

BEND

by

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U.S. Pending

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FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

PETROVIK SIDOROV, 30, fierce silver eyes, races up a stairwell, slips on trash -- lands on his ass.

Slow to rise, reaches for his left shoulder blade, feels a fresh PUNCTURE WOUND, recoils from the pain, exits into a --

LONG CORRIDOR

Leaky ceiling, boarded up apartment doors, garbage and graffiti everywhere.

He sees a BUSTED WINDOW at the end of the moonlit hallway, sprints for it...

AT THE WINDOW -- spots a rusty fire escape. Petrovik hops onto the window sill, hand grips the frame, leans out...

WHACK

A *throwing dagger* practically severs his right MIDDLE finger -- sticks into the wood. Blood sprays, DIGIT dangles momentarily, then falls to the floor -- a Soviet-emblem RUBY RING still attached to the knuckle...

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

TOP FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE -- TENTH FLOOR

Petrovik crashes onto a steel LANDING, tightly clutches his finger stump -- HOWLS like a wounded lion.

Rights himself, painfully climbs up ladder rungs -- finds himself on...

THE ROOF

He scans... small vents, not big enough for hiding, hobbles aimlessly, sees a --

ROOF TOP DOOR -- decides to run for it...

Swings open the door, unexpectedly collides with --

TERRY CONRAD, 25, techie-type, slightly over-weight -- wears a blue and red baseball jacket. Professional camera and press credentials dangle from around his neck.

TERRY
 Sorry, my bad.

A startled Petrovik grabs USHERS and then PUSHES Terry off the roof -- tangled together, both upend and disappear...

LOOKING OVER THE PARAPET --

Both men scream. Petrovik falls ten stories, smashes onto a pile of debris -- bounces straight up before soft-landing. Lucky bastard may actually survive.

ON TERRY -- clutching the edge, feet dangle a hundred feet high...

TERRY
 Help!

He glances downward -- a clearing of concrete is where he'll meet his maker. Looks up, sees --

HER FACE

Black half-mask. Black feathers arranged in jet-black hair. Call her **BIRD GIRL** for now -- early 20s in age.

TERRY (cont'd)
 I can't hold...

Bird Girl leaps on top of the parapet, squats on stiletto boot heels -- cat-like balance ready to pounce at a moments notice.

Black latex tightly stretched over her lean bod. Seductive straps crisscrossing against ripped abs. Dozens of silver daggers strapped to her arms and legs.

TERRY (cont'd)
 Please!

She sneers at her wounded prey -- *Petrovik*, who climbs down from the pile of trash, clutches his rib cage as he stares directly up and back at her -- displays a look: *how the hell is he still alive?*

Bird Girl leans -- like she wants to jump down after the Russian, instead extends both hands...

and flips him the double *BIRD*.

TERRY (cont'd)
 Oh God, I'm gonna die!

Petrovik instinctively raises his right hand to return the gesture -- CAN'T -- he'd need a middle finger to do that! Switches to his left hand to accomplish the deed.

He turns, stumbles and then disappears into a dark alleyway -- quickly as his battered body will allow.

TERRY (cont'd)
I'm slipping...!

Bird Girl eyeballs Terry, leans over, reaches down... grabs his ear -- tugs on it. He winces.

BIRD GIRL
Who are you? Why you been following me?

TERRY
I work for the Brooklyn Voice -- doing a story... please, help!

She sighs, grabs him by his jacket, struggles to pull him up and over the edge -- *ain't an easy task!*

BIRD GIRL
You weigh a ton. How bout laying off the Cheetos?

TERRY
Thank you. You saved...

A final tug and he's safely on the roof. He awkwardly rolls onto her legs.

BIRD GIRL
Get your fat ass off me!

Her heel drives him into the side of the wall.

BIRD GIRL (cont'd)
What kinda girl you think I am?

TERRY
You're... *the Vigilante.*

Bird Girl releases him, executes a kick-up -- lands gracefully onto her feet.

BIRD GIRL
That's a stupid word -- *HATE IT!*
Cuz' of you that asshole got away.

TERRY
He tried to kill me!

BIRD GIRL
Fucker's dead anyways.

She draws a serrated dagger, swiftly cuts the strap on his CAMERA.

TERRY
Hey, careful. That's brand new!

She holds, activates it and cycles through...

PICTURE OF --

Bird Girl as she runs full speed down an alley...

BIRD GIRL
(approving)
Mm hmm.

PICTURE OF --

Bird Girl as she leaps from the roof of a car...

BIRD GIRL (cont'd)
Nice. Action shot.

PICTURE OF --

Bird Girl as she climbs over a wall, close-up of her *butt*.

BIRD GIRL (cont'd)
What the hell!?!?

TERRY
Sorry. Everybody's talking about
you -- the hero who's cleaning up
the streets of Brooklyn.

She chuckles, deletes the pictures, tosses back his camera.

BIRD GIRL
Hero...?
(off the I.D. card)
... wait, you ain't a reporter --
you work in the fucking mail room!

She handstands, cartwheels, then continues into an upright strut -- makes for the rooftop door.

TERRY

You're right -- I'm not yet a reporter. I nail an interview with you and the paper will definitely make me a junior writer.

He follows her.

BIRD GIRL

In that case, I still don't give a shit.

TERRY

People are desperate these days. You represent hope. I can tell the whole world your story!

Bird Girl opens the door, about to leave the roof...

TERRY (cont'd)

You have my word and my trust. We can sit, talk -- have some Chinese food or something.

She stops, spins on a dime, *stares at him in amazement* -- her EMERALD eyes sparkling in the bright moonlight.

BIRD GIRL

What did you just say?

TERRY

Umm, I give you my word...?

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Terry sits, mouth ajar, his wide-eyed-look directed across a table and at Bird Girl who slurps --

CHICKEN LO-MEIN -- with a plastic fork -- *and loves it!*

BIRD GIRL

(mouth full of noodles)

Mmm, this is... *AHH-MAZING!* What place you get it from?

TERRY

Pao Chon, four blocks away.

He stares. She continues to shovel it home...

BIRD GIRL
No chop-sticks? How come they never
give you chop-sticks anymore?

TERRY
I think you have to ask for 'em.

Terry recoils from her lack of table manners.

TERRY (cont'd)
The shrimp's where it's at.

BIRD GIRL
I'm all-in with the chicken. You
gonna eat your egg roll?

He offers his plate. She snatches it, *animal-like*, watches
his every movement.

TERRY
How long you been a vigil -- I
mean, umm... Good Samaritan?

BIRD GIRL
I dunno.

TERRY
You have a bat-cave or something?

BIRD GIRL
A what?

TERRY
You know -- a secret safe house,
where you keep your knives...
(swallows)
... and skin-tight outfits?

She chortles, adjusts, snaps her latex shirt to cover more
of her boobs -- no dice -- definitely a size too small.

Terry's jaw drops.

BIRD GIRL
You mean... where do I live?

TERRY
Not specifically where, and not
that I can't keep a secret. Just,
like... generally?

Her eyes scan the room, sees a life-sized cardboard cut-out
of BATMAN -- snickers, then appears confused...

BIRD GIRL

I dunno.

She sticks the egg roll half-way into her mouth -- bites down, winks at him then swallows -- smiles, reaches back, begins to take off her mask...

TERRY

Hold on, what are you doing?

She pauses, tilts her head like an inquiring puppy...

BIRD GIRL

It's uncomfortable -- *HAAATTE*
IITTT!

TERRY

You gotta keep your identity secret, that's how this works.

BIRD GIRL

How what works? You just said I can trust you. You lied?!?

TERRY

Ya, *no!* You *can* trust me. It's just dangerous to divulge your identity. We have to be extra cautious here.

She exhales, leans back in her chair, ripe with sarcasm...

BIRD GIRL

Whatever you say, mail-room Terry Conrad. Got enough for your story?

TERRY

(frustratingly)
NO! You haven't told me anything yet!

She leaps onto the table directly in front of him, falls into a splits, grabs him by the collar and pulls him in close -- displays: *a silver throwing dagger.*

Terry had to have peed a little.

BIRD GIRL

I cut things...

... throws the dagger across the room at his AVENGERS POSTER -- hits Thor directly in his lady-hammer...

BIRD GIRL (cont'd)
 ... but I can't be cut.

She lets go of Terry, displays another knife -- holds and points it upwards...

... takes her other palm, hovers it horizontally and above the top of the blade -- which then drops down onto the steel -- the knife begins pushing its way through the middle of her hand but doesn't puncture or penetrate the top...

... and keeps on going!

The sharp outline of the dagger fully emerges above the top of her hand. Her skin tightly stretches way beyond normal tearing limits.

She flinches, almost climaxes at the experience -- but there's no blood, no emerging knife, just an unbelievable morphing of her skin and bone as it assimilates the shape of the blade.

TERRY
 Holyyyy shit!

She pulls out the dagger. Displays the demented hand shape -- where there should be a leaking hole: *nothing!*

Bird Girl pushes the top of her hand back into place like it was made of Play-Doh or something. With a little help, it completely restores to normal.

TERRY (cont'd)
 How... how did you do that?

BIRD GIRL
 I dunno. Makes me hungry though.

TERRY
 You have superpowers! I knew it!
 You're a righteous superhero, and
 you're in my living room -- so
 cool.

She looks around his crib -- superhero figurines galore.

BIRD GIRL
 That's not really how I roll.

TERRY
 What's your super-name?

BIRD GIRL

Huh?

TERRY

Your superhero name?

BIRD GIRL

I d...

TERRY

... and don't say: "I dunno."

She hops onto her feet, touches the ceiling, acrobatically dives off the table, shoulder rolls -- arrives in his studio kitchen, fully upright and ready for anything.

TERRY

I gotta have a super-name for my super-story.

She cautiously opens the door to his refrigerator, glances inside...

BIRD GIRL

Oh my... GOD!

TERRY

What? What is it?

Terry rushes into the kitchen of his modest studio.

BIRD GIRL

Look at all the junk food. You actually eat this stuff?

She cracks up, completely swings open the door.

TERRY

Oh, right. Original Ghostbusters was a classic.

BIRD GIRL

Ghost-what?

The refrigerator is packed with processed food. She grabs, reads a container -- smiles, glances at his mid-section...

BIRD GIRL

You know they make fat-free milk now, right?

She gulps from it, wipes her milky chin, belches -- *laughs*.

TERRY

Classy. Your superhero name should give hope to the innocent and instill fear in the guilty.

BIRD GIRL

With the names again! Like I wanna be a superhero.

TERRY

Superheroes don't have a choice. They are bound by the um... the super-code.

BIRD GIRL

The super-code?!? C'MON!

Even Terry doesn't believe his own line.

TERRY

Anyway, I'm thinking: Raven.

BIRD GIRL

Is that more of your comic book shit?

TERRY

Ya, I mean, you kinda look like her. What do you think?

BIRD GIRL

HAATTE ITT! I love birds, but a raven? They eat road kill -- like, dead dogs and shit.

TERRY

Yet, you... love Chinese food?

Her wicked stare almost burns through the mask.

TERRY (cont'd)

Unless you come up with something better, I'm using Raven.

She dives onto his couch, crosses her legs, extends her boots across the coffee table, scratches... *herself!*

BIRD GIRL

Fine. *Whaat--ev--ahh!*

Bird Girl is now known as: **RAVEN**

TERRY
 (excitedly)
 Hey, can you teleport and project
 your soul?

She tilts her head, rolls her eyes -- continues scratching.

RAVEN
 Costume itches like mad.

Terry pulls up a chair, note-pad in hand -- eager to begin.

TERRY
 It's an outfit, not a costume. In
 my article, we'll call it a uniform
 of justice. Now, tell me all about
 the first time you used your
 powers?

RAVEN
 We're gonna need more Chinese.

He dials a number on his cell, awaits an answer...

RAVEN (cont'd)
 Don't forget the chop sticks.

TERRY
 This is great... you said we, like
 we're a team -- reminds me of
 Superman and Jimmy Olsen.

RAVEN
 Oh, *hell-no!*

TERRY
 Okay, tell-me-tell-me, first time
 you discovered this power?

Her eyes shift while reluctantly thinking...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. RUSSIA - DAY

Ten miles outside of Moscow. Establishing.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Ornamental ceilings, lavish mirrors, mahogany rails and plush mats -- the best the Russian Government has to offer.

SUPERIMPOSE: Ozero Krugloye, Russia

16 years ago

TATIANA GUSTOV, 6, screaming bloody murder, sits on a mat with both of her tiny legs extended together and outward -- ankles propped up on a wooden block.

Her female trainer, VARINKA, 50s, out of control uni-brow. She's bare foot, steps and applies pressure downward and on top of Tatiana's knees -- hyper extending...

... releases her, flips and folds her in half at the waist -- steps on the back of her hamstrings, drives both legs into her tiny torso.

Tatiana screams. Nothing Varinka does is gentle...

... and the same can be said for the other half-dozen kids -- each with their own trainer and each enduring the same *permanent joint stretches* as does Tatiana.

TATIANA

(Russian)

Please, no more. Please, hurts!

VARINKA

(Russian)

You want Olympic glory?

TATIANA

No!

The trainer stands the tot upright, moves black hair away from her cute little face. Smiles at her. Gently straightens out her arm. Tenderly strokes it.

Tatiana displays a look of momentary relief.

Varinka's face instantly turns venomous -- twist-locks her tiny arm, easily forces her little elbow backwards...

POP!

Tatiana SCREAMS... pulls her arm away -- the flop, the unnatural dangle -- *is just sickening*.

VARINKA

You now have excuse to quit.
Complete waste of my time.

Varinka turns her back on the young girl...

VARINKA (cont'd)

Leave here in shame.
(towards a doorway)

NEXT!

BACK ROOM

Little Tatiana enters, collapses to her knees -- clutches her busted elbow, weeps.

She holds her arm outward, straightens it, regroupes. Pain subsides. Cautiously works the recovering elbow...

... further tests the range of her arm -- and just like that -- *fully functional!*

Wipes her cheeks -- expression switches to: determined.

GYMNASIUM

Varinka, at a horizontal bar -- secures the footing to the mat-hook, rises to see: Tatiana.

She inspects her arm, extends and bends it -- stands in disbelief...

VARINKA (cont'd)

But how?

TATIANA

I dunno.

She lifts the young marvel -- makes her hang from the bar.

VARINKA

You hold on for five minutes
straight, no less!

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Raven paces the living room -- draws a dagger, checks its edge...

RAVEN

I ever find myself back in the
homeland that's definitely a bitch
I'm paying a *sharp* visit to.

TERRY

You're from Russia? You don't even
have an accent or anything.

RAVEN

Vaht, ya vant me ta tawk like dis?

TERRY

Awesome impression -- if you're
doing a German vampire.

RAVEN

Is everything a fantasy to you?

He looks down and makes a notation on his note-pad.

TERRY

Wow, if I ever seen someone hurt a
little girl like that, I'd...

RAVEN

... you'd what, Terry Conrad, get
yourself thrown off a roof again?

He wilts.

TERRY

Okay, so, I'm not the fighter-type,
which proves my point, people need
heroes, like you, and these days
more than ever.

Raven picks her teeth with a dagger...

RAVEN

Blah-blah. And here I thought
that's what the police was for.

TERRY

Countries suffering economic
meltdowns and segregation, racial
strife and an in-effective police
force -- I wrote all about it in my
blog, check it out -- hashtag:
Terry Conrad Is The Voice.

RAVEN
Hashtag: Nobody Gives A Shit.

TERRY
 All right, what *exactly* do you
 care about, Raven?

RAVEN
Pay back!

TERRY
 The angry guy on the roof?
 (off her nod)
 What did he do to you?

RAVEN
 Wasn't only him -- it was every
 damn...

DING DONG

Raven sprints to the side of the door, a dagger in each
 hand, her back positioned against the wall -- ready for...

TERRY
 Relax, it's the Chinese-food guy.

Terry calmly arrives, about to open...

RAVEN
 Are you a quote, un-quote
 superhero, Terry Conrad?

He shakes his head.

RAVEN (cont'd)
 Then I suggest you leave the
 ass-kicking stuff to me. Be
 generous towards the delivery
 person, they work hard for their
 tips.

TERRY
 I knew you had a conscience.

Raven rolls her eyes, resumes an aggressive stance, ushers
 him to hurry up...

TERRY (cont'd)
 This story's gonna bankrupt me.

He opens the door, conceals the 'ready-to-pounce' Raven.
 Pays the DELIVERY GUY, receives a big bag of food.

TERRY (cont'd)
Thanks. Keep the change.

He closes the door, staring back at him is --

BATMAN...

TERRY (cont'd)
Whoa -- *shit!*

... the cardboard cut-out kind. Raven must have swapped herself out with it. He searches...

TERRY (cont'd)
Raven? Raven?

Hears a sound, sees an open window -- arrives, sticks his head out, looks around...

Emergency sirens engulf the night venue. Across the narrow alleyway, a YELLOW ILLUMINATED SIGN READS: ISLAND TEXTILES.

RAVEN (O.S.)
I wonder if society's even salvageable?

Raven stands halfway off the lip of the ledge, perfectly balanced on her stiletto heels and very unafraid to fall.

TERRY
You must not lose faith in humanity. Humanity is an ocean; if a few drops of the ocean are dirty, the ocean does not *become* dirty.

RAVEN
That sounds wise beyond years.

TERRY
Gandhi was a very wise man. Come inside. Foods getting cold.

RAVEN
I gotta go.

TERRY
Where?

RAVEN
To cut someone.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Black LIMOUSINE arrives in front of --

A perimeter WALL -- made from military-grade BARRIERS. A huge eye-sore directly in the middle of the borough.

SUPERIMPOSE: Crown Heights

Demilitarized Zone

Southern gate

A CIVIL DEFENSE GUARD approaches the driver side window.

GUARD

This area is restricted.

An intercom activates -- CHAUFFEUR speaks from behind the armored glass...

DRIVER

(Russian accent)

You must be new. Open gate immediately.

An unmistakable GUN SHOT from inside the zone.

GUARD

You wanna go in there?!?

A CIVIL DEFENSE SUPERVISOR arrives...

SUPERVISOR

Son, open the bloody gate.

GUARD

But... they aren't authorized.

SUPERVISOR

OPEN IT!

Guard goes inside the GATE BOOTH. Supervisor tries to get a better look inside the limo...

SUPERVISOR (cont'd)

Sorry about that. Is "the family" back there?

Driver smugly ignores. Gate opens. Limo enters.

EXT. CROWN HEIGHTS DEMILITARIZED ZONE - NIGHT

A DESECRATED FIREFIGHTER MEMORIAL

Top of a flag pole -- OLD GLORY -- tattered, torn, faded.

Armored limo cautiously navigates the partially obstructed road -- passes boarded houses, crumbled buildings, burnt out automobiles and a decaying infrastructure

Limo continues to drive on New York Ave. Malcontents burn fires in barrels. Thugs and dirty criminals observe the luxury ride, but keep their distance -- *they know better!*

Limo turns onto Park Place. Passes more Undesirables.

BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

Wouldn't know it except for the busted signage.

An UNDESIRABLE, 30, spots the limo, begins to follow...

Garage bay-door opens --

Two heavy hitters holding automatic rifles greet the limo -- called **BOEVIKS** (Russian Warriors or mafia soldiers.)

Limo enters the garage, parks. Driver exits, opens the passenger door, out steps...

Brigadier **DARYA** SIDOROV, 28, resting bitch face, white pinstriped vinyl suit & coat. *Her eyes:* subzero silver, razor-focused, and cold as Antarctica in August.

Gunmen are about to secure the garage door... Undesirable runs towards Darya, stops when Boeviks aim their weapons.

UNDESIRABLE

I'll work for you. Please!

Darya with a psycho-stare straight out of a mental ward.

DARYA

(English)

You would be willing to die for Odessa?

UNDESIRABLE

Yes, I'm loyal! *Anything you say!*

Darya grins, nods an okay to her Warriors -- machine-gun fire instantly cuts the Undesirable down to the ground.

She approaches the riddled body, grabs a rifle from a warrior, further empties the magazine into the bloody mess. Wickedly SCREAMS as the body convulses.

Psycho bitch enjoyed that way too much. Instantly calms her demeanor, leans, *spits* at -- reassuringly whispers...

DARYA

You are most loyal indeed.
(Russian, to Warriors)
I will see my brother immediately.

BOEVIK

(Russian)
Of course, Brigadier.

INT. BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - NIGHT

A cache of WEAPONRY and AMMUNITION stacked against a wall.

A third BOEVIK, guards three wooden containers -- labeled: **NOVICHOK 7**.

Ceiling lights flicker from random power failures.

Petrovik lays in a makeshift hospital bed, sweaty and unconscious.

A Russian DOCTOR checks the I.V. fluid bag. Doc greets the arriving Darya...

DOCTOR

Avtoritet.

The Doctor kisses her three times -- alternating cheeks. She moves to Petrovik's bedside, clutches his limp hand -- her piercing eyes glance at the doc...

DARYA

(Russian)
He found a buyer for the
"newcomer". When Uncle arrives, he
better not learn of Petro's demise.
He's not nearly as merciful as I.

DOCTOR

(clears throat, Russian)
Viktor comes here, to states?
(realization from her head
nod)
An infectious poison entered from
this wound...

He rolls Petrovik, shows the gash on his shoulder blade.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
... the poison is unknown.

The patient moans -- Darya spots his severed finger...

DARYA
Armenian retaliation?
(Doc shoulder shrug)
Petro, who did this to you?

She fondles the ruby attached to her own Soviet-ring.

PETROVIK
(Russian, weak)
Gama... Gamayun...
(off her confusion)
... it was... bird lady!

He slips unconscious. She shakes him...

DARYA
Petro? Petro, wake up!

DOCTOR
I can't treat him any further until
I know specifically the poison. I
give him... two days before
permanent impairment.

She spins, angrily faces her Boeviks...

DARYA
Find and bring this... *Bird Lady*
to me immediately!

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

BRIGHTON BEACH -- ODESSA NIGHT CLUB

A line to get into the joint, populated with goth, soft S&M,
drag, you name it.

At the door...

A Russian BOUNCER controls entry. At the very front of the
line...

THUD

From high above, instantly falls... *a body...!*

... Raven's body... from somewhere. She springs onto her
feet, hops, shakes off leg pain...

RAVEN

Fahh-uck.

Someone yells: "line cutter!"

Bouncer intercepts, grabs Raven by her shoulder -- takes a lightning-swift *dagger thrust* directly below his sternum -- so quick, you can barely see it. He falls backwards.

She walks inside, sets the metal detector off. A second BOUNCER intercepts... who barely has time to react as she...

tumbles into his legs, sweeps him onto his ass, rolls over and up his torso while driving his head into the floor. His cranium bounces *hard* off the tile. Sleep time!

The line of patrons cheer -- *now they too can enter!*

INSIDE THE CLUB

Loud. LED disco lights. Sultry, sweaty bodies packed in everywhere, humping everybody and everything that has a pulse.

Raven squeezes through the dance floor, fits right in, brushes off male and female sexual advances -- moves deeper into the club -- seems to have a destination.

HALLWAY

She passes the bathrooms, glances towards needle-injecting patrons. She continues to the main office.

BAD-ASS BOUNCER, martial arts build, steps towards her, blocks her path.

RAVEN (cont'd)

Move or die.

He pumps his chest out, flexes and folds his arms.

RAVEN (cont'd)

Excellent choice.

She swings at him, he easily dodges, his back-hand counters -- bitch slaps her across the face.

Not a good idea. She resets, clenches her teeth, exhales...

... flurries dual edged weapons, catches him across his lapel -- he's able to semi-dodge -- superficial wounds.

He executes a series of strikes, drives her into the wall, disarms one of her edged weapons.

Despite taking blow after blow, Raven continues to swing away and even speeds up her dagger attack...

He can't continue to dodge them all, more slices into his body. More body slams into the walls. He rages, locks her up against a door, applies a forearm technique into her windpipe...

intently watches her face, waits for asphyxiation...

Raven rolls her eyes -- laughs -- fights for leverage before both trip-up and slam head over toes...

... down to the ground, both grapple -- his strength should win out. She contorts her appendages, slithers and locks him up in ways human joints are not designed to...

flips her torso out of his grasp, reverses the tables, reaches and draws one of her blades...

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Odessa TREASURER, 60s, tightly clutches BANK-BAGS, frantically tries to unlock the back exit, accidentally drops the key-ring.

Rumbling can be heard outside the hallway door. A beat.

Sounds of rumbling cease.

Door bursts open, Bad-Ass Bouncer staggers inside, bloodied... guy's a pin cushion for multiple daggers -- three steps and then falls flat -- very, very dead.

Raven enters, approaches the Treasurer...

RAVEN (cont'd)
Derzhatel obschaka?

Treasurer nods, emphasizes his grip on the cash-bags.

RAVEN (cont'd)
I'm here to make a withdrawal.

She takes a step closer. Treasurer lets go of a cash-bag, squeezes the trigger on his concealed Yarygin 9mm semi-auto handgun...

Raven takes a round to the chest, then another until finally the gun clicks. She screams, feels the burn...

goes down to one knee, clutches the bullet holes.

Treasurer gets the back door open, escapes outside.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

SAME APARTMENT BUILDING AS EARLIER

BASEMENT

NYPD detective **MATTINGLY**, 38, neglected body and soul, operates a camera near the perimeter of a --

BLOODY CRIME SCENE

It's fresh, six bodies total -- three RUSSIAN WARRIORS, three CHEMISTS. Blood splattered everywhere.

MATTINGLY
(to himself)
Clean up in aisle six.

The rest of the large room -- tables, drug synthesizing equipment, scales, product just waiting to be seized.

DANTE DUGANTIS, late 30s, *cheap-ass suit*. Clipped onto his lapel is an FBI placard. He approaches Mattingly who excitedly recognizes...

MATTINGLY
It's mudda fuck'n Double-D! Long time, bro. How's Quantico been?

DANTE
Short lived. Washington needed a field agent up North -- voilà.

MATTINGLY.
Check out those slick threads. Last I heard you took the plunge. How's Jen been?

DANTE
Also short lived.

MATTINGLY
Sorry man -- cop's life, huh?

DANTE
Yeah. You must be close to tapping into that pension by now?

MATTINGLY
Two more years. Not a God-damned minute more.

DANTE
Captain Philips?

MATTINGLY
Three quarters.

DANTE
How about Vicky Crane?

MATTINGLY
124 grain to her brain. What brings
ya back here, G-man?

DANTE
F.B.I. wants this vigilante.

MATTINGLY
Shit storm the countries going
through and *that's* what the fucking
feds are worried about?

DANTE
You're looking at a guy without
a case-close for almost two years
now so *any* leads would be most
appreciated.

A female POLICE TECHNICIAN, **PAULA** HOLMES, 30, heavy set but
with curves in all the right places, make-up free,
approaches Mattingly -- walking cane dependent, barely able
to negotiate her significant left leg limp...

PAULA
I hear you cussing from across the
room.

MATTINGLY
News flash, society's crumbling,
just trying to fit the fuck in.

PAULA
Fit in by not stepping on my crime
scene.

Dante extends his hand at Paula, introduces -- wouldn't say
he's the most confident individual around a lady...

DANTE
Dante Dugantes.

Paula processes his name for a beat, turns to Mattingly to
confirm... shakes her head -- snickers -- turns her back,
walks under yellow perimeter tape.

Mattingly sees Dante checking her out, whispers to him...

MATTINGLY

Heads up, she's got a time of the day to go along with her time of the month. Watch how easy I get her going.

They follow her, approach bodies in white lab jackets -- their mid-sections sliced open like pigs at a luau.

PAULA

Three chemists...

MATTINGLY

... let me guess, the ones in the white coats with the pretty red stains?

She covers her forehead, turns to Dante -- fake smile...

PAULA

F.B.I. huh?

MATTINGLY

The I.D. badge gave it away?

She flips off the detective -- back to Dante...

PAULA

You worked with Mattingly before, was he always this big of a prick?

DANTE

It's longer now, ya.

You know when someone fails miserably at a joke? *Dante.*

PAULA

Oh, I get it, you two are a closet couple. Who's the pitcher and who's the catcher?

DANTE

I'm divorced.

Paula fakes it, consoles Mattingly...

PAULA

Awe, you must be heartbroken. He upped and left ya, poor-thing.

DANTE

No, I mean from my wife!

PAULA

Hey, call each other whatever you want. Who am I to judge, right?

DANTE

My wife is a girl, well, used to be my wife. No, really!

Mattingly high-fives Paula, both share a laugh. It's obvious he has a routine with her.

MATTINGLY

Go easy on Double-D, he's gone soft living in cream-puff Virginia.

PAULA

GOODIES, I *just* love cream-puffs!

MATTINGLY

Any chance you can get us outta here before sunrise?

PAULA

I'll speak slowly, use small words so you love birds can follow along.

She focuses -- points to the three dead Boeviks...

PAULA (cont'd)

Our heavy hitters here...

(exposes Russian tattoos)

Odessa mob, Boevik in Russian -- each armed with Heckler and Koch, seven-six-two combat rifles. They had a brief firefight towards the South-East wall, over there...

Points at circled SLUG-HOLES into the brick...

PAULA

The assailant, gotta be our Vig, entered from the South corridor...

... points to where Dante previously entered.

PAULA

I heard she moves like the wind and has the strength of a tsunami.

MATTINGLY

You fuck'n admiring her now?

She smiles -- it seems she actually does.

PAULA

Ya, I'm thinking about clicking
"like" on her Facebook page.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

OPEN WINDOW...

Raven climbs inside and falls onto Terry's floor. Her body depleted, she screeches...

RAVEN

Fuck'n shit... hiding a fuck'n gun.
Shoulda known.

TERRY

Raven! What happened?

Terry comes to her aid, attempts to assist her.

RAVEN

Don't touch me!

TERRY

How can I help?

RAVEN

Lo-mein.

She plops onto his couch, continues to painfully pick at the bullet holes...

RAVEN

And get me a spoon so I can dig
this shit out. Feels like I'm about
to burst into flames.

Terry hands her the noodles and a spoon.

RAVEN (cont'd)

Not a plastic one!

CUT TO:

VERY NEAR FUTURE - CONTINUOUS

Raven, kicked-back on Terry's couch, empty Chinese food carton in hand -- tosses it onto the coffee table as Terry gouges the final bullet from her abdomen...

RAVEN

Ahh -- much better.

Terry tosses it into the small pile of mushroomed lead.

TERRY

I want to know everything, starting with what happened back in the apartment building.

She exhales, concedes...

RAVEN

Petrovik Sidorov, Odessa mafia rapist scum bag. He got sloppy. I followed his vodka-gulping Russian-ass from a Brighton Beach night club to... well, you know.

Terry settles in, directly across from her, intently writing his notes.

Close on Raven as she recalls...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Petrovik stumbles drunk along an empty sidewalk. In the shadows, Raven stealthily follows...

passes an alleyway, looks back, catches a glimpse of Terry wearing his blue and red jacket as he sloppily runs surveillance on her.

She ignores him, ever focused on her Russian prey. Follows Petrovik for another block. His destination: Abandoned Apartment Building -- stumbles through the overgrown yard.

RAVEN (V.O.)

By the way, that's when I first noticed your fat ass staring at my skinny ass.

The SOUND of Terry clearing his throat...

RAVEN (V.O.)
 Hilarious watching you huffing and
 puffing trying to keep up. Ever
 hear of a treadmill?

TERRY (V.O.)
 Please continue, you know... with
 just the relevant part of the
 story.

RAVEN (V.O.)
 Next time you follow someone try
 wearing black.

Petrovik -- granted access through a steel basement door,
 disappears inside.

RAVEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 With a little *manipulation* I was
 able to squeeze through a vent
 window.

ON RAVEN...

... forcing her torso into and through a ridiculously small
 window -- struggles to contort herself -- SNAP -- she moans
 and groans -- displaces every appendage on her body until
 instantly POPPING inside...

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Terry perks up, asks with great interest...

TERRY
 Does that hurt at all?

Raven leans, pitches a serious-ass look...

RAVEN
 Na, you wanna give it a try? I'll
 help bend YOUR ankles behind YOUR
 ears -- see how that fuck'n feels.
 We can compare notes afterwards.

TERRY
 You're not kind, you know that?
 I'll pass on that.

RAVEN
 Though so. But, when you're a kid,
 and you touch a hot plate for the
 (MORE)

RAVEN (cont'd)
 first time, cry to your mom, but
 get a little older and do it again,
 then shrug that shit off -- it's
 like that, ya know what I mean?

Terry nods.

RAVEN (cont'd)
 Same with the first time ya get
 shot, follow what I'm saying?

Terry with a head shake -- he's not on the list of people
 previously shot.

She slides her index finger through a bullet hole in her
 shirt fabric -- entrance wound behind it now appears
 completely healed. Looks at him robustly --

FLASHBACK TO:

UNKNOWN LOCATION

A SLOW-MO CLOSEUP OF --

Raven's arm taking a ROUND which drives into her bicep --
 elastic-like muscle and skin stretches from her bone and
 finalizes into the extruded shape of the bullet trail.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Raven rubs her arm in painful remembrance...

RAVEN
 First time, it was all about the
 burning feeling. Then, it's like
 someone snagged ya with a fish hook
 and is reeling you in for dinner.

Terry cringes.

RAVEN (cont'd)
 I don't get it immediately out,
 shit just keeps burning until I'm
 back whole again.

FLASHBACK TO:**UNKNOWN LOCATION**

Raven cradles her demented arm flesh -- struggles to pick out the mushroomed-lead. Blows on it, manipulates the blood-less wound. Hops about...

RAVEN

Ahhh... dammn hot... *fuck my life!*

Finally digs it out, closely studies, tosses aside. Pushes the flesh anomaly back into place.

BACK TO PRESENT**CUT TO:****INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT****BASEMENT CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS**

DANTE

All right, let's cover every angle. Just in case. Who's top of the list -- who hates the Russian mob the most?

MATTINGLY

Who the fuck doesn't? You got your browns -- the Arrasar Gang. You got your blacks, Liberated Dips-Crips or whatever the fuck they call themselves this week. Armenian Power Gang-bangers. Chinese Rice Haters... name it?

PAULA

You guys are missing the real question.

MATTINGLY

Oh ya -- da fuck would that be?

PAULA

How? How did the Vigilante not only get the drop but kill three heavily armed men with no evidence of firing a shot?

They share a "hmmm" moment.

FLASHBACK TO:

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

BASEMENT

Boevik gunman catches a throwing dagger with his Adam's apple -- drops to his knees -- sprays like a geyser.

Other two Boeviks begin firing at --

RAVEN

who cartwheels and leaps, spins mid-air, double-fisted daggers mutilate the neck and face of the second Boevik.

She lands, rolls -- springs airborne -- quickly tumbles to the last gunman...

... who can't sight her fast enough -- finally fires, but misses his target completely -- empty gun clicks.

Our girl jumps up to a ceiling pipe -- uses it to catapult and land on top of his shoulders, drives him down to the floor. Her knee pins his neck to the concrete.

She simultaneously plunges twin-daggers into both of his temples. Stands, turns to admire her work, raises her arms high, spins, hops, pats herself on the back, overdone victory-style...

RAVEN

EHH-PICC!

The three Lab-Coat-Guys are in full panic mode -- attempt to exit through a rear door. Can't -- *it's locked*.

They turn to see...

RAVEN

... who smiles, taunts them with a dagger. Fish in a barrel.

RAVEN (V.O.)

Spoiler alert, they ain't gonna make it.

BACK TO PRESENT**INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Terry stands up, quite concerned about Raven's narration...

TERRY

Wait! You didn't kill the unarmed ones, right?!?

Raven leaps to her feet, draws and shadow boxes with two daggers, serious and deliberate...

RAVEN

They *ALL* gotta *GO*, Terry Conrad.
(spins in place)
Look at me, and not just my tits and ass -- you see handcuffs? How 'bout a gavel or black judge's robe?

TERRY

Well, no, but that's not a...

RAVEN

There are no innocents working for the family. I'm a dicer and a slicer. I run like a cheetah, sting like a black widow.

Terry pauses, considers...

TERRY

I don't think we can use that line -- kinda taken, but this constant carnage won't work for your image. Your real-life movie can't be rated higher than PG-13 for maximum box office receipts.

RAVEN

What the fuck are you talking about, Terry Conrad?

TERRY

Never mind.

RAVEN

Stay on topic, please?

She displays another weapon -- a HOOK KNIFE -- simulates raking into an adversaries mid-section...

RAVEN (cont'd)

I use this to tear into the
abdomen. Tons of nerves in the gut.
Ever see a grown man cry like a
little bitch?

(beat, realization)

Eh, you probably have seen it in
your bathroom mirror, daily.

Terry with a look of sickness -- appears to regret...

TERRY

I don't think I want to know...

RAVEN

... ever hear of a Cassowary?

(off his head shake)

It's an Australian bird that can
eviscerate dogs or even people with
a swift kick from a dagger-like
claw-foot. You want me to be a
super-hero bird-lady, Terry Conrad,
then that's the one I choose to be.

Terry decides to take a stand...

TERRY

That's it? So, there's nothing more
to you than just murderous revenge?

RAVEN

(escalating)

I'll never forgive them for kil...

A beat so she can exhale, collect herself.

TERRY

For what? For doing what, Raven?

Raven cartwheels to the open window, climbs out...

RAVEN

I'm done with your quack
counseling. Surprised I hung out
with your geek-ass this long.

Terry grabs his camera and snaps away...

He must have captured a few stills of her before she leaped
from his apartment window. He rushes after her...

... looks out and down to the street, then up and all around
in every direction... *Raven is gone.*

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

BASEMENT CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

At the back of the room, Mattingly inspects brass casings scattered on the floor. They create a trail through the (flashback) LOCKED back door.

MATTINGLY

What do we got back here?

PAULA

Nine millimeter casings from a Yarygin semi-auto pistol, Russian military issued.

MATTINGLY

How da fuck you know that?

Paula reaches into her jacket pocket, removes and displays a plastic evidence bag -- *black pistol*. Dante studies...

DANTE

You really know your guns, huh?

PAULA

Hey, some girls love diamonds. This is Soviet-era weaponry, ladies and... uh, *ladies*.

A POLICE OFFICER, 25, interrupts...

POLICE OFFICER

Drone pics are positive...

He hands a TABLET to Mattingly, who accepts, DISPLAYS the image to Dante and Paula...

OVERHEAD STILL OF:

Raven, on the roof of this apartment building, prone on the roof, immediately after she pulled TERRY to safety.

MATTINGLY

Meet our girl.

PAULA

God-bless, you think that get-up comes in plus sizes?

DANTE

Who's the nerd?

POLICE OFFICER

We also found a finger, tenth floor.

PAULA

GOODIES! I love fingers.

Mattingly smirks -- shakes his head at a grinning Paula.

EXT. BROOKLYN - EARLY MORNING

Rain pelts a SECOND FLOOR WALL OF WINDOWS -- the outside of a GYMNASTICS STUDIO. Upper class neighborhood. Looking through the windows and into the studio --

A little GIRL in a leotard, 7, performs a routine...

CLOSE ON:

RAVEN

She's perched on a roof -- ACROSS the street from the studio. She intently studies the little girl.

There's something in her eyes not seen before -- maybe compassion, tenderness for the girl? *How can that be?*

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Luxury LINCOLN casually drives through residential streets.

SUPERIMPOSE: Bay Ridge, Brooklyn

3 years ago

INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

KAZAMIR GUSTOV, 50, thick black beard, behind the wheel.

ALENA GUSTOV, 50, rides shotgun. Both dressed upper-class.

Alena turns to the backseat -- smiles into beautiful emerald eyes which belong to Tatiana, now age 19...

ALENA

(Russian)

You were fabulous tonight. We're both so very proud of you.

Tatiana, gymnastics leotard peeking from within her Winter over-coat, grins, returns attention to a mobile device: a STILL of a teenage BOY posing for a picture. Moscow is the backdrop.

She displays a look of total infatuation for the boy.

KAZAMIR

Universiade will be held in
homeland, Kazan, next year.

TATIANA

Mother, can I go to compete?

Alena looks at her husband for approval...

KAZAMIR

My business is here now, in the
States, but... we shall see what
trainer says.

ALENA

Come now, trainer will say she is
best in bracket, cannot be beaten.

Tatiana smiles at her mother, Alena returns the gesture.

KAZAMIR

All compete, no teenage fun --
worries me.

ALENA

And if it were the other way around
you would complain also.

He grunts.

KAZAMIR

Her sleepwalking has not improved
either. Yesterday night, I found
her dancing in courtyard. She not
even remember I was father. This is
continued cause for concern, no?

Alena stares, quite unconvinced.

WHAM

A large PICKUP TRUCK slams head-on into the front of their
ride. Front seat occupants are jolted into airbags. Tatiana
falls to the rear seat floor.

OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN

Both vehicles become one. Broken radiators spew steam. The damage is totaling and insurance agents will need to fight this out, but the real problem is...

... the THREE emerging MALES wearing black ski masks, each armed with big-ass shotguns.

MASKED GUNMAN shoots into the windshield....

Gunman reloads and places another slug into the same fracture. Armored glass begins to compromise. A final slug opens a small hole.

INSIDE THE LINCOLN

Tatiana's parents in full panic -- try desperately to release their seat-belts -- difficult through the deployed air-bags.

OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN

Gunman switches to a SLEDGE HAMMER -- swings, connects -- further opens the hole. He displays a GRENADE -- pulls the pin with his tongue, spits it out -- tosses the explosive through the windshield opening...

MASKED GUNMAN
(Russian)
Odessa sends regards!

Gunman slams the hammer back into the hole -- plugs it.

INSIDE THE LINCOLN

Grenade falls from the console and then bounces to Alena's feet. Kazamir reaches -- tries to retrieve it...

NO DICE --

Turns around, panic stricken -- towards his daughter...

KAZAMIR
Tatiana... *Run!*

He flips the door-lock switch to the OPEN position.

OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN

Rear door opens, out spills Tatiana -- takes a few steps -- looks back...

BOOM

Her parents SPLATTER everywhere. Vehicle has a new upholstery color: bright red.

Gunmen laugh -- spot Tatiana fleeing -- begin to pursue.

They chase her for a block or two...

... corner her against the concrete of a parkway overpass. Tatiana in full panic mode, crying insane tears -- nowhere to escape.

Two gunmen grab and pin her against the edge of the wall. To her right... a fifteen foot drop.

Third gunman removes his mask -- it's Petrovik! He clutches her throat, looks down at her body, feels her up, grins...

PETROVIK

(Russian)

Too bad *WE* don't have more time.
Too bad *YOU* don't have more time.
I easily will get ten-g's selling
you but Viktor wants you dead, so
dead it shall be.

He shoves her completely off the edge...

Tatiana falls, instantly stops atop an iron fence -- goes limp -- fully impaled onto the ornamental steel spikes.

Petrovik leans, grins, spits down and onto her -- leaves.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. BROOKLYN - VERY EARLY MORNING

Raven wipes rain from her brow. Watches the little girl practice...

... begins to emulate the girl's gymnastic moves from her location -- roof ledge -- still opposite side of the road.

Handstand for handstand. Spin for spin. Cartwheel for cartwheel. Emotion for emotion. The roof-ledge is her balance beam. Her mind holds her audience.

Imaginary CHEERS from a large crowd resonate within her head. Little girl loses focus, messes up, stumbles and falls to the mat...

Her trainer, WHITE HAired FAT GUY, 50, picks her up -- scolds her. Lightly slaps her to attention. She's miserable, focus wanders. Guy's an asshole.

Raven scowls, hand reaches for a dagger -- tightly squeezes the handle while staring at the trainer. Her teeth clench...

RAVEN

Enjoy hitting little girls, do we?

Raven yawns -- clutches her head -- yawns again but deeper. Legs weaken. She catches herself before almost passing out, and almost falling from the roof. Something's off about her.

INT. BROOKLYN VOICE - EARLY MORNING

MAIL ROOM

Terry religiously taps away on his laptop. Huge piles of mail overflow from nearby bins.

A male JOURNALIST, 20s, arrives. He immediately spots the pile of neglected work...

JOURNALIST

Hey, Mail-Bitch! What are you doing in here? These bins ain't gonna sort themselves, ya know!

TERRY

After the editor gets a load of this right here... I won't have to sort another piece of mail for you... never, ever, again.

JOURNALIST

What's on there, you're jerk off instructions for the day?

Terry happily finishes typing, impervious to insults... removes a flash drive, kisses, displays and pockets it. Heads out and down the hallway.

JOURNALIST (cont'd)

What do you got, Terry? Huh? Lemme see. Terry? I'm the guy that gets the stories around here! Terry!?!

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

BRIGHTON BEACH AVENUE

SUPERIMPOSE: Brighton Beach

Home of Odessa

Rain floods the street drains. It's a monsoon outside.

A commercial truck stops at a corner. Engine idles.

INT. COMMERCIAL TRUCK - DAY

BACK OF THE BOX TRUCK

Mexican gang members arming up weaponry for a firefight.

SUPERIMPOSE: Mexican Arrasar Arms Dealing Gang

They don't like Odessa

They don't like anyone

Some serious hardware exchanges hands.

ARRASAR LEADER, 45, weathered, scarred, lights up a cigar -- opens the side door...

SCOUT, 20, leaps inside -- immediately cycles photos on his phone -- Leader takes it, studies...

CYCLE PICTURES ON THE PHONE --

Odessa Warriors move WOODEN CRATES from a van into a warehouse. Stenciled onto the side of the crates: NOVICHOK 7, along with other Russian MILITARY glyphs.

BACK TO SCENE

ARRASAR LEADER

(Spanish)

I know of this stuff -- very powerful nerve agent. Big bucks on the black market.

His eyes reflect longing.

SCOUT

We still move on them, right?

Leader shakes his head, exhales Cohiban smoke...

ARRASAR LEADER

Change of plans. We wait -- take the prize, then burn this place to the ground.

SCOUT

They outnumber us. We should move now while we have total surprise.

Leader grabs, shoves the scout against the truck wall, holds a buck knife close to his face...

ARRASAR LEADER

I want your opinion, I'll cut it
out of you. Besides, I have a plan
for evening out the odds.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

A block away from the commercial truck -- a black THUG, 20,
runs surveillance on the Mexicans. He dials on his cell
phone...

It seems he's watching the Mexican watchers.

INT. ODESSA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Boevik Warrior TEAM, completely armed up -- almost ready to
deploy.

Three Warriors test CATTLE PRODS -- electric arcs off the
tips. Another four charge up their Tasers.

DARYA

(Russian)

She will be taken alive. Only I
will do the interrogation. Petro's
life depends on it.

Warriors stand tall, ready to please their master.

DARYA (cont'd)

We handle both tasks at once.
Viktor will expect the newcomer
moved, fully loaded and ready for
the client immediately after his
arrival. Do not fail him.

The mention of "Viktor" snaps the Boeviks to alert-face.

She studies today's edition of the BROOKLYN VOICE newspaper.
Front cover caption reads: MY DATE WITH THE VIGILANTE -- by
Terry Conrad. Below it is...

Terry's PICTURE of Raven -- climbing out of his window.

BOEVIK

How will we find her, Brigadier?

With a Sharpie, she circles the background of the picture,
to the right of Raven -- *ISLAND TEXTILES sign...*

DARYA

Terry Conrad shall tell us.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

LEMMIES PET STORE AND HOTEL -- nothing special.

Dante sprints through the rain -- swings open the front door...

INT. LEMMIES PET STORE - DAY

Drenched, Dante regroups, wrings out his jacket.

He approaches the counter, places a small livestock carrier on top -- displays an affectionate gesture to...

INSIDE THE CARRIER: a young YORKSHIRE TERRIER -- pink bow. He looks for service...

DANTE

Hello?

He walks down the aisle... store is well kept. A beat.

DANTE (cont'd)

Anyone working? Hello?

Dante spins, almost walks into --

TANYA, 22, black hair high-up and twisted into a bun. Conservatively dressed. *Hmm, looks a lot like Tatiana.*

They startle one another --

DANTE (cont'd)

Holy!

He stares at her.

TANYA

Whoa.

(a beat, exhales)

Did you need help with something?

Dante is frozen...

TANYA

Um... hello? Help you?

DANTE

Oh. Sorry -- just... deja vu.

He smiles. She smiles, then deliberately clears her throat.

DANTE (cont'd)
Oh, can, uh... we get a room?

TANYA
Pardon me?!?

DANTE
Boarding for my Boo Boo.

Tanya has no clue what he's talking about.

DANTE (cont'd)
My Yorkshire Terrier, Boo Boo.

She motions for him to follow her, front of the store.

TANYA
How many days you need?

DANTE
I dunno, didn't think my hotel
would mind pets. Back home, in
Virginia, the hotels are all pet
friendly.

TANYA
Gotcha. Nice suit. Here on
business?

He must check -- is his suit actually "nice?" *Nah.*

DANTE
Yep, business it is.

Tanya smiles at the Yorkie, pets her through the carrier.

TANYA
Boo Boo, she's so cute.

DANTE
She was a gift to my wife on our
third anniversary.

TANYA
Oh, you're married?

DANTE
(damage control)
No, not anymore. I came home early
from work to give Boo Boo to her.
Found my neighbor already in my bed
-- giving it to my wife!

Good job Dante, get her to feel bad for ya.

TANYA

Ouch.

DANTE

I'm fine now that we moved on. She had, um... too many different personalities for my taste.

TANYA

I'll have to keep an open charge on you card.

He shyly looks away, then back into her emerald eyes...

DANTE

Hmm? Oh ya, no problem.

Dante hands her a credit card. She reads it...

TANYA

Dante Dugantis, I love your name!

DANTE

Really, you do?

He blushes. She nods, repeats his name, smiles large -- it's a genuine, innocent-type smile.

DANTE

I didn't catch yours?

TANYA

I didn't throw it.

She laughs at her own joke. He fakes a laugh.

TANYA (cont'd)

Tanya. It's Tanya.

DANTE

I know a great seafood place in Brighton, been dying to go back there. How bout dinner tonight?

TANYA

Oh, I never go out at night. You know, too dangerous. Besides, I'm not a big fish eater, landlubber.

DANTE

Sorry -- didn't mean to...

TANYA
No, it's fine. I just...

Dante knocks over his attache case -- hits the floor and cracks open -- bloody crime scene photos everywhere...

TANYA
Let me help.
(bends, notices pics)
Oh my...

Dante detects her uncertainty...

DANTE
Don't worry, I work for the F.B.I.

Now he knocks over a small fish bowl -- broken glass and water all over his papers.

DANTE (cont'd)
So sorry! I killed them! Really sorry!

TANYA
There weren't any in there.

Tanya cleans. He snatches her HAND in an attempt to finish the job for her. She instantly recoils...

TANYA (cont'd)
Ahhhh!

DANTE
Sorry! I didn't mean to...!

She recovers, quickly displays a reassuring smile -- goes back to the task at hand...

TANYA
It's okay. I'm fine.

Dante studies her as she cleans the mess.

DANTE
Careful, that glass is sharp.

TANYA
I never really cut myself much...
or ever, come to think of it.

The shards are collected. Dante's face plastered with embarrassment which then changes to lust.

TANYA (cont'd)
You sure you work for the F.B.I.?

DANTE
I've been contemplating a career
change recently.

She gets to her feet and lifts the garbage bag.

TANYA
Finish filling out the paperwork
while I get rid of this.

He exhales, does as instructed. She heads rear of the store.
He checks out her ass as she walks...

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

BEHIND LEMMIES PET STORE

Tanya fights the rain, tosses the garbage bag over and into
a dumpster -- quickly returns inside.

INSIDE THE DUMPSTER...

Used Chinese food cartons everywhere. Hundreds!

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

FAR ROCKAWAY

Establishing -- shit area. Rain subsiding.

INT. LIBERATED CRIPS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Black GANG MEMBERS arming up.

SUPERIMPOSE: Liberated Crips

They don't like the Arrasar Gang

They don't like anyone

LIBERATED **CRIP LEADER**, 30, machete sliding along a
sharpening stone, stands up...

CRIP LEADER
What's ever brown be ups' ta in
Brighton, we cuts em's downs --
ta-night!

He slices the blade deeply into the corner of the table.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Terry proudly smiles at his BROOKLYN VOICE I.D. card. It reads: TERRY CONRAD - JOURNALIST.

He hangs it around his neck. Startled, he hears something behind him, turns, sees...

BATMAN --

the cardboard cut-out kind, and then...

WHACK

... his face takes a full SLAP from a rolled up newspaper.

TERRY

Ah, that *hurt!*

Raven's pissed -- slams the newspaper down onto his coffee table. It uncoils. The front page features the earlier picture Terry took of Raven leaping from his window.

RAVEN

How could you write this crap?

TERRY

Write what?

RAVEN

Your word and trust -- what a fuck'n joke. No wonder journalists all have a dishonest reputation.

TERRY

I thought you'd be proud of me?

She snatches the paper, opens and reads from it...

RAVEN

PROUD?!? "Confused super-hero thankful for author's guidance."

TERRY

You never did actually thank me.

RAVEN

"Raven would have fallen off the rails if not for the wisdom and compassionate tutelage of yours truly, Terrence J Conrad, the

(MORE)

RAVEN (cont'd)
 second." -- *Shit, there's two of
 you now?*

TERRY
 I knew I should have credited
 Gandhi. Can't be too cautious about
 plagiarism since I am an actual
 journalist now, see...?

... he attempts to show her his new I.D. card. She'll have
 none of it.

RAVEN
 "Turns down her constant *sexual
 advancements* for the good of their
journalistic relationship."

TERRY
 I thought we had a thing, me and
 you?

RAVEN
 A thing?!? You think we have a
 thing?!? I should've left you
 hanging from that roof!

TERRY
 I can't tell if you're upset, or
 just... *you being you?*
 (off of her exasperation)
 Think of the big picture here.

She holds up the front of the paper, slices it to shreds...

RAVEN
 The big picture is that you're not
 in the picture! Get the picture?

Terry shows her his phone, scrolls through blog postings.
 Raven makes for the window...

TERRY
 Wait, Raven, you won't believe the
 positive feedback I'm getting from
 this article. People want to know
 more about you. I knew you'd read
 that and come back. I already
 ordered the Chinese -- should be
 here any minute. I'll make a
 correction in tomorrow's edition...
 okay, you're right, I shoulda ran
 it by you first.

She looks back -- sighs, shakes her head at him in disappointment. Jumps out the window and... *gone*.

TERRY (cont'd)
 Raven, we've got a great thing here
 -- don't go...
 (beat, to himself)
 God, she's so freak'n sizzling!

DING DONG

TERRY
 Ah, *man!* What am I gonna do with
 six quarts of chicken lo-mein?

He opens his door...

Six BOEVIKS push inside -- grab terry and toss him face first onto his couch.

TERRY (cont'd)
 Hey, easy guys, I'm a journalist!

Darya enters...

She scans the room -- moves to, stands in front of Cardboard Batman -- smirks, arctic-eyes then lock onto Terry. Her expression changes to: extreme pity.

DARYA
 Terry Conrad?

TERRY
 Yeah, what's this about?

Darya grabs his blue/red jacket from the coat rack -- tosses it to him.

DARYA
 You will come with me.

TERRY
 What do you mean, where?

A devious smile from the brigadier.

Terry looks back -- at the open window, sees... *nobody coming to save him*.

By the way, it ain't raining anymore.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**HALLWAY**

Dante emerges from a stairwell -- sees the Russian gangsters escorting Terry He immediately withdraws and hides -- spies as the Boeviks shove Terry into the elevator.

He curiously focuses on Darya just before the elevator doors close --

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Raven hauls ass... leaps across rooftops, rolls, flips, cartwheels -- shows off her elite gymnastic skills.

Mutters something to herself. She's still extra pissed.

Pauses... scans and listens -- hears a female SCREAM.

ALLEYWAY -- STREET LEVEL

Dark, dirty and dank.

Two black LIBERATED CRIPS, 20s, shove a --

-- BAR WHORE-type, 20s, down to the wet concrete -- tear at her clothes.

She's a tough bitch, not particularly afraid, fights them off -- holds her own...

BAR WHORE

Gimme back my shit you fuck'n
dicks!

"JAILING" jeans CRIP punches her square in the face -- a stunning blow. She falls backwards and lands on her ass.

"JAILING" CRIP

Our shit now. We be take'n a little
sum'n extra too.

He grabs his boxers, works his junk -- distracted by...

RAVEN -- her hips strut as she walks towards him.

"JAILING" CRIP

DAMN, look at dis freak! I gots'
some'n right here fah-ya! Wanna get
it ON, bitch?

RAVEN
I wanna take it OFF, *asshole!*

She holds up the nasty looking hook dagger, smiles...

SMASH CUT TO:

"Jailing"- jeans Crip -- grabbing his bloody, castrated-groin...

... drops to his knees, then rolls onto his back. His harrowing screams echo throughout the alley -- *kicks like a wild bronco* -- squirts like a fountain pumping kool-aid.

CLOSE ON THE GROUND --

Raven's stiletto heel crushes his severed BLACK DICK.

She chuckles, points down at him...

RAVEN
Ha ha, look at you! You're a mess!

Second Crip makes a run for it. Raven spins, locks onto him, cracks her knuckles...

RAVEN
Done raping already?

She winds up like Nolan Ryan -- *blazes* a dagger into the back of his hamstring -- he stumbles, falls face first, grabs the back of his leg and screams.

RAVEN (cont'd)
It's only fun if they run.

Raven advances, nods her head in approval...

RAVEN
(to herself)
I can kinda get used to this hero shit.

Our girl turns, sees enraged Bar Whore plunge a *switch blade* into the side of her left kidney...

Raven backhands her face down to the ground -- pulls out the blood-less blade from her side -- tosses it...

RAVEN
You fucking loco, bitch?

BAR WHORE

Dats' my baby daddy you cut up!
When I tells 'em what you done,
Crips is gonna peg you out!

Raven looks at the unconscious, bled-out, dick-less Crip...

RAVEN

He ain't making anymore babies.

...displays the bloody hook knife, smiles at the Whore.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

DEMILITARIZED ZONE - SOUTHERN GATE

The Arrasar box truck arrives at the gate, remains idling.

Guardman walks to the driver side, hears the sound of an approaching MOTORCYCLE...

GUARD

This is a restricted area.

INSANE MOTORCYCLE GANG MEMBER fires his sub-machine gun, cuts down the guard before he can react, skids to a halt -- cackles like the Joker on April Fool's Day.

A SEDAN rapidly approaches from their flank -- Gang members lean from the windows -- fire automatic rifles at the fleeing Supervisor, instantly dispatch him into a puddle of pulpy blood and flesh.

A hand-held rocket launcher fires...

...takes out the GATE BOOTH -- which explodes to bits.

Arrasar Gang Leader exits the sedan, lights up a stogie.

The truck accelerates and rams into the middle of the gate, which --

HOLDS FIRM

Truck backs up -- tries again... *same results.*

Leader shakes his head at the *bombardier*, points...

ARRASAR LEADER

(Spanish)

I would've used the gate controls.

BOMBARDIER looks at the debris from the destroyed booth, scratches his head... then reloads a rocket into the launcher, FIRES AT THE --

MIDDLE OF THE GATE -- which cracks open. Smoke settles.

ARRASAR LEADER (cont'd)
Or you can do that, el amigo.

Leader opens the back of the truck, removes and holds an assault rifle high above his head -- on full display for...

AT THE GATE --

Malcontents and Undesirables emerge onto the street -- begin exiting the zone...

ARRASAR LEADER (cont'd)
(English)
You're all free now. I have done for you what Odessa would not. Take these weapons and seek revenge on their homes and businesses!

The criminal elements from the Demilitarized Zone CHEER, begin to arm up with any weapon they can get their hands on -- truck looks like a Santa on Wheels.

Distant emergency SIRENS grow in intensity...

Cop cars skid around corners...

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

ODESSA WAREHOUSE

A secluded back side, accessible from only two directions.

P.O.V. -- OPPOSITE ROOFTOP -- WATCHING

At a steel door to the stash house -- P.O.V. sees a man wearing a blue and red jacket who then enters through a door...

BACK TO SCENE

P.O.V. is RAVEN

RAVEN
(to herself)
What are you up to, Terry Conrad?

She leaps off the roof-top, lands somewhere below,
completely out of sight...

RAVEN (O.S.)

Ow! Fuck!

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

ALLEYWAY -- STREET LEVEL

Mattingly interviews a WITNESS, 30. Both stand near Raven's
handy-work...

MATTINGLY

Okay, so you say the Vigilante
kills two thugs trying to rob and
rape crack whore here, then
decides: what the fuck, may as well
eighty-six her as well?

Witness nods, Mattingly walks onward... approaches portable
lights, arrives next to Paula, hovering over the dead Bar
Whore -- a trail of bloody guts spewed across the pavement.

PAULA

Same disembowelment patterns. Gotta
be her.

Mattingly fights off a gag reflex, reaches for his stomach
area...

MATTINGLY

I gotta stop eating hot dogs on the
way to crime scenes.

Police Officer interrupts...

POLICE OFFICER

Speaking of hot dogs, we found a
black dick.

Paula at attention...

PAULA

GOODIES, I love black...

MATTINGLY

... don't say it! *Don't you fucking
say it!*

Paula laughs.

INT. ODESSA STASH WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Cartons of liquor piled everywhere. From above RAVEN drops and lands...

She leaps upright, hops a few times -- reacts to her ankle soreness. shakes it off...

Immediately spots her target -- blue and red jacket, positioned with his back to her.

She struts over to him...

RAVEN

Think you're some kind of a
detective now, Terry Conrad? Hey,
I'm talking to you...

He spins to face her, but it ain't Terry --

Boevik Warrior fires a Taser into Ravens mid section.

Raven takes a jolt, recovers, knocks away the electric probes -- lunges and quickly slices FAKE TERRY'S throat with a dagger swipe.

Another set of *barbs* penetrate her back. She goes for a "ride" on the Taser-train -- stiffens -- rides again. She manages to stay on her feet.

Boeviks emerge from hiding -- flank her on both sides... cattle prods deliver enough juice to power a small block.

Raven twitches -- falls onto the floor. Russian Gangsters all leap and pile onto her as though she just fumbled a football, *American football*.

The pile disperses...

Boeviks carry an overpowered and helpless Raven by each appendage to a nearby TABLE.

They place her on her back -- spread-eagle. A dedicated Boevik holds down each one of her limbs while a few others stand close to assist.

RAVEN

Which one of you mudaks wants it
first? I get loose I'm gonna do
some work on you cossak-assholes.

Darya emerges from the shadows -- checks out Raven, toe to head.

Raven stops struggling, notices the Brigadier...

RAVEN (cont'd)

MINT. Saved me the trouble of
looking for you. How's your
pussy-brother doing you albino
looking bitch?

Darya smiles for a millisecond -- removes a dagger from
Raven's thigh holster, examines...

RAVEN

I put one just like that in your
brother's back.

... lowers the tip -- gently glides it up Raven's leg, over
her hip and further up to her exposed naval.

RAVEN

Mind getting that itch? Little to
the right. Hey, that kinda tickles.

Raven laughs. Darya holds back rage, pauses, and then forces
a slight smile... it lasts about a millisecond.

DARYA

I'll ask you one time, what poison
and which antidote?

RAVEN

That sleazebag still alive? I'm so
sorry -- having trouble remembering
shit at the moment.

Darya drives the knife deep inside her gut --

Our hero screams...

With only the handle visible, Darya twists -- then displays
a look of puzzlement from the lack of blood -- removes the
dagger...

Watches the hole begin to slowly repair. Raven collects
herself.

RAVEN (cont'd)

Can't we just skip to the good
part? You know, when your pulse
reaches zero-beats-per-minute?

She takes the knife and plunges it back into Raven's stomach
-- psycho bitch RAGES right along with each one of Raven's
screams...

... cranks it up a notch -- stabs Raven's mid-section again and again...

MEZZANINE OFFICE TO THE WAREHOUSE -- 2ND FLOOR.

Terry sits captive in a chair -- an armed Boevik looms behind.

SOUND OF RAVEN SCREAMING

Boevik smiles, slaps Terry across the back of his head.

BOEVIK

(English)

Seems the party has begun for your friend. You are not valuable anymore, now are you?

This guy's armed to the teeth, assault rifle slung over his shoulder, grenades attached to body-armor -- even has a Taser sticking into the front of his pants belt.

He grabs Terry's camera from his neck... looks at the front of the lens...

TERRY

That's worth ten thousand bucks.
It's yours if you let me go.

Boevik laughs...

BOEVIK

It is, *already* mine!
(beat, perplexed)
How does it work?

BACK DOWN ON RAVEN'S TORTURE SESSION --

-- loud screams as the dagger rearranges her abs.

Darya stops... she's actually winded, checks her own hand which is bleeding a bit. Raven catches her breath, sees Darya's self-inflicted wound...

RAVEN

You're a slow learner, ain't ya?

Darya is pissed.

RAVEN (cont'd)

Better have that looked at before it gets infected... hey, I'm just concerned for your well being.

... evil bitch drops the dagger, yanks off Raven's mask...

DARYA

What the fuck are you made from?

Raven struggles to free herself from the Boevik grips, changes over to laughter.

RAVEN

You fuck'n twat. I'm gonna gut you like a flounder, make your brother watch while I show him all the bullshit you ate for dinner. Then I'll do the same to him and every other Odessa faggot I can find.

DARYA

What is POISON???? TELL ME!!!!

Darya is handed a cordless CIRCULAR SAW -- which she tests, spins up the blade, displays it to her prisoner...

RAVEN

OH, power tools... *that's hot!*

A Boevik removes Raven's boot -- grips her higher-up on the leg.

Darya goes tool-time with the saw -- directly on Raven's ankle...

The teeth from the saw blade stretch and rearrange Raven's joint --

-- blasting her skin and bone nearby and onto the table top, but no matter how much cutting is done, everything that is Raven still stays, somehow, somehow, attached to her displaced foot...

RAVEN (cont'd)

AHHHHHH... SHIIITTT!

... which now begins to flop and dangle off the edge of the table, kinda like hot wax from a mannequin.

Darya has the saw blade so-far-buried into the table top that the tool takes off on her, begins cutting into Raven's other leg -- straight into her shin.

A new set of painful screams, a bit weaker though. Her breathing accelerates. This is taking a toll.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The streets of Brooklyn are a war zone. It's cops vs. robbers, and the robbers are winning --

A police HELICOPTER descends -- hovers above the street.

An R.P.G. lays a smoke trail as it slams into the tail rotor, exploding into a large fireball.

The steel bird spirals out of control, crashes nearby.

Automatic weapon fire from Arrasar gang members, along with newly-recruited prisoners, which shred the shit out of cop cars.

The under-gunned police are forced to withdraw...

... only problem: they are retreating into the newly arriving Liberated Crips -- who fire at them as well.

It's a blood bath!

An armored SWAT vehicle plows onto the scene -- remaining Cops positioned behind it -- tank warfare style.

Arrasar Bombardier aims his rocket launcher at the vehicle.

Fires...

The rocket hits the sloped windshield, careens and redirects upward -- continues until striking a...

CELL-PHONE ANTENNA TOWER -- which explodes and burns.

A second rocket hits the front wheel of the SWAT vehicle which cripples it.

From roof tops, Molotov cocktails rain down on top of the disabled personnel carrier.

Cops inside burn alive -- those around the outside of the vehicle are cut down from gunfire.

ARRASAR LEADER

Stop shooting! Hold your fire!

Shooting quells for a beat.

Arrasar gang members (with the loyalty of newly acquired thugs) turn to face the Crips, whom they now greatly outnumber...

ARRASAR LEADER (cont'd)
Don't shoot! Our history can wait.

Crip leader scans... his side doesn't stand a chance unless he negotiates.

CRIP LEADER
Ah-ight, don't shoot. Whatchu up to? Smells big.

ARRASAR LEADER
Fuck'n grande. There's room for more, but I'll need help getting something first.

CRIP LEADER
Black front'n brown? Shit ain't be work'n in the past.

ARRASAR LEADER
How bout front'n green then?

CRIP LEADER
Oh...? How much green, nigga?

ARRASAR LEADER
More than you can count. But, if you can go above cinco I'd be fucking impressed.

Crip leader checks his men, then orders them to lower their weapons.

ARRASAR LEADER (cont'd)
No reason to die today, Holmes.

Arrasar Leader extends a hand in gesture...

ARRASAR LEADER (cont'd)
We got a deal then?

CRIP LEADER
I gots' a choice? Da fuck we's gonna be doin'?

ARRASAR LEADER
Gotta hit the Sixty-First.

CRIP LEADER
Police precinct? The hells' fahh?

ARRASAR LEADER
A new set of digs.

Crip Leader has no idea what he means.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

ALLEYWAY -- STREET LEVEL

Paula packs equipment. An unmarked police car screeches to a halt, door opens -- Mattingly drives...

MATTINGLY
Hurry. Shit's going down big-time.

PAULA
Where?

MATTINGLY
Everywhere!

She falls into the passenger seat. Car speeds away.

INT. ODESSA STASH WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Darya slaps the side of the cordless-saw blade, turns to the Boevik that previously handed her the tool...

DARYA
Is it too much difficulty to fully
charge battery?

RAVEN
(weakly)
Stop... no more.

Boevik hands Darya a spare battery. She nods in approval, accepts it -- swaps out the dead one.

RAVEN (cont'd)
I't burns... can't... can't breath.

DARYA
You are not so much funny any
longer, are you? *Her hand please.*

A Boevik frees Ravens arm -- opens her weakened hand, spreads her fingers apart...

DARYA (cont'd)
The poison?

Darya spins up the saw blade, slashes it outwards...

... Raven's fingers look like bowling pins after a perfect strike, all twisted up and blown out of position -- each dislocated -- each dangle from the knuckles.

Weaker screams -- she's depleted, abused and broken.

Darya stops the blade, hovers it in front of Raven's neck.

DARYA (cont'd)
Let's see what happens if I cut
your head off...

... she spins it up...

RAVEN
Stop, I'll tell you -- stop!

DARYA
I'm listening.

RAVEN
Hemolysis... from... Bushmen
beetle... poison.

Darya dials a number on her cell phone.

DARYA
You better tell truth, and for your
sake, it better bring back Petro.

She can't get a phone connection, hangs up, turns angrily to her subordinates...

DARYA (cont'd)
(Russian)
No bars. Which Durak forget to pay
wireless bill?

Boeviks check their own phones -- all register same disappointment. Darya hands the saw back to them...

DARYA (cont'd)
... have fun with her until I
confirm poison. Afterwards, bury
her alive.

Exit Darya through a garage door...

MEZZANINE OFFICE TO THE WAREHOUSE -- 2ND FLOOR.

Terry visually instructs the Boevik on camera usage...

TERRY

Now, this right here is a Leica lens. I've been thinking -- you guys are a big operation, you need a loyal liaison to the outside world. I can be that guy.

BOEVIK

Just teach all of camera, fat man. It is very nice lens indeed.

Boevik looks straight into the front of it...

Terry snaps a picture -- LED-FLASH fires, momentarily blinding the Russian.

Terry reaches for the Taser, still tucked into the front of his pants, then pushes the dry-fire, side-button...

ZAP!

Boevik's BALLS sizzle from almost 50k volts. Terry removes the Taser, aims at his face, point-blank, and then pulls the trigger...

... Taser barbs blast outward and stick into each Boevik eye -- electricity arcs.

Terry panics, pauses -- can barely believe what he just did. The body falls, wires still connected to eyeballs.

He drops the Taser...

rushes to the window, looks down onto the table -- hears and sees...

BACK DOWN ON RAVEN'S TORTURE SESSION --

Raven's ankle slowly repairs itself -- starts to look like a foot again.

Boeviks continue to hold down her weakened body.

BOEVIK (cont'd)

Who likes the breast meat?

They all laugh -- asshole Boevik spins up the saw, moves it close to her chest.

RAVEN

Please... no.

MEZZANINE OFFICE TO THE WAREHOUSE -- 2ND FLOOR.

Terry looks around, checks for a pulse on the body... dead!

Retrieves a frag-grenade from the tactical belt -- then takes back his camera.

TERRY
My camera, jerk.

-- back at the window -- he pulls the pin out...

TERRY (cont'd)
Sorry Raven, this is gonna hurt
them way more than you.

Tosses the primed grenade out of the window...

BACK DOWN ON RAVEN'S TORTURE SESSION --

Grenade falls, hits the table right between Raven's legs -- bounces up, tumbles at Boevik eye-level --

Close-up on the aghast faces of the helpless Russians...

BOOM

Everyone takes shrapnel at close range -- Warriors are blown back and to the ground -- each disabled.

ON TERRY -- stumbling down the stairs -- arrives at the mess he just created, steps over bodies, begins photographing.

Raven's out cold...

TERRY (cont'd)
Raven! Raven, wake up!

She lays motionless on the table. On top of everything shes been through add shrapnel holes and searing burn marks from the grenade blast.

The original door swings open -- Dante enters, pistol pointed at them...

DANTE
F.B.I. -- let me see your hands!

TERRY
Help, she needs help!

Dante cautiously arrives at the table -- can't believe what he's seeing...

DANTE

Oh my...!

TERRY

I gotta get her out of here.

DANTE

That was a grenade blast? She's
dead, man -- they're all dead!

He backs away...

DANTE (cont'd)

This is a crime scene now.

Terry lifts her off the table -- struggles, not gonna happen
-- she flops back down, parts still dangling, he turns to
Dante...

TERRY

Get her out of here, she'll heal.

Dante holsters.

DANTE

Who did this?

He looks Terry up and down, then with disbelief...

DANTE (cont'd)

You did?!?

Terry sits Raven up, her head falls limply into his chest.

TERRY

Hurry, before that frosty psycho
bitch comes back.

Dante points at Raven...

DANTE

This is the psycho bitch!

... gets a clearer look at her face...

DANTE (cont'd)

... is that... *Tanya?!?* From the
animal hotel?

TERRY

You know her?

DANTE

Uhh, I asked her out to dinner.

Terry retrieves her mask and boot -- appears jealous...

TERRY

Wait, did she say yes?

Dante snaps back into the moment. He attempts to dial out from his cell phone. Holds it up, realizes he doesn't have a connection.

DANTE

More of these guys are coming back?

Terry nods. Dante tosses Raven over his shoulder, quickly heads to the door.

TERRY

She needs Chicken lo-mein fast!

DANTE

What?!? You think I'm taking her for Chinese food? You outta your mind?

TERRY

Well... it's your chance to go out to dinner with her, ain't it?

They exit the warehouse to --

OUTSIDE ALLEY

-- scamper to the road, arrive at Dante's car. Terry climbs into the backseat, receives Raven's limp body.

SNAP --

-- Dante handcuffs her -- begins dialing on his cell.

TERRY (cont'd)

That necessary?

Dante with a look: "you kidding?" Checks his phone...

DANTE

Lucky you're not in cuffs. No cell service. Dammit!

Hops into the drivers seat, slams on the gas.

The car speeds off.

INT. BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - NIGHT

A Boevik defends the unconscious Petrovik and the Doctor.

GUNFIRE echoes from the hallway.

Another Boevik frantically enters -- last stand.

BOEVIK
(Russian)
Dozens of them. All armed!

They overturn a table. Dig in, aim into the hallway, ready for all hell to bust loose.

Gunfire subsides. Sound of SLICING, SCREAMING, then...

ENTER DARYA...

her white suit splattered with fresh blood, wields 2 MAKHAIRA short swords, both stained red.

Wipes blood from her cheek, insanely scans for something else to slice -- forces herself to settle down.

INT. NYPD 61ST. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Retreating cops are riddled with bullets. Criminals kill everyone, including civilian employees. No one's safe.

Shooting slows...

BASEMENT

Arassar Leader enters the equipment room. He smiles at his posse members after locating his prize...

CHEMICAL WARFARE PROTECTION SUITS -- they loot.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Dante's car speeding through West Brighton.

INT. DANTE'S CAR - NIGHT

Raven wakes -- looks around -- sees Terry.

RAVEN
Who are... where am I?

TERRY
Raven, I thought you were a goner!
Your boot...

... offers the boot so she can stick her fully repaired foot back into.

RAVEN

Who's clothes are these? Who's Raven? Who are you? Oh God... please don't kill me!

Terry grabs her elbow in attempt to calm her -- instant and exaggerated pain from Raven...

RAVEN

Ahh... stop!

She looks away, weeps -- *not Raven*, gotta be **TANYA**.

TERRY

I don't think this is Raven.

DANTE

What the hell are you talking about?

TANYA

Dante Dugantis?

Terry chuckles at his name -- stops after seeing they are both quite serious. She fidgets in her seat, sniffles.

TANYA

Handcuffs? I'm under arrest?!? I didn't do anything wrong!

Dante powers-up the police radio mounted under the dash, tosses a folder to the back seat. Terry opens and examines...

DANTE

Her name is Tatiana Gustov, born Kazan, Russia. Her family, Russian bankers, pissed off the wrong people. She somehow survived a hit from the Odessa mafia about three years ago. Went into hiding. She's worth billions.

TERRY

How did you know she was the vigilante?

DANTE

I didn't, well, not until I followed you to her.

Terry checks the dossier folders, realizes...

TERRY
Hot *and* rich?!?
(further reads...)
Wait, I'm in here too!

DANTE
You were a legitimate query. I was just interested in her. Guess it turns out she's also legitimate.

TERRY
You don't understand, she's a superhero! Well, part-time superhero.

DANTE
More like an outlaw and a murderer.

TERRY
Murderers and outlaws don't cry. Gimme the key, I'm taking these cuffs off.

DANTE
OH, SHIT...!!!

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD --

Malcontents open FIRE into their car. Tanya SCREAMS...

Dante swerves the vehicle, enters a side road, sideswipes a few parked cars, careens onward. Bounces off another car before accelerating around a corner.

DANTE (cont'd)
What the hell is this...?

Tanya squints, attempts to opens her eyes...

Terry looks at her face -- registers horror after seeing her left eye mangled from a gunshot entrance wound!

TERRY
Ahhhhhh!

TANYA
Ahhhhhh! It burns! It burns!

She leans towards Terry for help -- offers her face. He has no idea what to do...

TANYA (cont'd)
 Get it out! OOOUUUTTT...! BURNS!
 Get it OUT!!!!

Terry sticks his finger into her eye, attempts to pull out the bullet. Appears disgusted.

TANYA
 Please!

He sticks a second finger inside, feels around...

TANYA
 Burns, burns... *it burrrnsssss!!!*

The car clips a lamp pole... Terry and Tanya tossed into the door. Gang-gunmen and looters populate the streets.

Dante fights the steering wheel, regains control of the vehicle...

... checks behind for pursuers -- clear -- activates the police radio...

DANTE
 (into mic)
 Federal Tac-1 to NYPD headquarters?

Radio emits an error tone. He repeats the request, then to himself...

DANTE (cont'd)
 Not good... not good at all.

He turns his head to the backseat, sees...

Terry yanks out the bullet from Tanya's eye socket -- tosses the hot lead out of the window.

Tanya, still handcuffed, looks directly at him with her mangled eye cavity...

TANYA
 How's it look? Tell me, is it really bad?

Terry with a look of repulsiveness...

TERRY
 Uhhh... nooo, *not really*... it'll barely leave a mark. Trust me.

Dante fights the wheel, briefly turns his head...

DANTE

Na... it's, um... you look fine.

EXT. BROOKLYN - 60TH POLICE PCT. - NIGHT

The NYPD MOBILE COMMAND BUS is an RV on steroids -- rests curbside in front of the 60th precinct.

Behind it is the SKYWATCH SURVEILLANCE TOWER ascending upwards and locking into position.

Dozens of police officers and emergency personnel urgently prepare a perimeter -- both sides of the block.

First responding vehicles triage within the newly formed safe-zone.

INT. NYPD MOBILE COMMAND BUS - NIGHT

Inside looks like Mission Control. Monitors track roving GANG MEMBERS as they loot and destroy neighborhoods.

ON THE MONITOR

Flat screen TV's parade over heads. Armenian suits draped over shoulders. Sneaker boxes tucked under arms.

The looting has begun -- even the locals get in on the act.

BACK TO SCENE

Door opens...

Mattingly and Paula (already inside) stand and salute --

NYPD CHIEF BARTLEY, 60, body by Guinness. Perhaps freshly patronized a nearby Irish pub...?

CHIEF BARTLEY

Situation?

CAPTAIN ULTAN, 40, gotta be former military, straight as an arrow -- wears her "whites" tight and bright.

CAPTAIN

Chaos. 61st overrun. Multiple sector cars and SWAT units down. We lost local cell phone comms, internet, public security cameras and our police-band repeaters.

Mattingly whispers to Paula...

MATTINGLY
How come the drones still work?

PAULA
They're sat-relayed to us.

The detective nods his head as though knew it all along.

CHIEF BARTLEY
How long till we're back up and running?

CAPTAIN
All I keep hearing is: "We're working on it."

The chief studies the monitors. The Malcontents resemble ants scurrying around, destroying shit.

CHIEF BARTLEY
This a foreign terrorist militia?

CAPTAIN
Not likely. Local gangs busted out the scum from the Demilitarized zone, armed 'em up.

CHIEF BARTLEY
What a relief. Glad it's only a domestic scenario.

On Paula, as she gives the: "Chief's an idiot" look to Mattingly. Not a fan. She then sees...

A MONITOR tracking the Arrasar gang. They carry the chemical suits from the 61st police precinct front door into waiting vehicles.

CHIEF BARTLEY (cont'd)
Our perimeter is secure though, 10-4?

CAPTAIN
Affirmative, I have all available units, including riot and anti-gang assembled and ready. Just say the word and we'll move ou...

CHIEF BARTLEY
... good, keep 'em stationed here until the FEDS arrive. Give those that wish to destroy space to do so.

Perplexed faces everywhere.

CAPTAIN

Sir, those are our neighborhoods being destroyed, and our neighbors forced to barricade inside their own homes! These are not just some protes...

CHIEF BARTLEY

... we stay put. I'm not taking anymore casualties over this. Fuck'n police unions will have my head as is. It'll quell itself, always does.

PAULA

Sir, a drone recorded criminals stealing chemical warfare suits from the sixty-first, which means...

CHIEF BARTLEY

... that they probably just think we're gonna use riot gas. Who are you, lad?

PAULA

Is that bourbon I smell?
(to the Captain)
Cap, they're all heading towards Little Odessa, if we...

CAPTAIN

(to Bartley)
I won't just stand by while...

Chief's heard enough...

CHIEF BARTLEY

... you are gonna stand by. And the rest of you are going to do exactly as told. Anyone not clear on that can resign immediately. Now, someone get me a cup of coffee, chocolate Irish cream.

PAULA

Shit must run *up* the chain of command cuz you are bursting at the seams with it.

CHIEF BARTLEY
Assigned personnel and ranking
officers only -- everyone else I
want OUT of here, right FUCKING
now, especially you toots!

EXT. BROOKLYN - 60TH POLICE PCT. - NIGHT

Mattingly and Paula exit the command bus, walk...

PAULA
Asshole called me toots. Thanks for
the help in there. You picked a
great time to retire your mouth.

MATTINGLY
Hey, I told you I'm...

PAULA
... ya, ya, -- you're retiring,
tell me every other day.

MATTINGLY
By the way, when did you grow that
set of cojones?

PAULA
(brief smile)
You like 'em?

She arrives at his car, gets into the drivers seat.

MATTINGLY
Hey, we were told to stand fast.
The fuck you think you're going?

PAULA
Gangs steal Chem suits then head
towards little Odessa. Coincidence?
I think not.

He thinks for a beat, then realizes: *she's fucking serious!*
Car engine starts.

MATTINGLY
Wait, leaving here is such a bad
idea.

Mattingly falls into the passenger seat.

MATTINGLY (cont'd)
Oh shit, *there goes my pension!*

PAULA
Buckle up for safety.

MATTINGLY
You drive way too fast, you do know
that, right?

She grins, slams her foot onto the gas pedal. Good-Year
treads melt against pavement.

INT. DANTE'S CAR - NIGHT

Tanya leans forward, tries to re-positions her hands in the
cuffs. Her eye already looks way better...

TANYA
I think I can see again... a
little. My foot's killing me.
Starving too!

Terry removes and displays a crushed fortune cookie. Hand
feeds it to her.

TERRY
Where are we going?

DANTE
Like riding with two kids back
there. She's going to jail. You can
take a cab home from the precinct.

TERRY
Raven, you gotta tell him who you
are... what you can do.

TANYA
Who's Raven?!? Please, someone help
me!

DANTE
This some kinda bullshit-act you
two are pulling on me? Cuz it ain't
working. Not for a second.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Burning cars block the road. Dante stops his car.

From above, Molotov Cocktails rain down, explode. He
reverses -- too late.

Fire spreads everywhere...

DANTE

Out. Everyone out!

The outside of his car is quickly engulfed in flames. No other choice... they must stop and exit...

They scurry for cover.

Dante draws his pistol, fires upwards and into a balcony, hits an Undesirable -- body falls to the concrete.

Terry ushers Tanya behind the cover of another vehicle. Dante joins, sees the lifeless body...

DANTE (cont'd)

Holy jeez, I just killed that guy!

TERRY

I'm six ahead of you.

DANTE

We'll have to jog the rest of the way.

TERRY

Jog?!? Can't you call for re-reinforcements, back-up or whatever you guys call it?

DANTE

You heard, the police radio's down and my phone ain't working. We need to go West, back to the sixtieth, and fast.

TERRY

At least take her cuffs off.

Tanya cowers against a car, petrified with fear...

DANTE

Ya... think I'm stupid?

Terry contemplates... wants to retort.

Dante aims his flashlight down the dark road. They move out.

EXT. UPPER BAY - NEW YORK HARBOR - NIGHT

The Russian cargo ship **ANDROMEDA** 'makes way' up the New York Narrows.

In the background, the lights from the VERRAZANO NARROWS BRIDGE illuminate the skyline.

INT. ANDROMEDA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

In front of the door to the Captain's Quarters stops -- the SHIP'S CAPTAIN, 65, white bearded, *old Russian sea-dog*.

He looks tense, exhales, pauses before knocking on the door to his own damn cabin. It opens to a...

... monstrous shape of a naked man, *picture*: a young Schwarzenegger + a U.F.C. fighter + roids -- even wears sunglasses at night.

SHIP'S CAPTAIN

(Russian)

With respect, Viktor. You wanted to know when docking at Brooklyn terminal.

VIKTOR, 28, serious as an I.R.S. agent auditing a Tea-Party Republican -- wipes his GROIN with a towel...

... behind him -- BLONDE TRIPLETS, 20s, exhausted, naked, draped over the bed, tattooed head to toe with "twisted images of naked and tortured bodies". Each already fucked to multiple orgasms.

The Captain sees them and swallows a lump in his throat.

VIKTOR

(Russian)

Is cargo container fully modified?

SHIP'S CAPTAIN

As requested. May I ask what is purpose?

The behemoth that is Viktor slams the door in the Captain's face.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT**OUTSIDE OF ODESSA HEADQUARTERS**

Odessa warriors fire at Arrasar gang members. They provide cover fire as the Novichok is loaded into a white van. Crip members advance -- right-side flank.

Weapons cycle. Odessa slowly gets picked off one by one.

A brave Mafia Warrior is last to defend the van. He fires at Arrasar gun men -- doesn't see...

Crip Leader sneak up behind him and go bush-master with a machete. Odessa collapses into his own pool of blood.

Arriving tires loudly screech...

Mattingly fires from the passenger side window as Paula rams the front of the car into Crip Leader -- driving him into a brick wall -- crushed like a grape.

Cop car gets sprayed with gunfire.

Both cops exit and seek cover behind their own vehicle -- struggle to gather tactical intelligence.

Mattingly reveals an ankle holster, draws a "baby" Glock, passes it to Paula...

MATTINGLY

Shit, shit! Make 'em count!

Arrasar advances -- gunfire flies. Glass shatters. Loud explosions echo throughout the block.

PAULA

The crates -- you see the name on the side?

MATTINGLY

Huh... the what?!?

PAULA

Novichuk -- it's a Russian bio-weapon. Ten times more powerful than Sarin gas!

MATTINGLY

I'm more worried about the lead poisoning!

PAULA

That's why they stole the bio-suits
-- they intend on deploying it.

Arrasar leader gets behind the wheel of the van -- tries to start it up -- difficulty turning the engine over.

Dante arrives behind them, opens fire towards Arrasar. Terry pulls Tanya behind the cover of a steel dumpster.

EXT. BROOKLYN - 60TH POLICE PCT. - NIGHT

SWAT SERGEANT, 36, salutes Captain Ultan as she arrives at his armored personnel carrier, parked behind the police perimeter.

Ultan gets into the drivers seat...

SERGEANT

Cap, what's the plan?

CAPTAIN

Chief won't authorize action.
Anyone asks, I stole your vehicle
and didn't say a word afterwards.

The Sergeant to his anxious officers...

SERGEANT

Squad, file into the Bear-cat!

CAPTAIN

Sergeant, I'm disobeying direct
orders. I can't ask you or your men
to jeopardize careers.

SWAT cops secure themselves inside the carrier.

SERGEANT

Boss, anyone asks -- we were hiding
in the back of the transport. I
won't say a word afterwards.

Captain with a slow head-shake and a brief smile -- drives away with a team of six.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Mattingly and Dante rise to return fire. The slides on their service weapons lock back. They return behind cover.

DANTE

I'm out!

MATTINGLY

Same.

Arrasar Member fires a full spread...

Paula, still crouched behind an automobile, rises, snipes the Arrasar Member in the middle of his mouth, bends, checks her weapon...

DANTE

Damn, nice shoot!

... she's empty -- pockets the gun, flips open a tactical knife, hides -- awaits her faith as the bad guys advance...

AIRBORNE -- a news helicopter chops the air above -- It hovers in place to film the battle.

ON TANYA -- cowering behind the dumpster.

Metallic CLANKING as lead strikes the dumpster.

Terry holds her close and displays horrid realization of their immediate situation.

TERRY

We're not gonna make it...

Terry leans and KISSES Tanya on the lips, who then breaks away from him -- *her eyes wide and then squint with intensity.*

Close on the handcuffs still secured behind her back...

CRACK -- her thumbs easily dislocate -- hands instantly slip free, the bindings fall freely onto the pavement.

WHACK

She smacks him across his face. He winces.

TANYA

Are you fuck'n out of your mind,
Terry Conrad?

Terry realizes...

TERRY

Raven, you're back!

RAVEN

Ya think?!? Where's my mask?

Terry produces -- she puts it on.

RAVEN

You got some explaining to do.
First, you blow me up, then you
take advantage of a girl in
bondage? You can't possibly be that
fuck'n desperate, can you?

TERRY

Uhh...

She stands, looks around...

RAVEN

We'll deal with it after I find
that albino bitch.

Nearby gunfire ricochets. Malcontents are advancing.

TERRY

Raven! Look out!

RAVEN

Who the fuck's these dick-bags?

SWAT carrier arrives...

Criminal gunfire tracks the cops. Mattingly and Dante
withdraw to it's armored rear.

Raven climbs, leaps from the top of the dumpster -- lands
and carves up a Malcontent with precision dagger slices.

Paula sees an opportunity -- makes a hobbled run for the
armored carrier, slips, falls to the street. She slowly
crawls...

Mattingly sprints to help her -- pushes her towards the
vehicle, takes a round to the side of his own leg...

MATTINGLY

Ahhhh!

Arrasar Leader wearing a full CHEMICAL WARFARE SUIT exits
the rear van doors -- leaps onto the street. He fires a hand
held GAS LAUNCHER at the cops...

A metallic canister hits Mattingly square in his back --
hisses like a cobra as it deploys the Novichok nerve agent
-- instant and undetectable horror.

Mattingly's the first to inhale this stuff.

Additional Arrasar members each wearing chem-suits aim video cameras, with full intention of documenting the horror.

Mattingly immediately feels the effect from the Novichuk. The gunshot wound to his leg is now the least of his worries...

he rapidly twitches -- muscles convulse with super-spasms, cartilage tears, and the bones they are connected to fracture and splinter.

CRACKING SOUNDS

Mattingly gasps for air, lips turn blue -- mouth drooling a yellow mucus. The panicked look on his face makes up for his inability to scream.

Terry arrives near Paula who ushers him inside the carrier along with SWAT team members. They quickly seal the door.

INSIDE THE CARRIER

CAPTAIN

What's going on out there?!?

PAULA

It's a nerve agent called Novichuk!
Oh no, *Mattingly!*

The Captain slaps the on-board button labeled: OXYGEN.

CAPTAIN

Atropine?!?

PAULA

Useless against this chemical
variant.

Paula watches the roadway through the safety glass. Mattingly ceases to move -- she sighs with horror. Are they next? Was the door closed in time?

PAULA (cont'd)

Oh no! Oh no!

OUTSIDE THE CARRIER

Raven sprints, picks up the canister -- examines...

Novichok appears to have zero effect on her. She flips it into the dumpster, cartwheels, evades incoming gunfire -- tosses daggers -- hits criminals with pinpoint precision.

Arrasar Leader fires another canister into the street, turns to reload with more product from the back of the van -- Raven leaps, rolls towards him, sweeps his legs, rips off his protective head gear...

He has no choice but to inhale...

RAVEN

Smells minty-fresh, don't it?

Leader rolls around the street, gasps for air as the fumes of death enter into his lungs.

You wouldn't wish this awful shit on your worst enemy!

His muscles constrict -- bones snap.

RAVEN (cont'd)

Ewwweee... make sure you clean up after yourself, you hear? Ugh, I'll get you a diaper -- BRB, dickhead!

She scans... back to business.

Raven cartwheels, spin kicks another Arrasar member -- knocks his mask clean off, stabs him right side of his head.

THE VAN -- tires screech as it drives away --

Darya (mouth covered with a re-breather) sits behind the wheel.

INSIDE

She jams on the brakes, back van doors slam shut. Slams the accelerator and races onward --

OUTSIDE

The van is replaced by...

Insane Motorcycle Gang Member -- cackles -- fires off defensive cover-rounds for the escaping van...

Raven dodges the lead, cartwheels, does a wicked gymnastic move while charging the cyclist -- spins, flips and lands on the seat behind him --

Simultaneously plunges a dagger into each of his temples -- tosses his dead body from the bike, grabs the handlebars, turns and pets the bike...

RAVEN (cont'd)
Ceh, ceh, ceh... nice horse.

She leans forward over the handlebars, twists the throttle to full speed.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CARRIER - NIGHT

Captain leaps into the drivers seat.

CAPTAIN
I'm backing us outta here.

PAULA
The van! That quantity of Novichok
can take out all of Manhattan.

Captain turns to her Sergeant who checks gauges...

SERGEANT
She outta hold an airtight seal for
at least twenty minutes.

The Captain drops it in drive -- nails the gas, looks through the windshield, scans the road...

CAPTAIN
Anyone see it? Where did it go?

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Van drives Westbound. Raven in hot pursuit -- dodging abandoned vehicles and giant potholes.

On a sidewalk, she races. Pulls a wheelie -- hops the bike onto the hood of a car -- airborne for a brief moment. Lands and continues onward.

INT. ARMORED CARRIER - NIGHT

The Captain shifts into high gear, searches the roadway...

CAPTAIN
Come on, where is it?

Paula switches radio frequencies, activates the microphone -- speaks into it...

PAULA
Black news copter above sixtieth,
you have your ears tuned to
Aviation UHF?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Copter four.

PAULA
Copter four, this is NYPD SWAT. We need your assistance tracking a white van, Westbound on sixtieth.

Beat.

PAULA (cont'd)
Copter four, do you copy?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Affirmative, white van speeding Westbound on Sixtieth... has a motorcycle in pursuit.

PAULA
Copy that, it's imperative you do not lose sight of that vehicle. Do you understand, Copter four?

Beat.

PAULA
Copter four, do you copy?

The muffled sound from a rotary aircraft, and then...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
We just lost visual... somewhere inside the Brooklyn Army Terminal.

Paula to the Captain...

PAULA
It's heading to...

The Bear-Cat lurches through an intersection...

CAPTAIN
... I heard. I fucking heard!

EXT. BROOKLYN ARMY TERMINAL - NIGHT

Gargantuan 1920's concrete structure. An ancient hub once used for transporting wartime equipment overseas to distant battlefields.

At one time this was considered the world's largest "post office for the United States Military."

INSIDE THE --

WAREHOUSE BAY -- ARMY TERMINAL

Van passes LOADING DOCKS -- travels deeper into the structure -- turns a corner where armed Boeviks wait...

Behind it, they spot Raven in pursuit -- open fire -- bullets ricochet everywhere.

She tumbles, bike slides, comes to a halt after hitting pallets of machinery -- she crawls from the onslaught of lead -- sees the van come to a stop.

A bullet clips her thigh, blasts skin and muscle from her leg.

She YELPS...

Gets up and then slide-spins -- rolls behind the cover of machinery, grimaces while extracting the hot round.

RAVEN

Out of the fire and into...

Waits for a reload -- peers around to see...

AT THE VAN

Darya exits the driver side. A warrior awaits, greets her, begins to unload the crates of Novichok into an old FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

Boeviks send more lead into the machinery. They finish reloading -- advance -- ready to fire once again...

But Raven's gone -- like vanished into thin air; gone!

Tires SCREECH. Russian Warriors turn, scatter for cover, weapons cycle at --

The arriving NYPD armored carrier -- which skids to a halt -- P.A. activates...

CAPTAIN (P.A.)

This is the police. Drop your weapons and get down on your knees with your hands up.

SWAT Sergeant quickly leads his troops out of the vehicle and into position for the firefight.

THE CARGO ELEVATOR

The final crate of Novichok is now inside the elevator next to Darya -- door begins to close.

A Boevik remains alertly by her side.

INSIDE THE ARMORED CARRIER --

Dante and Paula reload their pistol magazines with fresh ammo. The Captain preps an on-board assault rifle...

CAPTAIN

Zero comms to inform headquarters of our location! No one knows where we are. We gotta get this done by ourselves.

She turns to Terry, Dante and Paula...

CAPTAIN

You three, lock the door and stay here.

Terry snaps a picture of her...

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Do that again and I'll break that over your head!

The Captain exits, shuts the rear doors, joins the others in the firefight with the Boeviks.

PAULA

On the left is a stairwell. We can get around them and intercept the Novichok.

DANTE

You kidding me, they'll just gas us again!

PAULA

None of them are wearing protected suits. They won't risk it. I'll bet there's a boat waiting nearby.

DANTE

I'm just here for the Vigilante.

PAULA

The one in the elevator, wearing white -- she's a high level Odessa officer. That's who the Vigilante is after.

A beat -- then a reluctant F.B.I. agent...

DANTE

God, I hope you're right!

Terry moves to the exit.

DANTE (cont'd)

You were told to stay here.

TERRY

So were you. Besides, I'm a reporter, see...?

Terry flashes his credentials -- snaps a picture of them. Paula briefly smiles.

DANTE

You're really looking to get your ass shot off, aren't you?

They exit.

HALLWAY

Concrete corridors stretch as far as the eye can focus. The Novichok rests on a cart, and is being wheeled down the hallway by a Boevik -- Darya is on point.

WAREHOUSE BAY

SWAT Sergeant aims -- takes out a dug-in Boevik. Machine gun fire exchanges between both sides...

BAY DOOR opens --

Out steps...

Evil Odessa FLAMETHROWER GUY, armored head to toe -- sprays napalm at the SWAT officers.

Assault rifle rounds clank harmlessly off of his chest.

CAPTAIN

Fall back!

They back up to the carrier, all previous gains now lost.

Napalm engulfs a cop's back. He bursts into flames, loudly SCREAMS as his riot gear melts into his skin.

BEHIND THE HUMAN ARSONIST --

Raven pounces -- carves the jugular of an unsuspecting Boevik -- spins and launches a dagger into the ear of a second gunman, who instantly drops to the floor.

She uses her speed, rolls to the rear of the flamethrower, grabs -- reaches -- spins the valve on the fuel tank...

And just like that, she disables his fuel flow.

The flamethrower powers down -- arsonist checks on the malfunctioning equipment. Cops charge him, drive him to the floor. They wrestle...

The Captain aims -- places the red-dot from her rifle laser onto Raven's chest...

A stare-down...

RAVEN

I've been shot enough for one day.

A short moment later -- the Captain lowers her weapon, nods her head in appreciation.

RAVEN (cont'd)

I'll just be on my way.

Raven turns, sprints to the freight elevator.

SEVERAL FLOORS HIGHER -- AT AN INTERSECTION

Dante and Paula fire at a single Boevik from the cover of a hallway corner -- their pistols are a tough match-up for the long-gun holding them at bay.

Back and forth, the firefight ensues...

STORAGE BAY

Multiple rows of *double doors* line a far wall.

Darya enters, pushes the Novichok cart into the only open set -- turns, ready to secure the deadly weapon inside -- sees...

RAVEN

DARYA

You are most persistent, but time for play is over.

Darya removes and discards her bloody COAT, draws the twin swords strapped to her waist -- she's now...

NAKED... from her pants up --

-- her entire torso is covered in TATTOOS...

three dome towers... (church steeples indicating prison terms) cover her chest area.

A set of large, "open eyes" under her throat area, stars, bells, bulls, scorpions, knives, long blades -- a setting sun with faces of tigers clutching keys...

... and finally on both shoulders: the tattooed epaulette from the Soviet uniform.

Raven processes...

RAVEN

Fantastic! Wish I *could* get tats like that.

Darya points both swords outwards, poses for a beat, then...

she spins her swords like a highly skilled samurai -- begins advancing...

Raven reaches for a dagger -- *she's out!*

Darya closes the gap, lunges -- slices...

Raven barely dodges, tumbles to her left -- leans backwards -- avoids another sword strike, executes a tuck and roll to her flank.

She's back onto her feet as Darya quickly closes the gap -- positions to initiate another sequence of attacks...

Raven dodges a sword thrust to her torso. Pivots, hops over another twirling slice meant to take out her knees. She slides laterally -- front kicks into Darya's hip -- fully connects...

... Darya stumbles. Can't help but rub for soreness.

They both separate and reset. Raven circles...

Darya twirls her swords above her head. executes...

a tornado whirlwind strike --

-- first slice...

barely misses Raven's head...

the follow up tears deeply into Raven's left forearm.

RAVEN

Ahhh, mudda -- mudda's day!

That cut hurt Raven. She staggers to achieve separation -- backs up into a steel door, holds her arm tightly.

Darya smiles.

DARYA

I know there is limit to amount of punishment you can endure.

Raven hops, clutches her arm damage...

RAVEN

Mind just shut'n the fuck up?

Darya spins her blades, whirlwinds like the Tasmanian Devil -- forces Raven back, who bobs off the line of attack.

The sword master advances...

Raven has little choice, flees the room through an open roll-up door. Quickly realizes she's on a:

CARGO BALCONY -- still inside the complex.

It's small and square, with dozens more scattered above and below -- yet another remnant of the ancient wartime operation that once existed here.

Raven dodges another swinging thrust, leans backwards over the ledge -- rolls and falls over the side, one floor down...

BELLY SLAM -- she crashes onto another balcony. Gets up, sees Darya set to leap...

Raven leaves the balcony, runs into another section of warehouse.

ON DARYA

she makes the jump, rights herself -- resumes pursuit...

ANOTHER WAREHOUSE TERMINAL

Stacks of worthless machinery everywhere. Darya twirls her razor-sharp steel -- ready to strike again.

She checks behind a hydraulic press -- nothing!

Scans left to right...

Raven must be hiding in here, but where?

Darya moves to the next possible hiding spot...

CLANK -- a handful of ball bearings bounce onto the floor, scatter under Darya's feet... which then slide out from under her. She goes down on her ass.

Raven emerges from hiding, both hands clutch a RUSTY PIPE -- swings like a kid in a carnival...

... a sword parries the pipe -- off-hand sword counter strikes and then slices into Raven's shin.

Painful sighs as both "ladies" are now prone on the floor.

Raven rolls. Punches deep into Darya's side -- got some good force behind it...

CRACK -- evil bitch screams -- must have been the sound of a broken rib or two.

ON RAVEN

an evasive roll. Slow to her feet... gets up -- holds her disabled arm, reaches, feels the gash in her shin.

And just like that -- she lost sight of Darya -- frantically turns, looks around for her opponent...

A tattooed arm swings and locks across her neck --

Darya, from directly behind, drives a sword up and through Raven's back...

FRONT OF RAVEN'S CHEST --

the curved-point of the sword-shape as it disfigures the middle of our heroes chest --

-- up and outward -- two feet of sharp "sword-skin" emerges from between her tits.

Raven HOWLS...

... then headbutts to the rear -- catches Darya in the face -- SOUND of her nose cartilage deviating.

Darya releases her grip on the now impaled Raven, covers her bloody face.

DARYA

You broke nose... *bitch!*

Raven turns, staggers -- howls, and then charges straight into the front of Darya...

... both bodies meet head on -- sword handle still buried deep within Raven's back -- her momentum drives the forward-facing "sword-skin" directly into the front of Darya's heart which then easily emerges from her naked back...

Russian blood explodes outward, splashes down the back-side of Darya.

They face each other, both skewered together into one. Their equal momentum ceases when both strike a chain-link partition.

Eyes lock --

One set remains determined, another set is moments from bleeding out and dying.

Both opponents close enough to share an intimate moment.

RAVEN

Now, what have we learned?

Darya chokes on her own blood, then immediately dies.

Raven pushes her dead face away, struggles for separation. The sound of gooey, bloody, closing flesh as they part.

Raven reaches behind her back for the hilt...

Getting the sword out is gonna be a helluva bitch.

HALLWAY

Dante and Paula are still pinned down, end of the hallway. Bullets ricochet off concrete walls and floors.

Gunfire ceases...

Dante emerges, about to advance -- stops. Sees a small canister bounce and roll directly at him...

... it's a FLASHBANG!

DANTE

Shit!

A blinding white flash. A deafening noise and then "distortion." Ear drums begin to recover...

... sound of coughing. Smoke quickly dissipates.

Dante -- down on the floor -- gingerly rolls onto his side -- looks around...

sees Paula, also prone and incapacitated, further focuses on...

A set of combat boots, belonging to a charging Boevik...

angry GUY wants to Ginsu him with a big-ass combat KNIFE.

Dante checks the floor for his firearm... *where the hell is it?*

He staggers to his feet -- Boevik about to plunge his blade into the vulnerable agent.

BOOM

A single gunshot. The warrior falls to the floor, drops the knife, hands clutch his side -- directly even with his heart-level. Down to the floor drops the body.

Dante scans, sees Terry pointing a smoking gun.

Paula regains her footing...

PAULA
Nice shot, Terry!

STORAGE BAY

Raven stumbles back into the loading bay, still not fully healed. She then spots the Novichok cart...

... returns it safely back into the storage bay.

Hears a thud inside the long, dark container.

Re-enters the opening to investigate...

INSIDE THE CONTAINER

Spring loaded PRISON BARS snap shut trapping Raven within. She turns, pounds on the steel. Feels for a release. No dice.

The container lifts up and away from the bay.

STEEL SOLID CARGO DOORS snap shut, concealing Raven inside.

OUTSIDE -- TERMINAL HARBOR DOCKS

Spot-lights work overtime.

Raven's "prison container" rises via a cargo crane. It swings out and over the dock, settles high above...

... the Russian cargo vessel ANDROMEDA

Container lowers and disappears below the deck.

Prop-wash sprays over the docks. Andromeda's THRUSTERS work hard to station-keep.

LOADING BAY

Dante and Paula both arrive. They immediately notice the Novichok cart. Move to secure.

Other end -- SWAT units enter and quickly take a defensive position...

CAPTAIN
Police, don't move!

PAULA
Police, don't shoot!

Satisfied from the response, all weapons lower. They carefully gather to inspect the bio-weapon.

CAPTAIN
Didn't I tell you to stay put?

Paula shifts through the crates. The Novichok canisters are secure. She turns to Dante -- displays a victory grin.

PAULA
We got it! We got the Novichok!

CAPTAIN
You two could've gotten yourself
killed, along with that reporter.
(beat)
Where the hell is that annoying
kid?

Dante and Paula eagerly scan for Terry who should be behind them...

CAPTAIN
(off their looks)
Tell me he's safe in the bear-cat?

OUTSIDE -- TERMINAL HARBOR DOCKS

The Andromeda clears the terminal slip. Spins to port, throttles up, under-way into the open harbor.

A SHORT TIME LATER...

INT. ANDROMEDA CARGO SHIP - CRACK OF DAWN**DEEP INSIDE THE BELLY OF THE SHIP**

A dimly lit CARGO HOLD -- mostly empty.

In the middle rests Raven's prison container -- still and perfectly silent -- door remains tightly secured.

Interior lights activate. An access port opens...

Viktor enters -- blue jeans, shirtless, freshly buffed.

Petrovik trails behind him, staggers, barely able to walk -- assisted by the three Triplets, each wearing leather body-suits with matching accessories.

Viktor arrives at the end of the container, slides a large lever. He walks to the other sides, repeats the procedure...

... then steps back.

All four sides release from the frame of the container, teeter for a moment, then freely fall to the ground...

THUD

Steel prison bars expose. In the middle of the cage, upside down, hangs...

RAVEN --

her arms folded, relaxed as all hell -- *is she freak'n sleeping?*

Viktor moves for a closer look...

VIKTOR
(Russian)
Get down from there.

Her eyes still shut...

RAVEN
(Russian)
Come in here and make me, asshole.

Viktor unlocks the cell.

Raven opens her eyes, falls down into a handstand, somersaults onto her feet -- sees Viktor step inside with her.

His massiveness blocks the egress.

He checks his watch...

VIKTOR

(Russian)

I suspected you would surface sooner than later, Ptichka.

RAVEN

(Russian)

Baby bird, my ass! Darya is dead and the police have your Novichok. You killed my family, so I'll be returning the favor.

Viktor laughs...

VIKTOR

(Russian)

Novichok?!? Such a messy asset. I have warehouses more in motherland. Standing right before me is a weapon to claim all of Russia. The sole reason I'm here.

Raven chuckles...

RAVEN

(Russian)

If you're stupid enough to think I'll join you then you make Petrovik look like Einstein.

Petrovik inquisitively turns to the Triplets...

PETROVIK

(Russian)

Who is Einstein person?

The Triplets giggle in unison.

Viktor produces a large knife, holds it in front of his gigantic chest -- flips it between his fingers like a carnival knife thrower...

RAVEN
 (Russian)
 Got plans for that?

He fires the knife at her face. She catches the point with her palm -- it drives deep into her hand -- she pulls it out... shows him the closing hole.

Victor nods. He likes what he sees, although not surprised in the least.

Raven calculates her options for a beat...

... then grins at Viktor -- tightly grips the knife handle, all-business-face --

-- charges full speed, spins mid-air, thrusts the point of the knife outward and straight at Viktor's heart...

... and Viktor remains perfectly still, arms extended outward -- lets her stab him as hard as she can!

The blade enters into Viktor's chest -- all the way up to the hilt --

Directly into the middle of his heart!

VIKTOR
 ARRAAAHHHHH!!!

Viktor backhands Raven's head, sending her spinning backwards and to the ground.

She rolls, face ripe with pain, watches Viktor grab the handle of the knife and...

... slowly pull it out from his bloodless and self-sealing wound.

Raven stares in disbelief.

Viktor exhales, removes his sunglasses, emerald eyes glare straight at her...

VIKTOR
 One week sail to motherland. You
 have much training to still do,
 Ptichka. Together, we shall rule
 entire world... *forever!*

Viktor once again checks his watch -- exits the cell.

Petrovik angrily slams the door behind him. Spits at her through the bars...

Raven attempts to stand, yawns, clutches her forehead, closes her eyes, kneels -- braces herself for transition.

Looks around, evaluates her whereabouts.

She is now Tanya.

... who is totally scared, confused. She cowers deep inside the prison cell.

EXT. UPPER BAY - NEW YORK HARBOR - CRACK OF DAWN

UPPER DECK -- ANDROMEDA -- AFT

An armed BOEVIK slowly patrols. He passes a LIFE BOAT.

The canvas cover of the life boat slightly parts -- peeking from within is the petrified face of --

TERRY

who looks around... then shuts the canvas, remains hidden inside the life boat.

RELEASE ANDROMEDA...

The stern of the Russian cargo ship (registered out of Murmansk) sails away, clears the Verrazano Narrows Bridge...

and then heads straight out to sea.

FADE OUT

THE END