

"A WORTHY ASCENSION"

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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Phone Number

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

A THIN, MUSCULAR WOMAN dressed in fatigues with the surname: KISKIS emblazoned into her vest ducks behind a wooden crate and points an assault rifle.

WOMAN

Shit.

The Cypriot flag and the name: FIFI is etched into the Woman's helmet. AN ARMED, MALE HOSTILE races toward the Woman. The Woman shoots and kills the Hostile and adjusts her helmet's mouthpiece.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Attention Andreas. Company's begun the welcoming process. Fuck are you? Over.

Wearing fatigues bearing the Cypriot flag, ANDREAS, 34, muscular with short, black hair; sneaks up behind the Woman. The surname: ANTONIOU is emblazoned into Andreas's vest.

ANDREAS

Taking a moment to check out that cute butt my dear Sophia.

Andreas squeezes SOPHIA's, 32, rear end. Sophia whirls around.

SOPHIA

So much for sporadic activity.

ANDREAS

Ah. The glorious Cypriot intel at work.

Footsteps clump. Andreas and Sophia raise their weapons. TWO ARMED, MALE HOSTILES charge Sophia and Andreas. Andreas fires and downs one Hostile. The remaining Hostile backtracks and zooms in the opposite direction.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Wait.

Sophia chases the Hostile. Andreas shadows Sophia. Sophia tackles the Hostile. The Hostile struggles. Sophia pummels the Hostile's face. The Hostile spits at Sophia. Sophia brandishes a pistol and shoots the Hostile's leg.

SOPHIA

How many more?

The Hostile shakes his head. Andreas and Sophia crouch down beside the Hostile. Sophia places the pistol under the Hostile's nose.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Not the type of nose job I'd paid
for, but...

HOSTILE

All right. One.

Holding a grenade in one hand and a pistol in the other, AN ARMED; MALE HOSTILE surfaces from behind a crate and sneaks toward Sophia and Andreas.

ANDREAS

Let's split up.

Andreas pops up. Sophia casts a hand skyward and lowers it. Andreas eases his backside to the ground. The Hostile pulls the pin from and prepares to toss the grenade. Sophia veers around and shoots the Hostile with her assault rifle.

SOPHIA

Get down.

Sophia and Andreas take cover. The grenade crashes to the ground and projects shrapnel across the facility. Static screams across Andreas's walkie-talkie. Andreas grabs the walkie-talkie.

ANDREAS

We're safe. Place's secure. All
terrorists dead. Come on in
Colonel.

Sophia pulls up the sleeve of the deceased Hostile.

SOPHIA

Oh shit.

Andreas races over.

ANDREAS

What?

Sophia gestures at a tattoo depicting a red devil over the words: CHERVONNY DYAVVOL.

SOPHIA

First Greece, now Cyprus.

A HEAVYSET MAN in fatigues with the surname: NIKITAS embossed into his uniform approaches Andreas and Sophia.

NIKITAS
Great job as usual.

NIKITAS, 55, faces Sophia.

NIKITAS (CONT'D)
Gonna miss you Captain, or should I
say Your Highness?

SOPHIA
I'll always be Fifi Colonel.

INT. GREEK PARLIAMENT-DAY

Loud chatter is exchanged amongst members. A DARK-HAIRED MAN seated in the center of a raised dais pounds a gavel. A placard that reads: PRIME MINISTER is situated in front of the Man. THE PRIME MINISTER, 47, snares a microphone.

PRIME MINISTER
Everyone. Please settle down.

Prattle reverberates. The Prime Minister pounds his gavel with greater authority. Behind a table is a chart reading: Yes 154, No 146.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
Please allow the President to
speak.

A GREY-HAIRED MAN rises from a seat next to the Prime Minister's.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
Mr. President. Floor's yours.

The Prime Minister hands THE PRESIDENT, 70, a microphone.

PRESIDENT
I vehemently disagree with you Mr.
Prime Minister and all of you who
voted yes. We are the cradle of
democracy and don't need to be
represented by the crown again.

Members seated in the chamber's left side rocket up and enter a thunderous ovation. The Prime Minister inches out of his seat, lifts his hands up and lowers them down. The ovation rages on. The Prime Minister pounds the gavel. Quiet ensues.

PRIME MINISTER
Our body has spoken.

The Prime Minister gestures at A MAN holding a folder. The Man hands the binder to the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister snares a pen, opens the folder, removes and signs several documents and accesses a microphone.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
This decree reinstitutes the Greek
Monarchy, effective this date:
August 12, 2016.

Members seated in the chamber's right side rise and offer a deafening round of clapping and whistling.

INT. BALLROOM-DAY

Large doors part. HUNDREDS OF WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE rise. Static hisses through several loud speakers.

DEEP MALE VOICE
Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome His Majesty, King Stavros
The First and Her Highness, Crown
Princess Sophia of Thessaloniki.

KING STAVROS, 70, tall and thin with grey hair accompanies Sophia inside amidst loud applause. Sophia and King Stavros kneel before THREE ORTHODOX PRIESTS. King Stavros steps on stage. A MAN hands King Stavros a microphone.

KING STAVROS
Thank you. I kindly ask everyone to
please take their seats.

Attendees follow King Stavros's instructions. Sophia twirls her hair, pops a stick of gum in her mouth, retires to a chair to the podium's left and places her head in her hands. King Stavros occupies space behind the podium. Cameras shine.

KING STAVROS (CONT'D)
His Beatitude, Mr. Prime Minister,
Mr. President, distinguished guests
and my fellow Greeks. It is with
great pleasure...

DISRUPTER
You're a royal joke.

A LARGESSE MAN leaps up. The Crowd turns its attention on the Disrupter. Complete silence reigns. King Stavros snaps his fingers. Sophia files her nails. SEVERAL ARMED SECURITY PERSONNEL converge on the Disrupter.

MAN

Your anti-immigration stance kills
us Ukrainians. You're Golden Dawn's
King, not the peoples.

Security Forces drag the Disrupter away. King Stavros sips water from a bottle and wipes his face with a handkerchief. Sophia glances up for a second and continues filing her nails.

KING STAVROS

Well, there's another reason to
remember my first speech as King.

Laughter follows King Stavros's words. A WOMAN in audience rises.

WOMAN

What're you gonna do for an encore
Your Majesty?

KING STAVROS

Trip to LA. Ya know how those
Hollywood execs like to make movies
about everything.

Sophia springs up and bolts out a side door.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

A SHORT, STOCKY MAN dressed in a suit occupies a table across from A MUSCULAR, BALD MAN with a tattoo of a cobra running his arm's length. A land line phone is positioned at the table's center.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Source should know. He witnessed
the speech in person.

STOCKY MAN

Still, this'll be harder to pull
off on foreign soil.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Don't care Ravachenko. Just make
sure they're dead before any
scratches accumulate on their crown
jewels.

RAVACHENKO, 64, ascends. A large depiction of a red devil over the words: CHERVONNY DYAVVOL adorn the wall behind Ravachenko.

EXT. CAFE-DAY

Wearing sunglasses and a Los Angeles Dodgers baseball cap, Sophia settles into a chair at a two-seated table. A MALE SERVER places a cup and a plate containing a croissant atop Sophia's table.

SOPHIA

Thank you.

Sophia glimpses at her watch. The time is half-past ten. Sophia lowers her head, sips from the cup and nibbles on the croissant. A shadow hovers over Sophia.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Only a half-hour late. Improving.

Andreas breaks off and pops a piece of the croissant in his mouth.

ANDREAS

Sorry. Olympic's food's horrible.
First thing I've eaten since
getting here.

SOPHIA

So?

ANDREAS

Forget any tenets? I mean there're
no other major sur...

SOPHIA

Don't start that shit. Had to hide
it. Wanted to be my own...Not doing
this again. Just give me an answer.

Andreas steps away from the table.

ANDREAS

Did back in Cyprus. Just
needed...Wanted to see you one last
time.

Sophia snares a napkin and dabs her eyes. The Server returns with two filled cups, loses his balance and spills water on Sophia's table. Sophia pounces up and frolics back. The Server clears the mess with a towel.

SERVER

Sorry Sir and Madame. Please excuse
my clumsiness.

SOPHIA
Please come back to the Western
Imperial and we'll discuss.

ANDREAS
I said no.

The Server steps away from the table. A MAN seated at an adjacent table inches out of his seat, plods toward the street and brandishes a phone.

MAN
Western Imperial. Don't know for
sure...At least til tomorrow.

The Man making the call returns to his table.

ANDREAS
Not gonna be subordinate in a
marriage also.

SOPHIA
But...

Andreas leans forward, kisses and embraces Sophia.

ANDREAS
Always have our missions. Represent
the people well. Good luck.

Andreas stomps off.

EXT. PARK BENCH-DAY

Sophia applies mascara to her eyelashes. King Stavros rests down beside and corrals Sophia's hand.

KING STAVROS
Did what you're expected to.

SOPHIA
Doesn't make it easy...Or right.

King Stavros yanks a small box from his pocket and presents it to Sophia.

KING STAVROS
You're the only remaining heir.
Please pretend that matters. If not
for yourself, then at least for
your father.

SOPHIA
Had enough tears today. Please
don't mention how much I disapp...

KING STAVROS
Shush. Open the box.

Sophia inches the box open. Inside is a diamond-studded brooch.

SOPHIA
Beautiful.

KING STAVROS
Was your grandmother's. She wanted
it to be given to the next female
heir.

King Stavros places an arm around Sophia.

KING STAVROS (CONT'D)
Know you didn't expect this and I'm
proud of who you became. However,
you've a responsibility to be a
worthy successor to...

Sophia pockets the box and storms off.

INT. WESTERN IMPERIAL HOTEL-DAY

A SNIPER inches the barrel of an assault rifle into a hole drilled through the door, peeks through his weapon's scope and observes Sophia in the lobby. King Stavros enters the scope's view.

SNIPER
Okay, they're both downstairs.

A MAN emerges holding a walkie-talkie. The Sniper fingers the trigger, hones in on King Stavros and fires a silent shot. King Stavros falls. The Sniper fires at Sophia, but misses. Hotel Guests scatter in all different directions.

SNIPER (CONT'D)
Crown's cracked. Missed Diamond
Girl.

MAN
Go.

INT. WESTERN IMPERIAL LOBBY-DAY

Blood gushes out of King Stavros's head. HEAVILY ARMED MEN swarm towards and surround the guests. A SECURITY GUARD grabs his weapon. The Bald Man with the snake tattoo on his arm shoots and kills the Guard.

BALD MAN

Vacationers and star seekers? My name's Zmeya.

ZMEYA, 30, bullets sky with his assault rifle. A CROWD gathers around King Stavros's corpse. Sophia feels King Stavros's neck.

SOPHIA

Shit.

Sophia crawls through the mob, reaches for and snares the murdered Guard's gun.

ZMEYA

Everyone move to the center please.

The People hesitate. Zmeya shoots a Man's leg. The Horde rambles to the room's center. Sophia edges toward, eases open and snakes through a door.

SOPHIA

Notify authorities. Yeah, that's right.

Sophia drops onto her belly, aims and fires a pistol. A Terrorist is hit and tumbles down. Sophia slams the door shut, leaps up and bolts off.

ZMEYA

Fuck was that?

TERRORIST

Lucky guard?

ZMEYA

Well, go end his streak at one.

Three Terrorists race after Sophia. Zmeya brandishes a walkie-talkie.

ZMEYA (CONT'D)

Lobby's secure. Crown Jewel broken, but Diamond Girl's still at large.

INT. WESTERN IMPERIAL SUITE-DAY

Behind a table stacked with electronic equipment, Ravachenko gestures at A MAN attaching wires to several components.

RAVACHENKO

I on yet?

MAN

Da.

Ravachenko nabs a microphone.

RAVACHENKO

Good afternoon. This's the bad guy.
I'll save you the cliched spiel.
You've all seen enough movies to
know where you'll end up if you
defy us.

Ravachenko extracts a glass bottle from a drawer, unscrews the cap and gulps.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

We've already accomplished half our
mission objectives and believe the
other shouldn't take long.

INT. LINEN CLOSET-DAY

Sophia stumbles inside, rams a door shut, yanks out a mobile phone, strikes the nine key once and the one key twice. Three rings follow.

DISPATCHER

Nine-one-one. What's your
emergency?

SOPHIA

Yes..Yes..A large, unknown number
of terrorists have commandeered the
Western Imperial Hotel.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.)

Thank you for your cooperation.

Sophia rummages through several desk drawers.

DISPATCHER

Where're you?

SOPHIA
Uh, the damn Western Imperial
Hotel.

DISPATCHER
You positive about this?

SOPHIA
No. A cavalcade of armed brutes
murder a man and take hundreds
hostage came to me in a Zivania
stupor.

Sophia spots a mop, breaks its handle in half and tucks
splintered pieces of wood inside her shirt.

911 OPERATOR
Now how many terrorists did you
say...

SOPHIA
Would you stop asking questions and
just send the fucking cops please?

Sophia ends the call.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Goodness.

Sophia climbs atop a cabinet, reaches the ceiling, knocks out
several tiles and crawls inside.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE HOTEL-DAY

A police cruiser skids to a halt. A MALE OFFICER with short,
black hair and the surname: TORREZ etched into his uniform's
nameplate emerges and snares a phone.

INT. SHAFT ABOVE LOBBY AIR CONDITIONING VENT-SAME TIME

Sophia observes Zmeya and a group of Terrorists encircling
the Hostages. Sophia's phone vibrates. The caller is
identified as The Los Angeles Police Department.

SOPHIA
Amen. Pizza delivery in Yia Yia's
(Greek word for grandma) village's
faster.

Sophia hits her phone's TALK button.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

A man or woman in law enforcement I
hope?

TORREZ shuffles toward the hotel and attempts to peek inside.

TORREZ

I'm Captain Pablo Torrez of the
L.A.P.D. Anti-Terrorist Unit.
Understand you informed us of
today's events?

SOPHIA

That's affirm.

Sophia slides out a pistol and attempts to place its barrel
through an air duct.

TORREZ

How can we believe you?

SOPHIA

By giving me time to prove my
worth. I've taken many terrorists
out in my career and will do my
best to pad those stats.

Torrez views the building through a pair of binoculars.

TORREZ

So I take it you've had law
enforcement or military experience?

SOPHIA

I've dabbled.

TORREZ

May I ask your name?

SOPHIA

Have to give you an alias.

Several additional police cruisers speed on scene.

TORREZ

Why? Ya famous?

SOPHIA

Unfortunately, yes. Enough so to
make this harder for us and much
easier for them. My closest
associates call me Fifi.

TORREZ

Okay Fifi. What do you want from us?

SOPHIA

Nothing yet. Wait until they set forth the game plan. Then we can strategize. Bye for now.

Torrez's line goes dead. Sophia watches several Terrorists huddle around Zmeya.

TERRORIST

He wants to speak with you.

Zmeya snares a phone from a Terrorist's hand.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

No. Upstairs.

Zmeya rushes out.

SOPHIA

K. He must be the mastermind. But where upstairs?

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-DAY

Under a canopy, Torrez is surrounded by several L.A.P.D. OFFICERS. A MALE OFFICER with the surname: WILLIAMS embossed into his uniform's nameplate hands Torrez a paper cup.

WILLIAMS

Think she's legit Cap?

Torrez drains a hearty sip of his drink.

TORREZ

I do.

WILLIAMS

Why?

Torrez pulls a can of smokeless tobacco from his pocket, pops the top and tosses a pinch between his cheek and gums.

TORREZ

Her calmness.

Torrez offers the can to Williams. WILLIAMS, 54, helps himself to wad of snuff.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

If she was a lucky guest, or some dreamer whose watched too many episodes of Twenty-Four, you'd hear it in her voice.

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

A large number two is painted on a wall. Sophia minces past doors numbered 2001, 2002, 2003 and 2004. Footsteps clump. Sophia falls to the ground and aims an assault rifle. A SHORT WOMAN comes into view.

SOPHIA

What're you doing here?

Sophia vaults up and shoves the Woman against a wall. The Woman's name tag reads: BEATRIZ. BEATRIZ, 35, attempts to backtrack. Sophia grabs and shakes Beatriz's shoulders.

BEATRIZ

No se nada. No se nada. Estoy limpiando dama.

SOPHIA

Habla ingles?

Beatriz nods.

BEATRIZ

Don't know anything. I'm cleaning lady.

The loud pattering of footsteps is heard.

TERRORIST (O.C.)

Da. Da. Keep looking.

Sophia aims a pistol at Beatriz.

SOPHIA

Those're the bad guys. Use your card and get us into a room... Right now.

The footsteps grow more voluminous. Beatriz points. Sophia grips Beatriz's wrist and the duo speeds leftward until reaching Room 2012. Beatriz slides a room card into the doorknob's slot. A red light shines.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Shit. Come on.

Beatriz swipes the card again. A green light flashes. Sophia forces the door open, shoves Beatriz inside and eases the door closed.

INT. ROOM 2012-DAY

Sophia flings off a pair of slacks, a jacket, a pair of heels and panty hose.

SOPHIA
Need your clothes and sneakers.

Beatriz bolts into the bathroom and bangs the shut door and locks the door. Sophia tries to shimmy the knob.

BEATRIZ (O.C.)
Perra loca. Perra loca.

SOPHIA
Know it seems that way, but I can protect you and everyone else. Let me in now, or I'll break that fucking door down. Three seconds.

Sophia lumbers back several steps.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Three...Two...One.

Sophia hoists a leg, kicks the door forward and knocks Beatriz to the floor.

BEATRIZ
Okay. Okay.

Beatriz loses her shirt, pants and sneakers. Sophia hops into Beatriz's clothing. Beatriz laughs.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)
Pequena.

Sophia places the mops wooden pieces in a pants pockets, the pistol in a rear pants pocket, the assault rifle under her shirt and retires to the ground adjacent to Beatriz.

SOPHIA
Stay in this room and don't leave until either I or a police officer tells you it's safe. Comprende?

BEATRIZ
Si.

Sophia inches the door open, peeks left and right and minces outside.

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Sophia creeps the door closed and tiptoes forward. Two Terrorists appear and point assault rifles at Sophia.

TERRORIST

Hey you?

Sophia places her hands up and plods towards the Terrorists.

SOPHIA

No se nada. Just cleaning lady. No hurt me por favor.

One Terrorist lumbers towards Sophia. Sophia slides a hand into her pocket, nabs and flings a piece of wood at the Terrorist's head. The other Terrorist fingers his gun's trigger.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

That's ena.

Sophia snatches her pistol, drops to the ground, fires on and drops the Terrorist. The surviving Terrorist clutches a bloodied forehead. Sophia hovers over the Terrorist.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

And you're dio. Now, how many more guarding the floors?

The Terrorist grabs his crotch and extends a middle finger. Sophia unloads a round of silent fire into the Terrorist's chest and abdomen.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

No problem. Just have to find out for myself.

INT. RAVACHENKO'S SUITE-DAY

Ravachenko perches himself at a bed's edge. Zmeya paces before Ravachenko.

RAVACHENKO

And Her Highness?

Ravachenko lights two cigars and hands Zmeya one.

ZMEYA

Still alive. But couldn't have left building.

Ravachenko springs to his feet, snares the cigar from Zmeya's mouth and shoves it into Zmeya's cheek. Zmeya grabs his face and frolics back. Ravachenko chucks the cigar to the ground and stamps the stogie to pieces.

RAVACHENKO

Idiot.

Zmeya cocks his assault rifle and races for the door.

ZMEYA

I'll lead a full search. If...

RAVACHENKO

Nyet...Nyet...Nyet. That'll waste far too much time.

Ravachenko snatches a microphone.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR-DAY

A dead Terrorist's body lies on the carpeting. Sophia breaks the neck of and kills another Terrorist. Sophia rips open the Terrorist's shirt sleeve and notices a red devil tattoo over the words: CHERVONNY DYYAVOL.

SOPHIA

All right. Dots...They're a connecting.

Sophia snares her phone, snaps photos of the deceased, clicks the email icon, types info@lapd.gov, attaches the pics, hits send and re-dials Torrez.

TORREZ (O.C.)

Any progress?

Sophia glances at the phone's screen. The words: "MESSAGE SUCCESSFULLY SUBMITTED" flashes.

SOPHIA

How does six dead terrorists grab ya?

TORREZ (O.C.)

With all its might.

SOPHIA
Sent proof of deeds to your general
email address. Please confirm. Bye
for now.

Sophia hits end. A pulsating screech echoes through a wall
speaker.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.)
Her Royal Highness Sophia of
Greece? Paging Princess Sophia.

Sophia leans against the wall.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.) (CONT'D)
If she's here, she needs to make
her presence known within the next
twenty minutes.

INT. AUXILIARY CLOSET-DAY

Sophia slithers to the floor. A cell phone vibrates. A text
from Torrez reads: "Confirmed and impressed. L.A.P.D. A.T.U.
behind u all the way." Sophia re-dials Torrez.

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-DAY

Torrez's phone chimes.

TORREZ
Get the message?

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

SOPHIA
Yes. And thanks.

Sophia loads a round of ammo into her pistol and pockets a
grenade.

TORREZ
Should I be receiving any further
entertaining pics?

SOPHIA
Hope so, but something might
interrupt the photo session.

TORREZ
Oh?

Torrez spits pinch of tobacco to the ground and tosses a fresh wad into his mouth.

SOPHIA
Burglars know the prized loot's
still in the house.

TORREZ
So will you hand it to them or make
them take it?

SOPHIA
Waiting to see how that'll impact
the other merchandise. Bye for now.

Sophia ends the call. The phone's clock flashes a quarter after one. Sophia knocks out several ceiling tiles and climbs inside.

INT. SHAFT ABOVE LOBBY AIR CONDITIONING VENT-DAY

Sophia watch flashes the time: one twenty-five. The public address system screeches out again.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.)
Paging Princess Sophia. We're
making an urgent plea. Show
yourself within the next five
minutes. Otherwise...

Sophia watches Zmeya drag A TEENAGED BOY across the floor. The Terrorist points his weapon skyward and fires. Sophia snares her phone and calls Torrez.

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-DAY

Torrez's phone vibrates.

TORREZ
Yep.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

SOPHIA
We talk in private?

TORREZ
Sure.

Torrez ducks down behind a police cruiser.

TORREZ (CONT'D)
 Situation within the situation?

SOPHIA
 Hmm. They're threatening to cancel
 the reservations of my fellow
 guests unless I speak with the
 manager.

TORREZ
 That a conversation you're ready to
 have?

SOPHIA
 Not yet. Got a plan to give the
 guests a day out and perhaps bounce
 a few more of our rowdy hosts.

Sophia uses her assault rifle to break a tiny crevice in the
 ceiling and inches the gun's barrel through.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 I'll let you know how the meeting
 went. Bye for now.

Sophia ends the call. The time on Sophia's phone reads twenty-
 nine minutes past one. The Terrorist places a pistol to the
 Boy's head. Sophia keys in on the Terrorist through her
 weapon's scope.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.)
 Princess Sophia of Greece has
 thirty seconds to make her presence
 known.

Zmeya approaches the Terrorist, leans over and faces the Boy.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 It'd be a shame to watch...

Zmeya mumbles into a phone.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Half of David's central nervous
 system go on permanent display
 along with the shitty artwork.

Sophia readjusts her position.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Ten...Nine...Eight...Seven...Six...

Sophia handles the trigger and glances through the scope.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Five...Four...Three...Two...

Sophia blasts a silent shot that rips through the Terrorist's head. The deceased Terrorist collapses to the floor. Zmeya tosses DAVID, 19, into the crowd. Another Terrorist scans up, down, left, right.

TERRORIST
Got hostiles in here.

Zmeya unloads a round of ammo into a wall.

ZMEYA
Everyone remain in room's center.

The remaining Terrorists surround the Hostages and draw their weapons. Zmeya grabs a walkie-talkie.

ZMEYA (CONT'D)
Come in.

RAVACHENKO (O.C.)
Got her?

ZMEYA
No, what we got's a very unpleasant development. Coming up.

Zmeya gestures at the Hostages.

ZMEYA (CONT'D)
Watch them. One gets stupid, kill them all.

Zmeya storms off. Sophia makes a fist with one hand and punches the other's palm.

SOPHIA
The barracuda swallowed the sardine.

INT. AUXILIARY CLOSET-DAY

Sophia leans against a wall with a phone to her ear.

TORREZ (O.C.)
Making them think Rambo's on the loose's a great plan, but what happens when you get discovered?

Sophia removes a grenade from her pocket.

SOPHIA
That's what I'm banking on.

TORREZ
Need you to explain that one.

Sophia rearms her assault rifle.

SOPHIA
Gonna trade myself for the
hostages. Then, I'll fight my way
out.

TORREZ (O.C.)
Your bravery's admirable young
lady, but that idea ain't crazy,
it's suicide.

SOPHIA
Only for a lesser soldier. Bye for
now.

INT. RAVACHENKO'S SUITE-DAY

Zmeya puffs a cigarette and expels a large cloud of smoke.

ZMEYA
Don't know who or what it is, but
definitely a professional, whose
had extensive experience sniping.

Ravachenko springs upward and pounds the table with two
fists.

RAVACHENKO
You assured me security was pot
heads and rent-a-cops.

ZMEYA
It is. I doubled checked every
security detail's personnel file.
Only thing any of 'em fired up was
a grill. Must be a guest.

Static shrieks through a walkie-talkie lying atop the bed.
Zmeya grabs it.

ZMEYA (CONT'D)
Da.

MAN
Dimitry, Artur, Nikita, Mikhail,
Alex and Sergei...All dead.

Zmeya slams the walkie-talkie to the floor. Ravachenko tromps toward a table and snares a glass bottle.

RAVACHENKO
Need Stoli's.

ZMEYA
Some kind of plan please?

Ravachenko downs a shot.

RAVACHENKO
Whoever it is's probably working
their way up. Double security on
the middle floors and try to get
'em cornered. Move.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR-DAY

Sophia inches through a stairwell door with her assault rifle drawn. Clumping boots tromp against the ground. Sophia slips back through the door, sticks her head out and watches four Terrorists storm by.

SOPHIA
Dummies have gotten wise.

Sophia inches across the hallway, creeps to a door labeled: "STAFF LADIES ROOM," snakes inside, eases the door forward, prowls into a stall, locks the door, nabs her phone and dials 1-213-555-3000.

INT. RAVACHENKO'S SUITE-SAME TIME

A light on an electrical panel illuminates. Ravachenko pours the contents of a bottle into a glass.

MAN
Getting a call to the hotel's main
line.

RAVACHENKO
Answer and get it on speaker.

The Man presses several buttons.

MAN
Western Imperial Hotel.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

SOPHIA

Good afternoon. I'd like to speak with Gennady Ravachenko please.

RAVACHENKO

Found him. May I ask who's calling?

SOPHIA

The gal who's both the cause and resolution to your current troubles.

RAVACHENKO

Can you trace call?

The Man strokes a laptop's keys.

SOPHIA

They'll be no need for that. I'm willing to give myself up.

RAVACHENKO

Good choice for your first royal duty.

SOPHIA

Completed that when I capped your comrades.

Ravachenko dumps his rear on the bed.

RAVACHENKO

Bullshit.

Sophia lays her pistol, assault rifle and grenade on the floor.

SOPHIA

Ya know, I thought I'd get a better fight from a bunch of trained, red devils.

Ravachenko snares his phone and disengages the speaker mechanism.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Still not convinced? In my possession are a PSM pistol, RPK Kalashnikov light machine gun and an RGN fragmentation grenade.

Ravachenko forces himself up and ambles to the equipment table.

RAVACHENKO

Getting hard. Love women who can handle a trigger.

SOPHIA

Then it'll shatter when you tap into the Cypriot Army secure sight and read my bio.

RAVACHENKO

Cyprus. Thought you were Greek.

SOPHIA

Am. But did my best work on the little island you pricks recently infiltrated.

Ravachenko snaps his fingers. The Man pounds the laptop's keyboard.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

In fifteen minutes, I'll be in the lobby to turn myself over, assuming you let every guest free. Otherwise, I'll kill my way to you.

RAVACHENKO

Fine. Only no help from outside.

SOPHIA

I'll instruct them to keep their distance.

Sophia glimpses at her watch. The time is two o'clock. Ravachenko snares a microphone.

RAVACHENKO

Ladies and gentlemen. We've got some good news. Part two of our objective's been met and, as a show of good faith, we will release you.

Zmeya enters the suite.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Everyone make their way to the lobby. Use stairs only.

The pattering of footsteps and nervous chatter rings out. Ravachenko relinquishes the microphone and stomps toward Zmeya.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Get downstairs and prepare the
surprise for any overzealous
politsiya.

INT. LOBBY-DAY

Hundreds of people file in. The Terrorists guard the exits. Ravachenko and Zmeya enter. A digital, wall clock reads thirteen past two. Sophia pushes through a swarm of Hostages. Ravachenko steps forward and whistles. Silence ensues.

RAVACHENKO
Okay Your Highness. Present
yourself.

Sophia marches ahead.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Drop what your carrying.

Sophia tosses her pistol and assault rifle to the floor. Zmeya lurches forward and kicks the weapons away. Sophia reaches into her pocket and chucks the tattooed flesh of a Terrorist. Ravachenko leaps back.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

SOPHIA
Little addendum to my resume. Now
release everybody.

Sophia slides a hand into her pants, snatches and holds up a grenade.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Otherwise your doormen and I engage
in a round of boom-boom.

Ravachenko snaps his fingers. Zmeya morphs into the Crowd.

ZMEYA
Everyone make five, single-file
lines.

The Hostages obey Zmeya's command. Sophia disarms and places the grenade down; grabs her phone and dials Torrez.

SOPHIA

They're releasing hostages. Keep your men at least two hundred yards from the building, otherwise he'll detonate explosives set near the door. Clear?

TORREZ (O.C.)

Affirm.

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-DAY

Torrez brandishes a pair of binoculars and attempts to glance inside.

WILLIAMS

Anything yet?

TORREZ

Nah. Can't detect any movement.

Several cruisers labeled S.W.A.T. race on scene and disembark near the hotel.

WILLIAMS

Hell're they doing here?

A HEAVYSET COP emerges from the lead S.W.A.T. cruiser and stomps towards Torrez.

TORREZ

Turning the shakes into a seizure.

The surname: CALLAHAN is embossed into the nameplate of the Heavyset Officer's uniform's.

CALLAHAN

We're taking charge.

Torrez pops wad of tobacco into his mouth.

TORREZ

On whose authority?

CALLAHAN

Commissioner's.

A MALE OFFICER wearing a vest that reads: S.W.A.T. approaches CALLAHAN, 57.

CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Set up alongside entrance way.

TORREZ
Kidding right? You do realize
they've threatened a fireworks
display?

CALLAHAN
You're little girlfriend told you
so?

INT. LOBBY-DAY

Sophia wanders to a window and watches several S.W.A.T.
Officers establish positions surrounding the hotel.

SOPHIA
No. No.

Sophia snares her phone and dials Torrez.

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-SAME TIME

Torrez's phone vibrates.

TORREZ
I know...I know.

SOPHIA
Please tell me what I'm seeing's a
stress illusion?

Callahan clumps toward and rips the phone from Torrez's
hands.

CALLAHAN
That her?

SOPHIA
Planning on getting your men
killed?

CALLAHAN
Pardon me young lady. Address me
properly. I'm Captain Callahan and
have commanded many raids.

SOPHIA
Sure. Against Latino gangs higher
than Heaven. I've done so against
Al-Queda working with the Cypriot
Special Forces. Contact my CO,
Colonel Constantine Nikitas.

Zmeya bursts toward and shoves Sophia.

ZMEYA

Better hope they don't get stupid.

SOPHIA

They've already graduated to
imbecilic.

Zmeya pushes a door ajar.

ZMEYA

We're gonna begin, starting with
the far left row.

Zmeya and a Terrorist guard each side of the door. The Hostages bolt from the hotel into police custody. The evacuation process repeats with the following three lines. The final line halts when AN OLD LADY collapses.

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-DAY

Callahan views the hotel entrance through binoculars. A Terrorist steps outside, returns inside and closes the door. Callahan plods towards the hotel, ganders inside again and snares a walkie-talkie.

CALLAHAN

Think that's it. Move.

Torrez motions at Williams.

TORREZ

Contact Nikitas anyway.

Williams races off. S.W.A.T. TEAM MEMBERS rush the hotel. Callahan glimpses inside again and notices another line of Hostages being led through the door.

CALLAHAN

Shit. Abort. I repeat. Abort.

The S.W.A.T. Team Members ignore Callahan's order.

INT. LOBBY-DAY

A Terrorist slams the door shut and whirls around.

TERRORIST

They're trying to fuck us.

Sophia pounds the windows. Advancing S.W.A.T. Team Officers near the hotel.

SOPHIA
No. Get the fuck back.

Zmeya and Ravachenko bolt towards Sophia. Zmeya lifts and tosses Sophia over his shoulder.

RAVACHENKO
You bitch.

Zmeya hauls Sophia out of lobby.

SOPHIA
No. Stand down. Stand down.

RAVACHENKO
Treat our police brethren to a
pyrotechnics display.

Several Terrorists use hand-held devices to detonate explosives. Outside blasts kill a number of S.W.A.T. Officers and injure several others.

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-DAY

A BLOODIED S.W.A.T. TEAM MEMBER staggers toward Callahan.
EMERGENCY SERVICES PERSONNEL attend to the wounded Officer.

CALLAHAN
What's the casualty count young
man?

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
Six confirmed dead, unknown number
injured sir.

The S.W.A.T. Team Member is escorted into an ambulance.
Several more emergency service vehicles speed on scene with sirens blaring and lights flashing. Torrez prances toward and taps Callahan's shoulder.

TORREZ
Perhaps she was right.

Williams barrels back on scene holding a cell phone.

WILLIAMS
Sorry to interrupt, but we got
Nikitas on the line.

EXT-CYPRIOT AIRFIELD--SAME TIME

Nikitas, wearing fatigues emblazoned with the Cypriot flag, drops and extinguishes a cigar with his boot.

NIKITAS

So you want to know about Her soon-to-be Majesty?

Torrez places his phone on speaker and sets it atop a cruiser's hood.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

TORREZ

Well, now I see why anonymity was key. Think you'd only be filling in some pretty obvious blanks, but any more we should know?

Nikitas uses a cutter to chop off another cigar's end.

NIKITAS

Well, she...

INT. RAVACHENKO'S SUITE--SAME TIME

The Computer Man prints and retrieves several documents.

MAN

Boss. This's pretty incredible.

A computer's screen displays a photo of Sophia under a page titled: "Special Forces Personnel." Ravachenko glances at the screen.

RAVACHENKO

Expert in weapons, tactics, martial arts and explosives. Served on missions in Cyprus, Greece and throughout the Balkans and has more than one hundred confirmed kills.

Ravachenko nabs a glass bottle, unscrews the cap and swigs a healthy gulp.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Just your average European Princess. Time to start briefing the troops about a contingency.

MAN

Which is?

RAVACHENKO

Getting the fuck out of here. Start packing the gear and notify our man we need a ride.

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-SAME TIME

Torrez, Williams and Callahan hover over a phone.

NIKITAS (O.C.)

Best advice. Grant this woman her independence.

CALLAHAN

But...

NIKITAS (O.C.)

Because she's gonna gain it eventually.

INT. HOTEL MAINTENANCE ROOM-DAY

Sophia is strung to a chair. Atop a workbench lie several screwdrivers, drills, wrenches and hammers. Zmeya menaces over Sophia. Two armed Terrorists guard the exit. Ravachenko enters and illuminates the room.

RAVACHENKO

Disappointed. Captain...

Ravachenko blows two kisses, stomps toward and whacks Sophia's face.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

S.W.A.T. raid? Didn't you see Die Hard?

Sophia struggles and spits blood.

SOPHIA

Yeah. But apparently they didn't.

Ravachenko snares a screwdriver and plows it through Sophia's hand. Sophia thrashes about the chair.

RAVACHENKO

Those poor, remaining hostages.

SOPHIA

What've you done?

RAVACHENKO

Nothing yet. But what say you guys?
Insecticide in the air conditioning
ducts? How 'bout old fashioned
firing squad?

Ravachenko nabs a hammer and pounds Sophia's wrist. Sophia writhes and tips her chair over. Zmeya and several Terrorists lift Sophia up. Sophia loosens her hand restrictions.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Her highness you ask? We're gonna
keep you around long enough to
write a note renouncing your
recently deceased's anti-
immigration stance.

Ravachenko leans his face towards Sophia's. Sophia head butts and bloodies Ravachenko's nose. Ravachenko snatches a drill.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

So I can bring in a few more
comrades and expand business.

Ravachenko presses the drill's power button. A large bit roars and whirls.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Zmeya.

Zmeya tears open his vest, brandishes a knife and uses the weapon to open a large, bloody gash on Sophia's arm. Sophia flails and her chair collapses. Sophia rolls behind the workbench. Zmeya lunges toward the bench.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

No.

Ravachenko yanks Zmeya back.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Give the little slut a few seconds
to think about the pain any further
petulant behavior will bring. I'm
not uncie and this ain't the
palace.

Sophia frees her hands and legs. Ravachenko revs the drill again.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Three seconds for an answer bitch.

Sophia snares two screwdrivers off the floor, vaults up, flings weapons at and connects with the eyes of both Terrorists guarding the door. The Terrorists stumble to the ground. Sophia drops down. Zmeya fires an assault rifle.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Get her.

Ravachenko flees. Zmeya prowls toward the workbench with his weapon pointed. Sophia pops up and grabs a drill. Zmeya fires and misses. Sophia lies on her stomach and positions the drill through open space near the bench's bottom.

ZMEYA

Fuck are you?

Sophia flings a screwdriver into the air. Zmeya fires at the diversion.

SOPHIA

Right here asshole.

Sophia depresses the drill's power button. The bit penetrates Zmeya's foot. Zmeya surrenders to the ground. Sophia hops out from behind the bench, kicks Zmeya in the head and bolts out.

INT. HOTEL LINEN CLOSET-DAY

Sophia rips off and positions a piece of towel around her wounded arm, snares her phone, sets it atop a cabinet and dials Torrez.

EXT. POLICE COMMAND CENTER-SAME TIME

Torrez's phone vibrates. Torrez glances at the screen.

TORREZ

It's her.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

Sophia cuts and wraps a piece of cloth around her injured hand.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

Glad you're still with us Captain.

Sophia slides to the floor.

SOPHIA

Why didn't he pull back?

TORREZ

Ask him.

SOPHIA

In a second. But I want to tell you the plan first.

TORREZ

O...kay.

Sophia loads a magazine into her assault rifle.

SOPHIA

Going after Ravachenko and will now free the hostages. Now put Callahan on and keep it on speaker.

Torrez hands the phone to Callahan.

TORREZ

She wants to speak to you.

CALLAHAN

Yes.

SOPHIA

Listen carefully. I'm running the rest of this operation and you've been replaced by Torrez. Understand?

Callahan flips the phone back to Torrez.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

No one does a damn thing til I approve it. Bye for now.

INT. LOBBY-DAY

Sophia stampedes in and uses her assault rifle to pick off three Terrorists.

SOPHIA

Everyone behind me. Right now.

The Hostages follow Sophia's directive. Several Terrorists charge Sophia. Sophia eliminates all but one and menaces over the wounded Terrorist.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Fuck's Ravachenko?

The Terrorist groans and drools blood. Sophia lifts up and slams the Terrorist to the ground.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
I said where?

TERRORIST
Top floor suite. Planning to escape.

The Terrorist gasps for air and blacks out. Sophia relinquishes her grip on the Terrorist, springs up and fires her assault rifle into the air. The Hostages surrender to the floor.

SOPHIA
Everyone listen please.

Complete silence ensues.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get you all released, in all likelihood, within the next half-hour or so with the help of L.A.P.D.

Sophia leaps behind a counter, locates the public address button, activates the system and snares a microphone.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Until then, no one's to move from this lobby until I or uniformed police tell you to. Understood?

A YOUNG, MALE HOSTAGE steps out of the crowd and minces toward the counter. Sophia spots a box labeled: "Universal Room Cards" and grabs several.

HOSTAGE
What're you gonna do?

Sophia loads another magazine into her assault rifle and presses the public address panel's talk button.

SOPHIA
Become big in Greek folklore I hope.

The Hostages applaud. Sophia lifts a microphone. The public address system screeches into action.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Ravachenko. Bell captain's
coming...So pack your shit and get
ready to be taken down.

Sophia shuts the public address system and races toward a stairs exit. The Young, Male Hostage steps forward again and claps. The remaining Hostages join in and offer Sophia a thunderous ovation.

INT. RAVACHENKO'S SUITE-DAY

Zmeya and two Terrorists pack the electronic equipment into large, metal boxes. Ravachenko emerges wiping his hands and face with a towel.

RAVACHENKO
Hurry the fuck up.

The Terrorists seal two boxes and rush towards the door.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Get this stuff up to that roof. Go.

ZMEYA
And her?

RAVACHENKO
How many we got left?

ZMEYA
Upper floor guards and us.

Ravachenko swigs from a glass bottle.

RAVACHENKO
Get everybody up to the suite floor
hall and ambush her. Now go.

Zmeya hesitates.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Fuck you waiting for? Get moving.

Zmeya swipes the bottle from Ravachenko's hands and swills.

ZMEYA
Sorry boss. Needed perhaps that one
last taste of Stoli's.

Zmeya brandishes a walkie-talkie.

ZMEYA (CONT'D)

All remaining floor guards are to
report to the suite floor hallway
at once.

INT. ROOM-DAY

Sprawled out across a bed, Sophia holds a phone.

TORREZ (O.C.)

How?

SOPHIA

Rooftop.

TORREZ

Want us to provide air support?

Sophia hops up, reloads and tucks her pistol away.

SOPHIA

Not til I see their anti-air
capabilities. When I give the
order, free the hostages.
Ravachenko's down to only a few
more men. Bye for now.

TORREZ (O.C.)

Wait. You've done great. But I
don't want you doing this alone
anymore. Know you feel guilty over
what happened. It was Callahan's
order to...

Sophia hits end and zooms out.

INT. HOTEL TOP FLOOR-DAY

Sophia inches into the hall from a fire exit and eases the
door closed. An assault rifle's barrel edges towards Sophia's
face.

TERRORIST

Unburden yourself.

Sophia tosses her pistol, sneaks her hands into a vest,
loosens her assault rifle's arm grip and drops the weapon.
The Terrorist leans down and collects the weapons. Sophia
kicks the Terrorist's head, grabs her pistol and shoots him.

SOPHIA

For future reference, keep hostile
in line of vision before retrieving
their weapons.

Sophia reclaims her assault rifle and forges ahead. Two Terrorists come into view. Sophia depresses the assault rifle's trigger and empties a magazine, but misses both targets. The Terrorists counter. Sophia flops onto the floor.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

The Terrorists advance. Sophia snares her pistol and fires. Both Terrorists are killed. Another Terrorist flies through a door under a sign reading: "Exit To Roof."

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Stop.

Sophia regains her footing and pursues the Terrorist.

EXT. ROOF-DAY

Sophia bullets the fleeing Terrorist's back. Ravachenko and Zmeya shield themselves behind metal boxes and point weapons at Sophia. Sophia aims her pistol at Ravachenko and Zmeya.

SOPHIA

Damn you Ravachenko.

A helicopter charges across the sky and swoops over the roof. SEVERAL ARMED MEN lean out the chopper's side with machine guns drawn and fire at Sophia. Sophia dives to the ground. Ravachenko leaps into the copter.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Damn it. No.

Sophia leaps up and shoots at the chopper. The Armed Men fire back. The chopper edges away from the building. Zmeya leaps into the copter. Sophia counters and hits Zmeya. Zmeya dangles and falls atop the roof.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Don't move again.

Sophia charges toward and aims her weapon at Zmeya. The chopper flies away. Sophia fires on the aircraft. The copter glides away.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Sophia snares her cell and dials Torrez.

TORREZ (O.C.)
Have a bad feeling about that
chopper. Should we pursue?

SOPHIA
Come on. We both know ya ain't
gonna engage over a metro area.
Just get your men in and the
hostages out. Got someone who might
know where it's going.

Sophia ends the call, tucks the phone away and lowers her
pistol over a bleeding Zmeya's chest.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
It'll be quick if you reveal your
missed flight's destination. If
not, I strengthen my point blank
skills.

Zmeya shakes his head. Sophia shoots Zmeya's arm and
positions her weapon over Zmeya's groin.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Can't comprehend how painful
this'll be. Glad I'm woman. Three
seconds. Two...One...

ZMEYA
Greek bitch.

Sophia bullets Zmeya's genital region.

SOPHIA
Come on Snake. Next, I take out
your tail.

Sophia positions the gun at Zmeya's rear. Torrez busts
through a door. Sophia turns her weapon on Torrez. Torrez
drops his gun and places his hands up.

TORREZ
Relax.

Sophia lowers her weapon.

SOPHIA
Torrez I hope?

Torrez nods. Sophia plods towards Torrez. Torrez and Sophia
make acquaintances.

TORREZ

Any info on the chopper?

Zmeya sneaks a hand into his shoe, extracts a pistol and staggers up. Sophia steps away from Torrez. Zmeya aims at Torrez and fires. Sophia whirls around.

SOPHIA

Kiss the ground Torrez.

Torrez drops onto his belly. Sophia grabs her pistol and riddles Zmeya with bullets. Zmeya falls. Sophia rushes Zmeya. Zmeya clings to life. Sophia crouches down and sticks the weapon under Zmeya's throat.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Either you tell me, or you'll be
laid out with a redecorated sinus
cavity.

Torrez positions himself near Sophia and aims his weapon at Zmeya.

ZMEYA

Haven't stopped shit.

SOPHIA

What does...

Zmeya jerks his neck leftward and dies. Sophia grabs and jolts Zmeya.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Fuck. No.

Torrez clutches Sophia.

TORREZ

Thanks.

SOPHIA

For?

TORREZ

Giving me more time with my
grandchildren.

SOPHIA

Not the typical response received
by a spec forces soldier, but much
appreciated.

Static screams through Torrez's walkie-talkie. Torrez snares the device from his pocket.

TORREZ

Yep.

L.A.P.D. OFFICER (O.C.)

Captain. Hostages safe and
evacuated. Also found one terrorist
still alive.

Sophia nabs the walkie-talkie from Torrez's hand.

SOPHIA

Where is he?

L.A.P.D. OFFICER (O.C.)

Outside getting treated.

SOPHIA

Hold him there.

Sophia flips the walkie-talkie back to Torrez.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Forgive my rudeness, but that could
be our only chance.

Sophia and Torrez scamper off.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL-DAY

Sophia and Torrez barrel towards a gurney about to be loaded
into an ambulance.

SOPHIA

No. Leave him for a minute.

EMERGENCY SERVICES PERSONNEL retreat. Sophia and Torrez hover
over the Terrorist. Sophia's snares the Terrorist's wrist.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Where's Ravachenko going and what's
he planning?

The Terrorist fails to answer. Sophia places the gun to the
Terrorist's head.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Two seconds...Or that ambulance
becomes redundant.

Sophia lifts the gun and pushes its barrel under the
Terrorist's chin.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Living on borrowed seconds.

The Terrorist leans up.

TERRORIST
All right. He's leaving country.
Drug deal. Next week.
The...The...The...

SOPHIA
Where?

TERRORIST
The...The...

The Terrorist gasps for air and blacks out. Emergency Services Personnel attempt to revive the Terrorist. The Terrorist dies.

SOPHIA
No.

Torrez clutches and shakes Sophia.

TORREZ
You've got enough to keep hunting.
Calm down and think for a while.

Sophia's breaks Torrez's clutches and stomps off.

INT. L.A.P.D. HEADQUARTERS-NIGHT

Sophia occupies a chair. Torrez brings Sophia a cup of water. Sophia springs up, downs the water and crushes the cup.

SOPHIA
Devised a new strategy.

TORREZ
Oh?

SOPHIA
Ground all outgoing flights in and
around L.A.

Torrez retreats into an office. Sophia follows.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Your body language suggests
disagreement.

TORREZ
Mere police captains don't have
that authority dear. We'll need to
appeal to the F.A.A.

SOPHIA
So who's driving to LAX?

INT. LOS ANGELES AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER-DAY

Sophia and Torrez barge into an office. The door's nameplate
reads: MARK ERICSSON, F.A.A. REGIONAL DIRECTOR. ERICSSON, 57,
ascends from a seat behind a desk.

SOPHIA
Gonna need you to ground all
outgoing traffic at every major and
regional airport within a fifty
mile radius of Los Angeles.

Ericsson shuffles to a water cooler, snares and fills a paper
cup.

ERICSSON
May I ask who the hell you are?

Sophia stomps toward Ericsson.

SOPHIA
The soon to be reigning Sovereign
of Greece.

Ericsson backtracks toward his desk. Sophia draws and points
her pistol at Ericsson.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Hands on desk.

Torrez minces toward Sophia.

TORREZ
Careful. He's a federal employee.

SOPHIA
Could give two fucks if he's Zeus.

Sophia flails her gun.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Hands...Now.

Ericsson places his hands on a table.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Look Mr. Ericsson. A major crime's
been committed and its perpetrators
are free.

Sophia tucks her weapon under her shirt.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
These same people are planning an
event that could hurt many and I'm
intent on gathering all pertinent
information.

ERICSSON
Uh...I...S...See...That.

Ericsson inches his head towards Torrez.

ERICSSON (CONT'D)
Officer. I'm assuming if you're
here, she didn't just escape from
Gateways?

TORREZ
She's as serious as she's sane.

ERICSSON
Could authorize it, but it may take
my superiors a while to affirm.

Sophia brandishes her pistol and fires a silent shot into the
ground. Torrez and Ericsson frolic back.

SOPHIA
Mr. Ericsson. If need be, I'll
whine all the way to the White
House and tell the President you're
the cause of my tears.

Ericsson places his hands up.

ERICSSON
Okay.

Ericsson lifts a desk phone. Sophia and Torrez step aside.

SOPHIA
Wow. This tantrum shit works.

INT. HELICOPTER-NIGHT

The aircraft is piloted by AN ORIENTAL MAN. Ravachenko and TWO ARMED ORIENTAL MEN occupy the rear section. Ravachenko leans forward and taps the Pilot's shoulder.

RAVACHENKO

Put me in contact with Hu.

The Pilot alters the chopper's radio frequency and hits speaker.

PILOT

Embraer Air One-Two-Three, this's the Black Crown. Come in please.

Static blares through the speakers.

MAN (O.C.)

Go ahead.

PILOT

Ravachenko wishes to speak with Mister Hu.

MAN (O.C.)

Okay. I'll patch him through.

INT. LEAR JET CABIN-SAME TIME

Reclining in a plush seat, AN ORIENTAL MAN enjoys a drink. A phone buzzes. The Oriental Man lifts the phone.

MAN

Yes.

LEAR JET PILOT (O.C.)

Mr. Hu? Ravachenko's on the line.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

HU

Guessing another major fuck up occurred?

Ravachenko unbuttons his shirt and wipes sweat off his forehead.

RAVACHENKO

Need to find another rendezvous point.

HU

Why?

RAVACHENKO

Cause the cops won't be as hesitant
to shoot now that we've reached the
sticks.

CHAN HU, 66, rises, shuffles to a full bar and replenishes
his glass.

HU

Fine. Standby for instructions.

Hu lifts a phone mounted on a wall near the bar and hits a
button labeled: "Cockpit."

LEAR JET PILOT (O.C.)

Yes sir.

HU

Got a new destination. Sepulveda
Field in Chino.

LEAR JET PILOT (O.C.)

Airstrip's not completed sir.
Landing there could be dangerous.

Hu thwacks his glass down.

HU

So could spending three decades in
general population. Change heading
and get creative with A.T.C.

Hu presses a button which reads: "Call In Progress."

HU (CONT'D)

Instruct pilot to change course and
head in the direction of Sepulveda
Airfield in Chino.

RAVACHENKO

Landing a chopper in plain sight
kind of defeats the purpose of
planning an escape. Hope you
concur?

HU

Not landing, you're crashing.

Ravachenko places the phone in his lap and repositions the
device by his ear.

RAVACHENKO
Mind repeating that last line?

HU
Don't worry. Impact will be long
after you disembark.

RAVACHENKO
Still not getting it.

HU
Search and rescue quickly becomes
retrieve and recover. Resonating
now?

Ravachenko flips a cigarette into his mouth.

RAVACHENKO
Oh...Okay.

HU
See ya in an hour or two.

Hu ends the call and returns to his seat. The plane makes a sudden leftward turn. Hu brandishes his cell phone and initiates a call.

HU (CONT'D)
Get a bunch of men out to the
airfield and secure the hangar.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER-NIGHT

A MALE CONTROLLER observes a radar screen, notices EMB 123's course shift and snares a microphone.

CONTROLLER
Good evening EMB one-two-three.
Please return to heading one-seven-
four and maintain altitude of eight-
zero.

EMB 123 maintains radio silence. Several seconds later, the Controller watches another plane fly in the direction of EMB 123.

CONTROLLER (CONT'D)
EMB one-two-three. Please ident and
update status. Again, return to
heading one-seven-four and retain
altitude eight-zero. Expedite. I
repeat, expedite.

INT. LEAR JET COCKPIT-SAME TIME

The LEAR JET PILOT exercises a sudden decent. The altimeter reads six thousand feet. The Lear Jet Pilot adjusts his headphones and hits the intercom.

LEAR JET PILOT
ATC's on line. Please advise.

HU (O.C.)
Declare emergency and ignore any further communiques.

The altimeter reads four thousand feet.

LEAR JET PILOT
EMB one-two-three to tower. We're declaring emergency. I repeat declaring emergency. Massive electrical failure.

The Lear Jet Pilot switches the radio off.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER-SAME TIME

The Controller views the screen. EMB 123 plunges to two thousand feet.

CONTROLLER
EMB one-two-three. Please provide number of souls on board.

There is no response.

CONTROLLER (CONT'D)
EMB one-two-three. Come in please.
EMB one-two-three. Come in please.

There is no response. EMB 123's altitude slips to one thousand. A FEMALE CONTROLLER emerges from a side room and observes. The plane disappears from radar.

FEMALE CONTROLLER
Better call it.

The Controller retires to room's rear and lifts a phone. The Female Controller assumes controlling duties.

EXT. SEPULVEDA AIRSTRIP-NIGHT

A black truck races on scene and reaches a quick stop at an unfinished runway's edge.

The vehicle's rear door bursts open. FOUR ORIENTAL MEN armed with assault rifles charge out. One of the Men reaches into the trunk and snares a large floodlight.

ORIENTAL MAN
Prepare the hangar while I lead
them in.

The other three Men bolt towards the hangar. The remaining Man brandishes a pair of binoculars and observes a plane descending towards the airfield.

ORIENTAL MAN (CONT'D)
Shit. Coming in too fast.

The Man rips a radio from his pocket, inserts a blue tooth device in the ear phone jack and positions the floodlight at the runway's center edge. The plane approaches. The Man depresses a radio's button.

ORIENTAL MAN (CONT'D)
Reduce speed or I call Ravachenko
boss.

LEAR JET PILOT
Thanks for the confidence builder.

INT-LEAR JET COCKPIT-SAME TIME

The Lear Jet Pilot pulls on the controls. Hu occupies the co-pilot seat and fastens both a seat belt and shoulder straps. The plane's speed gages lower to one hundred knots.

HU
We gonna break up like that
chopper?

LEAR JET PILOT
May. Especially if we skip that
gravel.

The plane executes a hard landing and speeds down the runway. The Lear Jet Pilot yanks the controls back and presses the break with both feet. The plane's speed decreases to eighty knots.

LEAR JET PILOT (CONT'D)
Come on. Come on.

The Lear Jet Pilot pulls the controls as far back as they extend and applies greater pressure to the break. The plane's speed diminishes to fifty-five knots. The Man on the runway veers out of the plane's path.

LEAR JET PILOT (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay.

The plane's velocity drops to forty knots... thirty...twenty.

HU
How long til we run off this thing?

LEAR JET PILOT
Five seconds tops.

Hu yanks the co-pilot's controls back. The plane's speed registers fifteen knots...ten. The plane halts at the runway's paved edge. The Lear Jet Pilot exhales.

LEAR JET PILOT (CONT'D)
Welcome to Chino Mr. Hu.

HU
Bird able to stagger to the nest?

LEAR JET PILOT
Should. Thank God we got a bigger one for the getaway.

The Lear Jet Pilot restarts the engines.

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR-NIGHT

The three Oriental Men prowl into the hangar housing a passenger jet. Inaudible conversation is heard.

ORIENTAL MAN
Take cover.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Didn't know they kept planes in here yet.

Two Oriental Men drop to the floor. The remaining Oriental Man proceeds forward. TWO MEN donning badges reading: F.A.A. emerge. An Oriental Man approaches the F.A.A. Men.

F.A.A. MAN
Hell're you? This's restricted area. Get out.

ORIENTAL MAN
I'm new to country. Always wanted to tour American airport.

F.A.A. MAN

Well, not tonight buddy. Now leave.

The Oriental Man whistles and is joined by his comrades who open fire and kill the F.A.A. Men. Two of the Oriental Men drag and deposit the corpses inside a closet. The remaining Oriental Man's phone chimes.

ORIENTAL MAN

Yes Mr. Hu.

HU (O.C.)

Ready?

ORIENTAL MAN

All secure.

The hangar door inches open. The plane crawls inside. The hangar closes. Hu and The Lear Jet Pilot disembark.

HU

Now we await the Ukrainian.

INT. HELICOPTER-NIGHT

The helicopter descends. The altimeter reads five hundred feet. Two Oriental Men toss rope out the chopper's sides. One Oriental Man attaches himself to the rope and slides to earth. The Pilot faces Ravachenko.

PILOT

Mr. Ravachenko. Trip down will be simple. See you on ground.

The remaining Oriental Man clips Ravachenko's pants to the rope. Ravachenko slides to the ground. The last Oriental Man follows suit. The Pilot tumbles out. The helicopter ascends and enters an erratic flying pattern.

RAVACHENKO

How far's the airstrip?

PILOT

About two miles.

RAVACHENKO

What if we run into hitchhikers?

PILOT

We brought repellent.

An Oriental Man yanks out and chucks a pistol to Ravachenko. Ravachenko and the Oriental Men march northward.

To the south, the chopper crashes into a tree and bursts into flames.

EXT. L.A.P.D. PRECINCT-NIGHT

Sophia occupies a chair across from Torrez. Torrez fields a call.

TORREZ
Ya sure? Okay.

Torrez places the phone back on the receiver.

TORREZ (CONT'D)
Shit. Only two private jets are
scheduled to land within the next
few hours and none are departing
til well after midnight.

Sophia nabs a pack of cigarettes, slides a butt out and offers the pack to Torrez. Torrez steals a smoke. Sophia lights both cigs.

SOPHIA
We get manifests?

TORREZ
I could.

SOPHIA
Please.

Torrez shuffles to another desk, picks up a phone and dials.

TORREZ
Yeah, can we possibly also get
manifests? Okay. Great.

TORREZ (CONT'D)
Suspect something?

Sophia inhales and expels a large cloud of smoke.

SOPHIA
Depends.

A fax machine near Torrez's desk receives documents. Torrez retrieves and presents two sheets of paper to Sophia. Sophia glances down at the top sheet and places it atop a desk.

TORREZ
Anything important or interesting?

SOPHIA

Not yet.

Sophia studies the second page.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Glad I always utilize every point
of that one-fifty IQ.

Sophia lunges for the desk, snares a pen and circles the
name: Chan Hu.

TORREZ

Development?

SOPHIA

More like a major lead.

Sophia rips a piece of blank paper off a desk and scribbles
down Embraer Air Flight 123, Scheduled Arrival Time at
Riverside Municipal Airport at eight-thirty p.m.

TORREZ

What?

SOPHIA

Who's the more appropriate of those
five standard journalistic
inquiries. And the answer's Chan
Hu.

TORREZ

Guessing that's not a Chinese take
out place in the valley?

SOPHIA

He's leader of Hong Kong's
Dragonfire Crime Syndicate and
among biggest drug pushers in Far
and Middle East...And we're gonna
welcome him to sunny So Cal.

Sophia rushes to an exit and glances at her watch. The time
is a quarter to eight.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

How far's Riverside from here?

TORREZ

Little more than a half hour.

SOPHIA

Then we should arrive just in time.

Sophia opens the door and places a foot outside. Torrez hesitates.

TORREZ

Really putting me in a spot. Don't know this man has any involvement. If we're wrong, I'm Daryl Gates 2016.

SOPHIA

He's involved somehow...Guaranteed.

Torrez trudges toward the exit.

INT. RIVERSIDE AIRPORT-NIGHT

Sophia and Torrez race inside terminal. The time on a wall clock reads forty-two minutes after seven. Sophia stampedes toward EMBRAER Air ticket kiosk. Behind a counter is A YOUNG WOMAN wearing a uniform bearing EMBRAER Air wings.

SOPHIA

Need some info about Flight one-two-three.

The Embraer Air Employee leans down, grabs and dumps stack of papers atop the counter.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Excuse me. This's important.

The Embraer Air Employee glances up.

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE

It's late. Okay?

SOPHIA

What do ya mean late?

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE

As in, arriving after its originally scheduled time.

Sophia pounds the counter. Torrez rushes forward, eases Sophia back and presents the Embraer Air Employee his badge.

TORREZ

Passenger on that flight's a person of interest in a very serious, perhaps international matter.

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE
Sorry to hear that officer, but I
already told you its current
status.

TORREZ
Mind calling the airline and trying
to get more specifics? Please?

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE
Fine.

The Embraer Air Employee lifts a phone. Torrez clutches
Sophia's wrist.

TORREZ
Sugar tastes just as good as salt
on occasion.

Sophia lumbers to the counter.

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE
This been confirmed?

The Embraer Air Employee places the phone down at a
deliberate rate.

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
Corporate offices said the plane's
missing.

SOPHIA
First late. Now missing.

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE
Plane's been off radar for last
half-hour. People may be dead.

Torrez corrals Sophia.

TORREZ
Step outside. I'll finish up here.

Sophia huffs through an exit. Torrez shuffles back to the
counter.

TORREZ (CONT'D)
Sorry to keep at this, but did they
happen to know the last location,
or if the plane made any distress
calls?

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE
Didn't say.

TORREZ

Last one. Have the authorities been notified?

EMBRAER AIR EMPLOYEE

Yeah, but only within the last ten or fifteen minutes.

Torrez bolts toward the exit.

TORREZ

Thanks.

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR-NIGHT

Perched at opposite sides of a table, Hu and Ravachenko face off. An Oriental Man approaches Hu, places a cigarette in Hu's mouth and lights. Hu rises. SEVERAL MORE ORIENTAL MEN appear and mince towards the table.

HU

You're little mishap cost me money and even more time. Therefore, I'm reducing your share by a hundred tons.

Ravachenko vaults up and hurls a chair aside. Hu's Men aim assault weapons at Ravachenko.

RAVACHENKO

Then take out an ad in Greek and Cypriot newspapers looking for a new supplier.

Hu yanks a pistol from his jacket and unloads a round, which lands inches from Ravachenko's feet.

HU

Would you like me to use the other three clips I got on your flesh?

Ravachenko places his hands in air.

RAVACHENKO

Guess a hundred-fifty mil still keeps me soused in Stoli's for a while.

INT. SQUAD CAR-NIGHT

Torrez occupies the driver's seat. Sophia the front, passenger-side. Static screeches through the radio's speakers.

DISPATCHER (O.C.)
Attention all available units.
There's been a report of a
helicopter crash off Route Six,
five miles outside Chino.

Sophia turns to Torrez.

TORREZ
We don't know if...

SOPHIA
Hesitate another second I steal a
cruiser.

Torrez skids off.

EXT. HELICOPTER CRASH SITE-NIGHT

Wreckage is widespread. Fire rages across the ground and in many surrounding trees. Several police, fire and emergency service vehicles are on scene. Torrez and Sophia exit their vehicle and race towards the maelstrom.

TORREZ
Well?

Fire fighters douse the flames. Police and NATIONAL TRANSPORTATION SAFETY BOARD OFFICIALS, wearing jackets that read: N.T.S.B., scribble into notebooks and bag wreckage. A MALE N.T.S.B. INVESTIGATOR approaches Torrez.

N.T.S.B. INVESTIGATOR
Not gonna come across as the most
competent government employee by
voicing this theory, but it doesn't
look like anyone was on this
aircraft?

Sophia peruses the wreckage.

TORREZ
How's that possible?

N.T.S.B. INVESTIGATOR
Chopper's not obliterated. So we
should have found something
resembling human remains.

Torrez's phone chimes. Sophia and the N.T.S.B. Investigator
confer. Torrez steps away from the scene.

TORREZ
Great. What more can you give us
about one-two-three?

Sophia bolts toward Torrez. Torrez activates his phone's
speaker mechanism.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Controller at a small tower outside
L.A. phoned us about fifteen
minutes ago. Says he wants to speak
with authorities.

TORREZ
K. On our way.

Torrez and Sophia charge into Torrez's squad car and speed
off.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER-NIGHT

CONTROLLER
Whole thing's super weird. Follow
me.

The Controller leads Torrez and Sophia into a private room
and sinks into a seat in front of a radar screen.

CONTROLLER (CONT'D)
Gonna play a simulation of the
events.

Torrez and Sophia settle into chairs. The Controller presses
several buttons on the radar's console. The final moments of
Hu's flight are recreated.

CONTROLLER (CONT'D)
No one can find it. This's a bigger
mystery than that Malaysian plane.

Sophia vaults up and flings her chair back.

SOPHIA
No mystery. Plane didn't crash.

TORREZ

It must have. Still hasn't been all that long...

SOPHIA

I'm telling you it's down and safe somewhere.

The Controller leads Torrez and Sophia into a lobby.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Copter crash was a cover for escape.

TORREZ

Understand all this's a little nutty, but don't you think you're getting all Clyde Lewis here?

SOPHIA

No. This's why these men run crime syndicates. Always thinking one...two steps ahead of us good guys.

Torrez's phone chimes. The screen identifies the caller as Anthony.

TORREZ

Sorry bud. Dad will be late tonight.

Torrez pockets his phone.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

You're guts believe they're hiding...

SOPHIA

Better figure that out quick.

INT. L.A.P.D. COMMAND CENTER-NIGHT

Torrez and Sophia mill around a room filled with UNIFORMED OFFICIALS. A large map of the Los Angeles vicinity covered by red dots hangs on the wall behind Torrez and Sophia.

TORREZ

This's gonna be impossible. Have to be at least sixty small airfields in area.

Sophia marches to the map, grabs a black marker and circles Chino.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

Why?

SOPHIA

Cause that's near where the chopper went down and, as I'm sure you know, long strolls ain't something fugitives like taking.

TORREZ

Only airfield's not accepting commercial traffic yet.

SOPHIA

All the more logical. They assume it wouldn't be suspected.

Torrez plods towards the podium. Sophia trails.

TORREZ

Would you bet a set of crown jewels on this assertion? Because I'll sure be losing mine if we're wrong.

SOPHIA

Instincts have been pretty effective today.

Torrez grips and lifts a microphone off a stand.

TORREZ

May I have your attention please?

Loud chatter diminishes to silence. Sophia joins Torrez.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

We believe our assailants are hiding out at the airstrip in Chino?

A GREY-HAIRED MAN dressed in a suit stomps forward.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

Yes Commissioner.

THE COMMISSIONER, 68, edges closer to the podium.

COMMISSIONER

Based upon?

Sophia nudges Torrez back and nabs the microphone from his hand.

SOPHIA
More than a decade of tracking
terrorists and more knowledge of
the men we're chasing than anyone
in this room.

COMMISSIONER
What do you think Torrez?

Sophia flips the microphone back to Torrez.

TORREZ
That this city will be a lot safer
if we get our men and women out to
that airfield.

COMMISSIONER
Very well.

INT. HANGAR-NIGHT

Hu and Ravachenko occupy a table housing a police scanner.

DISPATCHER (O.C.)
Please be advised. All ATU units
are to report to Sepulveda
airfield. I repeat. All available
ATU units are to report to
Sepulveda airfield.

Hu springs to his feet and whistles. Hu's Men freeze.

HU
How long til departure?

MAN
Half-hour.

RAVACHENKO
Could be too long.

HU
True. So, in the event...

Hu shuffles toward a stairway leading to the jet and signals Ravachenko to follow. Hu and Ravachenko climb the stairs and enter the plane.

INT. JET-NIGHT

MORE OF HU'S MEN unload crates filled with automatic weapons, pistols and grenades.

RAVACHENKO

Weren't you afraid to hide this stuff in here?

HU

From whom? Clueless F.A.A. wouldn't know shit. And, to be sure, I bribed a few bigwigs.

Hu chucks Ravachenko a pistol and ammo. Ravachenko loads a round into the weapon.

RAVACHENKO

These're all fine toys, but it'll be a little dangerous to play around the plane. I mean, they're gonna surround the hangar.

HU

Good thing I'm an a few steps ahead kinda thinker.

Hu stomps toward the cabin's center and whistles. SEVERAL MORE MEN emerge from the plane's rear.

HU (CONT'D)

Retreat off airfield property. When the Queen and her court arrive, I'll give the signal. Then engage as far from hangar as possible. Understood?

Hu's Men arm and deplane.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE HANGAR-NIGHT

Police vehicles and cruisers converge. Sophia and Torrez step out of the lead cruiser.

SOPHIA

Get this place surrounded.

Torrez brandishes a walkie-talkie and presses a button.

TORREZ

Go.

OFFICERS armed with automatic weapons and adorned in vests that read: L.A.P.D. A.T.U. encircle the hangar. Sophia glances up, down, right and left.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

Take it your instincts are flaring again?

SOPHIA

Yep and I don't like how they're acting.

TORREZ

Their sense is?

SOPHIA

All this quiet's bad...Very bad.

INT. JET'S CABIN-NIGHT

Hu and Ravachenko settle into center row end seats across the aisle from one another. A phone in Hu's lap buzzes. Hu lifts the phone to his ear.

HU

Status?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Completely surrounded.

RAVACHENKO

Well?

HU

Hold your positions.

Hu hits end. Ravachenko leaps up, snares a bottle off an adjacent seat, unscrews the cap and swigs.

RAVACHENKO

Guess it's only me you're impatient with?

Hu claps his hands. Ravachenko tosses Hu the bottle. Hu catches the bottle, uncaps and swills.

HU

Let the procedure begin.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE HANGAR-NIGHT

OFFICER hands Torrez a megaphone.

TORREZ

On the off chance they're willing
to forfeit.

A group of Officers minces toward the hangar with weapons drawn. Sophia steps away from the scene, brandishes a pair of binoculars and observes the surroundings off the airfield property, but sees nothing.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

This's the police. You're
surrounded. Please surrender.

INT. JET'S CABIN-NIGHT

Ravachenko paces up and down aisles. Hu remains seated.

TORREZ (O.C.)

I repeat. Surrender.

RAVACHENKO

Um?

Hu snares his phone.

HU

Time.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE HANGAR-NIGHT

Sophia snares the binoculars and observes THREE HOSTILES racing towards the hangar brandishing grenades.

OFFICER

Should we...

TORREZ

Wait for some kind of response.

SOPHIA

Shit.

Sophia views A REGIMENT OF HOSTILES dropping to the ground with weapons drawn and backpedals.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Fuck. They duped us. Everybody take
cover.

Hostiles come into view and toss grenades. The grenades land and explode. Several Officers are injured.

Gunfire follows the explosions. Officers are hit. Sophia races toward Torrez. Uninjured Officers scramble.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Hong Kong's population's out there.

Another round of grenades are tossed and explode. Sophia swipes a megaphone.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Everyone mobilize. Enemy forces gathered west.

Non-injured Officers congregate around Sophia and Torrez. Two Hostiles prowl towards the hangar. Sophia turns, spots and shoots the prowling Hostiles dead.

TORREZ

Fuck are their friends?

SOPHIA

Question only night vision goggles could answer.

TORREZ

So?

Sophia storms towards and flings open the driver's-side door of a cruiser.

SOPHIA

Sorry, but we're gonna have to waste this baby.

Sophia accesses an assault rifle sitting on the front, passenger-side seat.

TORREZ

For what purpose?

SOPHIA

Ghost ride...Then explosion...And finally, fleeing hostiles ripe for target practice.

Sophia uses the weapon to floor the accelerator.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Need something adhesive to fasten this to the seat.

TORREZ

Think I got some in my glove compartment.

Torrez rushes off. Gun fire continues. Torrez returns with tape. Sophia rips off several pieces and affixes the assault rifle to the driver's seat.

TORREZ (CONT'D)
May need to steal one of their
grenades cause we ain't got any
explosives.

SOPHIA
Don't need any.

Sophia places a finger on the dashboard. The fuel tank gauge needle indicates a half-tank remains.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Perfect. Got more than enough.

Sophia drops down and slides under the cruiser.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Got a knife or something sharp?

Torrez yanks out a pocket knife and flips it to Sophia. Sophia severs the fuel lines. Fluid collects under the cruiser.

TORREZ
And our bullets sparks act as
kindling.

SOPHIA
Congrats Captain. Just answered
Radio Cyprus's riddle of the day.
Now call your men back.

TORREZ
Everyone behind us. Now.

The Officers follow Torrez's order.

SOPHIA
First rung climbed.

Sophia makes the Sign Of The Cross and gestures at Torrez.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Gentleman. Start your engine.

Torrez turns the ignition, jerks the gear shift into drive and frolics back. The cruiser speeds off. Sophia and Torrez fire at the ground behind the cruiser. The cruiser's goes ablaze.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Yes. Keep firing. Keep firing.

Sophia and Torrez shoot at the cruiser. The cruiser explodes and flames spread. A Hostile catches fire. The remaining Hostiles burst forward.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Worked. Everyone open fire...Now.

Sophia, Torrez and the Police mow down advancing Hostiles.

INT. JET-NIGHT

Hu snares a phone.

HU
Update?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Got 'em engaged.

HU
Safe for departure?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
As much as could be expected during
a raging gun battle.

Hu storms into the cockpit. A MALE CAPTAIN AND FEMALE FIRST OFFICER rise.

HU
We set?

The Captain nods.

HU (CONT'D)
Okay. Get to work.

Captain and First Officer assume positions and ignite engines.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE HANGAR-NIGHT

An Officer attends to a wounded colleagues. Two uninjured Officers remove and place an injured comrade into a cruiser. Sophia kills a lingering Hostile. Sporadic gunfire echoes. Dead hostiles litter the ground.

TORREZ
Think we got them all?

SOPHIA
Sure a few float in the darkness.
Let's head back towards the hangar.

TORREZ
Wonder where your boys are?

Sophia, Torrez and the remaining, uninjured Officers move towards the hangar. A sudden, booming sound blares.

SOPHIA
Think that answers it. Shit. And
the bad guys retake the lead...Damn
it.

The hangar doors separate. Hostiles dart out and open fire. Another gun battle rages. Three hostiles are killed.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Hold your fire. I repeat. Hold your
fire and retreat.

The only remaining Hostile drops his weapon and is taken into custody.

TORREZ
You suffering from an outbreak of
psychosis?

SOPHIA
One bounce into a fuel tank and
it'll be the underlings who'll
benefit from whatever they're
planning.

TORREZ
Can't just let...

SOPHIA
Not rolling around naked in honey
at the prospect either. But, for
now...There's no choice.

The jet rumbles onto and speeds down the makeshift runway, lifts off and fades from view.

TORREZ
I'll get ATC to...

SOPHIA
Got a better way. Get that hostile
inside.

Torrez snaps his fingers. Two Officers escort the detained Hostile into the hangar.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
I'll get him to play travel agent.

TORREZ
Bet he'd die first.

SOPHIA
Oh, he'll want to. Assuming we
interrogate my way. Want you to get
a special piece of equipment.

TORREZ
What?

Sophia whispers in Torrez's ear.

TORREZ (CONT'D)
I don't know...I...It'll be...

SOPHIA
These men are the reason several of
yours will be in flag-draped
caskets. Remember?

TORREZ
All right.

Torrez stomps off.

INT. HANGAR-NIGHT

Sophia, Torrez and several Officers surround A HOSTILE strapped to a table. The Hostile's mouth is covered by tape and he is dressed only in undershorts. Sophia steps out of sight.

MALE OFFICER
She can't do this. Media will slam
us. Please do something.

Sophia returns with an electrical prod, tromps toward the table, sparks the prod and menaces over the Hostile.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Please. Don't...

SOPHIA
Get him out of here.

Several Officers escort their protesting colleague out. Sophia backtracks toward an electrical amplifier, increases the power several units and prowls toward the Hostile.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Fuck's that plane going?

Torrez and the remaining Officers surround the table. Sophia rips the tape off the Hostile's mouth and inches the prod over his leg.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Ten seconds.

Sophia glances at her watch. The Hostile shakes his head. Sophia glimpses at her watch again.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Three...two...

HOSTILE
Fuck you.

Sophia jams the prod into and shocks the Hostile's leg.

SOPHIA
I'm gonna jack it up another couple hundred units. But the next point of impact will be a little further down and a lot less thick.

Sophia increases the amp's power several notches, shuffles back to the table, grabs the Hostile's underwear and positions the prod over his groin.

HOSTILE
Okay. Please.

Sophia dumps the prod on an adjacent table.

SOPHIA
Go on.

HOSTILE
Thessaloniki. Murder of your uncle and the plan for yours was a cover. They're planning a huge drug deal next week.

Sophia slides to the ground. Torrez leans down and assists Sophia up.

SOPHIA
Brilliant.

TORREZ

Meaning?

SOPHIA

Mourning period, which'll ensure a major port's left unguarded, giving them free reign to skip down the Aegean, supply the entire Mediterranean rim and make billions.

Sophia recaptures the prod.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

When?

HOSTILE

Next Thursday.

SOPHIA

And the jigsaw's stubborn last piece finally clicks together.

HOSTILE

Try to stop it and they'll do to you what we did to your uncle... Diamond Girl.

Sophia shoves the prod into the Hostile's genital region. Torrez and several officers rip the prod from Sophia's hands and trawl her away from the Hostile.

SOPHIA

All right.

Sophia frolics back.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Need to contact as many media outlets as possible?

TORREZ

Why?

SOPHIA

Must address my people.

EXT. OUTSIDE GREEK CONSULATE-NIGHT

A podium is set up housing microphones from a number of news agencies. Camera crews establish positions. Sophia, dressed in black, is led to the podium by A GREEK ORTHODOX PRIEST and Torrez.

TORREZ

What're you gonna say?

Cameras shine. Sophia, Torrez and the Priest are joined by SEVERAL MALE AND FEMALE OFFICIALS dressed in black.

SOPHIA

What I need to.

Sophia adjusts the microphone and gulps from a water bottle. Torrez and the Priest flank Sophia's sides.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

It is a dark hour for the nation of Greece, as it is with deep regret I inform our people that our great King Stavros was murdered today.

Photographers snap numerous shots of Sophia. Sophia downs another sip.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

His Majesty was the victim of cowards.

Sophia pauses.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

With the help of many brave men and women from the Los Angeles Police Department, a number of the perpetrators have been eliminated.

INT. JET-NIGHT

Hu and Ravachenko mill around the bar. A phone on the counter chimes. Hu answers.

HU

Yep...Oh really?

Hu drops the call, snares a remote and powers on a television.

RAVACHENKO

Catching up on CSI?

Hu tunes the television to the INTERNATIONAL NEWS CHANNEL, which airs Sophia's press conference.

HU

Seems Diamond Girl's talking.

Hu jacks the volume. Ravachenko and Hu mince closer to the screen.

SOPHIA
These evil men plan to bring
further harm to our nation.

Sophia shuffles away from the podium, directs A CAMERAMAN toward her and leans her face into the camera's lens.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
But I will assure you they won't be
successful.

Hu thwacks his glass against the counter. Sophia glares into the camera again.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Spoken to Prime Minister and
Archbishop. I'm declaring a week's
mourning period during which His
Majesty will lie in state inside
Athens Cathedral.

Hu charges behind the bar, snares a bottle, loads and downs another glass of whiskey.

HU
Bitch's daring us.

Sophia retreats behind the podium.

SOPHIA
In closing, I ask for a moment of
silence, which will be followed by
the reciting of the Trisagion.

Assembled media, Sophia, Torrez, the Priest and the Officials bow their heads.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Father?

The Priest approaches the podium.

PRIEST
Agios O Theos, Agios Eeskhiros,
Agios Althanastos, eleison imas.
Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy
Immortal, have mercy on us.

Hu nabs the remote, powers the television off and chucks the remote at Ravachenko.

HU

You better not have any mercy on her.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE ATHENS CATHEDRAL-DAY

Sophia leads A PROCESSION OF MOURNERS ahead of a hearse crawling forward. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE line the street. The Procession halts. Sophia marches toward the hearse's rear. TWO MEN open the vehicle's rear door.

MAN

Ready Your Highness?

Sophia brandishes a kisses the diamond brooch.

SOPHIA

I am now. Please proceed.

Two men slide out King Stavros's casket, which is covered by a Greek flag and the Crest of The Greek Royal Family. SIX PALLBEARERS mince towards the casket. Two men load the casket onto the shoulders of the Pallbearers.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Okay.

Sophia leads the Pallbearers and OTHER MOURNERS, all of whom amble towards the Cathedral's steps. Sophia reaches the stairs. AN OLD WOMAN bursts through the crowd, hops over the barricade and charges Sophia.

OLD LADY

Your Highness. Your Highness. Your Highness.

THREE ARMED SECURITY MEN dart out of the Crowd. Two shield Sophia. The other corrals the Old Lady. The Old Lady surrenders to her knees and places her hands together.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

May I Your Highness?

SOPHIA

Stand down.

The Security Men step away from Sophia. The Man detaining the Old Lady assists her up.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Nai Kyria. (Yes Madame in Greek).
Step forward.

The Old Lady minces toward Sophia, grasps Sophia's neck and inches her mouth to Sophia's ear.

OLD LADY
Kill the motherfuckers.

The Old Lady retreats, slides under the barricade and disappears into the Crowd. Sophia beckons one of her Security Men.

SOPHIA
Fuel the plane.

SECURITY MAN
Yes Your Highness. Where're you headed?

SOPHIA
Cyprus...To see a friend.

EXT. CYPRIOT ARMY SHOOTING RANGE-DAY

Andreas, dressed in fatigues, bullets a moving target with a pistol. Sophia plods toward Andreas.

SOPHIA
Nice hunting straight shooter.

Andreas whirls around. Sophia races into Andreas's arms.

ANDREAS
Should've stayed with you. I'm so sorry.

Sophia and Andreas break their embrace. Andreas reaches into a duffel bag, snares a water bottle and towel and tosses the items to Sophia. Sophia wipes her eyes, uncaps a bottle and downs a gulp.

SOPHIA
There's nothing anyone could've done for him...Then. But I plan to now. Been following the news?

ANDREAS
Even you'd have to admit abdication's a little easier than death?

Sophia chucks the bottle at Andreas.

SOPHIA

And ignoring it'd be worse than death. And you're gonna help me stop them.

Andreas stomps away.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Could order you Lieutenant. Know I never officially retired.

Andreas stops and trudges back toward Sophia.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Please. They're planning...

ANDREAS

Fill me in later. Got two weeks leave.

SOPHIA

You know I'm definitely gonna command you to remain in the palace when this's over.

ANDREAS

Should we survive, you won't need to.

INT. WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

A MAN is chained to hooks on a wall. TWO ORIENTAL MEN flank Hu's sides with pistols aimed at the Man. Hu brandishes a whip and strikes the Man's back. Ravachenko appears.

HU

And he only owes me a couple hundred grand.

Hu strikes the Man's back again. Blood splatters on the wall.

HU (CONT'D)

So when should I expect to hear about Her Highness's passing?

RAVACHENKO

By night's end.

Hu gestures at two other hooks on the wall.

HU

Blood stains are a bitch to clean.
Let's hope the purchase of any more
bleach isn't necessary.

EXT. ROYAL PALACE-NIGHT

A MUSCULAR MALE HOSTILE armed with an assault rifle prowls toward an entrance. TWO GUARDS holding assault rifles patrol the door. The Hostile takes cover behind a bush and kills the Guards with several silent shots.

HOSTILE

The easy part.

The Hostile rushes toward and rummages through one of the
downed Guard's pockets.

HOSTILE (CONT'D)

Fuck is it?

The Hostile peruses until yanking a plastic card connected to
a lanyard from the deceased's pocket.

HOSTILE (CONT'D)

Bingo.

The Hostile tiptoes to a door and places the card in a slot
above the doorknob. A green light flashes and the door clicks
open. The Hostile inches the door forward, sneaks inside and
edges the door closed.

INT. ROYAL PALACE-NIGHT

The Hostile snakes down a corridor. A FEMALE SERVANT steps
into view. The Hostile darts into an empty room. The Servant
passes the Hostile. The Hostile stomps into the hall, lunges
forward, grabs and places a hand around the Servant's mouth.

HOSTILE

Struggle equals death.

The Servant nods.

HOSTILE (CONT'D)

Sneak us into a room.

The Hostile pulls a pistol and points the weapon at the
Servant's head.

HOSTILE (CONT'D)
Scream or utter any other sound and
it's el bango. Clear?

SERVANT
Yes.

The Hostile snares the Servant's arm, powers her into a room,
inches the door shut, plows her to the ground and aims his
weapon at her.

HOSTILE
Where's your servee?

The Servant shakes her head.

HOSTILE (CONT'D)
I'll only ask once, but torture
repeatedly, then kill.

SERVANT
Won't tell you.

The Hostile fires a silent shot through the Servant's leg,
drops to floor beside her and yanks a small knife from his
pocket.

HOSTILE
Knives are my true specialty. And
I'm particularly skilled in the art
of throat carving.

SERVANT
Okay. The study. Out the door and
it's the last room to your left.

HOSTILE
Thank you.

The Hostile clocks the servant's head with his pistol, races
out and veers leftward.

INT. STUDY-NIGHT

Behind a desk, Sophia reads with her back facing away from
the door. The doorknob rotates and the partition inches open.
The Hostile tiptoes in, stalks toward Sophia, pulls a wire
from his vest and wraps it around Sophia's neck.

SOPHIA
Fuck.

Sophia struggles. The Hostile lifts Sophia up and tightens the noose. Sophia swipes a pen off the desk and drives it through the Hostile's hand.

HOSTILE
Son of a bitch.

The Hostile frolics back. Sophia whirls around. The Hostile accesses and aims a pistol at Sophia. Sophia tosses her chair at the Hostile. The Hostile relinquishes his weapon and tumbles down.

SOPHIA
Who's boss? China Man or Rusky?

The Hostile staggers upward. Sophia leaps into the air, executes a roundhouse kick to the Hostile's head and pounces atop him. Sophia and the Hostile wrestle.

INT. CORRIDOR-NIGHT

The Servant regains consciousness and worms out of a room. Andreas appears and dashes forward. The Servant's leg gushes blood. Andreas rips off a portion of his shirt and affixes the fabric to the Servant's leg.

ANDREAS
Who did this? Where's Her Highness?

SERVANT
Sorry Sir. He threatened to kill me if...

ANDREAS
Just tell me where damn it?

SERVANT
Same place she's been all night.

The Servant blacks out. Andreas brandishes a pistol and zooms off.

INT. STUDY-NIGHT

The Hostile chokes Sophia. Andreas storms in, fires a silent shot into the Hostile's back. Sophia throws the Hostile's limp body to the floor.

SOPHIA
Hell were you? Pounding Zivania?

ANDREAS

Bad attempt at humor.

Sophia hovers above the corpse and rolls up the deceased's sleeve. The Red devil tattoo over the words: CHERVONNY DYYAVOL decorate the deceased's arm.

SOPHIA

Of course. See if anyone else's hurt.

Andreas races out.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

And as for you.

Sophia snares and uses a knife to remove the deceased's tattoo; shuffles to a desk, reaches inside a drawer, grabs an envelope and places the flesh inside it. A MALE SERVANT rushes in. Sophia snares her weapon and veers around.

MALE SERVANT

Didn't mean to startle you Your Highness.

The Servant places his hands in the air.

MALE SERVANT (CONT'D)

Just found out. God I'm sorry. Anything I can do now?

SOPHIA

Yes there is.

Sophia returns to the desk, nabs a pen, rips paper out of a notebook and writes: "RAVACHENKO WILL UNDERSTAND," then places the paper into, seals and addresses the envelope: THESSALONIKI HARBOR, ATTN: CHAN HU.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Tell the postal service to ensure this gets to its intended location.

Sophia hands the envelope to the Servant.

MALE SERVANT

Yes Your Highness.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Sophia and Andreas cuddle in bed.

ANDREAS

Three people died tonight.

Andreas pounces up.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

And I'm the most thankful it wasn't four.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time to...

Sophia rockets skyward and confronts Andreas.

SOPHIA

No.

Sophia grips Andreas's hand and the couple slides back into bed.

ANDREAS

Breathe.

SOPHIA

I must. I hurt them. First my father, then my uncle. They embraced the life and never got to live it. I couldn't either unless I...

Andreas takes Sophia into his arms.

ANDREAS

K. Understand.

Sophia and Andreas engage in intercourse.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM-DAY

Sophia occupies the head position at a long table. Andreas, the Prime Minister and SEVERAL MILITARY OFFICIALS IN UNIFORM occupy seats on the table's sides. The Prime Minister rises.

PRIME MINISTER

Don't like it. Should be a bigger force.

SOPHIA

No. Best bet's a small team which I and Lieutenant Antoniou will lead, along with a few members of Greek Spec Forces hand picked by us.

PRIME MINISTER
May I please speak against your
involvement Your Highness?

SOPHIA
No you may...

Andreas tugs on Sophia's arm.

PRIME MINISTER
Would it be fair to subject our
people to your death also?

Sophia slides her chair back, sidles towards the seat next to the Prime Minister and taps on a Military Official's shoulder.

SOPHIA
May I?

MILITARY OFFICIAL
Of course Your Highness.

The Military Official rises and exits. Sophia occupies his seat and grips the Prime Minister's hands.

SOPHIA
I'm the most qualified to defeat
these men and the monarch's job's
to protect her people.

PRIME MINISTER
See why your approval rating's
skyrocketed past mine. Kali tychi
(good luck in Greek) Your Highness.

EXT. THESSALONIKI HARBOR-NIGHT

A CRANE OPERATOR lowers a crane's arm and positions a large storage receptacle to the ground. Hu and Ravachenko are surrounded by numerous large, wooden crates. The Crane Operator loads several crates into the receptacle.

HU
How're you gonna ensure these stay
guarded? Think we should've
postponed delivery til tomorrow
night.

RAVACHENKO
She won't get near them. I
guarantee it.

HU
Please. Your guarantees are about
as useful as shit flavored
chocolate.

Ravachenko points at and waves A MAN forward.

RAVACHENKO
Not this one. Show him.

The Man opens his jacket and is dressed in a police-like
uniform.

HU
Harbor patrol attire. All our guys
will be wearing them. Bribe a
bigwig of my own. It'll put her at
ease and then they'll take her out.

Hu approaches the Uniformed Man.

HU (CONT'D)
Want at least one man on every
container. Round the clock until
the deal's done. Understood.

UNIFORMED MAN
Yes sir.

Hu stomps off.

RAVACHENKO
Could at least say thanks.

Hu halts, reaches into his jacket, rips out and flings an
envelope at Ravachenko.

HU
Open that.

Ravachenko rips the envelope open and out tumbles rotted
flesh containing the red devil tattoo.

HU (CONT'D)
Better hope this plan and these men
are more effective than that one
was.

INT. ORTHODOX CATHEDRAL-NIGHT

Sophia approaches an altar, genuflects, makes the Sign Of The
Cross, minces toward and kneels before AN OLD, WHITE-BEARDED
PRIEST wearing a cassock and a gold cross.

SOPHIA
Thank you for receiving me Your
Eminence.

Sophia collects and kisses the hand of The BISHOP, 70.

BISHOP
Please sit down.

Sophia The Bishop occupy a pew.

SOPHIA
If our roles were reversed, would
you?

BISHOP
Hell no.

The Bishop collects Sophia's hand.

SOPHIA
Looking for more than that Your
Eminence.

The Bishop pounces up and shuffles toward an Iconostasis
centered by an image of Jesus.

BISHOP
I know, but only they know that
answer.

Sophia inches up, approaches and bows before the Bishop.

SOPHIA
Understand. Thanks again.

Sophia makes the Sign Of The Cross and exits.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THESSALONIKI HARBOR-NIGHT

A van crawls toward a gate and stops. The vehicle's rear door
opens. Sophia and Andreas hop out. Inside are SEVERAL ARMED
SOLDIERS. Sophia brandishes a pair of binoculars and observes
ARMED MEN guarding large bins.

SOPHIA
The good?

ANDREAS
Please.

SOPHIA
Think we know where the merchandise
is.

Sophia hands the binoculars to Andreas and points. Andreas
views the Men guarding the bins.

ANDREAS
And the not so good?

SOPHIA
Setting the explosives will be more
difficult...And, even worse, much
more time consuming.

Sophia hops back in the van.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
None of you move, much less go in
there unless commanded by either of
us. Understood?

Sophia springs back out and closes the van's door.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Time to play unwelcome guests.

Andreas and Sophia march inside the harbor grounds.

EXT. THESSALONIKI HARBOR-NIGHT

Sophia and Andreas mince towards a storage bin. Andreas peaks
through binocular lenses and hones in on the MEN shielding
several adjacent bins.

ANDREAS
Don't believe this.

SOPHIA
What?

Andreas hands Sophia the binoculars.

ANDREAS
Look who?

SOPHIA
Can't be.

Andreas snakes around the bin and sneaks up on A SYNDICATE
LOYALIST. Sophia tiptoes toward the Syndicate Loyalist and
draws her weapon.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Drop your piece.

The Syndicate Loyalist reaches inside his pocket. Andreas places a weapon into the Syndicate Loyalist's back, snares his walkie-talkie and assault rifle.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
When'd harbor patrol start carrying
automatics?

SYNDICATE LOYALIST
Since we were tipped off about some
big drug bust.

Sophia displays her own assault rifle.

ANDREAS
By whom?

SYNDICATE LOYALIST
Higher ups. Who're you?

SOPHIA
Deal breakers. Mind if I confirm
with my contacts in the Harbor
Patrol?

SYNDICATE LOYALIST
If you'd feel more comfortable.

Andreas drags Sophia back.

ANDREAS
Now what?

The Syndicate Loyalist inches a hand around his back and accesses a pistol. Sophia motions toward the Syndicate Loyalist.

SOPHIA
Before I call, may I please see
your ident...

The Syndicate Loyalist raises his pistol and fingers the trigger.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Duck.

Sophia kisses the concrete. The Syndicate Loyalist fires. A bullet penetrates Andreas's shoulder. Andreas tumbles to the ground.

ANDREAS

Ah shit.

Sophia snares a pistol from her vest, unloads a round into the Syndicate Loyalist's chest. The still conscious Syndicate Loyalist collapses, but nabs a walkie-talkie.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST

Attention all units. Under attack
from host...

The Syndicate Loyalist and Sophia struggle for control of the communication device. Sophia wrestles the device away, tosses it aside, snatches her pistol, finishes off the Syndicate Loyalist and crawls toward Andreas.

SOPHIA

How bad?

Blood spews from Andreas's shoulder.

ANDREAS

Don't think it hit any funeral-inducing vessels, but we gotta close it if I'm gonna be a useful wing man.

Sophia rips off and raps a piece of her shirt sleeve around Andreas's wound.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

It's tight enough and should hold for now. Wouldn't be wise to split up at this point. Can't shoot and plant detonators.

SOPHIA

Can you trail and provide cover?

ANDREAS

So long as I retain enough of the red stuff.

Sophia kisses Andreas's cheek, reaches into a backpack, removes a plastic explosive device, attaches it to a bin and flips a switch. A timer counts down from fifteen minutes. Sophia tosses the backpack over her shoulder.

SOPHIA

How many detonators we bring?

ANDREAS

Fifteen.

SOPHIA
Hope that's enough.

Sophia tiptoes toward the next bin. A Syndicate Loyalist counters and fingers his gun's trigger. A trailing Andreas drops onto his belly and snipes the Syndicate Loyalist down.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Thanks.

ANDREAS
Quite welcome dear.

Sophia affixes a detonator to the bin, flips a switch and races toward the next bin.

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF THESSALONIKI HARBOR-NIGHT

A SYNDICATE LOYALIST holds a walkie-talkie to his ear.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST
Sector Two. Come in.

There is no response.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST (CONT'D)
Sector Three. Come in please.

Silence follows.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST (CONT'D)
Shit.

The Syndicate Loyalist pockets the communication device, races toward a bin and spots a dead body.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST (CONT'D)
Fuck.

The Syndicate Loyalist rushes toward another bin, finds another deceased colleague and examines a device with a timer counting down: eleven-minutes two-seconds...eleven-minutes one-second...eleven minutes.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST (CONT'D)
Oh God.

The Syndicate Loyalist brandishes a walkie-talkie.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST (CONT'D)
Ravachenko? Ravachenko come in now.
Urgent.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Ravachenko and Hu hover over a desk housing a walkie-talkie.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST (O.C.)
At least two.

RAVACHENKO
And how much time til the
fireworks?

The Syndicate Loyalist glances at his watch.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST (O.C.)
One I saw read should be in about
seven minutes now. And who knows
about any other ones?

EXT. THESSALONIKI HARBOR-NIGHT

Sophia listens in on Ravachenko's conversation over a headset and menaces above an injured Syndicate Loyalist. Andreas collapses. Sophia affixes a detonator to a bin, flips a switch, huddles down near Andreas and adjusts a head piece.

SOPHIA
Let me provide some updated
numbers.

INT. OFFICE-SAME TIME

Ravachenko snatches the walkie-talkie.

INTERCUT--CONVERSATION

RAVACHENKO
Who's that?

SOPHIA
Diamond Girl. And the latest
casualty count: nine, soon to be
ten fake guards dead and ten
detonators set.

Sophia glances at her watch.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
First show's set to step off in
about...four minutes.

Hu hurls a glass bottle at and slaps Ravachenko.

HU
Fucking asshole.

Hu nabs the walkie-talkie.

HU (CONT'D)
Attention all remaining sector
guards: Abandon positions and
report to the office. Stat.

EXT. THESSALONIKI HARBOR-NIGHT

Sophia lunges to the ground and grips the Syndicate
Loyalist's shoulders.

SOPHIA
Where're they hiding?

The Syndicate Loyalist shakes his head. Sophia snares a knife
from her vest and places it to the Syndicate Loyalist's
throat.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
It'll be a lot quicker, but much
more uncomfortable if you don't.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST
Office. In big trailer close to the
water.

SOPHIA
Thank you.

Sophia nails the Syndicate Loyalist's head with her gun and
renders him unconscious. Fresh blood accumulates on the
tourniquet covering Andreas's shoulder.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Get back to the van.

ANDREAS
Just give me a...

Sophia shakes Andreas.

SOPHIA
That's a direct order Lieutenant.

Sophia and Andreas embrace.

ANDREAS
Teleioseí afto (finish this in
Greek).

Sophia assists Andreas up. The Couple embraces again. Andreas limps off. Sophia bolts in the other direction.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Ravachenko loads a round of ammunition into a weapon.

HU
Biggest fucking incompetent in
the...We'll be lucky just to escape
now. Fucking schmuck.

Hu stomps toward the door. Ravachenko prowls behind and clocks Hu's head with pistol. Hu tumbles down.

HU (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

Ravachenko leans over Hu, lowers his gun and depresses its trigger.

RAVACHENKO
Appointing myself Dragonfire's new
leader.

HU
No.

Ravachenko bullets Hu's abdomen. A door flies open. A SYNDICATE LOYALIST bursts inside.

SYNDICATE LOYALIST
What's going on?

Ravachenko shoots the Syndicate Loyalist. Three additional Syndicate Loyalists barrel inside. Ravachenko guns the Syndicate Loyalists down.

RAVACHENKO
Creating new staff openings.

Ravachenko snares assault rifles off two of the murdered Syndicate Loyalists, nestles into a corner and crouches down.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE OFFICE-NIGHT

Sophia plants the final detonator, draws her assault rifle, stalks toward the trailer, reaches the entrance and slams the weapon's butt against the door.

SOPHIA

Hu? Ravachenko? Diamond Girl's here
to collect a few more jewels for
her crown.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Ravachenko crawls toward the wall nearest the entrance, kills
the lights, cocks his weapons and squats to the door's left.

SOPHIA (O.C.)

I repeat. It's the gentle princess.

The doorknob inches right and the door edges open. Sophia
snakes inside and trips over a dead body. Ravachenko springs
up, flips the lights on, lunges forward and plows his gun's
barrel into Sophia's face.

RAVACHENKO

Don't have any Zivania. So I hope
cognac will suffice for your last
drink.

Ravachenko kicks a downed Sophia's abdomen several times,
shuffles to a filing cabinet, rips a drawer open and extracts
a bottle. Sophia squirms back a few feet and slides a hand
into her vest. Ravachenko stomps on and breaks Sophia's arm.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Move and I cut off the other one.
Understand?

Ravachenko bends down, swipes Sophia's weapons and headset
and tosses the items aside.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Promise to display those ladylike
manners you royals are known for?

SOPHIA

Yes.

Ravachenko pulls up and shoves Sophia into a chair. An
Explosion sounds in the distance. Ravachenko pokes his head
out a window.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Each blast makes you a bit poorer.

Two more explosions follow. Ravachenko unscrews the bottle's
cap and swigs.

RAVACHENKO
Didn't hear the news?

Ravachenko stomps toward and turns Hu's body on its back.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
I run this syndicate now. So
there'll be other deals.

Ravachenko swigs again.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Only I'll need to find another
European Crown Princess to scrap
with.

Several more explosions sound. Ravachenko brandishes a pistol, removes the safety catch, handles the trigger and aims at Sophia.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Hate to go, but it's a long walk to
the Albanian border.

SOPHIA
Be a dear and offer me one final
nip?

RAVACHENKO
Ah sure.

Ravachenko tilts the bottle toward Sophia's mouth. Sophia thrusts her head back and spits the whiskey in Ravachenko's eyes.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Ravachenko stumbles and grasps his eyes. Sophia rockets up and leaps atop Ravachenko. Ravachenko and Sophia wrestle. Bins closer to the office explode.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE HARBOR-NIGHT

Andreas staggers toward and taps the van's rear door. The door opens. Andreas slumps over.

SOLDIER
Where's your partner?

Fire engulfs a portion of the harbor.

ANDREAS
Still playing drug czar.

TWO MALE SOLDIERS drag Andreas into the van.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)
Seal the leak, cause I'm getting
her out of there.

THREE SOLDIERS lie Andreas down. One rips Andreas's vest off. Another snares a first aid kit and removes several large bandages, scissors, sutures, alcohol and pair or rubber gloves.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)
Can't leave her...

SOLDIER
Relax.

ANDREAS
No. No. I must...

Andreas pounces up and struggles.

SOLDIER
Hold him down.

The remaining Soldiers restrain Andreas. A YOUNG SOLDIER appears, slides a pair of gloves on, douses Andreas's wound with alcohol, reaches inside the penetrated flesh and removes a bullet. Andreas writhes.

ANDREAS
Bind it and let me go.

The Young Soldier sutures Andreas's injury, rips open several bandages and covers the wound. Andreas attempts to free himself. Another Soldier slaps Andreas's face.

SOLDIER
Don't have enough blood to stand,
much less run. You'll compromise
her if you try.

Andreas continues to fight.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Leave us no choice Lieutenant.
Increase grip.

The Young Soldier shuffles back to the first aid kit and accesses a syringe.

ANDREAS

Don't. Don't.

The Young Soldier plunges a needle into Andreas's arm.
Andreas blacks out.

YOUNG SOLDIER

We attempt contact?

SOLDIER

It best behoove us to let her
conserve what oxygen she has left.

YOUNG SOLDIER

Think she's got any shot?

Several more explosions occur.

SOLDIER

How religious are you?

YOUNG SOLDIER

As much as anyone in our faith I
guess.

Several more explosions ring out. Flames overtake most of the
harbor.

SOLDIER

Now's the time to become more.

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Sophia and Ravachenko continue to battle. Blood stains cover
the floor. Sophia snares a pistol, clocks Ravachenko's head
and races for the door. Hu awakens. Ravachenko pops up and
charges Sophia. Sophia and Ravachenko plow through the door.

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE OFFICE-NIGHT

An inferno spreads closer to the office. Sophia eludes
Ravachenko, dodges the flames and reaches a bin. The timer
counts down from one-minute-eight-seconds...one-minute-seven-
seconds...one-minute-six-seconds.

SOPHIA

Fuck.

Sophia uses her uninjured arm to reach for a weapon.
Ravachenko sneaks up on and clocks Sophia's face with an open
fist.

RAVACHENKO

Looks like Europe's monarchs will
be gathering for another state
funeral.

Ravachenko grabs Sophia's broken arm, drags her towards the
bin and displays a pair of handcuffs.

RAVACHENKO (CONT'D)

Too bad there won't be enough of
you left to place in a casket.

Timer flashes forty seconds...thirty-nine...thirty-eight.
Ravachenko leans over and attempts to lock Sophia's arm to
the bin. Sophia sweeps Ravachenko's legs. Ravachenko topples
down and lands on his head.

SOPHIA

At least I'd be considered worthy
of burying.

Sophia grips Ravachenko's ankle, cuffs him to the bin and
races off.

RAVACHENKO

Diamond Girl. Diamond Girl.

Sophia sprints toward the harbor's entry gate. The timer
ticks down: Four...three...two...one. The final bin explodes.
The turbulence tosses Sophia's body hundreds of feet. Sophia
remains motionless for several seconds and rolls over.

SOPHIA

Give the real red devil my
regards...Shithead.

Sophia stumbles up and staggers toward the gate.

EXT. HARBOR ENTRANCE-NIGHT

The entire compound is engulfed in flames. The Young Soldier
surrenders to knees, removes a Greek Orthodox Icon from his
pocket and mumbles in silent prayer.

YOUNG SOLDIER

How long can she...

SOLDIER

Even if she escaped the fire, her
air would be sucked away within the
next minute or two.

The remaining Soldiers surrender to their knees adjacent to the Young Soldier, form circle and grip hands.

SOLDIERS

O My Christ, Who saved Jonah from
the belly of the whale and Daniel
from the mouths of lions...

A bloodied Sophia stumbles through the gate and limps toward the Soldiers.

SOPHIA

Glad your faith in God's strong,
but a little disappointed your
belief in me wasn't.

The Soldiers leap up and embrace Sophia.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Easy. Wing's too fucked up for
group hugs.

Two Soldiers escort Sophia towards the van. Sophia bobs her head up, down, left and right.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Where's Andreas?

YOUNG SOLDIER

Relax Your Highness.

Sophia stomps toward and flings open the van's rear door.

SOPHIA

Where? Tell me now damn it.

Andreas is sprawled out on the floor. Sophia collapses.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

No.

The Young Soldier assists Sophia into the van.

YOUNG SOLDIER

Look close Your Highness.

SOPHIA

What do you mean?

YOUNG SOLDIER

At the Lieutenant.

Sophia watches Andreas's diaphragm contract up and down.
Sophia throws her arms around Andreas.

SOPHIA

Thank God.

SOLDIER

He wanted to rejoin you...We knew better.

SOPHIA

Thanks.

The remaining Soldiers enter the van.

SOLDIER

We all accomplished Your Highness?

SOPHIA

With everything but contacting the fire brigade.

YOUNG SOLDIER

I'll handle that.

The Young Soldier retires to the vehicle's front. The remaining Soldiers tend to Sophia's wounds. The van speeds off.

ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE ATHENS CATHEDRAL-DAY

THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS line the streets. A PRIEST with a long, white beard parts the cathedral's doors. Quiet engulfs the Crowd. A MALE OFFICIAL hands the Priest a microphone.

PRIEST

Ladies and gentlemen. I proudly present Queen Sophia and Prince Consort Andreas.

The Crowd offers raucous applause. The Priest leads Andreas, a pregnant Sophia and NUMEROUS OFFICIALS outside. Andreas steps forward and waves his hand forward. TWO MALE POLICE OFFICERS separate the barricade. Torrez marches ahead.

SOPHIA

Becoming a world traveler. First the wedding and now...

TORREZ

Congratulations Your Majesty.

Sophia rushes toward and leaps into Torrez's arms.

SOPHIA
Think it's time for you to start
calling me Fifi.

Popping sounds are heard in the distance. ARMED SECURITY MEN
surround the carriage.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Hope the past few months have been
short on excitement?

TORREZ
The last three and all to follow.
Retired.

SOPHIA
Great. Gotta do the procession
thing. Ya stay for a reception at
the palace? Would really love to
catch up.

TORREZ
Why not? Could use a little
Zivania. Really gained a taste for
it you know.

The popping sounds grow louder.

SOPHIA
Told them to keep the fucking
fireworks til tonight.

EXT. CROWD SURROUNDING CATHEDRAL-DAY

A MASKED INDIVIDUAL dressed in black smashes through the
masses and knocks TWO WOMEN down.

DOWNED WOMAN
Fuck are your manners?

The Individual removes a mask and is revealed to be Hu. Hu
yanks a pistol from his pocket and shoots the Downed Woman.
Spectators scatter in all directions. Hu blends into the
chaos, hops the barricade and marches toward the carriage.

EXT. RIGHT OUTSIDE CARRIAGE-DAY

Two more popping sounds ring out. Spectators rush out into
and race down street.

TORREZ

Ain't fireworks. Those're gun shots.

SECURITY FORCES surround Sophia and Andreas. A Security Man brandishes a walkie-talkie.

SECURITY MAN

All sectors. Gunshots fired.
Increase level to full alert. I repeat. Full alert.

Hu closes in on the carriage, inches his pistol forward and fires. A bullet lands several feet from Sophia. Security shields Andreas and Sophia. Andreas glances up, down, left and right.

SOPHIA

My God.

SECURITY MAN

We better get you into that carriage and motor to the safe house fast.

Hu shields himself behind several Spectators and guns the carriage again. A bullet ricochets off the vehicle's roof.

ANDREAS

Fuck's this coming from?

SECURITY MAN

Gonna have to hoof it.

ANDREAS

Kidding? In her condition?

Torrez steps away from the carriage, glimpses up and notices Hu stroking his pistol's trigger. Torrez snares a gun from the Security Man's hands.

TORREZ

I see him. Everybody get down.

Andreas drops down atop Sophia. The Security Men surround Sophia and Andreas. Torrez grips the trigger, fires at and drops Hu. The Security Men race towards Hu's corpse. Sophia trails and menaces over the deceased.

SOPHIA

Makes sense. Did cost him several billion.

Andreas and Torrez mince towards the scene.

ANDREAS

Can't tell you how glad I am you
responded at that hotel last year.

Torrez extends his hand. Andreas embraces, lifts up and spins
Torrez around.

TORREZ

Thanks's appreciated, but let's not
get too Greek here.

Andreas returns Torrez to solid ground. Sophia corrals
Torrez's hand and chokes up.

TORREZ (CONT'D)

Relax. Was only returning the
favor.

SOPHIA

This little guy will one day become
King Pablo The First.

TORREZ

How 'bout a nice, little retirement
home in Corfu instead? If possible
of course.

SOPHIA

Consider it done.

Sophia hops into the carriage.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Can we get this tour of Athens
moving...Please?

ANDREAS

Ya sure?

Andreas places a foot inside the carriage, but does not step
inside.

SOPHIA

Won't deprive my people the
opportunity to see their new Queen.

Andreas pounces into the carriage. The Security Men assume
positions surrounding the carriage.

TORREZ

See you at the palace.

Torrez marches off.

SOPHIA

Wait.

Torrez halts.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Athens's best seen when narrated by
an expert tour guide.

Torrez steps into the carriage.

TORREZ

Thank you Your Majesty.

SOPHIA

Either address me as Fifi, or go
home.

TORREZ

Will do...Fifi.

The carriage begins its procession.

FADE OUT