSON  
Good. We can't take any chances.

INT. BUILDING - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Greer and Paulson lead Oakley out an elevator and into the large room. Six MEN IN LAB COATS gather around a table. A dozen more SECURITY GUARDS look on from nearby.

GREER  
Out of the way, everyone.

The men in lab coats step aside as Paulson lays the metal briefcase on the table. Greer carefully places an unseen object inside the case.

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

The men in dark suits and the security guards stand on the quiet rooftop. The sound of another spinning rotor echoes through the night.

The group reaches for their pistols and scans the skies but fail to spot another helicopter. The sound of the unseen craft grows to a deafening volume.

MAN IN DARK SUIT #1

Where is it?!

MAN IN DARK SUIT #2

I don't know!

A white attack helicopter rises up from behind the edge of the building. The craft is equipped with two automatic machine guns, two small missiles, and a spotlight.

The white helicopter opens fire and a barrage of tracer rounds cuts down the group. The volley tears through the black helicopter and causes it to explode.

INT. BUILDING - LABORATORY - NIGHT

The building shudders and the lights flicker.

PAULSON

Oh, God. They're here.

INT. BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

A dozen more SECURITY GUARDS stand in the large entryway. Oakley's voice blares over their radios.

OAKLEY (V.O.)

Red alert! Red alert! Secure the building!

A blast tears through the front doors and knocks the guards to the ground. Concussion bombs are tossed into the room.

Two dozen MASKED MEN, dressed in black and armed with assault rifles, rush into the room and gun down the guards.

INT. BUILDING - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Oakley and the security guards on hand use tables to build a makeshift barricade. Greer and the men in lab coats cower at the back of the room.

Paulson locks the metal briefcase with a plastic key and snaps it off in the lock. He retrieves a pair of handcuffs and shackles the case to his wrist.

PAULSON

There, that'll stop them from --

Paulson spins around as a chime cuts through the air. The elevator doors slide open and a large explosion emanates from the compartment.

The blast overturns several tables and knocks everyone to the floor. The masked men arrive via a stairwell door and lob concussion bombs into the room.

PAULSON

Oh, Christ!

Paulson pulls himself off the ground when one of the bombs lands beside him. The blast knocks him back to the floor. He wails as blood pours from his ear.

OAKLEY

Paulson! Get out of here!

Oakley and the security guards commence a shootout with the masked men. Paulson places a hand against his injured ear and scrambles toward a nearby office door.

INT. BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Paulson grabs a chair and hurls it against a large window.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

An empty parking lot dominates the area. The chair smashes through a second-story window. Paulson jumps through the opening and lands in a group of bushes.

Paulson staggers to his feet and scurries onto the lot. A black van appears through the darkness and skids to a halt. He wails and collapses to the ground in defeat.

PAULSON

No. No!

A CIA AGENT scurries out of the vehicle, rushes over to Paulson, and helps him back onto his feet.

CIA AGENT #1

Paulson, it's us! Come on, move!

The agent escorts Paulson inside the van. The tires squeal as the vehicle races away from the scene.

INT. BUILDING - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Oakley and the dozen security guards shoot it out with the masked men. Greer is wounded by a bullet while the six men in lab coats are gunned down.

The masked men overwhelm and mow down Oakley and the security guards. Two of the men signal their colleagues to stop as pained moans cut through the air.

The two men march toward the noise, overturn a table, and reveal Greer underneath. He recoils with a whimper as the men remove their masks.

XANDER GODFREY (40), a tall and sturdy man with a temper, glares at Greer. EUGENE NASH (38), a slender man with a subdued demeanor, puts on a pair of glasses.

EUGENE

Where is it?

GREER

You're too late. It's ... It's gone.

Eugene turns away as Xander grabs a pistol from his belt and pumps Greer full of lead.

XANDER

I want it, mother fucker! I want it!

EUGENE

I told you to wait for the others,  
Xander! When the boss finds out --

Xander produces a hunting knife from his belt and presses it against Eugene's throat.

XANDER

You say somethin', Eugene?

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Six black SUVs skid to a stop in the parking lot. CORINNE IRONS (36), a tall and very athletic brunette, emerges from the lead SUV.

BRYCE WILKINSON (42, English), a handsome and urbane blonde, also exits the SUV. Two dozen more MASKED MEN pile out of the other vehicles.

Bryce and Corinne look toward the destroyed entranceway. He shakes his head while she growls and kicks out one of the SUV's headlights.

CORINNE

Those fuckers were supposed to wait!  
Now what, Bryce?!

BRYCE

Relax, Corinne. Logic dictates where  
the machine has been taken.

CORINNE

Oh, yeah?! Where's that, genius?!

EXT. AIRFIELD - ENTRY GATE - NIGHT

Two AIRFIELD GUARDS armed with assault rifles stand by the gate. The black van arrives and a second CIA AGENT rolls down the window.

CIA AGENT #2

They've attacked the lab. Get ready.

EXT. AIRFIELD - RUNWAY - NIGHT

A small airplane rests at the end of the landing strip. The black van appears and stops nearby. Six other black vans race toward the entry gate.

The first two agents help Paulson out of the vehicle and lead him toward the airplane. A third and fourth CIA AGENT step out of the craft.

CIA AGENT #3

Let's get you out of here, Paulson.

Paulson holds a hand to his injured ear as the four agents lead him inside the airplane.

PAULSON

My ear, it won't stop ringing.

EXT. AIRFIELD - ENTRY GATE - NIGHT

Two dozen AIRFIELD GUARDS lay in wait behind their black vans. The black SUVs arrive and smash through the gate. The two dozen masked men pile out of the vehicles.

The two groups, armed with assault rifles, take cover and shoot it out. Bryce and Corinne exit the SUV furthest from the gunfire and head for the rear of the vehicle.

BRYCE

Oh, how thrilling to be amidst a hail  
of bullets.

CORINNE

C'mon, where's your sense of  
adventure?

Corinne opens the rear doors and disappears inside. The vehicle's roof folds away and she rises into view armed with a mounted minigun.

Corinne opens fire and hundreds of tracer rounds tear the airfield guards to shreds. The barrage rips through the vans and causes them to explode.

The minigun's barrels spin to a stop and a puff of smoke emanates from the weapon. Bryce grimaces as Corinne unleashes a cowboy-like yelp.

BRYCE

Are you quite finished? We still  
have a small matter to attend to.

INT. SMALL AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Paulson and the first three agents strap themselves into their seats. The fourth agent starts the engines.

CIA AGENT #4

Let's get you boys back to Langley.

EXT. AIRFIELD - RUNWAY - NIGHT

The airplane taxis down the landing strip. Corinne and Bryce arrive in their SUV and watch as the aircraft picks up speed. She kicks out the vehicle's other headlight.

CORINNE

God fuckin' damn it!

The sound of a spinning rotor cuts through the night. Bryce directs Corinne toward the heavens.

BRYCE

Oh, ye of little faith.

The white helicopter swoops down behind the airplane, fires a missile, and destroys one of the craft's wings.

INT. SMALL AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The blast tosses Paulson and the four agents about.

EXT. AIRFIELD - RUNWAY - NIGHT

The white helicopter fires its other missile. The explosion causes the airplane to flip tail-over-nose, land upside-down, and burst into flames.

Paulson crawls out of the wreckage a moment later. Corinne and Bryce arrive in their SUV. Bryce stands over Paulson and grabs hold of a pistol.

BRYCE

To be or not to be, that is the question. The answer? Not to be.

Bryce takes aim and prepares to fire when Corinne kicks the pistol from his hand. Bryce shakes his head and steps back.

BRYCE

Oh, bloody hell.

Corinne drags Paulson onto his feet and delivers a barrage of kicks and punches. She stands behind him, wraps her arm around his neck, and jerks his head backward.

A loud snap echoes through the air. Paulson's lifeless body crumples onto the asphalt. Corinne admires her handiwork as Bryce retrieves his pistol.

BRYCE

Was that really necessary?

CORINNE

Shoot first, recite bad poetry later.

Xander and Eugene arrive in another black SUV. The white helicopter lands behind the foursome.

EUGENE

Hey, you got it!

CORINNE

No thanks to you!

XANDER

Don't start, bitch!

BRYCE

Watch your language!

The group bickers until a gunshot rings out. Someone stands by the helicopter silhouetted by its spotlight. The man puts his pistol away and speaks with an eloquent accent.

KENZO

Lady and gentlemen, now is not the time for childish squabbling.

KENZO HASHIMOTO (48, Japanese), clad in a white suit with a black shirt, sports white hair combed straight back in contrast to his jet-black moustache and goatee.

KENZO

You should appreciate the situation we find ourselves in.

Kenzo approaches Paulson's body, retrieves a small pair of bolt cutters, and severs the handcuffs. He takes hold of the briefcase and leads the others away from the aircraft.

KENZO

At this moment in time, we are the most powerful people to grace the continents. Soon, we will be five of the richest.

The airplane wreckage explodes behind the group and the flames from the inferno climb high into the night.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - FRONT GATE - DAY

A black luxury sedan arrives outside the maximum-security facility. The DRIVER shows his ID to a PRISON GUARD. The guard opens the gate and allows the vehicle inside.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DAY

RUSSELL FRANKLIN (50), reserved with salt-and-pepper hair, sits in the back. YANCY O'TOOLE (32), a snippy blonde with an open briefcase on her lap, sits next to him.

YANCY

Of all the people in the world ...

RUSSELL

Trust me, Ashley Stevenson's the one person with the skills and experience we need.

She leafs through a series of files.

YANCY

One Intelligence Star, a couple of Distinguished Intelligence Medals, two more Distinguished Intelligence Crosses ...

RUSSELL

Ashley's the best agent I've ever worked with. The best.

She glares in his direction.

YANCY

... and one murder conviction.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

BRIGGS (52), a gray suit with gray hair, and six more PRISON GUARDS look on as the luxury sedan arrives. Russell and Yancy exit the vehicle and flash their IDs.

YANCY

Special Agent Yancy O'Toole. Special Agent Russell Franklin.

BRIGGS

Briggs. Follow me.

Briggs and the guards lead the pair inside.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY

Briggs leads Russell and Yancy down the corridor while the prison guards trail behind them.

BRIGGS

You can wait in the interview room while we get Stevenson from solitary.

RUSSELL

Solitary?

BRIGGS

We have a zero-tolerance policy when it comes to fighting.

YANCY

Fighting? What happened?

BRIGGS

Stevenson keeps the others in line around here. Eight MS-13 members brought in from California decided to put a stop to it. Last week, they ambushed Stevenson in the showers.

RUSSELL

What happened to Ashley?

BRIGGS

Nothing.

Yancy raises an eyebrow.

YANCY

Nothing? What about the others?

BRIGGS

Four of them are in the infirmary, three are in hospital, and one's in a medically-induced coma.

Yancy struggles for words.

YANCY

Why ... Why didn't you do anything?

BRIGGS

It was over in less than a minute. What could we do? Interview room's this way.

Russell beams with pride while Yancy cringes with nerves.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - CELLBLOCK - DAY

A buzzer sounds and a solid steel door at the end of the corridor opens. BRIGGS'S AIDE (30), a bespectacled woman, leads four more PRISON GUARDS down the hall.

The group stops in front of one of the cell's solid steel doors. Briggs's aide approaches the door and slides open a small panel at eye-level.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - CELL - DAY

A beam of light enters the darkened room. A prisoner sits cross-legged on the floor with his back to the door.

BRIGGS'S AIDE (O.S.)

Stevenson! Front and center!

The prisoner slightly turns his head.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - CELLBLOCK - DAY

Briggs's aide steps back as the prison guards open panels at waist-level and ground-level. The prisoner's hands and feet emerge through the openings.

The guards shackle his wrists and ankles. The prisoner's bound hands and feet back away from view. Briggs's aide speaks into a radio.

BRIGGS'S AIDE

Open it up.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - CELL - DAY

A buzzer sounds and the cell door slides open. The prisoner stands front and center with his back to the room.

BRIGGS'S AIDE

You've got visitors. Let's go.

The prisoner exits the cell and steps out of view. The buzzer sounds and the cell door slides shut.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Russell stands by a table in the middle of the room. Yancy paces back and forth behind him. Briggs, his aide, and the prison guards escort the prisoner inside.

ASHLEY STEVENSON (40), his blonde hair and three-day-old stubble liberally speckled with gray, is a tall man with a lean and very athletic build.

RUSSELL

Hello, Ashley.

Ashley stares at Russell with his intense blue eyes.

ASHLEY

Son of a bitch.

RUSSELL

Thank you, Briggs.

Briggs, his aide, and the guards leave the room.

RUSSELL

Been a long time. Too long.

Ashley sits down at the table.

ASHLEY

This isn't a social call.

Russell sits across from him.

RUSSELL

No. Let's get down to business. We need you.

ASHLEY

I don't work for the Agency.

YANCY

Not anymore, and for good reason.

Ashley eyes Yancy as he speaks to Russell.

ASHLEY

Who's this?

RUSSELL

Yancy's in charge of the operation.

YANCY

We didn't come to recruit you. We came to conscript you.

ASHLEY

I don't take orders from Langley.

YANCY

No, you kill who you want whenever you want. You couldn't just kill Terrance Upshaw in cold blood, could you? To shoot him in the back of the head in his own home? To have his wife and children find the body --

Ashley pounds the table with his fists, rises from his seat, and stares daggers at Yancy.

ASHLEY

You say one more word and, I swear to God, I will rip your throat out with my bare hands.

Yancy arches an eyebrow.

YANCY

What, am I supposed to be scared?

He settles back down in his seat. She turns away, places a hand over her heart, and breathes a sigh of relief.

ASHLEY

What do they want from me, Russell?

RUSSELL

A machine vital to national security has been stolen, and we need to retrieve it yesterday. Politics means we can't use a large team, and the Agency doesn't have anyone with your talent and expertise. Ashley, you're the only chance we've got.

Ashley leans back in his chair.

ASHLEY

Can't do it.

RUSSELL

Yes, you can. I've never met another agent who could hold a candle to you. You were part of Omega Squad, the best of the best --

ASHLEY

Omega Squad's dead, Russell. All of them, gone. I'm the only one left, and I might as well be dead.

Russell shakes his head.

RUSSELL

What happened to you?

ASHLEY

Prison. I couldn't do it even if I wanted to, and I don't want to.

Yancy retrieves a file folder from her briefcase and places it on the table.

YANCY

Well, if the mission doesn't interest you, maybe the person who stole the machine will.

Ashley opens the folder and finds a grainy surveillance photograph of Kenzo. His eyes grow as wide as saucers ...

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND - SMALL BUILDING - NIGHT (TWELVE YEARS AGO)

Ashley, with a blonde moustache and goatee, bursts into the one-room structure and crashes to the floor. His hands are bound in front by a thick rope.

Xander, his face covered with cuts and bruises, rushes into the room and beats his captive. He grabs a pistol from his belt and takes aim at Ashley's head.

XANDER

Gimme a reason! Just gimme a --

Corinne, a few cuts and bruises on her face, enters with a pump-action shotgun slung around her shoulder. She grabs Xander by the arm and pulls him away.

CORINNE

Back off.

Xander shakes his arm free.

XANDER

Get your fuckin' hands off me, bitch!

She knocks the pistol from his hand with the butt-end of the shotgun. She uses the weapon to shove him back and places the barrel under his chin.

CORINNE

Back off.

Xander glares at her, swats the weapon aside, and turns away. Corinne leans the shotgun against the wall and grabs the rope wrapped around Ashley's wrists.

CORINNE

Here, lemme help you up.

She sits him up and kicks him in the face. She pulls him onto his feet, delivers a flurry of punches and strikes, and finishes with a spin kick to the face.

He spins through the air and lands facedown. She crouches down, grabs him by the hair, and raises his head. She smiles and reveals her missing front tooth.

CORINNE

That's for the tooth, asshole.

Corinne spits in his face as Bryce and Eugene arrive. Bryce places a wooden chair across from the entrance. Eugene struggles to pull Ashley off the floor.

EUGENE

Get up. C'mon, get --

Ashley, his hands unbound, leaps to his feet with the rope in hand. Eugene yelps as the rope is wrapped around his throat. Bryce retrieves a pistol from inside his coat.

Bryce clubs Ashley over the head with the weapon. Ashley releases his grip on Eugene and falls to the floor. Eugene and Bryce drag him toward the chair.

EUGENE

Jesus Christ! You can't let up at all around this guy, can you?

BRYCE

You would know had you not scampered off like a ninny when he arrived.

Eugene holds their captive in the chair while Bryce produces a pair of handcuffs. Ashley's wrists are shackled behind his back and through the slats in the backrest.

Two KAZAKH HENCHMEN with assault rifles enter only to move aside and reveal someone else. The obscured figure puffs on a cigar and blows out a few smoke rings.

KENZO

So, this is the fly in my ointment.

Kenzo, clean-shaven with jet-black hair and a cream-colored suit over a salmon shirt, saunters into view.

KENZO

You gentlemen wait outside and dispose of this, will you?

Kenzo hands the cigar to one of the henchmen. The pair exits the room and closes the door.

KENZO

What a pleasure to finally meet you face-to-face.

Kenzo strides across the room toward his captive. He stops and retrieves Xander's pistol from the floor.

Kenzo turns to Xander and shakes his head. He approaches Ashley with pistol in hand and kneels in front of him.

KENZO

In less than twelve hours, you have killed ninety-six well-armed and well-trained Kazakh militiamen. I find this very disappointing. Impressive, yes, but disappointing.

He strokes his chin and narrows his eyes.

KENZO

Even worse, you have stolen valuable property. Weapons-grade plutonium is incredibly hard to obtain, after all, and I would greatly appreciate my belongings returned post haste.

Bryce places a handheld radio in Kenzo's outstretched hand. Ashley, unbeknownst to the others, retrieves a ballpoint pen from his back pocket.

KENZO

Contact your colleagues and instruct them to return my plutonium at once.

Kenzo turns on the radio. Ashley glares back at him.

KENZO

Oh, I seem to have omitted a step.

Kenzo jams the pistol underneath Ashley's chin.

KENZO

There. Now, shall we try this again?

Kenzo holds up the radio. Ashley tilts toward the device.

ASHLEY

Stevenson to Franklin, you copy?  
Russell, you copy? Please respond.

Russell's voice blares over the radio.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

Copy, Ashley. I'm at the rendezvous point. Where are you?

ASHLEY

The package.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

Terrance and Hale have it. Give me your position. I'll come get you.

Ashley leans forward and locks eyes with Kenzo.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

Ashley, you copy? Ashley, what's your position?

Kenzo returns Ashley's glare.

KENZO

Your position will be two meters  
below the surface of the earth if you  
do not respond.

Ashley stares daggers back at Kenzo.

ASHLEY

Russell?

Ashley brings his hands out from behind his back and shows  
Kenzo the unlocked handcuffs.

ASHLEY

Start the chopper.

Ashley headbutts Kenzo square in the face. Kenzo staggers  
back and bleeds from a cut to the bridge of his nose.  
Ashley rips the pistol from his hand.

XANDER

What the fuck?!

EUGENE

Jesus Christ!

Xander wails as he is shot in the shoulder. Eugene tries to  
flee only to take a bullet in the leg. Kenzo knocks the  
weapon from Ashley's hand.

KENZO

Bryce!

Bryce fumbles about inside his coat while Ashley grabs Kenzo  
around the waist. Bryce produces his pistol as Ashley and  
Kenzo barrel toward him.

Ashley shoves Kenzo into Bryce and the pair tumbles to the  
floor. Ashley turns to leave when Corinne steps in his path  
and tries a roundhouse kick to the face.

CORINNE

You fuckin' bastard!

Ashley blocks the blow, grabs hold of her leg, and sweeps  
the other out from under her. Corinne crashes to the floor  
next to another wooden chair.

Corinne shrieks as Ashley uses the handcuffs to shackle her  
ankle to the chair. He grabs her shotgun just as the two  
henchmen burst into the room.

Ashley blasts them with the shotgun. He slings the weapon over his shoulder, grabs one of the dead henchmen's assault rifles, and heads for the door.

EXT. COMPOUND - BACK - NIGHT

A dozen KAZAKH HENCHMEN pass numerous stacks of crates as they scurry toward the small building. They stop as Ashley bursts out of the structure.

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #1  
(in Kazakh)  
Shoot him! Shoot him!

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #2  
(in Kazakh)  
Don't let him escape!

Ashley grips the rifle in one hand, his preferred method, and mows down half of the henchmen. He dives behind a stack of crates as the other six men return fire.

Ashley somersaults out from behind the stack and guns the other six men down. He turns to flee only to spot another dozen KAZAKH HENCHMEN as they arrive.

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #3  
(in Kazakh)  
There he is! Shoot!

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #4  
(in Kazakh)  
Get him! Get him!

Ashley guns six of the henchmen down with his rifle. He takes refuge behind another stack of crates as the other six men return fire.

Ashley rolls out from behind the stack, lies on the ground, and mows the other six men down. He takes two magazines from one of his victims and reloads his rifle.

Ashley sprints toward a group of black SUVs at the rear of the compound. He stops when two more KAZAKH HENCHMEN in a rickety wooden guard tower work a spotlight.

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #5  
(in Kazakh)  
Look! He's down there!

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #6  
(in Kazakh)  
Get over here! Hurry!

Another two dozen KAZAKH HENCHMEN appear by a large stack of crates and fuel drums. The men on the ground hide behind the crates and open fire.

Ashley dives across the hood of one of the SUVs, takes cover behind the vehicle, and returns fire. His gunfire punctures several holes in the fuel drums.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Ashley takes the wheel but does not find the keys in the ignition. He tilts the sun visor down and catches the keys as they fall from their perch.

EXT. COMPOUND - BACK - NIGHT

The SUV's headlights turn on and the engine roars to life. The henchmen on the ground riddle the vehicle with gunfire as it races toward them.

The SUV swerves sharply and makes a very wide U-turn. The vehicle skids across the ground and the back end smashes into the guard tower.

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #5

(in Kazakh)

What the hell?!

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #6

(in Kazakh)

We're falling over!

The guard tower crumples toward the pool of spilt fuel below. The tower smashes to the ground and sparks from the spotlight ignite the fuel.

The explosion incinerates a dozen henchmen and sends the others to the ground. The SUV drives off as the flames from the blast reach high into the night.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Ashley wedges the shotgun against the accelerator and loads a fresh magazine into his rifle.

EXT. COMPOUND - FRONT - NIGHT

Two dozen more KAZAKH HENCHMEN assemble by the compound's locked front gate. The SUV appears and races toward the chain-link barrier.

The group takes cover behind stacks of crates in the area and opens fire. Ashley emerges through the sunroof and guns half the men down.

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #7  
 (in Kazakh)  
 Quick! Out of the way!

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #8  
 (in Kazakh)  
 Move! It's not worth it!

The SUV smashes through the crates, plows through the gate, and disappears into the forest. The dozen henchmen pull themselves off the ground as Bryce rushes onto the scene.

BRYCE  
 Oh, dear.

Xander and Eugene, each with a hand to their bullet wounds, arrive on the scene. Corinne, her ankle still shackled to the wooden chair, appears a moment later.

Kenzo, a handkerchief to the cut on the bridge of his nose, strolls into view. He examines Ashley's handiwork and raises his voice.

KENZO  
 I realize how traumatic this  
 experience has been but I was  
 wondering, if it is not too much  
 trouble, if one of you would be so  
 kind as to ... oh, how shall I put  
 this... kill him?!

EXT. RIVER ROAD - NIGHT

The dirt road runs along the edge of a tree-lined cliff next to a raging river. The SUV appears from the forest and races down the path.

Two army trucks merge onto the dirt road behind the SUV. Another dozen KAZAKH HENCHMEN armed with assault rifles stand in the open truck beds.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Ashley glances at the rear-view mirror and adjusts the driver-side mirror. The latter reveals the henchmen as they take aim with their rifles.

Ashley pulls his hand back as the driver-side mirror is destroyed by gunfire. The henchmen shatter the SUV's rear window and puncture several holes in the vehicle.

ASHLEY

Son of a bitch.

Ashley ducks down in his seat and slams his foot on the brakes. The henchmen turn around as the army trucks speed past and open fire once more.

Ashley ducks below the dashboard as the SUV's windshield is destroyed and the vehicle is riddled with bullets. He grits his teeth and stomps on the accelerator.

ASHLEY

Let's try a little bump and run.

The SUV slams into the rear corner of the first truck. The truck swerves off the road, rolls down the cliff, bursts into flames, and crashes into the river.

The SUV plows into the back corner of the second truck. The truck veers off the cliff, soars through the air, crashes into a large tree, and explodes.

Ashley sits up, scans the area, and pushes the windshield out of its frame. The SUV drives down the road and disappears into the night.

EXT. KAZAKH GORGE - NIGHT

The river rages below the lengthy concrete bridge which crosses the chasm. The walls of the gorge are lined with the remains of fallen trees.

The SUV emerges from the forest and reaches the foot of the bridge. The vehicle is illuminated by spotlights placed in the middle of the span.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Ashley shields his eyes and looks toward the lights.

EXT. KAZAKH GORGE - NIGHT

Another dozen KAZAKH HENCHMEN and four army trucks wait on the bridge. Three men work spotlights while another takes aim with an RPG launcher and fires.

The blast sends the SUV over the edge of the bridge. The vehicle bursts into flames as it tumbles down the edge of the gorge and crashes into the river.

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #9

(in Kazakh)

Hey, we did it!

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #10  
(in Kazakh)  
So much for him!

Xander, Eugene, Corinne, and Bryce arrive in another army truck. Xander and Eugene's wounds are bandaged while Corinne is free from her chair.

The group joins the henchmen as they look over the edge of the bridge. The bottom of the SUV remains on fire as it pokes out of the water.

XANDER  
Again! Hit it again!

The henchman with the RPG launcher takes aim at the SUV and fires. The blast destroys what is left of the vehicle.

CORINNE  
Spotlights! Light up the river!

The henchmen with the spotlights illuminate the river and sweep the area for a lengthy moment. Ashley gasps for air as he rises out of the water.

EUGENE  
Don't just stand there! Shoot!

Ashley swims for shore as the henchmen grab their assault rifles. He reaches land and dives behind a fallen tree as the dozen men open fire.

BRYCE  
Mortars! Use the mortars!

Ashley climbs up the gorge as four henchmen ready a set of mortar launchers. He struggles to avoid the hail of gunfire and a barrage of mortar rounds.

Ashley crawls up the gorge until the sound of a spinning rotor cuts through the night. He stops while the henchmen cease their assault.

A black attack helicopter with two automatic machine guns rises from beyond the edge of the gorge. Those on the bridge look on as the craft takes aim at them.

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #9  
(in Kazakh)  
Out of the way!

KAZAKH HENCHMAN #10  
(in Kazakh)  
Get out of here!

The group dives for cover as the helicopter opens fire. A barrage of tracer rounds tears through the five army trucks and causes them to explode.

A steel chain ladder is lowered from the helicopter. Ashley runs down the length of a fallen tree, leaps through the air, and grabs the ladder.

Xander, Eugene, Corinne, and Bryce look on with fury and amazement as Ashley waves goodbye. The helicopter veers away from the bridge and heads down the river.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Russell works the controls as Ashley enters the craft. Russell glances back as Ashley places the ladder next to an assault rifle and an RPG launcher with a shoulder strap.

RUSSELL

No offense but, when we get home, I'm asking for a new partner.

Ashley heads for the seat next to Russell.

ASHLEY

Take us home, my friend.

The helicopter is riddled with tracer rounds. Ashley drops to the floor while Russell struggles to control the craft.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The black helicopter struggles to right itself. The familiar white helicopter swoops into view.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WHITE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Kenzo smirks as he mans the controls.

KENZO

Leaving so soon, gentlemen?

The white helicopter opens fire and riddles its target with tracer rounds. Smoke billows from the black craft's tail as it dives below another concrete bridge.

Kenzo grips a joystick, places his thumb over two red buttons, and presses them. The white helicopter fires both its missiles and obliterates the concrete structure.

Kenzo scans the skies for any sign of his target. The black helicopter rises up from the cloud of concrete dust and continues down the river.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Russell struggles with the controls while Ashley takes hold of the assault rifle.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Ashley grips the black helicopter with one hand and holds the rifle with the other. He leans out the craft and opens fire. The white helicopter swerves out of the way.

Ashley leans out the other side of the craft and opens fire again. The white helicopter veers out of the way once more. He glares at the rifle in his hand.

ASHLEY

Useless.

Ashley reenters his craft and trades the rifle for the RPG launcher. The white helicopter fires its machine guns only for its target to swerve out of the way.

Ashley readies the RPG launcher and scrambles to his feet. The white helicopter lines up its sights and fires another volley at its target.

A barrage of tracer rounds strikes the black helicopter's main rotor assembly. The craft tips over and Ashley tumbles out of the rear opening.

ASHLEY

Russell!

Ashley grabs one of the skids as the black helicopter rights itself. The RPG launcher slips from his grasp but the weapon's strap catches his foot.

The white helicopter opens fire and strikes its target's main rotor assembly. The black helicopter swerves away from the river as smoke billows from its rotors.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The black helicopter hovers three hundred feet above the large body of water. Ashley reaches for the RPG launcher as the white helicopter arrives and lines up its sights.

ASHLEY

Come on ... Come on ...

Ashley flicks the RPG launcher into the air with his foot and catches hold of the strap. He brings the weapon to his shoulder and takes aim at the white helicopter.

ASHLEY

Sayonara, Kenzo.

The white helicopter fires its machine guns. A barrage of tracer rounds strikes the RPG launcher and the skid Ashley dangles from.

Ashley loses his grip on both the weapon and the helicopter skid. He plummets out of the sky and tumbles toward the dark waters below ...

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Ashley leaps from his seat and swats the file folder away.

ASHLEY

Are you fucking kidding me?! I'm not dealing with him again!

RUSSELL

You came closer than anyone to capturing Kenzo Hashimoto --

ASHLEY

And he put me in a coma for six months! You can't ...

He breathes heavily, settles back down in his seat, and places his head in his hands.

ASHLEY

He's ... He's still with the others?

Yancy produces four grainy surveillance photographs from her briefcase and lays them on the table.

YANCY

Eugene Nash. Corinne Irons. Bryce Wilkinson. Xander Godfrey.

Ashley shakes his head.

ASHLEY

Don't ... Don't ask me to do this.

YANCY

You know, it's bad enough you weren't given the death penalty, but only convicted of manslaughter? You're eligible for parole in, what, seven years? Clearly, it's in the public's best interests your parole be denied ... permanently.

Ashley glares back at Yancy.

ASHLEY

You can't do that.

YANCY

We're the Agency, Ashley. We can do anything.

ASHLEY

Anything but get your machine back.

She retrieves an envelope from her briefcase and places it in front of him.

YANCY

Touché. Of course, someone who goes beyond the call of duty should be rewarded appropriately.

Ashley opens the envelope and removes the document inside.

ASHLEY

A Presidential pardon. Unsigned.

YANCY

For now. Complete the mission and the President will sign it immediately.

RUSSELL

I know you feel abandoned, neglected, betrayed ... You've been waiting for an opportunity to redeem yourself. Ashley, this is your opportunity.

Ashley looks at the floor and stares at Kenzo's photograph. He narrows his eyes and turns to the others.

ASHLEY

When do we leave?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MILITARY BASE - RUNWAY - DAY

The Russian army base is nestled in a heavily wooded area. A small white airplane with no markings touches down on the landing strip.

Ashley, clean-shaven, follows Russell and Yancy out the aircraft. COLONEL VLADISLAV DEMENTIEV (54), a sturdy Russian Army officer, greets them.

DEMENTIEV

Colonel Vladislav Dementiev. Welcome to Russia.

RUSSELL

Russell Franklin. Yancy O'Toole. Ashley Stevenson.

DEMENTIEV

Come, we have much to discuss.

Dementiev leads the group away from the craft. Ashley trails nearby as the colonel mutters to himself.

DEMENTIEV

(in Russian)

Americans conducting operations on our soil? How ridiculous.

ASHLEY

(in Russian)

The Kremlin doesn't think so.

Dementiev looks at Ashley with wide eyes, clears his throat, and marches onward.

INT. MILITARY BASE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Ashley, Russell, and Yancy sit at a table in the cluttered room. Dementiev stands by a rotating bulletin board which features a satellite image of a large island.

DEMENTIEV

Hashimoto's main operations are located here, in Sakhalin. He operates several warehouses and storage facilities in the region.

The colonel flips the bulletin board over and reveals a map of Sakhalin's airports, seaports, roadways, and railways.

DEMENTIEV'S AIDE (36), a plain woman in uniform, steps into the room and hands Yancy a black briefcase.

DEMENTIEV

He has used his wealth to gain access to legitimate railways, airports, and seaports throughout the island.

RUSSELL

Where's Hashimoto right now?

Dementiev points to the map.

DEMENTIEV

This large warehouse on the northern half of the island has seen much activity in the past week. This is the most likely location.

RUSSELL

How soon can Ashley get there?

DEMENTIEV

A military helicopter will be available this evening.

Yancy places the black briefcase on the table.

YANCY

Any questions, Ashley?

ASHLEY

Colonel, you know Kenzo's a gunrunner, you know he's a money launderer, and you know he's on Sakhalin. Why haven't you done anything about it?

DEMENTIEV

Sakhalin has been experiencing incredible growth in the oil and gas industries. To protect these resources, The Kremlin has decided to take a ... non-interventionist position when it comes to Hashimoto.

Ashley leans back and folds his arms.

ASHLEY

Very clever. Why try to stop Kenzo when you can get me to do it for you? If I succeed, you rid yourselves of a major problem. If I fail, you have plausible deniability.

Dementiev flashes a smile.

DEMENTIEV

You may have a future in politics.

YANCY

Anything else?

ASHLEY

My gear.

YANCY

We have all the gear you'll need.

She slides the black briefcase across the table. He finds a single pistol and one ammunition magazine inside.

ASHLEY

This is it?

YANCY

Don't be dramatic. There's a radio, a compass, a knife --

ASHLEY

How can I stop Kenzo --

YANCY

Your mission is to retrieve the machine, period. Besides, if you're as good as Russell says, you won't need to fire a single shot.

Ashley glares as he loads the pistol.

ASHLEY

It'll do.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The sizeable building sits amidst a thickly forested area. Several SUVs are parked under a large green canopy.

Six Russian WAREHOUSE GUARDS patrol the area. Bryce stands nearby and speaks into a satellite phone.

BRYCE

You will be most pleased with what he has to offer. ... Thank you, and give my regards to your clients.

He puts the satellite phone away and enters the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The open floor of the building is a maze of wooden crates with Cyrillic writing. Three dozen Russian WAREHOUSE HENCHMEN are engaged in various tasks.

Eugene sits at a table in the middle of the building while Corinne stands over his shoulder. She looks on as he uses a drill to remove the metal briefcase's jammed lock.

CORINNE

Christ, would you hurry up already?

EUGENE

Relax, I'm going as fast as I can.

Eugene drills out the lock, exchanges a grin with Corinne, and opens the briefcase.

EUGENE

And it's still in one piece!

CORINNE

That's it? It's so tiny.

She closes the briefcase and walks away with it before he can object. Kenzo and Bryce stand elsewhere and converse.

BRYCE

Talebi will meet you at the airport tomorrow morning.

KENZO

I feel like a young child on Christmas Eve. How exciting!

Corinne appears with Eugene and hands Kenzo the briefcase.

CORINNE

Here, boss, it's ready to go.

KENZO

Events are transpiring as scheduled.

Xander arrives with a cell phone/two-way radio in hand.

XANDER

Not so fast, boss. Landslide down south. You can take the train halfway to the port, but then you gotta go by truck.

KENZO

Hmm ... Murphy and his law have made their first appearance. Xander, travel to the central train station and prepare alternate transportation. Bryce, Corinne, and Eugene will accompany me to the airport and --

EUGENE

Wait, boss, I've gotta organize the latest shipments. I mean, if I leave these guys to do it --

KENZO

Yes, good henchmen are so hard to find these days. Catalogue the recent deliveries, Eugene, and then make the journey to the airport.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CHANGING ROOM - EVENING

Ashley, dressed in black from head to toe, dons an equipment belt with a radio, a compass, a knife, and other supplies.

A knock on the open door cuts through the silence. Ashley raises his head as Russell steps inside the room.

RUSSELL

Ready?

ASHLEY

Almost.

A moment of silence passes. Russell laughs to himself.

ASHLEY

What?

RUSSELL

Just like old times. Remember when we were in Fallujah --

ASHLEY

We're not old friends, Russell.

Russell shakes his head.

RUSSELL

Oh, no. We were only partners for, what, a decade? No, of course not.

ASHLEY

Sorry. Prison has a way of making people stubborn.

RUSSELL

You've always been stubborn. It's your best quality.

ASHLEY

Really? I though it was my cheerful disposition.

Russell snickers. A moment of silence follows.

ASHLEY

I didn't kill Terrance.

RUSSELL

I know.

ASHLEY

Why they set me up, I don't know.

RUSSELL

The Agency didn't set you up.

ASHLEY

They were quick to move against me. Even Omega Squad turned their backs on me. Other than Hale, you're the only one who believed in me.

RUSSELL

Monique believed in you.

Ashley grits his teeth.

ASHLEY

God, don't bring her up.

RUSSELL

Why, because you drove both her and your daughter away?

ASHLEY

Monique and Genevieve are in France now. Christ, I haven't seen Gen since she was two. I'm not a part of their lives anymore.

RUSSELL

Still, you can start a new life if you pull this off. A clean slate.

Ashley shakes his head.

ASHLEY

The Agency never makes deals,  
Russell. We both know the President  
will never sign that pardon.

RUSSELL

I'd never let them double-cross you,  
Ashley. Never.

Yancy appears and wraps on the open door.

YANCY

Hurry up. We leave in ten minutes.

Russell pats his old partner on the shoulder and follows  
Yancy out of the room. Ashley thinks to himself and places  
the pistol in his equipment belt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

A Russian military helicopter touches down in the meadow.  
Ashley exits the craft as Russell and Yancy sit inside.

RUSSELL

Contact us by radio as soon as you  
get the machine. Good luck.

ASHLEY

If I need luck, don't bother  
refueling the chopper.

YANCY

Remember, you've got a job to do.  
Don't be a hero.

ASHLEY

Of course not. I only have the fate  
of the free world in my hands.

He sprints toward the forest as the helicopter lifts off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dozen Russian FOREST HENCHMEN, armed with assault rifles,  
follow Eugene out the building. The rumble of distant  
thunder cuts through the night.

EUGENE

Hmm. Leaving just in time.

Eugene and his men pile into the SUVs and drive away. A warehouse henchman watches the vehicles leave and slips inside the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The first warehouse henchman finds his colleagues around a table in the middle of the building.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #1  
(in Russian)  
Four-eyes left. Let's play.

The first henchman produces playing cards and poker chips. He sits down and swaps chips for euros with seven others.

A few henchmen hand out bottles of vodka while another produces a stereo and plays 1950's rock 'n' roll.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Two warehouse guards stand by the main entrance, listen to the noise from inside the building, and shake their heads.

WAREHOUSE GUARD #1  
(in Russian)  
Those idiots get drunk and play poker every night.

WAREHOUSE GUARD #2  
(in Russian)  
I know, while we guard this place from nothing.

WAREHOUSE GUARD #1  
(in Russian)  
Not fair.

WAREHOUSE GUARD #2  
(in Russian)  
Still, could be worse.

The first guard picks up his assault rifle and steps away. The second places a cigarette in his mouth and searches his pockets for a lighter.

The first guard nears the corner of the building. Someone around the bend reaches out of the darkness and places a hand over his mouth.

The first guard yelps as he is pulled out of sight. The second perks up his head, grips his rifle, and heads toward the source of the noise.

The second guard finds the first slumped against the base of a tree. He rushes to his partner's side and discovers his throat has been slit.

WAREHOUSE GUARD #1

(in Russian)

Oh, shit!

The second guard scans the area and reaches for his radio. He screams when someone leaps out of the tree and tackles him to the ground.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse henchmen cheer as one of their colleagues wins a rich poker hand. One of the men looks toward the main entrance and turns to another.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #2

(in Russian)

Hey, you hear something? I thought I heard a yell.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #3

(in Russian)

Hearing things is the first sign of madness. Go on, drink!

The latter produces a bottle of vodka. The former imbibes with a shrug.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Two more warehouse guards appear and rush toward their fallen colleagues. They discover both men have had their throats slashed.

WAREHOUSE GUARD #3

(in Russian)

Oh, God! Let's get out of --

WAREHOUSE GUARD #4

(in Russian)

Settle down! I'll call the others.

The former stands by another tree while the latter grabs his radio. Someone reaches around the tree and places a hand over the former guard's mouth.

The figure reaches around with his other hand and stabs the former guard in the heart. The guard moans and falls to the ground in death.

The latter guard spins around just as the figure hurls the knife through the air. The guard screams as the blade plunges into his throat.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse henchmen groan as one of their colleagues loses with a bad hand. The second man again looks toward the main entrance.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #2

(in Russian)

You hear that? I swear I heard someone yelling.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #3

(in Russian)

That's 'cause you're not drunk enough. Drink! Drink!

The latter forces a vodka bottle into his hand. The former shakes his head and takes another drink.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Two more warehouse guards race around the corner of the building only to trip beside a stack of crates. They pull themselves off the ground and examine the stack.

The guards find a crate of grenades has been breached and its contents on the ground. The former crouches beside the broken crate while the latter stands behind him.

WAREHOUSE GUARD #5

(in Russian)

What the hell's going on here?

WAREHOUSE GUARD #6

(in Russian)

I don't know. Maybe we should --

The latter guard gasps and stumbles toward his colleague. The former turns around just as his partner collapses on top of him in death.

The latter looks over the former guard's shoulder and finds a knife lodged in his back. His eyes widen as someone pulls the blade free.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse henchmen murmur as two colleagues push piles of chips and euros into the middle of the table. Silence falls over the room as the two men stare each other down.

The crash of shattered glass cuts through the silence. A live grenade lands in the middle of the table. The henchmen in the area blankly stare at the explosive.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #1  
(in Russian)  
Grenade!

The men yell and dive for cover as the grenade explodes. The blast badly injures the first henchman and kills the other seven at the table.

The other sixteen henchmen scramble for their assault rifles. Ashley, armed with two stolen rifles, bursts through one of the closed windows.

Ashley somersaults across the floor and guns four henchmen down with one of the rifles. He dives behind a stack of crates as the other twelve men return fire.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #2  
(in Russian)  
Where did he go?!

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #3  
(in Russian)  
Did we get him?!

Ashley grabs a stolen grenade from his equipment belt and throws it toward the henchmen. The blast kills four men while the other eight scramble for cover.

Ashley rolls out from behind the crates and guns down four more henchmen. He slides behind another stack of crates, discards one rifle, and prepares the other for use.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #4  
(in Russian)  
Stop! We'll never get him this way!  
Spread out, you guys! Spread out!

The final four henchmen spread out and wade through the maze of crates. The fourth man spots Ashley as he rises up from behind a stack of crates.

The fourth henchman fires and sends several rounds into his target's chest. Ashley flies backward, slams into some more crates, and falls to the ground out of view.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #4  
(in Russian)  
I got him! I got him! Over here!

The last four henchmen approach Ashley's position and find his lifeless body on the floor. The fourth man steps forward and tilts his head.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #4

(in Russian)

Hey, why isn't he bleeding?

The henchmen scream as the corpse sits up. Ashley grabs his rifle and mows the last four men down. He rises up on his knees and winces in pain.

Ashley reaches underneath his sweater and removes a bulletproof vest. He tosses the spent vest aside, walks toward the middle of the building, and scans the area.

ASHLEY

Alright, who's not quite dead yet?

A pained moan cuts through the air. Ashley spots the first henchman facedown on the floor. Ashley kneels down, grabs the man by the collar, and raises his head.

ASHLEY

Kenzo.

WAREHOUSE HENCHMAN #1

South ... Drove south ... Don't ...  
Don't hurt me ...

ASHLEY

Too late.

Ashley releases his grip and prepares to leave. He stops and eyes a stack of crates with Cyrillic writing.

EXT. FOREST ROAD #1 - NIGHT

Four SUVs drive down the dirt road through a thick forest.

INT. EUGENE'S SUV - NIGHT

Eugene sits in the back, produces a cell phone/two-way radio, and places a radio call.

EUGENE

Nash to Warehouse One, do you copy?

There is no response.

EUGENE

Hey, would you put away the cards and answer me? Does anybody copy?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A stack of plastic explosives rests in the middle of the room. A detonator attached to the explosives counts down to zero. Eugene's voice blares over a radio.

EUGENE (V.O.)

Christ, would somebody over there  
pick up the radio?! Do you copy?!

EXT. FOREST ROAD #1 - NIGHT

A massive fireball appears in the distance and reaches toward the heavens. The SUVs skid to a stop as the sound of the blast echoes through the night.

Eugene and the forest henchmen scramble out of the vehicles and look toward the inferno. Eugene grabs his cell phone/two-way radio and places a phone call.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KENZO'S SUV - NIGHT

Kenzo sits in the back and reads a weathered copy of "Les Miserables." An electronic chime cuts through the air. He sets the novel aside and answers the call.

KENZO

Speak to me.

EUGENE

Boss, it's Eugene! I ... I dunno  
what happened, but the warehouse just  
blew up!

KENZO

The warehouse ... has detonated?

EUGENE

Yeah, there's a big fireball in the  
sky and ... I dunno what to do.

KENZO

Return to the warehouse and determine  
what caused the blast. Take caution,  
for it may not have been an accident.

EXT. FOREST ROAD #1 - NIGHT

Eugene puts his cell phone/two-way radio away.

EUGENE

Back to the warehouse. Let's go.

Eugene eyes the blaze as the forest henchmen enter the SUVs. Heavy rains begin to fall from the sky. Eugene looks toward the heavens and shakes his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD #1 - NIGHT (LATER)

A thunderstorm rages as the four SUVs travel toward the warehouse. The convoy slows to a stop. Eugene and the forest henchmen exit the vehicles.

Another SUV, lights and engine on, sits abandoned in the middle of the road. Eugene eyes the vehicle and turns to four of his henchmen.

EUGENE

Check it out. Could be a trap.

The four henchmen grip their rifles and approach the abandoned SUV. A plastic explosive and detonator are attached to the underside of the vehicle.

A green LED on the detonator turns red and the display counts down to zero. The four henchmen briefly look over the SUV and turn to Eugene.

FOREST HENCHMAN #1

There is nobody, nothing here.

FOREST HENCHMAN #2

Maybe they go back to warehouse --

The SUV explodes, kills the four henchmen, and knocks the others to the ground. Eugene eyes three grenades as they bounce along the road and stop under three of his vehicles.

EUGENE

Oh, shit! Run!

Eugene and the henchmen scramble for cover as the vehicles explode. Eugene cowers behind the men as they wildly spray the forest with gunfire.

Ashley bursts through the fiery wreckage of the abandoned SUV and mows down the eight henchmen with his rifle. Eugene disappears into the nearby trees.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Eugene sprints through the woods as gunfire strikes the nearby trees. He grabs a pistol from his belt and blindly fires over his shoulder.

EUGENE

Oh, Jesus! Oh, Christ!

Eugene emerges from the trees and arrives at a small creek. He runs across the waterway when a knife spins through the air and plunges into his leg.

Eugene cries out as he falls into the creek and drops the pistol in the water. Ashley arrives from out of the woods while shrouded by darkness.

EUGENE

You've made a big mistake, buddy!  
You know who I am?! You know who I  
work for?!

A flash of lightning reveals Ashley's face. Eugene looks at him with disbelief.

EUGENE

No ... No, you're dead! The boss  
killed you!

ASHLEY

Kenzo.

EUGENE

I ... I dunno where he is! I swear  
to God, I dunno!

Eugene howls as Ashley twists the knife in his leg.

ASHLEY

I don't care about you. I want  
Kenzo.

EUGENE

Do you know what he'll do if I talk?

ASHLEY

Do you know what I'll do if you  
don't?

Eugene screams as Ashley twists the knife again.

EUGENE

Airport! He's at the airport! Three  
hundred miles south!

Ashley pulls the knife out of Eugene's leg, turns away, and places it back in his equipment belt.

EUGENE

Don't kill me. Please, don't kill  
me. You're gonna let me live, right?  
You're gonna let me live?

Ashley gives him a dismissive look and heads for the woods. Eugene eyes his pistol in the nearby waters. He plunges a hand into the stream and seizes the weapon.

Ashley stops as the splash echoes through the air and grabs the pistol from his equipment belt. Eugene takes aim only for Ashley to spin around and shoot first.

The bullet slams through Eugene's glasses, through his right eye, and out the back of his skull. Ashley watches as Eugene's lifeless body falls into the water.

ASHLEY

No.

Ashley places the pistol back in his belt and disappears into the woods. The flow of blood from Eugene's eye socket turns the crystal waters of the creek a deep red.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - RUNWAY - MORNING

A private jet appears in the blood-red sky and touches down in the small and isolated airport. The aircraft slows to a stop in front of Bryce.

JAHANGIR TALEBI (56, Iranian), a sharply dressed man with slicked-back hair, and three of TALEBI'S AIDES exit the jet. Talebi and Bryce embrace.

TALEBI

Bryce! How long it's been!

BRYCE

Wonderful to see you again. Come.

Bryce leads Talebi and his aides toward a nearby hangar.

INT. AIRPORT - HANGAR - MORNING

Numerous stacks of crates are strewn about. Several compressed gas canisters are stored off to one side. Two dozen Russian AIRPORT HENCHMEN perform menial tasks.

Kenzo tries to contact someone over his cell phone/two-way radio. He puts the phone away as Corinne appears with the metal briefcase in hand.

CORINNE

Still can't reach Eugene, boss?

Kenzo scowls and shakes his head. Bryce leads Talebi and his aides into the hangar and toward the others.

BRYCE

Mr. Talebi, Kenzo Hashimoto. Sir, this is Jahangir Talebi. He represents --

TALEBI

I would prefer my clients were not mentioned by name, thank you.

KENZO

Yes, of course. Shall we get down to business?

Talebi strokes his chin.

TALEBI

I understand you claim to own something of great interest to my clients. Care to elaborate?

KENZO

For a modest payment, Mr. Talebi, your clients could instantly exceed the military might of the most powerful nations in the world and render all conventional weapons hopelessly obsolete.

Talebi raises an eyebrow.

TALEBI

With all due respect, Mr. Hashimoto, the only possible weapon that could supercede the world's nuclear arsenals ...

Kenzo smiles as Talebi's voice trails off.

TALEBI

There are rumors the United States has recently lost possession of a new weapons prototype designed to --

KENZO

Actually, the machine in question is fully functional.

Corinne steps forward and opens the briefcase.

TALEBI

My goodness! How incredibly small!

KENZO

I never cease to be amazed by  
technology.

Talebi reaches toward the device. Corinne snaps the  
briefcase shut and steps back.

TALEBI

My clients must have access to this  
machine ... for peaceful purposes, of  
course.

KENZO

I will gladly provide it once I have  
received the appropriate monetary  
compensation.

TALEBI

Appropriate monetary compensation?

KENZO

Thirty billion euro, to be paid in  
bonds and certificates.

Talebi widens his eyes in shock.

TALEBI

Thirty billion euro?! My clients do  
not have such a ridiculous sum!

KENZO

Please, we both know how well-funded  
your clients are. Still, I am  
willing to let them pay in  
installments. Twenty-five percent  
immediately, with the rest paid out  
over the next eighteen months.

TALEBI

Why should they pay such an amount?

Kenzo strokes his chin.

KENZO

Well, the People's Republic of China  
seemed willing to pay as much as  
forty, even fifty billion --

TALEBI

If my clients agree to your terms,  
how soon can we complete the  
transaction?

KENZO

Eighteen hours from now. Bryce will  
give you the details.

Bryce leads Talebi and his aides out of the building.

KENZO

Splendid! Bryce and I have a train  
to catch. Corinne, stay here and  
attempt to contact Eugene. I find  
his lack of response troubling.

Corinne arches an eyebrow.

CORINNE

The Chinese? Really?

KENZO

That was rather cliché, was it not?

INT. MILITARY BASE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

A radio rests on the table in front of Russell. Yancy paces  
back and forth. Dementiev enters and approaches the pair.

DEMENTIEV

Still no word on the explosion. Have  
you heard from Stevenson?

RUSSELL

No, but it's nothing to worry about.

YANCY

It's been twelve hours without so  
much as a peep.

RUSSELL

Ashley does his best work alone. We  
probably won't hear from him until  
he's ready to be picked up.

YANCY

He hasn't been out in the field for  
eight years, Russell. Christ, he's  
probably dead by now.

A voice blares over the radio.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Russell, you copy? Please respond.

Russell grabs the receiver.

RUSSELL

Copy, Ashley. You have the machine?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EUGENE'S SUV - DAY

Ashley guides the vehicle down a dirt road through a forest. Eugene's pistol, two assault rifles, and two grenades rest on the passenger's seat.

ASHLEY

No, Kenzo and the others left before I reached the warehouse. I had to send up a flare just to get Eugene's attention. I'll try to catch up at an airport down south.

Yancy seizes the radio receiver.

YANCY

You ... You blew up the warehouse!

Ashley examines Eugene's pistol.

ASHLEY

They can bill me.

YANCY

How many people have you killed?

Ashley loads a fresh magazine into Eugene's pistol and places it back on the passenger's seat.

ASHLEY

Over three dozen, I think.

YANCY

Give me your location. We're coming to pick you up right now.

ASHLEY

Sorry, Yancy, I'm on a mission.

INT. MILITARY BASE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Russell and Dementiev look on as Yancy yells into the radio.

YANCY

I want you back here right now, you hear me?!

Yancy slams the receiver down and paces back and forth while Russell rises to his feet.

YANCY

Oh, my God. Oh, my God! We've sent a madman out there! A madman!

RUSSELL

You've spent too much time in Washington. In the real world, you have to get your hands dirty --

YANCY

Don't you get it?! He's not after the machine! He's after Hashimoto, and he'll kill anyone in his way!

Russell raises an eyebrow.

RUSSELL

Didn't you play up the revenge angle in the first place?

Yancy pokes a finger in Russell's chest.

YANCY

Don't you dare pin this on me! He was your partner, Russell! That makes it your problem!

DEMENTIEV

May I say something? Stevenson has inflicted immense damage to Hashimoto's organization. I would --

YANCY

Hey, I'm running the show here!

DEMENTIEV

You are in Russian territory --

Yancy stands mere inches from Dementiev's face.

YANCY

This is a CIA operation, Colonel. I am in charge. Any questions?

DEMENTIEV

No. Now, if you will excuse me ...

Dementiev grimaces and marches out of the room. Yancy glares at Russell while he wearily shakes his head.

EXT. TRAIN STATION #1 - DAY

A train with an engine and three passenger compartments waits at the station. Two dozen Russian TRAIN HENCHMEN stand around the platform.

Bryce and Kenzo look on as the CONDUCTOR and two MECHANICS tinker with the engine. Kenzo holds the bridge of his nose with a pained expression.

BRYCE

Sorry for the delay, sir. They should have the train operational very shortly.

KENZO

Employees not answering my calls, transportation not prepared on time ... Oh, Murphy. You and your infamous law.

INT. AIRPORT - HANGAR - DAY

Corinne, a pump-action shotgun slung around her shoulder, stands by the main entrance. She retrieves her cell phone/two-way radio and turns to the airport henchmen.

CORINNE

Callin' Eugene again. I'll be outside if you need me.

Corinne leaves and the henchmen perform assorted tasks. A rock is hurled through one of the windows, skitters across the floor, and stops by the compressed gas containers.

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #1

(in Russian)

What the hell?!

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #2

(in Russian)

Get your rifles!

Eighteen henchmen grab their assault rifles and peer out the windows. The other six men scurry over to the containers and huddle around the rock.

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #1

(in Russian)

We'd better get the woman.

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #2  
(in Russian)  
Hold on, there's a note.

One of the six henchmen unravels the note tied to the rock. The message is a crudely-drawn open-mouthed smiley with its eyes crossed out.

A live grenade bounces off the compressed gas containers. The six henchmen look at the grenade, look at each other, and open their mouths in shock.

The blast kills the six henchmen and causes the containers to explode. The other men run for cover as fire rains down inside the building.

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #3  
(in Russian)  
Out of the way!

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #4  
(in Russian)  
Back up! Back up!

The henchmen head for the far side of the hangar. Another explosion tears a hole in the nearby wall and sends the men to the ground.

Ashley appears in the haze and emerges through the hole in the wall. He uses one of his assault rifles to mow down six of the henchmen.

Ashley slides behind a nearby stack as the other twelve henchmen return fire. He rolls out from behind the crates and guns down six more men.

Ashley hides behind another stack as the last six henchmen scramble for cover. He trades the spent rifle for Eugene's pistol and disappears into the maze of crates.

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #3  
(in Russian)  
Where the hell did he go?!

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #4  
(in Russian)  
Spread out and we'll find him.

Two henchmen arrive at one end of a corridor of crates and creep down the path. They reach the halfway point when Ashley vaults over a stack behind them.

Ashley grabs one from behind and slits his throat. The other spins around only to be shot twice. Two more henchmen appear and aim their rifles.

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #3  
(in Russian)  
We've got him!

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #4  
(in Russian)  
He's over here!

Ashley uses a dead henchman as a shield as the other two men open fire. Ashley uses the corpse for cover as he guns the pair down with four rounds.

Ashley appears in the middle of another corridor of crates. A henchman arrives at the end of the path. The man screams as Ashley throws his knife into his chest.

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #5  
(in Russian)  
Help me! Help me!

The last henchman appears at the other end of the corridor.

AIRPORT HENCHMAN #6  
(in Russian)  
We've got you now!

The henchman takes aim with his rifle. Ashley spins around and sends four rounds into the man's chest.

ASHLEY  
No, you don't.

The knifed henchman raises his rifle. Ashley turns back around and shoots him twice in the torso. He retrieves the blade and places it in his equipment belt.

Ashley arrives on the open floor in the middle of the building. The fires have put themselves out but a smoky haze lingers in the air.

Ashley checks Eugene's pistol, finds it out of ammunition, and tosses it away. He perks up his head as slow claps cut through the silence.

Ashley seizes the pistol from his equipment belt and spins around. Corinne strolls through the smoke at the other end of the building.

CORINNE

I'm impressed. Not by this, by the fact you're still alive. Then again, if there's one person who coulda fell three hundred feet out a chopper and survive, it's you.

She rests her shotgun against a wall of crates and saunters her way toward him.

CORINNE

I always wanted another crack at you, especially after the way our first fight ended ... twelve years ago? Damn, does time fly. You got lucky. I just want you to know that before I kill you.

Corinne stands front and center while Ashley aims his pistol right between her eyes.

ASHLEY

Where's Kenzo? I'm going to count to three --

CORINNE

You coulda shot me twelve years ago, but you didn't. You won't shoot me now. It ain't sportin'.

ASHLEY

Times change. One, two --

CORINNE

What, afraid you gonna get your ass kicked by a girl?

Ashley tilts his head and narrows his eyes. Corinne smirks and arches an eyebrow. He places the pistol on the ground and kicks it past her.

The weapon slides along the floor and comes to a rest across from the shotgun. Corinne nods as Ashley removes his equipment belt and tosses it aside.

CORINNE

Here we go.

Ashley and Corinne size each other up and exchange a flurry of punches and strikes. She slaps him across the face. He staggers backward and rubs his cheek.

CORINNE

I'm stronger and quicker, you're older and grayer.

Ashley and Corinne stare each other down and trade another series of punches and strikes. He delivers a forearm to her face. She steps back, rubs her jaw, and scowls.

CORINNE

Alright, bitch, playtime's over.

Ashley and Corinne size each other up and trade another series of punches and strikes. She headbutts the bridge of his nose and follows with a forearm to the face.

A loud crack echoes throughout the building. He stumbles backward and falls to the floor. She stands over him as blood flows from his broken nose.

CORINNE

You get the fuck up!

He stands up and throws several punches and strikes. She parries the attacks, connects with her elbows and forearms, and follows with knees and kicks to his torso.

She concludes with a side kick to the chest. Another loud crack cuts through the air. He flies backward, crumples to the floor, and clutches his ribs.

CORINNE

That cracked your ribs, didn't it?  
Here, lemme help you up.

She grabs his arm, pulls him into a seated position, and kicks him in the face. He moans as blood flows from a gash over his eyebrow.

CORINNE

This is your big revenge plan? Ain't workin' out so good, is it?

Ashley grits his teeth as she strolls across his broken ribs. Corinne grabs his arm and yanks him onto his knees.

CORINNE

Here's some advice. The next time we kill you, stay dead.

Corinne delivers a spin kick to the face and sends Ashley facedown to the floor. She grabs him from behind and pulls him onto his feet.

CORINNE

Good night, Ashley.

Ashley's eyes widen as Corinne wraps her arm around his head. She pulls back and prepares to snap his neck. He treads on the instep of one of her feet.

She reflexively releases her grip. He frees himself and delivers a barrage of strikes to her face. She reels as he follows with knees and kicks to the torso.

He grabs her by the hair and connects with a knee lift to the face. A loud crack echoes throughout the area. She flops backward and falls to the floor.

He drops to one knee, breathes heavily, and glares at her. She sits up, reaches inside her mouth, and plucks one of her front teeth loose.

CORINNE

The same fuckin' tooth?!

Ashley and Corinne scramble to their feet and trade punches, strikes, knees, and kicks. They separate and throw roundhouse kicks at one another.

The pair strikes each other in the side of the head simultaneously and collapses to the floor. They glare at each other and will themselves onto their feet.

Corinne delivers a barrage of punches. Ashley responds in kind. She delivers another series of punches. He answers with his own flurry.

Corinne tries another punch only for Ashley to block the blow. He delivers a series of lefts and rights to the face. She rocks backward onto her heels.

ASHLEY

Good night, Corinne.

He clenches his fist and throws a right hook. She ducks the blow and slips behind him. Ashley spins around only for Corinne to deliver a knee to the groin.

CORINNE

Not so fast.

He collapses to the ground in distress. She falls to her knees, raises her head, and spots her shotgun nearby.

CORINNE

Game over, Ashley.

She staggers toward the wall of crates, grabs her shotgun, retrieves a shell, and loads it into the weapon. He spots his pistol not too far away.

She places her hand on the pump-action handle and scrambles to her feet. He appears across from her with his pistol aimed at her head.

CORINNE

C'mon, man, we've gone through this already. You ain't gonna shoot --

He fires a round into the crate just above her head.

CORINNE

Jesus Christ! What the fuck's wrong with you?!

ASHLEY

Kenzo.

CORINNE

You're too late. He took the train south an hour ago. You ain't never gonna catch him now.

He glares at her while she laughs nervously and flashes a bloody and incomplete smile.

CORINNE

Hey ... Hey, c'mom, man! You ... You wouldn't shoot a lady, now wouldja? Wouldja?

He tightens his grip on the pistol and glares at her for a long moment. He eases up and lowers the weapon.

ASHLEY

No, I won't shoot you.

He turns away and examines the pistol. She slips a free hand onto the shotgun, works the pump-action handle, and aims the weapon.

He spins around and delivers a side kick just as she levels the shotgun. The kick jams the barrel under her chin and causes her to squeeze the trigger.

The shotgun blast blows a hole through her chin and out the top of her skull. He looks on as her lifeless body spasms and collapses to the ground.

ASHLEY

Game over, Corinne.

He drops to one knee and places the equipment belt around his waist. An electronic chime cuts through the air.

Ashley looks over his shoulder and finds the sound emanates from the cell phone/two-way radio in Corinne's pocket.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TRAIN STATION #1 - DAY

Kenzo holds his cell phone/two-way radio to his ear and eyes the train engine. A click over the line signals his call has been answered.

KENZO

Corinne, did you contact Eugene?

Ashley turns away from Corinne's body.

ASHLEY

Corinne and Eugene won't be answering your calls anytime soon.

A concerned look washes over Kenzo's face.

KENZO

It seems we have a new player on the pitch. You realize what a terrible error in judgment you have made, do you not?

ASHLEY

You made a bigger mistake twelve years ago.

KENZO

Your voice, it reminds me of ... No, that man is dead.

ASHLEY

Not quite.

Kenzo grimaces.

KENZO

Ashley Stevenson. A name I have not thought about in years. You may have cheated death once, but you will not be as lucky the next time we meet. I am going to kill you, Ashley, and this time I am going to keep on killing you until you are dead.

ASHLEY

Make sure your gun's fully loaded  
'cause you'll need every bullet you  
have to stop me.

KENZO

Yes, of course. This conversation  
has been quite fascinating, but I am  
afraid I must --

The train engine's whistle cuts through the air.

ASHLEY

You haven't left yet? Save me a seat  
on the train, won't you?

Bryce appears as Kenzo ends the call.

BRYCE

Is everything in order, sir?

KENZO

Eugene and Corinne, along with  
countless others, have been murdered.  
Therefore, the answer is no.

BRYCE

Eugene and Corinne ... are dead?

KENZO

Did I stutter, Bryce?

BRYCE

What happened? Who murdered them?

Kenzo thinks to himself for a moment.

KENZO

A ghost.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST RAILWAY - DAY

The passenger train travels down one of two parallel tracks  
which cut through a forest.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #1 - DAY

Kenzo, Bryce, and six train henchmen are in the car. Bryce  
sits across from Kenzo and listens intently.

KENZO

The way his body gracelessly plunged those one hundred meters, the way he violently crashed into the dark waters of the lake below ... No mere mortal could survive such trauma.

Kenzo leans back in his seat.

KENZO

The only reason Ashley did not kill me that fateful night was due solely to sheer luck. I will not have that luxury should I meet him again.

EXT. FOREST RAILWAY - DAY

The train journeys down the tracks. An SUV appears in the distance. The vehicle catches up with and drives alongside the third passenger car.

Ashley, his other assault rifle slung over his shoulder, opens the driver-side door. He reaches toward the train with one hand and steers with the other.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #3 - DAY

Six train henchmen pass the time with a few hands of poker. Ashley leaps from the SUV and grabs the side of the train. A thud emanates from outside the compartment.

TRAIN HENCHMAN #1

(in Russian)

What the hell was that?

Ashley struggles not fall under the train's wheels. The henchmen put away their cards as more thumps emanate from outside the compartment.

Ashley slips but grabs a steel bar near the bottom of the third car. The henchmen look out the windows and spot the abandoned SUV alongside the train.

TRAIN HENCHMAN #1

(in Russian)

Hey, look! There's nobody behind the wheel! Quick, somebody get the boss!

One of the henchmen grabs his radio.

TRAIN HENCHMAN #2

Mister Bryce! Mister Bryce!

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #1 - DAY

Bryce retrieves his cell phone/two-way radio.

BRYCE

Yes, what is it?

TRAIN HENCHMAN #2 (V.O.)

There is a car driving with the train  
and there is no driver!

Kenzo and Bryce exchange a look. The former opens one of the windows and looks outside.

EXT. FOREST RAILWAY - DAY

Ashley grips the side of the train, pulls himself toward the back of the third car, and disappears from view.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #1 - DAY

Kenzo closes the window, takes a moment to compose himself, and turns to Bryce.

KENZO

He's here.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #3 - DAY

The six henchmen stare out the window as Bryce's voice blares over the radio.

BRYCE (V.O.)

There is someone on the back of the  
train! Kill him at once!

The henchmen grab their assault rifles and head for the back of the car. Ashley bursts into the compartment and mows them down with his rifle.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #2 - DAY

Bryce enters from the first car as twelve more train henchmen ready their rifles.

BRYCE

Half of you enter the last car, the  
other half climb over the top. Go!

Bryce heads back to the first compartment while the henchmen move toward the third car.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #3 - DAY

Six henchmen enter the compartment and find their dead colleagues in a pile on the floor.

TRAIN HENCHMAN #3  
(in Russian)  
Come on, let's get the bastard!

The henchmen head for the rear of the car. They yell as one of their dead colleagues sits up in front of them. Ashley shoves the corpse aside and guns the men down.

Ashley scrambles to his feet and trades rifles with one of the dead henchmen. He looks toward the ceiling as a series of thumps emanate from above.

EXT. FOREST RAILWAY - DAY

Six henchmen walk along the top of the third car. They are stopped when rifle fire tears through the roof. Three of the men are gunned down and fall off the car.

TRAIN HENCHMAN #4  
(in Russian)  
He's still down there! Shoot him!

The other three henchmen blindly fire into the compartment below. Ashley climbs onto the roof from the rear of the car and guns them down.

The henchmen slide off the train and plummet to the ground. Ashley loads a fresh magazine into his rifle and heads toward the second car.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #1 - DAY

Kenzo speaks to Bryce as the last six train henchmen grab their rifles.

KENZO  
Stay with them, Bryce. I want you to personally ensure Ashley is deceased.

Kenzo leaves for the train engine while Bryce grabs a rifle and follows the henchmen toward the second car.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #2 - DAY

Bryce and the six henchmen rush into the compartment just as Ashley enters from the other end. Ashley slips back out of the car as Bryce and the others open fire.

EXT. FOREST RAILWAY - DAY

Kenzo stands between the train engine and the first car as the sounds of gunfire cut through the air.

KENZO

My apologies, Bryce. You must deal  
with our unwanted guest by yourself.

He disconnects the train engine and steps inside as it pulls away from the other cars.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR #2 - DAY

The henchmen continue to fire until Bryce waves them off.

BRYCE

Stop! Stop! Be quiet!

Silence envelops the area. A small thump emanates from above, then another, and another. Bryce directs the six henchmen toward the ceiling.

BRYCE

You know what to do.

The henchmen fire their rifles and tear numerous holes in the ceiling. The men step forward and send a barrage of gunfire through another part of the ceiling.

The henchmen move forward and prepare to fire a third time. Ashley drops down behind one of the windows. Bryce dives for cover while the six men are gunned down.

BRYCE

You bloody bastard!

Bryce returns fire only for Ashley to pull himself out of view. Bryce looks through the holes in the ceiling as Ashley sprints toward the first car.

EXT. FOREST RAILWAY - DAY

Ashley runs across the top of the second compartment. Rifle fire tears through the roof just behind him. He leaps onto the first car and scrambles to his feet.

Bryce exits the second compartment and peers over the first car. Bryce ducks down as Ashley aims his rifle. Ashley fires until he runs out of ammunition.

BRYCE

Let slip the dogs of war!

Bryce rises up with rifle in hand and returns fire. Ashley ditches his spent weapon, slides across the roof, and hangs onto the edge of the car.

Ashley climbs back onto the roof as Bryce peeks around the corner and fires. The gunfire strikes the electronic motor of a railway switch far down the tracks.

Sparks emanate from the motor as the switch is activated. Ashley looks on as Bryce rises into view and tries to fire his rifle only to find it out of ammunition.

BRYCE

What the dickens?!

Ashley withdraws the pistol from his equipment belt and rushes forward. The passenger cars shudder as they reach the railway switch and change tracks.

Ashley falls to his knees and drops the pistol onto the roof of the compartment. Bryce rushes into view and knocks the weapon past him with the butt-end of his rifle.

Ashley leaps to his feet and throws a punch. Bryce avoids the blow, strikes his injured ribs with the rifle, and knocks him back down.

BRYCE

A hit! A very palpable hit!

Bryce rushes toward the pistol when Ashley trips him and leaps onto his back. The men wrestle until Bryce pins Ashley down and delivers a knee to the ribs.

Bryce crawls toward the pistol only for Ashley to wrestle him once more. Ashley delivers a series of punches to the face. Bryce counters with a forearm to his broken nose.

BRYCE

Frailty, thy name is Ashley.

Bryce places his feet against Ashley's chest and pushes him away. Bryce seizes the pistol and scrambles to his feet. Ashley reaches for the knife in his equipment belt.

BRYCE

No, that will not be of any use to you. Arise, Ashley.

Ashley obeys the command.

BRYCE

I am not one who is driven by  
emotion. Then again, considering you  
have killed two of my friends, I  
believe I can make an exception.

EXT. RUSSIAN GORGE #1 - DAY

The passenger cars approach a bridge which crosses a deep  
gorge and a shallow river. Ashley's face lights up as he  
looks toward the structure.

BRYCE

Good night, Ashley, good night.  
Parting is such sweet --

Ashley leaps off the car and flies toward a group of trees  
along the edge of the gorge. Bryce looks on as he crashes  
into the woods and disappears from view.

BRYCE

Sorrow.

Bryce turns toward the bridge. The passenger cars barrel  
toward a stalled train engine on the structure.

BRYCE

Oh, bugger.

The passenger cars crash into the train engine. Bryce is  
thrown through the air and lands on top of the engine.  
Grinding metal and cracking wood cut through the air.

The compartments slip off the tracks, plummet to the bottom  
of the gorge, and smash into pieces. Bryce rises to his  
feet and peers down at the crumpled cars.

BRYCE

Well, that was quite the fright!

The train engine slips off the tracks and tilts to the side.  
Bryce falls and slides across the engine's roof.

He grabs the side of the engine just before he falls. He  
wails as loud creaks and groans emanate from the bridge.

BRYCE

This is my farewell?! The long  
farewell to all my greatness?!

Bryce unleashes a high-pitched scream as the train engine  
tumbles off the bridge. The engine crashes to the bottom of  
the gorge and crushes Bryce to death.

Silence descends over the area. The trees along the edge of the gorge rustle. Ashley falls out of the woods, bounces down the gorge, and lands on the rocks below.

Ashley lies motionless on the ground for a long moment. He grits his teeth, raises his head, and eyes the smashed train engine and passenger cars.

ASHLEY

Never could stand Shakespeare.

Ashley lapses into unconsciousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN GORGE #1 - DAY (LATER)

A Russian ARMY PLATOON and assorted army vehicles are at the bottom of the gorge. Dementiev and his aide oversee the soldiers as they investigate the scene.

DEMENTIEV

(in Russian)

Any trace of Wilkinson?

DEMENTIEV'S AIDE

(in Russian)

We've found a detached hand and a piece of his skull, Colonel. Does that count?

Russell and Yancy look on as Ashley sits in the back of an army truck tended to by a pair of Russian ARMY MEDICS.

One medic wraps his badly bruised torso with bandages. The other applies a splint and bandage to his broken nose.

RUSSELL

Ashley, your ribs are fractured and you may have a concussion --

ASHLEY

I hate hospitals.

Ashley waves the medics away and struggles to put his sweater back on.

RUSSELL

I can't let you go on in this state.

ASHLEY

I didn't ask for your permission.

Ashley steps out of the truck, seizes his pistol from Russell, and takes a few steps only to wince in agony.

YANCY

Great, just great! The machine's still out there, we're running out of time, and the one man we foolishly relied on can't even walk!

ASHLEY

I did not come here to fail.

YANCY

You've killed over seven dozen people in eighteen hours, and what do you have to show for it? Nothing!

ASHLEY

At least I'm not sitting on my ass in an air-conditioned office all day.

YANCY

Don't talk to me like that! Did you forget who's in charge here?!

The pair glares at each other as Dementiev appears.

DEMENTIEV

Please, shouting at one another will not resolve anything.

YANCY

If I want the opinion of some second-rate hired hand, Colonel, then I'll ask for yours.

RUSSELL

We're wasting time, for God's sake! Ashley ... Ashley!

Russell chases after Ashley as he marches away.

RUSSELL

Where are you going?

ASHLEY

I'm on a mission.

RUSSELL

You are one stubborn son of a bitch, you know that? How are you going to catch up to Hashimoto? What are you going to do when you find him? Do you have a plan?

Ashley gestures toward a nearby army helicopter beside a military motorcycle.

ASHLEY

Can you still fly a chopper, Russell?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The army helicopter soars above the trees and flies toward the foreground. Eugene's SUV dangles underneath the craft suspended by steel cables.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION #2 - DAY

Xander stands on the platform and uses a gold-plated lighter to torch a cigarette. Two dozen Russian STATION HENCHMEN stand around stacks of crates and fuel drums.

The familiar train engine's whistle cuts through the air. Xander tosses the cigarette and puts the lighter in his jacket pocket as the engine comes to a stop.

XANDER

About time, Goddamn it.

Kenzo exits the train engine with the metal briefcase in one hand and his cell phone/two-way radio in the other.

XANDER

I've wrangled up a couple of trucks, boss. They're waitin' for you in the ... Hey, where is everybody?

KENZO

Corinne and Eugene, along with countless others, are dead.

XANDER

Dead? You mean dead dead?

KENZO

Does death come in any other flavors? Furthermore, I am unable to reach --

The cell phone/two-way radio rings. Kenzo hesitates but answers the call.

KENZO

Bryce?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EUGENE'S SUV - DAY

Ashley drives the vehicle alongside the train tracks.

ASHLEY

Sorry, he caught a different train.

KENZO

You are severely testing my patience. Thankfully, Xander will take care of you in short order.

ASHLEY

Xander's with you?

KENZO

Yes, would you like to speak to him?

ASHLEY

That's okay, I'll see both of you in person in just a few more minutes.

EXT. TRAIN STATION #2 - DAY

Kenzo grits his teeth as he ends the call.

XANDER

What the hell's goin' on, boss?

KENZO

Ashley Stevenson is stopping by for an unwelcome visit.

XANDER

That's impossible! He's dead!

KENZO

Sadly, he seems highly resistant to the concept of mortality.

Xander clenches his teeth.

XANDER

You shoulda lemme kill him when I had the chance.

KENZO

Refrain from speaking. Once Ashley arrives, shoot him repeatedly until he is dead. Continue to shoot him until his body is unrecognizably human. Understood?

XANDER

Sure, boss.

KENZO

Tell your men I will pay twenty, no, fifty thousand euro each upon seeing what little is left of Ashley's carcass. Where is my transport?

XANDER

Trucks are in the parkin' lot.

Xander gathers his henchmen while Kenzo marches off.

EXT. TRAIN STATION #2 - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sixteen Russian TRUCK HENCHMEN and two army trucks wait by the main entrance. The truck beds are covered with canopies and contain a few crates.

Two henchmen sit inside each of the trucks while the other dozen loiter outside the vehicles. They snap to attention as Kenzo approaches.

TRUCK HENCHMAN #1

Sorry, boss, these are best trucks --

KENZO

I am not concerned with aesthetics.

Kenzo gestures toward the second truck and speaks to six of the henchmen.

KENZO

You will sit in the back of that truck. You will follow us and look for any sign of trouble.

Kenzo walks toward the back of the first truck with the other six henchmen in tow.

KENZO

You will join me in this truck.

TRUCK HENCHMAN #2

You should sit in front, boss --

KENZO

We are wasting time.

Kenzo and the six henchmen climb inside the back of the first truck. Both vehicles drive away from the area.

EXT. TRAIN STATION #2 - DAY

The train engine has departed from the scene. Xander and his two dozen henchmen lay in wait behind the stacks of crates and fuel drums.

Xander readies an RPG launcher while the henchmen grip their assault rifles. The steady hum of an approaching vehicle echoes through the area.

Xander gestures for the others to quiet down as the noise grows louder. Eugene's SUV emerges from the woods and travels alongside the train tracks.

XANDER

Fire!

The henchmen riddle the vehicle with gunfire. The SUV veers away as Xander grips the RPG launcher.

XANDER

Better late than never, Ashley!

Xander takes aim with the RPG launcher and fires. The SUV is tossed into the air and lands upside-down in a heap.

STATION HENCHMAN #1

(in Russian)

We did it! Fifty thousand euro each!

The henchmen cheer until Xander snaps at them.

XANDER

Shut up! We're not done yet!

He singles out six henchmen.

XANDER

You, get over there and put a couple dozen bullets in his head.

The six henchmen mutter to themselves as they hop off the platform and walk toward the destroyed vehicle.

STATION HENCHMAN #1

(in Russian)

He's not serious, is he? Shooting a dead man?

STATION HENCHMAN #2

(in Russian)

This guy can't be alive. No way. Not after this.

The henchmen pry open the driver-side door but fail to find any trace of the driver. Something thrown through the air strikes one of the men in the back of the head.

STATION HENCHMAN #2

(in Russian)

Ow! What the hell was that?!

The henchmen look down and find the object in question is a live grenade. Xander wails as the blast kills all six men. The sound of a motorcycle engine cuts through the air.

XANDER

Oh, shit! Take cover!

Ashley appears from the woods aboard the military motorcycle. He soars through the air and uses an assault rifle to mow down six of the henchmen.

Ashley leaps off the motorcycle and dives behind a stack of crates. The motorcycle rolls down the platform and crashes into a stack of crates and fuel drums.

One of the drums tips over and bounces down the stack toward the depot. The drum loses its cap as it smashes through one of the building's windows.

XANDER

Get inside! Get inside!

The dozen henchmen left return fire as Xander shepherds them inside the depot.

INT. TRAIN STATION #2 - DEPOT - DAY

The dozen henchmen scurry behind wooden benches and support columns. Xander disappears through a storage room door.

The fuel drum rolls past the storage room, stops by the main entrance, and spills its contents onto the floor.

STATION HENCHMAN #3

(in Russian)

Gasoline!

STATION HENCHMAN #4

(in Russian)

Forget it!

A grenade is thrown through one of the windows. The blast kills four henchmen and sends the rest to the floor. Ashley leaps through the broken window.

STATION HENCHMAN #3

(in Russian)

He's over there!

STATION HENCHMAN #4

(in Russian)

Shoot him!

Ashley takes cover behind a support column as the eight henchmen left open fire. He rolls out from behind the column and mows down half the men with his rifle.

Ashley slides behind a wooden bench as the last four henchmen return fire. He somersaults out from behind the bench and guns the men down.

Quiet descends upon the building as Ashley stands up and surveys the scene. Xander bursts out of the storage room with a massive high-powered assault rifle.

XANDER

Surprise, mother fucker!

Ashley dives for cover as Xander opens fire. The gunfire reduces the benches to kindling. Ashley loses his rifle and scrambles behind a support column.

Xander runs out of ammunition, removes the spent magazine, and tosses it away. Ashley rushes forward, tackles him to the ground, and knocks the rifle from his hands.

The rifle lands in the spilt fuel next to the drum. Xander wriggles free and scrambles to his feet. Ashley lies on the ground and reaches for the pistol in his equipment belt.

XANDER

Oh, no you don't!

Ashley takes aim only for Xander to kick the pistol away. Xander tries to stomp on Ashley's head. Ashley rolls out of the way and sweeps Xander's legs out from under him.

The men scramble to their feet and exchange punches and strikes. Ashley delivers a side kick to Xander's chest and sends him to the floor.

Xander springs back onto his feet. The men trade another series of punches and strikes. Ashley is sent to the ground by a straight kick to his chest.

Xander retrieves a knife from his belt. Ashley scrambles to his feet and grabs the blade from his equipment belt. The men grip their weapons and stare each other down.

XANDER

Alright, Ashley, time to finish what we started a dozen years ago.

ASHLEY

I don't care about you. I want Kenzo.

XANDER

You'll never catch up to the convoy. Even if you made it to the port --

Ashley arches an eyebrow.

ASHLEY

He's driving to a port down south?

Xander stops and growls at Ashley.

XANDER

You fuckin' bastard!

The men lunge toward one another only to thrust and parry with their knives to one stalemate, then another. The men attack each other a third time.

Xander wins the exchange when he slashes Ashley's midsection open. Ashley staggers backward and falls to one knee. Xander licks the blood off the edge of his blade.

XANDER

I can taste your fear, Ashley.

Xander tosses his jacket onto the ground next to the trail of fuel left by the drum. The golden lighter and a leather wallet fall out of the jacket onto the floor.

The men attack with their knives once again. Ashley wins the skirmish when he slices Xander's chest open. Xander grits his teeth while Ashley holds up his blade.

ASHLEY

What does this taste like?

The men thrust and parry with their knives until Ashley opens a deep cut on Xander's arm.

ASHLEY

What about that?

Xander lunges forward with his weapon. Ashley ducks the knife and uses a spin kick to knock it free. Ashley thrusts his blade only for Xander to grab his arm and knee it loose.

The men trade punches and strikes. Xander connects with a knee to the ribs and a side kick to the chest. Ashley flies through the air and lands next to the lighter and wallet.

XANDER

I've had enough of this!

Xander scurries toward his rifle, slides on his knees, and stops beside the drum. He kneels in the spilt fuel, grabs his rifle, and takes aim.

XANDER

Burn in hell, Ashley!

Xander pulls the trigger only to hear a click. He looks down and finds he has neglected to rearm the rifle. He retrieves a magazine and reloads the weapon.

Ashley spots the golden lighter and the trail of fuel. He flicks open the lighter and reaches for the trail. Xander stops and notices the fuel around him.

ASHLEY

You first.

Ashley works the lighter and sets the trail of fuel ablaze.

XANDER

Ashley!

The drum explodes, kills Xander, and destroys the main entrance. Ashley rises to one knee, grabs the wallet, and finds a few thousand euros and a card-sized map inside.

The map shows the roads and railways which lead to a port on the southern tip of the island. Ashley eyes the map, pockets the lighter and wallet, and prepares to leave.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Ashley weaves the military motorcycle through the maze of trees. He reaches the edge of the steep precipice and hops off the motorcycle.

The pistol and knife are in his utility belt and another assault rifle rests in his hand. He stands at the edge of the cliff and looks at a dirt road below.

The first army truck drives past the precipice as it journeys though the forest below. Ashley watches as the second truck nears the base of the cliff.

ASHLEY

Russell was right, Ashley. You are  
one stubborn son of a ...

Ashley leaps off the precipice, plummets through the air,  
and heads toward the second army truck below.

EXT. FOREST ROAD #2 - DAY

Six truck henchmen sit in the back of the second truck.  
Ashley tears through the canvas overhead. The covering  
collapses and obscures everyone from view.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Screams emanate from the rear of the vehicle. The truck  
henchman in the passenger's seat turns to his colleague  
behind the wheel.

TRUCK HENCHMAN #3

(in Russian)

What the hell was that?!

TRUCK HENCHMAN #4

(in Russian)

I don't know! Look out the window!

The latter henchman looks out his window while the former  
adjusts his side mirror. The passenger spots Ashley's  
reflection as he hangs outside the vehicle.

TRUCK HENCHMAN #3

(in Russian)

There's someone on the truck!

The latter henchman reaches for his pistol. Ashley grabs  
the knife from his equipment belt and slashes his throat.

Ashley pulls the dead passenger out of the cab and enters  
the vehicle. The former henchman reaches for his pistol.

TRUCK HENCHMAN #4

(in Russian)

You Goddamn bastard!

Ashley plunges his knife into the driver's throat and shoves  
him out of the vehicle. He grabs his rifle, grips the  
wheel, and stomps on the accelerator.

EXT. FOREST ROAD #2 - DAY

Kenzo sits in the rear of the first truck and leafs through his copy of "Les Miserables." The six henchmen share a pack of gum. One of the men waves the gum under Kenzo's nose.

TRUCK HENCHMAN #1

Bubblegum?

Kenzo lowers his novel and glares at the men.

TRUCK HENCHMAN #2

Strawberry.

Kenzo sets his novel aside and looks at the road behind them as the second army truck tears its way down the path.

KENZO

Why is that truck accelerating?

Two henchmen stand up and try to wave the vehicle off.

TRUCK HENCHMAN #1

(in Russian)

What are you doing?

TRUCK HENCHMAN #2

(in Russian)

Back up! Back up!

Gunfire cuts through the air. The two henchmen are gunned down while Kenzo and the others dive for cover. The dead men fall onto the road and are run over by the second truck.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Ashley holds his rifle out the window and opens fire. The four henchmen left grab assault rifles as gunfire strikes the rear of the first truck.

Ashley opens fire once more as the first truck weaves back and forth. Kenzo glares at the henchmen while the second truck moves closer.

KENZO

Do you not think it would be wise to  
return fire?

The four henchmen rise to their feet and fire their rifles. Ashley ducks down as gunfire rips into the second truck and tears through the windshield.

Ashley sits up once the gunfire ceases and pushes the destroyed windshield out of its frame. He fires his rifle and mows down the four henchmen.

The dead henchmen fall out of the vehicle and are run over by the second truck. Kenzo grabs the bridge of his nose and retrieves a pistol from his coat.

KENZO

Must I do everything myself?

Kenzo stands up and fires upon the second truck. Ashley aims his rifle and pulls the trigger only to hear a click.

Ashley trades the spent weapon for his pistol and returns fire. Kenzo dives for cover and scrambles toward a crate.

KENZO

If at first you do not succeed --

He retrieves an RPG launcher from inside the crate.

KENZO

-- use every shortcut available.

EXT. RUSSIAN GORGE #2 - DAY

The trucks appear on a large bridge which spans the deep gorge. Kenzo stands up and aims the RPG launcher.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Ashley clenches his teeth, aims his pistol at Kenzo, and squeezes the trigger only to hear a click.

EXT. RUSSIAN GORGE #2 - DAY

Kenzo flashes a victorious smile.

KENZO

Sayonara, Ashley.

Kenzo fires and sends the second truck over the edge of the bridge. The vehicle bursts into flames as it tumbles down the edge of the gorge and crashes into the river.

The bottom of the second truck remains on fire as it pokes out of the water. The first truck screeches to a halt and the last two truck henchmen exit the cab.

Kenzo hops out of the vehicle and reloads the RPG launcher. He peers over the edge of the bridge and eyes what little is left of the second truck.

KENZO

I promised to kill you, Ashley, until you were dead. As you can see, I am a man of my word.

He fires the RPG launcher and destroys the second truck.

KENZO

I tire of this place. Take me to the port without further delay.

Kenzo hops back into the rear of the first truck while the two henchmen climb into the cab. The vehicle drives away and disappears into the forest.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN GORGE #2 - EVENING

The light from a lantern shines on debris washed up on the edge of the river. The light reveals Ashley's bruised and battered body on the shore.

The lantern bathes Ashley's face with light as he opens his eyes. He raises his head and looks up at the new arrival with the lantern.

MIKA (10, Russian), a wide-eyed girl with braided blonde hair and an ornate handcrafted necklace, stares at Ashley with astonishment.

EXT. SMALL FARM - EVENING

A small vegetable garden is positioned in front of a simple and modest farmhouse. A woodpile and a large barn stand off to one side of the structure.

LENUSHA (34, Russian), a homely blonde woman, kneels by the garden and places carrots in a wicker basket. She stands up and heads toward the farmhouse.

ZORYA (38, Russian), a tall and slender man, stands by the front door of the farmhouse with a cord of firewood in hand. He looks up at the darkening skies.

LENUSHA

(in Russian)

What is it, Zorya?

ZORYA

(in Russian)

Look at the sky, Lenusha. There will definitely be fog tomorrow morning.

MIKA (O.S.)  
 (in Russian)  
 Mother! Father!

Mika arrives with Ashley in tow.

MIKA  
 (in Russian)  
 This man is hurt. We must help him.

Mika's parents take note of Ashley's condition.

ZORYA  
 (in Russian)  
 My goodness! What happened to you?

ASHLEY  
 (in Russian)  
 I've been beat up and shot at, I've  
 jumped into a gorge and off a cliff,  
 and I've been blown up. It's been a  
 long day.

LENUSHA  
 Your accent! American!

ASHLEY  
 Is my Russian really that bad?

ZORYA  
 American! Come, come inside.

Mika opens the door to the farmhouse while her parents  
 escort Ashley inside.

INT. SMALL FARM - FARMHOUSE - EVENING

Ashley lies on a couch as Lenusha places a new splint and  
 bandage over his broken nose. His other wounds have been  
 treated and his bandages replaced.

Zorya appears and places a tray with a tea kettle and tea  
 cups down on a nearby table. Mika takes in the scene from  
 the fringes of the room.

ZORYA  
 Stay the night. You cannot go --

ASHLEY  
 I can't. I'm running out of time.

LENUSHA  
 Where must you go in such a hurry?

ASHLEY

It's better you don't know.

Mika inches forward and raises her voice.

MIKA

Are you going to kill the Japanese man?

Lenusha waves her daughter away.

LENUSHA

(in Russian)

Go to your room and read one of your storybooks. Go, go.

Mika scurries off while Lenusha tends to Ashley.

LENUSHA

I am sorry. Mika is a curious child.

ASHLEY

Perceptive, too.

Ashley winces as he rises to his feet and dons his sweater.

ASHLEY

I don't have any weapons, and my radio's damaged. Can you help me?

LENUSHA

Guns are illegal in Russia, and we would never break the law.

ZORYA

That is why the guns we have found in the area are not under the floorboard in the barn near the workbench.

INT. SMALL FARM - BARN - EVENING

Ashley rises up from behind a workbench and places a large wooden box on the surface. An old motorcycle leans against a nearby support post.

Ashley removes a rusted assault rifle and an ankle holster from the container. He sets the items aside and retrieves a glass jar from the box.

The jar is filled with armaments fit for a cap-and-ball revolver. Ashley inspects the items when something else catches his eye.

ASHLEY

I don't believe it.

Ashley retrieves a modern replica of a LeMat revolver from the container. He sets the LeMat aside and removes a modern pistol and two ammunition magazines from the box.

Ashley loads the pistol and rummages through the container when a creak echoes through the building. He places a hand on the pistol and looks toward the barn doors.

MIKA

Hello.

Mika steps into view with two glasses of milk in hand.

ASHLEY

Christ, don't sneak up like that.

MIKA

Sorry.

He removes a grenade from the box and sets it aside. She places a glass of milk in front of him.

MIKA

Drink. It's good for you.

ASHLEY

Do your parents know you're in here?

MIKA

No, sorry. Go on, drink.

He sips the milk while she sits across from him.

MIKA

Why do you need these guns?

ASHLEY

It's not important.

MIKA

You are going to kill the Japanese man.

ASHLEY

You're mother's right. You are a curious child.

MIKA

My mother says only bad men kill.  
Are you a bad man?

He thinks to himself for a moment.

ASHLEY

Sometimes ... Sometimes the only  
person who can stop the bad men is  
another bad man.

She nods while he retrieves another grenade from the box.

MIKA

What does your family say?

ASHLEY

I don't have a family.

MIKA

Everyone has family.

He lowers his gaze.

ASHLEY

I ... I had a family, a wife and a  
daughter about your age.

MIKA

Where did they go?

ASHLEY

Away.

MIKA

Why?

ASHLEY

You ask too many questions.

He looks through the box once again. She speaks with a more  
authoritative tone.

MIKA

You are not a bad man.

The pair looks at one another with sympathetic eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL FARM - NIGHT

Mika, Lenusha, and Zorya look on as Ashley wheels the old  
motorcycle out of the barn. The rifle is slung around his  
shoulder while the pistol is in his equipment belt.

ASHLEY

I'm taking your motorbike. Hope this covers the cost.

Ashley tosses Xander's leather wallet through the air. Lenusha catches it and shows Zorya the euro bills inside.

Ashley hops aboard the motorcycle. Mika scurries over to his side and removes her handcrafted necklace.

MIKA

This has always brought me good luck. Here, take it.

ASHLEY

No, that's okay. I don't need luck.

MIKA

Everyone needs luck, especially you. Please, you need this more than me.

Ashley takes the charm and places it around his neck.

ASHLEY

Thank you, Mika.

Mika rejoins her parents as Ashley starts the motorcycle and rides over to the edge of the property.

ZORYA

Goodbye!

LENUSHA

Be careful!

MIKA

Good luck to you!

Ashley waves back at the others, rides off, and disappears into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORT - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

A thick fog envelops the port grounds. The PORT MASTER (60, Russian) sits beside the closed gate and puffs on a pipe.

Two dozen Russian PORT HENCHMEN listen to 1950's rock 'n' roll over a stereo when headlights cut through the fog.

PORT HENCHMAN #1

(in Russian)

Turn that off!

PORT HENCHMAN #2  
(in Russian)  
Grab your rifles!

The henchmen turn off the stereo and grab their assault rifles. The first army truck emerges from the fog and comes to a stop nearby.

The two truck henchmen exit the cab. Kenzo, metal briefcase in one hand and his novel in the other, hops out the back and is met by the port master.

PORT MASTER  
Hello, boss. Where are the others?

KENZO  
They ... They will not be joining us.

The port master nods, opens the gate, and leads Kenzo and the henchmen inside the port grounds.

EXT. PORT - PIER - NIGHT

Kenzo, the port master, and the henchmen arrive on the dimly lit pier lined with stacks of crates and fuel drums.

KENZO  
What an atmospheric scene. A quiet and isolated pier, a thick and persistent fog ...

The port master shakes his head.

PORT MASTER  
This is bad. Very bad.

Kenzo glares at the port master.

PORT MASTER  
Sorry, boss. Can I go now? My wife is sick and --

KENZO  
Yes, of course. You may go.

Kenzo looks on as the port master disappears into the fog.

KENZO  
What an odd fellow.

Kenzo leads the henchmen halfway down the pier. They stop as a cruising yacht emerges through the fog and docks at the end of the pier.

A dozen of TALEBI'S HENCHMEN armed with assault rifles step out of the yacht. Talebi exits the vessel, steps onto the pier, and calls out to Kenzo.

TALEBI

Good morning, Mr. Hashimoto.

KENZO

Good morning, Mr. Talebi.

TALEBI

You have the machine?

Kenzo raises the metal briefcase into view.

KENZO

You have the compensation?

Talebi's three aides, each with a large briefcase in hand, step out of the yacht. Kenzo and Talebi smile as they lead their charges toward one another.

Talebi and his men stop as a small object bounces down the length of the pier. Talebi looks on as a live grenade rolls to a stop by his feet.

TALEBI

Oh, my.

The grenade blast kills Talebi and causes the nearby fuel drums to explode. The chain reaction kills Talebi's men and destroys the end of the pier.

The blasts send Kenzo and his men to the ground. They cower as fiery debris rains down from the sky. The debris causes some of the crates in the area to catch fire.

Kenzo looks toward the end of the pier. Numerous bonds and securities drift amidst the inferno. He puts his hands on his head and wails.

KENZO

No. No!

Kenzo's eyes widen as a voice cuts through the night.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Kenzo!

Kenzo and the henchmen turn around as Ashley emerges from the fog at the base of the pier.

ASHLEY

You're not leaving this pier!

KENZO

One of us will not!

Kenzo uses the truck henchmen as a shield and fires his pistol. Ashley rolls out of the way and shoots his rifle.

Ashley guns down both truck henchmen and eight port henchmen. Kenzo disappears behind the stacks of crates.

PORT HENCHMAN #3

(in Russian)

Get him! Hurry!

PORT HENCHMAN #4

(in Russian)

Take him out!

Ashley dives behind a nearby stack of crates as the henchmen return fire. He retrieves his last grenade and tosses it toward the men.

The blast kills half of the henchmen and drives the other eight men into the open. The explosion starts a chain reaction and scatters more flames in the area.

PORT HENCHMAN #5

(in Russian)

Where is he?!

PORT HENCHMAN #6

(in Russian)

I don't know!

Ashley rolls out from behind the crates and mows down the last eight henchmen. He trades the spent rifle for his pistol and scurries behind another stack.

Ashley creeps down the length of the pier. Kenzo grips his pistol and hides behind a stack of crates on the opposite side of the pier.

Kenzo scans the area and plots his next move. He fails to notice as a patch of flames nears an open fuel drum roughly thirty feet away.

KENZO

You have signed your own death  
warrant, Ashley, and I will be the  
one who --

The drum explodes and sends Kenzo out into the open. Ashley appears across the pier and opens fire. Kenzo returns fire and ducks behind another stack of crates.

Ashley runs out in the open and moves down the pier. Kenzo pops up into view and opens fire. Ashley returns fire and dives behind another stack of crates.

Kenzo continues to fire his pistol. Ashley looks up as the gunfire punctures holes in three nearby drums. The spilt fuel flows toward a patch of flames.

ASHLEY

That's not good.

Ashley scrambles to his feet and rushes back out into the open. He exchanges gunfire with Kenzo and somersaults behind another stack of crates.

Ashley ejects the magazine from his pistol. The spilt fuel reaches the flames and the blast knocks him to the ground. The pistol slips from his hand and lands in the ocean.

ASHLEY

Damn it.

He pulls up his pant leg and retrieves the LeMat from his ankle holster.

ASHLEY

Okay, let's do this.

Kenzo appears from behind a stack of crates and sprints toward the base of the pier. Ashley pops up into view and fires six rounds.

Kenzo returns fire and ducks behind an isolated stack of crates. He scans the area and discovers he is in a poorly defensible position.

KENZO

I ... I do not suppose you are open  
to peaceful negotiations, are you?

Ashley narrows his eyes and takes a few steps toward Kenzo's position. He fails to notice as a patch of flames land on an open fuel drum twenty feet away.

The drum explodes, hurls Ashley through the air, and drops him in the middle of the pier. He staggers to his feet as Kenzo appears through the fog.

Kenzo seizes the metal briefcase from the ground and uses it to knock the LeMat from Ashley's hand. The revolver skips along the pier and comes to a rest several feet away.

Kenzo uses the briefcase to strike Ashley's broken ribs and smack him across the face. Ashley crashes onto the pier. Kenzo sets the briefcase down and aims his pistol.

KENZO

Good morning. You absolutely refuse to allow me to fulfill my promise. I have repeatedly killed you, yet you continue to insist upon living.

Ashley glances back at his LeMat and turns to Kenzo.

ASHLEY

Yeah, I've had a tendency to do that lately.

Kenzo spots his copy of "Les Miserables" on the pier. He picks up the novel and shows it to Ashley.

KENZO

Such a wonderful novel, and quite appropriate as well. You see, I am your Valjean and you are my Javert.

ASHLEY

You didn't steal a loaf of bread to feed your family. You stole that machine to make billions.

KENZO

Next time, try leafing past the first few pages. Like Valjean, I will slip away under a new identity, lead a respectable life, and live well into old age.

Kenzo sets the novel aside and grips his pistol.

KENZO

Like Javert, you have spent much of your life obsessed with tracking me down and bringing me to justice only to fail. Vengeance, Ashley, shall never be yours.

ASHLEY

You'll never be safe, Kenzo, as long as I live.

Kenzo nods his head.

KENZO

True, true. Thankfully, this means I shall be out of harm's way in a brief moment. Yes, Ashley, it is finally time for you to leave the corporeal plain and --

ASHLEY

Jesus Christ, would you shut the fuck up?!

Kenzo's eyes widen while Ashley clutches his necklace.

ASHLEY

Just ... Just get it over with.

Kenzo looks at Ashley with a wry smile.

KENZO

Straight to the point. I shall miss that.

Kenzo aims the pistol at Ashley's head and pulls the trigger only to hear a click. He stares at his weapon and uses his free hand to count the number of fired rounds.

Ashley looks at his necklace, turns toward his LeMat, and crawls toward the weapon. Kenzo takes notice and shakes his head with a smile.

KENZO

Oh, Ashley, you have already fired six rounds with that revolver. What leads you to believe you can reload an obsolete firearm faster than I can reload a modern pistol?

ASHLEY

You've never seen a LeMat, have you?

KENZO

A LeMat?

ASHLEY

The most versatile nineteenth-century handgun ever made.

Kenzo recoils with feigned astonishment.

KENZO

Oh, my! The Nineteenth Century, you say? I am so impressed!

ASHLEY

You should be.

KENZO

Why?

ASHLEY

A LeMat can fire nine rounds, not six.

Ashley watches as the color drains from Kenzo's face. Kenzo ejects his magazine while Ashley dives for the LeMat. Kenzo reloads and takes aim just as Ashley grabs the revolver.

Ashley fires the LeMat and sends three rounds into Kenzo's chest. Kenzo moans, drops his pistol, and collapses onto the pier. Ashley climbs to his feet and stands over him.

KENZO

I ... I invoke a nineteenth-century novel ... and am felled by a nineteenth-century revolver.

The men stare at one another.

KENZO

Anticlimactic, is it not? You wait twelve years for this moment and --

ASHLEY

It's over, just like that.

KENZO

What more is there to say?

Ashley takes a moment to respond.

ASHLEY

Sayonara, Kenzo.

Kenzo replies with a weakened voice.

KENZO

Yes ... Sayonara ...

Ashley looks on as Kenzo falls limp and lifeless.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORT - FRONT GATE - MORNING

Russian army trucks and the old motorcycle are parked nearby. A Russian military helicopter touches down through the fog. Russell and Yancy step out of the craft.

RUSSELL

I hate to say I told you so ...

YANCY

Let's make sure the machine's still  
in one piece, okay?

The pair marches toward the gate when the sound of another spinning rotor cuts through the air. A black helicopter appears and two large MEN IN DARK SUITS exit the craft.

RUSSELL

Who are they?

YANCY

Don't worry about them. Come on.

Yancy leads Russell toward the pier.

EXT. PORT - PIER - MORNING

Dementiev and his aide look on as the platoon of Russian soldiers gather what are left of the bonds and certificates.

DEMENTIEV

(in Russian)

Did you recover anything?

DEMENTIEV'S AIDE

(in Russian)

There's little left of the financial documents, Colonel, and even less of the people.

Ashley, metal briefcase at his side, sits on a crate in the middle of the pier. He reloads the LeMat as Russell and Yancy appear out of the fog.

RUSSELL

Ashley! You're okay!

ASHLEY

You need to see an optometrist.

YANCY

The machine?

ASHLEY

Right here.

Ashley hops off the crate and tosses her the briefcase. Yancy yelps but manages to catch the case. She grits her teeth and glares at him.

Yancy opens the briefcase and smiles with relief. She closes the case and stands beside Russell. The men in dark suits step behind Ashley.

RUSSELL

I don't know how we can thank you.

ASHLEY

Yes, you do.

YANCY

Oh, your pardon. About that ...

One of the men in dark suits grabs Ashley's arm and knocks the LeMat away. The other man rushes forward and elbows him in the side of the head.

Ashley struggles as the men force him facedown onto the pier. Yancy, indifferent, and Russell, flabbergasted, look on in silence.

ASHLEY

What the fuck are you doing?!

YANCY

The Agency never makes deals, Ashley.

ASHLEY

I knew I couldn't trust you, but you, Russell?! How could you?!

RUSSELL

I ... I didn't know about this!

Russell focuses his ire toward Yancy.

RUSSELL

You ... You had this planned all along, didn't you?!

YANCY

What were we supposed to do? Tell the President we needed a criminal to do our jobs?

RUSSELL

I ... I have connections all the way to the top --

YANCY

You haven't had connections since Bush left office. You've been stuck behind a desk for a reason.

RUSSELL

This ... This isn't over.

YANCY

Yes, it is. You see, I actually have a future in the Agency and I won't let a ghost from the past derail my career. Now, go back to your desk job in Langley.

Russell, his face a mixture of anger and despair, storms off and disappears into the fog.

ASHLEY

The press is going to learn all about this, Yancy.

YANCY

Of course. They'll report you escaped from prison, were captured by the Russian army, and were extradited back to the States.

ASHLEY

You really think they'll take that story at face value? They'll find out you were here. Then what?

YANCY

Ashley, the CIA would never interfere in a Russian military operation. Get him out of here.

The men in dark suits pull Ashley off the pier. Ashley treads on the first man's instep which causes him to reflexively release his grip.

Ashley elbows the first man in the head and strikes the second in the face with a forearm. Yancy's eyes widen as he uses a flurry of strikes and kicks to take both men down.

YANCY

Shoot him. Shoot him!

She reaches for the pistol under her coat and takes aim. Ashley somersaults across the pier, kicks the LeMat into the air, snatches it out of the sky, and pulls the trigger.

Yancy screams as a round tears through her shoulder. The pistol flies out of her hand and lands in the ocean. She falls to the pier and cradles her injured arm.

Ashley turns to leave when the platoon of Russian soldiers step forward and level their assault rifles. Ashley raises his hands while Yancy screeches at Dementiev.

YANCY

Don't just stand there, Colonel!  
Order your men to shoot! Didn't you  
hear me, jackass?! Shoot him,  
Goddamn it! Shoot him!

The colonel strokes his chin in thought.

DEMENTIEV

Ms. O'Toole, the Russian military  
would never interfere in an American  
intelligence operation.

The colonel waves off the platoon.

DEMENTIEV

(in Russian)

Put down your weapons, men. He's not  
our problem.

Yancy wails as the platoon lower their rifles. Ashley turns to leave when Russell appears in his path.

Russell takes aim with his pistol. Ashley aims the LeMat in response. The men stare each other down.

RUSSELL

You're making a big mistake here.  
Don't do this.

ASHLEY

I won't let them send me back to  
prison. Not for something I didn't  
do, and not after they force me to do  
their dirty work.

RUSSELL

You're angry. I don't blame you, but  
you've got to work within the system.

Ashley shakes his head.

ASHLEY

I've spent eight years working within  
the system. My patience has run dry.

RUSSELL

They won't let you just disappear.  
They'll find you, and then there'll  
be hell to pay.

Ashley narrows his eyes.

ASHLEY

I don't want to shoot you, but I will  
if I have to. Are you willing to  
shoot me?

RUSSELL

Ashley, you've killed over one  
hundred and eighty people in a day  
and a half.

Russell lowers his pistol.

RUSSELL

Christ, I don't stand a chance.

Ashley lowers his LeMat as Russell steps forward. Russell  
smiles and pats Ashley on the shoulder.

RUSSELL

Good luck, partner. You'll need it.

Russell walks past him and tends to Yancy. He offers a  
helping hand only for her to swat it away.

Ashley glances at his LeMat and smiles for the first time in  
years. He walks away and disappears into the fog.

FADE OUT.

THE END