

Death. Time. Space. Natural elements of existence to which all human life must succumb...until now. After a forbidden excavation unlocks dormant enchantments in Africa, THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION, an eccentric group of individuals will come together to defend humanity from new threats. They've cheated death. They've weathered time. They've mastered space. They are...

THE UNBREAKABLES
Sample Episode: "Meeting of the Minds"

By

Kashad Moore

423.617.9508
kasmoore@hotmail.com
WGAW

FADE IN:

SUPER: SOUTHWEST TEXAS, "The Dusty Borders"...

EXT. GAS STATION, PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

A truck pulls off the highway and parks at the service station.

VINOC, late 30s, EXITS the truck and scans the surrounding area...

SUPER: Vinoc, THE REBEL SOLDIER

INT. GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

We see several 'local' PATRONS, drinking coffee and reading magazines as Vinoc shops the food aisle...

Turning his head, Vinoc notices a watching patron, talking under his breath...

REVEAL: Concentrating, Vinoc's enhanced hearing eavesdrops on the patron's hidden earpiece...

RADIO VOICE

(mouthing)

Negative. You're standing on a gas well. Let him walk.

Approaching the checkout stand, Vinoc sets a bag of trail mix and a lighter on the counter...

VINOC

Warm night.

CASHIER

Mmmph.

REVEAL: Vinoc drops a five dollar bill on the table. As the annoyed cashier reaches for the money, Vinoc spots the MILITARY TATTOOS mostly-hidden under his sleeves.

Vinoc studies the mirror above the checkout stand and catches the rest of the locals watching him intensely.

VINOC

Do you sell ammunition here?

(CONTINUED)

CASHIER
Ammunition?

VINOC
Smells like gun oil here.

The unappreciative cashier coldly hands Vinoc his change.

REVEAL: We see the cashier's HANDGUN underneath the checkout counter.

SCOFFING, Vinoc leaves and approaches his truck parked by the gas pumps as the cashier glares at him from inside.

REVEAL: The last real patrons leave the service station in their automobiles.

Opening the truck door, Vinoc winks at the cashier.

CASHIER
Stand down my ass! I had friends in
T'oma.

EARPIECE PATRON
Thompson!

The cashier grabs his firearm and darts outside in pursuit...

EARPIECE PATRON
We're moving!

The other 'patrons', revealing their guns, follow the cashier outside...

Their guns drawn, the men ease closer to the truck as the crouching cashier opens the passenger-side door...

REVEAL: We see a blue powder covering the passenger seat, on fire!

CASHIER
Move!

The gunmen scatter from the gas station...

The fire safely dies out as the powder disintegrates.

From a safe vantage point, Vinoc, crouching, rises to his feet as he watches the frustrated cashier below...

VINOC
 (softly)
 And I had family there, soldier.

Turning away, Vinoc heads on-foot into the rugged Texas wilderness.

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN EAST ASIA...

EXT. BUILDING, ROOFTOP -- THE NEXT DAY

XI XEN, 30s, glares at the city buildings and the citizens below...

REVEAL: In his open hand, we see an African medallion with a Mandarin engraving on it.

KETUR, 50s, joins Xi Xen, closing his hand quickly...

KETUR [IN MANDARIN]
 Emperor, I contacted someone who
 can help us--help you--with the new
 world. Much is different. If you
 are to reign again--.

XI XEN [IN MANDARIN]
 I am not here to reign. I am here
 for her.

Suddenly, the rooftop entrance door is kicked open as two CLOAKED WARRIORS, late 20s, cloaked in African battle gear, race toward Xi Xen!

Ketur, revealing a PISTOL, shoots at the two warriors, who avoid and dodge each shot with their metal staffs...

Ketur is disarmed by Warrior 1 as Warrior 2 attacks Xi Xen...

REVEAL: Xi Xen notices identical symbols on the Warrior 2's wardrobe to the medallion in Xi Xen's hand...

Ending the hand-to-hand combat, Xi Xen uses telekinesis to pin Warrior 2 against the rooftop entrance door and levitate Warrior 1, preparing to deal a death blow to a disarmed Ketur, off of the ground!

XI XEN [IN MANDARIN]
 These men are the Z'g M'rra: my
 father in-law's deadliest
 assassins- made-my servants as a
 wedding gift. It seems Estella
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

XI XEN [IN MANDARIN] (cont'd)
forgot that when she sent them here
to kill me.

Releases the warriors as the symbols on the clothes glow...

The two warriors kneel submissively before Xi Xen.

XI XEN [IN MANDARIN]
(to the warriors)
Remind her.

The warriors, now dissolving into a gaseous form, float away from the roof.

KETUR [IN MANDARIN]
The gun shots will draw attention.
We should go.

XI XEN [IN MANDARIN]
You should learn how to fight.

EXITS.

KETUR
(under his breath)
Sorry, but I left my 'bag of magic'
at home.

SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C.

INT. PLANE, COCKPIT -- MORNING

Holding Wendy's MYSTIC BAG (a vintage satchel), STONEY, late 30s, removes several liquor bottles and a disproportionate submarine sandwich...

SUPER: Stoney, THE AVIATOR

Reaching the length of his arm into the medium-sized bag, Stoney grins while retrieving a cooked slab of barbecue ribs...

STONEY
(to the ribs)
Oh, ho-ho! You die first. Moo!

WENDY WOLFE, mid-20s, ENTERS.

SUPER: Wendy Wolfe, THE BAG LADY.

WENDY

Stoney, have you seen my--.

STONEY

Uh oh.

Wendy spots her satchel laying on top of a control panel beside Stoney's booze and food. Snatches the mystic bag away from him.

WENDY

This is why the Queen gave the bag to me. It's not a toy.

STONEY

No, Wendy, Estella likes you more because you're the only one who calls her 'Queen'.

WENDY

You're really going to drink all of that?

STONEY

Our first time at port since Pandora's crypt got opened. Besides, Morales said we're grounded until Dobbs finishes up at the Pentagon.

WENDY

I knew she had meetings, but I didn't know she was going there.

STONEY

You don't come to D.C. to screw around.

Recognizing the obvious joke, Wendy glares at Stoney.

STONEY (CONT'D)

Point made. I figured you and the band would be with her.

WENDY

Nope, they went to Rick's museum. I'm meeting them. Sure you don't wanna come?

Stoney shakes his head 'no' as Wendy observes a half-empty liquor bottle by his feet.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY (CONT'D)

You sure?

Stoney grabs the bottle and removes the top.

STONEY

No, but I'll drink to your health
and safe return.

Wendy EXITS.

INT. CHURCH, SANCTUARY

SUPER: Bashira Brice, THE CONVERTED

BASHIRA, late 20s, sits alone in a church pew. Attempting to pray, she grimaces as she stretches her neck. Giving up, Bashira, somberly shaking her head 'no', opens her eyes...

Sifting through his snail mail, the MINISTER, 70s, ENTERS and spots Bashira...

REVEAL: Approaching the cloaked woman from behind, the minister hesitates after spotting the tattoo-like Bible scriptures covering her hands.

MINISTER

Welcome.

BASHIRA

You don't have to pretend. I can
tell that you're nervous.

MINISTER

I think 'surprised' is more
appropriate.

BASHIRA

You know who I am?

MINISTER

I keep up with current events, yes.
Seven decades on this earth, not
much scares me anymore. Certainly
not a hero.

Bashira removes her hood, revealing similar tattoos covering her face and neck. Glares at the minister.

BASHIRA

Does this look like the face of a
'hero'?

INT. CAR, BACKSEAT

Tapping the door panel, ASHLEY DOBBS, late 30s, stares at the monuments as DIRECTOR MEIGS, 50s, takes notice...

SUPER: Agent Ashley Dobbs, THE AMBASSADOR

DIRECTOR MEIGS

You seem anxious.

DOBBS

You know how I love the Pentagon.

DIRECTOR MEIGS

Site's been altered to Capital Hill. Congress wants their crack at you first.

(to Driver)

Turn left here.

Dobbs notices the car is driving in the opposite direction of the Capitol Building...

DOBBS

Sir, where are we going?

DIRECTOR MEIGS

I didn't say they're actually getting the first crack, Agent Dobbs.

INT. CAFE, DINING AREA -- LATER

Dobbs and Director Meigs pass GOVERNMENT SECURITY GUARDS as they walk through the empty dining area...

Dobbs hesitates as she recognizes DIRECTOR HAMILTON, 60s, reading from a folder as he sits in a secluded booth toward the back of the room...

DOBBS

(to Director Meigs)

NSA?

DIRECTOR MEIGS

You're in the Majors now, Ashley. Only gets worse from here.

DOBBS

Director Hamilton--.

Ashley extends her hand, but Director Hamilton, still reading, ignores the greeting...

(CONTINUED)

Director Meigs urges Dobbs to sit down across from Director Hamilton...

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Meigs.

DIRECTOR MEIGS

Ben.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

Sir, I'll sit on the outside. Never know when one might have to scurry out and save the world.

Director Meigs and Dobbs sit.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Is that what you'd call this circus, Agent Dobbs?

DOBBS

Sir?

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

I've been reviewing your file. It's above board. Almost stellar. That said, you're in over your head.

DOBBS

Mystic weapons, magic relics, resurrected warlords. I say it's above all our pay grades--and it's 'ambassador' now, sir.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

That's the U.N. Here, you're still an agent of the U.S. government or have you forgotten?

DIRECTOR MEIGS

Agent Dobbs has dedicated her life to serving the Union even at the cost of her most sacred relationships.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Which is why her latest 'deviations' from protocol are all the more disturbing. A private jet from the Saudi King?

(CONTINUED)

DOBBS

I saved his mother; he bought me a jet. I'd say he came out ahead.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

You've reported that your team member, Bashira Brice, experienced a 'possession' of some sorts during 'The Release'. Who's to say that you haven't experienced a similar effect? Scoff all you want, Ashley, but these questions are nothing compared to what the Congressional committee gonna throw at you. The American people need reassurances and the last thing they need to see is you screwing the pooch on C-SPAN.

DIRECTOR MEIGS

(to Dobbs)

Your answers and demeanor may be the difference between gaining their vote of confidence--.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Or ending up a crossing guard in Harlem.

DOBBS

What assurances were they given about the Avalonians?

AWKWARD SILENCE.

DOBBS

Okay...yeah. So, do we want to wait before we continue?

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Wait for what?

DOBBS

For whom. The silhouette hiding in the kitchen doorway back there. Hello!

Director Hamilton SIGHS as VICE PRESIDENT TASKER, 50s, emerging from the kitchen, approaches their booth.

VICE PRESIDENT

Not hiding, I assure you, Ambassador Dobbs. Just waiting for
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
you to stop deflecting and answer
their questions.

DOBBS
(concerned)
Mr. Vice President?

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Sitting in front of several large computer screens, AVA, mid-30s, alters 'coding' displayed on the monitors as she types on her keyboard...

Hearing ONE KNOCK at her front door, Ava reaches for a nearby HANDGUN, but upon hearing FOUR CONSECUTIVELY-TIMED KNOCKS, she leaves the gun on the counter-top.

Leaving her seat, Ava walks to the door and, upon opening it, is momentarily surprised as she locks eyes with Xi Xen standing behind Ketur...

KETUR
We spoke before. You are 'the
hacker'?

AVA
My mom prefers 'Ava'. Ketur?
(to Xi Xen)
You must be the 'O.G.'. Yeah, okay.
Come in.

Opening the door wide, Ava checks the hallway as Xi Xen ENTERS.

AVA (CONT'D)
(to Ketur)
Sorry, but there's a draft.

Attempts to usher Ketur inside.

KETUR
I have business to attend. We will
begin when I return.

EXITS.

Closing the door, Ava watches Xi Xen as he studies her belongings.

(CONTINUED)

AVA
(softly)
The card says 'hacker', not
'sitter'.

INT. MUSEUM, GALLERY

Checking his watch, MORALES, late 20s, locks eyes with a
WOMAN standing by a sculpture...

SUPER: Agent Morales, TRIGGERMAN

MORALES
(to the woman)
What's happening?

The unimpressed woman EXITS the gallery..

Morales SCOFFS at the woman.

MORALES
You're not cute enough to be that
rude.
(to himself)
"What's happening?"

Joins ESTELLA, early 20s, in front of a Civil War
exhibition...

SUPER: Estella Vishon, THE DARK QUEEN

MORALES
One of my favorites. What do you
think?

ESTELLA
Following your 'news' I thought it
was just a current problem, but
your country has a rich and
fascinating history of being cruel
to its own people.

MORALES
The country has its flaws, but the
women still get to pick their own
husbands. We try to build from
there.

ESTELLA
It's amazing your enemies haven't
conquered you by now.

(CONTINUED)

MORALES

Well, we don't appreciate being ruled by others as much as some, your Highness.

Feeling dizzy, Estella rubs her temple.

MORALES

Estella?

ESTELLA

I'm fine. I can sense my men.

MORALES

Your men?

ESTELLA

My father's finest weapons. I raised them to locate Xi and eliminate him.

SILENCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, SIDEWALK -- CONTINUOUS

Wendy, waiting at a hot dog stand for a VENDOR to finish her order, spots Estella's converted warriors emerging from the smoke...

The assassins ENTER the museum.

MORALES (V.O.)

You can do that?

INT. MUSEUM, GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Estella cuts her eyes at Morales.

MORALES

Dobbs know about this?

ESTELLA

I don't require your master's consent to search for my husband. They've returned.

Recognizing her kneeling servants, she approaches them as Wendy trails them inside...

(CONTINUED)

ESTELLA [IN T'OMAN]
(to Warrior 1)
Report.

WARRIOR 1 [IN T'OMAN]
The emperor sends his love....

Seeing the glowing emblems on their garments, Estella's eyes widen as she realizes their duplicity...

Morales, spotting Warrior 2 reaching for a dagger, reaches for his SIDEARM...

MORALES
Wolfe! Bust a move, girl!

Realizing the impending fight, Wendy darts away from Estella's warriors, hiding behind the nearby couch!

Warrior 2 throws the knife at Estella, barely catching it before it pierces her neck!

Morales SHOOTS at Warrior 2 but Warrior 1, drawing his sword, blocks the bullets with his blade as the frantic MUSEUM GUESTS, hearing the gunshots, EXIT the building...

INT. MUSEUM, OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

RICK AXEL, early 30s, sets several ANCIENT ARTIFACTS on the desk as the MUSEUM DIRECTOR, 50s, studies the pieces.

SUPER: Rick Axel, THE BATTLE AXE

MUSEUM DIRECTOR
There it is. The Egyptians drew pictures of locust on their glyphs between twenty-four and twenty-two B.C.

AXEL
I know. That's why I took it.

Leaning against a wall, he starts twirling a pen...

MUSEUM DIRECTOR
Extraordinary. You didn't happen to bring--can I see it?

AXEL
No.

(CONTINUED)

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

Rick--.

AXEL

John, how much for the pieces? I came here as a courtesy. The Louvre's my next stop.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

Doesn't 'our history' buy me anything?

AXEL

First refusal.

We see an image of a WOMAN holding the Axel's ancient weapon, shaped as a tomahawk, and fading out of existence as Axel, helpless, watches the incident.

AXEL (V.O)

Less you know about this thing, the better.

The museum director, spying the pen, points at it...

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

Are you telling me--? Wonderful. Just wonderful.

AXEL

Depends on which side you are of it.

Spinning the pen, it morphs into a DAGGER.

INT. CAFE, DINING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Vice President glares at Dobbs, receiving her coffee from the SERVER...

DOBBS

(to Vice President Tasker)

You wouldn't happen to have a food taster hidden back there? Nevermind.

(to Director Meigs)

You were saying, sir?

DIRECTOR MEIGS

The grave raider, Richard Axel--.

(CONTINUED)

DOBBS

Right.

DIRECTOR MEIGS

You recruited him for his historical knowledge--.

DOBBS

There's very little I believe he knows about what we're dealing with. Axel's on the team because he's responsible for one-hundred percent of all this. So he's going to help fix it.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

You're referring to your son's accident?

DOBBS

(coldly)

No, I'm not.

PAUSE.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

I don't know if believing this could be fixed is a good thing or delusional.

DOBBS

The grand mystery of hope.

DIRECTOR MEIGS

There's interest in studying his weapon. Can you get Axel to comply?

DOBBS

Him, yes. The weapon, not so sure.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Meaning what?

DOBBS

It's kinda moody.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

And that's the bigger question: How much control do you really have over these powerful individuals? What happens when they get 'moody'?

(CONTINUED)

DOBBS

Well, part of my training is making others comply and termination when they don't.

VICE PRESIDENT

As an agent, sure, but, as you mentioned earlier, your position has changed.

DOBBS

My title, not my position, Sir.

DIRECTOR MEIGS

So you don't have a problem arresting Axel?

DOBBS

Sir, I don't have a problem terminating Axel.

Clearing his throat, Vice President Tasker glares at Director Meigs...

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Does that eagerness extend to the fate of Rebel Soldier?

Dobbs SIGHS.

EXT. TEXAS WILDERNESS

A piano plays a TRAGIC BALLAD as two COYOTES join Vinoc, crouching on a hill eating trail mix, while scanning the canyon below...

REVEAL: We see a distant shot of the Private Military Contractors (PMC) compound disguised as a trailer park.

A HAWK soars over Vinoc toward the compound. Through the bird's eye, Vinoc is provided up-close surveillance of the training grounds...

Spotting RHETT HANNIBAL, 40s, leaving his private trailer, Vinoc studies the approaching sunset.

REVEAL: A caravan of RECRUITS leaves the compound in an armored vehicle emptying the PMC of half of their manpower...

The menacing coyotes GROWL...

(CONTINUED)

VINOC
(to the coyotes)
No, M'sh Ka-pa. We'll let the moon
take them first.

The coyotes slink away as Vinoc begins his decent toward the compound.

INT. MUSEUM, GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Backing into the gallery, Morales reloads his handgun quickly and continues shooting Warrior 1, dodging every shot as he charges toward Morales...

By the entrance, Estella ducks as Warrior 2 attempts to decapitate her with his sword...

Closing her eyes, Estella raises her hand toward Warrior 2...

ESTELLA [IN T'OMAN]
Rest.

INT. CHURCH, SANCTUARY -- LATER

Bashira shakes her head 'no' as she studies her hands.

BASHIRA
There's a battle in me.

MINISTER
Same battle resides in all of us.

BASHIRA
No, it doesn't.

Scans the room.

BASHIRA (CONT'D)
This isn't even my religion and I
know everything about it!

MINISTER
If that were the case, you would
know the mystery of God. He can't
be put in a box like that.

BASHIRA
Seems parts of Him can be because
that box opened and, now, I can't
even trust myself.

(CONTINUED)

MINISTER

Why not?

BASHIRA

Because I'm not myself!

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

We see Bashira exploring the city.

BASHIRA (V.O.)

First time in America, I figure
'why not'? See the capital. That's
when the screaming started.

MINISTER (V.O.)

Screams? In your head?

Bashira SCOFFS.

BASHIRA (V.O.)

No. One of your citizens in need of
a 'hero'.

REVEAL: We see a MAN attempting to assault a WOMAN in a
secluded area of the park.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH, SANCTUARY -- CONTINUOUS

BASHIRA

I didn't even care it was
happening.

MINISTER

But you stepped in?

BASHIRA

No, 'it' did.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

Using her superhuman strength, Bashira disarms the attacker...

MINISTER (V.O.)

It?

BASHIRA (V.O.)

Your 'hero'.

Though the fight is won, Bashira, enraged, continues pummeling the helpless defender.

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

To not be in control--forced to act against your will. I was angry. It didn't go well for him.

MINISTER (V.O.)

You killed him?

BASHIRA (V.O.)

No, there was an intervention. Ironic, actually.

The victim, horrified at the violence, pulls Bashira off of her attacker. Catching her breath, Bashira glares at the victim.

BASHIRA (CONT'D)

(to the victim)

You're welcome.

EXITS.

End of Flashback.

INT. CHURCH, SANCTUARY -- CONTINUOUS

BASHIRA

I hated helping her, and I loved hurting him. The people I'm traveling with think this is some sort of good thing--a gift--but I don't want it. I used to be beautiful.

Lowers her head.

(CONTINUED)

MINISTER

I'm reminded of Jonah. I assume
you're familiar--.

Bashira nods 'yes'.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

He was given a great task to help
God and chose his own feelings over
God's love for those he resented.

BASHIRA

So avoid the whale?

MINISTER

I've always believed the fear of
God should come from his glory, not
his wrath. Keeping your gifts from
others isolates you as much as it
does them, if not more. Living that
way disconnects us from the very
thing that makes us 'beautiful' in
the first place. Resenting our
gifts puts us in jeopardy of losing
them forever.

BASHIRA

(to herself)

If only.

INT. MUSEUM, GALLERY -- MOMENTS LATER

Warrior 2, drawing his bow, quickly fires arrows at Estella,
deflecting them with her hands. Extends her hand again.

ESTELLA

Sleep!

(to Wendy)

My power's not working.

Rising from the couch, Wendy, reaching for her cell phone,
heads toward Morales...

WENDY

Try another spell, like 'go kill
your buddy.'

Dials a number on her cell phone...

ESTELLA

(agitated)

I'm done with spells.

(CONTINUED)

Fires an ENERGY BLAST from her hand at Warrior 2...

The assassin's form becomes transparent and the blast sails through his body, destroying the main entrance behind them as POLICE OFFICERS, arriving on the scene, prepare to breach the museum...

The blast's impact knocks the officers to the ground!

Using her super-speed, Estella abandons the battle, and transports the officers...

INT. HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

...to the medical bay, where the MEDICAL STAFF races toward the injured policemen.

INT. MUSEUM, OFFICE

The museum director examines the artifacts laying on his table as Axel counts a roll of CASH...

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

The exhibition won't be big, but it should generate some crowds. Maybe a public appearance from the team--or just you--could help?

Gunshots faintly heard in the distance...

AXEL

Wait--do you hear that?

The explosion from Estella's blast is felt. Axel's weapon VIBRATES as the lighting flickers.

AXEL

Stay here. Lock the door.

EXITS.

INT. CHURCH, SANCTUARY

Bashira's cell phone RINGS.

BASHIRA

(to the Minister)

Sorry.

(on the phone)

Yes? Understood...heading there now.

(CONTINUED)

Hangs up the phone. SIGHS.

BASHIRA (CONT'D)
Time to leave the whale.

MINISTER
Do you need a lift or can you fly?

They rise from the pew.

BASHIRA
(softly)
Years ago, that would've been a
strange question.

MINISTER
Not in the Sixties. We all thought
we could.

CHUCKLES.

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY -- LATER

BRIDESMAID 1, early 20s, paces as BRIDESMAID 2, 20s, ENTERS.

BRIDESMAID 2
She wasn't in parking lot.

BRIDESMAID 1
Why would she be?

BRIDESMAID 2
I don't know. She's not here and
that's where she should be on her
wedding day!

Throwing up her hands in frustration, Bridesmaid 2 EXITS.

INT. HOTEL, BRIDAL SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

We hear HEAVY PANTING as HUGH WENNIG, late 30s, and the
undressed BRIDE, mid-20s, having sex!

INT. HOTEL, LOUNGE -- LATER

Alone at the bar, Hugh sips whiskey. Turns around to study
the wedding reception behind him...

REVEAL: The bride and groom sharing a tender moment.

Hugh shakes his head 'no' as the couple kisses.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET, 30s, ENTERS, turning the heads of several male guests including the groom. Joining Hugh, she sips from his drink.

VIOLET
Thought you hated weddings, Hugh.

HUGH
Certain aspects I can wrap around,
Vi.

Winks at the embarrassed bride as Violet watches the silent exchange between the two.

VIOLET
You're despicable.

HUGH
Would you have me any other way?

VIOLET
I'd kill you first. They're waiting
for you.

HUGH
Back my play?

VIOLET
I'd feel better if I knew the play.

HUGH
Just gauge the room. I'll do the
rest.

Rises from his seat. Violet notices the BARTENDER wiping down the bar.

VIOLET
Leave at tip, at least.

HUGH
My sister-in-law. The job was the
tip.

VIOLET
Ah.

Heading to the main exit, Hugh shakes the groom's hand...

HUGH
Hey, congratulations.

GROOM
Oh, thanks.

Hugh and Violet EXIT as the groom turns to his bride...

GROOM (CONT'D)
(confused)
Who the hell was that?

His bride shrugs 'I don't know'.

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

A SECURITY CHIEF approaches Hugh and Violet as they pass several SECURITY GUARDS lined along the hallway...

SECURITY CHIEF
The floors been swept again, Mr.
Wennig. So has the room.

Hugh nods 'yes' as they approach a room entrance.

VIOLET
Got enough security?

HUGH
We live in insecure times, Violet.

Opens the door...

INT. HOTEL, MEETING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

...and ENTERS.

REVEAL: We see several formally-dressed CRIMINALS listening intensely as SPEARO, 60s, addresses them...

SPEARO
And, perhaps, with the unrest in
the 'Cradle'--now, we can begin.

Glares at Hugh and Violet sitting down at the end of the table.

HUGH
I was hoping to miss this part but
since I'm here, feel free to
continue, Spearo.

(CONTINUED)

CRIMINAL 1

(to Hugh)

This is your hotel, not your meeting.

HUGH

The little fish I throw back. Let me guess: gold, silver, bearer bonds?

CRIMINAL 1

Cell phones, actually.

Hugh SCOFFS.

HUGH

Oh, in that case, continue.

AWKWARD SILENCE.

SPEARO

As I was saying--.

HUGH

Quick question: what happens when they come for you and make you give it all back.

SPEARO

Who?

HUGH

Spidey. The boy wonder. I'm kidding, but, seriously--whoever the hell these things are.

Rises from his chair.

INT. MUSEUM, GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Warrior 1 kicks Morales, disarming him in the process...

Preparing for a kill strike, Warrior 1 is prevented by the appearance of Rick Axel, using his weapon as a whip, to restrain the assassin's arm!

Morales rushes over to Wendy, opening her mystic bag...

MORALES

Something good, Wolfe.

Reaching into her bag, she pulls out a HOT DOG! Morales glares at her...

(CONTINUED)

WENDY
(apologetically)
I skipped breakfast. Sorry!

Reaching back in the bag, she reveals an UZI...

WENDY
Will this work?

MORALES
As long as it doesn't shoot
Skittles.

Taking the gun, Morales shoots Warrior 1 in the back...

WENDY
In the back?

MORALES
I play for keeps.

REVEAL: Warrior 1's body absorbs the bullets and returns to normal.

MORALES
So does he.

INT. HOTEL, MEETING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

HUGH (CONT'D)
The world's turning into a comic
book. Rules change, so must our
plans. Unless you want to hijack a
stagecoach next?

CRIMINAL 1
The last few years shown the
Avalonians have a specific taste
for crime and chaos.

Glares at Violet.

HUGH
The Avalonians have their own
issues.
(to Violet)
Was he not listening when I called
him 'small fish'?

VIOLET
Guess not.

Hugh and Violet share a supportive grin.

(CONTINUED)

SPEARO

The floor is yours, Hugh.

HUGH

After California, the Avalon trust themselves less than they trust the government. That buys us time with them. The Crimson are too occupied pretending to be normal to stir the water. That's the good news. But now we have aliens, mystic relics, cybernetic assassins--Hell, a guy at the bar was telling me he thinks my valet's a vampire.

CRIMINAL 1

Bar? That explains a lot.

The other criminals SNICKER.

HUGH

Wait, you people come to these things sober? Where was I?

VIOLET

Blood suckers.

Glares at Criminal 1.

HUGH

Right. Does anyone question that's possible at this point? All of these new 'variables' make our schemes irrelevant. Unless we adapt, all of this, is a waste of time. The world governments can't control these powers now, but I assure you, they will try until they can. That means militarization and law enforcement--'supercops'. As things stand now, we will lose.

SPEARO

This union was the dominate power trust long before you were born.

HUGH

I bet the dinosaurs said the same thing.

VIOLET

Perhaps we should table this for another time. Enjoy Hugh's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET (cont'd)
refreshments and each other's
company. It's been too long.

SPEARO
Yeah, let's do that. Thank you, Mr.
Wennig for the accommodations and
commentary.

HUGH
Sure and, remember, when we take
the stagecoach, I'll need a black
horse. See who's bigger.

Winks at a FEMALE MEMBER, 70s. The members rise as the
meeting concludes leaving Hugh and Spearo staring daggers at
each other.

SUPER: SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

EXT. BEACH, OCEAN -- LATER

SUPER: M'KIAM CHABAR, 'THE ALIEN'

M'KIAM, emerging from the water, passes SUNBATHING TOURISTS
near the shoreline. Touches his temple...

EXT. STREET, SIDEWALK -- AFTERNOON

Standing in front of the cafe, under the watchful eyes of
two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, Dobbs finishes a conversation on
her cell phone...

DOBBS
(on the phone)
How did he catch a cold? He's in a
hospital...I know they have germs
there, too, which is why I'm paying
for a private room--shit--hold on!
Hello?

M'KIAM
(on the phone)
Hidden and secure.

Dobbs, recognizing M'Kiam's voice, glances back at one of
the agents...

DOBBS
(on the phone)
Keep me posted. You okay?

(CONTINUED)

M'KIAM
(on the phone)
Fine. Doesn't sound like you are.

DOBBS
(on the phone)
I'll keep you posted. Stay woke.

Hangs up as the nearby agent steps toward her.

AGENT
They're still waiting, Ma'am.

DOBBS
(sarcastically)
You mean they didn't leave?

Re-enters the cafe.

INT. CAFE, DINING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Rejoining her bosses, Dobbs sits down at the booth.

DOBBS
So where were we?

VICE PRESIDENT
You were telling us Rebel Soldier's
location.

Ending his own call, Director Hamilton sets his cell phone
on the table...

DIRECTOR HAMILTON
Before we go on, have you heard
from your pilot?

DOBBS
No, why?

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER -- MORNING

Festive music PLAYS as a cab arrives and stops beside a line
of IMPOVERISHED CITIZENS wait for breakfast...

Stoney rolls the window...

(CONTINUED)

STONEY
Recession my ass!

Opens the door and a pile of CASH BILL pours out of the backseat of cab!

The citizens eagerly race to the car...

INT. RESTAURANT, BAR -- LATER

The impoverished citizens and the cab driver enjoy a feast nearby as Stoney, mamosa in-hand, smacks a drink out of a PATRON'S hand as the two square off...

STONEY
(intensely)
What are you gonna do? What are you gonna do?

The patron reaches back to punch Stoney...

EXT. AIRPORT, LANDING STRIP -- LATER

Stoney, nude, YELLS as he, on-foot, races a private jet as it departs from the airport...

INT. SPORTS ARENA, BASKETBALL COURT -- LATER

Stoney, holding a basketball, finishes a beer as he prepares for his contest shot during halftime...

Racing toward the half-court line, Stoney stumbles and face-plants on the court as the basketball slowly rolls away!

The crowd MOANS as the home team's mascot shakes his head 'no'.

EXT. SPORTS ARENA, ADMISSION GATE -- LATER

Two police officer drag Stoney out of the building...

STONEY
(slurred)
I'm never going to jail again.
Diplomatic community!

WRETCHES...

End of Montage.

INT. CAFE, DINING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

AWKWARD SILENCE.

DIRECTOR MEIGS

Given time restraints, let me just say that I trust Ambassador Dobbs to handle that situation professionally and in-house.

(to Dobbs)

Rebel Soldier?

DOBBS

Right. Yeah, I don't know. Vinoc has part-time status, more of a break-glass-in-case-of-emergency guy.

VICE PRESIDENT

We believe he's involved in the murder of twenty-seven men. I'd say this qualifies as an 'emergency'. Wouldn't you?

DOBBS

I'm not currently tracking his whereabouts. With all of our satellites, can't you?

SILENCE.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

(surprised)

You can't?

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Seven countries are currently looking. He'll be found.

VICE PRESIDENT

And your team's 'diplomatic privilege' won't matter a bit when we do.

Locks eyes with Dobbs who, understanding, nods 'yes'.

INT. MUSEUM, GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Gripping his whip, Axel notices a small leather bag landing near his feet. Looking up, he spies Warrior 2, still holding his bow and a flaming arrow!

(CONTINUED)

Warrior 2 shoots the flaming arrow towards the bag and Axel's weapon morphs from a whip to a metal shield deflecting the arrow...

Mocking Warrior 2, Axel confidently grabs his crotch...

Agitated, Warrior 2 reveals duel swords as Axel's shield morphs into duel blades...

Wendy empties her mystic bag and marbles roll onto the floor causing Warrior 1 to fall to the ground.

WENDY

Taste the rainbow, bitch!

Notices Morales glaring at her.

WENDY

I thought marbles might work better.

MORALES

"Taste the rainbow?" Man, you're a foodie.

WENDY

(apologetically)

It's the most important meal.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY

Standing at the front door, Ava receives a large food bag from a DELIVERY MAN...

Closes her front door...

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

...and re-enters her home.

Ava studies the 'loading bar' on her custom computer before setting the bag on the table in front of Xi Xen, who sniffs curiously...

AVA

Still got awhile, O.G.; here's some grub. Authentic, too. Not the fried junk being pushed back home.

REVEAL: Opening the bag, we see gourmet Asian food as Ava prepares Xi Xen's plate.

(CONTINUED)

XI XEN

You don't fear me? I was dead. Now I live. This isn't strange to you?

AVA

O.G., I'm from the Westside.
'Strange' is just Saturday to me.
Might have read up on you a little, too. Not much written, but it seems like you were a pretty decent dude. Helped your people out.

XI XEN

They repaid me with betrayal.

AVA

They covered that shit up, huh?
That's how they got my cousin.

XI XEN

(eagerly)

He was a king? So you are royalty?

Ava LAUGHS upsetting Xi Xen...

Rising defiantly from the table, Xi knocks his plate onto the kitchen floor!

XI XEN [IN MANDARIN]

I did not weather time to be mocked!

AVA [IN MANDARIN]

I didn't mock you; I was mocking my cousin...and myself.

XI XEN

You know our language?

Ava shrugs 'yeah'.

AVA

Jamar wasn't a king--king of the street maybe. Truth is, I think he did more serving than being served. Foods getting cold.

Points her fork at the food on the floor as Xi Xen, humbled, glares at the mess.

XI XEN

I have offended you and disrespected your meal. I am wrong for this.

(CONTINUED)

AVA [IN MANDARIN]
Hungry, too.

XI XEN
Forgive me, Ava.

AVA
It's cool, pimpin'. Some of us
prefer plates, but different
strokes--.

Ava, intrigued, studies Xi Xen as he starts to kneel to the floor to recover his food...

AVA (CONT'D)
No, share with me.

Xi Xen, surprised, rises and moves his chair beside Ava, handing him a clean fork.

XI XEN
(softly)
Thank you.

They silently continue their meal.

INT. CAR, BACKSEAT -- LATER

Looking at the Capitol building, Dobbs SIGHS as Director Meigs rubs his face.

DIRECTOR MEIGS
That wasn't what we discussed
beforehand.

DOBBS
We didn't really prep--.

DIRECTOR MEIGS
Not you. Hamilton. He knew where my
concerns were and Tasker showing up
was only mentioned, not confirmed.
A lot of concern over dead
mercenaries.

DOBBS
If I may, what is your concern?

DIRECTOR MEIGS
Bashira Brice. A mob enforcer that
can summon the Angel of Death?

(CONTINUED)

DOBBS

To her credit, sir, she hasn't yet.

DIRECTOR MEIGS

Wake up, Ashley. She's the most powerful person in the world.

INT. MUSEUM, GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Axel matches Warrior 2 strike for strike...

Bashira ENTERS the gallery and places her hand on the back of Warrior 2's head...

REVEAL: Warrior 2's eyes turn completely dark as he swings blindly into the air while Axel, lowering his guard, steps back...

WENDY

(to Bashira)

Well, that was fast.

BASHIRA

Godspeed, kid.

Bashira calmly walks over to Warrior 1, rising from the ground, and repeats the process on the first assassin!

Bashira joins Wendy and Morales...

MORALES

Plague of darkness? Brilliant.

BASHIRA

They're down, not out.

Axel tricks the blinded warriors into a fight between the two as the team, amused watches...

MORALES

Rick, dissolve and conquer!

Morales, pulling another HANDGUN from Wendy's bag SHOTS Warrior 1's hand disarming him...

Bashira, waving her hand, removes the darkness from Warrior 1...

AXEL

(to Warrior 1)

Hey, catch.

(CONTINUED)

Tosses his weapon to Warrior 1. Upon grabbing the weapon's handle, Warrior 1 gets absorbed into the weapon...

WENDY

Good call, Morales.

MORALES

I was starting to feel useless.

BASHIRA

As opposed to what?

MORALES

Ouch.

WENDY

Zing.

Grabbing his mystic weapon, Axel stabs Warrior 2 in the chest with the as his teammates groan sympathetically.

AXEL

No, that's a 'zing'. What? You forget the part where he tried to kill us?

WENDY

(softly)

So brutal.

MORALES

(softly)

No honor.

BASHIRA

I've done that bef--nevermind.

Grabbing the weapon handle, Warrior 2 dissolves while attempting to pull the blade from his chest.

WENDY

All-in-all, a job well done?

REVEAL: The team skeptically scans the damaged room.

WENDY

Nevermind.

Kneeling, Wendy, SIGHING, removes STACKS OF CASH from her mystic bag as an antique portrait falls behind them.

(CONTINUED)

MORALES
Where's Estella?

INT. HOSPITAL, TRAUMA ROOM

Estella watches from the door as the medical staff continues treating one of the fallen officers...

The policeman is revived and Estella, relieved, SIGHS as the staff glares back at her.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING, MEETING ROOM -- LATER

JOURNALISTS and POLITICIANS surround Dobbs as she sits in front of the CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE...

REVEAL: One of the Committee members was also present at Hugh Wennig's criminal meeting.

SENATOR
I know that members of this committee have prepared questions for you, but before we get to those, Ambassador Dobbs, are you prepared to comment on the American Art Museum attack earlier today?

DOBBS
The attack--?

SENATOR
Members of your team were involved in a fight that destroyed several U.S. artifacts. Oh, look; it appears another member on your team was just arrested at a college basketball game for drunk and disorderly conduct.

The cameras zoom in on Dobbs, closing her eyes as she listens to the senator's description...

SENATOR (CONT'D)
Perhaps you'd prefer a short break to find out what your team is destroying now?

Dobbs forces a smile.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, BALCONY -- EVENING

Violet joins Hugh, staring at the skyline. Glares down.
REVEAL: At the valet area, we see Criminal 1 entering a dark sedan on the street below.

HUGH
I was hoping for a song, Violet.

VIOLET
They know you're right, just too outdated to do anything about it.

HUGH
Which is why I was hoping for a song.

Violet rubs his shoulder. Notices the VALET, 20s, below.

VIOLET
Looks normal enough.

HUGH
So do you, my dear.

VIOLET
What are you planning, Hugh?

HUGH
A fishing trip.

EXT. PMC TRAINING CENTER, CAMP

Vinoc's eyes transition to NIGHT VISION. Using his super agility, he creeps stealthily past PMC GUARDS into the base which has now gone dark for the night...

We hear coyotes HOWLING. Distracted by the noise, a guard is oblivious to Vinoc stealing the guard's SIDEARM directly out of his holster...

Approaching Rhett Hannibal's trailer, Vinoc cocks the hammer on his weapon. Reaches for the door as the hawk from earlier shrieks warningly.

Hearing several guns being primed behind him, Vinoc finds himself surrounded by several armed PMC troops, including the ones from the service station and a Rhett Hannibal body-double!

The real Rhett Hannibal opens his trailer door and glares smugly at Vinoc...

(CONTINUED)

RHETT HANNIBAL
Rebel Soldier.

VINOC
Commander Hannibal.

RHETT HANNIBAL
It's been a long time, Vinoc.
You've been busy.

VINOC
I haven't even started.

RHETT HANNIBAL
Really? Because I think you're
done.

One guard, hearing something on the ground looks down.

GUARD
Sir.

REVEAL: On the ground, we see a bed of VENOMOUS SNAKES
surrounding the soldiers previously fixated on Vinoc!

Rhett Hannibal, spotting the coyotes prowling in the
distance, waves off his soldiers, lowering their weapons...

Vinoc, enjoying the advantage, offers Rhett Hannibal the
last of his trail mix...

VINOC
It's really good. Why so sour,
commander? You of all people should
have an affection for the 'dogs of
war'.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Criminal 1 is sitting in front of his computer.

REVEAL: We see Hugh Wennig's profile on the computer
monitor.

HUGH
I hate taking pictures.

Appearing from behind, Hugh stabs Criminal 1 with a
meathook.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH (CONT'D)

They never do me justice.

Leans into the dying man, paralyzed in shock.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I was wrong. You're not small.

Twists the meathook and EXITS.

EXT. BUILDING, ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Estella is meditating...

WARRIOR 1 (V.O.)

The emperor sends his love....

Opening her eyes, we see Estella's pupils start to glow as she stares at the skyline.

Bashira appears and, leaning her back against the railing, places her hand on Estella's shoulder, calming her teammate as they stand together...

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Sitting on the recliner, Xi Xen, analyzes the chair. Pulling the leg extension lever, he smiles in delight as Ava looks inside her refrigerator...

AVA

I have beer. I guess you were more of a wine guy back then, or sake.

Ava, holding two beers, grins slightly at the sight.

XI XEN

When did your beloved pass away?

AVA

(confused)

My--yeah, I never married.

Removes the bottle caps.

AVA

Love's not for everyone. Plus, I think you have to be nice for that type of thing.

(CONTINUED)

XI XEN

I don't understand.

AVA

You picked a wrong time to wake up. Nobody likes anybody anymore. Heck, nobody likes themselves which is weird because we're all so selfish. I am sorry about your woman, but you're not missing much these days in the way of love.

Ketur re-enters through the front door.

KETUR

We have to go.

Passes a duffel bag to Ava as she scans a live security feed on her computer screen.

XI XEN

(to Ketur)

Estella?

AVA

No, Beijing.

XI XEN (IN MANDARIN)

(aggravated)

Beijing? In my borders?

AVA

That's for me, actually. I was working with them on something else when I developed this from the scraps in the alien ship. The Chinese thought when they canned me, they could keep both. We'll take the fire escape. Can you?

Gestures toward the wall...

Joining her, Xi Xen punches the outer wall and, feeling around momentarily, withdraws his hand..

AVA (CONT'D)

Easy. We'll use the window.

Stepping beside Xi Xen, Ava removes an exotic case from inside the wall.

(CONTINUED)

AVA
Waste not, want not.

Chugs her beer.

XI XEN
Retreating from a lesser enemy is
dishonorable.

AVA
I get that you're some kind of
bad-ass, but I just hack, man.

XI XEN
Hack?

Ava scurries to the window. Opens it and sticks one leg
through it...

AVA
What's it gonna be, king?

We hear LOUD KNOCKING at the door as the POLICE OFFICERS
wait intensely in the hallway...

XI XEN
I was no king.

Turns around as the policemen barge through the door...

XI XEN (CONT'D)
I am their emperor!

Projecting an energy blast from his hand, Xi Xen incinerates
the officers!

AVA
Whoa! Hey, man!

XI XEN
I will use the door.

Flanked by Ketur, Xi Xen EXITS through the hallway.

AVA
I should've married the dentist.
Could've all been different.

Stepping away from the window, Ava pursues her new
clients...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

...discovering a trail of fresh corpses!

REVEAL: The dead bodies are distorted and mystically pinned to the ceiling and walls.

Ava catches up to Ketur and Xi Xen, strangling his final victim. Xi Xen looks back at Ava...

XI XEN

I hack, too.

Prepares to deliver a killing blow...

REVEAL: Ava spots a wedding band on the policeman's left hand.

AVA

He's married!

Confused, Xi Xen freezes.

AVA (CONT'D)

The gold band on his finger--it means he's married. He has someone. Like you did. Like you do. Don't take that from her. Don't become what you hate.

Xi Xen releases the policeman.

KETUR [IN MANDARIN]

(to the policeman)

Don't pursue us again.

AVA

This way. Come on.

XI XEN

No need to run. You're with me.

Xi Xen and Ketur follow Ava into the alley...

The nearby lights go dark as the traumatized policeman, ignoring the incoming dispatch, watches the trio escape.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, BAR -- LATER

Wendy talks to a MALE PATRON, as, nearby, Morales and Axel finish their drinks...

MORALES

You feeling like an assassin, yet?

AXEL

No, but I might wash Estella's feet.

They chuckle.

MORALES

Aany extra feedback from that thing? You get their training, but never any thoughts or feelings?

AXEL

It doesn't speak to me, man. It's more instinctual. I just know what to do without really knowing. This thing's absorbed a lot. I don't think anyone could wield it and stay sane if it was any other way.

The bartender brings two more drinks to them as Violet emerges on stage and starts singing...

Wendy, falling into a hypnotic trance due to Violet's voice, abandons the male patron and approaches the stage...

REVEAL: The rest of the patrons, including Morales and Axel, remain unaffected by Violet's voice.

AXEL

What about you? All of this has got to be a mindbender.

Morales, indifferent, shrugs 'whatever'. CHUCKLES.

MORALES

(humored)

"Wash her feet."

Axel rises from his seat...

AXEL

I'm hitting the head.

(CONTINUED)

EXITS as Morales spots coverage of Dobbs' Congressional committee hearing on television and sees Dobbs' facial reaction to the news of their museum skirmish frozen on-screen...

MORALES
(to himself)
Ooo, that is not the reaction you
want to have there.

Spots the male patron returning to the bar...

MORALES
(to Male Patron)
Hey, that girl--she's good people.
Treat her right or--.

MALE PATRON
Whatever, man, she ditched me for
some chick!

Morales looks around the room for Wendy and realizes she's gone.

MORALES
(surprised)
Hmph.

Motioning to the bartender, Morales orders another cocktail.

INT. SEDAN, BACKSEAT -- MOMENTS LATER

Wendy, hypnotized, and Violet step inside where Hugh is calmly sipping whiskey...

The car starts moving.

VIOLET
You took his car? Ass.

HUGH
We're the bad guys, darling. Never
forget that.
(to Wendy)
Hello?

SILENCE.

VIOLET
(to Wendy)
Give him your bag.

Wendy tosses her bag to Hugh...

(CONTINUED)

Opening it, Hugh's eyes widen as he looks inside the bag.

HUGH
(impressed)
Six-six, two-fifty. Okay, ditch the
witch.

VIOLET
(to Wendy)
Open the door. Jump out.

Wendy reaches for the door handle...

HUGH
Vi?

VIOLET
(to Wendy)
Wait.
(to Hugh)
What? I wanted to see if she's
'breakable'.

HUGH
(to the driver)
Pull over.

The car stops as Violet glares at Hugh.

VIOLET
I thought you were the bad guy.

HUGH
I was a gentleman first.

Raises his glass to Wendy.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Wendy EXITS the car as the sedan drives off. As the trance ends, Wendy, befuddled, realizes her new surroundings and that her bag is missing.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, RESTROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Washing his hands, Axel spots a FEMALE PATRON, mid-20s,
ENTERS...

AXEL
Wrong door, honey.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE PATRON
Rick Axel?

Axel turns and faces her.

FEMALE PATRON
Then, it's the right door, honey.

Axel reaches for his mystic weapon, disguised as a pen, as the woman reaches in her purse and reveals a digital recorder.

FEMALE PATRON
Easy, hero. I bring a gift from friends in high places.

Presses 'play' and audio from Dobbs' cafe meeting is heard.

RECORDER
"So you don't have a problem arresting Axel?...Sir, I don't have a problem terminating Axel."

FEMALE PATRON
I know the first voice. Recognize the second?

INT. AIRPORT, HANGAR BAY -- LATER

Wearing only his underwear, STONEY, surrounded by empty beer bottles, opens his eyes and sits up...

REVEAL: A group of confused ASIAN BUSINESSMEN, 40s-50s, are watching him...

STONEY
Y'all have a safe flight!

Ignoring Stoney, the businessmen board their jet.

Grabbing an empty bottle, Stoney studies the label...

STONEY (CONT'D)
I drank that? Ugh.

Shakes head 'no' as he recognizes a different bottle.

STONEY (CONT'D)
Oh, I remember you?

Stoney receives a text message on his CHIMING cell phone, laying nearby...

(CONTINUED)

REVEAL: Text message: a link to a wedding engagement between Cera Boggins, 32, to Odell Craig, 34, in Rome, GA.

STONEY (CONT'D)
(softly)
Thanks, Mom.

Swiping his phone, he sees a picture of ODELL and CERA...

Setting the phone down, Stoney snatches a half-empty bottle and takes a swig as Dobbs returns...

DOBBS
"Diplomatic community?"

Sees the engagement photo on Stoney's phone.

STONEY
Where are the others?

DOBBS
Celebrating 'life'.

Sensing the innuendo, Stoney nods 'yes'.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
Jet ready?

STONEY
They finished this morning.

DOBBS
How soon before you can fly?

STONEY
Half-day.

DOBBS
Take a full one. Xen's gotta sleep too--I think.

STONEY
That's generous.

DOBBS
Guess it's spreading, Santa.

Heading toward the plane, she calls Vinoc's number on her cell phone. No answer.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
Damn you, Vinoc.

(CONTINUED)

Looks back at Stoney who, consoling, offers the bottle to her. Ignoring the gesture, Dobbs continues toward the private jet...

STONEY

Hey, the clear bottles in the cargo bay--don't drink from those. Sorry, I'll get rid of that!

Attempting to stand Stoney falters as Dobbs, rolling her eyes, boards the plane.

INT. PLANE, RESTROOM -- LATER

Dressed down, Dobbs, dries her hair.

INT. PLANE, PASSENGER SEATING -- MOMENTS LATER

Stepping out of the bathroom, Dobbs, towel in-hand, finds Bashira sound asleep in a chair...

Grabbing a quilt from the overhead compartment, Dobbs covers Bashira's body.

Walks to the cockpit...

INT. PLANE, COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

...and, locking the door, she removes a HI-TECH DEVICE device from underneath a seat...

DOBBS

Numbers, scan perimeter...

HI-TECH DEVICE

Perimeter secured, Ambassador.

DOBBS

Search global Intel for 'Gary Tasker'. Cross reference with 'The Monarchs'.

HI-TECH DEVICE

Searching. Do you believe the Vice President is endanger?

DOBBS

Numbers, I think he might be the danger.

(CONTINUED)

THE END.

"DOBBS DECODED": An unauthorized glimpse into the former operative's secret team files (to be aired in trailers and at the end-credits)

NAME: The Monarchs

OCCUPATION: World government leaders

SKILLS: Leadership, Diplomacy, Negotiations, Political/military strategist.

ABILITIES: Control of individual governments, international armies, and nuclear weapons caches

("A poor man is worried about never having enough, but a rich man is worried about losing what he already has.")

My old man used to say that. I think it applies here. Except instead of wealth, power is the sacred prize. This may be the shortest of my entries because, frankly, there is little I know about who the monarchs really are. What little I know of them comes from an anonymous letter of warning I found in my hotel room...

"The monarchs are moving against you."

I found the note after I realized they had poisoned my food. Yeah.

(Morales thought the gentle nature of the poison used was a courtesy as opposed to a bullet in my head. Polite or not, I'm sour on the idea of anyone murdering me...EVER.)

They oppose the continued existence of Estella and Bashira, (after their resurrection and possession, respectfully), and they want Axel locked away for life (which I wouldn't necessarily move heaven and earth to prevent). Nevertheless, they tried to kill me. Now, they have my full attention.

What little I've deduced is that The Monarchs are really foreign leaders: men and women with absolute power over their countries with no system of government to challenge their behavior (Damn, that sure narrows the list). They don't answer to any political system. They can't be replaced or overthrown using civil measures and there lies the problem.

I'm not as concerned with their identities as much as a solution to their opposition. Regardless of how I feel about

(CONTINUED)

the people who want to murder me, they ARE world leaders. An attack on one of them is a declaration of war between that particular nation and the stars and stripes (or maybe just me). My team has the strength of several armies, but we joined together to prevent World War III, not exacerbate it's initiation. Ironically, I believe this to be the source of their discontent.

Powerful people like that have spent their entire lives answering to no one. They are honored and revered. They don't make requests, only commands. They may be willing to berate each other in public, but it's part of the game. Each understands the image of strength they must portray for the confidence of their nation, so little offense is taken by the recipient.

Point is, these spoiled bastards have been told all of their lives that the buck stopped with them. They haven't had to answer to anyone because nobody had the power to challenge them...until the wrong box got opened. Now, they live in fear, something they are not accustomed to and that, boys and girls, breeds resentment.

Rebel Soldier has suggested retaliation in the form of guerilla strikes against non-human targets once we learn the identity of my attackers. I don't know about that (though the thought was appreciated). What I know is that when the leaders are mad, the people suffer their wrath. More disturbing to me is that, of all my team, the suggestion came from Vinoc.

End of the day, all diplomacy and official formalities aside, I'm getting sick of these muthafuckas trying to kill me....

NAME: Vinoc

CODENAME: Rebel Soldier

OCCUPATION: Naba Tribal Leader/UN operative

SKILLS: Hand-to-hand combatant, diplomat, Western-world education, weapons training, In depth knowledge of African nations and cultures

ABILITIES: HEAT RESISTANCE, ENHANCED IMMUNE SYSTEM AND RECOVERY, ANIMAL MANIPULATION, NATURE REVITALIZATION

(I despise Axel, pity Bashira, and resent Estella...but I love me some Vinoc).

(CONTINUED)

Yeah, I said it. Not like his wife did, I'm sure, but I respect the hell out of the guy. If people like Hannibal, Estella, and Axel are 'sandpaper to my soul', Vinoc is the ointment. The healing component. To experience the level of suffering he has and still be so gentle in his words and actions to others is inspiring.

To be clear, I have no illusions about the man. When Vinoc was a child, he was taken from his family and raised in a neighboring rebel army. He doesn't speak much about that time except to mention that he left on his own. Judging from his reaction when the subject comes up, it wasn't on good terms.

Returning to the Naba tribe, Vinoc made a life for himself and his new family, uniting not only his people, but the neighboring tribes to form a peaceful coalition. Then, his brother betrayed him for the reasons one's sibling usually will, and Black Camelot was gone (racist?) Then, shit got real...

When the mercs set in on his people, it was par for the course in that part of the world: bullets and bloodstones. Vinoc's 'death' was much more personal, probably a request of his brother. The mercs bound him to the dirt, covered him in the blood and skins of his own people and decided to let Africa kill him. It didn't. It gave him new life. From his account, the animals protected him and brought food. The harsh elements washed over him, but he didn't die. Lying half-dead, looking at the sky day and night, he said he saw God.

I know, I would probably roll my eyes too, if the results weren't so unbelievable. Vinoc escaped (said he 'got up') and went on the bloodiest one-man war I had ever heard of. I don't know what the rebels taught him as a kid, but I know it wasn't how to do that. Also, the guy has an unusual relationship with animals now. When I found him, he was living in the desert, sleeping at a campfire, surrounded by almost ever predatorial animal on the continent. It looked like naptime at my son's daycare (Note: delete that last part later. I'm on a roll).

As a result of his experience, Vinoc now has a kinship with nature. Like Estella and Bashira, being on his native land enhances his abilities. Difference is, for Vinoc, nature is everywhere. Swimming in a lake, eating vegetation, sleeping in the forest have all shown considerable effects on his physiology. He's shown resistance to extreme weather conditions which could come in handy given our future destinations. He's also now immune to toxins and poisons, which comes in handy during dinner time. The guy volunteers to taste our food for poisons. Trust me when I say that shit

(CONTINUED)

matters. Helps bring the team together and it has kept me alive several times (more on that later).

Despite his handle, Rebel Soldier's least valuable skill to me is that of being warrior (though, he is a bad dude). I've got more than enough powerhouses on the squad, but Vinoc's the glue that holds us. He is the 'last' of his African tribe (technically, there's another left...for now), a fact that endears him to Estella. The divine intervention in his survival connects him to Bashira and Axel's newly acquired military and fighting acumen have made them ideal training partners. We see a lot of shit out here that bothers me. Vinoc's presence keeps me steady, and grounds me in truth and goodness. You literally want to be a better person just standing near the guy. Still, his devotion to revenge won't allow him to commit full-time. I've offered my resources, but Vinoc knows the identity and whereabouts of all the mercs responsible for the genocide. He just knows. More disturbing is he hasn't been wrong yet. I guess God told him.

His one-man war aside, Rebel Soldier is on the target list for several governments. One of the reasons I know I'm smarter than everyone else is because where they see a mark, I see the greatest spy in History. A good operative needs eyes everywhere (or so I'm told) and Rebel Soldier, through the animal kingdom, literally has eyes everywhere. He can communicate with them which allows us to relay information off the grid. On second thought, I'm starting to see why they would REALLY want him dead. Still, a weapon in your hand is a weapon in mine after I TAKE it. I recruited him and he believes in our cause if nothing more than to bring balance to the world, nature, and the spiritual realm again. How we do that is beyond me, but Vinoc is crucial to that process.

Being with us has kept the vultures at bay for now. Best thing to do is to keep watching each other's backs. I don't mind the view if he doesn't.