

GHOST MAMBA

written
by

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- - - Draft 13 - - -

EXT. STREET, FANCY HOTEL, BRUSSELS - NIGHT

Incoming headlights... a limousine escorted by two SUVs.
The vehicles stop at the front drop off point and-

-a GOVERNMENT SUIT exits the limo talking on a cellphone.
He proceeds inside with his SECRETARY and three BODYGUARDS.

All of this is spied by-

EXT. ALLEY CORNER, FANCY HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-a WOMAN'S EYES - stunning hazel - in a pool of light.
She melts into darkness, dashes under lights revealing...

A utilitarian grey-black combat suit, two silenced pistols,
two stilettos, and sandy blonde hair down to her shoulders.

She, the ASSASSIN, reaches a spot with an ornate wall, speed
climbs with Olympic-level prowess. Her swinging hair reveals
a rear neck IMPLANT with one red light.

She flips onto a fifth floor BALCONY, lock pick ready.
C-c-click! The Assassin slips inside to-

INT. HOME OFFICE, NICE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

-veiled moonlight. On the chair, a big soccer-themed teddy.
She goes to the door, waits... listens...

From the living room: *click*. The front door opening. Light
filters through the door gap, glows in her hazel eyes, shows
hints of a 25 year old face. No expression, just focus.

She hears them enter. Then right by the door, *whispers*.

GOVT SUIT (O.S.)
Look: work's work, family's family.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
And what am I?

GOVT SUIT (O.S.)
You are what you do. Don't sweat
it, just a few days. Get the bear.

She readies a stiletto. The door opens. The Secretary *screa-*
SLASH! *Gargles*. The Assassin kicks her back, lunges out-

INT. LIVING ROOM, NICE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

-shoulder rolls to startled Bodyguards who draw their guns.
The Assassin springs up! Her hair rises... on the rear neck
implant, a second red light turns on... then in ONE MOTION-

-she kicks a tall steel toe boot into a gut, slashes a wrist, twirls gashing a neck. Sheathes the stiletto, draws pistols.

The Govt Suit: *PFT! PFT!* Silenced shots blow out his knees, he drops "*groaning.*" The Assassin double taps the Bodyguards.

She heaves the Govt Suit onto a table. Left hand, grips him. Right arm, a WRIST DEVICE: *FLINK!* Small fangs pop out.

GOVT SUIT'S POV

A bloody Nordic face. Beautiful. Fierce. Hissing out an enhanced aggression made demonic by the sprayed on blood.

ASSASSIN'S POV

A terrified victim. Fangs *SLAM* his neck. Shaking. Gargling. Eyes bulge, roll back. The face contorts into a nightmare.

Silence. The Assassin, unfazed, focused on the morbid sight.

Behind her: *click.* The bedroom door opening... Never flinch. Left holster, draw, aim, *PFT!* Spin to see...

Down pistol sight: a woman gargling blood crumbles down... Next to... a SHOCKED BOY (9). He drops a ball, pees himself.

The Assassin, poised but confused. The Boy shakes in terror. The gun is right on him... on the rear neck implant... a third red light goes on. The gun... doesn't waver...

TITLE CARD SCREEN: **G H O S T M A M B A**

The letters FADE OUT... and SEAMLESSLY this now is-

INT. DRAINAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT

-the TITULAR HEROINE's striped hair, still shoulder length. MAMBA is now 40, hasn't smiled in years, still beautiful.

SUPER: 15 YEARS LATER

She's on a mission - combat suit, dual pistols, two SMGs and her signature stilettos walks brisk without a splash.

Mamba stops at a corner, peeks around... far down, an exit.

EXT. REAR, VICTORIAN ESTATE, WALES, UK - MOMENTS LATER

A Guard walks from a small lakeside dock, up some stairs, below which is... the drainage tunnel exit... Mamba appears.

She hears a door *shut... lock.* It's just her, moonlight and-

-her SECURE DEVICE, a more high-tech smartphone. *Bzzz!*
One new message: "*Target approaching, ETA 2 minutes.*"

She goes... stops at the tunnel threshold, hit by a thought.
Her hand goes to the back of her neck, touches a scar where
the implant used to be. She "*sighs...*" shakes it off.

EXT. FRONT, VICTORIAN MANOR - MINUTES LATER

Three SUVs slide stop on gravel. Guards bolt out, open doors
for a BIG WIG and his LAWYER as a BIG GUARD marches up.

BIG GUARD
It's clear, boss. No rodents.

BIG WIG
(scoffs)
You check for snakes?

EXT. REAR WALL, MANOR GROUNDS - SAME TIME

A silhouette appears atop... it's Mamba, she scans the area.
The Guard from moments ago is walking away along the wall.

Mamba slips down without a sound, dashes into hedges.

INT. FOYER, VICTORIAN MANOR - SAME TIME

Big Wig stomps forward, two Guards in front, two in back.
Next to him is a lady, the Lawyer, who keeps his nerves down.
They go up a grand staircase with taxidermy animal heads.

BIG WIG
Bloody bastard wants to watch me
suffer, I'll be watching *him*.

LAWYER
Poker face. Until the war starts.

EXT. SIDE, MANOR GROUNDS - SAME TIME

An owl's *whoo-who*... Mamba's eyes enter a pool of light, see
two Guards chat at a corner then part. She brandishes her
stilettos, follows one... until... she sheathes the blades-

-breezes up the manor, still in top form, to an attic window.

INT. HALLWAY, VICTORIAN MANOR - SAME TIME

Big Wig is getting jumpy.

BIG WIG
Where's the goddamn Mongoose?

LAWYER

He's got eight of them so far, two
left with one already-

Where?!

BIG WIG

LAWYER (CONT'D)

-located in Fukuoka.

They stop at a CORNER. Big Wig looks impressed, relieved.

BIG WIG

Very good. Hey, huddle.

Unseen by them: down the hall... a familiar silhouette slips
down from the ceiling next to a door.

BIG WIG (CONT'D)

This Mongoose is one step away from
being a loose cannon. Keep all of
your eyes and ears on him.

GUARDS

Yeah, boss. Sure thing.

LAWYER

Of course.

The silhouette is gone. The Entourage goes... to the same door.
The Big Guard sees it's unlocked, "sighs..."

BIG WIG

It's open? It's bloody open?! Fuck!
What do you I pay you people for?
Check, lock, report!

The Guards can't retort. Above them, a closed attic hatch.
The Lawyer taps her watch. Behind her, a taxidermy owl.

BIG WIG

Yeah, yeah, the Lagos call. Alright
in, in!

INT. BIG HOME OFFICE, VICTORIAN MANOR - CONTINUOUS

Lights fade on... they enter... the Rear Guards close the door.

Just then, a small *boop* and light in a corner.
SFT! SFT! A double metallic flash shoots out.

One Rear and one Front Guard: stilettos in their necks.
The other Guards: *PFT! PFT!* Twirl dead from headshots.
The Big Wig: *PFT! PFT!* Knees shot out, drops "wailing."
The Lawyer: terrified stiff, a tall boot *THWACKS* her face.

Mamba heaves Big Wig to the desk. Left arm, holds him.
Right arm, the wrist device: *FLINK!*

BIG WIG'S POV

Mamba's hissing aggression has been replaced with calculated focus, a veteran with all variables down to perfection.

MAMBA'S POV

Fangs *SLAM* his neck. Shaking. Gargling. Eyes bulge, roll back to white. The face contorts. Bitten by the Mamba.

Mamba turns off a body cam, the source of the small light and boop just moments before.

She shoves the corpse, goes to the computer, thumb drive in... screens cycle CCTV and photos of-

-a BIG ARMORED FIGURE with a MONGOOSE LOGO hitting underworld locales and killing OTHER ASSASSINS dressed like her.

Also messages: the past 6 weeks between Big Wig and Mongoose who's very laconic promising more dead "*Lodge Assassins.*"

Mamba's focus now TWITCHES WITH FURY. In the same folder, more messages: a failed corporate purchase of "*Jenapharm.*" She begins downloading the emails and photos.

ALARM! Still downloading... Guards at the door fire! She ducks! A bullet grazes her shoulder but her focus just hones in to...

On screen photos: those dressed like her, torn up into shards and sparks by the fusillade. Her face turns furious.

She draws two silenced SMGs, kicks out the desk panel, fires dual wield. The Guards flail and drop.

Mamba springs up before they hit the ground. Pockets the thumb drive, bolts out scooping up her stilettos, sees-

INT. HALLWAY, VICTORIAN MANOR - CONTINUOUS

-a window. The other end, the hallway CORNER. She bolts to the window. Lights outside! Guards scrambling, many into the manor. She sprints back, rounds the corner, leaps!

Bounces wall to wall over two Guards. Goes split dual wield, guns down two Guard pairs. Dashes. Fires again.

On the stairs, Guards tumble. She drops a smoke grenade. Switches to pistols. Bolts toward a dark hallway end window.

PFT! PFT! Glass cracks. Mamba holsters her guns. Behind her... Guards emerge from the smoke, aim... she crashes out the window with wild shots hitting, whizzing all around.

EXT. SIDE, MANOR GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Mamba soars arms out, grabs a tree branch, swings down to another, drops to the ground and rolls off into darkness.

Guards round the corner, reach the window... lights shine... guns aim... she's gone... a distant owl *whoo-whoos*.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Mostly empty. A few forgotten crates under tarps.

POV from the rafters, an owl's perch: an SUV pulls in. Armed men get out and-

-a SHARP SUIT (40s) with nice shades, tie in double Windsor. He checks his watch - 8:59:46... 47... - looks around...

SHARP SUIT

She's got *ten* seconds to...

Behind them: a familiar figure drops, a long *thud echoes*.

They twitch around... the boots, gear, hair, grazed shoulder... it's Mamba with a piercing stare. She has a small headset.

MAMBA

Confirm it.

(to Sharp Suit)

Any time.

An awkward second. Sharp Suit *snap*-signals to a wiry Nigerian COMPUTER GUY who's clearly second in charge and proud of it. His screens show a hefty transfer: \$200,000.

Mamba's supplier and intel provider, who sometimes drops words in his native language, is on her headset.

ULRICH (O.C.)

(*Swiss German accent*)

Check the screen.

Mamba's smartphone: 200k in the bank yet still that stare.

SHARP SUIT

You got your money. Now, my camera.

MAMBA

20k.

(via headset)

Send it.

SHARP SUIT

Twenty thousand?

MAMBA

Also acceptable. Signal's in there.

A small DRONE flies in holding a box. Sharp Suit sees body cam footage of Mamba's last hit. Loves the carnage but...

SHARP SUIT

Thirty seconds?

MAMBA

I work quickly, unnecessary gear is a liability and that costs. 20k.

SHARP SUIT

Or you're trying to make up for what I heard was a close call.

MAMBA

Suit yourself.
(via headset)
Pull it.

The signal falters... goes blank. Mamba turns to go... Sharp Suit smirks, "*smug bitch*" and *snap*-signals to Computer Guy.

Mamba's screen: money's there. The drone places the box. Inside: the body camera. Sharp Suit pockets it.

SHARP SUIT

Good business is always a pleasure.

Mamba waves without looking back. The drone watches.

ULRICH (O.C.)

You are clear.

MAMBA

Good, I really didn't want to have to kill them all.

ULRICH (O.C.)

(chuckles)

But you could have. And Interpol is in town so head out west, unless you want to meet them. They probably want to finally meet you.

MAMBA

They can remain jealous that I clean the filth first.

She uncovers a sleek motorcycle, zooms off glancing at... Sharp Suit who smiles and that smile could slice glass.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT, FUKUOKA, JAPAN - DAY

SEVEN (Korean, 35) wears a combat suit like Mamba, sits with a laptop, well-organized combat gear and a calm focus.

On screen: a hefty balance from various jobs, the latest few entries - \$125,000 each - just from yesterday. He smiles.

Checks a folder with spy photos of similar-looking assassins. They're all sleeker, younger. His smile turns cold, bothered.

BOOP! He sees a new post on the Confidential Advertisements Network ("the CAN") with a dark web link. *Click.*

Page Banner: *"Real kills from real pros!"*

Newest media: *"New! See the Infamous Poisoner at work."*
Click. It plays a 5 second preview of Mamba's body cam footage, cuts to a red banner: *"\$500 for premium."*

He shakes his head. *B-b-beep!* The security system... *WHOOM!*
A hole in the door! *POOF!* A grenade flies in. He lunges-

-under a desk grabbing a pistol and backpack. Hits a button, drops away. *BOOM!* An incendiary blast scorches everything.

EXT. ALLEY, FUKUOKA - MOMENTS LATER

Seven rolls out of a vent. All clear. Three floors up, flames lick out of a window. He dashes away holstering the pistol.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - DAY

Part chalet, part temple. Ceiling-high windows reveal an above the timberline view. At a huge console-desk sits...

The DIRECTOR typing with old hands, one with a ring. She has a HAIR BUN with a LONG PIN. Brown eyes scan recent articles:

"Vigilantism or Underworld War?" (Apr. 2025)

"...Welsh millionaire Ioan Bowen, suspected of links to human trafficking... another poison victim... investigation cut off..."

"Assassinations Rock Rio" (Apr. 2025)

"...high placed crime figures... taken out... lethal injections as seen elsewhere... Interpol: 'global underworld shakeup'..."

"Dubai: Connected Crimes" (Apr. 2025)

"...Ioan Bowen's pharmaceutical lab... hacked last month... possibly related to his failed purchase of Jenapharm..."

The Director saves the first article to a green folder, "M3." The others to "M7" also green. One more green folder: "F/A."

In red: "M1, M2, M4, M5, M6, M8, M9, M10."

Other screens show an INDOOR COMPLEX with a track, training rooms, living quarters, a CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, a HANGAR and a two-story CENTRAL AREA with vehicles and crates.

In each place including here, a LOGO of a COBRA ENSNARING A GLOBE looms ever-present. Its eyes blinking red.

Behind the Director, a partially seen STANDING FIGURE.

Click. Two new onscreen windows open: an EMPTY ROOM with a FLOOR DRAIN and an INCINERATOR ROOM with the fire on full. Down a chute and dumped to burn: trash and... some corpses.

Onscreen message: *"Assets retrieved, evaluation underway"*
Another screen: *"Viper Program - Phase A - Ready"*

A drawer opens... a pill bottle. She pops two, breathes deep. She takes a medical device, moves it to her forearm, a small needle extends, she looks away to...

A TWELVE BADGE display on crimson felt. *FFT!* Her eyes wince.

EXT. ROAD, RURAL COUNTRYSIDE, MONGOLIA - LATE AFTERNOON

A distant city, sparse traffic and a dark blue station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON, ROAD, RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Mamba drives now wearing a casual disguise. On a duffel bag, her secure device is showing a coded number and a message: *"Been hit, need a ping."*

A flash of anger, she finger stabs a green button.

EXT. TOWN, RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - MINUTES LATER

The station wagon turns in, makes its way to a lonely yurt.

INT. YURT, EDGE OF TOWN - SAME TIME

Ulrich (Swiss, early 40s) is totally in his element with a tablet and headset running planning and accounting programs. The CAN is open on a laptop, it's busy.

B-b-beep! He smiles at an expected event: Mamba enters, drops her bag, digs in her shirt... a pack of smokes.

ULRICH

Willkommen! What else do you have in there?

MAMBA

(lighting one)
Well-hidden secrets.

ULRICH

Well... now I know. Anyway... here-

Another laptop with 360 security feed, a small desk with a few books, a cot, a portable gas stove and mini-fridge.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

-just as ordered. And a generator but you are also connected to the town grid, no registered address.

MAMBA

The Swiss have always been good with secrets.

ULRICH

If you want good with secrets, try Liechtenstein.

She blows a huge plume of smoke, hates the mere mention of..

MAMBA

...Mongoose, too.

ULRICH

Yes but relax, I will have the intel from Lyon soon. And you watch the CAN, it has been real busy as of late. Maybe you can finally... reach that line.

She just nods as he begins to go.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

By the Mamba standard that is pure joy, my cue for mountain views and strudel. You be less nocturnal. Try to sleep.

"Sleep" triggers a reflex.

MAMBA

I hate sleep... hey, Ulrich. Thanks.

He snaps, points and he's gone. Quiet. A plume of smoke. Mamba trying to rest but restless.

Under the cot: a compact assault rifle.

Under the desk: a pistol. Also one on the mini-fridge.

Her duffel bag, loaded. She looks around. She's ready.

BLACK

INT. INDOOR TRACK, THE LODGE - 1990 - FLASHBACK

Pairs of uniformed children jog, including YOUNG MAMBA (5) and NOLA (Swedish, 5). They wear COLLARS with a green light. Their expressions, unnatural, programmed. Hovering nearby...

The pinned hair bun. The Director (at 35) in sharp uniform, a Prioress-Commissar fusion, observes with uniformed LODGE STAFFERS taking notes. But right next to the Director is...

A large figure: the SENTINEL. A mute, masked disciple with a dogged obedience, armored vest and the brown sleeves of a tunic on crossed arms. Behind them all... on a large wall...

The COBRA GLOBE LOGO, its red eyes... *beeping* sensors.

BLACK**EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE, MONGOLIA - DAWN - PRESENT**

A silhouette dashes. Stops at a crossroads. It's Mamba sweating, heaving. She watches the Sun crest the horizon. Swigs water, deep gulps. Bolts back down the narrow path.

INT. MAMBA'S YURT - MORNING

Mamba is hard into calisthenics. The 360 security feed just catching light traffic is in her peripherals.

She shoots a closer look switching exercises. Nothing new. Her shoulder wound is now a scar near other faint ones.

EXT. MAMBA'S YURT, EDGE OF TOWN - NOON

Mamba gazes... the town, fields, people going about their day... kids playing ball. Mamba's hand springs up-

MEMORY FLASH: the ball drops at the Shocked Boy's feet.

-to the back of her neck, she turns away frowning.

INT. MAMBA'S YURT - AFTERNOON

Soup cooks. Security feed, clear. On the desk: *1984* by George Orwell, *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley, *The Guide to Self-Sufficiency* by John Seymour. The secure device's light... dims.

On the cot, Mamba flips a page well into *Burgess: Select Writings & Interviews*. Stops... gets her smartphone... gazes deep... the soup boils. She puts down the phone showing...

Old photo: Mamba (23), Seven (18), a TOWERING NIGERIAN (25) with tattoos: right pec, lion paw. Left pec, lion head. They're arm in arms, a team at the height of their powers.

INT. MAMBA'S YURT - MINUTES LATER

Yum, soup. On her phone: \$4,867,500 from years worth of jobs. She's unimpressed. Goes to a phone folder with PROPERTY LISTINGS all near coastline on the fringes of towns.

USA: Maine. Cape Cod. Near Seattle. Oceania: Tauranga in New Zealand. Perth in Australia. Europe: Iceland. Bornholm in Denmark. Sicily. Careful eyes until... Trelleborg near Malmö, Sweden stops her cold... she closes her eyes, pained...

Boop! A notification from the CAN: "\$175k, Lagos, ASAP"
Her swift response: "Busy next 5 days."

Other CAN messages and posts... nothing new. She goes to the photos from Big Wig's computer, sees... the Mongoose, quite the adept killer of assassins. Small twitches belie Mamba's fury.

She swipes away, sees the old photo, "siiighs..."

B-b-beep! Security Feed: a motorcycle pulls in.

Her hand snaps to her pistol. The RIDER takes off his helmet. Mamba thumbs the safety back on face scowling.

SEVEN (PRE-LAP)

This took ya long enough.

INT. MAMBA'S YURT - MOMENTS LATER

He holds an identical secure device. His accent would, on purpose, confuse a pro intel agent. To Mamba he's a younger brother she doesn't want deal with yet can't fully dislike.

MAMBA

We *only* converge *if* needed. You have 15 minutes.

SEVEN

Ya're missin' the forest for the trees. The last 6 weeks, the trees-

He also has a REAR NECK SCAR and an old unit patch with a "7" on his shoulder. He flips out a tablet with the CCTV stills and photos of Mongoose raising hell all over.

SEVEN (CONT'D)

-but *this* is the forest: Mambas and Lions out, this new brood in.

On his tablet: the spy photos of the similar-looking and younger assassins. The Cobra Globe Logo, check.

Mamba is befuddled, pissed. This *shouldn't* be news to her.

MAMBA

So stay hidden, set an ambush, what do you think this is?

SEVEN

That hasn't been workin', *noona*.
The others are dead-

MAMBA

I told them not to use old tactics and channels, be ghosts. Like you should be now.

SEVEN

And you, absent minded anarchist, got greedy, are *no longer* a ghost.

On the tablet: the preview video of Mamba's latest hit.

MAMBA

Only lowlifes will watch that, higher pay means closer to ghosting forever.

SEVEN

And when she releases these new ones? Then what?

Mamba gazes off... she's bothered. Hides it well.

MAMBA

Once we hit Mongoose, that's it, ghost for good.

SEVEN

Did it ever occur to ya these new ones will be house cleanin' *just* like we did? There's no one left to clean but us. The Mongoose must be the Lodge's new heavy, it's why he found Lodge assets so quick. At this point, we'll *only* survive when this Mongoose *and* the Director are both dead.

(drops a card)

I'll be here three days puttin' things together. Then I'll get Alpha Lion 'n we'll hunt for-

MAMBA

No! Coordinate separately and Lion didn't even leave-

SEVEN

Ya really think you can do this alone? Eight dead Mambas says no. And what about when these new ones are released? They're twenty, ya remember twenty? Could run up a mountain faster than the sunrise.

Stare down, they read each other... every twitch. Seven pats his concealed pistol holster.

SEVEN (CONT'D)

Ya *did* press that button, ya worried. Keep that ready.
(duffel bag)
I'm gettin' more intel soon 'n remember, next three days, there.

On the card: an address in Incheon, South Korea.

EXT. MAMBA'S YURT, EDGE OF TOWN - LATE EVENING

Back in her combat suit, Mamba ponders smoking. Nearby, the station wagon. She stamps out her smoke... the town's power goes out... her yurt... goes dark.

B-br-brrrroom! The generator. Her senses tingle, she dashes.

In her peripherals: an incoming missile!

Mamba slides, goes prone-*BOOM!* The yurt *ERUPTS*. She rolls off burning chunks, bolts for the station wagon. Door-

I/E. STATION WAGON, ROAD, EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

-in, start, rev, back up. Another missile! Mamba swerves the car around, the missile *whooshes* by, meters ahead-*BOOM!*

Gear, pedal, go. Machine gun fire tears into the rear windows and tires. Grinding halt. Mamba dives out yanking up her bag.

EXT. CAR WRECK, ROAD, EDGE OF TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Approaching... a BIG ARMORED FIGURE - *not* the Sentinel - with... the Mongoose logo and an assault rifle with grenade launcher.

He aims, fires-*POOF!* A grenade flies in, *BOO-*

EXT. ADJACENT WOODS, EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

-*OOM!* *Pulverizes* the wreck. In the fiery glow... stunning hazel eyes see MONGOOSE. He wears a MASK and GOGGLES, looks around-

EXT. CAR WRECK, ROAD, EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

-scans the woods. From one side, *rustling*. From the other...

Gunfire CRACKS! Shots rake his armor and helmet.
He fires a wild grenade. *BOOM!* Silence... smoke...

Mamba leaps out, dual SMGs blazing. Shots stitch his armor,
overwhelm Mongoose. *DINK!* Knock away his rifle.

She switches to pistols. Fires til empty, spins with a kick
right to his head. He staggers, takes a mace off his back.

O.S. SOUNDS: Police and EMS *sirens* close in.

She draws her stilettos. Mongoose's NECK TWITCHES... he lunges!
His power can't meet her agility until... he grips her right
wrist, glances at the device and twists.

Mamba counters, twirls and leaps away. A wild swing *hits* her!
Sends her down gasping. The Mace goes up, reveals...

MONGOOSE

You are what you-

...an armor gap by his left armpit. *SFT!* A stiletto flies in.
He drops the mace "*groaning!*" Yanks out the bloody stiletto.

Looks left, right... she's gone...

O.S. SOUNDS: the *sirens* are closing-

EXT. STREET, RURAL TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

O.S. SOUNDS: -and closer.

Mamba stumbles along, gut hurts like hell... a car! She ducks
behind, five police cars speed by, they're seen by-

EXT. ROAD, EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

-Mongoose. Behind them, the car rides off. His fresh wound
stings! He "*grunts*" seething, sees the bloody bent stiletto.
He snags it dashing into darkness.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - MORNING

The pinned hair bun hovers before police footage from the
Mongolian town. An urgency in her eyes... no mention of Mamba,
just some confiscated weapons. A slight nod.

Behind her, the Standing Figure, it's the Sentinel... waiting...

Onscreen message: "*Assets evaluated, good for procedure.*"

Another screen: the new assassins in states of readiness.
"Viper Dens - 1-3: Ready. 4-7: Training. 8-10: Incubating."
 Click. 1 and 2's status changes: *"Ready -> DEPLOYING."*

She sits back, pops two pills. Her ring glistens like the Twelve Badges, now seen closer... there's writing in three languages among them. Also red icons: banners and stars.

EXT. INCHEON, SOUTH KOREA - EARLY AFTERNOON

GLIDING ABOVE an airport, a seaport and many busy avenues...
 DOWN TO one indistinct street where a mass of people walk-

EXT. STREET, APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

-some obvious local women, others with sunglasses... one stops...
 slides hers up to reveal... stunning hazel eyes, it's Mamba.

A nearby tall building's address matches with Seven's card.

INT. APARTMENT, TALL BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

10th floor, austere, city and highway view. Seven places tea.
 Mamba has admitted only to herself that he was right.

SEVEN

So... ya need something now? Or did
 ya need me back there? No? Then why
 didn't ya kill him?

MAMBA

He knew my set up, that generator-
fuck! Then I took a hit, cops were-

SEVEN

Ya wouldn't make it to retirement,
that's why. And *that's* ya deal-

"Uuugh..." Mamba flips out her smoke pack, lights one.

SEVEN (CONT'D)

-noona, ya just want out. Did ya
 even care for the others?

MAMBA

(spewing smoke)

Fuck you! I was trying to get
 everyone out of her reach. *You* were
 just going along with her *until* you
 sensed a 'house cleaning.' If not,
 you'd happily be a prime Lodge
 asset. Fuck me too, right?

SEVEN

...can ya not? Shit makes feel sick.

She blows smoke at his face. He recoils, pure disgust.

MAMBA

We don't get sick. And don't tell
noona what to do.

SEVEN

Oh what the hell, ya not even
Korean *and* this isn't ya place.

MAMBA

You call me that... but point taken.

She stubs out the smoke... on her own tongue without a flinch.

SEVEN

That's why I never thought ya'd be
good at honey traps.

"*Honey traps.*" Now Mamba recoils with pure disgust.

SEVEN (CONT'D)

If it makes ya feel any better, I
did one last month. An emir's
daughter in Dubai. And ya know what
was there? Mmm? Some very secret
files were hacked... Medusa.

MAMBA

Medusa is a Lodge smokescreen to
get Interpol running in circles.

He shows his tablet with newer photos: the younger assassins
in a different facility than before. All armed, suited.

The photos have caught Mamba's gaze. In ONE PHOTO, just clear
enough to make out, a female Viper wields a sniper rifle.

SEVEN

Maybe, but they're real. That's at
least thirty, *the first* thirty.
House cleanin' has started.

MAMBA

...*fuck!* Mongoose, now these.

SEVEN

I was right, gave ya 'n intel heads
up. Ya *welcome*, selfish bitch.

Mamba's small twitches belie how much it stings, then-

-she grinds her teeth with the mention of..

MAMBA

*...Lion. We get him. Take out
Mongoose. Then kill the big snake?*

SEVEN

*Mmm, or the snake'll kill us. Some
of Lion's old contacts must still
be in Lagos. We'll start there. The
team's coming back.*

He's cheerful about that, points to three bags, one open and packed for a mission. Mamba is back to iron rigor.

MAMBA

*This is going to be a big job so
we'll need more soon and good
intel. I'll get transport... is he
still in Bushveld?*

SEVEN

I'm gettin' confirmation soon.

EXT. STREET, APARTMENT COMPLEX - SAME TIME

A flatbed truck with a tarp-covered load parks.

A big man, his FACE UNSEEN, with a backpack and two bags, the left smaller, gets out, strides... into the apartment complex.

EXT. OTHER SIDE, APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

A van stops, TEN VIPERS dash out. At the other end of the block, same thing. In pairs, they bolt to various positions around the area, six into the tall building.

One Viper - from the PHOTO - has a sniper rifle and "5" on her unit patch. Call her VIPER 5 (Latina, 20). She dashes solo whipping a nervous glance at the flatbed truck.

INT. APARTMENT, TALL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Seven zips up a bag. By the window on a call, Mamba notices a particular looking hook: *"descending life line"* and far down below... the flatbed truck.

ULRICH (O.S.)

*From Incheon to Bushveld is a tall
order. You will also need an out
from there so that means I need 24.*

Mamba catches some subtle movement on an opposite roof.

MAMBA

24, good... *not* from Incheon.
 (a glint of light)
 Cover!

She ducks-*CRACK!* A large slug punches through, *SLAMS* a wall. They scramble. Seven slides Mamba a bag, inside: weapons, combat gear, a bungee cord.

INT. STAIRWELL, TALL BUILDING - SAME TIME

Rapid *steps*, four Vipers bolt up past floor 6... 7... 8-
WHOOSH! A jet of flame engulfs the mid-floor landing.

A grenade drops-*BOOM!* The burning Vipers are flung apart.

INT. APARTMENT, TALL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Fire *alarm!* Mamba, suited up, locks and loads two pistols. Seven finishes loading a shotgun, *pumps* it.

The window! Two rappelling Vipers *crash* in. Mamba's pistols rip into one, his TRANQUILIZER RIFLE clatters on the floor, goes off - *TFT!* - a dart bounces from a wall.

Seven's shotgun blows the other one back out... down 10 floors.

Mamba drops a smoke grenade, yanks up the bungee cord. Seven snatches one bag. They dash out the door-

INT. HALLWAY, TALL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-rush along. Up ahead, out steps... Mongoose fully suited, armed with a flamethrower. Points at Mamba.

MONGOOSE

You are what you do.

Seven fires. *Ricochet* from the Mongoose Logo. Pure instinct, they bolt for an END WINDOW. Mongoose fires a sweeping plume. Mamba preps the bungee cord.

MAMBA

Shoot the window!

BANG! Glass *cracks*. Flames closing.

SEVEN

That's a ten story drop!

BANG! Big gash in the glass. Flames closer.

Mamba hurls one end of the cord at a life line hook... contact! They *crash* out the window, flames chasing-

EXT. SIDE, TALL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-singeing them. Mamba, cord in right hand, left grabs Seven, his bag falls away. Floor 9... Mamba grips Seven in her legs.

Floor 7... both hands on the cord. Floor 5... cord stretches. Floor 3... they're slowing... floor 2... max stretch. She lets go.

EXT. PARKING LOT, APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

They *thud* down, shoulder roll into a parked car.

MAMBA

We can kill him here.

SEVEN

Every cop in town is already closin-

Gunfire! Shattering glass! They roll shooting - one left, one right - nail a Viper each. Others lunge away.

Seven grabs the fallen bag from a car windshield. They dash toward a corner, exchange fire with Vipers among cars.

They pass a CORPSE of a dead Viper with a YOUNG FACE. Mamba flashes a chill, sees another tranquilizer rifle.

They dash along with volleys of gunfire *scraping*, car windows *shredding*, alarms *blaring*. And residents freaking out.

Seven shoots through a building door, they dive inside-*thud-*

INT. STAIRWELL, TALL BUILDING - SAME TIME

-*thud-thud!* Mongoose jumps onto landings passing scorched Vipers, his bags and a lobby sign: "*Underground Parking.*"

He plows through the front door sending glass and metal out.

EXT. ROOFTOP, OPPOSITE APARTMENT COMPLEX - SAME TIME

Viper 5 eyes the scene, shooting *echoes*. Across the street, smoke from a 10th floor window. Below, the flatbed truck.

Through scope: ...searching... an underground parking ramp, zoo-

I/E. SPORTY HYUNDAI, STREET - CONTINUOUS

-*oom!* The car shoots out, swerves, revs off leaving smoke. Seven drives. Mamba loads a pair of SMGs.

SEVEN

We'll get him outside the city-

WHAM! A sniper shot hits the trunk. *CRACK!* Rear side window.

EXT. ROOFTOP, OPPOSITE APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Viper 5 cycles her rifle, aims...

Through scope: the Hyundai veers into heavier traffic.

She yanks up a secure device similar to Mamba's.

INT. SPORTY HYUNDAI, STREET - SAME TIME

Seven shifts up. Pedal to the metal. Mamba, guns ready.

Rearview mirrors: the Vipers' vans tear onto the road.

EXT. STREET, BY APARTMENT COMPLEX - SAME TIME

Mongoose rushes toward the flatbed truck tapping a remote. Beneath the tarp, a big engine *roars* to life.

I/E. VEHICLES AND STREETS, CAR CHASE - SAME TIME

The Vipers' fire hits traffic, cars swerve and spin. Seven maneuvers. The Hyundai's rear windshield *SHATTERS*.

Mamba reclines her seat, rolls back, fires out the rear.

MAMBA

Bring him in!

Seven lines a van up, slams the brakes. The van closes in. Mamba nails bursts into the windshield. It swerves, crashes.

Seven floors it. Mamba reloads. The other van is cautious. Behind it approaching fast, something BIG... the van is-

-swept aside by the plow blade bumper on a GAZ TIGR, an armored military 4x4.

Inside Tigr: Mongoose connects an automated system that begins to drive. He stands up out through the sunroof-

-wielding a heavy assault rifle with a large drum mag.

SEVEN

What the fuck is that?

MAMBA

A walking tank driving a real tank
and we're in a fucking Hyundai!

Mongoose spews auto fire, avoids big traffic, sweeps cars aside. Seven weaves inches ahead of the *impacting* bullets.

Mamba fires bursts, some shots pepper Mongoose and the Tigr.

On a *screeching* turn, shots rip off the Hyundai's spoiler. Mamba loads Seven's shotgun with slug shells.

MAMBA

Slow it, I can get him.

Seven thinks that's crazy. Mamba *pumps* the shotgun. The Tigr plows through the turn sweeping cars aside.

Seven eases the car. Mamba aims. *BANG!* Miss. Zeroes in... *BANG!*

Ricochet! From Mongoose's left shoulder. Fuming, he fires bursts now, right arm only. Left arm rests, dangles.

Down shotgun sights: Mongoose... ducks into the Tigr, behind... fast approaching POLICE CARS.

Seven sees them in his mirrors. Mamba sights the Tigr wheels 20-25 meters away... *BANG! BANG!* A big tire gash and bent rim.

MAMBA

We kill him here!

Seven sees a 4-WAY INTERSECTION with a highway on-ramp and... a line of CITY BUSES closing in. No choice, he *slams* the gas.

The Tigr is driving crooked yet catching up.

The Hyundai zips through the 4-Way Intersection. One bus jolts to a stop right in the middle.

The Tigr revs on... *RIPS* through the bus. People are flung out. Police close in from the rear and sides, also a chopper.

MAMBA

Fucking slow it!

SEVEN

Not with all the cops!

Murderous glare, she pushes a pistol to his head.

SEVEN (CONT'D)

Ya *really* gonna do this alone?

Many police cars arrive at the devastated intersection.

Mamba "*...FUCK!*" Fires potshots barely scratching the Tigr as they blow past ramp traffic, swerve onto the HIGHWAY.

Inside Tigr: Mongoose *pounds* the wheel, rage simmering like his shaking vehicle. He swerves causing a jamming accident.

I/E. SPORTY HYUNDAI, HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Well behind: the Tigr exits down the immediate off ramp.

Mamba and Seven collect themselves with deep breaths...

Rearview mirror: they make caustic eye *contact*..

DIRECTOR (PRE-LAP)

Children...

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - LATER, AFTERNOON

On a screen: police footage from Incheon, a spectacular mess. The Tigr, empty and ablaze in the outskirts of town.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)(CONT'D)

...can be such a disappointment, even the Finest only got away. Now, the status of this 'free agent.'

FIRST GOOD LOOK at HER FACE: 70, looks healthy, really took care of it but can't hide deep displeasure. She speaks the Capitalized and Family Words like part of a Faith.

Another screen: all Mongoose-related files are put into "F/A"

MR. GREEN (40s), a uniformed Lodge Staffer, stands with an ever-calculating confidence well refined for subtlety. And impeccable personal grooming, a badge of pride.

MR. GREEN

None of our subsidiaries were able to hire or capture him, Director.

DIRECTOR

Chaos needs to coalesce. It will delay the next phase.

MR. GREEN

Director, might I suggest training new assets on location, they'll be ready for trial ops quicker.

DIRECTOR

Mr. Green, Power is *not* a business and never will be. All Broods *must* go through House Rituals otherwise they wouldn't be Ours.

He's disappointed yet not surprised. Notes the Sentinel standing behind the Director, looking nowhere in particular.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I want my Best and this free agent
 wrangled in *alive*. No golden
 parachutes, Mr. Green. Failure in
 this House ends more than careers.

She spins a monitor: the floor drain room. Someone is shot, blood drains, a chute opens, the body is kicked in... drops onto a trash heap in the incinerator room.

Mr. Green runs his mind poker faced, in his peripherals-

-the Twelve Badge display gleams just as the Sentinel turns its head a nudge, looks straight at him.

INT. LOWER LEVEL, CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - MINUTES LATER

The inner courtyard of this militarized facility.
 Guards, vehicles, crates and above... a RING WALKWAY.

Mr. Green enters, eyes around... CERTAIN GUARDS eye him back. Slight nods. A clear message: secrecy and coordination.

Mr. Green opens a black van... sees a TECHNOCRATIC LOGO on gray crates with... explosive charges. His face, a razor smile.

Still hidden between van doors, he goes to his smartphone.

Sees many messages from a contact, MR. FOX, he scrolls to an unread one: *"The Mechanic and Butcher set to deliver."*

He dials a contact seen just as a RED HEAD with RAYS, a demonic Lady Liberty. His left hand fiddles... nice shades.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

On screen message: *"Procedure ready."*

The Director, a glint of satisfaction. She gets up hand to her chest, breathes deep... starts to slowly leave the office. The Sentinel... marches after her with smooth human movement.

INT. HALLWAY CORNER, NEAR LAB - MINUTES LATER

The Director and Sentinel come around, go to a door: *"Lab"*

Two Guards snap to near military-perfect attention, she uses an access card - *beep, click* - enters. The Sentinel follows.

The Guards eye each other, shake heads. Something's afoot...

INT. LAB ROOM, THE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

A busy space with consoles, crates, gurneys and charts.

The LEAD MEDICAL STAFFER hands the Director a clipboard.

LEAD MED STAFFER
 Blood type, oxygen level, tissue
 and nerve quality, all suitable.

Clipboard Header: "*Meta4gans Program*" and a categorized list of internal organs: (A) *Transplant*, (B) *Research*, (C) *Sale*.

The Director is pleased with her hand to her chest.
 The Lead Med Staffer indicates a secure "*Procedure Room*."

The Director enters. The Sentinel waits... eyes all the Staff.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA, SOUTH KOREA - EARLY EVENING

Some hours south of Incheon. Lights start to flicker on.

EXT. TABLE, HIGHWAY REST AREA - CONTINUOUS

Hum of the highway. People walk about. Mamba sits pensive.

Bump! A ball at her foot... nearby, a SHY BOY (9ish) stares.
 Mamba can't smile... taps the ball. He takes it, skimmers off.

She turns away frowning, hand going to her rear neck scar.
 Looks again... the Boy is gone. She "*mutters*" frustrations as
 Seven arrives with two takeout trays.

SEVEN
 See somethin'? Or d'ya need a nap?

MAMBA
 No. Sushi?

SEVEN
 Kimbap, Korean rice rolls.

MAMBA
 It looks like sushi.

SEVEN
 'N ya look like shit. I hope ya
 don't regret not killin' me.

He begins to calmly eat as Mamba shifts to mask a full spine
 shudder flipping out her smoke pack... lights one... inhales with
 a hard, infinite gaze... blows smoke.

MAMBA'S EYES

The stunning hazel hones in... focuses on-

CROSS FADE:

INT. LIVING ROOM, NICE SUITE, BRUSSELS - 2010 - FLASHBACK

-the Shocked Boy, a teary little face gaping at... a pointed gun... held by an evil woman.

Mamba moves her gun hand closer... around his head. He "sobs."
The rear neck implant, three lights... she brings the boy in...
to her right hand-*FLINK!* He's quiet... limp... down.

MAMBA'S FACE

A hard, infinite gaze. With an earthquake underneath.

CROSS FADE:

Same expression plus 15 years. Smoke floats by.

EXT. TABLE, HIGHWAY REST AREA - PRESENT

Mamba's cigarette, a long ash. Hand on the back of her neck.

MAMBA

I was down 507 milligrams, I used
500 on the target, always have. The
boy fainted and-
(flicks cigarette)
-snapped me out of it. I owe him a
thanks. And an apology.

SEVEN

Reports said everyone was dead.

"...dead" hits a nerve under Mamba's iron rigor.

MAMBA

...I always felt he's somewhere out
there. Kept seeing his little face
scared stiff next to his dead
mother... like me. Some calamity I'll
probably never understand-

MEMORY FLASHES: a street riot... Young Mamba "cries" by a dead
woman... fiery glow beyond a window... a man snaps up an AK-47...
the pinned hair bun looming above her.

MAMBA (CONT'D)

-took my parents but in the end...
there was just the Director.

On her face - just for a flash - her rigor shudders.

SEVEN

I remember... a blur. Parents gone at
some point then... there she was.

MAMBA

You were taken in later. But I was conditioned to keep my past my private shame, to believe I was the only one to guard against. Words from the top: unitary, solitary-

SEVEN

-and forward, never flinch.

Ambience. Nearby, the Boy scoops up his ball, runs to his parents. Other kids too. Mamba squints, looks back at Seven.

MAMBA

But I was never totally in tune so I snapped out, thought others would too. It seemed so obvious yet impossible to explain. And today, the new ones, only pushing 17. Saw one up close.

SEVEN

Medusa supposedly tried to create mind controlled assassins 'n soldiers with early recruitment.

MAMBA

Supposedly. It's just the Lodge, a smokescreen is part of black ops.

SEVEN

Or maybe it's the snake's new skin. The Cheka became the GPU, turned into the NKVD, finally settled as the KGB. House cleanin' each time. In the Lodge, it's what we did 'n what's happenin' now.

MAMBA

But something else is up. The two coming through the window botched the timing. Those in the parking lot *didn't* surround us, they *missed* that door. Rookie mistakes, she sent them out too early. They also had tranq rifles and that sniper wasn't aiming at us, but the car. Yet Mongoose was-

SEVEN

-so *not* the Director's new heavy. She wants us alive, might be a way to get to her.

MAMBA

You'll get wrangled and
reconditioned before you get close.

SEVEN

So we'll need the Lion.

MAMBA

(glint of grimace)
...he hasn't exactly left the Lodge.

SEVEN

A lion can't hide like a mamba, so
he chose a field retirement deal.
The Bushveld gulag is a trainin'
ground. If we mess it up, he'll
have to leave with us.

MAMBA

Ok but, what does he know?

SEVEN

Lagos. In the last 15 years it's
become a megalopolis. 10 million,
still surgin' with new blood. The
new ones we killed today are hardly
a loss for the Lodge. You say she
released them early? Maybe it was a
beta test. Imagine how many they
could run, *what they could start*,
if they had a big city... this is
more than a job, it's war.

That sinks in and off their eye contact...

EXT. HANGAR, GIMHAE AIRPORT - MORNING - NEXT DAY

Ulrich's tablet shows a flight path with ETAs and stats. He
rechecks his planning and accounting... the CAN... nothing new.

Nearby, a premium taxi pulls up. Mamba and Seven get out.

INT. HANGAR, GIMHAE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Seven is aside on his phone. In the middle... a charter plane.

ULRICH

Your little brother? Ok but the
Mongoose... nothing on him from
before three months ago. Still-

On his tablet: recent photos of underworld shake up - arson,
bombings, assassinations. All just out of the public eye.

ULRICH

-one hell of a dogfight under the carpet. And my best guess is, it is one dogfight because Interpol has never seen one player-

Tablet: The Mongoose. Enhances and zooms show his logo.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

-be so active and elusive. He does not do jobs for anyone major but *targets* those who do. Hitting your former outfit six weeks ago was the first time he took clear sides.

Mamba "*mutters*" curses, her nerves hit.

MAMBA

A black ops rival to the Lodge. You're going to check Interpol HQ? Ok, scan for an op called 'Medusa.'
(off his look)
Yeah, I know but I have a hunch.

ULRICH

No problem but the deeper I dig, the more time and dough I need.

MAMBA

Plane, 10k. The intel, another 10k.

Ulrich is impressed, nods "*ok!*"

SEVEN (O.S.)

Stopover, Hong Kong or Singapore?

ULRICH

Hong Kong. More along our way.

SEVEN

And we're actually goin' to Johannesburg.

MAMBA

Well that makes things easier?

ULRICH

An easier landing for you, no *Fallschirmaufklärer* stunts.

"Paratrooper" in Swiss Army lingo. They head to the plane.

Mamba gazes again into a blurry CCTV image: an imposing armored figure... the Mongoose.

INT. MONGOOSE'S HIDEOUT, UNKNOWN LOCATION

GLIDING FORWARD in dim light, possibly underground.
Keyboard *tapping*... at a desk... a Big Man - FACE UNSEEN.

MOVE IN ON: the Man's computer screens with news stories.

A SERIES OF SHOTS at VARIOUS ANGLES with semi-transparent
FLOATING GRAPHICS reveal a dedicated vigilante's tabernacle.

GRAPHIC: *"Investigation and Dis-investigation" (Dec. 2024)*
"...our work is methodical, procedural, loaded with paperwork
not memes... conspiracy sphere hit 'Medusa' is a 'comic book...'"

The assault rifle with grenade launcher, a drum magazine lays
near it. *Click*.

GRAPHIC: *"Lagos Welcomes Scallop Energy" (Feb. 2025)*
"...energy giant opens African headquarters... huge investments...
CEO: 'the Nigerian economic boom will continue unabated'..."

The helmet with mask and goggles. *Click*.

GRAPHIC: *"Private Army attacks Incheon" (Apr. 2025)*
"...city residents in crossfire... bodies of 'teen soldiers'
pilfered from city morgue... theories abound... 'Medusa?'"

A solid, self-made shooting range. The target at the end...
a Cobra Globe Logo. *Click*.

GRAPHIC: *"Iaon Bowen had Powerful Enemies" (Apr. 2025)*
"...varying takes... 'let scum eat scum'... 'incongruent with the
rule of law'... poison first seen in Brussels 2010..."

The Man's fist slowly clenches... *clicks* the mouse.

GRAPHIC: the full body cam footage of Mamba's Wales hit.

The Man's eyes, predatory. His *breaths*, deep.
He *POUNDS* the table at the poisoning. *Taps* the keyboard.

On screen: a blurry CCTV image of a sleek figure leaping from
a building. Caption, *"Only known photo of Brussels Assassin."*

He's taken in... fists clench... knuckles *crack*... relax. *Tapping*.

On screen: code churns... the Cobra Globe Logo appears fuzzy.

Pain! He *"groans"* teeth clenching... balms the wound under his
left armpit. On that shoulder, a huge bruise. And nearby...

The bent stiletto and the armored suit with Mongoose Logo.

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - EVENING

A twirling lock pick in Seven's left hand. His right scrolls photos on a tablet: him, Mamba, Lion and others. Exercises and ceremonies. Studies and meals.

The Cobra Globe Logo always close. Their childhood was a technocratic cult. He has a glint of nostalgia.

Nearby, a NEW LARGE COMBAT SUIT and some new combat gear, less than he had prepped in Incheon.

Mamba twirls her stilettos in a well-oiled practice ritual.

SEVEN (O.S.)
The ambidextrous mamba.

MAMBA
My favorite oxymoron.

SEVEN
'Our big bro.' Remember?

The old photo: Mamba (23), Seven (18), and Lion (25).

Mamba's stilettos: *whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-STOP!*
She slides from focused to calm... remembers... she's on-

INT. TRAINING ROOMS, THE LODGE - 2008 - FLASHBACK

-Lion's shoulders, Seven on hers, an unwavering human tower. They flip down, pat shoulders, go arms in arms. Small smiles curl... snap away.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Excellent. My Prime Team.

Boom. The moment the old photo was taken.

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - EVENING - PRESENT

Mamba "*sighs*" looks off yet her face belies nostalgia.

MAMBA
No longer prime, but not yet dispos-
(click!)
-*training*. She wants us alive for a
'field retirement deal.' Like Lion.

Seven is intrigued.

MAMBA (CONT'D)
But he's not in the *actual* Lodge.

SEVEN

So maybe he's not reconditioned
but... likely has a new chip.

MAMBA

(twirls stiletto)

Then he better be prepared for the
possibility, you too. If we can't
get him, back to square one.

SEVEN

You can't be serious, back to
evadin' the new Lodge troops?

MAMBA

We saw them in action, know their
moves. And we can't take down any
major Lodge op without Lion so...?

Ambience. The plane hums.

SEVEN

I'll cut out his chip 'n put some
sense into him. Now, ya goin' in
with the heat, give me the blades.
(off her look)
Remember? A mamba has two fangs.

MAMBA

Ditch the old dogma. I may have the
heat and this-
(wrist device)
-but I'm *not* going without a blade.
If we fail, you won't be rape meat.

Out of the blue, her iron demeanor lets something through as
she twirls, *SLAMS* the stiletto into a sheath.

BLACK

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Ingrid!

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - 2002 - FLASHBACK

Mamba (17) stands rigid heaving breaths. Wide eyes. Bloody
face, not her blood. Dripping stiletto in hand.

The Director (47) smiles with the Cobra Logo and Sentinel
looming behind her. No ring on hand, she indicates-

-on the red-sprinkled black and white floor in a DEAD HAND...
a clean stiletto. Mamba pries it away. Stands at attention.

DIRECTOR

Congratulations, you have earned
your Fangs, Mamba number three.

(motherly face wipes)

That number is special. For my
Prime Team. As is Mamba Venom.

She snaps on the wrist device as the Sentinel wheels up a
chair-bound ADULT PERSON with an X-marked head bag.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Do you know who that is?

Never flinch. Mamba is already marching to her target.

YOUNG MAMBA

An enemy.

FLINK! Fangs *SLAM* the neck. Shaking. Gargling. Quiet...
The Director is most pleased, approaches... yanks the bag off!

The victim is still alive, eyes wide at Mamba, he "*groans...!*"
Mamba winces, her nerves harden... the Sentinel winces too...

BLACK

O.S. SOUNDS: Mamba's heart wrenching "*scream*" for a second.

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - NEXT DAY - PRESENT

Mamba finishes vigorous crunches. Seven glares, gauging her.
She springs up, any discomfort gone in a flash.

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - MINUTES LATER

By the door. Mamba has a duffel bag. Seven just a coat.

ULRICH

Here until midnight, best I can do.

MAMBA

Should be good. Mambas can crawl
out of anywhere.

Ulrich snaps, points and they're off.

EXT. AVENUE, JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA - LATE AFTERNOON

GLIDING ABOVE and along towards a huge old industrial zone.

INT. PREMIUM TAXI, AVENUE - SAME TIME

Seven adjusts an earpiece. Hides his lock pick in a boot, the
stiletto in a sleeve. Has a ticket not from a usual vendor.

EXT. BAR FRONT, STREET - SAME TIME

Edge of the industrial zone, Mamba exits a regular taxi with the duffel bag. She heads inside where-

INT. CHEAP STRIP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

-a single girl dances. Six somewhat bored guys watch. Mamba hides an eye roll passing through to-

INT. BATHROOM, CHEAP STRIP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

-a stall. Mamba shuts the door. Gets ready in a flash.

Zips up her combat suit... vest... boots.

Snaps into place: two pistols, a stiletto, her wrist device, a small headset and tactical scope. Killer look. Ready.

EXT. REAR PARKING LOT, CHEAP STRIP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Out from a window, Mamba lands in a crouch. Stashes the bag. Dashes to a long alley in a ghost city of derelict buildings.

PRE-LAP FADING IN: a huge crowd "*cheering...*"

EXT. FRONT, OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE - SAME TIME

Huge with hints of repurposing and a large unseen backside.

Seven and many others walk from a long row of premium taxis toward a busy guarded door with a sign: "*Donkersone*"

PRE-LAP FADING IN: the "*cheering*" swells as-

RIPPED BLACK ABS

-*SLAM!* By a fist on a huge white arm flinging sweat in-

INT. CAGED ARENA, OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-a cheap and dirty place. In the STANDS, a hollering AUDIENCE keeps track of bets. Guards watch in pairs.

In the CAGED RING, rabid hits, blood and sweat.
BIG WHITE GUY's tattoos: a Triskelion and "*White Power.*"
BIG BLACK GUY's tattoos: a Red Star in a Black Fist.
Both of them: a rear neck implant with a green light.

The REFEREE keeps his distance, holds a remote.

Big Black dodges a spin kick. Catches the next, pulls!
Big White crashes down, rolls away from a body slam.
R-r-r-ring! The Audience "*cheers*" and "*boos.*"

The Big Guys stare, heave breaths. The Ref *clicks* the remote. *BZZZ!* The implant lights turn red. More death stares.

BIG BLACK
We'll finish dis.

REFEREE
Outta my ring, *now*.

In a CORNER of the stands, Seven has a fight program. Glancing it over, one name stands out: "*King Lion*."

EXT. ROOF, ADJACENT WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Just out of sight, again in an owl's perch, Mamba uses the tactical scope to spy on that 'large unseen backside.'

Through scope: Guards, a refrigerated box truck, a chain-link fence leading to... a SIDE ANNEX with steaming vents.

INTERCUT: SEVEN / MAMBA

SEVEN
These beasts can pummel each other for 15 or hit a knockout in 1 'n if 'King Lion' 3 rounds out is our guy then that round'll be over before it starts. Also they're...

The Audience "*cheers!*" Two massive fighters enter the ring.

BIG RED's tattoos: a Hammer & Sickle and "*CCCP*."
BIG TAN's tattoos: Crusader Crosses and "*Deus Vult*."

SEVEN (CONT'D)
...all chipped. Remote controlled.

MAMBA
The old dog fence, I'll take down the signal.

Seven just nods, takes a deep breath...

EXT. SIDE ANNEX, OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE - SAME TIME

Mamba steps along the top of the fence, swings onto the roof. Slips past the vents and a skylight with a faint glow.

On the MAIN BUILDING: a busy room WINDOW in the middle. And a ladder to an OUTER WALKWAY along the side.

INT. CORNER, AUDIENCE STANDS, ARENA - SAME TIME

Down in the ring: Big Tan is quicker. Block, chop, sweep.

Big Red falls, Big Tan drops with a body slam-*WHOOMP!*
The audience "*erupts!*" Seven scans over the situation.

EXT. LADDER, OUTER WALKWAY - SAME TIME

Mamba peeks down the outer walkway... quiet and a door.

SEVEN (O.C.)
This round's over.

To her left: the window opens. She rolls onto the walkway.

INT. CORNER, AUDIENCE STANDS, ARENA - SAME TIME

Seven sees Big Red carried out as Big Tan celebrates.
The Ref signals him out, turns to the Audience.

REFEREE
10 minute break. All bets may be
upgraded.

The Referee is handed a clipboard by a TOWERING NIGERIAN (42)
who oversees a small detail mop. Neck implants are green.

Seven notices pec tattoos. Right, a paw. Left, a lion head.
It's ALPHA LION, his friendly face masks hunter's eyes.

SEVEN
There's a break, he's in the ring.

EXT. OUTER WALKWAY, OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE - SAME TIME

Mamba turns the door handle... unlocked.

MAMBA
Start a shit storm. And with Lion,
make *sure* it's him.

INT. AUDIENCE STANDS, ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

Passing a line for a betting window, Seven's stiletto swipes
twice down low. Seconds later, two Guards groan then "*howl!*"

They each have a long leg gash. Panic spreads. Seven drops
the bloody stiletto into someone else's pocket.

EXT. OUTER WALKWAY, OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE - SAME TIME

Mamba hears boots *thumping*, a TOP GUARD "*barking*" orders.
She cracks the door open... a small ALCOVE... two Guards coming!

The door opens... the first Guard: boot to the face-*THWACK!*
The second, goes for his gun-*PFT-PFT!* Is shot down.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mamba peeks in from the alcove... all clear...
At one end, a corner. At the other, stairs going down.

The ceiling... a network of signal routers... a walkie *crackles*.

TOP GUARD'S VOICE
Kotane! Nokwe! Check, lock, report!

It's on a dead Guard. Mamba also hears one around the corner.

She stalks forward guns up... peeks around the corner... two Guards and a door. The ceiling cables lead to that room.

Mamba ducks back as the Guards scan around.
She ponders... heads back to the alcove. Where she stood is-

-a wall directory in Afrikaans. One item: "*Mediese Afdeling*"
Below it is smaller English: "*Medical Section*"

INT. AUDIENCE STANDS, ARENA - SAME TIME

Guards hold an angry guest. In his pocket: a bloody stiletto.
His entourage boils, soon expanding chaos fills the arena.

In the CAGED RING: *BZZZ!* Implants turn red.
Seven's eyes meet Lion's who's playing some sort of move.

The Ref signals two Guards who approach with nightsticks.

Off Seven calculating his own move...

EXT. ROOF, OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE - SAME TIME

Mamba climbs on, crosses, sees below... the busy room window.
She hangs down... drops... grabs the window lattice.

She pulls up, one arm grips, the other whips out a pistol.

Down her gunsight: *PFT! PFT!* Two Technicians drop. Quiet...

INT. TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mamba swings in. Her senses tingle, guy with a fire axe!
She dodges a mad swing, sweeps a boot into his face-*THWACK!*

One wall: servers. The opposite: computer banks.
She takes the fire axe. Gives one server a lumberjack swing.

INT. CAGED RING, ARENA - SAME TIME

Lion's implant flickers off. Never flinch, huge uppercut!
The shocked Referee flips back with a shattered jaw.

In the stands, Seven grabs a Guard, swings around him kicking the other, flings the first who crashes several rows down.

Seven scoops up a nightstick and pistol, hurries to the ring.

LION
(Nigerian accent)
Let m' guess, Blondie's here too.

C-c-click! Seven lock picks the ring gate eyeing him close.

SEVEN
Mmm, and she's changed a bit.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Mamba rounds the corner, dual pistols trained.
Then a real surprise - just for a flash - on her face.

LION (O.C.)
*Little sister, what's this I hear
about y' hair?*

MAMBA
Self-styling, what's this I hear
about your neck?

INTERCUT: SEVEN & LION / MAMBA

The dormant rear neck implant sits in Lion's neck.

LION
Keeping my enemies closer than m'
friends but y-

MAMBA
Or are they keeping you?

LION
Will be keeping all of us unless w'
get out of here. Got enough ammo to
kill 50 hell hounds and y' just hit
the servers?

MAMBA
No and yes.

LION
Hold tight, coming y' way. Need to
bail, use the roof. *Don't* go below.

Lion and Seven dash past a wall sign: "*Gevangenisvleuel A*"
and into a LOWER HALLWAY. The building *thunders* from within.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Mamba's senses tingle, on the stairs: *Footsteps!* Movement! She fires at heads and necks. The Top Guard "*barks*" orders.

Flying in: stun grenades. Mamba lunges out the alcove. Behind her-*B-B-BOOM!*

EXT. OUTER WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Her peripherals: Guards. She kneels firing split dual wield. One Guard twirls over the rail... *slams* a rickety roof.

Behind Mamba: *Noises!* More stun grenades bouncing in. She dashes toward the glowing side annex. *B-B-BOOM!*

The walkway *shakes*... FLAMES shoot out of the annex skylight... and the entire roof... the walkway tilts towards the inferno.

Mamba scrambles from flames... the walkway section breaks away... falls down onto the rickety roof... goes down through it...

INT. INTERSECTION, LOWER HALLWAYS - SAME TIME

Rumbling. Lights flicker, go dark. Reserves *buzz* on. Ahead, a riot in the main prison wing. Fire *alarms!*

Seven and Lion stop by a wall sign: "*Hoofkampbestuur*"

SEVEN

Noona, ya there?

LION

(flash of worry)

This way. And there goes my bittersweet retirement.

SEVEN

A comfortably amoral one.

LION

Hey, wasn't killing for money-

They round a corner... see a GROUP OF GUARDS. Brief stare down. Weapons twirled. Never flinch, Lion and Seven charge.

Lion is a heavy-weight MMA tornado of punches and kicks. His hardened frame resists all hits, tears forward.

Seven - same but lighter - *slams* the nightstick into weak points. Dodges and deflects hits.

The Guards' numbers work against them in the narrow hall. In the rear, the LAST TWO GUARDS look panicked.

MAMBA ON WALKWAY SECTION - SAME TIME

Dust settles. Her guns lost. She gets up... sees-

BIG BLACK (O.S.)
Hold your dogs back!

BIG WHITE (O.S.)
Stop! To be continued.

INT. FACILITY LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

-a big space with tables, chairs, cheap sofas and...

Big Black and Big White each with TWO GANG MEMBERS.
Hellish prison habits and long unsatisfied wants clash.

Mamba's iron rigor is at its limits "...fuck..."

BIG BLACK
Look at dat, Heaven sends an angel.

MAMBA
(instant trolling)
That's bad. Don't get much do you?

Black Gang, scowls. White Gang, lecherous smirks.

MAMBA (CONT'D)
And you, what the fuck? 'Master
race' can't beat three savages?

Boom! Her trolling works. Big Black "yells" at his Gang,
flings a chair then a table at the White Gang.

BLACK POWER #1 and #2 rush at Mamba who's eyeing them..

She unleashes hits into weak spots, a well-exploited edge.
Black Power #1: throat chopped, nose smashed, he falls back.
Black Power #2: ankle stomped, knee kicked, he tumbles.

White Power #1: wrist twisted-*BROKEN!* Knee to the face.
White Power #2: foot swept aside, two-fingers in his nose,
lifted into a kneeling headlock-*CRACK!* Goes his neck.

Mamba springs up gashing Big White's neck with her stiletto.
SFT! Metallic flash into Big Black's shielding forearm.

INT. LOWER HALLWAYS - SAME TIME

A Guard flies into a ceiling light. Another tumbles back.

Lion stops... his foot inches away from a neck. These last two,
YOUNG GUARD #1 and #2, seem 16-17 years old and very afraid.

Seven glances over the defeated others: all older.

INT. FACILITY LOUNGE - SAME TIME

Pulling the stiletto out... tossing it away-

BIG BLACK

All right... you pale-faced bitch.

MAMBA

Bad move.

She leaps forward spinning a kick. Dodged! Again, leg caught!

BIG BLACK

Bad move.

He swings her onto a table halving it. Mamba rolls back... Gets caught by her hair, pulled in, heaved with a "roar!" Mamba crashes down breaking a chair, staggers winded.

Big Black wall checks her-*SLAM!* Mamba writhes, spits at him. He backhands her face drawing blood, grips her throat.

BIG BLACK

Now we'll see what you good for.

He drags, flings Mamba between Black Power #1 & #2. Huge arms pin her. Big Black relishes the approach.

Mamba glares in fear. Fire eats through a wall. Sprinklers burst. The room resembles a riot scene... one she remembers...

MEMORY FLASHES: a chaotic street, extremists fight, a hydrant bursts, a WOMAN (30) shields Young Mamba (5), is beaten down.

Big Black spreads Mamba's legs. Goes for her vest. Sprinklers are going wild. Mamba struggles against trembling terror.

MEMORY FLASHES: the Woman's vest is torn open... hydrant spray rains... Young Mamba "cries" for her Mother -- BUT THEN --

Mamba's mouth is bloody. Part of Big Black's nose is gone. She spits the NOSE CHUNK. Headbutts his face, jolts loose, neck chops Black Power #1, elbows Black Power #2's face-

-springs up! Punches - *PUMMELS* - Big Black's face to a bloody mess, spins with a foot sweep. He crashes down, she leaps up!

Midair... right arm out... *FLINK!* She drops... fangs *SLAM* the neck. Shaking. Gargling. Eyes bulge, roll to white. The broken face contorts even more. Bitten by the mad "screaming" Mamba, eyes wide still seeing the flashing terrors.

The sprinklers stop. The room and six huge guys: obliterated.

And a WOMAN RISES, a bloodied devil in front of what just may be a portal to Hell. She's shaken... seconds later... iron rigor.

Mamba collects her stiletto. Above, the hole in the ceiling leads back out to the rickety roof.

Behind her: *click!* The room door. Mamba lunges to the wall, the door opens... she chops a Guard's neck. The one behind him swings a clumsy nightstick at Mamba's arm. She's unfazed-

-surges out through the door drawing her stiletto-

INT. LOWER HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

-*SLASH!* The second Guard, a young man (17) gargles blood.

TIME SLOWS... Mamba watches him crumble. Her bloody-faced fierce gaze... f a d e s... turns hard and infinite.

Mamba holding back inner writhing sees...

MEMORY FLASHES: an ornate wooden door... a stiletto duel... *SLASH!* Blood splatters a checkered floor.

Mamba spots dormant rear neck implants on the two just killed young men. She "*cusses*" with full spine shudder just as-

LION (O.S.)
Sister! Are y-?

Mamba jerks her head, sees: Seven, Lion, the Young Guards.

MAMBA
(pointing stiletto)
Them. New blood for the Lodge,
implant controlled.

LION
Yeah but still with a sense of self-
preservation.

Young Guard #1 hands him a key from an inner pocket.

YOUNG GUARD #1
Last door that way leads out back.

Mamba sees the Young Guards' rear neck implants: lights off. Her senses tingle, Young Guard #2 reaches for... a blade!

SLASH! He drops, his throat gashed by Mamba's stiletto. Seven nails his nightstick into Young Guard #1's forehead.

MAMBA
Argh fuck!

LION
What in the name...?

A nasty surprise for all but Seven is keenly gauging Mamba. Nearby, fire bursts into the hall. Mamba motions them to-

INT. FACILITY LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

-follow her. Lion and Seven see the mess, are impressed.

MAMBA

Don't ask. Up there.

They form a Lion-Mamba-Seven human tower, climb out.

EXT. RICKETY ROOF - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens and a chopper close in. Mamba and Seven pull Lion up. They rush and leap away as a searchlight begins to sweep.

INT. WINDOW, DERELICT BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Mamba peers through the tactical scope.

MAMBA

Fire department, police... also others, probably mercs.

Now Lion surveys the fiery scene some 100 meters away. Mamba looks him over quick, starts to size him up.

LION

These beasts, the Lodge's Private Military Company. Trained many of them here, they're capable...

He dwindles off still looking through the scope.

SEVEN

Lodge resources spread out'll make our movements easier.

LION

...but those... kids?

MAMBA

The Lodge's next generation, like those in Incheon.

LION

New to me but suspected something else. Here, building rear.

Mamba takes the scope to see...

Through scope: two refrigerated box trucks. Two more park. Staff scramble with white crates - each with a Technocratic Logo, the same as in Mr. Green's van - and rush inside.

LION (CONT'D)(O.S.)
 Medical tech. Or more precisely,
 organ harvesting.

Mamba and Seven shoot a look at Lion.

LION (CONT'D)
 Prizefighting is a decent racket,
 so th' gave me this.

A chest scar. It's subtle, went unnoticed until now.

LION (CONT'D)
 Said it was to revitalize me,
 didn't move like I was 30 anymore.
 Now 'm sure they stuffed a new
 heart in and *that's* the real
 racket. Healthy organs, big money.

SEVEN
 In a refit slaughterhouse, oddly
 fittin' for the Lodge. Or Medusa?

Ambience. They each mask a veil of worry.

MAMBA
 So it's healthy but not in any part
 synthetic? No trackers?

Lion, hand on his chest, can't be sure... a glimmer of worry.

MAMBA (CONT'D)
 But *this* is definitely coming out.

Lion's rear neck implant sits dim, partly embedded.

LION
 Out of range and off-

MAMBA
 Like those kids' implants? They
 were being kept *real* close. See?
 (her rear neck scar)
 Detach *completely* or you're alone.
 Show him.

Seven... shows his scar. Mamba's stiletto: *wh-wh-whoosh-STOP!*

Off Mamba's glare, Lion's uneasy look...

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - HALF HOUR LATER

On his tablet, Ulrich scrolls through aggregated intel that took some serious hacking and/or covert connections to get.

The look on his face is utter surprise... distracted by...

Laptop screen: a news story pop up, "*Johannesburg: Derelict Industry Aflame.*" Hazy footage, discouraged by armed guards.

He smiles, connects the dots as *b-b-beep!*

CCTV feed: Mamba, Seven and Lion enter the aircraft shelter.

INT. HANGAR, TOP LEVEL, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Large, busy, no windows. The hangar door, closed. Tucked in a helicopter sits Mr. Green, the razor smile at his tablet.

He's typing: "*Scallop Energy's operations in Nigeria will be fully protected. The country will be yours.*" Send.

Boop! A notification. Now a worried glint, he taps, sees...

Body cam feed: the Lodge's PRIVATE MILITARY COMPANY (PMC) wrangle control away from police and press in Johannesburg.

He "*mutters curses...*" a message from the RED HEAD contact pops up: "*You lost 13% of iced assets and a whole facility.*"

He glares typing: "*Herd can be culled, loss made up, video washed. Facility was redundant.*" Send. He dials Mr. Fox, aka-

Video call: -the wiry Nigerian Computer Guy from Wales who faux politely greets his boss, gets cut off.

MR. GREEN

Listen, Fox. Get your men in the shops, work only the front ends.

MR. FOX

The Butcher and Mechanic's assets are ready for market-

MR. GREEN

Information, secrecy, coordination. If you want a better den.

He ends the call. The screen morphs to the:

COBRA GLOBE LOGO

O.S. SOUNDS: *BANG! BANG!*

The Cobra's eyes are shot out. *GUNSHOTS* blast the head away. SEAMLESSLY, this is Mongoose's SHOOTING RANGE where-

INT. MONGOOSE'S HIDEOUT, UNKNOWN LOCATION

-an FN Five-Seven Belgian Army pistol smokes, nearby...

Spent targets with other symbols: a Hammer & Sickle, a Triskelion, Black Fist with Red Star, Crusader Crosses.

Mongoose - FACE STILL UNSEEN - smoothly safeties, spins, holsters the gun. His left armpit wound and shoulder bruise are better but he still favors his right arm.

He strides over to his computer desk with its many screens.

One screen: Johannesburg footage, CCTV and body cams.

He stops... zooms... the familiar silhouette. *Tap-tap-tap*. The blurry CCTV image from Brussels appears beside it.

He *pounds* the table on which... the bent stiletto shakes. His shoulder pain pulses. Deep *breathes*.

More *tapping*. Another screen cycles news stories.

A SERIES OF SHOTS with semi-transparent FLOATING GRAPHICS that hint at more details of this place and person in it.

GRAPHIC: "*Johannesburg: Derelict Industry Aflame*" (Apr. 2025)
 "...rumors of secret detention facility dismissed..."

A beret of the Belgian Army's *Bataljon Jagers te Paard*.

GRAPHIC: "*Scallop Energy delayed in Nigeria*" (Apr. 2025)
 "...land rights at stake... security contracts in bidding war..."

Worn copies of *A Clockwork Orange* by Anthony Burgess and...

GRAPHIC: "*Persistent Rumors Dismissed*" (Apr. 2025)
 "*Interpol: 'Real bad guys, Al Capone and Pablo Escobar, had tangible organizations... 'Medusa' was a myth, is now a meme.'*"

...Henry David Thoreau's *Walden* with a pistol on it.

Mongoose's eyes glare at an onscreen biometric scan... *b-boop*.

GRAPHIC: the CAN opens, the very busy deep web labor office for freelance assassins and mercenaries.

Beep. Mongoose's eyes shift to...

Secure device screen: "*Next deployment, will notify quicker.*"

The device in Mongoose's hand is - especially for the eagle eyed - just like Viper 5's seen in Incheon. Seen beyond it..
His big armored suit with a new sleek armor suit next to it.

EXT. CHARTER PLANE, AFRICAN SKY - LATE EVENING

Levels off in light clouds with bright blue far in the West.

INT. COCKPIT, CHARTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Ulrich sets the autopilot. Mamba enters, sits next to him.

ULRICH

You have a man stashed everywhere
you go?

MAMBA

Just two brothers. Now... *Mongoose?*

On his tablet: intel and photos of the underworld shake up
now with highlights of weapons and geolocation data from Rio
de Janeiro, Monaco, Hong Kong, Singapore and Lagos.

ULRICH

After you hit Bowen, he lost his
CAN-based income and tried to *hack*
the Lodge.

MAMBA

Rookie news: jobs pay, wars cost.

ULRICH

Still, he can get around, is ex-
military, likely NATO going by his
weapon choices.

MAMBA

Western intel's own black ops?

ULRICH

He would not hack the Lodge then
since it does not officially exist.

MAMBA

Some know it's real and what are
black ops for?

ULRICH

Then why would he do it *alone?* He
must be going on something else.

(MORE)

ULRICH (CONT'D)

But Bowen... he was trying to buy Jenapharm, a former East German corporation that *the Stasi* was involved in. The unit in question vanished in 1989, one year before a key date for, among others, *you*.

Mamba shudders inside as: *Whoomp!* A bout of turbulence.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

Bowen also had a lab in Dubai that was hit *and* was about to open one in, get this: *Lagos*. Hinting at...

He taps a file. Mamba looks close, eyes keywords...

On the tablet: "*INTERPOL - EUROPE - APRIL 2025 - REPORT*"
 "...possible links back to... *KGB... Stasi... Securitate... Jenapharm black project files... alleged covert network: 'Medusa'*"

MAMBA

Medusa... Lodge disinformation or the snake changing its skin?

Ulrich, finger up "*just a sec...*" he takes the tablet.

ULRICH

The Lyon files... there *are* cases mentioning 'Medusa' which is *the last thing* before a big, red stamp: 'D-N-P'

MAMBA

'Do not pursue?'

ULRICH

Officially, 'Medusa' was a post-Cold War exercise to game out the possible plans of former Warsaw Pact intel agents and it gave us-

He scrolls up, the red '**DNP**' streaks across the screen.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

-a neat catalog that brands overly curious agents 'unfit.' Food for thought... *with* strudel as the new report tacitly acknowledges Medusa.

MAMBA

...somebody's got hunches. Ok, I have my own to... verify.

She exits. Ulrich, back to the controls... checks a sidearm.

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Seven holsters his pistol, sits down relaxed. Lion dons the large combat suit, covers a bandage on the back of his neck.

Whoomp! Turbulence. Mamba enters with three water bottles.

LION
Sis, remember this?

MAMBA
Sure. Have a drink, bros.

She offers two, already open. On her right hand, the wrist device idles as Lion and Seven each take a bottle.

LION
A little hospitality and from me-
(pats neck bandage)
-no hard feelings.

MAMBA
I had to know if I could still
trust you. It's been a while.

She seems a tad sorry, gulps her water, "ahhh..."

Lion nods, swigs deep almost draining the bottle. Seven too. Mamba watches... satisfied.

MAMBA
Ok so, some catch up. Sit down.

LION
Like the feel of this as it's meant
to be worn.

MAMBA
Classic fit and look but... you
should really sit down, you're-

Lion's vision blurs, knees weaken, balance goes askew...

LION
...what did y...

MAMBA (CONT'D)
-tired. Black ops rule number
one: trust *but verify*.

Lion plops down. Seven also. The water... the wrist device...

MAMBA (CONT'D)
Small dose, nothing you big boys
can't handle. I need you out of the
way but what's *your* head telling
you...? 'When a man cannot choose-

Her stiletto: *wh-wh-whoosh-STOP!* An inch before Lion's eye... he fidgets, writhes, sweats.

MAMBA (CONT'D)

'-he ceases to be a man.' Anthony Burgess.

Lion gathers himself, talks out of a haze until...

LION

...told y' how to leave when I could have trapped y'... had y' in m' grip before w' climbed out... but now...

...it's clear, he downplays it. Mamba's prying glare misses it, she lowers the stiletto. Lion springs-

CCTV feed: -up! Snags Mamba into a bear hug.

She drops the stiletto gasping for breath. He rotates her. *Whoomp!* Turbulence. The stiletto *thunks* into the floor.

He thrusts her down-STOP! Her face, an inch from the floor. Hair, brushing it. Mamba catches her bearings.

LION

Self-control, just like you. Plus y' forgot already...

He places her upright. She feels dumb for being over taken.

Front of the cabin, peeking in unnoticed: Ulrich. Gun down, ready, he watches befuddled and intrigued.

LION (CONT'D)

...was made to be more resistant and got a new heart so am practically 30 again. *And y' used under 10mg, couldn't kill a mole-rat.*

MAMBA

I wasn't *trying* to kill you.

LION

Just verifying? Like an asset?

MAMBA

You *stayed* with the Lodge-

LION

Only home I knew.

MAMBA (CONT'D)

-were *chipped* for how long?

LION (CONT'D)

Don't trust me? So send m' back!

LION (CONT'D)
 Ruined a half-decent
 retirement.

MAMBA
 Sure thing, bro! You never
fucking cared anyway.

Caustic glares collide... they read every twitch... Lion erupts!

LION
 Had only each other to not worry
 about. Everyone else was a target,
 asset, supplier or don't bloody
 know anymore but y' two... *the only*
 ones I ever relied on. Or trusted.
 (boiling beat)
 The Old Lady's 'prime team' but
 maybe... just our own team. Whatever
 it was, was worth something.

Seven still feels like shit but also Lion's words.
 Mamba "...uuughs" glances at him digging for her smoke pack.

SEVEN
 Go to hell, noona. Just for an
 hour.

The pack is crushed, still moist. She "*cusses*" tossing it...
 they notice Ulrich stepping out.

ULRICH
 I have a plane to fly but need to
 make sure everyth-

MAMBA
 Everything's... fine.

ULRICH
 Ok, just make sure the sibling
 rivalry doesn't bring us down.

Whoomp! Everyone eyes everyone...

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - LATER, LATE EVENING

Seven gulps normal water. They all feel better, less tense.
 Yet still sit at a hair more than arm's length.

Lion nods along well into a catch up chat.

MAMBA
 ...after my tenth job on the CAN, I
 met Ulrich. We'd done several
 together by then.

SEVEN
 So... ya *do* like teamwork. After all-

INT. TRAINING ROOMS, THE LODGE - 2008 - FLASHBACK

Against a Cobra Globe Logo, Mamba bobs up and down... balances in a tree pose... on Lion's back as he does push ups.

SEVEN (CONT'D)(V.O.)
-it was our state of being.

She cartwheels off into a pose next to Seven by plain wall. Lion joins them. Shoulder pats. Downplayed joy.

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - PRESENT

MAMBA
You only remember the good parts.

SEVEN
And ya think too much of the bad.

Mamba downplaying inner writhing sees...

MEMORY FLASHES: a decorated hallway... the ornate wooden door... stiletto duel... *SLASH!* Blood splatters the checkered floor.

MAMBA
Sometimes, up close, we're dangerous. Even to each other.

LION
That wasn't y' fault, all had our initiation. But then w' met, hey!

Mamba remains torn. Seven's gauging of her is close to done.

LION (CONT'D)
And those good parts are what's really ours. Some of that 'self-styling' hmm...? Speaking of, in that slam, snuck some reading in. This black-yellow y' got going, not a mamba pattern.

Mamba raises her eyebrows "yeah and...?"

LION (CONT'D)
It's seen on a banded krait or 'possession of a book *hasn't* become a substitute for reading it.' Hmm...? Anthony Burgess, adjusted. Didn't think I could handle philosophy?

MAMBA
You can handle anything. But not everything can handle you.

LION
Humor's good for teamwork!

He pats their shoulders in their first happy moment in ages. Seven is reading Mamba's happy glint that's hiding something.

I/E. COCKPIT, CHARTER PLANE - NIGHT

Ulrich tweaks the heading. Clear starry sky.

INT. CABIN, CHARTER PLANE - SAME TIME

Low lights. The plane *hums*. Lion and Seven sleep. Several seats away... Mamba balms her face cut, sees her torn vest... doesn't feel a tear seep out. She tries to curl up...

PRE-LAP FADE IN: a sea of "*shouts and cries*," glass breaking.

Adrenaline gone, her gut aches, fists clench, teeth grind... *Gulp!* Her face goes to mush, she buries herself in her arms.

BLACK

EXT. STREET SIDE, MALMÖ, SWEDEN - DAY - 1990 - FLASHBACK

The calamity whose MEMORIES FLASHED during the lounge fight.

Young Mamba "*cries*" by her MOTHER who has a torn vest, beaten face and still eyes. Mamba's "*sobs*" drown out in a storm-

-of hatred as Nordic, Islamic, and Leftist extremists clash.

Nearby, her FATHER searches heart pounding... spots his family... a dead wife and terrified daughter... a shattered world.

A far overlooking roof... SOMEONE watches all the chaos.

INT. MAMBA'S FAMILY HOME, MALMÖ - EVENING

Behind curtained windows: the streets *rumble*, glow orange. Mamba sits trembling, looks to...

A family photo: camping at a mountain-side lake. Next to it... books and pamphlets in neat stacks.

Her Father paces in a decorated brown tunic. He fidgets... the photo... books... pamphlets... his face twitching with a maelstrom...

He storms out pulling on a ski mask, snapping up an AK-47. Mamba barely squeaks "*pappa...*" her Father is gone. She "*sobs...*"

DIRECTOR (PRE-LAP)
Don't worry... and-

INT. REAR, POLICE STATION, MALMÖ - EVENING - 3 DAYS LATER

The pinned hair bun hovers above Mamba, a ringless hand comforts her shoulder, the other wipes tears away.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

-don't be afraid, my Child. I will show you how to resist all harm.

Nearby, other children. They are in the LOCK UP. The few cops acquiesce to the Director's every move. A big door slides up.

Outside, LODGE STAFFERS open a black van. The Director nods. The children are taken, all look woozy except for-

-Mamba. Her eyes, right to the Director's. Her gait, iron and upright. She's sensed something beyond this room.

In the van, Mamba turns around - not yet recognizing NOLA right by her - shoots a glare at the Director again who-

-now stands with the Sentinel... both look right at Mamba. The Director curls a subtle smile... turns to the Sentinel...

...whispers something as the van doors *shut*.

BLACK

INT. LAB ROOM, THE LODGE - PRESENT

The "*Procedure Room*" door opens. The Director - hand to her chest, pleasant breaths - walks out swift, feeling good.

She pauses, looks at the Sentinel, smiles. The Sentinel offers no reaction, just follows as she continues.

INT. LAB ROOM, THE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

White crates with the Technocratic Logo as in Johannesburg line a long table. The Lead Med Staffer opens one revealing temperature-controlled storage for several human organs.

The Director receives a clipboard: "*Meta4gans Program*"

DIRECTOR

Priority for the key influencers and fresh incoming this week.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Beep, click. The two Guards see the Director is now more energized, snap to military-perfect attention.

Mr. Green rounds the corner, has a 'bad news' poker face.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - MINUTES LATER

On a screen: news footage reporting an "*industrial accident.*" The Lodge PMC, quick and professional, dominates the scene.

Another screen: PMC body cam footage of remaining prisoners being wrangled, sedated. One prisoner resists—*BANG!* Is shot.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Next time, you'll be held directly responsible.

The Director's ring glistens at Mr. Green who stands wary playing his move noting the Sentinel's eyes on him.

MR. GREEN

Yes, Director. We got a hold on the situation. Some CCTV is out, *but* the live assets were saved.

Onscreen CCTV: a medical room with the white crates handled by staff. Some angles are static or blacked out.

The Director *clicks* to other footage, nods satisfied at...

Onscreen CCTV: a floor drain room. The PMCs execute a Guard. Into a chute. Onto a trash heap. Others already burning.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

Some new ones were also acquired.

(tapping tablet)

However, my speciality, the business of video.

Onscreen CCTV: a parking lot, three people go to a hangar.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

A private flight took off soon after. They were traced back to near the Johannesburg facility.

Same screen: the parking lot behind the cheap strip bar. The three collect a stashed bag, hot wire a car.

The Director proudly recognizes her "*prime team.*" Looks to...

Adjacent screen: a list and map with highlighted places. "*Projected Destinations: Bloemfontein, Cape Town, Windhoek, Luanda, Nairobi, Mogadishu, Yaoundé, Lagos.*"

DIRECTOR

There's only one place Alpha Lion would go. Coordinate it personally and *bring* them.

MR. GREEN

Yes, Director.

He leaves sneaking a glance at the twelve badge display. Then by the door, that razor smile as he exits.

Quiet. Nice alpine view. The Director reaches into a drawer, takes out the medical device... the small needle extends... *FFT!* The device screen, readings. She notes them feeling mixed.

She taps console keys. Pops two pills as one screen cycles data and dossiers... stops on...

GRAPHIC: "*Ingrid Beata Sjöberg*" Mamba's dossier with years of updates, impressive stats and... the family photo now closer... her parents are both wearing brown tunics.

The Director gazes deep, "*sighs...*" behind her: the Sentinel... turns its head to look right at the photo. *Click.*

GRAPHIC: Mamba's dossier photo, a cold gaze.

She closes the dossier, its folder: *Malmö 1990*. Others in the *Mamba Program - Sidon 1991, S. Ossetia 1992, Mogadishu 1993, Haiti 1994, Sarajevo 1995, Misc. 1990-95* - all crisis zones.

Main window onscreen: a still frame of body cam footage from Johannesburg - the blurry, familiar silhouette.

DIRECTOR

How odd that an old enemy word fits you: Blessed. Our Finest Child.

(turns to the Sentinel)

Time for her Inheritance.

She admires the twelve badges labeled in either Russian, German, or Romanian: *KGB, Stasi, or Securitate.*

MOVE IN on adjacent screen: "*Projected Destinations*" all the way to the last city - *Nairobi... Mogadishu... Yaoundé... Lagos.*

EXT. LAGOS, NIGERIA - MORNING

GLIDING OVER a huge beach, a downtown with an office tower, "*Scallop Energy,*" past a sea of small roofs to an airport.

EXT. AIRCRAFT SHELTER, CHARTER TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Lion exits the plane with some bags, passes Mamba and Ulrich. Nearby... Seven watches - hunter's eyes - checks his holster.

MAMBA

Play this as a brief stop then ditch the plane.

ULRICH

Means we are back to a 24 hour out.
Here, I will be able to find you.
Stash these like your well-hidden
secrets, you know?

He shows two yellow hair clips and some wet tissue packets.

Off Seven's cold gaze...

EXT. PARKING LOT, AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

Mamba walks first, eyes cars. Seven eyes her, he's 100% sure.

LION

Hey, y' ok? Sleep well?

SEVEN

She didn't, was a bawlin' mess.

Mamba snaps him her cold gaze. Lion quietly sizes up details.

SEVEN (CONT'D)

Yeah *that*, a good mask but let me
guess: last night was ya bedtime
routine 'n ya wake up all the same.
Ya don't want anyone to see that ya
can't hold it together anymore.

Iron rigor, eye to eye, she weans in as a tempest pushes out...

MAMBA

Sometimes I *wish* I had your
conditioning but she kept me
'*normal*' to really *feel* a target.
Helps predict moves. And I felt
every. Single. One. In Brussels,
everything else flooded back. The
training... jobs... my father leaving...
my mother murdered *in front of me*...
because *I* killed a father, and a
mother... and their kid...

(*deep breath... a tear*)

...but here I am, so I think I have
it together *pretty goddamn well*.

Gazes locked, another tear, she struggles not to flinch.

SEVEN

Impressive but... black ops rule
number one: can we verify?

Boom! Mamba erupts! "*Cusses*" at him. At Lion. At everything.
Dumps out decades in seconds. Squats face buried and bawling.

Seven is safely amused still holding his bag.

SEVEN

And we just did. A big girl like you can't handle some heartache?

MAMBA

(rising)

You... only know the theory.

SEVEN

(tapping his head)

And in here, I'm in one piece.

MAMBA

So you're going to do this alone?

SEVEN

With him. He hasn't shoved a gun in my face.

Just as Mamba and Seven are about to boil over... Lion steps between them stirred by an epiphany.

LION

Hey *stop*. Verified something all right. Now relax. What are y-
(nudges them apart)

What are w' doing...? Like y' man said, sibling rivalry. Hmm? Call this a family. Remember?

MAMBA

...that's not a comfort.

LION

And who did y' share it with? Hmm? Because w' gave y' trust. Barely knew m' real one... was it even real? Don't know. Pain resistance is nothing if y' got a void inside. The Director knew it, force fed her cure but w' made *our own*.

Ambience. The airport *hums*. Thoughts run back decades.

LION (CONT'D)

Didn't just bring m' out here for some job, y' know it, y' feel it. And y' aren't even holster ready.

Seven, to his own surprise, is holding the bag with his holster arm. A calm begins to pervade.

LION (CONT'D)
 Wouldn't be like that with anyone
 else. Know I wouldn't.

MAMBA
 If this isn't a job, then what?

LION
 Taking this to where w' want it.

SEVEN
 The main thing she'd be against.

Eyes meet... they nod, pat shoulders, go arms in arms.
 It's like the old photo plus small smiles.

MAMBA
 Family, ok. We've got friends, too.

She's dug out two of the wet tissue packets.

EXT. SEA OF ROOFS, LAGOS - LATER, LATE MORNING

GLIDING ABOVE away from the airport, DOWN to one street with
 a hodgepodge of store fronts, vendors and traffic.

Among all that, a shoddy van pipes along.

I/E. SHODDY VAN, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lion drives. Mamba and Seven sit cooled with each other.

LION
 Point of interest coming up.

A guarded CAR REPAIR SHOP with, among others, two vans.
 Lion hangs a turn around the block.

INT. SHODDY VAN, INTERSECTION - MINUTES LATER

Takeout trays with mashed beans and bread, a Nigerian street
 food, Ewa Agoyin. Lion is loving it with huge mouthfuls.

Mamba and Seven eat slower yet belie hunger.

LION
 Mmm! True love! But *that* place is
 connected to the repair shop.

Across the intersection, a mediocre-looking bar.

MAMBA
 That hardly looks like a Lodge op.

LION

Run by a real mole-rat who's got this city sniffed out. Worked for m' supplier years back then turned the tables so he's our first lead. But *recently*, a big wig pharma investor tied to the skin trade here was knocked off.
(off their looks)
Know about that?

MAMBA

I knocked him off, for 200k.

SEVEN

And a little bonus.

LION

When big money talks no one interrupts or thinks too hard.

MAMBA

And the CAN had a contract for a job in Lagos within 24 hours.

LION

Put up by who? There's a load of players...

Epiphany. Mamba "*sighs cussing*" digging for her phone.

SEVEN

...but one head.

She shows them the "April 2025 Interpol Report."

MAMBA

Jenapharm had a department working on nervous system control, it was run by the Stasi. Vanished in 1989. A year later, the Lodge was formed with some likeminded people. *And Bowen*, the big wig, was trying to get their files, was going to open a lab right here in Lagos. So... I knock off a Lodge rival in Wales...

SEVEN

...I did in Rio and in Dubai where Bowen's other lab was...

LION

...been training their PMC.

MAMBA

House cleaning is one thing but a *consolidation* is the big one. The snake is changing its skin... we've been on a leash.

It all sinks in. Like sludge.

LION

Conditioning's final step: make y' think y' are a free spirit. Perfect motivation for their *prime* assets.

SEVEN

And that's why she wants us alive, to train the new generation.

LION

A bittersweet retirement.

MAMBA

After Johannesburg, we'd be reconditioned, put far from the Lodge. No choice and 'when a man cannot choose...?'

Ambience. Minds race all over.

SEVEN

...and how does Mongoose fit in?

MAMBA

(a glint of fury)
Bowen was using him to get at the Lodge... so the contract on Bowen-

SEVEN

-was put up by the Lodge. So many snakes, just one head. Medusa.

LION

Always more to the picture but now... there's Foxi the mole-rat.

Entering the bar, an entourage of GANGSTERS. Their LEADER... none other than Mr. Fox, the wiry Nigerian Computer Guy.

MAMBA

The first guy, I saw him in Wales.

LION

That's Foxi. Really upped himself, ok... let them go through a round or two and uh, sis-

MAMBA

Don't say 'honey trap.'

INT. MAIN FLOOR, MEDIOCRE BAR - 10 MINUTES LATER

A dormant disco ball. At the counter, the Gangsters sip palm wine, flirt with BAR GIRLS who play along like the BARTENDER.

Whoom! The front door. The Gangsters recognize Lion.

LION

Hey guys! Long time. That's new.
(disco ball)
Keeping things interesting. These
are m' associates, *just* business.

Mamba and Seven sit at a table, keep all within peripherals. She zips down to a v-line, the lure is out.

Lion continues to a side door. The Bartender "*oh shit...*"

INT. SIDE OFFICE, MEDIOCRE BAR - SAME TIME

Phone in hand, Mr. Fox taps business into a computer.

MR. FOX

-locker's full, Butcher's on hold.

LION (O.S.)

Foxi! What a surprise!

Mr. Fox snaps to a well-rehearsed façade.

MR. FOX

C-catch me... out back, l-later.
(hangs up, "*shit...*")
Um... B-big Lion, b-back alr-ready?

Off center from Lion's gaze: a partly obscured crate with... the Technocratic Logo. Doesn't belie he's seen it.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, MEDIOCRE BAR - SAME TIME

The Bar Girls are relieved as the Gangsters look confused at the new arrivals in *their* place... and that woman: "*...wow...*"

One TIPSY GANGSTER swigs, walks up eyeing Mamba... she's ready.

TIPSY GANGSTER

You 'er pimp?

SEVEN

No, she manages fine by herself.

Putting a hand on Mamba's shoulder-

TIPSY GANGSTER
How much for a-AHH!!

With one arm in a flash: wrist twist! He crashes via a chair to the floor "...whoa..." Mamba, total nonchalance.

MAMBA
Could I get a bottle of water,
please?

Awkward beat... the Bartender "*cracks up*" with a little clap.

BARTENDER
Yes, ma'am. Coming right up. For
you too, sir?

Seven shakes his head. The Bartender turns to the Gangsters.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Best thing I've seen all week.

They're on edge. Hands drift to... sheathed knives.

INT. SIDE OFFICE, MEDIOCRE BAR - SAME TIME

MR. FOX
H-hey, ok, o-ok. My guys, out th-
there, are m-my eyes and ears.

LION
M' people are out there too, no
mole-rat maneuvers.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, MEDIOCRE BAR - SAME TIME

Mamba gets a water bottle. Tipsy sobers up holding his wrist. Lion enters with Mr. Fox who sees... Mamba. He "*gulps...*"

LION
Now y' know y' gotta tell me about
new ops in town.

Quiet all around... hands hover on sheathed knives.

MR. FOX
W-whoa whoa, we sh-should really-

Inching to the bar, he sneaks a *wink*, the Gangsters see it..

MR. FOX (CONT'D)
-l-lighten the mood here.

Lion cracks his knuckles. Seven crosses his arms... has concealed hip holsters. Mamba grips the bottle.

MR. FOX (CONT'D)

J-just please, s-sit down. H-hands down. L-lighten up.

(to Bartender)

R-round on me, f-for everyone.

Let's j-just talk it out. L-lighten-

Disco lights! *Music!* Activated by a SNEAKY GANGSTER.

Never flinch. Mamba *smashes* the bottle on Topsy's face. Seven draws pistols: *PFT-PFT-PFT-PFT!* Lion flings a chair.

Gangster silhouettes twirl, drop. Bar Girls scramble away. Mr. Fox dashes out a back door, chair crashing behind him.

LION

Bring the van around!

MAMBA

(to Bar Girls)

Get out of here.

She and Lion bolt through the door, strain the hinges. Seven goes out the front with the terrified Bar Girls-

EXT. BAR FRONT, STREET - CONTINUOUS

-who blend into street traffic. Seven leaps into the shoddy van, starts it all in one move. *Vroom!*

INT. REAR HALLWAYS, MEDIOCRE BAR - SAME TIME

Mr. Fox "*screams*" past TWO SECURITY GUARDS, same uniforms as in Johannesburg. They draw batons, one also a walkie talkie.

Mamba and Lion hang a corner. She leaps! Bounces wall to wall over Guard #1... boot into #2's face. Lion swings a hook at #1.

Up ahead, Mr. Fox *slams* a light metal door.

LION

Got it!

In full stride, he kicks open the door, it barely hangs on. Ahead, Mr. Fox scrambles "*shouting*" past Guards #3, #4 & #5.

Lion slides on his knees, cuts down #3, a stiletto flies into #4's neck as he fires off a wild pistol shot-*r-r-ricochet!*

Lion swings #3 like a hammer into #5-*CRUNCH!*

Ahead, Mr. Fox *shuts* a heavy metal door with a small window. Mamba snags her stiletto, scoops up two pistols.

MAMBA

Got it!

She shoots the door window, swan dives through-

INT. BIG STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-springs up into a dual wield whirlwind. Guards #6 to #11 manage only wild shots. Mamba's pistols *click* dry.

Down her gunsights: Mr. Fox disappears into a metal hallway.

His "*shouts*" *echo* as Mamba kicks open the metal door latch. Lion pounces in, they both see...

FIRST WIDE LOOK: solid gray walls, tall metal racks stocked with gun crates... bingo: the Technocratic Logo.

LION

Locker's full all right.

He goes to a gun rack, snaps up a Saiga-12 auto shotgun.

BLAM! A gray crate lock shatters. Mamba lifts the lid, sees... two dozen QSZ-92 pistols and ammo mags. She snags two.

In a neat corner: white crates, the same as in Johannesburg and in the Lab Room in The Lodge.

Stun grenades fly in! They spring to cover Lion kicking a crate, it partly shields from the *B-B-BLASTS!*

From the metal hallway, four Guards with SMGs pour in. Get cut down by pistol *SHOTS* and shotgun *BLASTS*.

I/E. SHODDY VAN, STREET CORNER, LAGOS - SAME TIME

Exhaust *coughs*. Seven twirls the wheel, yanks the handbrake. Tires *screech*. The van drifts through a traffic gap.

INT. METAL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Mr. Fox ducks behind a closing thick metal door.

Mamba's stiletto-*SFT!* A graceful *whooshing* path right to... between the door and frame...

CLANG! The door bounces back. Lion yanks it aside. Mamba rolls in low, Lion steps in high into-

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

-a busy place with Guards #12 to #15. Shots *WHIZ*, shelves fall, glass *SHATTERS*, sparks fly-*WHOOSH!* A gas can ignites scorching the "screaming" #12.

Mamba pulls down a scared WORKER below wall-tearing bullets then fires between shelves blowing back #13.

Lion fires cautious single shots, hits a hydraulic car lift... it falls crushing a hiding #14.

On instinct, Lion spins with a huge kick-*WHAM!* Sends #15 through an open blue van into collapsing shelves.

Vroom! Far side, a green van peels out.

Lion fires, *SHATTERS* the rear window. *Click!* Shotgun's empty... He sees Mr. Fox "yelling" to the Sneaky Gangster driving.

EXT. FRONT, REPAIR SHOP, STREET - CONTINUOUS

The green van *SLAMS* messing up the shoddy van's front left. Mamba and Lion sprint out... Seven tosses Mamba a pistol.

LION
He's riding shotgun.

MAMBA
Going high.

SEVEN
Goin' low.

I/E. GREEN VAN, STREET - SAME TIME

MR. FOX
Green's gonna be pissed!

SNEAKY
Those were elites!

Thunk! Sneaky gargles blood, drops onto the wheel-*hooooonk!* Mr. Fox freaks out as the van swerves.

One rear tire is out. The van rams through street stands, jolt stops, Mr. Fox stumbling out.

EXT. FRONT, REPAIR SHOP, STREET - CONTINUOUS

They see Mr. Fox - tiny in the crowded street - dash off.

MAMBA
Get wheels and snake him.

She sprints off after Mr. Fox, Seven into the repair shop.

EXT. STREETS, CHASE - MOMENTS LATER

The snake: Mamba dashes after Mr. Fox, Lion keeps her within sight to guide Seven who follows in a blue van.

Mamba sees Mr. Fox bolt into a STREET MARKET. Lion follows, signals Seven who swerves onto the PARALLEL STREET.

They're in their element but traffic density and Mr. Fox's home field advantage make it tough.

Mr. Fox, Mamba and Lion: weaving among, leaping over, sliding under and pushing through on foot.

Seven: handling the wheel, the van inches from accidents.

Locals: wonder "what the...?" Get back to their day.

Mamba's gaining but soon enough... Mr. Fox spots more-

EXT. CAFÉ FRONT, QUIETER STREET - CONTINUOUS

-Gangsters hanging out. "Yelling" he storms in, they follow... the door almost shuts. Mamba kicks it in, strains the hinges.

HOLD ON: the CAFÉ FRONT with a LARGE WINDOW. While inside... a wild, whipped up Hell *BOOMS*.

Lion reaches the scene, sees the blue van coming, pounces in, strains the door more.

Seven pulls up, gets out. It's a cleaning company van. Some curious bystanders look on. Seven, total nonchalance.

SEVEN

Family business. My bro 'n sis are remodelin' inside.

The *BOOMING* continues... *CRASH!* Mr. Fox flies out, he's K.O. Lion leaps out. *Whoom!* Mamba out the door, it falls away.

SEVEN

There they are.

He scoops up Mr. Fox, Mamba and Lion on his heels, sliding door closing, the van already driving off.

I/E. BLUE VAN, AVENUE - MINUTES LATER

They pull into steady traffic. Seven drives. Lion prods the bloody-faced Mr. Fox with a baton, nothing.

LION

Was helping *run* things when y' got paid for Bowen?

MAMBA

A career hopeful. He's got major assets here.

SEVEN

With the former intel agencies tied to the Lodge, Lagos is perfect.

MAMBA

But the main guy in Wales must be from the Lodge, also... he had this side hustle, videos of kills.

SEVEN

Of which ya got a cool slice, huh?

MAMBA

And I'll hunt him with it but the Director wouldn't approve-
(click!)
-she doesn't know. The snake may not just be changing its skin, it's going to be a whole new one.

SEVEN

Or many: Me-*fuckin'*-dusa.

Mamba nods convinced, digs for her smartphone and...

LION

Then they're also in Rio, Dubai and the UK. And all the places-

...shows the intel from Ulrich.

MAMBA

-Mongoose hit: Monaco, Hong Kong, Singapore... and Lagos. He was *here* but didn't hit his place.

LION

Means there's more. The Lodge is more than consolidating, they're expanding. Assassination, security and the skin trade only go so far. Their lucrative new gig is the organ trade.

Mamba's eyes snap to Lion's hand on his heart.

LION (CONT'D)
Y' don't have any?

MAMBA
We just got the 'vitamins.'

SEVEN
With their pharmaceuticals and
harvested organs, they could sell
longevity. And forget conditioning,
they'll be *designing* assassins and
soldiers in labs.

Off their looks as...

Unseen by them: a few cars behind... a SPORTY JEEP weaves past
traffic, follows them as they turn out of town.

INT. MILITARIZED FACILITY - SAME TIME

The Cobra Globe Logo looms on a metal wall, under it...
Vipers suit up for combat. Their neck implants are green.

Among them... a familiar face, Viper 5 with her sniper rifle.
She pockets her secure device in a refined unnoticed motion.

The Vipers march. Viper 5 ADJUSTS HER STRIDE to be in step
yet remains a hair out of tune. And only she knows it.

EXT. HELIPADS, MILITARIZED FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

The Vipers board choppers behind which is... the Lagos skyline.

By one chopper, Mr. Green in a suit, *not* Lodge Uniform, he
eyes a marked point on a navigation device then smiles at...

His tablet: stock information for "*Scallop Energy.*"

He boards the chopper, turns back to a PMC Officer with a
Technocratic Logo on his uniform like his nearby troopers.

MR. GREEN
Get to that shop, move the assets.
Clean the rest. *All* of it.
(shows tablet)
The last of these shenanigans for
the Old Lady then *action.*

The chopper lifts off. Then two others after it, in one...
Viper 5 sits by the open door, plain-faced like the others.

She shifts readying her rifle, gazes out... her eyes a bit to
the side toward the chopper's direction.

I/E. BLUE VAN, COUNTRY ROAD, OUTSIDE LAGOS - MINUTES LATER

The blue van bounces along. Far behind it... the sporty jeep. Inside, Mr. Fox is still out cold, bloody nose dried.

LION

He'll give us all he knows.

MAMBA

If need be, one broken finger at a time. Not just some job, this is-

SEVEN

-war! I can get more guns and gear within 18 hours.

MAMBA

Easy on the blitzkrieg, there's three of us. I say cause enough havoc, get Interpol connecting new dots. Intel goes out, the Lodge's network gets exposed. We stay sharp *then* before Interpol coordinates, never flinch: we blitz the Lodge. Call it, a haircut for Medusa.

LION

All about hair, sis.

Agreement sets in... Mr. Fox "*groans...*" Mamba's senses tingle...

Side view mirror: movement on the dusty road..

MAMBA

We've got a tail.

LION (O.S.)

Ah! Nap time's over!

Side view mirror: the sporty jeep appears. *POOF!*

Thud! Between a waking Mr. Fox's legs: a grenade.

LION

Bail!

They leap out, roll away-*BOOM!* The van tears in half.

I/E. FLYING CHOPPERS, OUTSIDE LAGOS - SAME TIME

On the navigation device, the marked point blips off.

MR. GREEN

Double time it to the last reading.

All choppers accelerate. Viper 5 grips her rifle tighter.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, OUTSIDE LAGOS - SAME TIME

Dust settles. The van wreck burns.

Mongoose approaches in the sleek armor suit and with a lighter assault rifle, sees Mr. Fox's body smoldering.

In TALL BUSHES nearby... Mamba and Lion crouch. He has a baton and pistol. She has a stiletto, pistol and is ready to kill.

MAMBA

Triad.

She rolls away and bolts before Lion can say anything. Mongoose spots her, aims... shots *ricochet* from his helmet.

CUTAWAY: Far side of the road, Seven firing his pistol.

Lion springs up "*cussing*" firing. They maneuver Mongoose into a three-way crossfire, their peppering shots spoil his aim.

DINK! Mongoose's rifle is knocked away. Pistols *click* dry. Lion, baton. Seven, empty hands. Mamba twirls her stiletto.

Mongoose's neck TWITCHES, he pulls out his mace, heaves furious breaths under his helmet and goggles.

They stare down... move around... leap into a melee whirlwind! Mamba, Seven and Lion are coordinated. One in followed by another. Mongoose takes hit after hit.

Yet his armor deflects, absorbs. His mace parries strikes but never hits as each target escapes as another jumps in.

Mongoose swings harder - *angrier* - at Mamba, his main target. Eyes on her each chance he gets. Fury simmering wild.

Mamba nails a boot on his helmet, goggles fly off, reveal... boiling eyes. Mongoose draws the bent stiletto.

O.S. SOUNDS: distant *rumbling* starts to close in.

Pointing it right at Mamba-

MONGOOSE

You are what you do.

He launches into a frenzy getting an edge on Mamba's agility.

Lion reaches, grabs Mongoose... gets twisted into a tight hold, twirled like a mace at Mamba and Seven.

Mongoose stabs Lion under the left arm pit, yanks the blade to Lion's neck-STOP! Lion never felt such injury or defeat.

Mongoose glares at Mamba, dislocates Lion's left shoulder. She's befuddled, disturbed. Seven charges furious.

Mongoose heaves Lion at him, makes them a crumpled heap.

O.S. SOUNDS: The *rumbling* is closer.

Mongoose's power now has an edge on Mamba's agility... he grips her right wrist, glances at the device- a split second error.

Mamba strikes his INJURED SHOULDER, he staggers "groaning..." A spin kick-*WHOOMP!* His helmet flies off... *clanks* down...

Next to the burning van wreck, glares of hate lock.

MONGOOSE

And you are what you did.

He's a European male (25), on the side of his neck: a scar.

Mamba downplaying utter shock sees...

MEMORY FLASHES: a sobbing boy... *FLINK!* Fangs *partly* into his neck... the "little face" now a chiseled adult.

Loud *rumbling* as three choppers close in and around. *GUNFIRE!* A fusillade *RIPS* between them. Mongoose lunges for...

His rifle - *CRACK!* - a shot disables it.

CUTAWAY: in a chopper, Viper 5 cycles her rifle, eyes keen.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, OUTSIDE LAGOS - MOMENTS LATER

A platoon's worth of boots all around. Mr. Green exits a chopper, dons his nice shades, flashes his razor smile at...

Seven, Lion, Mongoose and then Mamba. For him this is fun. He spots Mr. Fox's scorched remains.

MR. GREEN

No worries, dime a dozen but the real shame is we couldn't keep it at good business. Wrangle them.

TFT! On Mongoose's neck scar, a dart. Mad twitch. Limp. Down. Just then, Mamba recognizes Viper 5 from the photo-*TFT!*

Mamba's vision *splutters*, the world tilts... boots approach... she fights heavy eyes... is dragged... drifts off dreading...

BLACK

INT. THE LODGE - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE (1996-2002)

Mamba's squared away trauma now erupts into a HAZY NIGHTMARE that slowly BECOMES CLEARER.

INT. CALISTHENICS ROOM - 1996

Mamba (11) rises to her knees heaving breaths... a hand waits... Nola (11) offering the warm gesture... Mamba accepts.

Nearby, the Director (41), conducting activities with an array of intonations and gestures, glares with disapproval.

INT. FIGHTING ROOM

Feet shuffle. Fists fly. *SLAM!* Into Mamba's face. She falls... a hand extends... now from another PUPIL.

Nearby, Nola watches... Mamba knocks the hand aside, gets up by herself glancing to Nola, they downplay their pride. *Clap-*

-clap-clap... the Director with the Cobra Globe Logo looming.

INT. CLIMBING WALL, CALISTHENICS ROOM

BANG! Mamba rushes in a rank of pupils, scrambles for grips. Some slip, dangle in harnesses. Staffers note "Xs" by names.

The Director's gaze weans to her prized pair... Mamba and Nola.

Mamba taps the cap stone first by a quarter-second. On their bruised, scarred faces... small smiles curl.

INT. LAB ROOM

Lab equipment appendages inject Mamba in a patients' chair. A hand runs through her hair... the smiling Director.

She marks "O" on the back of Mamba's neck.

INT. PUNCHING BAGS, LAB ROOM

Mamba and Nola punch, kick, head butt, etc. Screens display measurements as a Staffer "checks" down a page.

The Director nods proud. The girls are too.

INT. SHOOTING ROOM

Mamba and Nola hit targets with small pistols. Good shots. Their evaluations, lots of "checks." Other pairs, more "Xs."

The girls smile, snap to attention noticing... the Director gazing deep at them with the Sentinel at her side.

INT. FIGHTING ROOM

Mamba duels a Pupil. Nola watching almost channels energy to Mamba who dodges, gets a one-two hit, fists still up fierce...

A new instinct *clicks!* She pummels the Pupil's face to pulp. Some Pupils smile, some gasp, most remain silent... puzzled.

Nola stands up proud locking eyes with Mamba. They both feel the others' respect. From aside, the Sentinel is watching.

The Director stars "accept" with a thick red pen.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE FIGHTING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The Director oversees Pupils leave. A Staffer directs some, including the ONE MAMBA DEFEATED, down another hall.

Mamba and Nola look... a baton turns their heads. It's held by... the Sentinel whose masked gaze is square at Mamba.

A BAGGED HEAD

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Failure is an enemy. Whoever failed
is to be treated like an enemy.

The bag comes off, reveals a rear neck implant, on the front... Mamba's scarless face (now 17) still with a hint of optimism.

INT. SHOOTING ROOM - 2002

Mamba's memory/dream is now CRYSTAL CLEAR... she's in a line with Nola and 8 Pupils. Pistols wait.

A wide curtain rises... on the floor, lines from each Pupil to... GAGGED PUPILS in chairs with "X'ed" foreheads.

DIRECTOR

Never flinch in the presence of
your enemy.

Pistols snap up, aim. Mamba, Nola and 4 others: *B-BA-B-BANG!*

3 Pupils, a few nervous seconds later: *BANG! BA-BANG!*
1 gun hovers shaking. One "enemy" still upright.

Another gun... held by... the Sentinel. *BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!*
Then deep "*sighing*" breaths from under the mask.

Mamba, Nola and the 4 others stand in a decimated line with blood and brains on the sides of their faces.

DIRECTOR

Failure is an enemy. Whoever failed
is to be treated like an enemy.

(beat)

An enemy is *still* in front of you.

All 6, a synchronous aim-BANG! The "enemy" flips back.

DIRECTOR

Unitary, solitary, and forward,
never flinch. See your success.

Young bloody faces share smiles. The Cobra Globe Logo looms.

INT. DECORATED HALLWAY

From Mamba's MEMORY FLASHES. Lined with console tables and
Lodge Cult Art. Mamba and Nola march proud in uniforms.

Ahead, the ornate heavy-wooden door opens to reveal-

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM

-a ceremonial vibe... a ring of columns... walls unseen save for...

One Cobra Globe Logo before which waits the Director with two
pristine stilettos. The Sentinel is just off to the side.

DIRECTOR

A Mamba has two fangs. The first is
given. The second is earned... fight.

The two Pupils turn wide-eyed at each other.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Or *fail*.

Snap to fighting stances. Friendship clashes with training.
Strikes uneasy. Mind and body pulled apart. Blades CLANG.

The Director watches her plan for excellence congealing.
The Sentinel is closer... leans in... eyes following the fight.

Strikes faster. Mamba is a fraction of a second ahead... CLANG.
Unease turns to fear... blades nick flesh... fear turns to anger-

-a furious SLASH! Nola's throat gashes open. Mamba "screams"
her heart out, blood sprays onto her face, her soul falls.

Beaming with accomplishment-

DIRECTOR

Ingrid!

MAMBA'S FACE - PRESENT - 24 HOURS AFTER LAGOS

Jolts awake with a heart-wrenching "scream." She's on-

INT. HOLDING CELL, HALLWAY, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

-a concrete slab with a mat. Teary, sweaty, heaving breaths, she launches into crunches. Her neck collar: green light.

Unseen by her, opposite cell: Mongoose sans armor, same collar. He relishes in her agony, gladly *startles* her.

MONGOOSE

I sure hope you always wake up like that. I'm glad I got to see it, once is enough. This fucking close!

Just visible in Mamba's eyes, an earthquake that weans to...

MAMBA

I saw my mother die. Was turned into something I never would've been. Snapped out of it when I saw another kid lose his mother... here he is, a killer all on his own.

...sharp poise. Mongoose is surprised, fidgets fuming.

MONGOOSE

...you made this-*YOU!* That's what you are, you are what you do. And *I* kill your kind. You'll be the last. Dreading it until you beg for it.

MAMBA

You made your choice. I had none. Makes you more human than me.

Curveball. Totally unexpected.

MAMBA (CONT'D)

You also chose to ram a city bus. I've kept innocents out of my loop for 15 years. You were the first.

Boom. On some level he knows she's right.

MONGOOSE

...whatever this place is, one of us is *not* getting out.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Such talent is not to be wasted.

Step-step-step... the Director is between them. She's alone. Mamba, her cold gaze. Mongoose, simmering.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

The prodigal Daughter and the Son she made. Excellent. Could be a Prime Team like no other.

MONGOOSE

Fuck you, this whole place and your dens of vipers and killers.

DIRECTOR

Emotions are to be disciplined. We'll see what you're good for.

She *clicks* a remote. His collar: yellow. He droops... sleeps. The Director - for the first time - beams warm.

DIRECTOR

Ingrid. Welcome Home.

INT. OTHER HOLDING CELLS, HALLWAY, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Lion lays bandaged, eyes twitching from a long dream.

Opposite cell... Seven... flinching eyes... shoot open! He gasps. On instinct, he eases down, yet looks quite shaken.

Collar, green light. He slips to the bars... checks the hall... clear. Sees Lion asleep. In his boot... the lock pick.

INT. LAB ROOM, THE LODGE - MINUTES LATER

Beep, click. Staffers wheel a gurney with Mongoose up to a large console. Hook him up: head, heart, arms, legs.

The Lead Med Staffer runs configurations, hits "*enter.*"

On a screen: "*Loading hypnopedic instruction.*"

INT. HALLWAY CORNER, NEAR LAB - SAME TIME

The two Guards stand by the Lab... are spied by... Viper 5.

She ducks back. Beneath trained rigor, her nerves race. She has a stiletto, a pistol... *clicks* the safety off.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

The Director *shuts* the door. The Sentinel *isn't* here.

Mamba feels an odd angle askew... the Director removes the collar, shows two yellow hair clips in her ringed hand.

DIRECTOR

A step ahead of your Siblings, not
your Mother. But... that *hair*.

MAMBA

Self-styling... you're *not* my mother.

The Director smirks knowing something, begins unbuttoning her uniform tunic, reveals a t-shirt, an ODD CHOKER NECKLACE and...

DIRECTOR

I may not have brought you into
this world *but I* gave you Life...
...and it was a better one than mine.

...scarred Amazon warrior physique. She's proud of those scars.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Each one a lesson in resolve. It
was so wonderful being a Cobra.

Off her nostalgic smile and Mamba's total surprise...

EXT. REMOTE FACILITY, FAR EAST, USSR - 1975 - FLASHBACK

A formation falls in. Top CADETS (all 20s) from Communist Bloc nations: Soviet, East German, Romanian are the bulk.

A scar-faced Spetsnaz officer - always in uniform, emotes just with his eyes, call him KOZLOV - speaks to the Cadets.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Father was a great man but
objectively too harsh.

Hearts race. Fear. Awe. One Stasi cadet, the YOUNG DIRECTOR. Eyes drift to... a Cobra Globe Logo with the Hammer & Sickle.

The Cadets holler a huge "*oooraaah!*"

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS, REMOTE FACILITY - DAY

Calisthenics, swimming, obstacle courses. Merciless. Cadets push on with bloody noses, open scars, etc.

Formations of 12 cadets run. One with the Young Director. Up ahead... a line of trucks. The Cadets stop, heave breaths.

Kozlov scans them over, nods, looks down to irrigation hoses... that spray blood! The trucks open... SAVAGE DOGS leap out.

The Cadets dash, scramble atop obstacles. Some are caught. Everyone hears, most see. Nerves harden.

EXT. FRONT, BARRACKS, REMOTE FACILITY - DAY

Mangled, eaten Cadet corpses are tossed onto a trash fire.

Kozlov mouths-

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
(Russian, subtitled)
Failure is enemy. Whoever failed is-

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - PRESENT

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
-to be treated like an enemy.
(back to English)
You also thrived on that. But...

She puts her hand to Mamba's slightly healed face cut.

INT. LAB, REMOTE FACILITY, USSR - 1975 - FLASHBACK

A syringe marked "Jenapharm" jabs into an arm belonging to...

DIRECTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Father's greatest mistake. He saw
his Cobras as *just* soldiers.

...the Young Director grinding her teeth like the other Cobras.
Kozlov glares cold nodding.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - PRESENT

The Director snaps up a remote next to the medical device.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
That was *only part* of who we were.

Click. The windows are really screens with photos and footage
seen as FLOATING GRAPHICS of the mentioned Cold War events.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
1977, first blood in Angola. 1979,
Afghanistan. Cobras paved the way.
1983, Grenada. 4 US Navy Seals
drowned... *not* due to a missed
insertion.

She's proud of that but pain... the pill bottle, she pops-

INT. LAB, REMOTE FACILITY, USSR - 1984 - FLASHBACK

-two pills. The Cobras are combat-fatigued, over-drugged.
A Medical Staffer explains to Kozlov who hates the news.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)
 Father's vision took its toll... but
 12 of us knew, a Cobra grows-

Kozlov sees his weakened unit out of which TWELVE, including the Young Director, stare at him seemingly in coordination...

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - PRESENT

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 -by changing its skin. The best
 soldiers are not just resilient but
 idealistic. So my Mambas were going
 to be my Children-

Mamba's MEMORY FLASHES: training, schooling, meals, etc.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 -with not *just* the Old Rod and
 Staff. That meant an earlier start.
 I had waited to tell my plan which-

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - 1990 - FLASHBACK

The Director speaks with vivid gestures to the "12 who knew."

DIRECTOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)
 -even the Lodge Founding Brothers
 and Sisters feared as too radical.
 Like Father, a Child's idealized
 loyalty had long left them... *but*...

Her audience thinks she's mad. A boiling beat... she "*signals*."
 From behind the columns... Guards emerge, fire tranq darts.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - PRESENT

The twelve badges gleam on crimson felt.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 ...finally, at my Mambas' initiation,
 10 of them were 1-by-1 convinced.

Mamba's MEMORY FLASHES: the wrist device is snapped on... the head-bagged person... *FLINK!* The Director is so very pleased.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 The last I saved for myself.

INT. FLOOR DRAIN ROOM, THE LODGE - 2002 - FLASHBACK

The door *clangs* shut. The Director, satisfied glare, puts a gun to the back of an emaciated and distraught man's head.

DIRECTOR
 (Romanian, subtitled)
 Now you know, Brother.

BANG! Blood drains. The corpse is kicked into a chute.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - PRESENT

The Director hugs Mamba with one arm *clicking* a remote...
 a FLOATING GRAPHIC pops up next to them.

GRAPHIC: Mamba's Lodge dossier photo, its cold gaze contrasts
 with her inner writhing but she begins gathering herself..

Circling Mamba then heading to her desk-

DIRECTOR
*Ingrid Beata Sjöberg. 'Beata' means
 'blessed.' I always knew you would
 be very capable.*

Mutual MEMORY FLASHES: the police station... wiping tears...
 Mamba's iron gait... their eye to eye as the van doors *shut*.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Still, was surprised by your gift
 from birth: asexuality, the all too
 rare restraint from temptations yet
 still able to understand them. You
 achieved absolute self-control.

Boom. The piercing stare. Mamba starts edging closer..

MAMBA
 I won't let you exploit the one
 part of me that's genuine.

DIRECTOR
 Genuine like your focused training.
 The finest of my Children.

MAMBA
 And Mongoose? He killed your
 '*children.*'

DIRECTOR
 Don't lament destruction when it
 leads to Superior Creation.

MAMBA
 Interesting... your underling with
 nice shades, do you trust him?

Curveball at the Director, she notices Mamba's edging..

MAMBA (CONT'D)

He's got a side hustle, at *least* one... you missed it. So pre-occupied with your '*children*' you failed to verify your assets. Blacks ops rule-

She strik-*can't!* Writhes in place.

Around the room... *beeping* sensors including... the Cobra Globe Logo's blinking red eyes.

The Director relishes the moment. Then *barks*.

DIRECTOR

Never ahead of your Mother. *Ingrid!*

Mamba snaps to trembling attention. The Director beams warm.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I made sure that *my* Children were better off than me. I gave them-

INT. LAB ROOM, THE LODGE - 1996 - FLASHBACK

The Director's hand runs through Mamba's hair. Lab equipment appendages inject Mamba at the lymphatic system's nodes.

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

-exceptional lymphatic systems. Not even one cold ever. But do you know-

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - PRESENT

One hand runs through Mamba's hair, the other holds the family photo, a small HD print. She punctuates with disgust.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

-what they had in stock for you...? Why were you there...? On that day...?

Mamba's MEMORY FLASHES: rioting... dead mother... shocked father.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

They... were Stasi assets, a cell of the Red Army Faction. Took the 'One Child Policy' to heart by raising a little red riding pioneer.

Mamba's MEMORY FLASHES: her father's AK-47... his brown tunic... a Red Star insignia... the books: *The Urban Guerrilla Concept*.

For Mamba, a sacred taboo is violated. The Director smiles.

EXT. ROOF POV, MALMÖ, SWEDEN - DAY - 1990 - FLASHBACK

Overlooking the riot... it happens upon Mamba's tragedy.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)
 Other groups had their own plans.
 It allowed for... Superior Creation...

The POV is the Director, an epiphany lights up on her face.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE LODGE - PRESENT

On a screen: a large version of the family photo. Background details now seen: red banners, slogans... a Hammer & Sickle.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Your love of them and hate for me
 made it possible. But they would
 have raised you into thumping a
 manifesto while working for the
 bourgeoisie. Or bombing it.

She smirks at the last part. Mamba is sullen... defeated...

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 I, I made you into the Strongest
 Individual you could have become.
 Your father... wouldn't argue.

...perks up at that last part spoken in a different tone.

The Director takes Mamba's arm, caresses its faint scars.
 Shows her arm... lots of scars, less healed, yet she beams.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Always kept you in priority for the
 balm. Still, once age hits you'll
 need those.
 (pills, medical device)
 Maybe even a new heart like your
 Older Brother. He'll die without my
 care. Your Little Brother, too. All
 you need is here, your Inheritance.

The Office. Big. Comfortable. High-tech. Secure.

Off Mamba in the Director's smiling motherly grasp...

INT. CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - MINUTES LATER

Mr. Green, now in Lodge Uniform, nods with his secure device.

MR. GREEN
 30 minutes, office. Yes, Director.

He clicks off. Brainstorm.. deep *breath*. He eyes all around... the same Guards as before notice one by one... his FACTION.

MR. GREEN
 (to self)
 Information, secrecy, coordination...
 and action.

He *snap*-signals, some Guards with COLLAR PINS follow him.

INT. OTHER HOLDING CELLS, HALLWAY, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Empty. *C-c-click!* Seven exits his cell, goes for Lion's.

LION
 Got one and a half arms, basically.

SEVEN
Quietly to the server room.

C-c-click! They head toward some stairs... at the top... a door.

Seven peeks through a slit, two Guards. Signals "2" to Lion. Mutual nods. Seven swings opens the door.

Lion pulls, flings one Guard down the stairs. Seven lunges low for the other. Sweep, neck *chop*, dead.

They search the bodies, each brandish a baton and pistol.

INT. HALLWAY CORNER, NEAR LAB - SAME TIME

Viper 5 waits. Around the corner: *Beep, click*. She peeks out... the Lead Medical Staffer is leaving. Never flinch.

Quick, quiet gait, aim: *PFT! PFT! PFT!* Headshots.

INT. LAB ROOM, THE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

Beep, click. Viper 5 with the access card. Staffers barely react - *PFT! PFT! PFT!* - drop.

In her peripherals: a Guard drawing a gun!

Viper 5 spins a kick, hits the gun, *PFT!* Headshot. She rushes to Mongoose, yanks off the lab appendages.

Mongoose sits up slowly, has a rear neck "O" mark. Viper 5 drags the bodies in from the hall.

VIPER 5
 Sir, I had to blow my cover, I suggest immediate evac, at least you could escape.

MONGOOSE

What... where? Where are we?

VIPER 5

The Lab. After your evac, it's unlikely I'll be able to continue my service, will face termina-

MONGOOSE

Christ... why didn't you just let me kill that bitch?

VIPER 5

Sir, my mission is to keep you a step ahead of the Lo-

MONGOOSE

I was this fucking close!

VIPER 5

And to keep you alive, Sir.

MONGOOSE

...right, protocols, always. Damn it! Where are the other captures?

VIPER 5

Sir, first...

She has a remote and key. *Clicks* off his collar, unlocks it. She is also wearing one: green light.

MONGOOSE

You still have to look your part.

INT. DECORATED HALLWAY, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mamba walks next to the Director just as she did with Nola. Up ahead... the ornate heavy-wooden door... opens to-

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

-the tinge of Mamba's nightmare. Columns backed by darkness, Cobra Globe Logo looming. No sign of the Sentinel.

DIRECTOR

Here you were Delivered, proven stronger, became Sister Superior of a Team and Generation. Now... *Vipers!*

Out from behind the columns... 12 VIPERS, A to L, a worldly set of blank yet healthy and beautiful 18 year old faces...

...uncanny reflections in Mamba's eyes... so familiar.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Ingrid... become Mother Superior.
 Your Son will be Big Brother.

MAMBA
 The rod and staff, you force your
 'kids' to use it on themselves.

DIRECTOR
This is what I do. J! Center!

VIPER J marches up in iron gait. The Director's hair pin...
 a push dagger brandished in her ring hand.

DIRECTOR
 Your life or your Team's. The
 Mission depends on the latter.
Execute.

Viper J eyes to the Director... lunges! The dagger... pulls away.

DIRECTOR
Finished! God the Father sacrificed
 his Son for the faults of others. I
 give my Children a choice.

Viper J marches to place, Mamba spies his rear neck implant,
 looks updated, sees the Vipers trembling just beneath rigor.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Filter the weak, harden the strong,
 create the Superior, ensure your
 Siblings' life. Or die early
 knowing they will, too.

She displays two stilettos and two batons. Mamba shudders.

INT. HALLWAYS, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Seven and Lion sneak along, eye alcoves. They hear activity...
 behind a metal DOOR up ahead. Seven peaks through, sees-

-the busy CENTRAL AREA... above, the RING WALKWAY with a way to
 a SECURED HALLWAY... two Guards approaching!

Seven jumps, grips ceiling pipes. Lion ducks into an alcove...
 the Guards pass... Seven drops, Lion lashes out! Guards down.

They each scoop up an extra pistol and baton.

SEVEN
 Hallway, top level.

INT. OTHER HOLDING CELLS, HALLWAY, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Empty cells... save for two stashed dead Guards.
Mongoose storms back up the stairs Viper 5 following.

INT. CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

From the door, Lion peeks in... sees LADDERS up to the ring walkway... the secured hallway... and many Guards.

On the lower level: vehicles, crates and more Guards.

Far end: a Guard with the COLLAR PIN - the Technocratic Logo, Mr. Green's Faction - signals Vipers into a black van.

They sit in pairs. Unit patches show a pattern: 1 & 9 sit. Then 2 & 8... 3 & 7... 4 & 6... and a seat remains empty.

The Guard, call him ELLIS, darts a suspicious look around.

INT. HALLWAYS, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Viper 5 and Mongoose stealth rushing, draw their weapons.

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mamba stands rigid, batons sheathed, stilettos in hand.
The Director ties a bandana with an "X" around her head.

DIRECTOR

Should you kill any, do so cleanly,
their organs are pristine.

(to Vipers)

Do you know who that is?

Click! They snap to fighting stances drawing stilettos.

ALL VIPERS

An enemy.

Mamba's stilettos tremble. The Director's remote hovers.

INT. HALLWAYS, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mongoose and Viper 5 round a bend, see... Lion and Seven.
Never flinch. Mongoose charges as they slip out the door-

INT. CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

A walkway Guard's peripherals: -dive behind crates.

LION

Shoot m' collar. C'mon, y' are a
good shot.

Seven aims. *BANG!* A ricochet off the collar, now damaged.

Whoom! Mongoose kicks the door... Lion tears his collar away... the Walkway Guard, Mongoose, aim-*B-BANG!* The Guard falls.

ALARM! GUNFIRE erupts. By the van, Ellis "*shouts*" orders to others, whips out a remote-*click!*

BZZZ! Collars: RED. Viper 5 yanks hers off just in time.

LION

Going for the servers, stay hidden.

Lion unleashes as the hard-boiled, heavy-weight MMA tornado. Seven aids him from cover, takes down Guards within reach.

Guards scramble, tumble, caught by total surprise but... Mr. Green's Faction has a plan: let the others fight.

Viper 5 is befuddled, dashes to cover Mongoose who's lighter sans his armor suit yet still elite military.

Lion rips toward a WALKWAY LADDER. Spots an open van-

-sees crates holding... Saiga-12 auto-shotguns. He takes one and a long mag marked: "*special ammo.*" Slaps it in, *cli-*

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME

-ick! Mamba sheathes the stilettos, draws the batons. Leaps into a melee whirlwind. She's a half-second ahead.

Attacks dodged, deflected, blocked. Vipers tumble, rise, attack again. The Director watches proud, remote ready.

INT. LOWER LEVEL, CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - SAME

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! Lion rips and tears and *burns* with magnesium shells that sear holes into vests and even metal partly.

Vroom! The black van peels out into the facility beyond a big closing door. Lion's shots *SLAM* the door and *sizzle*.

The remaining Guards' attention is split between Lion/Seven and Mongoose/Viper 5. Each team works their way around.

Seven searches each Guard, no remotes... nor pins. Picks up extra guns and ammo, dual wields pistols. Like Viper 5.

Soon, the LOWER LEVEL is a stunning defeat for the defense. On the RING WALKWAY, Guards dash into the SECURED HALLWAY.

Mongoose sees Lion going for a ladder, goes for another not noticing Viper 5 following, covering him. Midway up, Mongoose-

-locks eyes with Lion from afar... continues scrambling up.

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME

A Viper falls winded, another bloody-faced. Most are worn, some down. The Director fumes... *Click!* VIPERS M to Z emerge.

But there, shrouded between columns... the Sentinel watching.

Mamba is a quarter-second ahead... misses a Viper... gets sliced on her forearm... drops a baton. The Director, now prouder.

INT. UPPER LEVEL, CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - SAME

Seven climbs up crates, swings onto the walkway by Lion. Ahead, Mongoose and Viper 5. Stop. Death stares exchanged.

Between the teams, the SECURED HALLWAY. At the end: a LARGE DOOR, converging ceiling cables and a sign: "Server Room."

LION

Y' want to end this place and y'
not getting in there alone.

MONGOOSE

I'll end this place and *that bitch*.

LION

Then up to a point w' understand
each other.

A synchronous *lock & load*. They whip into the HALLWAY.

Two fire teams cleave into the Guards' positions with a combination of light accurate and heavy blanket fire.

A Technician with a collar pin, call him WIRTH, orders the server room door shut. Then he runs up a nearby STAIRWELL.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAYS, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mr. Green's tablet: CCTV of the hallway unraveling. Viper 5 shoots at the screen-*static*.

MR. GREEN

You bad girl.

Nearby, Lodge PMCs place explosive charges at key points. He taps into his secure device.

INT. HANGAR, TOP LEVEL, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Beyond the hangar door: a HELIPAD and green VALLEY VIEW.

White crates are loaded into three of five black choppers.
Screech! The black van skid stops.

Inside: Ellis is on his secure device... there's a message from Mr. Green: "*Execute.*" He barely thinks, exits the van.

Signals to some others, all Faction Members. They draw guns... the other Guards look confused... all get shot down!

Wirth enters from the stairwell unfazed, gun already drawn. Casually shoots a Guard who has a confused last look.

Gun smoke. Ellis signals the Faction Members to the elevator. Looks on with Wirth, mutual nods... and razor smiles.

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

A Viper boot sweeps by Mamba's face. A punch *hits!* A kick into her gut! She tumbles, springs up. Her face cut is open.

Batons, feet away. The Vipers left standing surround her, heave breaths. Have deadly - but weakened - stares.

MAMBA

I won't kill them. Or for you. And
I'll kill *myself* before a new chip.

The Director smiles a real skull grin. Mamba... befuddled.

DIRECTOR

Did you work any different after removing your implant? No. 500mg, stiletto to the neck. Always. Your implant was *only* for location and vitals. Every neck you pierced and throat you slashed going back to-

Mamba's MEMORY FLASHES: terrified faces contort from venom. Throats slashed, gushing... ending with Nola's.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

-the first was all you. Willful. Faithful. Like Judith in the Old Book, you made your choice.

Click. On a wall section: photos, Mamba's initiation duel.

GRAPHIC: Dead Nola juxtaposed with Mamba here soul crushed.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Became the strongest individual you could have been. *Superior* Creation! Or is that my Vipers now?

Click. The Vipers get an inner adrenaline implant dose. Mamba is less than a quarter-second ahead... and weaponless.

Between columns, the Sentinel steps up... almost to the light.

INT. GUARDED HALLWAY, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Seven searches a body, no remote. Has a glance with Viper 5.

Radio "*chatter.*" The last few Guards dash into the stairwell. Some up, some down. Mongoose shoots down the last two.

They check the crossing hallway, clear. On a dead guard, one of those last two, Seven sees... the pin. He eyes it close.

Lion tries the server room door, locked. He hears *bustling* and "*voices*" behind it. *Pounds* the door.

LION

Open up and y' can leave with the others.

More *bustling*. Seven and Viper 5 stand ready. Mongoose checks his SMG. The door opens. He shoves Lion aside-

-rips loose bursts riddling three Technicians then *snaps* to a shocked Lion and Seven, and tacitly to Viper 5:

MONGOOSE

Nothing here is worth saving.

INT. SERVER ROOM, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Mongoose stomps in, snags an ACCESS CARD from a corpse that, like the others here, does not have the faction pin.

One wall: servers. The opposite: consoles and screens. Mongoose swipes the card, a screen wakes.

On screen: "*IMPLANTS: DISABLE -- TERMINATE*"
 "*COLLARS: DISABLE -- TERMINATE*"

All eyes converge on... "*ALL: DISABLE -- TERMINATE*"

Lion lunges, twists Mongoose's arm away. Guns snap up.

LION

Don't y' fucking dare.

MONGOOSE

Nothing here is worth saving.

Seven sees Viper 5's unease. Gun triggers... move a hair.

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mamba ducks under a pouncing Viper... gets body slammed!
She tumbles, sees the bloody-faced Viper - Viper A - leap up.

He has his stiletto drawn... comes down-*WHOOMP!* The blade tip...
an inch from Mamba's eye... pushing... shaking... teeth grinding...

Other Vipers watch in pain, remain under conditioning.
The Director looks close, craves a result, any result.

DIRECTOR

Create the Superior!

Mamba moves her head, stops pushing. The stiletto drops down,
nicks Mamba's neck, *CRACKS* the checkered floor.

Viper A hisses out an enhanced aggression fueled by his pain.
He snorts blood with demonic breaths -- BUT THEN --

Viper A's malice... f a d e s... he's plain, confused...
Mamba pushes him away, springs up. The other Vipers, same.

The Director is *clicking!* Nothing. Looks to the Sentinel...

The screen with dead Nola... the Cobra Globe Logo's red eyes...
d a r k e n... Mamba whips out her stilettos... spins around...

SFT! Right at the Director... the Sentinel lunges out, catches
the stiletto in the shoulder just outside the vest. "*Groans!*"

The Director hides behind the Sentinel. Mamba stops cold.

DIRECTOR

Ingrid, don't you want to know?
(tapping Sentinel)
Who has been watching you grow?
Without a single argument?

Mamba sees the Sentinel's mask slid off... goes meek... gives an
innocent squeak in her native *Swedish*:

MAMBA

Pappa...

"Dad." There he is 35 years later, sullen and worn.

INT. SERVER ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Lion lays contorted among broken servers. Seven is out cold.

Mongoose "*cusses*" pounding "*ALL: TERMINATE*" - nothing.
He *BREAKS* the screen. Viper 5 is more uneasy.

MONGOOSE

Out of here. Now! And you, you
tried dying for that bitch but
she'll really die for you.

Lion is still alive, gets dragged off. Viper 5 spies Seven
starting to wake on their way out.

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mamba stares through a mental haze. The Vipers have left one,
are now in another. But the Director is proud, confident.

DIRECTOR

Assets do as they are told.
Especially when motivated.

INT. REAR, POLICE STATION, MALMÖ - 1990 - FLASHBACK

The Sentinel watches Mamba turn around in the black van.
As the van doors *shut*, the Director whispers to him:

DIRECTOR

Now you will watch her grow.

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - PRESENT

The Sentinel (now FATHER) regrets it all, hates that regret.
His meek gaze clashes with Mamba's tempest, anger and sorrow.

DIRECTOR

Your Father was objectively too
soft unlike you... survived 3 days
alone at 5 *after* a tragedy. Perfect
for refining the old system we once
believed in. Isn't that right?

Father fidgets, sees Mamba expects him to talk.

FATHER

Ina... it was so you could live well.
I had no other choice.

MAMBA

...yes you did.

The stiletto in her hand might as well be in his heart.

DIRECTOR

Now he also has a choice. You too.
But if you kill me, you kill him.

CUTAWAY: many boots run *thumping* down the decorated hallway...

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Father, Mother, til Death do us
 part.

Mamba flinches for the first time in 15 years.

CUTAWAY: the boots reach the ornate door, guns *lock & load*..

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Inherit the Lodge, become Mother-

Boom! The ornate door's lock erupts from the outside... *Whoom!*
 The door swings open... Mr. Green's Guards filter in guns up.

Quickly: All eyes. Guards. Vipers. Director. Mamba. Father.

Everything erupts... the Guards begin to bullet sweep the room.

Mamba, stops flinching, lunges tackling the Director and
 pulling her Father behind a column as bullet rake it.

The Vipers, instincts still active, fling their stilettos at
 the Guards, rush them. Many get shot down. But they're fast,
 close in yanking out stilettos from dead and wounded Guards.

The others, caught reloading, get knifed - blood sprays.
 Then hit with stiletto pommels and kicks - bones *crunch*.

Behind the column, the Director shows Mamba the choker.

DIRECTOR
 Remember Ingrid, my death will do
 us part.

Her Father also has one. Mamba uses a psy-op tactic: ignores
 the Director cold, speaks to her Father in warm *Swedish*:

MAMBA
*I pushed through life imagining how
 I could've loved the person who's
 actually the reason I'm here.*

Weeping... making nervous eye contact-

FATHER
*Then... I can only help get you, and
 them, out of here.*

He jumps into battle to Mamba's and the Director's surprise.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAYS, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mr. Green lunges out from a UTILITY ROOM where generators
hiss, tremble. He shoots a keypad. A deadbolt *clanks* down.

On his secure device: "10:00... 9:59... 9:58..."

He and the PMCs dash away passing planted charges.

INT. UPPER LEVEL, CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mongoose, lugging the semi-conscious Lion, and Viper 5 enter. Below: strewn combat remains, vehicles, a big garage door.

The fire alarm starts to *blare*. Viper 5 slides down a ladder. Mongoose drops Lion onto a van.

MONGOOSE

Get some jerry cans up here.

INT. HANGAR, TOP LEVEL, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

The alarm *blares* yet Ellis hears *chaos* through his radio. Nods nonchalantly to Wirth. All to plan. More or less.

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

The remaining Guards are backing out over strewn corpses. Vipers use picked up guns. The doorway is getting shredded.

Mamba follows her Father into action, they pick up guns, fire out into the hallway where Guards duck behind console tables.

The Director sees a chance, runs around the side of the room, shrouded in dark as combat slows. Low ammo. Many dead.

She takes her push dagger, skewers an unaware Guard, makes a human shield. One eye over the shoulder for a death stare at-

-Mamba and her Father who fire hitting the human shield Guard as the Director backs out-

INT. DECORATED HALLWAY, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

-stands aside dropping the body, unholstering a gun from it. Murderous glare, she shoots into the room taking the Guards here aback. Points to a blinking fire alarm.

DIRECTOR

Imbeciles! See that? The last step of any good purge: kill the purgers. Now move it, you cover.

They move down the hall, some Guards covering their rear.

INT. CHECKERED FLOOR ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

About 12 Vipers remain adrenaline worn, bloodied and scarred.

Father springs up, runs picking up two pistols from corpses. Mamba goes after him, stilettos ready with a surge of energy.

INT. DECORATED HALLWAY, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Father bolts in dual wielding but... his recent shoulder wound *stings!* He can fire just one gun. Hits one, two Guards.

A fusillade rakes his vest, shots graze his neck and ear. Mamba sees him fall twisting, bleeding. She lunges forward-

-over her Father... two stilettos primed. *SFT! SFT!* Guards aim... a stiletto in the neck, another in an eye. Mamba lands, rolls-

-in ONE MOTION springs up kicking, splitting a console table. Breaks off two legs, hurls them. Snaps up the others as the first smash faces. And she's already rushing forward.

The Director, heart racing... Fear? Awe? Her finest is coming. Right for her. As trained, as envisioned, a perfect killer.

Mamba is a whirlwind of hits with the table legs. She leaps! Bounces wall to wall, strikes down the last two Guards then-

-arms up in an X, blocks the Director's downward push dagger... its tip close, closer... still closing to...

Mamba's deadly glare... the Director glares back... smiles.

DIRECTOR

Yes Ingrid! Become Mother Superior!

Director's MEMORY FLASHES: Kozlov spins around... sees the 12... the Young Director stabs his neck with the push dagger.

Stomp! Mamba crushes the Director's ankle, kicks out her knee *CRACKING* it the wrong way, lets her drop "*groaning.*"

Mamba catches the push dagger mid-air, pommels the Director's ribs, wrists and stabs her liver... leaves the blade in.

MAMBA

Will I become like you? You've got
1 punctured liver, 10 broken bones
and 20 minutes of blood to guess.

Off the Director's shock and anguish...

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAYS, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

The planted charges: "6:01... 6:00... 5:59..." *Beep-beep-beep-*

INT. HANGAR, TOP LEVEL, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

-ding. Mr. Green exits an elevator with his PMCs, walks to Ellis and Wirth ignoring the carnage all around.

MR. GREEN

Gentlemen! You've earned a chance for the next step: consolidating Lagos. Then Rio, Monaco, Singapore, Hong Kong. Before the main event starts. Don't disappoint Medusa, she won't disappoint you.

They all trade happy nods. Head to the choppers, the massacre behind them already forgotten.

INT. DECORATED HALLWAY, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mamba's Father - ear gone, neck bloody - eyes his daughter. A lifetime convulses in a vacuum. They speak in *Swedish*:

FATHER

*Ina... I can't ask... you for forgive...
ness just... g-get them... out.*

Viper A holds out a small morphine injection. Mamba takes it, gives her Father the shot, her eyes moistening.

MAMBA

*I wish my life had been with you,
dad. And mom. Just us by the lake.*

Father is relieved and with a deep "*sigh...*" he's gone. Mamba wipes her tears, back to soldiering -- BUT THEN --

She's calmed as Viper A balms her forearm cut. The others stand there, loyal cubs despite their limps and pain.

On nearby corpses, Mamba sees COLLAR PINS. She snaps off two, pockets them standing up. The Vipers already following her.

MAMBA

Come on, stay close.

She glares at the Director who tries to say something... Mamba walks by, her boot knocking aside the Director's arm.

INT. GUARDED HALLWAY, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Viper 5 pours gasoline backing toward the Central Area.

MONGOOSE

Douse the server room.

VIPER 5
It'll go up with-

MONGOOSE
Do it!

Viper 5 fidgets... runs back down the soaked hallway.
Mongoose reaches for something...

INT. DOORWAY, SERVER ROOM, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Viper 5 steps up, sees Seven stir... *WHOOSH!* The hallway is ablaze! She tosses the jerry can, leaps in-*BOOM!*

The blast singes her, suffocates the nearby fire. Seven is roused up, sees Viper 5 stung.

INT. LOWER LEVEL, CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Mongoose slides down a ladder. Loads a flare gun, lights up more of the area. Smoke thickens, fire nears ammo crates.

He takes some combat gear packs, medkits and-

I/E. GRAY VAN, CENTRAL AREA, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

-enters the front. In the back, Lion is tied up, coming to.

Mongoose drives over corpses, out the opening garage door into the green valley as ammo crates start to *B-B-BLAST!*

INT. HALLWAYS, BY SERVER ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Rumbling. Mamba leads the trudging Vipers. Smoke is filling the halls... the way to the Central Area is aflame.

Viper 5 and Seven trudge out of the server room, both now collarless. Mamba and Viper 5 recognize each other.

SEVEN
Noona... where's the D-?

MAMBA
Dead.

Seven and Viper 5, a quiet shock then relief. Mamba sees... on a far wall: the Cobra Globe Logo... beckoning...

VIPER 5
There are more trainees that way-

R-R-RUMBLE! Everything *shakes* from below.

INT. VARIOUS, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

Basement Hallways: the utility room door blows out. *B-B-BOOM!*
DETONATING charges ignite the gas system, spread fire into-

-the hallways... the lab... Director's office... training rooms...
living quarters with occupied beds holding sedated trainees.

The checkered floor room subsides, columns topple inward.

INT. DECORATED HALLWAY, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

From the doorway the hall subsides into a fire pit... calmly
dead Father falls away and... the Director wide-eyed yet...

Resigned to fate, is incinerated while plunging down.

INT. HALLWAYS, BY SERVER ROOM, THE LODGE - SAME TIME

WHOOSH! The far Cobra Globe Logo is consumed by fire.
An infernal wall begins closing in.

VIPER 5

Up to the hangar!

MAMBA

Take point!

Viper 5 leads up the stairwell. Last, Mamba gets singed.

I/E. FLYING CHOPPERS, VALLEY - DAY - SAME TIME

Plumes of flame shoot out from the base of a mountain.
The nearby forest catches fire, explosions *murmur*.

MR. GREEN

Good business is always a pleasure.

He back pats Ellis, nods to Wirth, all smile: job well done.
The three choppers turn, *zoom* off.

EXT. ROAD, VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The gray van stops. Mongoose gets out. Sees the flames and
three black choppers flying away and over... a SMALL TOWN.

INT. HANGAR, TOP LEVEL, THE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

Viper 5 bursts in leading the group. Two disabled choppers,
the black van, some other vehicles... executed Guards all over.

Smoke seeps in from the stairs. They rush past one chopper,
PARACHUTE still inside, out the hangar door to see-

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE HELIPAD, HANGAR, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

-the full valley, including part of the small town. Below...
A gentler slope. Viper 5 appears with some old rope.

VIPER 5

Like the drill, down in pairs.

More smoke in the hangar. The Vipers slide down slow, fast,
sloppy. Gather below. The rope is fraying... more *rumbles*...

...the last pair... then Viper 5... almost... *SNAP!* Mamba's heart
skips a beat. Viper 5, rough landing, caught by the others.

MAMBA

(to Vipers)

Head down the mountain.

She and Seven look back into the hangar-

INT. HANGAR, TOP LEVEL, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

-dash in. Thick smoke. *Rumbling*... fire breaks in... there!
The parachute! Mamba scoops it up... *Boom! Rumble! Boom!*

Floor and wall segments crack open. Mamba and Seven bolt...
fire shoots in from the stairwell... wall segments erupt...

Mamba slings on the parachute... the hangar is collapsing...
vehicles are crushed... they sprint, flames chasing-

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE HELIPAD, HANGAR, THE LODGE - CONTINUOUS

-singeing them as they leap off... the helipad gives away...
midair their hands grip, Mamba snatches Seven in her legs.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE, VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Vipers scramble away as the helipad *SCRAPES* down tearing
into burning forest.

Above: Mamba and Seven fall tandem, she yanks the ripcord.

Below: Mongoose sees the parachute open, loads the flare gun.

Mamba tries to keep even flight. Sees the road and gray van.
POOF! A flare *whooshes* in, scorches the parachute.

They arc down faster. Seven lets go-

EXT. FIELD, VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

-crashes down spraining an ankle rolling into bushes.
Mamba lands, tumbles, springs out of the burning parachute...

Sees Mongoose already charging... dodges his massive lunge.

Power and agility. On wild adrenaline. Both unstoppable.
Fists, chops. Blocks, parries. Sweat, blood. Fury, madness.

Nearby, Seven trudges up to the gray van. Lion has come to,
looks better. Seven starts to untie him.

Mamba strikes Mongoose's injured shoulder—*sharp pain!*

Mamba spins a kick. He dodges by an inch. She drops, sweeps.
Mongoose's legs shoot out, he crashes down. She leaps up!

Midair... right arm out... *FLINK!* She's dropping onto Mongoose.
He sees the fangs, his neck twitches...

He "*yells!*" At Mamba, at fate... accepts it. He shuts his eyes.

BLACK

...heavy *breathing*... subsides... serene nature sounds.

FADE IN:

MONGOOSE'S EYES

They open. His chiseled face: sweaty, dirty, scarred.

EXT. FIELD, VALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Mamba stands with her cold gaze. Shows him the wrist device.
FLUNK! Fangs retract as behind her the PARACHUTE BURNS OUT...

...leaving fading smoke washed thin by a breeze.
Mongoose jolts up trembling inside and out.

MONGOOSE

WHY?!

MAMBA

...I had the unique displeasure of
being able to kill you twice. Each
time I felt I should change things.
First, I ran from what I'd become.
Now... I accept it. And I'm sorry.
(unholsters pistol)
You deserve to make this call once.
And you are what you do.

She flips him the pistol, Mongoose snatches it and now...
Mamba is the one before a pointed gun.

Mongoose, a cold man churning within... the object of all his
hatred, tired and solemn. The gun... doesn't waver...

Nearby, Viper 5 arrives with the others. All tired, most scarred, some bloody... like Seven and Lion by the gray van. Seven realizes he's weaponless. The gun... lowers.

MONGOOSE

You want to change something?

He ejects the magazine, racks the slide. The magazine, gun, and a bullet drop between them. He tosses her a small field medkit, "*siiiiighs*" with deep relief then trudges to...

Viper 5, she draws her gun at her side. Mongoose reaches for...

VIPER 5

I helped you. I saved your life.

MONGOOSE

You did, but you didn't help me.
I used you. Don't get used again.

The van keys, hands them to her. Walks off toward the town.

Viper 5 has her first swell of genuine emotion. Pre-training feelings arise, nothing makes sense. The other Vipers, too.

By the gray van, Mamba tends to Lion and Seven.

LION

'Life's a wretched gray Saturday,
but m' little sis and bro have to
live through it.' Anthony Burgess.

MAMBA

Adjusted. You should also try some
reading, *yngre bror*.

"*Young brother.*" Seven nods but looks dour.

SEVEN

I also... never really dreamed... after
waking up today... I think I know why
holdin' it together can be... hard.

MAMBA

Dreams aren't always bad.

They pat shoulders, go arms in arms... smile. It's the genuine moment before the old photo was taken plus lots of bruises.

Nearby, the Vipers wait. Loyal cubs, lost kids. For Mamba, Lion and Seven they are uncanny reflections... so familiar.

Mamba approaches the Vipers.

MAMBA

My name is Ingrid. I'm from Sweden.
And... Anthony Burgess wrote, 'to
remember where you're from is part
of where you're going.'

(to Viper 5)

What's your name?

Viper 5 stares blank, doesn't react as tears seep.

VIPER 5

I don't know... I don't know...

Mamba hugs her, also has a few tears seep. Down the road...
a small tour bus approaches, *screeches* to a stop, it's...

ULRICH

Unglaublich! The second I saw your
readings in Liechtenstein but *not*
in lovely Vaduz, I knew it... I told
you about this place and secrets.

Burning mountain, wounded uniformed kids, Lion and Seven.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

Donnerwetter... ok, authorities from
3 different jurisdictions *and* your
Interpol fans are coming so-

MAMBA

Let's get the hell out of here.

I/E. SMALL TOUR BUS, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MINUTES LATER

The bus goes around a bend, police and military vehicles
speed past the opposite way.

The Vipers sit in pairs cleaned up a bit, gaze fascinated at
the passing forest and countryside.

Near the front: Mamba, Seven, Lion and Viper 5. Minds churn.
In Mamba's palm, the two pins. Seven also has one.

MAMBA

Lagos and where else?

VIPER 5

We were sedated on transport but...
in at least 3 different facilities.

Mamba nods, pats her shoulder with a glint of a smile.

She gets up, goes to the front of the bus, sits by Ulrich.
Looks him in the eye... zips down to a v-line...

ULRICH

A well-hidden secret? Or perhaps an
overdue 'thank you?'

She pulls out a wet tissue packet from her sports top.

MAMBA

Thank you, Ulrich. Really, thank
you.

He's very happy to hear it.

MAMBA (CONT'D)

These kids... need out of this loop.
You think you could do something,
anything about that?

In the INTERIOR MIRROR, Ulrich sees... beat up child soldiers
and confused teens... nods. Mamba is glad to see that.

The bus passes a sign: "*Republik Österreich*" - Austria.

EXT. FELDKIRCH, AUSTRIA - NEXT MORNING

The Sun crests a ridge, lights up a medieval town with modern
extensions and mountain views.

INT. BATHROOM, APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The family photo, now crumpled with a dash of blood, lays on
a neatly folded shirt. The shower is running, inside...

In the spray and *hum*, Mamba is weeping. A wounded warrior.

INT. BATHROOM, APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Mamba wipes the steamed up mirror, sees a lifetime of faint
scars on Viking physique... grabs a towel, sees...

The family photo... she's still sad, her eyes stay dry.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Simple and nice, blinds open a thin slit. Seven, Lion and
Viper 5 feel better, munch and sip breakfast. It's quiet.

Mamba enters. Viper 5 strides over, hands her a coffee cup.
She happily takes it. Viper 5 seems like she's back on duty.

MAMBA

Five, relax. We're off mission.
(off her awkward nod)
Some choices are just for yourself.
Lots of small things are like that.

Five (now her appellation) eases into a chair. Pours coffee. Sips. It's good. They share a happy glint. Mamba then sees—
—on a big bookshelf, *Burgess: Select Writings & Interviews*. She takes it, plops it down by Seven.

MAMBA

See what you think of this. Deep thoughts can ease bitter dreams.

Lion nods smiling. Seven "...ok..." peeks into the book.

On her phone, Mamba scans the PROPERTY LISTINGS... stops on one in Sicily by coastal hills: nice, snug and "available."

Laptop: new contracts on the CAN... Lagos, Rio. Makes sense. But also... Monaco, Hong Kong, Singapore, Cyprus... a pattern?

She refreshes several news sites. A few stories dance around an "ammo cook off in an old military reserve bunker."

LION

Some people need to save face. Then w'll see a gift set of 'facts.'

Front door: Ulrich comes in with a bakery box and briefcase.

ULRICH

No visit to Austria is complete without strudel.

MAMBA

What happened to the kids?

ULRICH

Yes, so: the Swiss took them as per Interpol's advice, strangest trafficking case in a while but... aircraft left the scene, locals say activity there goes back years, which means old things—

From the briefcase, onto the table: photos, pro and amateur images that found their way online... leaked intel, copies of recent Interpol reports.

Keywords stand out: "...possible links back to... KGB... Stasi... Securitate... Jenapharm black project files... alleged covert network: '**Medusa**' -- **DNP**"

ULRICH (CONT'D)

—are back in the fore. I expect a lot more 'DNP' soon. But you... destroyed a Lodge facility.

MAMBA

That was the Top Lodge. But a new faction took over, left a mess to keep eyes off their next moves.

Tap-tap-tap... Seven indicating 'Medusa' on the papers. Ulrich drops one of the pins by them.

ULRICH

My hunch is that this *is* related. But that mess... lots of bodies, including nearly 60 teenagers.

Lion and Seven dislike the news, are moved by seeing... Mamba sink quietly crushed. For Five this is all new.

FIVE

I said there were more... but the mission was to run... from the fire.

MAMBA

The snake shed its skin, from despotic remnant to high tech, camouflaged oligarchy.

LION

Ideology is no longer the primary means of power. Now it's commerce.

SEVEN

'Good business, always a pleasure.'

MAMBA

With us it took an entire alternate childhood but now it can probably be done in *months*.

All eyes drift to Five, she's not surprised.

MAMBA (CONT'D)

How much do you remember?

Five draws a frustrated blank, pushes on thinking.

SEVEN

...even less than me, all I got are blurs of mom then just the Lodge.

LION

Grew up on the street, would've been in a gang. Probably. Can't say the Lodge was better-*actually*, w' met there. So there's that.

MAMBA

And we have a new little sister.

FIVE

A beach! And a boat. A man on a mountain. I dreamed about them.

Mamba nods. Ulrich has been observing all of this.

ULRICH

Well *kids*, you're much better behaved than on my plane.

MAMBA

Thank you, uncle. No 'cousin,' if we're kids so are you.

ULRICH

Fair enough but... data was being swiped off that facility's servers, part of the 'noise' I honed in on to find you, and I snagged some.

He shows hacked images of email threads and documentation. Low resolution, non-sequitur. Still, words stand out:

"...Lagos... Rio... Monaco... Hong Kong... Singapore... Cyprus..."

MAMBA

That's where newest CAN contracts are. Mr. Good Business from Wales, what can you get on him?

ULRICH

With the hunches at Interpol, enough to start.

MAMBA

Ok. He's got Lagos so we'll jump ahead to Rio. We're going to give Medusa that haircut.

Ambience. A meeting of the minds with a sense of mission. Ulrich looks toward a closed door and its electronic lock...

MAMBA (PRE-LAP)

Wow. Happiness in the bedroom.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM, APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Under the mattress and in the closet: weapons lockers.

ULRICH

You are most welcome.

Five takes a good look at the arsenal, settles on a Sako TRG sniper rifle: weight, balance, cycle, aim - ready.

Lion takes note and a USAS-12 auto-shotgun. Check - ready. Seven, an AAC Honey Badger assault rifle. Check - ready.

SEVEN

C'mon, noona.

Mamba finds... two P99 pistols: weighs, finger twirls them, indexes the triggers, checks the iron sights, thumbs the safeties off-*click*. Weapon mastery.

ULRICH

Nice. But those are not free.

MAMBA

Bill me, the guns *and* intel.

LION

Blitzkrieg? There's *four* of us now.

A new unit stands ready, off their nods...

EXT. BAY, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL - MONTH LATER - DAY

GLIDING OVER glittering water, a nice beach, INTO a city toward one of the nicer among many office towers.

EXT. HUGE OFFICE, UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME TIME

Retro-futurist décor with a focus on tools and technocracy. An urban beach view beyond impressive windows.

The Cobra Globe Logo: redone to fit the Technocratic Logo. Mechanical, bestial, exacting with SOME WRITING around it.

At a huge CONSOLE-DESK, Mr. Green at a new career high. He wears a new suit-uniform hybrid. He *owns* this place.

His smartphone *rings*, a video call from: "*Rio Den Head*." He answers... turns to the screen, goes eyes wide.

On screen: four beaten people in Lodge PMC uniforms tied up.

MAMBA'S VOICE

*It was easier than I thought to get
this number, so your next cohorts
will spill even more beans and-*

EXT. ROOFTOP, RIO DE JANEIRO - SAME TIME

Mamba has a small headset and tactical scope, sees-

MAMBA (CONT'D)
 -you just lost Rio.

-the distant office tower. Sirens *blare*, police choppers and vehicles swarm in, tires *screech*, cops rush out.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Five - in a gray-black combat suit - is perched, scoped in on the scene developing some 300 yards away. The *helicopters*...

...stir something in her. She eyes the cityscape... mind running.

INT. POSH OFFICE, OFFICE TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Rio Police and Interpol Agents barge in "*shouting*" orders.

The four perps are tied up, neat stacks of paper on a desk and a RIGGED SMARTPHONE with a video call. The cops get-

-one quick look at a blurry Mr. Green -- the call cuts off.

There's also a typed note:

"Dear Ladies & Gentlemen of Interpol, perhaps we can better coordinate our efforts from now on. We'll be around. ~A357"

INT. HUGE OFFICE, UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME TIME

Mr. Green *pounds* the desk, grinds his teeth, glares ahead.

Array of screens: militarized facilities, combat training centers, medical and chemical labs. Also posh locales: spas, private health clinics, banks and nightclubs.

Onscreen message: "*Assets retrieved, evaluation underway.*"

Also, Scallop Energy stock: high. Security Contracts: set. With that, he cools... *clicking*... he sees Mamba's dossier.

MR. GREEN
 Clever girl, I'll give you that.

Cli-click. Lion and Seven's dossiers. Then he stops...

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)
 ...and you, you bad girl.

GRAPHIC: Five's dossier JUXTAPOSED with Mr. Green whose eyes, deep into the 20 year old onscreen... resemble hers. *Click*.

On screen: Mongoose's dossier, now partly filled in - his army record, sightings from police and Lodge informants.

Mr. Green scans a long contact list... finds the RED HEAD contact now seen closer, the HEAD RAYS are SNAKES, it's:

MEDUSA (FEMALE)
Green... the media cycle beat you by
26 seconds. And after Johannesburg,
I should be disappointed.

MR. GREEN
 (unintimidated)
 That's why I've got redundancies,
 the main event will proceed.

MEDUSA
Sort your end. The Network goes
active in 36 hours. Out.

The call ends. On the screen: the Technocratic Logo with the writing now seen around it:

"Meridian Executive for Direct & Ulterior Special Action"

Mr. Green smirks, "smug bitch." Clicks. The windows MORPH to a night view of a small town.

Other screens: his whole network bustling with activity.

On his face... the razor smile that could slice glass.

EXT. ROOFTOP, RIO DE JANEIRO - SAME TIME

Through scope: in the posh office the perps are led off.

As she sees press choppers closing in-

MAMBA
 Ok, team. Let the boys and girls in
 blue do their thing.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Five is scanning the cityscape... she's seen it before...

MEMORY FLASHES: night... on a beach... *helicopters*... pushed into a boat... far away, Christ the Redeemer alight... doors *shut*.

FIVE
 Got it. Five, heading out.

Folding her rifle into a case, she SEES! High up, far away... the famous statue in sunlight.

She takes a deep *breath*... hurries off.

I/E. VAN, ALLEY - SAME TIME

A dark blue van sits almost blending into the surroundings.

Seven at the wheel. Lion in the back with weapons and equipment, including ropes, all organized for a unit.

SEVEN

Received, Lion 'n Seven goin' to
pick up.

They roll out revealing... the van's full shape. At a glance, it's a van. Closer, there's a subtle badassery to it.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Mamba stops, looks back... the office tower appears small in the RIO SKYLINE on a nice day.

Hair blowing in the breeze, Mamba now looks with ease. Her face cut is faint. And just like that, Mamba smiles.

The Hero has found her Quest.

CLOSING CREDITS