

GUN ANGLE: Dominance

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. BUSY ITALIAN TOWN - ESTABLISHING - DAY *

A cloud of black exhaust smoke billows into the atmosphere. *

Trees gently sway as a wind sweeps through the Busy small Italian town street. *

Vehicle engines HUM as traffic comes to a stand still. *

The PUBLIC traipse through the sweltering heat of the city. *

Some fan themselves off with books, papers, whatever they have to hand. *

Cyclists bunk the traffic and continue their journey. *

Morning sun coruscates on the surface of several glasses of water. *

Each glass of water sits so motionless, so at ease.

O.S. A single GUN SHOT is heard from a room above us.

Followed by a **series of heavy footsteps**, a crash and - - *

- - a MAN backing up to the edge of a steel balcony **bleeding, shot**. *

Clutching his chest, blood **trickles** through the mans fingers. *

Grasping the edge of the Balcony to gain his own balance **the mans breathing becomes heavily laboured**. *

The Man, Zvetsi leers into the hotel room. *

A WOMAN ambles into shot, GUN ANGLE or ZARA RILEY. *

Dressed in all leather, a one piece leather suit, black thick boots, long black hair with a pink high-light. A silver pentagram necklace catching the sun light. *

She clutches two guns, hauls up in front of the man, **coldly and unemotionally leers into his eyes**. *

Hammers the two guns again **with a deathly CLICK as rounds are chambered into the barrels**. *

ZVETSI *

(in pain/Russian accent)

You will never stop it! It is too late. **You lose, you lose**. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZVETSI smirks through his pain, a hand dangles over the balcony. He leers down at the world below. *

People gasp and leer back at him as the busy street comes to a stand still. *

A single blood drip splashes effortlessly into one of the water glasses.

A slow gentle ripple forces the blood to mix through the water like Diluting cranberry juice.

INT. S.O.L.E. HQ - WARDS OFFICE - NIGHT

JEFF WARD, small, tubby, balding man flips through several documents.

From page to page, checks details, double checks, triple checks. Flips more pages, stops.

Ward leers up at Zara. *

JEFF WARD
Incredible work Zara. I couldn't have planned this better myself.

Zara nods keeping all expressions to a minimum.

She fidgets with a black folder whilst keeping a firm gaze on Jeff. *

Jeff smiles at Zara and closes a folder full of documents. *

JEFF WARD (cont'd)
Y'know, you've proven yourself a worthy agent on more than one occasion. Why haven't you filed for promotion?

ZARA
Sir I enjoy my job, I enjoy being a field agent It's what I know. *

Jeff nods, smiles taking this all in.

Puzzled nonetheless why Zara would rather not take a promotion. *

JEFF WARD
Well there is another big mission I need you to handle.

ZARA
I'm listening.

INT. ONOKI'S RESTAURANT - BASEMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: 2 YEARS LATER

Guards stand side to side by the doors of the basement.
Military clothing, military issue weapons.

A blank gaze in their eyes from years of tough Military re-
programming. *

Zara is bind and gagged to a chair with a succession of
ropes. *

Dishevelled, bloody, tired and disoriented. *

The basement doors slide open. A man stands cast silhouette
by the heavy background lighting. A slight murmur from the
kitchen resonates through. *

ONOKI SAMAZUKI, a ruthless, rich Japanese business man. *

A scar under his right eye. *

He has been through battles, struggles. *

Onoki traipses along the floor toward Zara.

Each footstep as cold and empty as the next. *

ONOKI

(In Japanese)

You have given much pleasure,
biting your tongue so hard not to
speak out. I respect that, but
now I am afraid your time is up. *

Zara snail-like and painfully raises her head.

Blood trickles down from her mouth. *

ZARA

(In Japanese)

Onoki, why don't you go and fuck
yourself! *

Zara spits blood at Onoki's feet.

She drops her head again. *

He takes a step back, repulsed, angered.

The ruthless man leans forward into Zara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONOKI
I will have much fun watching
your death!

Onoki stands up once again, motions his team "doctor" to do his job.

The Team "Doctor" nods and begins to fill a syringe with truth serum. *

Onoki grimaces with a deadly menacing gaze directed toward Zara. *

ONOKI (cont'd)
I give you special serum, maybe
you'll find your tongue. *Maybe
not, but your death is imminent
either way!* *

And he's off, marching angrily out of the room.

The team "Doctor" strolls coyly in Zara's direction.

Zara gazes at him, a syringe - - a face mask - - an icy gaze in his eyes, *you could even say a psychotic gaze.* *

DOCTOR
(In Japanese)
*Try to Relax, this is going to
hurt. A whole lot!* *

EXT. ONOKI'S RESTURAUNT - ROOFTOP

Helicopter rotors WHUP overheard as a series of combat ready troops slide down ropes.

The rooftop is their insertion zone as more of the troops congregate.

S.O.L.E. Written on the backs of their combat vests.
Special Operations and Law Enforcement.

Zara's aid.

S.O.L.E AGENT #1
(into microphone)
Bravo Zulu team in position.

INT. ONOKI'S RESTURAUNT - BASEMENT

The "Doctor" hovers over a floppy Zara.

His eyes blank, cold and emotionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A faint HUM of helicopter rotors draw the Doctors attention.

ZARA
(effortlessly)
Your going to die.

The Doctor shakes his head, motions the guards to take care of it.

ZARA (cont'd)
They're here.

Zara tries to laughs through her ill state.

But prompts a coughing fit of blood.

*

INT. ONOKI'S RESTURAUNT - 2ND FLOOR

S.O.L.E. Agents storm in two, two formation.

Making their way hastily down the stairs toward the first floor.

Met by Onoki's guards at the bottom a fire fight ensues.

Bullets trace up and down the stairs.

Tearing chunks from the chalk board walls.

*

S.O.L.E. Agents draw the guards fire - - pin point accuracy.

Bravo Zulu team press on.

INT. ONOKI'S RESTURAUNT - 1ST FLOOR

The resturaunt is teeming with life.

Guards emerge on the agents as they take up defensive position.

Gun blasts force the PUBLIC to take cover where ever possible.

Others scurry mindlessly with one thought in mind, "I don't wanna die"

Glasses explode from the violent fire fight.

Tables overturned and blast to pieces.

Large shards of wood rain down as the fir fight continues to grow more violent, more fatal.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An array of shattered glass rains down on innocent people. *

Innocent members of the public are shot - - waiters are shot - - the lights are pulsating blinking on and off. Not a good place for anyone that is epileptic.

A second team of S.O.L.E Agents press through the first floor in a three, three formation.

INT. ONOKI'S RESTURAUNT - BASEMENT

Zara tries to wriggle free from the binds around her wrists.

Kicking and gasping as she fights to get free with all the energy she has left. *

The Doctor hides by the side of a door, gun in hand shaking. *

A sudden wave of feet stomping on the floor is heard, drawing closer - - closer. *

The basement door is blast open.

S.O.L.E. Agents storm into the basement.

The doctor takes a shot, misses - - takes another with the same result.

The agents take the doctor out - - secure their position.

Two agents cut the binds on Zara and help her to safety.

S.O.L.E AGENT #2
Agent Zara Riley as instructed by
HQ you are to come with us.

Zara is floppy, almost lifeless.

ZARA
Took your time. *

INT. S.O.L.E. HQ - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 2 DAYS LATER

Jeff Ward paces the floor of the room.

A full table of S.O.L.E. Chiefs and chairmen sit around. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF WARD

In conclusion after her two year mission Agent Zara Riley failed to gain possession of the X-Disk. Our enemies have complete control over us, our country and the world!

*
*
*
*

Jeff pulls a seat and sits down.

*

The counsel are not happy.

*

Jeff leers at them seeing their frustration.

*

CHAIRMAN

Ward I do not need to tell you how unacceptable this is! If Onoki takes any reprisal against us or our country it could begin a new world war.

Jeff exhales in disagreement.

*

CHAIRMAN #2

You gave us your sincere promise that this Agent Zara Riley? Could do this job. She...

JEFF WARD

(interrupting)

She had her cover blown for fuck sakes.

*

CHAIRMAN

She failed to complete her mission. She got caught, and one can only wonder what kind of black information she gave away to our enemies. They still have control over the X-device. They have dominance over the world.

*

(beat)

She is a risk to us, she is known. She is a target.

S.O.L.E. PRESIDENT

Ward we follow orders and rules, and one of our rules are, if an Agent is blown they are a risk for retaliation or a target to gain insider information.

*

(beat)

Agent Zara Riley must be deleted!

Jeff exhales deeply, excepting the inevitable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF WARD
I'll put it into motion
immediately.

He strolls for the doors and exits.

The door slams behind Jeff.

INT. RILEY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zara sits by her table with Husband BEN RILEY.

The pair eat in silence.

A thick uneasy atmosphere lingers as the pair make no effort to talk.

Ben sighs, he can not hold his silence much longer.

Ben glances across to Zara.

BEN
Two years.

Zara sighs dropping her fork.

ZARA
I had a lot of work on Ben.

BEN
Let me get this straight, your company asks you to go on a two year trip to Japan and try to sell skin care cream? You come back here all beaten up and hardly a word to say to me? You really expect me to buy that shit?

Zara blankly leers at Ben.

ZARA
What do you want me to say Ben?

BEN
I want the truth Zara. I think I have earned it.

ZARA
You want the truth? You really want to know what I was doing?

Ben turns away sighing.

He has had enough, wipes his mouth off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

Forget this bullshit Zara. I've had enough of this! I... I cannot do this anymore.

Zara's attention is drawn from Ben by a reflection on the dark glass of her cooker.

A man, a gun, a S.O.L.E. Agent.

ZARA

Ben down **now!**.

Zara leaps from her seat grabs a knife **all in one fluid motion.**

She dives backwards throwing the knife at the S.O.L.E. Agent outside.

A single bullet is fired.

Ben is hit on the chest and dead before he hits the ground.

In turn the Agent is also killed from the pin point accuracy of Zara **as the knife penetrates his eye.**

Zara leers across to Ben as he lies lifeless on the white tiled floor.

ZARA (cont'd)

BEN! BEN!

Zara crawls toward Ben trembling with fear.

She shakes her husband **trying to wake him up.**

ZARA (cont'd)

Ben look at me! Look at me Ben!

No response.

Zara breaks down, trying to get her Husband to look at her. Tears begin to stream down the woman's face.

Zara's entire body shakes in fear as she continues to cry. The woman scoops Ben up into her arms, cradling him like a little lost puppy.

ZARA (cont'd)

(crying)

Ben! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I love you. I love you.

Zara continues to cradle her dead husband as blood trickles from his chest onto her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zara stops, tears roll down her cheeks.

She knows what must be done now. All bets are now off. *

She gazes coldly, angrily.

Gritting her teeth. *

Rolling her dead husband from her arms Zara stands up. A steel cold glance in her eyes.

ZARA (cont'd)
They are going to pay!

THE END

FADE OUT.

Next: GUN ANGEL: Vengeance.