

War Pigs  
by  
(Joe Murk)

(Based on, Lyrics from Black Sabbath War  
Pigs)

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EXT. EASTERN UKRAINE - DAWN - AERIAL SHOT

A sweeping aerial view soars across the bleak, frost-covered Donbas region. The winter sun creeps over the horizon, casting long shadows across bombed-out buildings, cratered roads, and the skeletons of burnt-out tanks rusting in the fields.

Below, columns of refugees march through snow-dusted roads – grandmothers pushing carts, children clinging to stuffed animals, faces hollow and gray. A church bell tolls, distant and cracked, echoing over the cold expanse like a funeral dirge.

The camera continues to glide, tilting downward – revealing the charred remains of a kindergarten playground, a half-buried teddy bear in ash. Next to it, a rusted sign reads:

WELCOME TO BAKHMUT.

As we pass over the ruins, a Russian military convoy rumbles through – tanks, personnel carriers, soldiers smoking, laughing. One sprays graffiti on a crumbled wall:

“CHILDREN OF WAR.”

The air is eerily quiet – only the low hum of drones overhead and the wind through broken windows.

Then –

BOOM.

A massive explosion erupts in the distance, sending up a mushroom of dirt and smoke. The sound slams into us a beat later, deep and thunderous.

CUT TO:

EXT. KYIV - ROOFTOP - MORNING

IVAN PAVLENKO (40s) stands at the edge of a crumbling apartment rooftop with a camera in hand. He watches smoke plumes rise on the horizon. Behind his tired eyes, rage simmers.

He presses REC on his camera.

VO (soft, broken)

"They send boys to die while they  
sit in gold chairs... And they call  
it patriotism."

CUT TO:

EXT. KYIV - ROOFTOP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

IVAN steadies his lens, zooming in toward the black plumes of smoke coiling from the city's outskirts. His breath fogs in the cold air. The distant booming of shelling pulses through the skyline like a heartbeat.

He adjusts the focus, catching a shot of a makeshift checkpoint manned by civilians in flak jackets. One is no older than 16, gripping an AK-47 with white-knuckled fingers.

He mutters into his voice recorder, clipped to his coat:

IVAN (INTO RECORDER)  
Checkpoint Bravo, civilian defense.  
East Sector. 17-year-old with  
automatic rifle. Second week of the  
siege.

He lowers the camera, blinking away tears. A text pops up on his satellite phone:

FROM: UNKNOWN

FILE RECEIVED - "Dinner with Devils.mp4

Ivan's brow furrows. He opens it. On-screen: a grainy, infrared recording – Russian generals around a fire, drunk, laughing. A civilian vehicle explodes on a nearby monitor. The men raise their glasses in a toast.

RUSSIAN GENERAL (V.O.) (FROM VIDEO)  
"Boom. Right on the nose. Another  
convoy of rats."

Laughter.

Ivan exhales sharply. The camera shakes slightly in his hand. He stares down at the phone like it's radioactive.

Behind him, the distant, echoing chime of an air raid siren wails.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET BELOW – KYIV – MOMENTS LATER

Ivan rushes down a flight of stairs two at a time. The building trembles from a distant blast. Windows rattle.

On the street, residents scatter – mothers grabbing children, old men pushing carts faster than they should. A dog barks madly as a Ukrainian soldier yells:

UKRAINIAN SOLDIER  
Incoming! Two clicks out! Move!

Ivan darts behind a burnt-out van, pulls out a small drone from his satchel, launches it into the sky.

CUT TO:

DRONE POV – SKY OVER KYIV

The drone zips above buildings, revealing the monstrous artillery strike incoming – a line of rockets arcing toward the city like a meteor shower.

Ivan watches the feed on his phone.

A red blinking indicator reads:

LIVE BROADCASTING: FOREIGN PRESS SERVER

IVAN

Let the world see this.

BOOM —

The first rocket hits a power  
station. Lights flicker out across  
the block.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKESHIFT NEWSROOM - KYIV UNDERGROUND - LATER

Ivan enters a dim basement filled with wires, monitors, maps,  
and journalists hunched over laptops. Generators hum. Coffee  
brews in a tin can.

EDITORS watch his drone feed in real-time.

NEWS EDITOR (60S)

Where'd you get that footage?

IVAN (HANDS HIM THE PHONE)

Just came in. Russian brass  
celebrating war crimes.

The editor scrolls through. Jaw tightens.

NEWS EDITOR

You realize publishing this puts  
you at the top of a kill list.

Ivan grabs a stale roll off the table and takes a bite.

IVAN

I was already on it.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. RUSSIAN MILITARY TRAINING BASE - KURSK REGION - DAY

Rows of young Russian conscripts stand at attention in a snow-swept yard. They wear mismatched uniforms and faded expressions. The cold bites through their coats. A massive mural of Mother Russia looms behind them, holding a sword and shield.

DMITRI SOKOLOV (19) stands in line - tall, thin, fresh-faced. His eyes are sharp, but unsure. He clutches his rifle like it might explode. His boots are too big.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO (50s), thick-necked and cruel-eyed, paces in front of them, barking:

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO  
You are not here to think. You are  
here to serve the will of your  
nation. Ukraine belongs to us.  
These are not civilians. They are  
saboteurs, traitors, NATO vermin.

He stops in front of Dmitri.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO (CONT'D)  
You - what's your name?

DMITRI  
Dmitri Sokolov, sir.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO  
You believe in this war?

A pause. Dmitri hesitates. A breath too long.

DMITRI  
I... serve Russia, sir.

Kravchenko eyes him. Leans in.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO  
Good. Because hesitation gets your  
comrades killed.

He slams the butt of his rifle into the ground and shouts:

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO (TO ALL) (CONT'D)  
Load up! You ship out tonight.  
South! To glory, or to hell!

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - NIGHT - MOVING

The inside of a freezing, bouncing military truck. Young soldiers packed in like livestock. No one speaks.

Dmitri clutches a photo of his mother, taped inside a small notebook. Next to it, a poem he wrote:

"Wolves in uniform, teeth like brass.

They march us forward, first and last."

He pockets it, then notices a fellow conscript, coughing violently. Dmitri pulls out a half-crushed cough drop and offers it. The kid smiles weakly.

CONSCRIPTEE

You from Kursk?

DMITRI

Yeah. You?

CONSCRIPTEE

Dagestan. Never held a gun before this.

They both fall silent as the truck door slides open a crack, revealing the horizon.

Rows of burning villages.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MARIUPOL - DAWN

The trucks roll to a stop near a shattered village. Soldiers unload quickly. Dmitri steps down into a scene of eerie silence.

A dog barks in the distance. Smoke rises from a field. He watches a bird land on a broken power line, oblivious to the destruction.

A Ukrainian child's ball bounces into the street. Dmitri instinctively picks it up – and locks eyes with a Ukrainian boy hiding behind a fence.

A long, awkward moment. Then:

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO (O.S.)  
Sokolov! You want to adopt him or  
join your unit?

Dmitri drops the ball and walks away – but keeps looking back.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCCUPIED VILLAGE – LATER THAT DAY

The Russian unit has set up camp in the remnants of a Ukrainian village. Smoke curls from chimneys where fires once warmed homes. A hollow wind moans through the ruined streets.

Dmitri is posted outside a makeshift command post, rifle slung over his shoulder. His boots crunch on broken glass as he patrols. The sky is heavy, overcast, pressing down.

From around a corner–

A whistle.

He turns. The Ukrainian boy – maybe 9 or 10 – peeks from behind a splintered fence. Same kid. Same haunted eyes.

DMITRI  
Hey... (softly, in Russian)

You shouldn't be here.

The boy doesn't move. Just stares. Holding something behind his back. Dmitri steps closer.

DMITRI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

No answer.

Dmitri crouches, careful to keep his rifle pointed away.



DMITRI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
You hungry?

The boy slowly reveals what's behind his back – the ball from earlier.

He gently tosses it to Dmitri.

Dmitri catches it, smiles faintly, and tosses it back.

Laughter—soft, like a fragile thing trying to survive. A moment of grace.

Then—

A GUNSHOT.

The boy flinches and darts back behind the fence.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO (O.S.)  
Sokolov! On me. Now.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN – MINUTES LATER

Four Ukrainian men – farmers, maybe teachers – kneel on the ground, hands zip-tied, faces bruised. Two Russian soldiers watch them.

Kravchenko paces in front of them like a wolf.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO  
Insurgents. Found radios, maps,  
NATO supplies.

DMITRI enters, uncertain.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Pick one. You're the new blood.  
Time to earn your stripes.

DMITRI  
Sir?

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO  
Execute one. Show them what Russian  
mercy looks like.

Dmitri freezes. The world becomes silent. The men tremble.  
One looks up – eyes full of quiet dignity.

UKRAINIAN MAN  
My son's the boy you met. He  
doesn't need to see this.

Dmitri's hand trembles around his rifle.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO  
Sokolov. This is war. Your orders  
are clear.

DMITRI  
They're civilians. Farmers.

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO  
They're meat.

He steps behind Dmitri, whispering like poison:

COMMANDER KRAVCHENKO (CONT'D)  
You don't do this, you kneel next.

A long pause.

Dmitri slowly raises his rifle – not at the prisoners... but at  
Kravchenko.

Everyone tenses.

DMITRI  
You're the one who's rotten.

Beat. Beat.

Kravchenko smirks – thinking it's a bluff.

Then:

Dmitri fires.

Kravchenko drops. Chaos erupts. The prisoners duck. One  
soldier fires wildly, another runs.

Dmitri grabs a knife from Kravchenko's body, cuts the  
prisoners free.

DMITRI (TO THEM) (CONT'D)  
Go. Now.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The Ukrainian boy sees his father rushing from the barn. He runs to him. They collapse into each other's arms.

Dmitri, watching from a distance, lowers his rifle.

Tears stream down his face.

He's crossed the line. There's no going back.

CUT TO:

EXT. UKRAINIAN FOREST - NIGHT

Cold. Wet. Quiet. Snow falls in heavy flakes. Dmitri trudges through a dense pine forest, blood on his sleeve, mud caked on his boots. His Russian uniform is torn, name tag missing.

Behind him, the distant echo of gunfire--then barking dogs.

They're looking for him.

He moves faster, clutching a stolen satchel containing:

\* A small food ration

\* A civilian coat

\* A folded piece of paper with coordinates circled in pencil  
- Zaporizhzhia border checkpoint

He stumbles, collapsing against a tree, breathing heavily. A drone buzzes overhead, its red light scanning through the trees. Dmitri goes still.

Drone passes.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dmitri pushes through the half-collapsed door of a farmhouse deep in the woods. Inside: silence. Dust. A family's life frozen in time – photos still on the walls, toys on the floor.

He sheds the last of his uniform and puts on the civilian coat. His hands tremble as he removes a military patch and tosses it into the fireplace. Watches it burn.

On the mantle, he finds an old Orthodox icon – Mary and child, haloed in gold.

He stares at it. Guilt, regret, grief.

FLASHBACK - TRAINING BASE MESS HALL - WEEKS EARLIER

Dmitri laughs with two fellow conscripts. One draws cartoons on a napkin. The other shares dried fish. They look human, hopeful – not yet killers, not yet dead.

DMITRI (V.O.)  
They trained us to be blind. But I  
saw. I saw everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIL LINE - SUNRISE

Dmitri follows abandoned train tracks, avoiding roads. His skin is pale from cold. His eyes scan for danger.

Suddenly –

A rustling in the brush.

He ducks, gripping his rifle – just as a Ukrainian civilian patrol steps out, weapons drawn.

PATROL LEADER (UKRAINIAN)  
Drop it! Hands where I can see  
them!

DMITRI (IN UKRAINIAN)  
I'm not here to fight. I'm trying  
to defect.

They close in, suspicious.

PATROL LEADER  
Russian soldier, and you speak  
Ukrainian?

DMITRI  
My grandmother taught me. I shot my  
commander. I freed prisoners.

They don't lower their weapons.

Dmitri slowly drops his rifle.

DMITRI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Please... I don't want to be one of  
them.

A long beat.

The patrol leader signals. One of them lowers their gun and  
frisks him.

PATROL LEADER  
You've got one chance. Lie to me –  
we shoot you in the woods and say  
you never came through here.

DMITRI  
Fair enough.

They take his rifle. Blindfold him.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

A candlelit room deep in Ukrainian territory. Dmitri sits at  
a table, flanked by two resistance fighters. One of them is  
ANYA, early 20s, fierce eyes behind medical fatigue. She  
studies him like a puzzle she doesn't trust.

ANYA  
You defected alone?

DMITRI  
Yes.

ANYA  
Why?

Dmitri hesitates, then quietly:

DMITRI  
Because I looked into the eyes of a  
child...

and saw myself on the other end of the rifle.

Anya doesn't soften – but she leans forward.

ANYA  
So what do you want now?

DMITRI  
To make it right. Whatever I can.

A long pause.

ANYA  
We'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN FIELD HQ – OCCUPIED ZONE – NIGHT

An opulent, mobile command tent lit by golden lamplight and strewn with maps, vodka bottles, and caviar tins.

At the center, GENERAL ORLOV (60s, hawkish, calculating) watches a wall of monitors streaming battlefield footage. A military jazz band plays lightly in the background – surreal and grotesque.

A colonel approaches, sweating.

COLONEL

General. We've confirmed it. Dmitri Sokolov killed Commander Kravchenko... and defected to the Ukrainian resistance.

Orlov doesn't react. He sips tea from a delicate porcelain cup.

GENERAL ORLOV

Where is he now?

COLONEL

We tracked him near the Dnipro line. He's hiding among civilians. Possibly protected by partisan medics.

Orlov slowly stands, walks toward a large, red-lit tactical map pinned to the wall. He places a gold pin near Zaporizhzhia.

GENERAL ORLOV

You know what I hate more than traitors?

COLONEL (NERVOUS)

...What, sir?

GENERAL ORLOV

Symbols.

He flicks ash from his cigarette onto the map.

GENERAL ORLOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

A single defector becomes a story. Then a myth. Then a movement. We can't allow that.

He turns to the room of officers now gathered in silence.

GENERAL ORLOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Dmitri Sokolov is no longer a missing soldier. He's a disease.

MONTAGE - "WAR PIGS" STYLE OPERATIONS

PREP  
(Over orchestral music  
resembling an  
instrumental echo of the  
"War Pigs" riff - dark,  
slow, ominous)

Russian Special Forces suiting up: balaclavas, suppressed  
rifles, flamethrowers.

A drone operator reviews thermal imaging over a refugee  
convoy - tagging individuals like targets.

A sniper rifles his scope into place, muttering a prayer.

Soldiers laughing, watching a video loop of Dmitri's kill  
shot on Kravchenko - calling him "The Judas of Kursk."

COMMANDER (O.S.)  
Operation: Fire Sermon. We wipe  
that village off the f\*\*\*ing map.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN MOBILE PSYOP CENTER - NIGHT

Younger intelligence officers sit at glowing screens,  
generating deepfake propaganda:

Dmitri's face superimposed on videos of Ukrainian  
atrocities.

Messages broadcast over fake Ukrainian channels: "The  
traitor Dmitri Sokolov betrayed the Motherland and murdered  
innocents."

A fabricated "death order" from Ukrainian command claiming  
Dmitri is a spy for the FSB.

They upload it across Telegram, VK, and dark web channels.

PROPAGANDA OFFICER  
By morning, he'll be hunted by both  
sides.

FADE TO BLACK:



EXT. VILLAGE BORDER - NIGHT

Columns of Russian vehicles roll in silently under cover of fog – tanks, trucks, flamethrowers.

A sergeant radioes in:

SERGEANT

On location. Coordinates confirmed.  
Begin sweep?

A pause. Then: General Orlov's voice comes through the comms, calm as glass:

GENERAL ORLOV (V.O.)

Burn them.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Dmitri wakes to the sound of a distant explosion.

ANYA bursts into the room, loading a pistol.

ANYA

Get up. Now. They're coming for  
you.

Dmitri grabs his rifle. Behind them, through the cracks in the window, orange flames rise into the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. UKRAINIAN SAFEHOUSE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Flames rage through the treetops as Russian shells pound the edge of the village. Civilians scream. Livestock stampede. The air is a choking mix of smoke and terror.

ANYA leads DMITRI and a handful of medics and volunteers through an alley, ducking behind crumbling brick walls.

ANYA

We need to get the children to the  
bunker under the church!

DMITRI

I'll cover the rear – get them out!

ANYA

No hero shit. Stay alive.

They exchange a brief look – tension, trust – then split.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT – MOMENTS LATER

A group of terrified children and elderly civilians pack into  
the cramped underground shelter.

Anya arrives, helping a girl with a bleeding leg. She radios  
Dmitri:

ANYA (INTO RADIO)

We're in. Where are you?

STATIC

Then – faint:

DMITRI (V.O.)

North alley. I'm not alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE NORTH ALLEY – CONTINUOUS

Dmitri crouches behind an overturned cart. In the crosshairs  
of a thermal drone hovering silently above. A Russian  
commando creeps nearby, laser sight cutting through smoke.

Dmitri notices movement in the rubble – it's the same  
Ukrainian boy, trying to pull his injured father from the  
street.

Dmitri's face drops. Flashbacks of Kravchenko. The prisoners.  
The rifle. His trembling hands.

DMITRI (WHISPERS)  
Not again.

He steps into the open — gun blazing — just as the Russian  
drone locks onto his heat signature.

CUT TO:

EXT. KYIV — INTEL SAFEHOUSE — NIGHT

Cut hard to Ivan, hunched over a laptop. Footage from  
anonymous satellite feeds flood in. The assault on the  
village is being broadcast in pieces by civilian drones. Ivan  
recognizes the location.

IVAN  
They're purging the safe zone. This  
is retaliation.

NEWS EDITOR (O.S.)  
They're not targeting military.  
That's all civilians.

Ivan looks down at his phone — the "Dinner with Devils" video  
still queued. He pairs it with the live feed and uploads to  
his cloud server.

IVAN  
Time to make these pigs famous.

He hits a key. A file uploads to:

#WARPIGS\_LEAK  
Recipients: International Press,  
Human Rights Court, UN, Anonymous

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - STREETS - SAME TIME

Dmitri drags the boy and his father behind a wrecked car. A Russian commando descends on them - rifle raised.

Just as the trigger's about to pull -

BLAM! The commando goes down.

ANYA appears from the shadows, pistol still smoking.

ANYA  
I said no hero shit.

Dmitri laughs, coughing smoke. They help the boy and father to their feet.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

The group reconvenes underground. Children cling to Anya. Dmitri stands watch at the narrow door, blood on his hands.

A volunteer hands Anya a satellite phone.

VOLUNTEER  
Someone's broadcasting the attack.  
It's gone viral. Look.

Anya sees Ivan's upload on the screen.

VIDEO: Orlov's "Dinner with Devils" side by side with live attack footage.

The caption:

"This is what war pigs look like."

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN COMMAND HQ - SAME TIME

General Orlov stares at the leak as it spreads across monitors. International outlets. Twitter. Telegram. Live TV.

The officers around him look... concerned.

AIDE

Sir... Geneva's called for emergency sanctions. There's talk of a war crimes tribunal.

GENERAL ORLOV

Good. Let them talk.

He smashes the monitor with his cane.

GENERAL ORLOV (CONT'D)

Let them watch the world burn.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN WAR ROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit chamber, adorned with Soviet-era maps and portraits of Russian tsars. A massive screen displays the leaked footage: Dmitri's defection and the "Dinner with Devils" video, now viral under the hashtag #WarPigsLeak.?

VLADIMIR PUTIN stands at the head of a long table, flanked by his top generals and advisors. His face is a mask of controlled rage.

PUTIN

(coldly in Russian)

Mother Fucker This... is an abomination.

He slams his fist on the table, causing the generals to flinch.

PUTIN (CONT'D)

((shouting))

A single traitor, a mere pawn, has made us look like fools on the world stage!?Wikipedia

GENERAL IVANOV  
Comrade President, we are  
mobilizing units to contain the  
fallout.?

PUTIN  
Contain? You think this is about  
containment? This is about legacy!  
About the very soul of Russia!?

He paces, his voice rising with each word.

PUTIN (CONT'D)  
Ukraine is not just a neighbor;  
it's the cradle of our  
civilization. Kievan Rus', the  
birthplace of Russian Orthodoxy,  
our shared history!?

GENERAL PETROV  
Sir, the international community  
is reacting strongly. Sanctions are  
intensifying.?

PUTIN  
Let them. Let them choke on their  
own hypocrisy. They have pushed us  
to this point, encircling us with  
NATO, poisoning our brothers with  
Western lies.?

He turns back to the screen, watching Dmitri's face.

PUTIN (CONT'D)  
This... defector. He will be made  
an example of. I want his name  
erased, his family forgotten, his  
existence denied.?

GENERAL IVANOV  
Understood, Comrade President.?

PUTIN  
And the village that harbored him??

GENERAL PETROV  
Already targeted.?

PUTIN

Good. Let it burn. Let the world  
see the price of betrayal.?

He leans in, his voice a venomous whisper.

PUTIN (CONT'D)

This is not just war. This is  
purification.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFEHOUSE VILLAGE - NIGHTFALL

The night sky glows red-orange, lit not by sunset – but by  
the first impacts of Russian artillery.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Shells rain down like the wrath of gods, flattening homes,  
ripping apart gardens, cratering the earth. Trees are snapped  
in half. Smoke pillars rise. Fires consume everything.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH BUNKER - SAME TIME

Cramped. Dust rains from the ceiling. Children sob. Anya  
crouches near a wounded woman, trying to calm her.

ANYA (TO KIDS)

Cover your ears. Stay together.  
Don't move unless I say.

A baby wails as another shell slams the surface above.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE - VILLAGE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Dmitri and two partisan fighters fire at advancing Russian troops emerging from smoke like shadows from hell – black masks, green lasers, flamethrowers. No warning. No mercy.

DMITRI

Back to the bunker! We hold them  
off here!

He throws a Molotov, engulfing a truck. A soldier screams as flames consume him.

CUT TO:

DRONE POV - ABOVE THE VILLAGE

The Russian drone feed shows heat signatures – civilians, animals, fighters – then gives a “CLEAR TO STRIKE” green light. A missile launches from a nearby APC.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH BUNKER - SECONDS LATER

The missile impacts the chapel above. The entire ceiling caves in – dirt and timber falling. Screams. Chaos.

Anya throws her body over two children, shielding them.

Dirt, blood, and prayers mix.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE - LATER

What's left of the resistance retreats through the woods – a few wounded survivors. Dmitri limps, his face blackened by soot and fury. He looks back at the village–

It's gone. Just smoke, flames, and the faint toll of a broken bell.



ANYA (QUIETLY)  
This wasn't war. This was revenge.

DMITRI  
For me.

Beat.

ANYA  
Then make it count.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - "WAR PIGS" IN FULL SWING

Children pulled from rubble.

Drone footage leaks online, showing the Russian purge, side by side with Ivan's footage.

The #WarPigsLeak hashtag trends globally. Street protests erupt in Paris, Berlin, Tokyo.

Putin watches coldly as the UN convenes a war crimes tribunal – but he doesn't flinch.

FINAL SHOT OF SCENE

Dmitri, face bandaged, dirt-covered, stands with a small group of fighters in the woods. He loads his weapon – slow, deliberate.

ANYA (O.S.)  
What now?

DMITRI  
Now... we go hunting.

Cut to black.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

A Russian munitions train slowly snakes through pine forest.

In the distance, two shadows dash across a snow-blanketed ridge – ANYA and DMITRI, dressed in scavenged camo and frostbitten determination.

They plant C4 along a support beam beneath a narrow bridge.

ANYA  
You sure about this fuse length?

DMITRI  
I read the manual.

ANYA (WRY)  
You read Ukrainian?

DMITRI  
I'm learning fast.

She smirks – a tiny victory in the silence of war.

ANYA  
You weren't like this at first.  
When you came into the bunker... I  
thought you were a scared kid  
playing soldier.

DMITRI (QUIET)  
I was. Until I saw what we're up  
against.

Beat.

ANYA  
You changed.

DMITRI  
You haven't.

ANYA  
Not true. I used to believe we  
could save everyone.

DMITRI  
And now?

ANYA  
Now I just want to survive the  
night with some part of me still  
human.

Boom. A flare lights the forest. The train is near.

They dive into position behind a stone wall.

DMITRI

If this works, it won't just stop  
supply lines. That train's carrying  
HIMARS they stole from Kherson. We  
get this—it's a win.

ANYA

You keep track of all this now?

DMITRI

I have to. If I stop to feel it, I  
won't keep going.

A long pause. He looks at her.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Do you?

ANYA

Feel it?

She nods, eyes glassy.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Every goddamn second.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The train roars onto the bridge. Dmitri hits the detonator.

KRAKOOM.

The explosion is thunderous, igniting the ammo cars into a  
fiery rain of shrapnel and smoke. The bridge collapses. Trees  
ignite. A fireball lights the night sky.

Dmitri and Anya run like shadows into the darkness,  
disappearing just as Russian drones swarm overhead.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MINE SHAFT - HIDEOUT - HOURS LATER

Inside a hidden bunker, lit by candlelight and maps, Dmitri and Anya regroup. Exhausted. Shaking. Alive.

Dmitri takes off his coat, revealing a tattoo he's branded on his forearm: a black crow clutching a rifle, symbol of a rogue partisan unit.

ANYA

You branded yourself?

DMITRI

So if they catch me, they don't have to ask questions.

Beat.

ANYA

My mother was a surgeon in Mariupol. She begged me to stay in school. I never even got to say goodbye.

DMITRI

I used to write poetry. I thought I'd be a teacher. History, maybe.

She looks at him.

ANYA

You still remember any of it?

Dmitri hesitates. Then softly:

DMITRI

Wolves in uniform, teeth like  
brass,  
They march us forward, first and  
last.  
But those who howl and lose their  
fear,  
Bring winter's end when spring  
draws near.

A long, aching silence.

Anya leans back, closes her eyes.

ANYA  
We're the wolves now.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. GLOBAL NEWSROOM - CNN INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

A clean-cut ANCHOR sits at a sleek desk, urgency in her tone.

ANCHOR (ON AIR)  
We interrupt programming with  
breaking footage leaked by an  
anonymous journalist inside  
Ukraine. The file, titled  
"#WarPigsLeak," appears to show  
Russian military officials toasting  
the bombing of civilians – and a  
retaliatory massacre of an entire  
village.

Video plays:

Russian generals laughing.

Children pulled from rubble.

Fire falling from the sky.

Dmitri rescuing the Ukrainian boy.

ANCHOR (V.O.)  
The man seen saving civilians is  
believed to be Dmitri Sokolov – a  
Russian soldier who defected after  
assassinating his commanding  
officer.

CUT TO:

INT. KYIV SAFEHOUSE - SAME TIME

IVAN, wired, exhausted, stares at the monitor. His leak is  
everywhere – broadcast in Times Square, Tokyo, Berlin.

Emails flood in. Messages of support. Threats. Some from inside Russia. Some... chilling.

NEWS EDITOR (V.O.)  
You've made him a symbol. The defector who fights back.

IVAN  
He made himself one. I just gave him a stage.

FADE TO:

INT. RUSSIAN DEFENSE MINISTRY - MOSCOW - NIGHT

Putin's inner circle watches the broadcast in silence.

The room is ice.

KREMLIN AIDE  
Sir... the world is rallying behind this defector.

PUTIN  
Then we make him a ghost.

He walks to the window overlooking Red Square, darkness settling in like a shroud.

CUT TO:

EXT. UKRAINIAN FOREST - NIGHT

DMITRI and ANYA kneel over a large topographical map in the woods. Radio static buzzes nearby.

ANYA  
Ivan's footage worked. NATO just called an emergency session. We have momentum.

DMITRI  
Then we use it.

He circles a location on the map: a high-security Russian fuel depot, feeding southern supply lines.

DMITRI (CONT'D)  
They call it the Lung. Cut it off,  
and the whole southern front gasps.

ANYA  
We'll need more than fire. We need  
timing, diversion, chaos.

DMITRI  
We've got it. The broadcast is  
chaos. Everyone's watching.

She looks at him – the weight of war in her eyes.

ANYA  
We hit them loud. Make it public.  
Make them afraid to lie again.

Dmitri pulls out a small camera drone and a zip drive.

DMITRI  
Then let's give Ivan the finale  
he's been waiting for.

MONTAGE - GLOBAL FIRESTORM

Protests erupt across major cities.

Hackers leak Russian troop coordinates under #WarPigs tag.

UN Resolutions fast-track.

A Nobel nomination is whispered for Ivan.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND STUDIO - KYIV - NIGHT

Ivan sets up a live satellite broadcast rig. His eyes burn  
with purpose.

IVAN (TO CAMERA)  
This footage is real. The blood is  
real. The silence ends now.

He hits RECORD.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
To those fighting in the shadows –  
you are not forgotten. To those  
bombing hospitals and schools – we  
are watching.

EXT. RUSSIAN FUEL DEPOT - NIGHT

Dmitri and Anya, dressed in black, crawl through brush under  
cover of smoke. Their earpieces crackle with Ivan's voice,  
echoing live as they move:

IVAN (V.O.)  
Some call them traitors.

We call them truth.

And truth has a name – Dmitri.

Anya arms the final charge. Dmitri deploys the drone,  
recording everything. A heartbeat.

DMITRI (WHISPERING)  
Time to wake the pigs.

BOOOOOM.

The depot erupts in a towering inferno. Fireball. Shockwave.  
Russian searchlights snap around – too late.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. NEWS FEED - WORLDWIDE

The explosion hits every screen. Live.



#WARPIGSSTRIKE

#TRUTHINFLAMES

The world doesn't just watch. It remembers.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - OPERATIONS  
BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Dim lights. American flags. Rows of analysts, brass, and joint intel operatives glued to multiple live feeds - the #WarPigsStrike is trending in over 100 countries.

General SHEPHERD (60s, hardened, cigar unlit in hand) stands at the head of the room.

On a screen: side-by-side footage -

The fuel depot inferno Dmitri ignited.

Putin's latest public speech: disheveled, eyes dark, voice cracked with fury.

SHEPHERD

That's not a war speech. That's a  
goddamn exorcism.

CUT TO:

DEPUTY DIRECTOR STOKES (50S, ICY CALM)

We've confirmed the voice print - that was Putin authorizing a "no-flag retaliation." Translation: strike back without owning it.

NSA TECH (O.S.)

Possible cyber, possibly covert,  
possibly thermobaric.

SHEPHERD

Yeah, or possibly nuclear. He's gone from Stalin to Hitler on ayahuasca.

INTELLIGENCE CHIEF LARA GRAY (40S, SHARP, THE ADULT IN THE ROOM)

INTELLIGENCE CHIEF LARA GRAY

Except Hitler didn't have hypersonics or 6,000 warheads.

Beat. The room darkens with the weight of that.

GRAY (CONT'D)

And Putin's not trying to conquer Ukraine anymore. He's trying to immortalize himself - blood, borders, history be damned.

SHEPHERD

Immortality through annihilation. We're dealing with a cornered god who thinks he's playing chess with the apocalypse.

He turns to a massive digital map showing military satellite feeds across Eastern Europe.

SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

We need to find those defectors. That footage made Dmitri and this journalist more dangerous than a carrier group. And if Putin knows that-

GRAY

-He's already hunting them.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEP DIVE BRIEFING - MOMENTS LATER

Analysts pull up psych profiles of Putin:

PROFILE BULLETS:

Obsession with "historic reunification" of Slavic nations

Fear of Western influence corrupting Russian "purity"

Increasing isolation and distrust of inner circle

Suspected use of hormone-altering medication

Belief that Russia must "suffer to be great again"

GRAY

The question isn't if he'll  
escalate. It's how far he's willing  
to go to leave a scar that can't be  
erased.

STOKES

We can intercept drones, jam  
missiles, assassinate generals.

SHEPHERD

But can we stop a man who thinks  
the last war is a holy one?

Silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN BUNKER - SECRET LOCATION - SAME TIME

A nuclear briefcase is loaded into a secure convoy.

Two FSB agents whisper in Russian:

FSB AGENT #1

He wants to show the world what  
Moscow looked like in '41 - but  
make it global.

FSB AGENT #2  
He's not aiming to win. He's aiming  
to outlast history.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY - OPERATIONS BRIEFING ROOM -  
CONTINUOUS

The tension in the room is a living thing. Maps flicker.  
Surveillance drones buzz softly through speakers. The war  
drums grow louder.

SHEPHERD  
He's unhinged, yes. But he still  
needs fingerprints to push the  
button. Who in his circle's still  
got enough spine to say "no"?

STOKES  
None of them. They're loyal to the  
grave.

LARA GRAY  
Not all of them.

Everyone turns. Gray stands, walks to the touchscreen map,  
taps to bring up a Russian military profile:

GENERAL OLEG RADIN

Chief of Strategic Missile Forces

Decorated Cold War veteran

Former liaison to NATO disarmament talks

Known sympathies toward Western pragmatism

"Discreet dissenter"

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Radin. Old-school. Orthodox. But  
not delusional.  
(MORE)

GRAY (CONT'D)

Word is, he's been sidelined in the Kremlin, kept out of major briefings since the first leak.

SHEPHERD

You think he'd turn?

GRAY

I think... he doesn't want to die under a mushroom cloud any more than we do. If there's a line Putin won't cross - it's Radin holding the chalk.

NSA TECH

He still has access to the nuclear protocol channel?

GRAY

Limited, but yes. If he refuses an authentication... he can delay a launch long enough to let cooler heads intervene.

STOKES

Assuming he doesn't end up with polonium in his coffee.

SHEPHERD

How do we make contact?

Gray takes a beat. Thinks. Taps again - pulls up a photo of a retired Ukrainian field officer turned double agent: Colonel Mykola Varenko.

GRAY

We send a message through Varenko. They trained together in the 80s - Spetsnaz drills in Tajikistan. Bonded over Tolstoy and American jazz.

SHEPHERD

You're kidding.

GRAY

Varenko says Radin cried when Coltrane's "Naima" came on. That's our backdoor.

She meets Shepherd's gaze.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
We don't ask him to betray Russia.  
We ask him to save it - from  
madness.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA BLACKSITE - EUROPE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A secure line buzzes. A Ukrainian man with a thick mustache and bullet scar down his temple - COLONEL VARENKO - leans into a headset.

COLONEL VARENKO  
Code phrase?

CIA OPERATOR (V.O.)  
"Winter ends when spring draws  
near."

Varenko blinks. Smiles softly.

COLONEL VARENKO  
Dmitri's poem. So he's real after  
all.

He cracks his neck and picks up a satellite phone.

COLONEL VARENKO (CONT'D)  
Let's see if Oleg still believes in  
sanity.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - KYIV OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A once-elegant Soviet-era opera house, now gutted and dark. Dust hangs in the beams of moonlight slicing through holes in the roof. Red velvet seats rot. The air is still. Silent.

This is where they hide now.

IVAN sits at a crate-turned-desk, eyes bloodshot, checking burner phones and encrypted feeds. A printed headline sits beside him:

"Defector Behind #WarPigsStrike Named Most Wanted by Moscow"

ANYA paces. Her hands tremble slightly as she loads medical supplies into a go-bag.

DMITRI enters from backstage, rifle slung, carrying a rusted projector he scavenged. His eyes meet Ivan's.

DMITRI

They've issued bounties. Not military ones – mafia ones. Cartels. Wagner freelancers.

IVAN

I know.

ANYA

So what's next? They burn another village? Assassinate someone on live stream?

IVAN

They don't need fire anymore. They're using story. Propaganda's tighter than a noose now. Every Russian screen calls you a CIA actor.

He looks at Dmitri.

IVAN (CONT'D)

They deepfaked you shooting Ukrainian children.

DMITRI

I saw it. My mother believed it. She called me a traitor before hanging up.

Beat. That one stings.

ANYA

You don't owe her belief. You owe yourself survival.

DMITRI

No. I owe something more than that.

He opens the projector case, revealing not a projector – but a hard drive. Burned in, labeled in Cyrillic:

“BLACK DOG // KREMLIN ARSENAL LOG”

DMITRI (CONT'D)

It's a manifest. I stole it two days ago – nuclear assets redeployed to border silos. Names. Dates. Coordinates.

IVAN (SHOCKED)

Jesus... this could trigger NATO activation.

DMITRI

Exactly. If I leak it, it forces the West to act. If I don't, Putin uses it to bluff – or worse.

ANYA

And if we're wrong?

DMITRI

Then the world ends anyway.

Silence.

Ivan stands. He looks at both of them – then up at the rotting stage behind them, lit by broken moonlight.

IVAN

You know what this place was?

ANYA

A theater.

IVAN

Stalin came here once. Sat in that box seat right up there. They say he clapped so hard his hands bled – just to convince people he felt something.

Beat. He turns to Dmitri.



IVAN (CONT'D)  
You sure you want to play the final  
act?

DMITRI  
No. But I'm the only one who  
remembers the lines.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE STUDY - RADIN'S DACHA OUTSIDE MOSCOW - NIGHT

A warm, wood-paneled room. Classical music plays softly on vinyl: John Coltrane's "Naima." Books in Russian and English fill the shelves. Soviet-era medals glint in a glass case.

GENERAL OLEG RADIN (late 60s, gaunt, thoughtful) sits at a small table, swirling brandy in a crystal glass. His expression is weary. Beneath the table, a silenced Makarov pistol sits holstered near his knee.

Suddenly - a secure satellite phone buzzes on the desk. Not his usual line. A channel only one man would dare use.

RADIN  
Old ghosts...

He picks it up.

RADIN (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
Who is this?

COLONEL VARENKO (V.O.)  
You already know.

Radin closes his eyes. A faint smile creeps across his lips.

RADIN  
Naima. You sentimental bastard.

VARENKO (V.O.)  
Sentimental enough to ask you if  
you still want to die with honor...  
or just die.

Beat. Radin says nothing.

VARENKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
They say Putin's preparing a last  
move. Not symbolic. Not  
conventional.

RADIN  
I've read the orders. I signed some  
of them.

VARENKO (V.O.)  
But not all.

RADIN  
Not yet.

Radin walks to the window, overlooking his snow-covered  
garden. A small stone statue of St. Michael guards a  
fountain, now frozen.

RADIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
You know what frightens me most?

VARENKO (V.O.)  
Enlighten me.

RADIN  
He believes he's righteous now.  
Before, he was calculated. Cold.  
Now he prays before strikes. He  
believes history will absolve him,  
because he thinks he's writing it.

VARENKO (V.O.)  
Then maybe it's time to tear a few  
pages out of the manuscript.

A pause.

VARENKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There's a file coming your way.  
Black Dog. Coordinates, orders,  
escalation protocol. If you say no,  
it dies with us.

RADIN  
And if I say yes?

VARENKO (V.O.)  
Then maybe the world gets another  
morning.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN SECURITY WING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Radin, now in full uniform, walks calmly through the gilded corridors of Kremlin command. Stone-faced. Stoic. Beneath his tunic, the flash drive from Varenko is tucked deep in a secure pocket.

He passes portraits of Russian war heroes - Zhukov, Suvorov, Peter the Great.

His face flickers - haunted, heavy, but resolved.

As he approaches the inner war council chamber, a young adjutant steps beside him.

ADJUTANT  
The President expects you to attend  
tonight's scenario briefing. He  
says we may need you... for something  
historic.

Radin glances toward the steel doors.

RADIN  
Then let us see what kind of  
history we're writing.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - RUSSIAN-CONTROLLED ZONE - NIGHT

A distant artillery barrage flickers on the horizon. Snow falls gently, muting the sounds of war. A truck without lights pulls up behind the ruins of a crumbling barn.

ANYA (hooded, disguised) hops down from the back with a small medical bag and a concealed pistol.

Inside the truck:

A wounded Ukrainian partisan groaning, soaked in blood.

A Russian conscript deserter, barely 18, holding his side.

A pregnant woman in shock, clutching a crucifix.

PARTISAN (GROANING)  
Are you... the doctor?

ANYA  
I'm just someone who knows how to  
stop bleeding.

She kneels, cutting through the man's pants and pulling out  
tweezers and gauze. Her hands work with surgical precision –  
focused, fast, detached... but underneath it all, her eyes are  
breaking.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE CELLAR – LATER

The wounded are laid out on old mattresses, lit by battery  
lanterns. Anya finishes stitching the partisan's leg. She  
turns to the young Russian deserter.

He flinches as she approaches.

RUSSIAN DESERTER  
Why help me? I wore the uniform.

ANYA (SOFT)  
Uniforms don't bleed differently.

She kneels, dabs antiseptic on his wound. He stares at her.

RUSSIAN DESERTER (CONT'D)  
You're the one they talk about... the  
medic smuggler.

ANYA  
Let them talk. Talking is safer  
than knowing.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - PRE-DAWN

Anya stands with a local shepherd, loading the survivors into a false-bottom hay cart.

SHEPHERD

Crossing the trench line this week?  
You'll need papers. The  
checkpoint's crawling with VDV.

ANYA

I've got papers. I just hope they  
believe I'm a widow again.

The shepherd nods. Before closing the cart, Anya pulls the pregnant woman aside.

ANYA (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)

Name your child something strong.  
Something that can't be erased.

The woman smiles faintly through tears.

WOMAN

And you? Who are you?

ANYA

Someone who wasn't brave enough to  
be a soldier... but too angry to stay  
quiet.

She shuts the cart. The shepherd takes the reins and disappears into the fog.

CUT TO:

INT. ANYA'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Anya enters her hidden bunker - removes her coat, stained with blood and smoke. She unrolls a handwritten list taped to the wall:

"SMUGGLED OUT" 43 names.

Scribbled notes: "Misha - age 12, missing leg." "Old couple, Kherson - safe." "Infant, 3 weeks - crossed last Tuesday."

She pulls a marker from her pocket, draws a line through another name. Her hands are shaking now.

She sits down, finally alone.

And she lets herself cry - silent, muffled sobs that have waited far too long.

A knock.

DMITRI (O.S.)

It's me.

She opens the door.

He sees her eyes.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Rough night?

ANYA (NODDING)

They're all rough. Some just bleed longer.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SERVER ROOM - KYIV SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Rows of dusty, humming servers fill a cold, concrete basement lit by a single flickering overhead bulb. The equipment is salvaged - a Frankenstein rig of parts, wires, satellite uplinks, and encrypted drives.

IVAN sits at a console, typing with surgical precision, multiple windows open:

Secure upload windows

Dead man's switches

Contact threads to WikiLeaks, Bellingcat, NATO cyberintel

An auto-blast email titled:

"BLACK DOG: Putin's Shadow Arsenal"

DMITRI paces behind him, holding a hard drive with the master file. His hands are trembling – not from fear, but from weight.

IVAN (WITHOUT LOOKING UP)  
Still time to back out.

DMITRI  
We passed that time three villages ago.

IVAN  
You leak this, it's not just you.  
They'll wipe out anyone who's  
touched you. Mothers. Lovers.  
Teachers. The boy you saved.

DMITRI  
Then we drop it right. Wide. Loud.  
Unignorable.

Ivan finishes typing, turns to Dmitri.

IVAN  
This file confirms redeployment of  
tactical nukes across Belarus and  
occupied Crimea. Warheads from  
decommissioned stock. Some not even  
on NATO's radar.

DMITRI  
And a list of who's authorized to  
use them.

IVAN  
Including Radin?

DMITRI (NODS)  
He's the final gate.

IVAN  
You trust him?

DMITRI  
No. I trust what he hates. He hates  
chaos. He hates lies. And he hates  
being on the wrong side of history.

Beat.

IVAN  
What do you hate?

Dmitri thinks for a long moment.

DMITRI  
That I know how to kill, but still  
need to learn how to live.

Ivan nods, moved in spite of himself.

IVAN  
Then let's give someone else the  
chance to live right.

CUT TO:

EXT. KYIV - NIGHT SKY

A powerful encrypted satellite beam launches skyward from a rooftop dish. A tiny blinking light signals the file is moving.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM - LONDON / WASHINGTON / BERLIN - MONTAGE

Journalists in multiple time zones open the incoming blast.

Monitors flash with:

"BLACK DOG - Kremlin Tactical Warhead Protocols - AUTHORIZED  
USERS: Orlov, Petrov, RADIN..."

Maps. Launch times. Video briefings. Target simulations.

JOURNALIST (O.S.)  
Jesus Christ... this is it. This is  
their playbook.

CUT TO:



INT. KREMLIN - SAME TIME

GENERAL RADIN sits alone in a stark, soundproof room, staring at a secure console with a red blinking message:

"BLACK DOG HAS BEEN RELEASED."

He closes his eyes. Leans back. And whispers:

RADIN  
Let it burn... if it has to. But not  
from our hands.

He reaches for a coded phone. Makes a call.

RADIN (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
Yes. I'm ready to speak with NATO.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL - NEW YORK - NIGHT

A storm of voices fills the chamber.

Ambassadors shout over each other, waving documents, gesturing at a massive screen displaying the BLACK DOG FILE.

It shows:

Satellite imagery of tactical nuclear silos in Belarus

Launch protocol chains directly linking to Putin

Video of Putin addressing high command:

"We will finish this."

U.S. AMBASSADOR

This isn't doctrine - this is Armageddon prep. This file confirms at least three launch scenarios targeting NATO nations.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR

This must be verified! Leaks are not orders!

FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Verification is irrelevant if the warheads are mobile!

UK AMBASSADOR

This demands activation of Article Five contingency talks. We are no longer talking about if, but when.

CUT TO:

INT. NATO HQ - BRUSSELS - WAR ROOM - SAME TIME

Top brass gather around a glowing table map. Red markers blink in Crimea, Belarus, and Kaliningrad.

NATO SUPREME COMMANDER

Deploy THAAD batteries east of the Danube. Put StratCom on DEFCON 3. No mistakes. We are in full deterrence posture.

CIVILIAN INTEL ADVISOR

What about Radin?

COMMANDER

If he's real - if he holds - we buy time. If not?

Beat.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Then Moscow decides what we become.

CUT TO:

INT. ELYSÉE PALACE - PARIS - PRIVATE OFFICE

President of France stands at a window, phone to her ear.

FRENCH PRESIDENT (INTO PHONE)  
I want my family moved to the Alps  
— and my son's school evacuated.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNING STREET - UK - SITUATION ROOM

Prime Minister watches the Black Dog footage looping. In the corner, Ivan's voice plays quietly over the leak.

"You've seen the monsters. Now decide if you'll join them.. or stop them."

The PM leans forward.

UK PRIME MINISTER  
Tell MI6 We need to locate the  
source. Protect the truth. Or bury  
it before someone else does.

CUT TO:

KREMLIN - PUTIN'S PRIVATE SANCTUM - NIGHT

Low red lighting. Orthodox chants play softly from hidden speakers. Putin stands barefoot on the marble floor, breathing heavily.

A silken dossier lays open on a table. Inside: still images of the Black Dog file. Maps. Signatures.

PUTIN (TO HIMSELF)  
Radin...

A trembling aide enters.

AIDE

Sir... General Radin has refused  
launch verification authorization.  
He is... asking to speak with Geneva.

Putin turns slowly. His face is ashen with rage, but eerily calm.

PUTIN

He believes the West will remember  
him as a man of peace.

He walks to a carved desk, opens a locked drawer, and removes a black lacquered case with the presidential nuclear command key.

PUTIN (CONT'D)

They will remember him as a man who  
hesitated.

He looks toward a monitor, where Dmitri's face appears – a still from the #WarPigsStrike video.

PUTIN (CONT'D)

Bring me the traitor.

He turns to a general.

PUTIN (CONT'D)

Initiate Operation Samson.

GENERAL

Sir, that operation—it's not  
reversible.

PUTIN

Neither is betrayal.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN - PRIVATE RECEPTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

The room is dim, quiet, ceremonial – designed more for symbolism than comfort. Gold-framed portraits of past czars line the walls. A low fire crackles.

VLADIMIR PUTIN sits alone at a long mahogany table. No aides. No generals. Just silence.

The heavy door opens.

PRESIDENT WEI ZHANG, China's head of state, enters in a black coat, calm and composed. He does not offer a handshake.

PRESIDENT ZHANG (IN MANDARIN,  
SUBTITLED)  
I appreciate your hospitality.

(beat)

There is little of it left in this  
part of the world.

PUTIN  
We are not seeking approval. We are  
securing destiny.

Zhang walks slowly to the window, overlooking Moscow's snowy skyline.

PRESIDENT ZHANG  
Your "destiny" is making the global  
markets bleed. Your war has  
disrupted our grain imports,  
severed our energy investments, and  
threatens the nuclear stability of  
three continents.

PUTIN (ICY)  
You sound like the Americans.

PRESIDENT ZHANG  
No. I sound like the only friend  
you have left.

Beat. Putin stands, walks over with his brandy.

PUTIN  
The West encircled us. We are  
correcting a mistake made when the  
Soviet Union died on its knees.  
(leans in)  
They will not stop us.

Zhang turns to him, expression unreadable.

PRESIDENT ZHANG  
You mistake their restraint for  
weakness.

He places a small red envelope on the table.

PRESIDENT ZHANG (CONT'D)  
Inside is our trade freeze  
proposal. Contingent upon a  
complete cessation of nuclear  
escalation.  
(beat)  
You ignore it... and we remove all  
diplomatic protections in the  
Security Council.

Putin scoffs, but Zhang steps closer.

PRESIDENT ZHANG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
And you will stand alone. Not as a  
warrior... but as a madman.

Putin locks eyes with him.

PUTIN  
You're bluffing. You need us as a  
thorn in the West.

PRESIDENT ZHANG  
We prefer a thorn... not a wildfire.

Silence.

Zhang buttons his coat. Before leaving, he says – softly:

PRESIDENT ZHANG (CONT'D)  
Your enemies are obvious. But your  
friends are few, bring your country  
back to the world.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zhang walks calmly through the marble corridor, passing portraits of Soviet leaders and war heroes.

He pauses briefly at one – a photo of Stalin during the Great Purge. His eyes narrow. Then he walks on.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUINED TRAIN STATION - WESTERN UKRAINE - DUSK

Snow drifts across the shattered remnants of a train terminal, bombed weeks ago. A NATO exfiltration team waits under cover of dusk – just two soldiers and a black SUV with fake humanitarian plates.

DMITRI, ANYA, and IVAN emerge from the rubble. They're disguised – thin, pale, exhausted. Ivan carries a metal briefcase. Inside: the original Black Dog data drive, plus new footage from Radin's inner circle – evidence of Operation Samson's final phase.

NATO SOLDIER

You're late. We've got ten minutes  
before the corridor closes.

ANYA

Where are we going?

NATO SOLDIER

You'll be flown to Kraków. From  
there, London or D.C. – your pick.  
But once you cross, you don't come  
back.

Ivan exchanges a look with Dmitri.

IVAN

If this data reaches the Security Council in full, Russia's bluff collapses. Samson loses credibility.

DMITRI

Or they double down. Use it out of spite.

A beat.

Dmitri's eyes scan the horizon.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

He'll never stop unless he's embarrassed – publicly. Radin bought us time. But it won't matter if the world forgets next week.

He steps back from the SUV.

ANYA

What are you doing?

DMITRI

You go. Both of you. I've got one more strike to make.

IVAN

You won't survive it.

DMITRI

That's not the point.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF THE SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Ivan opens the briefcase, pulls out a flash clone of the files, and hands it to Anya.

IVAN

If I go with him, the story dies if we both die. If I go with you – it lives.



Anya stares at him. For a moment, her walls fall.

ANYA  
This isn't fair.

IVAN  
It never was.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

As the SUV pulls away, Ivan and Anya stare through the back window at Dmitri. He stands alone in the blowing snow, staring back.

He salutes — not with his hand, but by lifting the broken dog tag of his first commander.

A moment later, he vanishes into the rubble.

CUT TO:

INT. NATO SUV - SPEEDING AWAY - NIGHT

Anya clutches the flash drive. Ivan sits beside her, silent.

ANYA  
He's going to die, isn't he?

IVAN  
If he does it right... we all might live.

CUT TO:

INT. PUTIN'S WAR ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Monitors light up with new footage from the Western corridor. A satellite scan picks up Dmitri's signature heading back toward the Belarusian front.

RUSSIAN OFFICER  
Sir — he didn't run.

Putin smiles faintly.

PUTIN  
Of course he didn't.  
(beat)  
Prepare the jackals. Let them hunt  
the ghost.

CUT TO:

"THE GHOST STRIKES"

EXT. BELARUSIAN BORDER - DEAD ZONE - NIGHT

A ghost town of power pylons and rotting fences. Distant floodlights cast eerie shadows. Snow whips through the dark like ash. No one patrols here - only drones, auto-turrets, and silence.

DMITRI, now wearing a Russian officer's uniform, steps through a drainage tunnel, pulling a data satchel wrapped in radiation shielding.

He pauses. Breathes.

He checks a watch:

00:23 - Satellite sync window in 7 minutes.

He moves.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN RELAY STATION - OUTER COMPLEX - MINUTES LATER

Inside a half-abandoned strategic comms relay, Dmitri crawls through a busted maintenance shaft, passing graffiti from fleeing workers:

"God Help Us All."

"Death and hatred."

He enters the control room - wires everywhere. Dust. One blinking server node.

He plugs in the satchel transmitter.

The screen lights up.

"SATLINK READY. CHOOSE BROADCAST MODE."

He selects:

GLOBAL MEDIA FEED + RUSSIAN INTERNAL NETWORKS

Suddenly -

ALARM.

A red motion alert pulses. Someone's coming.

Dmitri breathes hard. Onscreen, video feed previews flicker: classified launch plans, bunker footage of Putin's Samson speech, Radin's secret comms.

He hits "GO LIVE."

The screen flashes:

TRANSMITTING...

CUT TO:

EXT. RELAY STATION - NIGHT

A Russian kill team arrives silently – infrared goggles, laser sights. They breach.

CUT TO:

INT. RELAY STATION - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gunfire.

Dmitri yanks the transmitter out, slams it into a dead man's trigger with a backup upload. He's shot in the shoulder – drops.

A soldier storms in, sees Dmitri bleeding but alive.

SOLDIER (IN RUSSIAN)  
You think you changed anything?

DMITRI (WEAKLY, SMILING)  
Look behind you.

The broadcast screen lights up – showing his face, the war crimes, the documents, the generals laughing.

It's already out.

DMITRI (CONT'D)  
Smile for history.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. WORLDWIDE SCREENS - MONTAGE

Moscow citizens watch from phones. Silence. Shock.

U.S. Congress halts mid-session.

BBC, Al Jazeera, and RT all forced to broadcast Dmitri's final words.

Children in refugee camps stare at his face.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - IVAN & ANYA - NIGHT

The room is silent. Ivan stares at the feed.

IVAN

He did it.

Anya turns away, eyes full of tears.

ANYA

He was never supposed to be a hero.

IVAN

That's what made him one.

CUT TO:

"THE LAST GENERAL"

INT. KREMLIN - STRATEGIC COMMAND ROOM - NIGHT

General RADIN stands alone in a dim, red-lit operations room. All the screens are now flickering, showing live feeds of protests, international condemnations, and Dmitri's broadcast loop. Control is slipping - second by second.

A trembling junior officer enters.

JUNIOR OFFICER (IN RUSSIAN)

Sir... President Putin has gone into isolation. He's not taking orders.

RADIN

He never took them.

The officer stares, unsure.

JUNIOR OFFICER  
What are we to do?

Radin walks to the central launch console, now dark. He places a hand on it.

RADIN  
You wait for new orders.

He turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN - RADIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - LATER

Radin watches from his window as military vehicles pull back from Red Square. A distant chant echoes from beyond the palace walls - civilians gathering, not fleeing.

He opens a worn book on his desk - The Brothers Karamazov. Inside is a photo: Radin and a young Dmitri, back when he was just a cadet in training.

He sets the photo on his desk. Then removes his medals - one by one - and lays them beside it.

RADIN (QUIETLY)  
Forgive me... for not seeing it  
sooner.

CUT TO:

"MEMORY OF A GHOST"

EXT. KYIV - ST. MICHAEL'S PLAZA - DAY

A massive public vigil. Civilians, journalists, soldiers, and families all gathered. Candles line the walls. A black-and-white portrait of Dmitri stands above a wreath of yellow and blue flowers.

ANYA stands at a podium, trembling, but steady.

ANYA (TO CROWD)  
 He was a soldier. A deserter. A  
 killer. A healer. A man who never  
 asked to be remembered – only to be  
 heard.

She pauses.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
 And the world listened.

The crowd is silent. Some cry. Some salute.

IVAN watches from the edge, holding a flash drive in his hand  
 – the full archive of the war. He walks to a young university  
 student livestreaming the event and hands it to her.

IVAN  
 Tell the rest. Make sure they don't  
 forget.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL FIELD - UKRAINE - SUNSET

The war is not over. But for a moment, the land breathes.

In the distance, a crow stands atop a rusted helmet. Wind  
 moves through the tall grass.

Fade to black.

"THE CHILDREN LEFT BEHIND"

EXT. WAR-TORN UKRAINIAN TOWN - DAY

Smoke rises in the far distance, beyond the crumbled  
 buildings of what used to be a small village. A yellow school  
 bus, shot through with bullet holes, now serves as a  
 makeshift transport for orphans.

Inside the bus: silence.

No songs. No laughter. Just dozens of children, dirt-smudged, tired-eyed, clinging to blankets and stuffed animals. They watch the window, but don't really see it.

A faded Ukrainian flag flutters from the roof rack.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPORARY ORPHANAGE - FORMER SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

Rows of mattresses line a gymnasium floor. Walls still bear painted handprints and old maps. Now, it's home for nearly 200 children, some as young as three. Some arrived alone. Others haven't spoken in days.

ANYA walks through the rows with a clipboard. Her white coat is dirty. Her hands are cracked from cold and bleach. But she knows every child's name.

She stops by a boy coloring with broken crayons.

ANYA

What are you drawing?

BOY (QUIETLY)

My house. Before it was fire.

She kneels next to him. He holds up the drawing: a stick-figure family, a house with smoke. In the corner - a soldier in black armor.

BOY (CONT'D)

That's the bad man.

ANYA

What happened to the good man?

The boy draws a crow in the sky.

BOY

He flew away. But he's watching.

She hides the tears in her throat and ruffles his hair.

CUT TO:



INT. ANYA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is small, cluttered. She pours over logistics: rations, medical shortages, power outages. Another name is added to her list: orphan. Age: 6. Name: Unknown.

IVAN enters, carrying a box of letters – written by children across Europe, sent after Dmitri's broadcast.

IVAN

You're becoming the keeper of  
ghosts.

ANYA (SOFTLY)

No. I'm just trying to raise the  
ones who survived them.

He sets down the box.

IVAN

We can get you out, Anya. Poland's  
ready to take the kids.

ANYA

And then what? They forget what  
happened here?

IVAN

No. They remember because they got  
to grow up.

She looks out the window.

ANYA

If we don't raise them with truth,  
they'll grow up like him.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - CHILDREN ASLEEP - GYM FLOOR

The room is quiet now. Dozens of small chests rise and fall.

Anya walks the rows slowly, pausing beside each sleeping child like a soldier inspecting the guard.

She tucks a blanket. Picks up a fallen toy. Whispers something no one hears.

Then she steps outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL STEPS - NIGHT

Snow falls again.

Ivan stands beside her, watching the sky.

In the distance, a siren sounds. Not from an attack – just a warning. The war is still going.

But for this moment, peace has shape.

CUT TO:

"THE CROW AND THE STRANGER"

INT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

ANYA walks alongside a new arrival – ELENA MARSHALL, early 40s, British UN field investigator. Clean coat, polished demeanor, boots far too new. She's here to observe, but not intervene.

ELENA

We've secured funding for water, food, even a mobile classroom. But... arms-length, you understand. We're not allowed to be seen endorsing combat zones.

ANYA

So we're ghosts until the war ends?

ELENA (APOLOGETIC)  
We're watchers. Not writers.

They pass a wall lined with drawings by the children. Most are of tanks, destroyed houses – and in many, a black crow soaring above it all.

Elena pauses at one.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
They all draw this bird.

ANYA  
They think it's Dmitri.

ELENA  
The defector?

ANYA  
To them, he's not just that. He's  
the one who saw them.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF THE ORPHANAGE – LATER THAT DAY

Four children – Misha (10), Zara (8), Luka (9), and Pasha (6) – crouch behind a broken fence, each with a small backpack.

MISHA  
We're not running away. We're going  
to find him.

ZARA  
He's dead, Misha.

MISHA  
No. He just became the crow.

They pass a hand-drawn map between them – scribbled roads, arrows, a forest circled and labeled "THE PLACE WHERE HE LANDED."

They slip out quietly.

CUT TO:

INT. ANYA'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

IVAN enters, glancing out the window.

IVAN  
Where are the little ones? Misha  
and Luka?

ANYA (INSTINCTIVELY RISING)  
Gone?

IVAN  
Backpack gone. Shoes missing.

They lock eyes.

ANYA  
They're following the damn crow  
again.

CUT TO:

EXT. FROZEN FOREST - NEAR SUNSET

The four children wander through the trees, tired but  
determined.

Pasha struggles to keep up. Zara holds his hand.

LUKA  
We're lost.

MISHA  
No - we're close. I can feel it.

Suddenly - a crow lands on a branch above them.

The children stop. Breath caught.

It caws once.

Then lifts off - flying toward a sunlit clearing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - MINUTES LATER

The children emerge, breathless. At the center of the clearing: a burned-out Russian relay station, half-covered in snow.

They recognize it from Ivan's broadcast.

The place where Dmitri died.

They sit. Quiet. Reverent.

MISHA (WHISPERING)  
We found him.

Zara opens a small sketchpad and starts to draw the scene.

Luka places a single black feather on the snow.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORPHANAGE - THAT NIGHT

Anya hugs the children one by one as they return, shivering.

Elena stands beside Ivan.

ELENA  
You were right. They don't need to  
be rescued. They need to be  
remembered.

IVAN  
They're not waiting for peace.  
(beat)  
They're already rebuilding it.

FINAL SHOT OF SCENE

Misha pins a new drawing to the wall - the four of them  
beneath a crow, standing in a snow-filled clearing. Beneath  
it, written in shaky Ukrainian:

"He is not gone. He is above us."

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE ORPHANAGE - EARLY MORNING

A pale sun rises behind broken clouds. Frost blankets the rooftops.

From high above, the hum of a small Russian surveillance drone cuts through the silence - circling the orphanage.

Its camera lens scans the courtyard, the chapel roof, the windows. It zooms in on the children lining up for bread. On Anya's face.

The drone emits a click - snapshot captured.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKESHIFT SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

IVAN monitors a jerry-rigged laptop. The drone feed suddenly appears - hijacked by a backdoor system left over from an old comms relay.

He freezes.

IVAN

Oh no.

The screen flickers, showing a target grid over the orphanage, with a blinking red outline.

IVAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

They're tagging it... for live assault.

He rushes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED OUTSKIRTS - SAME TIME

A black GMC-type van with Russian mercenary insignias – disguised as humanitarian aid – bumps down a dirt trail.

Inside: four mercs, armored, armed, silent.

MERCENARY #1

Objective is live-sweep. No witnesses. Intel claims the whistleblower's network passed through here.

MERCENARY #2

And the kids?

MERCENARY #1

Collateral.

No emotion. Just procedure.

CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ANYA receives the alert from Ivan as he bursts in.

ANYA

How close?

IVAN

Five minutes. Less. And they're not sending a message – they're erasing us.

She grabs her sidearm. Opens the cabinet. Inside: a single grenade, a flare gun, and a worn rifle.

ANYA (CALMLY)

Get the children underground.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT BUNKER - SHORTLY AFTER

Anya, Ivan, and Elena hustle the kids into the cellar. Zara clutches her drawing. Pasha won't let go of a crow feather.

MISHA

Are the bad men coming?

ANYA (KNEELING)

Yes. But so are the good ones.

She kisses his forehead and closes the heavy steel door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The van pulls up. The mercs fan out.

Silence. Then a flare explodes overhead - fired from the roof.

A moment later - Anya opens fire from behind sandbags. Controlled. Precise. She drops the first merc instantly.

Gunfire erupts. Ivan returns fire from the chapel window.

ELENA, though unarmed, rushes to radio NATO.

ELENA (INTO RADIO)

This is UN Field Agent Marshall -  
we are under live assault. Civilian  
children on site. We need air  
support - now.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The children listen to gunfire overhead. It feels endless.



ZARA whispers to Luka:

ZARA  
He's coming. The crow. He always  
comes when it's darkest.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORPHANAGE - ROOFTOP - MINUTES LATER

Anya runs out of ammo. A merc takes aim. She braces for the shot —

BOOM!

A missile streaks down from the sky, slamming into the tree line. A NATO drone has arrived.

The mercs scatter — but two are taken out in the blast.

A third is captured by local militia arriving just in time.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Smoke clears. Fire flickers in the debris. Anya's face is streaked with soot, blood, and resolve.

Children emerge slowly from the bunker, blinking at the sky.

Above, a real black crow circles once, then flies into the orange morning.

EPILOGUE IMAGE:

Later, Misha pins another drawing to the wall.

This time: a crow, a woman with a rifle, a burning sky — and a caption beneath in bold, uneven print:

"Some ghosts don't haunt. They guard.

CUT TO:

"MEAT FOR THE FIRE"

INT. RUSSIAN CONSCRIPTION CENTER - OUTSKIRTS OF KURSK - DAY

A long, metallic room. White light hums overhead. Rows of boys—some as young as 16—sit in silence. All wear civilian clothes. Some still smell of soil and livestock. Most are too thin. A few whisper nervously.

No one makes eye contact.

At the front, a military officer in a crisp uniform and dead eyes walks in. Behind him: a projector screen, flickering with old Soviet training videos and patriotic music.

OFFICER (IN RUSSIAN)

You are no longer children. You are  
defenders of the Motherland.

(beat)

The West has poisoned your future.  
NATO has invaded your brothers.

(beat, then sharp)

And you — you will eliminate this  
poison.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The boys are stripped and examined with cold efficiency. One has a limp. Another can't stop shaking. None are told where they're going.

A recruit stares at a poster: a Russian flag flying over St. Basil's Cathedral, tanks underneath it.

Another whispers:

FARM BOY #1

They said I'd drive a truck. Now  
they say I hold a rifle.

FARM BOY #2

My father was promised money. For a  
new cow. He ended up selling our  
old one.

A nurse injects a stimulant into each boy's neck. "Fatigue  
suppressant," she says. "You'll stay sharp in the field."

But their eyes go dull.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - NIGHT

Inside a dark, bouncing troop carrier, the boys sit in  
silence. The only light: a red bulb overhead, flashing  
gently. The hum of the engine is like a heartbeat.

Over a faint radio, a Russian official gives a televised  
address - full of nationalism, legacy, destiny. The words  
mean nothing to these boys. They're too tired to listen.

One recruit stares down at a paper tucked into his lap - a  
prayer from his mother. Next to it: a packet of dried meat  
rations and a folded conscription card with one word stamped  
in red:

"DISPOSABLE"

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONTLINE TRENCH - NEXT DAY

Explosions rumble in the distance.

The truck doors open.

The boys pour out into chaos – screaming, mud, gunfire, bodies being dragged, a world they don't understand.

A sergeant throws a rifle into a recruit's chest.

SERGEANT (SHOUTING)  
You want to live?! Point it at  
them!

The boy doesn't even know where "them" is.

Another recruit trips over a corpse wearing his same age, same face, same uniform – just missing a head.

He drops to his knees. Vomits.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN WAR ROOM - SAME TIME

In stark contrast – politicians and generals watch the battle unfold on wide digital monitors, sipping tea.

A GENERAL CHUCKLES.  
"Young blood moves faster," he  
mutters.

No one looks at the casualty counter.

LYRIC ECHO - VOICEOVER STYLE (AS A HAUNTING WHISPER)

As the boys run toward death and smoke:

"Why should they go out to fight? / They leave that role to  
the poor..."

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. FRONTLINE TRENCH - EVENING

ALEKSEI (17), still wearing a civilian T-shirt under his uniform, lies in a trench covered in blood. Not his own.

Around him, the bodies of his entire unit – other kids, barely trained, sent forward as bait. Some still hold their rifles backward.

His ears ring. His hands shake. He crawls backward, deeper into the trench, his face blank.

He finds a pocket-sized tablet on a fallen officer. Flicks it on.

The last thing it played: Ivan's leaked footage.

Dmitri's voice. The burning fuel depot.

A soldier refusing to shoot a civilian child.

Aleksei stares, lips trembling.

ALEKSEI (WHISPERS)  
They lied to us...

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN COMMS TRUCK - SAME TIME

Aleksei, dazed, puts on the officer's coat and headset, and speaks into the uplink.

ALEKSEI (IN RUSSIAN)  
This is Corporal D-402. We're...  
we're not engaging anymore.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Unit D-402 no longer exists.  
Identity error.

ALEKSEI  
You used us. We were children.

DISPATCH (COLD)  
Return to post or face  
reclassification as traitor.

Aleksei crushes the radio under his boot.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY - GENEVA - NIGHT

A massive projection screen plays raw footage: child soldiers, conscription camps, drone captures of kids dying in trenches.

A crowd of global leaders, journalists, military observers. Some are in tears. Others in stunned silence.

IVAN stands at the podium, speaking with calm rage.

IVAN

They say it's about history.

Borders. Honor.

(beat)

But I have been there. And what I saw... were boys used as bait.

(shows a still)

This is Aleksei. Seventeen. A farmer's son. He called his mother the night before he vanished. Told her he was "going to protect Russia."

(beat)

They gave him a rifle. Then they forgot him.

INT. KREMLIN - PUTIN'S PRIVATE FEED ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Putin appears on the UN screens - live, flanked by officers. Controlled, blank.

PUTIN (VIA VIDEO)

This footage is fabricated.

(beat)

Generated by NATO-backed Western deepfake labs.

(beat, harder)

There are no child soldiers. There is only Russian discipline.

Murmurs ripple through the UN hall.

PUTIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
We are not the monsters of your  
propaganda. We are the wall holding  
back the rot.

INT. SUMMIT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Ivan steps aside. Elena steps forward and holds up the flash drive.

ELENA  
We traced the metadata. This  
footage wasn't manipulated. It was  
captured by a Russian officer's own  
command drone.

The room falls silent again.

EXT. EUROPEAN CITY - MONTAGE

Screens across the world light up with the clip.

Berlin: Protesters chant Dmitri's name.

Istanbul: A teenage boy watches and slowly removes a Russian propaganda patch from his jacket.

Tokyo: A mural is painted of Aleksei standing over a rifle, hands open, with the crow above him.

INT. FOREST CAVE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Aleksei, now in rags, watches a fire burn. He's alone - but free.

He ties a small strip of torn uniform around his hand, blackens his face with ash, and heads off into the night.

He's not returning. He's defecting.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN - BLACK TOWER STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

An emergency meeting. The Samson Council is gathered. Putin paces, not angry - haunted. The viral footage of Aleksei is playing muted on the wall.

PUTIN (COLDLY)  
We no longer have a truth problem.  
(beat)  
We have a myth problem.

He turns to a young Kremlin data officer.

PUTIN (CONT'D)  
I want every soldier who shared  
that footage identified. I want  
every civilian who repeated the  
name "Dmitri" questioned. I want  
the name Aleksei flagged in every  
school, dormitory, and chatroom.

GENERAL PETROV  
Sir, if we push this hard, we risk  
a full civilian revolt-

PUTIN  
No. We create one.  
(beat)  
And then we crush it on camera.

The generals exchange glances. This is no longer about war.  
This is a cleansing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN UKRAINE - DENSE FOREST - DAWN

Aleksei stumbles through the trees, bloody from thorns,  
clothes torn. He's been walking for days. No compass. Just  
instinct.

He hears a voice: Ukrainian, muffled.

He drops to the ground - crawling toward it.

CUT TO:



EXT. SMALL RESISTANCE OUTPOST - MOMENTS LATER

A hidden lookout post made of logs and camouflage netting. A soldier spots Aleksei and draws a weapon.

SOLDIER (IN UKRAINIAN)  
Halt! Identify!

ALEKSEI (WEAKLY, IN BROKEN UKRAINIAN)  
I'm... not here to fight. Please.

Another figure steps from the tent - ANYA, rifle over her back, eyes wary.

ANYA  
Why are you here?

ALEKSEI (HOARSE)  
I was sent to fight for men who  
lied. I want to fight for the ones  
who don't.

She lowers her gun slightly.

ANYA  
What's your name?

ALEKSEI  
Aleksei.

ANYA (SOFT)  
That name means something now.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTPOST CABIN - LATER

Aleksei eats quietly while Anya, Ivan, and Elena speak nearby.

IVAN  
He's not just a boy. He's the next  
story. They've already painted him  
into the myth.

ANYA

Then we give him truth to grow  
into.

She walks back to Aleksei, who's reading a handmade journal labeled "Dmitri's Notes" – sketches, quotes, and fragments of the final broadcast.

ANYA (TO ALEKSEI) (CONT'D)

We don't need you to be him.

(beat)

We just need you to survive. And  
help others survive.

Aleksei looks up, eyes sharper now.

ALEKSEI

I can do that.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN WAR ROOM – SAME TIME

Putin sits alone in front of an old TV. Black-and-white footage of Soviet parades plays in a loop.

Outside the glass: a crowd gathers – chanting.

CROWD (O.S.)

Dmitri lives! Aleksei sees! Russia  
bleeds!

He mutes the screen.

And whispers to himself:

PUTIN

This is ridicules Russia is  
Ukraine!

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN COURTYARD - DAY

Thousands of protesters flood the square. Teachers, veterans, students. Most carry nothing – just signs with two words:

"I AM ALEKSEI."

Putin's guards are tense, but no orders to fire have come. Inside, the palace windows are closed – but the pressure is seismic.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUNKER - UKRAINIAN BORDER - SAME TIME

ANYA, ALEKSEI, and ELENA stand in front of a satellite uplink, facing a camera crew.

IVAN adjusts the mic. This will be a live, uncensored global stream.

IVAN

We're not asking for your  
permission. We're asking for your  
witness.

Aleksei steps to the mic.

ALEKSEI (NERVOUS, BUT STRONG)

My name is Aleksei. I was told I  
was a weapon.  
But I am just a boy.

(beat)

The truth is not a threat – unless  
you're afraid of it.

Behind him, dozens of orphans stand in silent unity, holding candles. One holds a crow feather.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN CONTROL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The broadcast cuts into every Russian channel. Panic from generals. Technicians try to stop it – but Radin, now in quiet rebellion, gives the silent order:

RADIN  
Let it run.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTERN UKRAINE - DUSK

As protests rise, Anya and Aleksei escort a caravan of children through wooded paths, toward a NATO corridor. One last exodus before the borders are sealed.

Suddenly – the low growl of Russian quads and drones approaches.

ANYA  
Move. Get them underground.

She and Aleksei stay back to slow the mercenary patrols. Flashbangs go off. Smoke rises.

They fight – not with aggression, but tactical restraint. Aleksei protects a wounded boy, while Anya fires a flare.

Suddenly, a militia brigade arrives – Ukrainian partisans, bearing Dmitri's crow insignia.

MILITIA LEADER  
We heard the signal. This time, we brought more than words.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS - DAY (MONTAGE)

Putin's final public address is canceled. Rumors swirl that he's retreated underground.

Radin resigns publicly and is placed under guard – not as a prisoner, but as a witness.

A new resolution passes: "Universal Ban on Youth Conscription Under Wartime Blackout." It's called The Dmitri Accord.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP OVERLOOKING BORDER - SUNSET

Anya, Aleksei, and the children watch the sun go down. Quiet. No sirens. No drones. Just wind.

Misha, now a bit taller, hands Aleksei a new drawing:

It shows Dmitri, Anya, Aleksei, and children standing at the foot of a broken wall.

Behind them: the crow in flight, its wings shaped like open arms.

MISHA

You don't have to be a ghost anymore.

Aleksei nods.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PETER'S BASILICA - VATICAN - EARLY MORNING

The Pope, in a private chapel, watches footage on a tablet: Dmitri's execution, the child conscripts, the orphanage bombing.

Behind him: a bishop whispers.

BISHOP (SOFT)

It's been authenticated by five nations. The children... they weren't collateral. They were targets.

The Pope lowers his head in silence. Then:

POPE

Prepare a statement. Not of condemnation.

(MORE)

POPE (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Of conscience.

CUT TO:

INT. TIBET - MONASTERY HALL - SAME TIME

A Tibetan monk watches the same footage projected on a wall.  
Monks light candles.

VOICEOVER (POPE'S MESSAGE - MULTIPLE  
LANGUAGES, HEARD IN SYNC):  
"Where power chooses silence, we  
must answer with truth."

CUT TO:

EXT. GLOBAL CITIES - MONTAGE

New York: A projection of Dmitri's face illuminates the UN building.

Berlin: Church bells ring. Streets fill.

Buenos Aires: Students hold up signs: "I Am Aleksei."

South Korea: Schoolchildren kneel in a minute of silence.

Warsaw: Protesters stand in the snow, arms out like a cross, mouths sewn shut.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN - PRIVATE WAR ROOM - DAY

Putin watches a live global broadcast: a joint statement from the Pope, Dalai Lama, and Archbishop of Canterbury.

POPE (LIVE):

"The young shall no longer be  
sacrificed to shadows. The silence  
is broken."

GENERAL PETROV (TENSE)

Sir... we've lost China. India has  
frozen military contracts. There  
are protests in every Russian  
province west of the Urals.

PUTIN (COLDLY)

You lose power when people stop  
fearing you.

CUT TO:

EXT. KYIV - LIVE STAGE - NIGHT

A vast crowd gathers. Anya steps forward, holding Aleksei's  
hand.

Lights shine on them. Ivan stands nearby. Global cameras  
broadcast.

ANYA (INTO MIC)

You killed a man named Dmitri. You  
tried to kill the boy beside me.

(beat)

But the truth didn't die. It was  
planted.

She looks down at Aleksei.

ANYA (CONT'D)

And it's already growing.

ALEKSEI (QUIETLY)

I'm not a hero. I'm just not lying  
to myself anymore.

The crowd erupts - candles rise. Bells ring.

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN - SAME NIGHT

Putin walks through his empty office. Alone. Outside, a sea of lights glows from Red Square.

He opens an old drawer. Inside: a medal, an icon, and a bullet.

He closes it again.

The silence is unbearable.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CLASSROOM - 5 YEARS LATER - UKRAINE

A teacher pulls down a digital map. Behind her, a photo of Dmitri, Anya, and Aleksei hangs above the chalkboard.

TEACHER

And that was how War Pigs ended.  
With no treaty... but with truth.

STUDENT (RAISES HAND)

Did they win?

TEACHER (SMILING)

They made sure we'd never forget  
what losing looked like.

FINAL IMAGE

EXT. FIELD OF CROSS-SHAPED CROWS - SUNSET

Children plant black wooden crows in a field - one for every name lost.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Truth doesn't win wars. It survives  
them.

FADE OUT.



