

Fire Dragon
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The sunlight warms the trees and ground in the clearings, in turn warming the chilled air. In the distance a cabin nestles into the greenery. There are no vehicles or other signs that it is occupied.

Lynx (20's, deceptively innocent looking) wearing a light jacket, jeans, and hiking boots, surveys the area with small binoculars.

Double checking her phone GPS, she seems satisfied this is the right place.

EXT. CABIN

Lynx approaches the cabin, stepping softly up to the side of an open door. She takes out a small handgun and holds it down low, partly concealed against her leg. With trepidation she proceeds into the cabin.

INT. CABIN

Lynx slowly works her way along a hall. Military like, she glances into every room. Sound from ahead of CARDS are being SHUFFLED.

Peeking around a corner she sees the COLONEL (40s, weathered more than just physically) sitting table with his back to her, beginning a hand of solitaire.

CABIN MAIN ROOM

The Colonial plays a card, as Lynx quietly closes the distance behind him.

COLONEL

Lynx.

Lynx stops, but stays at the ready, the gun pointed at the floor.

LYNX

Colonel.

COLONEL

Glad you could make it.

LYNX
I need the work.

He concentrates on his game.

COLONEL
Solitary is an interesting game.
Don't you agree?

LYNX
Try four months of it.

Lynx glances around.

COLONEL
Yes, that is such a long time for
someone young. And I AM sorry about
that. But, I did get you out of
there.

LYNX
Yeah, after four months.
(sighs)
So who's the problem this time?
Temple, Nautilus,... Raptor?

COLONEL
It's Ascension.

LYNX
Had I known...

Lynx turns to leave.

COLONEL
We need you on this one.

Lynx pauses, though her head is turned to keep him in sight
over her shoulder.

LYNX
Just keep playing your cards old
man.

She begins walking toward the door again.

The Colonel stops playing solitaire.

COLONEL
And I AM playing my cards. You came
out of the shuffle.
(pause)
Double.

Lynx stops again, chewing her lip.

LYNX

Triple.

COLONEL

Double and an all expenses paid
vacation wherever you want.

Lynx takes a deep contemplative breath.

LYNX

He's a hard target.

COLONEL

Less so after what happened last
winter.

He resumes his game.

LYNX

Which could make him even more
dangerous.

COLONEL

Yes, and why we need someone like
you to see what he's up to.

LYNX

Sorry, no deal.

Again, Lynx takes a step.

COLONEL

Lyra has offered to take the job.

Lynx stops and turns.

LYNX

Ascension would eat her alive,...
and I mean that literally.

COLONEL

I WOULD rather someone with more
experience.

Lynx stretches her neck and looks up at the ceiling.

LYNX

(to herself)
Why do I do this?

COLONEL
Good money. Saving the world and so
on. And someone has to.

LYNX
Okay, what do I need?

COLONEL
Just this.

The Colonel takes a compact camera out of his pocket and sets it on the table.

Lynx pockets her gun, and walks to the table to examines the item.

LYNX
You're kidding. You want pictures?

COLONEL
Oh, snap some if you can. Bring the
memory card back. But, be sure to
leave the camera somewhere out of
sight.

She looks over the camera.

LYNX
Missile targeting?

COLONEL
That is so overkill?

LYNX
Yes, and so you. Just make sure I'm
out of there before hand.

COLONEL
Well then, don't get caught, again.

Lynx scowls and leaves.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAYS LATER

A hand pulls a black cloth sack off the head of a female figure bound to a chair. It's Lynx.

She wears a button down heavy fabric shirt keeping her warm from the surrounding cold concrete walls. Her wrists bound in back are tethered under the chair to her bound ankles.

She blinks in the harsh light.

LYNX

Morning already? I was having such a good nap.

The hands go to put the black cloth sack back onto her head.

LYNX (CONT'D)

No, no. I'm up now.

She blows a lock of hair from her face.

ASCENSION (30s) tosses the sack to the floor, as he smiles sitting opposite the corner of a small table between them. On the table top a cloth is lumpy as it covers small items.

ASCENSION

Well, it's time you awake to your nightmare. And I see you brought a toy.

Ascension DROPS the smashed camera on the table.

ASCENSION (CONT'D)

But sadly, toy seemed to have gotten all broken.

LYNX

And this is why we can't have nice things. Doesn't belong to me anyway.

ASCENSION

Then explain the naughty selfies.

LYNX

You wish.

He smiles at her comment.

ASCENSION

If not yours, then whos?

Lynx shrugs, despite the ropes coiling around her.

ASCENSION (CONT'D)

Let's see if we can find out.

He rolls back the cloth on the table just enough to reveal a dental pliers for removing teeth.

LYNX

(laughs nervously)

Oh look. Sharp pointy things. Who would've thunk?

Ascension reaches across to her top shirt button.

Lynx flinches faintly at the touch.

He unbuttons her shirt, opening it bare her bra clad chest.

ASCENSION

Let us begin.

Ascension smiles.

ASCENSION (CONT'D)

Is it the C-I-A's?

LYNX

Wow, got it on the first try. So,
let's quite early and get some
brews.

He studies her intently.

ASCENSION

No, not the C-I-A.

She glances at him.

ASCENSION (CONT'D)

Maybe the N-S-A.

folding the cloth back a little more shows a surgical knife.

LYNX

Those pack-a-nerds? I dated one
once. I said C-I-A.

He regards her for a moment.

ASCENSION

Not them either. How about... the
Colonial's?

Under the next fold of the cloth is an eight-inch long hollow
needle, big enough to give a shot to an elephant, is screw
mounted to a small handle.

She shudders, her eyes fixed on the medical tools.

LYNX

I already told you.

Ascension sits back with a smile.

ASCENSION

How is the old man doing these days?

Lynx glances at his reference.

ASCENSION (CONT'D)

I don't think you know everything about me. But, do tell me all about your meeting with him.

LYNX

Last I heard from him was a Christmas card two years ago.

Picking up the needle tool, he examines it.

ASCENSION

They say a pneumo-thorax is very unpleasant, especially as the lung collapses leaving one... breathless.

LYNX

Oh, that's right. He called me into his DC office. I was to find some rogue Russian general and see if he wanted to defect.

ASCENSION

And just which defecting rouge Russian general was that?

She pauses for a moment.

LYNX

Vladimir Ker... chenskoff?

He smiles.

ASCENSION

And that's why the camera.

LYNX

No, the Colonial wanted a bunch of naughty selfies of me. He does that with all his female ops. Of course that's why the camera.

Ascension snickers as he admires the needle tool.

ASCENSION

Such a long needle could easily
pass through several inches of soft
tissue on its way to the lung.

With a finger, he traces the seam of her bra cup.

She shivers.

LYNX

You're going to totally ruin my
lucky bra, aren't you?

ASCENSION

(laughing)

He may not pick the best, but he
sure finds the most entertaining.

LYNX

Speaking of entertainment, how
about those brewskies?

ASCENSION

Don't worry. When I'm done, I'll
savor a conac while enjoying your
last gasp.

LYNX

Why doesn't your kind take up a
nice hobbies like bottle cap
collecting?

He rubs his thumb over the lacing of her bra.

ASCENSION

Don't worry, I'll save a souvenir.

She looks at her bra.

LYNX

Bet you wear them too, prance
around, you and your men.

Ascension chuckles.

ASCENSION

No, I just hang it from the antlers
mounted in my den. There's still
room for one more.

LYNX

Someone, is going to end you,
someday.

She focuses on the needle tool he holds up between them.

LYNX (CONT'D)

That probably sounded more harsh
than I meant.

ASCENSION

There is an alternative to poking
holes in you and your underthings.

LYNX

I told you, it's lucky.

ASCENSION

I'll take that as a "no" to my
generous offer.

She grimaces as he brings the needle tip up to the pinnacle
of her bra cup.

LYNX

Wait, was that what that was? I
couldn't tell. Yes, let's talk.

ASCENSION

On second thought, I don't think I
could trust you anyway. So, let's
just see how lucky your bra really
is.

LYNX

Wait. Could I have some
acetaminophen? Like about fifty? I
don't want my headache to distract
me from this.

ASCENSION

Those are bad for your liver.

LYNX

How considerate of you.

He smiles as he lines up and brings the needle closer.

She tenses and lets out a SHUTTERED BREATH.

The door is suddenly KICKED open. INSIGNIA (30, male) enters
pointing a small handgun at Ascension.

Ascension slowly puts the needle tool back onto the table and
holds his hands up in slack surrender.

Lynx darts her eye back and forth between them.

Insignia keeps the gun trained on Ascension while edging behind Lynx. With his free hand he works at a knot binding her wrists.

LYNX (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

INSIGNIA

The knot's tight.

LYNX

No, I mean the gun. Just shoot.

INSIGNIA

Shoot the knot?

LYNX

No!... Him!

INSIGNIA

Why should I shoot him? He's surrendered. That's against the rules.

LYNX

Fuck the rules. Shoot him.

INSIGNIA

I don't even know who he is.

(to Ascension)

You the bad guy?

LYNX

Yes, the head bad guy.

ASCENSION

And you are?

INSIGNIA

Oh, I'm--

LYNX

Don't tell him. Just shut up and untie me.

INSIGNIA

There, I got the knot loose.

The rope knot gets undone.

She wrestles her wrists free. Immediately grabbing the surgical knife from the table she leans down and cuts her ankles free.

But as soon as she stands, Insignia hooks her elbow and pulls her toward the door.

LYNX

Wait!

Lynx is being towed so quickly that she is kept off balance until they are through the door and it closes.

INT. HALLWAY

In the hallway outside the interrogation room Insignia pauses to peak around a turn.

Lynx gets her balance back.

LYNX

What are you doing?

INSIGNIA

Following my orders to get you out of here.

Lynx frisks him, finding another gun, this one with a silencer. She rushes back to the interrogation room.

INSIGNIA (CONT'D)

Hey, I might need that!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Lynx shoves open the door. But Ascension is not sitting in his chair. Lynx moves in, pointing the gun in turn systematically to all 4 corners of the room. Ascension is nowhere in sight. There looks to be no other means to exit the room.

LYNX

Shit!

In anger she shoots the chair Ascension had been sitting in several times, splintering it's wood.

LYNX (CONT'D)

(to the room)

Hope you're watching and saw that.

Insignia catches up to her.

INSIGNIA

We don't have time for this.

Lynx grabs Insignia's jacket collar and slams him against the door.

LYNX

Why the hell didn't you shoot him?

INSIGNIA

That is NOT my mission.

LYNX

Our mission is ALWAYS to kill the bad guys. We kill the bad guys, and then no more bad guys. World a better place. Got it?

INSIGNIA

But--

She shakes him by the coat.

LYNX

Look, I am tired of being tied to chairs, stripped naked, and told how I am going to be sent back, piece by little piece.

He glances down at her still open shirt.

INSIGNIA

Naked? Did I come in too soon?

Lynx glares at him. But suddenly an ALARM SOUNDS.

INSIGNIA (CONT'D)

I told you, we don't have time for this.

Flicking of her hands, she lets go of him.

LYNX

If you had killed him, the alarm wouldn't be going off. But now the hall's going to fill with jump suited ninjas with machine guns.

INSIGNIA

Come on, I know a safe way out.

Lynx narrows her eyes at him as he leaves.

Before following, she shoots Ascension's empty chair one last time.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

In a lush forest there is a PAINFUL GROAN. Insignia sits up pushing up through a pile of concealing twigs and branches.

He rubs the back of his head. On his hand is a trace of blood.

He frowns looks around, then pulls out his phone.

INSIGNIA
 (into phone)
 It's Insignia.
 (listens)
 No, she got away from me.
 (listens)
 Yes, a gun.
 (checks his pockets)
 Make that two guns and a silencer.
 (listens)
 Yeah, you did warn me.

EXT. SKY - DAY

High in the atmosphere a stealth bomber in a steep climb, rolls upside down, launching a sub-orbital cruise missile from its fuselage.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

INSIGNIA
 (into phone)
 Oh, I better get going then.
 (listens)
 Will do.

Hanging up, Insignia pockets the phone. He GROWLS as he gets up, and begins moving with a purpose through the brush.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Lynx, pauses outside a bank, considering the foreign worded sign. She goes in.

INT. BANK

Sitting at a desk Lynx writes a long number down on a piece of paper and hands it to the BANK OFFICER (30s, male.)

The bank officer enters the number into his computer. His eyebrows raise. He writes a six figure number down on a piece of paper and slides it rotated to her.

She nods approvingly.

LYNX
(in foreign language)
Half please.

BANK OFFICER
(in foreign language)
It will take a moment.

As he walks away, she notes a picture of him with his family. Then she picks up a pamphlet to read.

EXT. ASCENSION'S COMPOUND - SIMULTANEOUS

From an aerial view, Ascension's secluded forest compound explodes.

INT. BANK - MINUTES LATER

The Bank Officer returns to his desk, placing several thin paper wrapped stacks of large currency bills in front of Lynx. He adds several thicker bundled stacks of lower currency bills. And then some coins.

Lynx puts aside the leaflet she was reading. Taking all but one of the stacks of higher currency bills, she puts them in her satchel.

Then she placing the leaflet on top the remaining stack of bills, concealing it, she gets up, NODS her thanks, and leaves.

The Bank Officer raises his eyebrows at the hidden money she had left.

EXT. CITY STREET

Lynx step from the bank. She looks around with a deep breath of satisfaction, her expression bordering on happiness.

She begins walking down the avenue.

FADE OUT.

END